

Kevin thought we'd pass through Pescadero without eating???



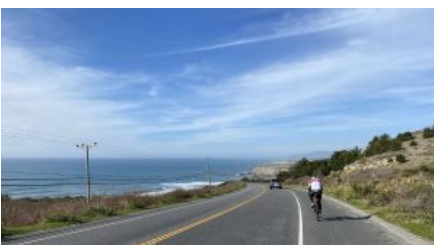
Kevin's back in Pescadero!

Kevin's had some issues on the bike lately, mostly due to a bunch of missed and shortened rides for various reasons (gf stuff, knees acting up). But today it was Pescadero or bust. Had to get back to the "reference" ride. The ride he claims to not really enjoy, yet he always feels much better at the end than the beginning.

Actually I gave him several options. One would be the regular Pescadero ride. Another would be to head back via 84, avoiding Tunitas Creek. An odd variant was a sort-of reverse-Pescadero, heading out 84 and south on Stage, then out to the coast for the ride back north to Tunitas. None of those options appealed to him, so we stuck to the usual.

Nothing fast; Old LaHonda was up in the 26 minute range, and we took it pretty easy up Haskins. Did I mention it was pretty much a perfect day for riding? Temps between 52 at the low end (didn't feel like it since it was during climbs) getting up to mid-60s. Regular gloves!!! Only thing nicer would have been if it was just a bit warmer so no leg warmers or base layer.

Kevin started showing some form on the flatter section out to Pescadero, riding pretty well into the headwind. He was disappointed I wanted to stop for food, and I wasn't really sure where that was coming from, because 58 miles is a long way to go without food! I "forced" him to stop at Arcangeli where we had a coke and two pastries each (sandwich line was a bit long), and it wasn't too long, after we got started again, that he realized that had probably been a good idea. After all, on our Tuesday/Thursday ride, it's always somewhere between 27 & 30 miles when hunger hits, and Pescadero is about 28 miles into the ride.



Stage Road? Headwinds. Hoping otherwise but didn't work out that way. The coast? Beautiful as always in the winter, even though not a perfectly-clear day; it felt and looked like fog was waiting for the opportunity to form.

Tunitas? Kevin wasn't feeling that strong on the steep stuff. OR... he was holding back. Maybe big-time. Because when we got to the flatter section up top, he was drilling it. I had a hard time staying on his wheel! Like the old days. It felt really good to be in that position of thinking, y'know, this is a bear trying to stay on Kevin's wheel, but it would be a whole lot tougher losing that wheel and

riding the rest of the way on my own!



This tire couldn't have gone much further!

Oh, right, one other notable thing. I keep a couple new tires at home, in case I discover one that's worn out just before a ride. Ideally, you should be checking your tires **AFTER** each ride, so you're not surprised at what you find when you're ready to go.



The obligatory West Old LaHonda photo



Base of Tunitas, just before the forest

But who does that? Anyway, this morning I just had this feeling that Kevin's tire might be ripe for replacement. Looking at the photo you can see this was the case!