

Starve a cold, feed a fever... if you have both, ride a bike!



Who would want to miss a morning like this?

I'm rarely sick, but Saturday I was getting a bit of a sore throat (which I figured was probably due to the wind blowing all sorts of stuff around), later that night I was sweating a bit, and then it just became one of those miserable throat colds that don't make much sense this time of year. So between not being able to ride Sunday and a cold still with me this morning, I was thinking this was going to be a very long ride up the hill!

Thankfully, I was wrong. Just like in the old days, I ride fairly well when something's trying to keep me down, making it up Kings in 27-something instead of the 32-something I was predicting. Even stayed with the fast group (that being everyone but me) all the way to the park entrance before having to back off. So, I feel comfortable with my decades-old prescription for what to do when sick. Ride a bike. If you think this runs counter to traditional wisdom, then let's just question tradition, OK? 'Cuz in my book, if you give in to a cold and rest, what message are you giving the cold? Yes, that's right, you've given up. Go ahead, party in my head, my chest, my joints. Make my next 3 or 4 days miserable. OR you can send a statement. Let that cold know that you won't give in, that you're going to keep at your normal routine or maybe even step it up a notch. And that cold bug that thought it had a license to party? It's going to leave and find somebody else, a more hospitable host.

That's my story, and I'm sticking to it.