

Every day on a bike is great, but today was better

Tuesday's ride was useful after all; you need to define the lowpoint of your season, and that ride delivered! Today was, thankfully, a huge improvement. I felt like my old self again (maybe I should say former self again, as it was Tuesday's ride I felt seriously old), taking longer to get dropped on Kings, being able to contest a few sprints, and feeling later in the day like my legs actually did something. I even rode up through the park (the tougher way of getting up Kings) without having the honor of watching the fast folk ride off into the distance.

Much of the credit does in fact go to my bike. This morning I was on my Madone 6.9 with its carbon wheels and a frame that says "give me more and we'll fly up this hill together" instead of that riding-through-sand feel I get on my rain bike. And it's not as if my rain bike isn't a nice ride; that 2002 Trek 5900 has taken me to some amazing places and represented state-of-the-art back in the day, but two things are undeniable. First, the current Madone 6-series bike is so good it leaves you wondering what they could possibly come up with to replace it. Second, the 5900 is set up for the elements, with heavy tires designed for traction in the wet (which they deliver) but at the expense of liveliness. OK, there is a third item. I'm getting older and need all the help I can get!

It's been a while since I've done a roll call, but I'm going to try and get back in the habit. We had Kevin (son, not the pilot), Nigel, Karen, Karl, Todd & Eric. Not as many as Tuesday's ride, when George, Jon, Kevin (pilot) and Marcus were witnesses to my season's low-point.

I really did feel good this morning. Compared to the others, nothing to write home about, but just being able to get that feeling that my legs hurt because they were doing something more than just turning the pedals because they had to... they were turning the pedals because they wanted to. I live for that feeling.