

What a difference between today and Tuesday!

Tuesday-morning's ride was hopefully the low-point of my season. I wasn't just slow, I was running on empty, not able to climb, not able to sprint, just barely holding onto the wheel in front of me when it should have been easy to do so. Today was entirely different! Sure, I still couldn't climb very well, but my time up Kings was faster than Tuesday despite the fact that today we rode up through the park, which adds a couple minutes to the time.

Not a huge group, but high quality. The two Kevins (my son and the pilot), Eric and Karl. The pace up Kings was moderate, matching the temperature which had nicely warmed up to the mid-40s. It's hard to believe there's such a huge difference in how 44 degrees feels vs 37, but trust me, there is. 44 feels downright comfy. And dry roads. No hidden wet spots in dark corners!

Sure, I came unglued on west-side Old LaHonda and got to watch as the two Kevins & Karl rode off ahead of Eric & I, but we didn't give up and eventually caught up with them just before Skyline. I still hung back a bit on the descents, but not so much that I couldn't hold the rest off on the Skyline sprint, where I first felt like I actually had legs again. Even the section before the final sprint at the end of the ride was fun, as I told Kevin (my son, not the pilot) to watch Karl closely because he was likely to take off just after turning onto Manuella, and sure enough, he did, with Kevin right on his tail. That's the way it has to be done, because if you give Karl any room, he's just going to ride off the front and you can't do anything about it.

So yes, finally, a fun ride again. Just one mistake. I asked my son tonight if he noticed I rode a lot better today than Tuesday. No, he hadn't noticed, because he was up at the front and I was behind him. Sigh.