

One great ride after another!



Finally a really nice day, a little bit warmer, no fog, and legs that didn't die after Kings213 watts weighted power... I'm back to semi-normal! Nothing fancy heading up Kings; I let the fast folk (Karen, Marcus, Kevin, George) ride away from me pretty quickly, while Mark P took it easy and finished a bit behind me. Yes, nice not to be the last person at the top of Kings, although if Mark P had been trying, that wouldn't have been the case.

I felt OK riding across Skyline, but totally botched the sprint at Sky Londa when I lost track of George (he was on the "other" side, where I wasn't looking). I thought I could control things from the front, even though that would give George the edge via the slingshot effect. Something he learned from me. I felt strong like bull, thinking I'd do it the hard way. Well, not this time.

On West Old LaHonda, we rode the steeper upper part fairly hard, Karen pushing the pace on her 55th birthday. This time I hung on, even able to sprint the steep little climb to Skyline at the very end. Kevin had a huge head start on it, but I tried anyway. Didn't catch him, but it felt really good trying. That's a feeling I haven't had in some time. It's a really, really good feeling. I want more of it.