

As I was taking notes in a meeting the other day, I started thinking about my writing and how much and how little I actually do manually. I also thought about an incident that happened in the summer which made me more cognizant of my writing style. I have always gripped my writing utensil way too hard: I have had a lovely writer's groove in my right hand middle finger from a young age. Even with that, I've felt that my writing has flowed fluidly; I'm not really thinking about my hand or what it's doing... it goes across the page, forming the words and letters my thoughts telepathically put into it. But that changed this summer. I got a new bike. Yes, I know this is not earth-shattering news as really I tend to ramble on and on about bikes and bike-related

topics like some people talk about TV shows.
So, I have a friend who works for a bike
company and he has been able to help me
out some pretty cool bikes (at ~~the~~ pretty wife-
friendly prices) and this was no exception: the
bike is a full suspension ^{mountain} e-bike. It's very
similar to one of my other bikes with 2 glaring
exceptions: 1) it has a motor which allows it to
climb at a remarkable, fast speed, and 2) It weighs
over 50 pounds. My regular bike weighs
half that. So I knew it would take some
time to get use to the weight difference and
how it was dispersed on the frame. I took
my new chariot to a place where I was
comfortable with the trails and rode it...
and loved it! Soon, I was riding it almost
as much as my traditional bike and

felt ~~my~~ progression further as I became more comfortable with my handling of the weight. So I was riding on a particularly undulating trail, loving how I could kick the motor in on the pedal assist on the climbs to maintain a good pace, when I started upon a tight, twisty section of a trail, I tactfully maneuvered through it and came to the last quick left's turn into a steep descent down a rock face. The bike was going faster than I was used to and I misjudged my turn and slammed my right handlebar into a ^{small} tree on the edge of the turn, squashing my pinky finger. Once I had finished navigating down the steep rock section, I stopped and checked my hand out: looked ok, just hurt. So I did a couple more laps

and called it a day. 2 weeks later, when I got it x-rayed, I found out I had actually broken a small bone in my finger. The way they "heal" this is "Buddy Bandage" your pinky to the ring finger. I had to do that for about a month and a half. During that time, I was so hyper aware of how ~~that~~ awkward that felt while writing. The fluidity was gone; I felt like I was dragging the pen across the page with my big, clumsy Frankenstein hand. The pinky is fine now, but has healed with a bit of a bump on it (supposedly a slight chip that's healed at a weird angle... whatever, it can still grip the handlebar) which I am still not used to, so writing still feels awkward. I know I will adapt: I've started being picky with

the pens I use and the amount of paper
I write on, but as it is still a recent
event I can remember how it used to
feel and how my stack of 3 fingers
feels different than before and it throws
me off when I pick my pen up. I love
how adaptable our bodies are to changes,
yet our minds do take a bit longer to
let go of what they had felt was the
norm and embrace those changes.