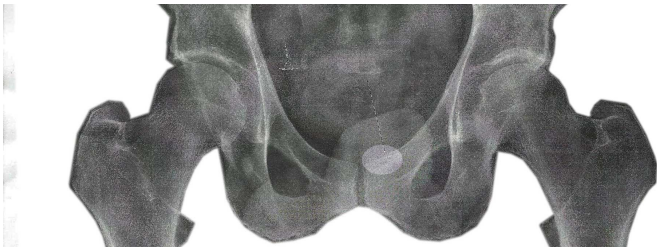


Sometimes you go boom. Sometimes hard. Black ice favors hard.



The lighter oval section is the area of the slight fracture. Sigh. Crazy rain and wind, no problem. Snow, no problem. But a patch of black ice?

It started out like any other cold morning ride, and Kevin and I were actually thinking it didn't seem quite as cold as advertised. We even got out a minute or two earlier than normal, so I'm thinking we can take it a bit easier to the start. Well, not when Kevin's with me. As we headed over Jefferson past the Elks Club, I noticed that the little puddles of water along the side of the road looked a bit... funny. I was watching for ice, but they didn't have that crusted-over look, but didn't look normal either. I mention to Kevin to take it easy around that top corner.

And then, descending towards Canada, just before MidGlen, I watch Kevin go down. No warning, just down. Next came me. It's possible that, had I not been watching him go down, I might not have crashed myself. But crash I did, really hard. 25 miles an hour onto black ice. Ouch. We picked ourselves up, tried to quickly assess if we were in one piece or not, but it quickly became apparent that I wasn't going anywhere. Movement of my left leg was extraordinarily painful. Ideas of walking back up to the top of Jefferson and riding back home were gone. We called Becky (Kevin's sister) to come get us and I gingerly squeezed myself into the car and headed home, a short stop to get rid of the bikes, and then on to Kaiser.

It was a long time there, and nobody brought up that we might be thirsty or, eventually, hungry. I was in so much pain at the time (and have been until very recently) that the combination of the pain plus hunger plus thirst was doing a number on me. It was an interesting experience feeling all that at once. Meantime I'd been wheeled into x-ray to check hips, femurs and pelvis. Eventually discover that there's a small fracture in the pelvis. Kevin fared much better; just a bruised elbow, no breaks. Still we were both ready at about the same time, just before noon, so about 3.5 hours. Becky hasn't billed us for the time yet.

Kevin will be back to normal in 4 or 5 days; me, not so sure yet. Have to talk with an Ortho (bone doc) guy and I suspect it's going to be about a month. Could be worse, but I'll be going certifiably nuts in the meantime!