

5 seconds = 1 minute? Ask Kevin. He understands.

Not too much to say about this morning's ride beyond 25:04. No, that's not my time (although there are days when it could be my time up Old LaHonda!). That was Kevin's time today, up Kings. 25:04, verified by Todd, who was right behind him and clocked 25:05. I wasn't around to see it; I arrive a good two and half minutes later. Right now I'm fine with 27-something. But Kevin? He now understand what it means to play the ride back in your head, looking for that 5 seconds you wasted somewhere along the way, 5 seconds that would have translated into a full minute in terms of respectability. Because 25:04? That's a 25 minute time up Kings. 24-something? That's a 24 minute time.

Nothing else about the ride really mattered, at least not to Kevin. How fast can he get? I don't know. He's not going to get down to my 21:15 from the way-back days (and by that I mean when we still had oil-fired lamps in our homes and rotary phones... well, rotary phones anyway!). He's not quite built for that, but pretty sure he can eventually get down to 23-something. Not bad considering his first time under 30 minutes was almost exactly a year ago.