

You don't need sleep. Just legs and a bike.

Last night was not fun... one of those nights where you're trying really hard to get to sleep which, of course, keeps you from getting to sleep. You feel your pulse racing faster as your anxiety level rises, leading to... more anxiety. I have no idea how little sleep I actually got, but it wasn't much. Even thought briefly that maybe I wasn't going to be able to ride, but that's nonsense. Cycling cures everything, therefore cycling without sleep will help me wake up. And that's pretty much how it went.

What I didn't enjoy was waking up to it being dark. Really dark. As in, should daylight saving time really start this early? But it all changes once you get on the bike. You start up the hill past your driveway and it feels... right. The bike feels light. Things are moving. I can do this. That week off the bike didn't kill me after all.

Large group today; no way to remember everyone, but I'll do what I can. Kevin, Kevin, Karl, Karen, Nigel, Eric, Marcus, JR, George. Pace up the hill was reasonable for winter; a few guys riding faster up front but nobody trying to kill themselves. I got to the top in about 28:25 or so, faster than I anticipated. My heart rate was also faster than I imagined, running very high for the entire ride, likely an effect of riding without much sleep. Glad I didn't have any coffee first!

Cool & foggy at the bottom; sunny & warm up top. Just like a typical summer day... in March. This is Why We Ride.