

A high-gravity day if ever there was (but still a great day on a bike!)

It was so beautiful this morning; I over-dressed badly, assuming that we'd see the usual drop in temperature as we climbs Kings, but such was not the case. My leg warmers and base layer were much more than needed to be comfortable, with temps hitting 71 degrees on the climb up Kings.

Darn. I missed the season's first Tuesday/Thursday-morning ride opportunity to skip the cool-weather gear! Marcus, Eric & Karl did better in that regard, and I'd like to believe that being too warm contributed to a feeling of sluggishness, but that would be a lie. The legs simply didn't have it in them this morning. In fact, they never really recovered later in the ride, as they usually do. They just didn't feel all that lively. Maybe it was the body's response to the sudden surge in airborne allergens? Or maybe it was just a high-gravity day, a phrase coined by Kevin (Pilot Kevin) some time ago. I was still able to pull strongly a few times (although Karl remains Da Man for classic long pulls on the flatter sections), and still had some fun on the descents.

Warm & sunny, lizards racing across the road on west-side Old LaHonda (but still no rabbits!), good company, and a great view of a very low inversion layer that had settled over the lowlands during the night. "Great view" might not be the right way to put it though; it was a "great view" of a thin-but-dense band of browish-orange smog, our first such sighting this year. But by the time we saw it, we were already hundreds of feet above it, and still climbing!

All proof that the few days you're not really feeling great while riding are still days made much better by... riding!