

Sick or not, you have to ride

Would have been nice if I hadn't been hit with the cold bug going around, but hit me it did. Nothing all that nasty, just moderate congestion, maybe a mildly-elevated temperature, and that feeling that it could go from kinda bad to a lot worse. I wasn't going to let that happen. No cold bug was going to get comfy if I could help it. So when the alarm went off at 6:55am, it was business as usual. Quite literally routine. Not so for Kevin; he started to get up but pretty quickly decided he wasn't going to be riding, suffering from the same thing I had.



The high-gravity spot on Kings, where I often lose contact with the fast guys. Today was not an exception.

It really didn't feel that bad being out on the road. Pretty good, actually! Not so cold this morning, nothing under 40 degrees I think. Eric, Keith and Marcus heading up the hill, with me getting shelled at the usual place (hairpin just before halfway point, as seen in the photo). But I didn't completely fall apart. Why should I? If I've got a chest cold sort of thing going on, how could it really make my breathing a whole lot worse than it already is? For January, I'm perfectly content with a 28.5 minute time up Kings.



The road crew trying to justify the "road closed" signage on West Old LaHonda

I'll admit to not feeling really lively up on Skyline, but recovered pretty well for west Old LaHonda, where we ran into a bit of trouble from a road crew that had expected us to pay attention to a "road closed" sign we'd passed a couple miles prior. As expected, nothing they were doing closed off the road too much for bikes to get by. Why don't they just post a "no cars" sign and welcome us?

Overall a nice ride, and got my day off to a very good start. Kevin's cold dug in, while mine for the most part stayed away. We'll see if I feel the same way about riding when under the weather 6 or 7 years from now. Hope so.