

Strange, how some days just feel a whole lot better



66 years old, been riding since I was 11 I think? And I still can't say why, out of the blue, you sometimes have a day where you feel a whole lot better than others. This was one of those days, and I could tell very quickly, as soon as I began up the hill from my house. There's no real chance to warm up; no chance to kind of idle, waiting for your legs to tell you hey, it's time to go. Nope. You just head up. It's about 2.7 miles to the start of the ride, up over Jefferson. I waited to start feeling normal (meaning, not so good), as I followed Kevin's wheel, but normal never really happened. How long would it last, I wondered?

On Sunday's ride, I didn't 100% suck going up Old LaHonda, for the first time in a year. But I couldn't really hold the feeling of not sucking for very long. Today, the ride up Kings through the park could have been pretty fast, if I weren't waiting for (pilot) Kevin. Younger Kevin was flying on ahead, and part of me really wanted to see how long I could keep up, but I've never been one to leave a straggler at the back, all alone. But all the way up Kings, my legs had that feeling of wanting to go, ride hard, take off. I've had 36 minute rides up Kings where it felt like that was all I could do. Hate those rides. But not today.

Nice weather, no, GREAT weather. Mid-70s most of the ride, maybe 10 degrees cooler on Kings. I can take more of this.