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What's normal anymore?

I didn't figure it would be too bad this morning, missing just Tuesday's ride due to my silly 54 hour trip to Singapore & back (did I really do that?), and it wasn't too bad. Not great either. The run through the park felt bad but my time was actually pretty decent, and when the group split, with those wanting to go really fast riding on ahead and those wanting to chat and socialize falling back... well, I carved out a nice place in the middle until they caught up at the wide open section on Kings. I'm thinking this might not be such a bad day on the bike after all, until a few corners later and spot Kevin at the side of the road, having a seizure. He'd been doing so well in the seizure department until this week, when there seems to have been a cluster of them.

The seizure passed without much drama, but it did leave him with a nasty headache (which can sometimes happen) and, of course, he'd left his post-seizure instant-acting anti-headache meds at home. We continued up the hill and south on Skyline to 84, but instead of continuing with the rest of the group over to west-side Old LaHonda, we headed back down 84 into Woodside. Without that extra loop (Old LaHonda), it just doesn't feel like much of a ride. Sunday we'll have to do something nasty to make up for it.