

Two weeks off the bike and he still beats me

That passing the torch thing is over rated. You work with your kid for years, patiently riding at their pace, encouraging and teaching that life at bike speed is best.

Then seemingly all at once they go into hyperdrive and you're dropped like a rock. And the rare times they ride at your pace they make sure to remind you that they could be going much faster.

So you find their weaknesses and exploit them while you can, knowing that time for even that is running short. And that is the saddest part of all, that realization of mortality, that you can't be there to watch his or her journey all the way through.

Which wouldn't be so bad if you weren't so darned proud of what they have accomplished so far and can only wonder what's next. A long way of saying that Kevin's back from Disneyworld and hadn't ridden in 11 days yet still rode away from me on Kings this morning. I did seek and obtain revenge elsewhere, but he claimed the only prize that really mattered (Kings).