

A surprisingly-normal ride



Not much left of the spooky old tree Tuesday's ride was interesting. Interesting because I felt pretty darned OK. Good almost. And nobody but Kevin (kid) around to notice. One of those rare mornings where I actually felt better than Kevin, dropping him a couple times as we climbed Kings, then waiting for him to catch up (which also gave me a chance to catch my breath).

Mostly dry, and the 3 degrees difference between 41 and 44 feels HUGE when descending.

Average weighted power is gradually climbing back up towards normal; 204 watts is not that far shy of the 212 or so I was pulling last year. Plus, that 204 watts goes further when it's carrying 9 fewer pounds up the hill. Based on how much I'm eating tonight, this too shall pass.

Kevin started feeling better... MUCH better... on West Old LaHonda. I was having trouble hanging onto his wheel, but no way was I going to let him know that. Thankfully he eased off a bit just before hitting the flattish part prior to the forest.

Not sure, but think, I could have been under 30 up Kings if I hadn't held up for Kevin a few times. It won't happen tomorrow, maybe not next week, but soon. I'm coming back.