

The Chris reset button



The image that shows me, on the left, appearing to win literally by a head. That's the positive spin. The other way of looking at this is that I'm a shadow of my former self.



Chris is ahead



Roughly even



Chris pulls ahead.

It's been at least 6 months since Chris has been on one of the Tuesday/Thursday morning rides. Maybe a lot longer than that. He used to show up regularly back in the day. That's what, could be, 8 years ago? 6? 10? Chris used to be supply the horsepower on Skyline, on West Old LaHonda, and on Tripp Road he could put the hammer down in a way that really really hurt. Just trying to stay on his wheel was guaranteed to rip you to shreds. You knew that he was doing 20%, maybe 30% more work than you were, and yet staying on that wheel was nearly impossible.

Well that's who showed up on this morning's ride, and yes, Kevin got to have some fun climbing Kings for the first time in a while, finishing 4 minutes ahead of me and that's including time on the ground when he had a seizure on the "open" section. On Skyline Chris is towing from the front and I'm hanging on for dear life, going through that mantra in my head, it's tougher getting dropped and chasing than it is to hang on. Thankfully Chris & Kevin slowed a bit on the brief climb to Skeggs, giving me a chance to, well, feel like I had a chance. Descending into Sky Londa I decided not to go tactical and simply tested my legs a bit on the sprint. It's been a long time since we've done serious sprinting on the Tuesday/Thursday ride, but today's ride had a bit of that old-time feel to it.

Chris pulled hard descending 84 to West Old LaHonda, and by the time the West Old LaHonda climb began in earnest, I was pretty cooked. Chris and Kevin rode away yet again, but maybe just a minute or so ahead of me at the top.

And on the way back... Tripp Road. Thank goodness Chris didn't put the hammer down the full distance. Still, it was quite a ride. It felt like we were getting the band back together, even though it was just the three of us. Back in the day we would have had additional cylinders firing from Carl on those flatter sections. The funny thing is that, despite being gassed, totally run into the red zone, I had that familiar feeling that said it was a good day to contest the Albion sprint.

I hung back a bit at first, noticing some people walking in the road, but it was just two people, no dogs, no horses, and no cars. Kevin has been showing signs of wanting to sprint now & then, but hasn't put a priority on it for a while. But Chris took off, and that's all I needed. Commit or watch. It took a bit to reel him in, then he edged forward again, and it was looking like a dead heat for a bit. From my perspective it was, although Chris said I took it. Looking at the video evidence, it appears I did take it, if we can trust the shadows. At 993 peak watts, sure, a bit frustrating to not get those last 7!!! Maybe next time.

The rest of the day both Kevin and I felt like we really did ride. It was as if a reset button had been hit and we were brought back to the good old days. Thank you, Chris!