

I'm back and I'm slow!

Got home from China late Saturday night, 10 day trip, 13 days off the bike, and, thankfully, didn't gain the usual 1/2 pound per day that's happened in the past on such ventures. Unfortunately there was some help in keeping the weight off, when I got pretty violently sick for about 6 hours in Shanghai. But hey, doesn't everybody? Great trip nevertheless.

Meantime, I was worried that I'd come back and get killed on the bike by my son, except it turns out that he didn't ride while I was gone. Huh? Not quite sure how that all did or didn't work out, but it did give me some hope this morning, when I finally got back on the bike.

Ugly? No, not really, how could the ride have been bad on such a beautiful morning? But I shouldn't have hoped to keep up with Kevin, who dropped me twice, first about halfway up Old LaHonda, then again on the Tunitas Creek return. Proof below-

Even if I'd gone full-tactical I likely couldn't have kept up on Old LaHonda, and certainly not on Tunitas. But I don't think I did too badly on my first day back. --Mike--