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Ohmygosh, 6 pages of KOMs? This guy's really slumming riding with us!

Not as many friendly faces today as you'd normally see on a Tuesday morning ride; just myself, Karl, Eric, Keith... George was off at the National Cyclocross Championships in Madison WI, Kevin (the pilot) was doing the pilot thing, Kevin (the son) was complaining he was too sore to ride after Sunday's paintball gig and Karen was probably focusing on her 'cross skills for the upcoming World Championships in Louisville Kentucky in a few days.

What, confused about me letting Kevin have the day off because he was "sore?" Let's say that I strongly encouraged him to ride, pointing out that his muscles would feel better sooner if he rode. He wasn't buying any of it, now claiming that he didn't sleep much either. After a few minutes I gave up and headed off on my own, believing then, as I believe now, that he would have been a lot better off had he ridden. Yes, he's got a tough dad.

Partway up Kings we met up with Marcus, and rode a reasonable pace to the top. Reasonable meaning that things split up into two groups, with Keith, Marcus & Karl up front, while Eric and I worked hard to find any remaining oxygen in their wake. It was a bit of an odd morning for the two of us in that Eric's breathing sounded worse than mine (although my heart rate was running considerably higher than his, an indication that I'm not in the shape I should be).

But that Keith person. Nice guy. But deceptively fast. Deceptive in that he's going to ride at whatever level his training calls for, so you can get the idea that he's "normal" because he's riding not that much faster than you are. But when push comes to shove, the guy has a motor, and when he switches it out of idle, watch out. I finally looked him up today on Strava. He "owns" 6 pages of KOMs. KOMs, for those not familar with Strava, are sections of roads where you have the fastest time. Of anybody. If you're lucky, you can find something obscure and make it your own (or create a new one and "own" it until somebody else comes along). But Keith? He has 6 pages of them!

So it's safe to say that he's riding way below his level when I'm in the vicinity. Karl & Marcus & George & Chris & sometimes pilot Kevin might keep things interesting on a ride with him, but Me? I'm working my tail off to kepe his rear wheel in sight.