

## So much nicer than last Thursday!



I really don't know the reasons I felt so much better this morning than I have the past couple of weeks. I didn't get in a good ride Sunday, I've been eating too much, and it was fairly cold out there this morning (34 degrees on Skyline, as noted in the photo above). And yet it was obvious, even riding over Jefferson, that I was feeling OK. And this is February, the middle of winter, so feeling "ok" is actually pretty darned good.

It's funny how, the night before, you know it's going to be cold in the morning, you know it'll be dark when you wake up, you know that all-too-soon you're going to be climbing Kings. You wonder why. You think, would it be so bad if I slept in for once? Will I be warm enough in the clothes I've laid out? How far off the back will I be by the time I get to the top? What would it be like to do a ride in the foothills instead of the mountains? And wouldn't it be nice to be able to stay up as late as needed to get work done instead of having to try and get to bed at a reasonable hour? But you do you what have to do, setting the alarm before going to bed, then read a few news stories on the iPhone before going to sleep.

And in the morning the alarm goes off, the dog starts pacing with great anticipation, waiting to be given the command to go wake up Kevin, and you fall into your routine. Everything's fine, you're ready to ride. All fear, apprehension and doubt is erased. Does it matter that it's cold out there? Nope. You've got it under control. You're dressed for success, as it were. And there are people depending on you, showing up for the ride on a regular basis, and who knows how they'd react if you were unexpectedly not there.

Today we had Kevin (my son, not the pilot), Karen, George, Eric & Keith, joined a short while later by Marcus. Keith showed up on his time trial bike, which really isn't a good choice for a hilly ride but I think Keith could show up on a trike pulling a wagon and beat me. George took it fairly easy on the first half of the climb, letting a few of us (myself, Kevin and Eric) get ahead of the rest for a bit. Surprisingly I was able to hold my own up to the wide clearing 2/3rds of the way up, at which point Kevin took off, then George & Marcus. Still, I managed to finish with all of them in sight, and just behind Kevin. Would have had a pretty decent winter time too, if I hadn't stopped mid-way when Kevin had a small seizure.

The only issue I had was on West Old LaHonda, where my left calf muscle was complaining quite a bit, but I just rode through it, with no ill effects later. Note to self: I'm still not seeing many consequences for being stupid (most would suggest easing off when a muscle is complaining like that).

Thursday may be a different story, as it's supposed to be raining pretty hard, so I'll be back on the rain bike again.