

Not the usual Tuesday ride



Getting your priorities straight is very important! Because if you can't control your peanut butter, how can you expect to control your life? (If you're not a Calvin & Hobbes fan, you won't get that. But if you're not a Calvin & Hobbes fan, you're living a meaningless existence without hope, without joy, without an understanding of life. Just as you would if you didn't ride a bike!)

There was some doubt as to how far we'd get this morning, since Kevin had three seizures between waking up and leaving for the ride. A new record, I think. And after the ride, he probably had another 7 or 8, maybe more, through the rest of the day. But, thankfully, the ride itself was seizure-free.

Big group, as you can see in the photo. Fast group, with me ending up towards the way back. Something like 27:20 for me up Kings, so my days of consistent 26-something times look to be over. Good while it lasted. Looks like Kevin hung in there with almost-exactly 26 minutes, riding with the fast guys. Can't keep secrets when you're on Strava. Very talkative bunch this morning, George and the other Kevin talking about the Nationals (they race in the Masters class) and all sorts of other conversations up at the front that I couldn't hear since I was towards the back.

Not always at the back though; I'm getting better at taking my turns at the front again, on the gradual descent on 84 east, and sometimes along Skyline. I'm still not descending as quickly as I used to, which allowed George and Keith to drop me before we got to the Sky Londa sprint. Hate that, but I hate crashing even more.