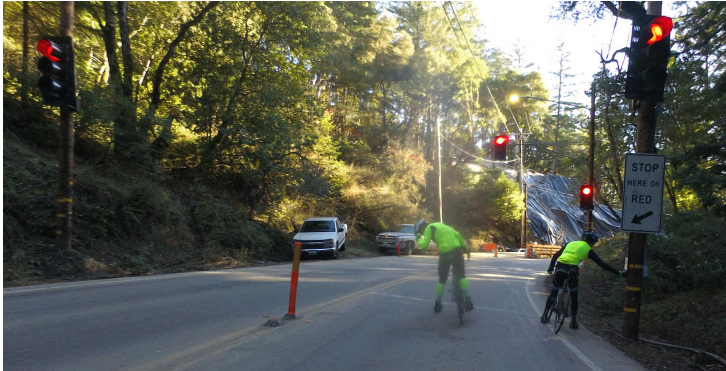


Not the best time for a comeback, but I had to try



Kevin left, Kevin right on a very cold morning on Skyline Sometimes you do what you have to do, even knowing ahead of time it might not make sense. This morning, I just had to get back in the swing of things and do my regular Tuesday/Thursday-morning ride. Which, coming off being sick for, what, 10 days???... well, I knew I wasn't going to be fast. Just hoping to get the job done. And while I'd gotten in a small ride on New Year's Day, younger Kevin hadn't ridden in two weeks, so I was figuring, what are the odds, am I going to get up and find him saying "No Dad, I need more sleep"?

Well, the morning came and Kevin was actually looking forward to the ride. Me, not so much, because it was cold... I mean really cold, as in coldest since last season. But no turning back, as the other Kevin (pilot) had already texted asking if I was going to ride, and of course, I said yes.

So what's it like when you go from a house that's maybe 62 degrees to maybe 32 outside? Well that hacking cough you had, the one that's sensitive to sudden changes in temperature... let's just say the first few minutes weren't much fun. And then, adding insult to injury, my Garmin decided to lock up, so I didn't even have the pleasure of seeing exactly how cold it was. I just knew it was really cold, and I was really slow. More on that shortly.

The two Kevins were in pretty decent shape (hate that the younger Kevin can take time off the bike and it doesn't seem to matter), while I was lagging off the back. Badly. Probably 40 minutes up Kings. No power to speak of, and that became a problem, because when it's really cold, what keeps it from being a problem is your ability to keep your steam up, riding at a steady and reasonably-strong pace. And my pace was steadily slowing as I approached the top. I told the two Kevins to ride on ahead, do the full ride, and I'd head down 84, leaving off the West Old LaHonda loop. But y'know, as they started to move off, I remembered... the only thing harder than not staying on the wheel in front of you, is watching it ride away. So I hung on for the ride, all the way to 84.

Descending 84 just wasn't fun. The cold was getting to me; I couldn't wait to get to the bottom and maybe work up some steam and get home. And when I did get home, it took a long time to warm up in the shower. But, I did, and 20 minutes after I got home, Kevin arrived. No problem for him; he and pilot Kevin were riding consistently and enjoying the ride. Thankfully, as I get more rides in, the cold will be less of an issue. Looking forward to that!