

It must be a youth thing. That's all I can figure



Heading up Kings this morning with Kevin, Karl, JR & George



Kevin safely off the road during his seizure on Kings this morning
Relieved to find it a bit warmer this morning; summer is just around the corner, right? No fog, no wind to speak of, low to mid-50s. I can deal with that! Unfortunately, just as Kevin's beginning to get back into riding shape (he's been on the bike for two weeks now), he's getting more seizures, and not long after the picture above was taken, I hear the unfortunately-too-familiar "seizure" from Kevin and look back to find him moving himself and his bike off the road. There's no question that the seizures he's been getting lately have taken a bit of a physical toll on him; he doesn't bounce back quite as quickly as "normal." So, on a morning where he was hoping to get a pretty decent time up the hill, it ended up being about 35 minutes.

This is where the "it must be a youth thing" comes in. Fast-forward to West Old LaHonda and I'm pushing the pace a bit, but dropping nobody, including Kevin. Eventually Karl takes over and the pace increases further, with Kevin coming off the back a bit. Good excuse for me to drop off as well, not that I could have kept up with Karl & George anyway. And then, about halfway through the forest, Kevin takes off. I mean really takes off. Within seconds he's on the trail of Karl and George up front, aiming to challenge for the final sprint up to Skyline (which George won).

How does he do it? Where did he find that afterburner? I've watched the video of him taking off several times, and it's just mind-boggling. Could I do that back in the day? Maybe. One of my "duties" in races was that of being the "gap closer", the guy who has to chase down anybody who went off the front. Not sure how an assigned task could become inherited behavior though!