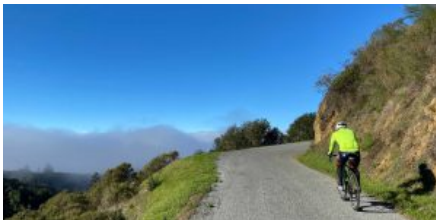


An existential ride? Name that movie, based on the photo



After Sunday's ride, which was a lot tougher than it should have been, I didn't really know what to expect today. Didn't sleep well last night, but my weight is coming back down after the two weeks in Greece though, a sign that my body is rejecting the notion of rest and getting back into the swing of things.

Karen joined Kevin (not ex-pilot) with me this morning, on a little bit colder, slightly-foggier day than seen for a while, and yet a pretty nice day at the same time. Also, for some reason, a quieter day than most. Not just fewer cars, but almost that eerie kind of quiet post-9/11 where you noticed the lack of background noise from the missing planes for a week or two.



Today it was Kevin's turn to suffer. Not sure why. I was ok, nothing to write home about, but able to get in some pretty hard 20-30 second efforts, pulling ahead a bit and then waiting for Kevin to catch back up. Karen was riding a steady pace and finished well ahead of us; on Skyline we suggested (and she agreed) to go on ahead.

The temperature varied from 47 to 52 or so, but even with the occasional fog, it didn't seem that cold.

And that photo? It's from West Old LaHonda (of course) where they're doing a bit more than minor patchwork in a number of places.