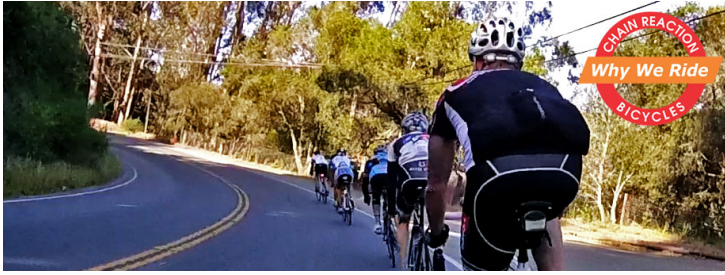


Big group, beautiful morning, life is good



Note how well-behaved our ride is; we stay well to the side of the road when descending 84 heading to West Old LaHonda. Even so we occasionally get an annoyed motorist on this section, but we keep our cool and, so far, so have they.

Funny how a good morning ride resets the clock so even if you didn't sleep well, the normal effects don't show up, at least not until late at night when you remember at the last second that you need to post today's ride entry before going to bed!

Lots and lots of people, most of whom can climb faster than me, but I am beginning to improve again. It's a good feeling, watching my heart rate rise as expected, and, after the ride, having muscles remind me that I did put in an effort.

It's possible, not completely likely, but possible, that I could have gotten just under 27 up Kings this morning if I hadn't waited at the clearing section for Kevin to catch up. It's also possible that, when I saw 17:51 at the road marker that's about 9 minutes from the top, I was a bit relieved that I didn't have to keep the speed up the rest of the way.

France is now just 5 weeks away; not too much time to get Kevin into the sort of shape he needs to be to run me into the ground. There's part of me that doesn't mind so much that I have a bit of an advantage right now, but the world won't be in order again until he's consistently running me into the ground on the climbs, and dropping me again on the descents. I give him three weeks.