

Big group on the Tuesday ride



So now I go to bed the night before the Tuesday/Thursday ride wondering how badly I'm going to get beat up... by my son. I knew this was coming, but I didn't realize how rapidly he would progress. It was only a couple months ago (literally) that Kevin finally broke 30 minutes up Kings and could actually ride with our group without holding us up. And now, he can squeeze off a 26-something time more reliably than I can.

But today I never got to find out how badly he might beat me. Maybe a quarter mile before the start of the climb, one of my two computers came off the handlebar, without me noticing, but Karl let me know he'd seen it fly off and hit the side of the road. OK... I briefly considered whether it was worth sacrificing the climb for a computer... maybe it would still be there when I got back... but it might be tough figuring out exactly where it had landed later, so I watched the others head on up the hill while I made a u-turn and retrieved the computer. Did anyone offer to stay behind and ride up with me? Er, no, but Chris was a late arrival and was coming up behind, trying to catch the group. Yeah, sure, I can just have Chris pace me back up the hill. Right. For about 100 meters or so, and then he vanished. Poof. Gone. Didn't see him again until the top of the hill.

Eventually I did catch up to Kevin, Todd & Karl. Yes, Karl, who's recovering nicely from his latest collarbone/clavicle issue. They had been soft-pedaling for a while, actually having conversations, while my lungs are searching for every available atom of oxygen (I was going to say "molecule of air" but is air a molecule? [Apparently yes.](#)) I was dying; probably 27:20 or so, a lot of time to be thinking about everybody else already well ahead of me, riding faster, finishing soon.

Very big group this morning. 12 at least, given that there are 11 in the photo plus me, and there might have been one guy who turned off before then (yes, there was one more, Jim I think). A bit foggy at the top, fairly cool, and just damp enough to give me the creeps

descending (Kevin doesn't seem to have such trouble, but then Kevin doesn't have the years of experience descending that I have, some of those descents ending up on my side instead of my wheels).

For the final sprint it was all Chris. Kevin wasn't anywhere in sight; obviously, it's time I get him back to sprinting again (since maybe emphasizing sprinting will slow him down on the climbs).