

Maybe I'm not riding far enough to feel better for more miles?

No way around it, the first 10 or 20 miles of any ride lately and I'm feeling gutted. Not much in the legs at all, really ragged breathing (the two are likely related). Through last Tuesday I'd had 4 really sub-par rides in a row, finally, and surprisingly, breaking through on Thursday morning. And that was a bit of a surprise, given that I'd forgotten to use my inhaler prior to the ride. And who knows, maybe not using the inhaler is an indication that albuterol could be doing me more harm than good. Why? Thursday morning, my heart rate was rock solid steady, responding exactly to effort. When using the inhaler, for the first hour or so of any ride, my heart rate goes a bit wonky with effort, spiking at random times. My pulmonologist said that's normal; I'm sure it is. But maybe it's interfering with maintaining a consistent effort?

Or maybe I just need to force myself to ride more than 43 miles on a Sunday? Maybe the short loops either up West Alpine or San Gregorio/Tunitas just don't cut it. Maybe targeting my 120 mile/week goal isn't the right thing to do; instead I should be treating that as an absolute minimum. Who knows, maybe I need to add some Zwift trainer miles in the evenings?

OK, back to today's ride. Got off to the usual late start, hoping it would warm up a bit. Maybe it did; mid-50s up Old LaHonda, 51 on the way out to the coast, 46 on the upper parts of Tunitas. A far cry from last Sunday's mid-70s for sure! Took it easy up Old LaHonda, and not by choice. A bit of a headwind out to the coast, but no big deal, just sit behind Kevin's wheel. No shame in that anymore. Nice cup of coffee and "Miami-style pastry" from the San Gregorio store, then up Stage and over Tunitas. I felt pretty awful going into the first part of Tunitas but started feeling better after the bridge. Much better than the other way around! Kevin still left me in the dust, and waited for me at the grassy knoll. From there it was all about just hanging onto his wheel, which, somehow, I did.