

Kind of surprised you're still here!



Normally I don't post photos without bikes in them, but this was a slightly different perspective of the "usual" WOLH photo, so it's allowed to violate the unwritten no-bikes...no post rule. Three of us Thursday; myself, Kevin (not ex-pilot) and Karen. The other Kevin had mentioned he might be riding to San Luis Obispo this week; pretty nice winter weather for that! Still, a bit cold for us, dipping down to 38 or so. That wouldn't have been bad at all, years past, but the circulation issue in my hands has been worsening at an increasing rate so the day could come where it's just too darned cold for me. Did not think it would ever come to that. Well, sure, maybe, but not for some time!

I thought I was the dead-man-walking as we started up through the park, but about halfway up Kings I was doing a bit better, and Kevin a bit worse. Maybe a lot worse. Just before the first wide section, I raced up ahead to Karen to let her know this was a day it would make sense for her to go on ahead; we could be awhile! And awhile we were. I think it was just under 36 minutes, the sort of time you'd see on rain bikes, when you're just slogging your way up the hill on a heavy bike with soaked-through heavy clothing.

Kevin was hoping that maybe we were running so late we'd just head back down into Woodside, but no, I really can't be slacking off any more than I already have, and expect to stay in halfway-decent shape. Sadly, no turkeys (or rabbits) on West Old LaHonda, just us. Sunday? Hopefully back to Pescadero for the first time in a while. THAT will be painful. And slow! And we'll feel good afterward for having gotten out there.