

Rare Friday-morning ride; Kevin destroys Joaquim



Really, riding isn't all about eating. But this tiny stuffable backpack, one of the Tour de France Caravan handouts, works great for picking up breakfast at the end of a ride! Kevin didn't ride Thursday morning due to a short-term stomach bug of some sort, but opted for adding a ride this morning, something that rarely happens. I mean sure, we ride to work & back most weekdays, but the only serious rides are on Tuesdays, Thursday & Sundays. Yesterdays ride was hard enough that I really didn't have great legs this morning... unlike Kevin.

It started out innocently enough. Up to Skyline? No way. Been there, done that, yesterday. We did "the loop" with a Joaquim kicker. Also known as "Walking Joaquim" for very good reason. We rode pretty strongly up Alpine, and as it started to get steeper towards the end, my legs enthusiasm was declining as rapidly as the road was ascending. Got to the tiny little plateau at the intersection with Joaquim, tried to catch my breath, and started up. Ouch. There was just nothing there, legs feeling so flat I felt like walking. Kevin? He flew up the hill. Stomped on the pedals and was GONE. Nearly a minute faster up that short climb than my fastest time up it. Wow.

It's possible that yesterday's ride actually did take something out of me, because my heart rate was as resistant to climbing as my legs. I did recover once we got back on normal terrain, and did a pretty good fast pull on Alpine heading towards 280. Redemption of sorts.

By the end of the ride I felt like we both deserved something from the Woodside Bakery and, unknown to Kevin, I'd snuck that tiny little TdF backpack into my seatbag. Worked out very well.