

I picked the wrong wheel to follow this morning!



Today's West-Side Old LaHonda photo. Kevin, on the right, isn't exactly flying in formation here.

The first Tuesday/Thursday-morning ride under daylight saving time meant you wake up and it's... dark! Hate that. At 7:05am, the world should be bright and the sun should be out and the roads should be dry and a tailwind in every direction!

Yeah, well, whatever. Thankfully the roads were just dry enough to rationalize taking my nice bike (after all, what could be worse than the soaking it got at the end of Sunday's ride?), and the bike and I responded nicely heading over the hill to the start of the ride. Karen, John, Kevin, George, and a bit later, we were joined by Marcus. We started out at a pretty leisurely pace up the hill, with me being content to sit behind wheels. Funny how that changes the ride; if I go to the front at the start, things get moving too fast, too soon. If I stay behind, the pace remains pretty mellow. For a while. Just past the park, Marcus picked up the speed a bit, and, since I was on his wheel, I wasn't going to let it go. Follow the wheel. That's what I do. Just keep that rear wheel 6 inches ahead of your front wheel and stay there. Yeah, sounds so easy, but after a couple hundred meters I noticed everyone else had fallen back, and a hundred meters more and I blew a gasket and dropped back myself. Remember, this is what I do for fun.

Fortunately, I didn't completely fall apart (a concern I had since I'd missed last-week's rides while in DC), and I managed to keep my heart rate up pretty high (as high as 177 at one point), an indication that my overall health is fairly good. I was also able to pull fairly strongly across Skyline instead of just sitting on wheels, so maybe I won't lose as much fitness (or gain as much weight) this winter as I normally do. Let's hope!