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Incredible morning to ride!

Wow. A morning without leg warmers, big group for the ride, legs felt good (Lungs? One out of two isn't bad), and Kevin (my son) is now getting up on Tuesdays and Thursdays as if it's a regular routine, no longer complaining the night before that he wants to sleep in.

Big group at the start; after we arrived, they just kept on coming. 13 I think. Won't even bother with all the names; easier to just say who was missing (Chris being the only semi-regular who comes to mind). Well, Kevin the pilot was there, but quickly missing in action as his ride-weary legs were just barely getting him up Kings. He did finish the same day, but just barely, and keep in mind we're talking about a guy who can fly up the hill when he's on his game.

Me? I'm Mr. Consistency. A bit slower in the off-season, a bit faster in the Spring & Summer. But until we've got Kevin's (my son, not the pilot) seizures a bit more under control, I'm holding him back a bit on the climbs, so I really don't know for sure what shape I'm really in... which is just fine with me, because I can fantasize that, unleashed, I'd be up there with the best of them!

Regrouping at the top of Kings

Kevin didn't disappoint today, have his 3rd consecutive Kings climb with a seizure, although this was one of those super-fast ones where he never loses consciousness, and was down on the ground for maybe 30 seconds before breaking a smile, saying "I'm good!" and then he was back on his bike.

We did catch up to Frank and Ayelet a bit further up Kings, two of our customers who enjoy an adventure on a bike just like us, but at a bit more reasonable pace. Later on we met a couple more, Lisa and Mark, who were heading out to the coast. It was so nice this morning I'm surprised there weren't more.

Most of us didn't have any clue about what was going on at the front of the group, where Nigel was doing a 24-something by hanging onto Marcus's wheel, and I'm sure George was up there with him too. Ouch!

It would have been nice to get some group shots heading up west-side Old LaHonda, but this was a Tuesday, and on Tuesdays, all it takes is one person with a bit too much testosterone and things fly apart. Thursdays are a bit more subdued (and picturesque).