

We've sent you bags on ahead sir. Where is it you're staying?



It wasn't my bags I lost track of. It was my legs. And my lungs. Maybe some of my spirit too. The picture tells the story... all alone much of the ride, at least those parts where the road tilted upward. Kevin and Kevin were doing fine; I was off the back very quickly once into the park. They waited at the top of the park but slowly rode up and away from me on Kings. They weren't going fast; I was going slow.

Last Sunday's ride I was seeing a version of me that's been missing for a while, so it was a bit rude to feel the way I did yesterday. I'm sure of it is my wife's returning cancer taking a toll on me, but I can usually push past that sort of thing. Maybe having the memories of Sunday's pretty strong ride made it worse? It shouldn't. I should be able to launch myself into a new period of better rides. That's what usually happens. But I'm guessing much of it has to do with the recently-cooler mornings. I've become a hotter-weather kind of guy. Not just warm; I do best when it's downright hotter than most would like. Give me 90 degrees over 60. That's a bit crazy but it's just how I've seemed to evolve over the years. Works well in France in July, since it's typically quite warm there, often in the 90s.

But Winter is coming. How much slower can I do the regular Tuesday/Thursday morning ride and still make it to work in time? Guess we'll be seeing the answer to that soon!