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Now Terry's getting faster!

Be careful what you wish for. That thought comes to mind sometimes, as I try to help others out who want to know how to climb faster. Wednesday that was Terry, one of our summer employees (between college sessions). He's light and really looks like he ought to be able to climb, but to ride with the Tuesday/Thursday group, he's had to get a pretty good head start and even then would get caught half-way up the hill.

But Wednesday he tells me how, on Monday night (the night before another fairly-slow ride up Kings) he kinda sorta skipped dinner, and when I asked him about breakfast before the ride? Ohmygosh, it was two bowls of cereal and a banana. Ouch. That much milk, that much food, that soon before a ride? Maybe if he'd gotten up at 4am and eaten all that, but just before riding? This is only a 27 mile ride, not an all-day marathon where, if you start slow, you can make up the time later. So I suggested he do what Kevin does, which is something to drink and a Clif bar (or power bar or whatever; point is, it's something but it's not much).

This morning? He probably took 3 or 4 minutes off his time! Just over 30, and most of us never caught up to him. Amazing improvement. So now I've created yet another potential climbing monster. Doubtful I'll ever see one again like Tracy Colwell though. That goes back quite a number of years. I don't think I actually taught him how to climb, but helped him a bit here & there, and maybe, watching me, he learned that suffering was good, if it meant you were putting the hurt on the other guy. Tracy isn't a 17 year old kid anymore; now he's got young kids (10 or 11?) of his own, but he's still one of the very fastest climbers around.

Me? I just try and keep up.

Oh, right, roll call. As if I can remember now. Todd, Kevin, Murph(y?), Zack, Marcus, Karen, Terry... as always, I feel like I'm leaving someone out. Missing in action for a while will be Karl, who broke his collarbone. Again.