

It might be Good to be King, but it's also nice not to be last



It's been a long time since I wasn't the last, or close to, on the climb up Kings. Wednesday night, riding home up Jefferson, I was looking at my power meter and seeing numbers that were just plain sad, under 200 watts at one point, and thinking... what if that was the case heading up Kings just over 12 hours from then? How can it be that I ride home from work, just kind of going through the motions, and somehow expect the next morning to wake up at 6:50am, and by 7:32am be putting out 230-260 watts "cold" (no warm up), trying to stay on Kevin's wheel as we head to the start of the ride?

It's one of those things best not to think about; it just works out somehow. Your body gets into the routine and does what it's used to. Heading home from work is different; in general I'm trying to avoid riding so hard that I'd need to take a shower before dinner, so again, it's what your body is used to.

This morning it was Kevin, Kevin & Karen on the through-the-park Thursday version. Surprisingly, I felt much stronger than expected, with my legs, finally, feeling like they wanted to climb. The lungs still sucked (or didn't suck air, I should say), so I was able to climb pretty hard, limited only by the length of time it would take before my breathing routine fell apart. That lasted pretty much the entire ride, but most importantly, it got me to the top of Kings ahead of the other three, something that hasn't happened in a while.

After a long series of rides where it feels like you're just going through the motions, it's really nice to have a strong day. Strong, of course, is relative, but it brings with it hope for the future.