

Too ugly for pictures

What happened this morning? Good question. I was down about 30 watts on Kings. By the time I made it through the park, I was wondering what it is I enjoy about climbing. What? Me? I even considered heading back down the hill, and maybe catching back up to the group by climbing up the much-easier 84 and then north on Skyline to the intercept.

But of course I didn't do that, partly because nobody would know that I'd done that; they'd get to the top and get concerned about where I was. I guess that made this one of those rides that "builds character." I didn't want more character though. I wanted a motor! I wanted that motor I used to feel on a climb, the way, on rare days, where it feels, er I mean felt like, you could just twist a throttle and go faster.

I did get to the top of Kings, where Eric, Kevin, Karen, MarkP & Marcus were waiting. Actually, Eric and MarkP had reversed course for a bit on the climb, making sure I was still alive, before continuing back up. The rest of the ride went much better; I can suck the wheel in front of me like a pro.

I'll get better soon. I'll lose a few pounds as it gets warmer, and I'll work on changing the timing of my Raynauds meds a bit. And maybe finally get desperate enough to do something about the lungs. Then, watch out. I'll be back. I hope anyway!