

If more of us rode on days like this, wouldn't we be filtering the air, making it better for everyone else?



My phone actually tried to self-filter the haze; it looked a lot worse than this. There was no way I wouldn't be riding today. Last Sunday was a very easy ride with my friend Larry (people who live in Houston don't climb very fast), and I missed out on Thursday's ride due to the medical conference I attended. So today I was feeling like I really needed a ride, precisely because I felt like it wouldn't be tough making an excuse not to. The air wasn't very pretty. Kevin felt quite a bit worse; he'd also skipped the Thursday ride (for no good reason other than the fact I wasn't there) and felt like he was coming down with a cold.

The plan was the usual, but we shortened it up a bit after getting to the other side of Old LaHonda and seeing the coast looked worse than the bay side. Should mention that there was **NOBODY** on Old LaHonda. Nobody. We saw one, just one bike coming down the hill, zero going up. Almost no cars either. Spookily quiet. Guess everyone believed the sign at the bottom, that said the road was going to be closed about 3/4 of the way up the hill, for tree work. You're wondering why we went up anyway? Well, I wondered if they would really be doing that work on a Sunday, and if they were, it wouldn't be such a terrible thing if we had to turn around and get in the miles elsewhere. It's not like we'd be disappointed because there's something really special about making it to the top of Old LaHonda, not after doing it a few hundred times anyway. As it turned out, no work of any kind going on today, nor is it likely anything tomorrow (Monday) on Veteran's Day.

I'm not even going to look at our time up the hill; it was slow. Kevin just wasn't feeling it today, but he did get better as we went. On the other side we tried a "Facebook Live" video, reporting on the smoke, something which I'm sure has been seen by at least 2 or 3 people by now?

West Alpine was even-slower. We did stop to take the photo seen above, but even if we hadn't, the time still would have been about 55 minutes.

Still surprises me that so few were out riding. The air wasn't that bad. Your throat might have felt a bit dry, but we weren't hacking, and if we had run into issues, we could have called for a ride back. And, as I mentioned, we were feeling better as the ride progressed. Plus, the longer we rode, the more we filtered out the smoke, making it better for everyone else!