

The "Brown Season" has arrived



They say we don't have seasons here. They're wrong. We just don't have the usual four, just two. Green, and brown. Yes, the heat has arrived. Strangely, just two of us on the ride this morning (myself and Karen); I'd have thought we'd see more than normal as some would choose to ride earlier, when it's cooler, than later in the day. Younger Kevin would have been with us but he'd gotten home late from a date and his stomach wasn't happy with the corn dogs he'd had at the Boardwalk (Santa Cruz).

It was a comfy 64 at the base of Kings, but rose steadily as we climbed, topping out at 82. 82 doesn't seem that hot, until you think about it being 8:30am. I wasn't climbing very quickly; Karen was heading up the hill at her own pace and the last time I saw her, way up ahead, was at the 1.41 mile clearing. That's probably about 90 seconds from where you are to where "they" are. The climb itself felt really slow, making me think I was really feeling the effects of my meds, but looking over the Strava details later, the average weighted power number was just 4 watts off a normal hard ride. Probably just not adjusted yet to the higher temps.

A byproduct of those higher temps was going through a lot of fluids. First time in years maybe that we've had to make an extra stop at Sky Londa, before heading back down into Woodside, to top off our bottles.

Tomorrow I find out if maybe it wasn't just the heat getting to me, when I get another blood test to check platelet & hematocrit levels. There's really nothing left scary to find out; now it's just a matter of adjusting hydroxyurea dosage to the relevant level. For the first time in 6 weeks, I'm actually looking forward to seeing the results!