

Tuesday was impossibly hard; today (Thursday) was so much fun!

It's really tough to figure out; Tuesday I was dying out there. Every pedal stroke up Kings was without joy. No capability to push the pace for even a bit, just, well, misery on wheels. Kevin did much better, despite having some vision issues due to his epilepsy meds. At any time he could have dropped me like a rock. My goal was just to get to the top of Kings and hope this would be one of those rides where you felt better at the end than the beginning. Fortunately that did turn out to be the case. I began to feel almost alive on West Old LaHonda. I have no excuses, nothing to explain why I felt that way. One of those days where you're thinking an ebike is in your future sooner than later.

Thank goodness Thursday was totally different! I was concerned how things would go, but it was an entirely different version of me that showed up today. Both Kevins were there (Tuesday just one Kevin, the younger one); I waved younger Kevin on, so he could see what type of time he could get, and rode up the hill with ex-Pilot Kevin, who's consistent but not as fast as he (or I should say either of us) used to be. I felt good; I was able to put in some really strong efforts here and there and was just generally having a good time, pushing the limits of my lungs and legs. Like I said, I can't explain it, just glad the version of me that rode Sunday & Tuesday didn't show up today.