

Only the real players come out when it's wet



Kevin looking serious, studying things the way you hope a pilot would.

I was so hoping to wake up to dry roads this morning, but guess it wasn't meant to be. Not raining, but damp. Thankfully not so bad that I couldn't rationalize riding my Madone instead of my rain bike. Don't get me wrong; if it's really dumping out there, it can be fun riding the rain bike. That whole man-against-nature thing. Bring it on. But a light drizzle with damp roads is simply yucky. It destroys your confidence descending and you can't see through your fogged-up glasses. But a really nice bike makes up for a lot of it.

Just three of us today; myself, Pilot Kevin and Karen. Kevin (my son) couldn't make it due to another really bad night with his kidney stone pain, Karen said Karl would rather stay inside when it's wet, and the rest of the group probably think they were just being sensible. What they missed was one of those rare rides at a sensible pace, so sensible that even I could find the lungs to carry on short conversations while climbing Kings.

Wonder what the Strava "suffer" score might have been? I forgot to wear my heart monitor so I'll never know, but I suspect it was pretty low. That's OK. It felt nice not running myself into the ground for a change. --Mike--