

## The scale isn't my friend yet, but I'm over hating it



Wind isn't much fun to ride in, but sure cleans things up! When I got back from Africa, I didn't just feel fat... I was. There was the obvious reading from the scale, but a more-ominous not on Sunday's ride when I hooked up my heart monitor and there was a bit of a push-up effect, moving me from AAA territory all the way to A. If you're not figuring out the reference, lucky you. But no question I deteriorate rapidly when off my usual schedule.

Sunday's ride, even though fairly short, felt like my system was getting back on track. This morning confirmed that. It wasn't like I could ride very fast; I'm still getting over this cold, so I had to spend a lot of time at the back, making sure I wasn't spraying anyone when clearing my nose. Right, that's my excuse, otherwise I would have been up front with my son, fighting it out with George. I did OK for about a third of the way up Kings and then just sorta died. Strava told the story; 1022 meters/hour climbing speed up to the park entrance, and about 900 meters/hour the rest of the way.

Once on Skyline I was quickly dropped and got to watch the group (Kevin, George, JR & Eric) gradually ride away, but thankfully Eric dropped back and motored me up to the rest, catching us just as the descent to Sky Londa began.

Overall ride time was pretty good, arriving back at the start at 9:21, within the 9:18-9:22 range for a normal Tuesday ride (the Thursday ride is typically a minute longer, due to the ride up through the park). Best part wasn't the ride itself, but seeing the scale finally drop a bit, down to 171.5 instead of the 175+ it showed after last Thursday & Sunday's rides.