

## It's been a while!

I was doing a really good job keeping up with things in France, but once back, things kind of slid. So just a little recent catching up here. Sunday... not a good day for me! The plan was the usual Pescadero/Tunitas loop, but I felt so bad going up Old LaHonda it was quickly clear "the plan" was in need of alteration. For reasons unknown I was sweating so much on that first climb that Kevin said the back of my jersey was white. Of course he didn't see it until quite a few minutes after he finished the climb. So we bypassed Pescadero and headed straight out to San Gregorio, allowing me to draft off Kevin pretty much the entire way, and even drafting it was still tough to hang on. But I made it, stopped at San Gregorio for a coke and poor imitation of a large cookie, and then climbed Tunitas at a leisurely pace.

Tuesday. I was not looking forward to what might await me; I assumed it wouldn't be anything good. When I got up, it didn't feel like it was going to be anything good. Starting up Kings, it felt like maybe I'd turn around at the park even! But somehow I climbed OK, keeping ahead of Kevin & Colin, without feeling like that was something I could do. I was really surprised, to say the least. Maybe whatever got to me on Sunday is out of my system, although I never felt ill, just not very strong.

The ribs? They're doing fine, mostly. I discovered while test-riding a bike today that an upright position (as found on commute bikes with flat bars) is not good for me. Lots and lots of pain! Weird thing, how these ribs do and don't work. Guess I'm just made for a road bike.