

My time? 5:45. Kevin's? 5:46! Yeah, OK, downhill...

I've got a schedule, a routine that works. Since adding Kevin to the Tuesday/Thursday-morning ride, it's had to change slightly; I now get up at 6:55am instead of 7:05. But I've gotten used to it and yes, literally, get to bed 10 minutes earlier. I need my 6.75 hours of sleep.

But not today. OK, I did need the sleep. Really! But I wake up at 6:30 this morning seeing Kevin standing over my side of the bed, telling me it's time to get up so we can take a look at the bottom bracket of his bike (something's been creaking a bit). Ugh! But instead of telling him to go away, I force myself up, before it's even light outside, go down into the garage and check out his bike. Removed the crank, checked the bearings, added a bit of grease, but really didn't find anything wrong. As in, the issue isn't the cranks. I'm thinking shoe/cleat interface.

Obviously, we had no problem getting to the start on time. Just as obviously, there was no issue getting warmed up either; it was already quite warm when we opened the garage door! Warm, yet it didn't seem like we could get going on our bikes very well. Nobody could. Kevin, Kevin, Todd, Marcus, George & Karl this morning, and nobody really seemed in a mood to push the pace, at least not until after we got to the park entrance, where we were delayed about 82 seconds (not that I'm counting such things) while Kevin (not the pilot) had to water the roadside vegetation.

Warm air plus inhaler = no wheezing. That part's good! Not so good is the way the inhaler dries out my mouth, especially on a hot, dry day. And the frozen cytomax in our bottles didn't thaw out quite as quickly as planned either! On the other hand, this was one of those rare days when the air and the roads were so completely dry that you really didn't have to worry about slipping on slick pavement, so I felt a lot more confident descending than normal. So confident that I actually descended faster than my son, which is almost as unusual as climbing faster than him.

How warm was it? About 70 degrees at the start, 77 degrees up on top of the hill, up to 86 on west-side Old LaHonda (it seemed pretty darned hot for 8:45am!) and 77 back down in Woodside. All of which felt a whole lot better than the rest of the day felt, when it hit 96 or so in Redwood City!