

## A tale of two rides, Tuesday vs Thursday

It's really tough to figure out why Tuesday's ride went so well. I hadn't slept much the night before, lots of drama going around at the shop and home due to various health issues with various people (for the most part, not me). Vs Thursday when I did sleep pretty well the night before, and a lot of the immediate things that had needed to be dealt with earlier in the week were not settled.

Yet Tuesday I felt like I was in "cruise" mode climbing, vs Thursday when I just couldn't get either heart rate or watts to cooperate. Both rides I was with ex-Pilot (older Kevin), as younger Kevin is going to be away from tougher climbs for a while, due to his continuing knee issues. Both rides had warm weather in common; no need for leg warmers, long-fingered and/or heated gloves, or base layers. But Thursday it felt like I just didn't really show up for the ride.

Thankfully the #1 rule still applied... at the end of the ride, and later in the day, I was glad I got out there. No matter how bad it feels on the bike, it's never felt like something I should have avoided. With possible exceptions for those rare rides where I injured myself.

It's funny to think about making it up Kings and being relieve your time's under 40 minutes; it wasn't that long ago I would have felt the same for 30 minutes. It's still my hope that, when I finally get my comprehensive lung testing done (which has been put off until mid-December, not by my choice), they'll find something actionable, something that I can do something about and breathe better/ride faster.

Hard to believe it was just a couple months ago that Kevin and I were in France, on an impossibly-compressed 8 day time frame, and got in some fantastic rides, incredible climbs, and saw 6 stages of the Tour de France. It was like being on an island untouched by a storm surrounding int. So many things that could have gone wrong, but didn't. If only the rest of the year could be like that!