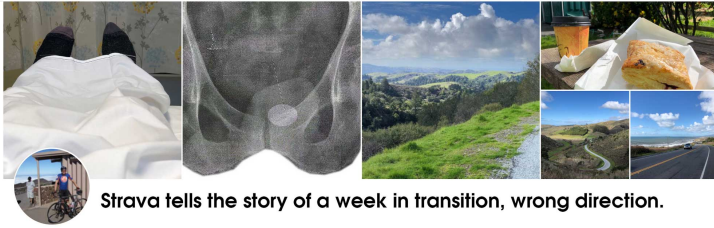


## If pain is weakness leaving the body, I'm going to end up very strong when I'm back on the bike



Strava tells the story of a week in transition, wrong direction.

On the right you can see how nicely things started, with Sundays' ride to Pescadero. On the left, mis-matched socks and an r-rated x-ray. It's odd, doing a post when there's no cycling involved, when the time until I get back onto the bike is long enough that the most-interesting question is why, at this moment, am I not severely depressed. My mobility is extremely limited; I'm typing this from home instead of being at the shop and trust me, I really want to be at the shop helping people. Last night I realized how much I enjoy the time I spend washing the dishes with my wife, because I couldn't. Today I had to call my oncologist's office to consider rescheduling my Monday appointment because I wouldn't be able to get a blood test today. It just didn't seem reasonable to try and hobble in to the lab, when I'd have to do the standing, then sitting to wait, then back up and over to the lab to get it drawn, with the phlebotomist wondering whether my wincing was fear of the needle or the pain I feel getting up and sitting down. Once sitting, I'm fine, and once moving, I'm fine. But that process in-between, not so fine.

And there's that thing where, sitting here, I honestly have no indication that anything's amiss. None at all. Except that I'm sitting here at 4:32pm, possibly the busiest time of the day at the shop. And that when I have to get up for something, it's going to hurt like heck for a few moments.

So yes, I've studied up extensively on my particular pelvic fracture, and have come to the conclusion that most of my pain might not be from the pelvic fracture or the bruising, but possibly an avulsion fracture where tendon or ligament has pulled away from the femur near the hip. Maybe. I'll know for sure after Tuesday's appointment with the Ortho doc.

In the meantime, there is some sense of not knowing what I've got till it's gone. My Strava profile page shows a week gone bad. The photos from Sunday's ride remind me how things started, how awesome it is to be out there on a bike. All that ended in an instant on Tuesday morning's black ice. Maybe I'm not yet depressed because I'm in a state of shock. Guess my first milestone will be cleaning up after dinner.