

## Kevin threw a rod

We'll get to Tuesday's ride eventually. Today? Probably not. For now, this morning's ride. I felt pretty much my usual self, and my particular self really doesn't like colder mornings like this was. My usual self doesn't like looking out the kitchen window and seeing fog still rolling over the tops of the hills.

So my usual self does its usual thing, slogging my way up Kings to a 35 minute time, and early on in the ride telling Kevin to head on up because he's looking so much stronger than me and I kind of know my way up on my own.

Only today, Kevin gets completely out of sight really fast, and then, somehow, I catch back up to him about 3/4 of the way up. He had just totally cracked, blew a gasket, threw a rod, whatever it was, it was nasty.

And unlike me, he never recovered. He was so worried about his lack of speed that he was concerned we wouldn't make it back in time for his doctor appointment (neurologist, for his epilepsy) at 11:20. Yeah, right, that wasn't an issue, he was just ready to give up. Not sure why.

Hopefully it will be a bit warmer on Sunday and we'll get in a longer, tougher ride!