

5 Days off the bike- do you fear or look forward to the return?



This is how my day started, the Devil Dog staring at me from the sofa, wondering why anybody was up before the sun (or before the heater turned on)

I didn't even weigh myself after the various Christmas meals and food substitutes. Didn't want to know. Don't need to know, because after all these years, I know exactly what happens if I eat and don't ride for a few days. Anytime I go past the normal ride routine (3 times/week) I can count on adding 1/4 pound per day since the last time I rode (this applies to the first 5 or 6 days; past that, thank goodness, my weight will level off).

A long way of saying that I wasn't really looking forward to riding this morning, but the alternative was worse. Much worse! At least Kevin (my son, not the pilot) should have been worse off than me, since he missed a full week of riding due to a nasty cold that he's just now getting over. Of course, just because things be a certain way doesn't mean they will be, and so it was this morning as I found myself struggling twice to keep up with Kevin on the climb up Kings, before he finally ran out of gas just prior to the top.

Despite the cold temps we had a respectable group this morning, with George, Kevin, Eric, Karl, James & John. Seems like I'm missing someone, but can't figure out who. Oh, right, my legs. But even my missing legs made something of an appearance, more than I expected anyway. Will they be ready for Mount Hamilton on New Years Day? We'll see!