

I just keep rolling along (but it can't last forever)



When you gotta go...It's an interesting world; as a guy getting older, the idea of sleeping through the night without having to get up and go once (or twice) is a fantasy. Just not possible. But on rides, I'm usually good for the duration, while Kevin, less than half my age, has to take a "natural break" (as they say in the Tour de France coverage) either at the top of Kings or West Old LaHonda. Maybe more so lately because it's taking him longer to get to the top? More time to drink more? Which is my segue into the bizarro-world I find myself, where I'm climbing better than Kevin, even though his knee is now largely healed.

An odd thing, that, because as I ride home from work each night, I feel exhausted. Dead. Tired. Can't even imagine trying to get a good time climbing Jefferson on the way home anymore. Just. Not. Possible. So I don't even try. And when I'm just kind of phoning in the effort heading up the hill, looking at my computer and seeing dreadfully-low power readings, I can't help but wonder how bad I'm going to feel the next morning, if that morning will be a Tuesday or Thursday, and I'm climbing Kings. And to my continuing surprise, each morning I feel so much stronger and I'm able to play a bit, laying down some power and getting a gap on Kevin or Kevin (or Kevin and Kevin), holding 300+ watts for a minute or so before throttling back and waiting for them to catch up.

Today's ride had to be cut short a bit due to time; taking 37 minutes up Kings doesn't leave enough time to do the full West Old LaHonda loop, so we rode across the "top" of West Old LaHonda, descending as far as the scenic spot (where the faces are carved into the wall) and stopped for a moment to see if there were any cyclists heading up the lower flanks towards us. It was a bit odd because normally, we'd be looking at... us!

It's not going to last. Winter is coming, and I definitely slow down as it get colder. But in the meantime, I'll continue to have fun, and continue to wonder what I might be capable of if challenged. But for now, I'm just hoping I can get something more than 43 miles out of Kevin on Sunday, maybe do the full Pescadero/Tunitas loop again.