

A tale of two sprints

If you were any other man, I'd kill you where you stand!
(Worf, Star Trek First Contact)

And "First Contact" could have been very appropriate this morning, when, during the first sprint on the Tuesday/Thursday-morning ride, Kevin, that would be Kevin my son, not the pilot, claimed he didn't know I was there when he made a move to try and get onto George's wheel... problem being, I was already on George's wheel. And how could Kevin not have known I was there when he had to first pass me? Watch the video. You be the judge!

Had this been an actual race, my wife might not have been too happy if instincts had taken over and I had strong-armed Kevin across the road. It's not as if I don't know how to "protect" myself in a sprint. Thankfully, I redeemed myself a bit later.

Very nice morning; started out not so cold maybe 40 degrees, and warmed up to 55 by the end. The end of winter is in sight! Karl, Kevin, Kevin, Eric, Todd, George, Karen and, for a little while, Les, the guy who used to own a bike shop or two, but apparently had a better exit strategy than me. Which doesn't take much, since I have no exit strategy at all! Thankfully this is a business I really enjoy. Not much bad about putting people on bikes. --Mike--