

1-4-83

My, my. The last 24 hours have been interesting in a fashion. The first Monday of a new year has quite a feeling of "beginning" in it. Barb and I had our teeth cleaned and checked and came away clean as a whistle. A late lunch for me and then off to the track for a bit of a light run. My brother is write(right) of course, running (like some many things) should not be planned or thought about too much. You keep waiting around until you have the right shoes, or until you've read the correct books, or in my case, until you know the correct excercises. Just limber up and run. But not too much. I think that old friend(moderation) is the key. I stretched for about 15 minutes and did one warm-up quarter. After that, a very light mile...just for time...and it felt good. about 11 minutes. The great trick for me was not to do 2 or 3 miles! I wasnt hurting or panting, and it didn't feel like I had done any good because I wasnt exhausted. But I stopped, to run again another day. The idea of every other day sounds pretty good right now. As for distance? I think 3 or four miles should be plenty to get me to that 30 minute mark. We'll see. I kind of enjoy the track too. No dogs, even, soft footing, etc. Hell, I never got "high" running anyway.

Came home and was getting ready to shower, and decided to try out my inversion boots. Richard Gere in AMERICAN GIGGILO? These babies strap around your ankles, and you hang from a bar. Supposed to be great for stress. Stretches out your spine, joints, improves circulation. Barb bought them for me(us) for Christmas, and I have not been anywhere to try them. The bar that comes with the boots must be ~~xxxx~~ screwed into the door fram, and I didnt want to fuck up anybodys door. So Barb found one of the old pressure-type chin-up bars and I screwed that mother in and swung up there for the old test. Felt great, too. After about 3 minutes, I thought I felt my toes slidding down the wall above the door. How could this be? My ankles slidding out of the boots? Must be. Krash! I fell on my fucking head, and the heavy...metal...bar came whizzing down to bang me in the forehead. Nearly blacked out. Dragged myself down the hallway to the bathroom, so I wouldnt bleed on Margaret's carpet. Barb heard the crash, and came up to see what was happening. I asked for a towel because it felt for all the wrold like blood was trickling down my nose. And it should have been. What Barb was too polite to mention when the light came on, was a knot on my forehead the size of a squash ball. Ugly mother. My doctor was close at hand, the kitchen, and came up to shine a handy little pen-lite in my pupils. No serious shit going on inside Master Control. Ice pack for 24 hours and hourly checks of pulse of blood pressure and pules. The good news: no concussion and my resting pulse ranges from 46 to 52. Incredible. I was damn lucky. If that mother had caught me in the mouth...the eye...shit. Next time we have a safety chain. God, can this be a portent for '83?