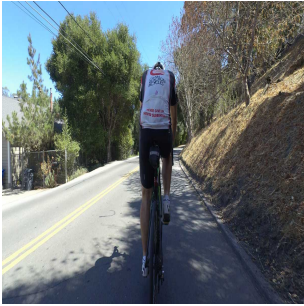


A busy few days I'm now paying for



I know what the jersey says. NEVER GIVE UP. NEVER SURRENDER. But the past few days have tested that concept mightily, perhaps close to failure.

We knew things would start getting a bit tougher from Friday-on, with Becky out of commission at the shop for a couple weeks due to ACL reconstructive surgery (not from a bike accident). We brought in reinforcements and generally were getting by, and then, our ability to take credit cards went down the tubes. What? You've got to be kidding. Retail without credit cards doesn't exist! We got by the old-fashioned way, be calling them in. At least we didn't have to go through those books they used to publish monthly, searching for stolen credit card numbers, as was the case in the early 80s. But hey, Sunday was approaching, so at least I'd get to get in a really good ride. Right? Well, no. Kevin's knee, the one he banged against a cabinet, was still giving a lot of grief, so instead of the usual ride to the coast, we did as easy a foothills loop as possible, just 37 miles, just 1700ft of climbing, just 14mph average speed. The picture is a great metaphor for the ride; Kevin just looks kinda slumped over on the bike, slowly grinding his way through the Los Altos Hill area. Funny thing about a ride where you don't break a sweat. At least for me anyway. You feel exhausted the rest of the day, and even the next day too. Your body never goes through the cycle of recovery mode; you never get that feeling of renewal that you have when you really push yourself. You're actually more tired having not ridden hard, than if you had. Weird thing, that. Definitely looking forward to things getting back to normal. Becky back on her feet at work, Kevin's knee doing well, and me pushing my limits again. That last part, that's what it takes for me to relax.