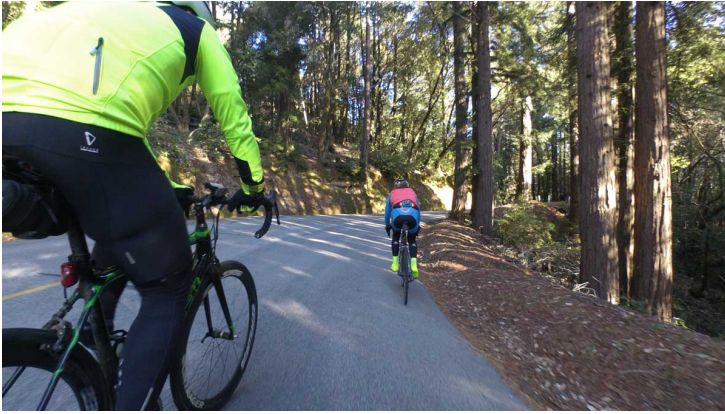


Let this be the last cold morning. Ever!



Kevin & Karen approaching the halfway hairpin on Kings I have to admit Thursday mornings are killing me. That steep pitch through the Park puts me into oxygen debt that I have a really tough time recovering from, and it's not much fun watching everyone else (in this case, just Kevin and Karen) riding on ahead. It's times like those that make you wonder about your future. Thankfully, once you get to the Park exit (actually, the upper entrance), things get a lot easier. You're no longer on an 8-12% grade but a pretty consistent 6-7%, at least for the first mile or so. You can settle in and find a pace you can maintain. And that's how it went this morning, finding that pace and recovering not just physically but mentally too. By the time I got to the top I felt a whole lot better than I had 20 minutes prior.

It actually was warmer up on top today, about 43 degrees, and I felt pretty darned nice. Descending towards West Old LaHonda was a bit rude though, as the temperature started dropping and we were quickly back down to 38.5. The difference between this and other cold days though? Today I felt like I could put some effort into the climb on West Old LaHonda again.