

There is nothing good about this picture...



Don't worry, this is from 1997 I think? And really has nothing to do with today's blog entry. I said the photo has nothing to do with today's entry, but, maybe it does? That's Kevin first learning to ride a bike without training wheels. Looks like he could have hurt his head, if he hadn't been wearing a helmet. And today, Kevin wasn't with us because his head hurt. Not the normal way someone's head might hurt, or more accurately, get hurt. Kevin's off his bike for a while because he went in for brain surgery yesterday. Sounds serious, right? Not like the last time, when they first implanted a gadget called "Neuropace" literally on top of his brain, and he was in the hospital for a couple of weeks I think? This time they just needed to replace it, and apparently you don't have to cut open the whole top of the skull like last time... just a long slot so you can slide the old one out and the new one in. Kevin arrived at the hospital at noon and left at 7:30pm same day.

So no Kevin this morning, at least not the younger guy who'd just had brain surgery. Older Kevin, that pilot guy, different story. Nice ride up the hill at a casual pace; I'm still feeling pretty good (for no good reason) and got in some intervals on the way up Kings. Wet and cool up on top. Everything fine until... until this guy pulls into Skyline from a side road, pretty heavy steel touring type of bike, wide tire, cantilever brakes that hang way out from the frame, big touring bag up front. No helmet. A bike that might weigh 15 pounds more than ours, and with tires that would make it feel like you're constantly riding through thick mud. And this guy is hauling down 84 so fast we're having a tough time holding his wheel. I pull up next to Kevin and tell him "There is nothing good about this picture." But, we're riding too fast and pushing too hard for me to pull out my phone and get a picture.

But hey, we're turning on West Old LaHonda. He's probably going to go straight. Except he doesn't. After he get held up a bit by a couple of cars, he goes FLYING past us. I mean like close to Strava record flying. He's actually on Strava; Geoff Willard. Here's his ride- <https://www.strava.com/activities/3331479691/segments/2687695032636858463>. Crazy. I've requested to follow him, but truth is, I can't possibly follow him. Maybe my son, in good form, could do it. But us older guys... we're just left scratching our heads as we watch him ride off into the distance.