

One bleak dark tunnel



It should have been a nice, strong ride. I actually got a decent night's sleep last night, no huge issues having over me, got up in time. Maybe it was because I ran out of protein bars and had to eat a snickers?

Whatever, I was in no shape to climb Kings this morning. Started out bad and got worse. Kevin, Kevin and Karen were all pretty closely matched and I was the weakest link. That's OK, I can wear the "weakest link" badge with honor most of the time. But today it was more than weak; it felt almost hopeless. You know (hopefully you don't!), the type of hopeless where you're thinking, maybe this will be the day you turn back on Kings.

And your thinking goes dark. Really dark. As in, you start wondering if this is the day you look back upon and think, that was it. That was THE day I was firmly heading downhill, without hope that once in a while I'd feel surprisingly good again. I thought about Terminator 2 and that final scene when the Terminator was being lowered into the vat of molten metal, and says, "I know now why you cry." I was thinking how I don't believe in the "match" theory. This idea that you have a limited number of matches to burn, use them wisely, because they're all you get.

I did feel better on Skyline, recuperating a bit, finding some power to get up that climb just past Swett Road. I hoped that, by the time we'd get to West Old LaHonda, life would be good again. But it wasn't. It was more of the same, just hanging on, trying now & then to see if I could "dance" on the pedals for even a short while. In fact, I could, but it certainly wasn't sustainable.

There's no real explanation. I think it's just going to have been one of those days. I did feel good that I was out there, and we didn't arrive back home all that late, maybe just 6 minutes behind a pretty strong ride. What's 6 minutes, really? Not that much.

Thursday is another day, a better day. At least a different day.

And no mom, cuz I know you're reading this and getting concerned, no new health issues. Weight is just a pound or two over normal, no aches or pains in need of explanation. I'm fine. Just tougher than normal forcing my body to do what needed to be done this morning.