

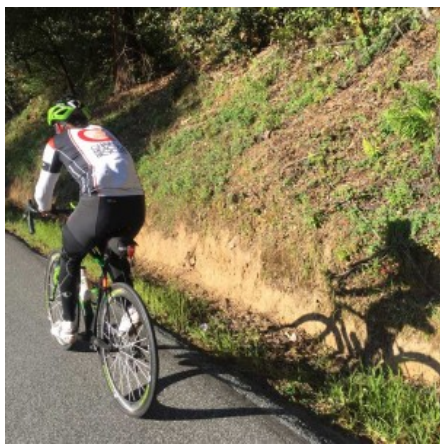
So what does it tell me when a 65 year old guy shows up and out-climbs me?



The obligatory picture of West Old LaHonda, always a beautiful view whether a clear or cloudy day!

Warm this morning? Oh yeah, still wore leg warmers and light base layers, but definitely didn't need the base layers. Leg warmers? It was still as cool as 51 or so early in the ride, and early-on in my racing days I was taught nothing was more-important than keeping you knees warm. 60 degrees and below, definitely keep 'em covered!

Today's riders- Kevin, Kevin, Karl, Karen, Eric, George and that 65-year-old guy, Scott, I think? Kevin, Kevin and Scott were riding off the front a bit, although I wasn't doing that badly behind, trying to hang with Karl. About 3/4 of the way up Kings I got to take an unexpected (but welcome) rest when Kevin "seized up" and spent just over two minutes on the ground.



You know it's a nice day when you have strong shadows! (especially when they're chasing you, rather than beating you).

Kevin sought, and got, redemption on the upper flanks of West Old LaHonda. Since Karl had to shorten the ride and leave us at Sky Londa, Kevin had the opportunity to drive the pace and do his rocket-thing on that final steep pitch up to Skyline.

But that Scott guy, 65 years old and able to ditch me on Kings. How does that make me feel? On the one hand, a sense of defeat, as in, I'm worse-off than I thought. The flip side? That I could potentially be a stronger rider in 5 or 6 years than I am today!