

Rare ride where I was stronger on OLH and the run to the coast. Kevin got me on Tunitas though.



Sunday, another dreary-looking Sunday, where we'd be met with wet roads, drizzle, and nothing truly epic in nature. Or should I say, epic from nature? We left shortly before noon and thankful it wasn't as cold as it's been; I didn't even need to turn on my electric gloves! Had to take a bit of a detour due to a downed tree on Mountain Home; maybe that gave me more chance to warm up before the climb?

But Kevin wasn't feeling very frisky, and for the first time in ages, was lagging behind me on Old LaHonda. And for the first time in ages, I wished my rain bike had a power meter, because I felt like I had something on tap!

Extra traffic on Old LaHonda wasn't a thing, despite a warning sign at the bottom telling bicyclists to stay away. Really? Mud & slime an issue only for the last half mile or so, and no issue for us with traction.

West Old LaHonda remains intact, although the part where the road has been undercut is looking a bit worse (more pavement just kind of dangling out there in the air). At the 84 end, we stopped for a bit so I could query Kevin on how he was feeling, whether he needed to cut the ride short. No, he figured we had to do the ride we were supposed to. Not too bad a headwind on the way to the coast; I pulled the entire time, again, another unusual thing lately.

Stopped at San Gregorio General Store for coffee and something new- Persian Love Cake. Not sure exactly what it is, but it was pretty good. [Here's a link to it.](#)

Finally, on the Stage Road climb up to Highway 1, Kevin had the upper hand, riding more strongly. Must have been a result of re-contemplating-life over coffee? And Tunitas, he was doing pretty well there as well. Stopped a couple times to take photos. LOTS of mud right at the entrance to the forest, due to a mudslide.

Overall, another better-than-expected ride.

