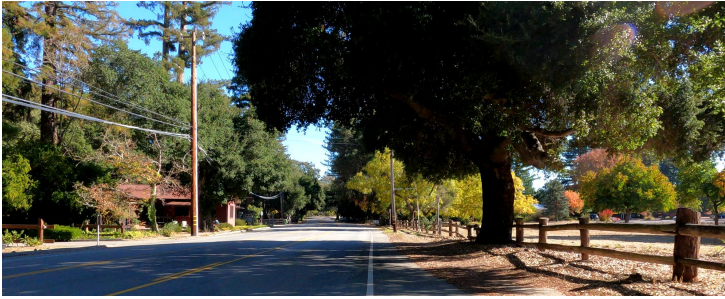


Not even 40 miles... but not a day to be missed!



Crazy to think how little actual riding I've done the past few weeks. Today was my first day out feeling semi-normal... well, not really... my version of "normal" would not have me feeling like a 40 mile flatter ride could be an accomplishment of any relevance. The after-effects of the flu turned out to be lungs super-sensitive to temperature change, so guess what happens when I step from a house that's probably 60F on Tuesday & Thursday mornings, and start trying to breathe air that's 20 degrees colder? It's not pretty.

But today... November 12th...I was going to get to ride in 70 degree weather! No leg warmers, no base layer, light breeze. Crazy nice! And first "normal" Sunday ride in 3 weeks+ I think.

"Normal" keeps coming up. In terms of Sunday rides, "normal" would typically involve a ride to the coast & back, or at least loop up to Skyline for more climbing. But lots of climbing was out of the question; as I passed it there wasn't even a thought of heading up. I figured I could at least do a version of "The Loop" but managed to get all the way to Peet's in Los Altos (where our former store was). Of course the real trick would be making it back.

I never felt completely dead, even towards the end of the ride, but still didn't think I'd left much on the table at the end.