

## It felt like the right thing to do at the time... (another ride with a bad cold)



Things started out a bit damp this morning, but dried up nicely by the time we hit the lower flanks of 84, heading into Woodside. That's Eric at the front, followed by Karen, Joe & Kevin.

Tuesday seemed a lot easier than today. I thought I had a handle on this cold, but last night (Wednesday) I was thinking wow, if I'm feeling like this in the morning, am I still riding? A nearly-rhetorical question because of course I'd ride, but perhaps I'd be sensible and do something easier than the usual romp through the hills. Thankfully I felt much better this morning when I woke up. And I felt even better after the ride! But during the ride? A classic "sick" ride, where my heart rate just would not respond linearly with effort. Climbing Kings, it was really difficult to get it to budge upward from 152, no matter how much effort I put to the pedals. And when your heart rate won't go up with effort, there's a definite limit to just how much you can deliver. Hate that. Meant that everyone, Karen, Eric, Kevin (pilot) and Joe were all well out ahead of me on the climb up Kings.

I did start feeling better a bit later on, and did manage to hang onto whatever wheel was in front of me, but there was certainly no style, just a bit of a forced effort. Probably didn't help that we stopped for a flat on West Old LaHonda; always a bit hard to get going again. But as I said, I felt a whole lot better after the ride than before. And continued to feel a whole lot better through the day until... until about 5:30pm or so, when it all seemed to catch up to me. By the time I got home I was on the couch, under blankets, feeling pretty bad. You know that pretty bad feeling... that feeling you get when you forget what it's like to feel good? When it seems like it's way too much effort to go into the kitchen for a glass of water? That pretty bad feeling. Not something I experience very often, thankfully!

But flash forward a few hours more and I'm my old self again, feeling good, ready to face tomorrow and accomplish seven impossible things by noon. Why? Because that's what you've got to do when you own a small business. I'm ready. But a few hours ago, you couldn't have convinced me I'd even be showing up for work! --Mike--