

Is this the end or the beginning (of summer)?



West-side Old LaHonda, the most-photographed road on this website. For good reason!

Sometimes I go to sleep the night before the Tuesday/Thursday-morning ride and wonder what it is that compels me to get up earlier than I'd really like to, suffer more than I might want to, and... well darn, this really only works if I can come up with another, but I can't think of one! But in a nutshell, I didn't sleep well last night, mostly due to the heat, and wondered how well I'd do on just a few hours sleep, not to mention how I'd survive the rest of the day.

I needn't have been concerned. A good ride in the morning somehow resets the clock. At 6:55am I'm thinking about turning off the alarm clock, but at 7:38am I'm heading up over Jefferson to the start of the ride, noticing that my legs feel pretty good, that it's warm enough for my lungs to almost work, and that Kevin (my son, not the pilot) is riding a bit more strongly over Jefferson than normal.

It was a large mob greeting us at the start, way too large to call out the names. The only regular missing out was Marcus, leaving me to believe that maybe we'd have a mellower-than-usual ride up the hill. That was an incorrect assumption; Karl started out strongly up the hill, with me on his wheel. Unfortunately, my breathing was not up to par, and my heart rate was running higher than it should have, an indication that perhaps I was suffering a bit from the lack of sleep. Still, I felt OK and got to the park entrance maybe a minute ahead of Kevin (my son, not the pilot), whom I dutifully waited for. Maybe for the last time, since there's a pattern that's developed recently; Kevin rides the first part of the hill at a 28 minute pace, and the latter 2/3rds at a 25 minute pace. Overall average is about 27 minutes, which I can handle, but what I cannot handle is a sustained 25 minute pace, even after resting for a bit waiting for him to catch up. Thus with about a mile and a half to go Kevin and Todd caught up with and passed me.

If I ride my own pace I can still get to the top faster than Kevin, and I think that's the way it's going to have to be. Full tactical mode=on.

Oh, and that summer that never-quite-happened? Seems like it's just kicking in now! After a brief flirtation with leg warmers and base layers just a week or two ago, I'm now freezing water bottles overnight so they stay cool a bit longer. And summer ends officially tomorrow. Go figure.