

Riding in a ribbon of calm between the calamity



Last night I wasn't sure how things would go this morning. Would it be so smoky I couldn't ride? Maybe just smoky enough that I ought to ride Kevin's e-bike and make it a bit easier on my lungs? What I wasn't really prepared for was a beautiful blue sky and very pleasant temperature. Instead of the low-80s it's been pretty early in the morning, the ride varied from 60-66 degrees. Pretty nice!

Surprisingly just Karen out there with me. Not a big surprise that yesterday's heavy smoke and high temps took a toll on my breathing; heading up through the steep part of the park, I heard just a bit of a wheeziness at the end of each breath, something I haven't heard for a while. Thankfully it went away, almost as if I was able to burn off the crap that had accumulated. Maybe I did.

Every once in a while you'd pick up a scent of the fire, but never bothersome and no smoke at all. As you can see in the photo, it was there, but off to the side. During the rest of the day it stayed the same, sparing the shop (but I'm told the air in nearby San Mateo was pretty bad).

The only bad omen this morning was the dead rattlesnake in the middle of the road on West Old LaHonda, Definitely a rattler; the tail was rather striking, despite it being not that large a snake. I stopped long enough to make sure it was dead, but for some reason, didn't take a picture. First rattlesnake I've seen in over a year and I didn't take a picture? That may have been the missing sign of the Apocalypse on this-morning's ride!