

## Kings Mtn is a lot harder after 140 miles...

I'm 56 years old, raced way back in the day, "serious" cyclist since 4th or 5th grade, yet last night was the first time I dreamt that I was in the Tour de France. Not watching, racing. No idea what happened during the first 3/4 of the race, as the action cut in with about 50k or so to go, and I'd been dropped from the leaders and was going from group to group, trying to get in before the time cut. Funny how much the scenary reminded me of Davis, even the overpass that led into the city. I don't recall actually crossing the finish line, but I do remember being in the team bus afterward, climbing some stairs up towards the back and having an ice cream sandwich. Go figure.

I knew in the dream that things didn't quite seem right, but wanted it to continue, with more detail. There was no indication in the dream of what team I was on, but it didn't seem to be in the distant past. Maybe Chris Horner has me subliminally convinced that 56 isn't too old to compete at a high level? After all, he's only got 15 years on me!

Alas, the alarm went off at 6:55am, as it always does on Tuesday & Thursday mornings, so I dutifully got up and sent Jack (our psycho Welsh Corgi) in to wake up Kevin and get ready to head out into the rain. It felt a bit odd for me, working out the kinks and clearing my mind a bit after having ridden 140 miles in my sleep, but I quickly fell into the usual routine because I was way past trying to go back to sleep to continue the dream.



A distortion in the time-space continuum on this-morning's ride

Nobody but us at the start, or anywhere else along the ride for that matter! Everyone else at home, maybe still asleep, still dreaming, while Kevin and I rode up Kings in a steady light rain, lamenting the fact that it wasn't coming down harder, since we wouldn't have gotten any more wet but would have had greater bragging rights. We continued over the top to the other side, getting in a bit more distance by taking in the Star Hill/Swett Road loop since west-side Old LaHonda remains closed.

This ride was in no way epic; the temperature never got below 40 degrees, the rain never that heavy. Still, it felt good to get back down on the flats so we could use our legs again and warm up a bit. But what I really look forward to is my dream playing out a bit more.