

Sleep? Why? You can still ride!

Actually it was a bit tiring, probably finally falling asleep the prior night around 4am for a variety of reasons, not a small part of which had been Kevin's kidney stones that had cast me in the role of a bad father because I wouldn't take him to the emergency room for pain meds. The thinking was that, at 11pm, we'd be there for 3 hours minimum, leaving no earlier than 2am, and past history, which replayed according to plan, would have the worst of it over by 1am anyway. It's just not a lot of fun, seeing your kid in pain like that.

Even though Kevin got more sleep than I did, I was nice and didn't try to haul him out on the ride. Instead I went through the motions, the same motions I've done many hundreds of times before, meet up with Karl, Eric, Nigel and Marcus and head up to Skyline. Since it was a Thursday we went up through the park, and my barely-under-29-minute time was perfectly satisfactory (to me). Nigel actually turned back before getting halfway up the hill, feeling like he just didn't have it in him today. But for me, well, I just kept going, one foot after the other.

Everything was going nicely until West Old LaHonda, where I got one of my exceptionally-rare flat tires. A flat tire that took longer to take care of than it should have because the first time I inflated it, the removable valve core unscrewed, letting out all the air. No fun! But 10 minutes later we were back on our way.

Just to be clear, given the choice, I'd rather be able to ride with a reasonable amount of sleep than without.