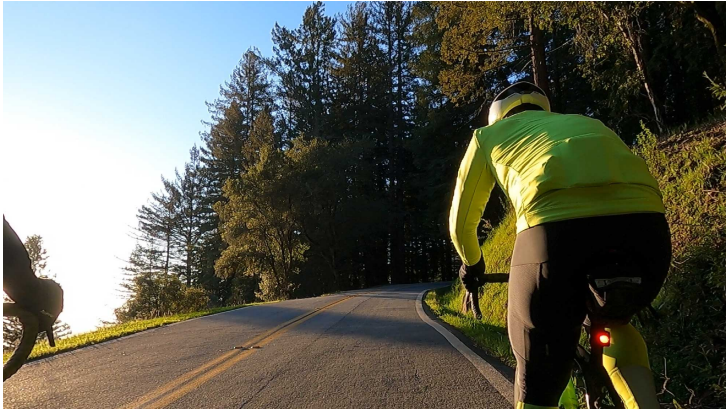


Kings went better than expected



After skipping a ride on Sunday (spent driving to San Luis Obispo to pick up a Corgi puppy) and several rides the prior week that were more challenging than they should have been, I was a bit surprised this morning to find I had legs. Not fast legs, but legs. Sure, it would be nice to have fast legs, but it was really nice not to start the ride wondering what was going to keep me from turning back after a while (something that virtually never happens but is often thought about when not feeling great).

Big group today... 3 instead of 2! I remember the old days, when we might have 6, 8, maybe 12 show up. When this was a FAST ride. When I was younger. Sigh. But at least I'm putting off thoughts for another year or two, thoughts of wondering how long I could keep going, with the same schedule, and make it back in time for work. That counts for something.