

## Nobody to enjoy the view with



An odd morning; I got up with the alarm, get into my shorts and base layer, then go out to the kitchen to find Kevin, who wakes up a bit earlier, getting his coffee and usually eating oatmeal. Only he wasn't in the kitchen and his door was still shut. I knock on his door to see what's up; he says he didn't sleep much last night and isn't riding. I used to try and get him going anyway; it's not like I haven't done quite a few rides with very little sleep, and usually get through the day just fine. But y'know, the "kid" is 30? Who am I to tell him he's got to ride. I'm sure not going to let it keep me from getting out there. Some day, something will, not not yet, certainly not today. Besides, it's nice and warm outside! 41 degrees!

So yes, nice to not have to wear thermal thighs, nice to be able to wear my Chain Reaction jersey instead of the heavily-insulated bright yellow jacket/jersey combo. And as I began climbing, it quickly got to 45 and felt absolutely balmy. Well, not quite balmy, but a far cry from last week's 28.3!

I wasn't feeling frisky, but, riding alone, I was determined to do better than the past few weeks. Not sure why, and wasn't sure, as I climbed, if I really was doing better since I don't really have any references/timing points to know what a 38 minute ride looks like, or 35, or 40. I know very well all the places and times are for a 30 minute ride, or 27 even. 27 will never be relevant again, but it sure would be nice to believe I could at least hit 30, right?

I did get passed early on the hill by a guy with a backpack, and shortly after that passed someone who looked to be on his way to maybe a 43 minute time, and he was OK with that. I don't look forward to thinking like that; it's something I have to work on. But not today. Today I was pretty OK with doing 35-something.