

Kings Mountain, Burden of Dreams



George looking at the size of the tree that Kevin and I cut down with a chainsaw and moved off the road a couple days prior. **JUST KIDDING!!!** This one apparently fell after we'd ridden through. I mean sure, otherwise, we would have been up to the task. A very easy ride this morning; so easy that my Garmin decided to fall asleep and wouldn't wake up half-way through. Just me, George and JR today, which is more than last Thursday's not-yet-reported ride which was just myself and Kevin. Why wasn't Kevin with us this morning? Apparently it was time for his every-other-month trip to the ER for something mysterious, this time maybe a mild case of appendicitis.

The easy pace led to some philosophical discussions climbing Kings and somehow George segued into "Burden of Dreams", a movie about a movie (Fitzcarraldo, by Werner Herzog). Specifically, a movie about a director who is consumed, possessed even, by a ridiculous task (hauling a steamboat over a mountain using block and tackle). It was a gargantuan task taking a great deal of time, and that somehow led to how many years I've been climbing Kings Mtn as a regular ride (40+). As if I'm somehow obsessed by it. Whatever would make somebody think that?