# They circle like vultures!



Sometimes you think you're feeling pretty good, only to find that everyone else is feeling pretty good-er than you, and somehow you're version of pretty good just doesn't make you feel like it should. This morning was one of those times. It's not as if I felt like I was going to set the world on fire, but I've started to notice some real improvement again on the climbs, and the Thursday-morning group consisting of Kevin (my son, not the pilot), Karl, Karen & Eric... well that's not normally a group that exhibits excessive testosterone effects. For the most part, a civilized group. Thus it was a bit disconcerting when I began getting seriously distanced in the lower half of the climb through Huddart Park to Kings, and by the time I made it to the exit onto Kings, they had begun circling around the top, waiting for me. Ouch!

After the regroup I held on for a short bit and then watched them gradually ride away. How do they do that? Eventually they shelled Kevin off the back, and somehow I managed to catch and pass him just before the top. From there it was just hanging onto wheels and wishing my bike was working better; apparently, even DuraAce Di2 has its limits, and at just over 35,000 miles, mine was displaying those limits, refusing to shift into smaller rear cogs (higher gears). It would sporadically decide to shift, but only after hitting the lever over and over and over and over, and even then, only when it decided it wanted to. Well, my current Madone only needs to last a month or two more before it gets replaced with the latest & greatest, probably the new model seen at the Dauphine (the last major pre-Tour de France bike race).

Interesting thing up on Skyline. A group of Asian tourists in a large white van asked us if we knew where a state park was. They didn't know which. Or where there was an office that could tell them. I'm thinking they were under the belief the United States has a local tourism office set up in each town, like they do in many foreign countries. Sadly, far as I know, that's not the case. We did our best to try and assist them, but really couldn't connect. We made another unscheduled stop at Sky Londa for Kevin, who was suffering a bit from a "bad peach" epsisode (those who are familiar with Greg LeMond's "bad peach" story will understand the meaning). Fortunately not as severe as Greg's; Kevin was able to keep everything "internal" until he could make it to the bathroom.

West Old LaHonda was its normal awesome self, with great views of the coastal fog staying right where it ought to (at the coast!). By this point Kevin had fully recovered and ditched me, heading up to the main group and eventually took the sprint to Skyline, which made him quite happy. He's coming back.