

## Fall colors, fall temps, nice ride



It was the usual Sunday ride, but with a twist; Larry, the guy I'd ridden in France with this past July, was out here from Houston for a conference, so he joined us (myself and Kevin). Houston. Ever see a topographic map of Houston? You know, those maps that have contour lines showing hills and mountains? Well, there aren't any. Contour lines that is. Because it's all flat (which is my the heavy rains they had caused such a mess; all that water with no place to go). So you take a cyclist from Houston, put him on a hill and what happens? Well, the good news is that most cyclists know how brakes work, even cyclists from Houston, so they don't slide backward back down the hill. But they don't climb really fast either.

But maybe that's not so bad, once in a while, to not be charging up the climbs? It gave me a chance to ride more strongly on the flat sections, and, a few times, "play" on a few climbs by riding really hard for a short period of time, basically at a pace that's going to cause you to blow up and have to spend a long time recovering.

It was a beautiful day to ride, but frankly, the cooler temps caught me a bit by surprise. Kevin asked before we left if we should bring some long-fingered gloves and I told him no. Yes would have been a better answer. Cold toes by the end too; the Kings descent was fast & chilly.