

Back in the saddle again



Riding over Tunitas yesterday evening, I was wondering how I was going to feel this morning. But I got out there and realized, pretty quickly, that what my body wants to do most, is ride. Was it easy going up Kings? No. I did start out faster than I expected, keeping up with fast-guys Kevin (pilot; my son's kidney stent kept him off his bike again) and Karl. Behind me, Eric was taking it easy, leaving me in that place I know all-too-well, that vast "middle" land where you're alone, with no hope of catching those in front, and a fear of being caught from behind.

Once I got to the open area (1.41 miles to the top) and realized there was absolutely zero chance of getting under 27 minutes, I circled for a bit and waited for Eric. Funny thing about doing that though. If you just keep going, you maintain a good speed and rhythm. If you stop and wait for someone, even if they're riding a bit slower, you find yourself struggling. Go figure.

Up on top we met up with Millo, doing his usual thing, leaving a bit earlier and waiting for us at Skeggs Point on Skyline. Not sure why he doesn't leave just a bit later and meet us near the top of Kings... maybe he doesn't like the feeling of being the fox in a chase?

There really isn't any good reason to dread a bike ride. It's usually going to be a lot nicer and more fun than you thought it would be, and even if not, I've yet to do a ride where, later that day, I wasn't glad I'd done it.