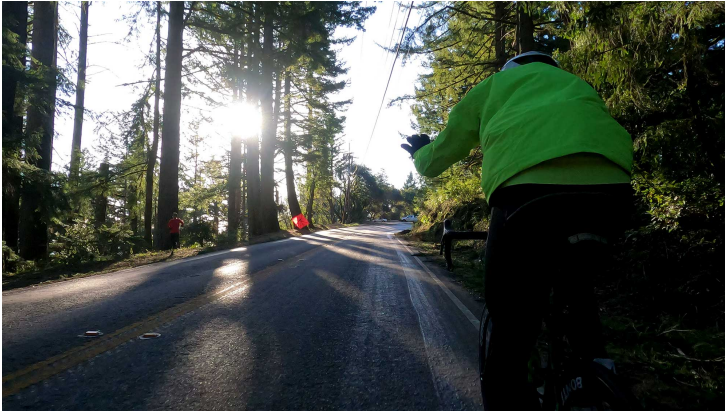


Finally that epic-cold ride



It's hard to say why I would look forward to a ride where the low temp hit 28 degrees. With my hand issues, you'd think that would be the last thing I'd consider a challenge worth facing. Thankfully, the heated gloves work beyond my most hopeful expectations (providing it's not raining), and allowed me to join Kevin on the coldest morning we've seen in a couple of years.

How did we dress? Thermal tights, two base layers, one jersey jacket and a lightweight rain jacket on top of that.

It was not fast, but do I even have to mention that anymore? I was really surprised to see a time under 38 minutes. Noteworthy sightings included a couple of coyotes off Manuella, another cyclist descending Kings when we were about halfway up (meaning he'd gotten out considerably earlier, when it was likely even colder, than us!), the new "running lady" we frequently see on Skyline near Skeggs (she has a schedule too!), and a few patches of iced-over puddles.

Thankfully, no ice in "the corner" on Jefferson, where I fell nearly four years ago and broke my hip in two places, but you would be correct to assume we went through the corner very cautiously.