

Cracks in the foundation



An unintentional almost-panoramic couple of photos taken near the Archery Range hairpin on Kings. It's beginning to wear on me, this life thing. The Corona Virus, of course, limiting the range I can roam on my bike. The Corona Virus, of course, dramatically changing the way we do business at the shop. And that life thing that gets to you, being 64, and in the old days age was enough by itself to get you thinking about things better not thought of, but now you have the Corona Virus telling everyone to think that way. So, one of those rare days where sure, I did feel better at the end of the ride than the beginning, but would have been nice to feel the usual positive emotions along the way.

OK, the details. Just me; Kevin hadn't slept well, and this really wasn't a great morning for it to be just me. As the prior paragraph implies, I was in kind of a dark place. It did give me an excuse to stop and take photos along the way, since I was clearly in no hurry to get up the hill. That was apparent at the first timing point, hitting it right at 4 minutes vs 3 minutes, 30 seconds, just two days prior. And it got worse from there. Maybe Sunday's ride, in the rain, will go better.