

Ride report

Enough of the psuedo-psycho-intellectual drivel about pain. This morning's ride was still on wet roads; the rain may be in the past but the roads into and out of the hills haven't yet got the memo. Nice enough that we didn't need rain bikes though.

Kevin (pilot), Jan, Mark, Eric but missing in action was the other Kevin (my son) who'd been up late last night working on a paper for school and woke with a very nasty cold. It was a bit odd riding with a helmetless Kevin; he'd forgotten it back at his car but picked up a spare at his place on Skyline before descending.

Cool but not yet really cold; that's coming soon enough. For me, what mattered most is that I was able to experience "normal" pain again, "normal" being the self-inflicted variety that tells you that you're working hard. I felt good pain climbing Kings, and I felt more of the good stuff on west-side Old LaHonda. Yes, my version of cranking it to 11 is neither fast nor pretty compared to others, but if my 11 allows me to keep up with their 8, or get ahead of them if they're at 7, I'm good.

I'm coming back. It's going to take a while, but I'm coming back.