

35 degrees and I felt good!

It must be one of those "opposite days" because I sure felt a lot better this morning that I should have. Maybe it was just the comparison to Tuesday's ride in the drizzle & muck, when the climb up Kings was dreadfully-slow and my heart rate much faster than normal (very typical just before a cold sets in, which thankfully went through my system very quickly). Some of the improvement simply came from better equipment, since I could ride my "nice" bike this morning (My 6-series Trek Madone), which almost feels like cheating sometimes. As ethical a person as I am, I have no issues getting whatever advantage I can from nicer equipment.



Todd on west-side Old LaHonda

I had reason to both look forward to and dread riding this morning; looking forward because it's supposed to be the last chance to ride in dry weather for the next millenia (two weeks, anyway). Dreading because it was supposed to be cold. And it was cold, and I did have my usual noisy lungs, but I still felt really good climbing, even though we went through the park. 35 degrees at the low point (a couple miles into the ride, just before hitting Kings), 39 along Skyline, 41 degrees on west-side Old LaHonda. That should have felt cold, but it didn't. It felt nice out there.

Who showed up? Too many for me to get right. Marcos, Kevin, Eric, Ludo, John, Todd, darn, trying to remember the younger guy (that means under-30) who works at the hospital and knows Greg in our Redwood City store (sp;oke to Greg; it's Jarret), but he was there too. 8 besides me, so I'm missing one. B0b!!! Think I have them all now.

I gotta figure out what made this morning's ride go so well, package it up and sell it!Â --Mike--