

What makes me think I can ride 113 miles next Sunday?



Kevin descending Highway 9, which is a lot easier than the opposite direction, especially when it includes Redwood Gulch. The plan. I think I'm growing to hate my plans. Well, most are pretty reasonable, but a few weeks ago I told Kevin we would be doing a Santa Cruz loop at the end of May, and, well, that's next week. And if Colin isn't of sound mind and body (meaning, he'll have lost his mind if he still plans to ride with us), he'll be joining us too. Hard to believe neither Kevin nor I rode a single century last year, but with Covid-19 there were no organized events, and Santa Cruz County was actually citing people from out of town. And with last year's trip to France cancelled (again, Covid-19), it wasn't like we had to get in shape for anything in particular either.

But that was then, this is now. In theory Kevin and I had for France July 8th, returning on the 19th, so it's time to get some miles under the belt. Whatever "under the belt" means. So next Sunday we ride up Old LaHonda, over Haskins to Pescadero, Gazos Creek to Highway 1, early lunch in Davenport, continue to Santa Cruz and head up Highway 9. Stop at Boulder Creek for more food and Mtn Dew before tackling the Highway 9 climb, Skyline, then home. Back in the day, we'd always stop at Skyline where Mr. Mustard would have ice cold drinks and hot dogs, but there's been no sign of Mr. Mustard in maybe two years????!! Makes it quite a long haul back from Boulder Creek!

Today was hardly a warm-up to next week's ride; up Page Mill (ok, that hurt), south on Skyline to 9, descend 9 & Redwood Gulch, and drop by the shopping center where our Los Altos store used to be to see if it's still empty (it is, but it looks like something might finally be happening inside). Food and coffee at Peets, then ride through the Foothill back home. 56 miles (like most of our rides, no matter what route; the Sunday rides seem to always end up at 56 miles), reasonable pace, nice weather. Actually overdressed, but better than getting too cold. Kevin definitely had the upper hand on Page Mill Road; I told him to take off and see what time he could get, but he kept waiting up for me. We'll see how he does next week; in general, I do better later in the ride. But I'm going to make sure Becky's got enough gas in her car just in case she has to pick up the pieces somewhere between Redwood City and Santa Cruz.