The Long Ride: Day One
Friday, July 22

Dear Mom, Dad, and Marco,

Well, the big news is that I survived the first day of the bike trip. I guess I should not be surprised that my legs feel like rubber garden hoses. We just finished a thirty-mile ride. Now we are sitting in a coffee shop near our campground. It feels strange not to be around a television or a computer. Since there is a post office next door, I decided to write you this letter. Mom, I guess you gave me good advice when you said I should bring along a pen and extra paper. The pen and paper have come in handy for playing tic-tac-toe, too!

I wish I could describe how great it felt to ride down a country road with farmland on both sides. Up above, there was sun and nothing else but blue in the sky all morning. I did not fall off my bike even once. Isaac’s parents were great about stopping when I needed to take a break. Don’t worry: I put on a lot of sunscreen and wore my visor while I rode.

This afternoon, we made it to the state park and passed three bison standing beside the road. They looked like they had just rolled in mud. They also looked like big brown rugs, standing on legs.

After we set up our tents at the campground, another group of bikers arrived. They have invited us to join them for a songfest after dinner.

When Isaac asked me to go on the trip, I know I said yes partly because I wanted to be polite. I remember I told you I was not sure if I wanted to do it. But now I sure am glad I did!

Love,

Micah