

## Goofed on Garmin, Camera didn't record, without proof, did I actually ride?

What sort of world exists between my ears? Some hybrid cross between virtual and virtually-proven? It shouldn't be so annoying when the GoPro fails me (again!), and I should be more forgiving of myself for doing something really stupid like hitting the "stop" button (the one that says I've stopped riding) instead of the "lap start" at the base of Kings, only to figure it out when I'm looking for my time after a few minutes and seeing... time standing still! Sure, I'm slow, but I can't stop time. It only seems like it.

That aside, it was actually a pretty nice morning to ride. The forecast fog had apparently come and gone (looked to have been everywhere, since most roads were pretty damp), leaving beautiful sunshine (you know, perfect conditions for recording the ride, **if** my GoPro had worked) and temps around 40. Pleasant! Would have had a pretty decent time up the hill (with a little bit of work I was able to figure out the missing section), but about a quarter mile from the top came across Kevin (My son, not the pilot) recovering from a seizure, so nice guy that I am, I stopped and waited for him. Actually it has little to do with being a nice guy; if Kevin delays getting back on his bike, he'll get an awful headache, feel terribly lethargic, and just want to go home. Experience has taught us the need to get him back into the swing of things **very** quickly! This is not something covered in the epilepsy literature, but frankly, very little is.

Nice, tidy group today. Eric, both Kevins, Mark & John. Pretty civilized pace; so civilized even I was able to carry on a conversation at times. A good day to ride. --Mike--