

I'd better get used to this feeling (but don't have to like it)



Kevin's making his comeback, and all I can do is try and get close enough to watch. Small group this morning; the two Kevins, Eric and me. The older Kevin (pilot) was tired, after back-to-back 70 mile days on the bike. Eric had ridden the morning ride before showing up for Kings. And Kevin? Younger Kevin? He was hoping Marcus would show so he could ride hard up the hill. Marcus showed, and didn't disappoint.

I made it about halfway up the hill hanging onto Kevin and Marcus's wheels before giving up and just trying to keep them in sight. A bit further up the road, at the big clearing, I circled and waited for the other two (Eric and Kevin) and rode the rest of the way up with them. Well, with Kevin anyway; at the beginning of the last steep section (before the archery range) I felt my front wheel roll over something and then heard what sounded like a leaf hitting the fork once per revolution. I know that sound. Air escaping from a very small hole in the tire. Dang. Eric rode on while Kevin (pilot) waited and helped with the tube replacement.

The delay put us so much behind schedule that we had to skip the West Old LaHonda loop and head straight back down 84. No drama on the descent this time (everyone stayed upright). Now I've got some missing miles to make up!