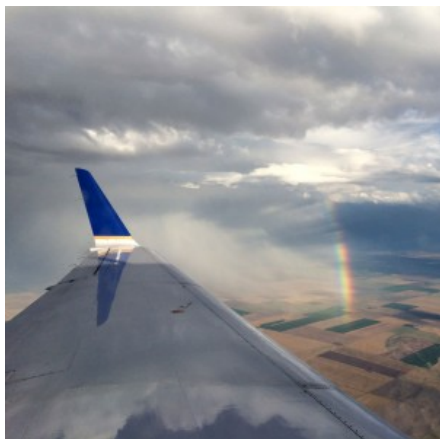


I'm eating too much and not riding; Kevin's getting PRs. This ends badly.



View from the plane flying into Denver, on the way home.

Being in the bike biz isn't always best for actually riding a bike. The past few days Becky (my daughter, also sales manager in our Redwood City store) and I, along with my brother Steve, are in Madison Wisconsin for Trek's annual dealer show. Sure, we got to test ride mountain bikes, for not very long, yesterday morning. Meantime I missed out on Sunday's regular ride (Kevin got out and did a ride with 38 accomplishments, according to Strava) and this morning. This morning while I was eating too much bad food, Kevin was climbing Kings in about 25 minutes. My excellent shape returning from France is quickly going away, while Kevin is enhancing his.

Thursday morning is not going to be fun, when I'm back and riding with Kevin on the regular Tuesday/Thursday morning ride.