

Photo tells it all. I like speed.



Descending 84 on the Tuesday-morning version of the Tuesday-Thursday ride, flying through one of the corners at sharp-enough angle that I heard a pedal scrape. Haven't done that in a long time. And it didn't rattle me. I kept going, kept the speed up, kept having... fun. Maybe it's compensating for not being so fast on the climbs anymore. Or maybe it's just not something to think about too much, just do.

Very nice morning, pretty big crowd including Todd, Karen, Kevin (not my son, who was MIA due to not getting much sleep), Karl, Marcus, Eric, Jan, Chris & George. I pulled off another mid-27 for Kings, something I can live with. Kinda fell flat on West Old LaHonda, but felt good pushing through some of the corners on the descent into Woodside, as you can see in the (fuzzy) picture above.

We actually ended the ride a minute ahead of schedule, at 9:17 (typically 9:18-9:22 depending on the mood of the group and the speed of the slowest rider up Kings, which ensures that I am still in control of this ride, one way or another). Things are going well.