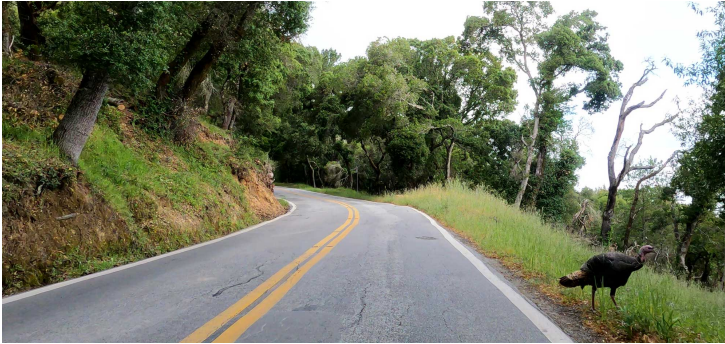


Can't see Kevin in this photo because he's not a Turkey



After Sunday's tougher-than-usual ride, featuring Black Road for some really steep grades, I wondered what shape I'd be in today. Ready for anything, because I'd faced the worst and come through intact? Or would weary legs feel like lead?

Somewhere in between, actually. I didn't feel particularly inspired as I watched Kevin gradually ride away. No fanfare, just a bit more speed as he slowly ramped up his effort on the climb. He's way better on the second half than the first, probably one of those "finding your rhythm" things. That comes much much later in the ride for me. I'm totally gassed at the top of Kings, struggling to hold on as we head South on Skyline to the turnaround at Skegg's parking lot, not really finding myself until we get past Swett. But once I do, I'm good, able to hold a much better pace and feel like I can keep on going rather than wonder why I'm out there.