

Day Five

Here is today's Prickly Heat Gazette:

Every needle prick, to draw blood or any other point of penetration of my skin, by a staple sticking out of the corner of the contract I grabbed, the mosquito stabbing to pump my blood, a spider bite or a rupture from within, when chicken pox broke through in so many red spots, they have all awakened on my skin with nerve endings burning.

The heat, the sweat, the lack of sweat as the heat stroke approaches and the heat rashes were tough on all of us, even the cows. The one cow depicted in a prior email attachment actually had a friend cow. They would stand parallel to each other, head to tail, constantly swinging their tails, so that each of them could get the flies swatted away from their faces by the other cow. However, that would put one cow's face dangerously close to the business end of the other cow. One bike rider told me that his horses know to do the same thing, but it took years for them build that kind of trust for each other.

Accident report: Liz is still fine, but my kid sister Christine fell twice. She said the first one was a "soft fall" and didn't count. The second one however, where she fell to the left and couldn't clip out to break her fall caused her right leg to swing into her sharp gears. Liz told me that she was fine, no pain, and no blood. A little later I got the call from her boyfriend Jon that the ER her insurance company approved wasn't an ER anymore and the RV was needed for a bike and rider transport to the actually quite lovely St. Helena Hospital so that the Seventh Day Adventists could sew her up with six stitches (photo taken of pre and post stitches but NOT attached). I think that puts the hospital count for the group at about six for the ride, with several additional marginal cases having either sagged with the official sag wagons on the supported routes, or with me, St. Roger, the Patron Saint of the Unsupported, on the unsupported routes.

To make Christine feel better one woman's plight at Soul Cycle was discussed at dinner. Her daughter made her go there with her for pre-ride training. The trainer encouraged everyone to keep up with the music and do pushups on the bike while peddling faster. This caused our sexagenarian friend to bite it hard and actually fall off this stationary bike. I, still, have never fallen off my stationary bike.

Liz's assessment of Christine's injuries were so inaccurate that I am assuming it was some sort of neurosis induced by a combination of the heat, an overdose of endorphins, and that subtle trickle into the blood of a naturally-manufactured Cannabinoid, similar to the ingredients of a drink being served in Woodside private homes during what has become known as "High Tea" ceremonies.

Liz brought a back-up bike on the trip. This was one of the logistical factors requiring the RV, and one of the principle reasons that my life has taken on purpose once again. When doing a prior ride, last year, she broke the part of the frame where the derailleur attaches, and was out of the ride and had to Uber home from Oregon on day two, which

she found disappointing. This will not happen again, because she got that one replaced with a new blue one, Bluey, as she calls it, which is on the bed of the RV during the day. She is riding a yet newer bike, because she wanted disk brakes. This new bike is named Disco. She personifies both of the bikes she has brought with her, and feels badly for Bluey, not being able to enjoy the ride as Disco has been doing. I do not grant human characteristics to bikes.

However, I have been sleeping with one. I need to take a brief nap from time to time, so I have been sleeping with my wife's bicycle. It's true. As you can see by the attached photo, Bluey is a bed hog, however.



Bluey the bed hog.

More soon.

Roger

PS—Among the attached photos, notice that the peacocks, which are endemic to Lake Solano, were sexually aroused as I approached them. As Maggie would say, “Somehow I must have just made them horny.” They actually migrated here during the late stages of the Pleistocene Epoch at the same time that CalTrans workers added a shit load of mud to an abandoned beaver dam to create Lake Solano from the otherwise narrow and shallow Putah Creek, so that they could make beer to drink while they built the highways. This delayed the state highway system and caused disaster to befall the Donner Party, according to the sign here (unphotographed). Historical markers are often maintained by local volunteers and can be inaccurate.



Somehow I made him horny.

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