

True Love... Kings Mountain waited for me!



I'd love to say that riding up Kings for the first time in 2.5 weeks was like putting on an old shoe... broken-in and comfortable. And it sorta was. I had fears, while vacationing for two weeks, of killing myself to get up the hill in 35 minutes, but, even after a brief stop on the way up (Pilot Kevin thought a descending car might have deliberately moved towards us as he honked for no good reason as he went by), it was still just over 31 minutes, and would likely have been under 30 otherwise.

Both Kevins (did I mention that Kevin the kid didn't ride at all while I was gone? He's sprained his ankle), JR & Eric. The reliables. The guys I felt like I let down a bit by not showing up for two weeks (especially when I found out younger Kevin wasn't going to be there either).

The weather was as unlike Cambodia as you could get; cool (upper 40s) and foggy. Finally saw some sun and shadows up on top.

Conversations were about the election, electrical power generators (propane is favored, diesel a far second choice, but given the country's new direction, maybe they should be considering coal?) and eventually younger Kevin's success, or lack thereof, with non-mainstream dating sites. Sounds like once you move from the traditional sites (Match.com, E-Harmony) you see increasing numbers of scammers, in some cases greatly outnumbering the real people. The eternal truth? Your bike will never let you down. It doesn't scam you, it doesn't get mad at you when you've left it alone for a couple weeks. It just wants you back in the saddle climbing that hill.

Life could be worse.