

Badgers

Sunday, 22 November 2009

Sometime in the late 90s I stepped out into Gaylord's back alley (arf arf) and found, lodged in the dumpster, an ageing road bike. Being the, erm, bargain-hunter that I am I fished it out and took a look. Frame, fork, wheels, tyres, brakes all accounted for. No obvious damage, not even a puncture. Other than a slightly uriney color there was nowt wrong with it, it was just tossed aside because the cost of living in America is artificially low. So it has been my trusty steed for the past decade. Then midlife crisis got to me and I've splurged actual money (albeit on ebay) for something that might actually require brakes (as opposed to friction) to slow down. "Introducing" the bleeding badger...

Tail-end summer Denver shots inc Erin visit, Ollie's first birthday party and a kids-take-care-of-themselves Penn/Tonkin/Flannery weekend in Dillon.

A slew of snaps since touchdown in SF settling into SF, weathering a Stoppenhagen visitation Shiv & Amanda's kidless Philly wedding, hanging with Dorans/Kellietoure inevitable beachy/debauchey Flannery visit and seeing Jim/Liv in Santa Cruz over a couple of weekends.