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4 Signs of the Apocolypse?

Sign #1- On this morning's regular Tuesday/Thursday ride, I managed my 3rd sub-27-minute ride up Kings this year. Not by much, at 26:55, but I'll take what I can get and it does seem that I've stopped the clock in terms of getting slower as I get older. Keeping the weight down is probably largely responsible; this is the first time in maybe 25 years that I've seen my weight under 170. Quite a turnaround from a winter when I was heavier than normal.

Sign #2:- Riding up Kings, a very large buck and smaller doe were standing in the roadway, just before the final steep section. Kevin (the pilot) and John rode right up to them before they finally moved off.

Sign #3:-Kevin (the pilot) took the sprint at Skegg's! That alone should be enough to prove the end is near. Need proof? I took a photo. The tough part came when I'm sitting at the back of the group, see Kevin go, and decide that I needed to record his possible win for eternity... meaning that I had to get my camera out, and, riding one-handed, pass him before the line so I could get the momentous shot.

Sign #4:- Riding up west-side Old LaHonda we passed a small snake in the middle of the road. The rest of the guys rode on ahead but duty calls, I had to turn around and move it to the side of the road so it wouldn't get run over. Sadly, it was too late; this little rattler appeared to have been dropped by a bird, its punctured body (from the birds talons) lifeless.

OK, ride details. New blood this morning, that being Joseph, a guy that Kevin rents to. He only rode as far as Swett Road up on Skyline, so we can't claim that Kevin's sprint was aided tactically by a team mate. Also John, Eric & Jan. I should have mentioned in Sunday's entry that I had spotted Jan out on west-side Old LaHonda; he was returning while I was heading out. Not seen were George (possibly up too late celebrating his latest cyclocross victory?) or Chris. Warm? I'd say it was pleasant, not really any indication the rest of the day was going to be a scorcher. Without Chris or George it's up to Jan to take me on in the sprints, and it won't be long before he's got things figured out tactically and leaves me in the dust. The strangest thing is that I'll give him all the help I can to make that happen, because the stronger the guys I ride with get, the stronger I get. Or maybe I just want the pressure of having to try and take sprints lifted off my shoulders?