

What a difference a day makes

Last night I was wondering if I'd be out there this morning. Of course, I knew I would, but would I want to be? I had been feeling like I was right on the border of coming down with something, obviously a result of the 4 different vaccinations, and went to bed not looking forward to how I was going to feel the next day.

But the next day, this morning, I woke up and felt... pretty good! It might have been a relative thing, pretty good compared to pretty bad not that many hours before, so maybe I just felt normal. Didn't matter; I was pretty happy I wasn't feeling bad!

A bit dark & dreary on the ride, as some sort of mini-front was rolling through, but not wet. Eric, Kevin, Kevin, George, Marcus and, a bit later, Milo out there with me this morning. Everyone started out pretty easily but Marcus can't help himself and was just gradually picking up the pace, while I'm just holding onto wheels for as long as I can. Eventually Kevin (my son, not the pilot) moved off the back, along with Eric. At the wide open clearing (1.41 miles to go on Kings) I let the fast guys go and waited for Eric and Kevin, making sure they were OK. No fast times on Kings today!

But Kevin (not the pilot) recovered and had no issues holding wheels on Skyline, even leading us over the final little hump before the long descent to Sky Londa. Good to see.

West Old LaHonda was interesting. It started out with me hoping nobody would go too fast, but when Marcus picked up the pace (again), it was me jumping onto his wheel. Only me. I just did what I was trained to do, back in the day. Hold the wheel in front of me. By the time we got to the final short sprint up to Skyline I had nothing left, and Marcus just walked away on a section that I'd normally outsprint most anybody. Didn't bother me in the slightest!

The only "accomplishment" on Strava was yet again descending 84. If it stays dry the next couple of weeks, who knows, I might finally beat my prior times down the hill. Came very close today.