

First ride up Kings in 2018 maybe toughest ever



The first of many pictures of West Old LaHonda for 2018. Storm clouds on the horizon! Some days you get the bear, some days the bear gets you. Today the bear got me.

I wasn't sure what to expect, but I knew it wouldn't be pretty. Great rides Sunday and Monday, first on West Apine, followed by Mount Hamilton. Not huge miles, but for Winter, it's real stuff. Real stuff at a time when there's been a lot going on in the shop (we had a very successful December, selling many more kids bikes than we have in quite some time) and there's that cold-weather thing, which, er, enhances my breathing issues. In July, in France, I have no problem stringing 4 or 5 back-to-back days of solid riding in the mountains. But, it's warm and, well, it's France.

But this morning it was Kings, and it was winter, and it was after two other good days on the bike, and a third good day in a row was not to be had. 36 minutes, 39 seconds up Kings. It wasn't that long ago that I'd have to be sick as a dog to be as slow as 30 minutes. Well, OK, now that I think about it, that would have been 15+, maybe 20 years ago. Yeah, probably 20. But today it was just putting one foot down then the other, standing pretty much the whole way and never getting much power. Just nothing in the legs. JR and younger Kevin finished way, way, way ahead of me. And when I got to the top, it didn't get easier. It took me half the way to Sky Londa before I felt like I could even remember what normal might be.

West Old LaHonda was a struggle too, but my time of 14:39 was much more in line with normal times for the season. The rest of the ride, well, I survived. The good news is that I set a pretty low bar to improve upon. The rest of 2018 can only get better!