

Sunday, To the Sea! But a lot more of me showed up Tuesday

Sunday, there really wasn't a choice. It's been weeks, maybe over a month, who knows how long, since I'd ridden out to the coast. I've been hanging out on "this" side of the hill, sometimes due to weather, sometimes due to having to ride solo and not feeling like I wanted to be "over the hill" with too many thoughts to myself. Lots of reasons. But Sunday I finally got out with three others (Kevin, Kevin, JeffH) and did the LaHonda/San Gregorio/Pescadero loop. It wasn't pretty; I was the weakest link all along the way. But I survived, saw the creek flowing on Tunitas, and yeah, it was slow, JeffH waited for me at the Grassy Knoll (where the steep part of Tunitas ends) but I didn't mind that it took just over an hour. }

Tuesday was another thing entirely. No idea why a different version of me, one I hadn't seen for a while, showed up and actually wanted to climb. That first steep pitch on Kings, yes, it still hurt, but I got over the top of it and didn't feel 100% dead like usual. Kept up with Kevin, for once, and by the time we got to the first creek crossing I was gapping him, able to put in a minute or so hard effort, then throttle back and wait for him to catch up. Actually able to keep that up all the way to the top. Don't know how fast I'd have been if I'd just kept it up, but looks like I'm going to have to re-calibrate the rate of my decline and actually raise my FTP, which I'd just lowered to a pathetic 210 watts.

Tomorrow... who knows what version of me shows up tomorrow. Film at 11.