

## Claw my way back to George, looks & sees me, takes off



When George noticed that I'd ridden back up to his wheel, he must have taken it as an indication that he needed to up his game a bit, as he turned up the gas and took off. Never saw him again until the top of Kings. Interesting effect I have on people!

February 2nd, literally the middle of winter, and it's petty darned nice out there! Still no rain, although they're threatening a soaker for the weekend. But if the past is any indication, it will probably get called off before it hits.

Enjoying the regular ride up Kings were Kevin (my son, not the pilot), George, JR, Marcus, Eric, Karl and, racing up from behind and catching us about a third of the way up the hill, Keith. I hung on up until the park entrance, then watched as the fast guys gradually rode away from me. The only really obvious speed came from Keith, who nearly set off a sonic boom as he raced past (he'd arrived late and was racing up the hill after us). I'm not sure what went on up front, but my 28-something was good enough for me this morning.

This was our first ride for some time where we arrived back within the "normal" in-season window (8:18-9:22am). We weren't going top speed the whole way, but not much time for casual conversation either, with the exception of a fairly easy ride on West Old LaHonda.

It feels good to be back on a regular riding schedule, with no trips planned in the near future, and commuting to & from work again. Every mile really does count!