

Rex's Not-so-Excellent Adventure

Cycling is great . . . at least that's what I keep telling myself.

On this occasion, the spill was entirely my fault. I have been hit by cars before, and run off the road by spatially-challenged OC-Transpo drivers. No . . . this one was of my own doing.

After leaving choir practise shortly after 9:00 pm Wednesday night, I decided to take the Rockcliffe Parkway back round to Sussex, the National Gallery, Colonel By Drive and then home. It's a bit longer (adds maybe 1 or 2 km to my 20 km route, but much more pleasant (or so I thought). The bike path on the south side of Rockcliffe terminates near the Governor General's, so I tried to cross at the traffic circle, apparently with far too much speed. I'm not sure exactly what happened over the next 3 or 4 seconds . . . but I can assure you that "flying" is vastly more entertaining in Superman movies than as I experienced it. I can only surmise that my trajectory concluded with my body up and my right hand down.

With incidents such as these, I find that my consciousness is immediately flooded with sensations of all sorts . . . and it takes a few moments to inventory the rich mix of impulses. As I lay in the middle of the road, it was reassuring to note that all parts of my body could move.

The passing motorists were most helpful, first, in not running over my now prone body, but then in helping assess my condition, and finally helping me off the road.

Now standing with my bike by side of the road, I reassured the helpful motorists that I was fine . . . and so the parade of cars moved on. Well, after standing for a few minutes, I began to feel nauseous. So I sat down. The sensation passed. I stood up. That uncomfortable sensation intruded again. I sat down again. Ah, I reasoned, riding a bicycle is really a seated position. So I got on the bike and gently set off. It was only about 20 km to get home.

The general aches and shock probably masked much of the effects of the broken wrist. Though I was periodically reminded with rifling, knife-like sensations when my wrist assumed an unfavoured position.

Pain really is a gift . . . the body's way of shouting "STOP THAT!!!!!!!!!!!"

Over the next day, my body convinced me that I should look into this issue further. I did see a doctor on Friday, and even to my untrained eye, the fracture line on the x-ray was quite clear. Fortunately, the two parts of the once-unified bone are correctly aligned, and it's now just a matter of immobilizing the wrist sufficiently for the body to do its amazing self-healing.