

The Fat Lady Singing... not hearing her yet, not as long as I'm still chasing rabbits

Got the text I hate to see on a Tuesday or Thursday morning. Ex-pilot letting me know he's leaving 5 minutes early up the hill. Meaning I have to chase someone down, and that's tough on me. Mentally tough because, well, miserly loves company. Both of us are on the wrong side of the curve, getting slower as we get older. At 68 & 69, improvement has a different look to it- it's about slowing the decline. Chasing rabbits uphill... I guess that should help slow that decline. Maybe beats talking about how slow we are?

But it gets worse. I'm "looking ahead" at the various places where you can see the road maybe 1 or 2 minutes in front of where you are now, and now sign of ex-Pilot. I'm putting out everything I've got, and the assumption is that he's riding slowly or else why would he leave early? No sign of him at the wide-open clearing, no sign at the pretty steep part just prior to the last switchback. Let's face it, I'm not going to overtake him by the top of Kings, where I'm sure I'll find him waiting.

Er... no, he's not there. Which means either he's a no-show and I'm chasing a ghost (hate it when that happens), or I'm slower than I thought, or he's faster than he claimed, or he left more than 5 minutes early.

I finally catch up to him just as I descend into Sky Londa. He left 10 minutes early. The good news is that I was actually close to a regular schedule for the ride, maybe making it back about the same time I did 5 years ago! But that wasn't going to happen because ex-Pilot really was taking it easy today. So half the ride, the tougher half, I was really making tracks, in a relative sense. The last half, I was taking it easy.

Overall a good ride, with my computer telling me I'm riding at "optimal" effort. I'm not going to dig too far into the question of optimal for someone in what sort of shape.