

Perhaps it's in our blood, maybe it's just in our history, but surely it's in the American vein to head out for some other place when home becomes intolerable, or merely even when the distant side of the beyond seems a lure we can't resist.

William Least Heat-Moon, *blue highways*

I've been idling before the start of this journey, spending the past month with family before embarking. A couple of days ago I picked my departure date: I'm wheels down this Friday, heading a couple of states away to Illinois to visit friends there. I'll be riding for the next several months with only whatever fits on my scooter, working during the week (I work remotely) and slowly heading out to San Diego, where I'll turn around and head back. That's the entirety of my plan.

I am not an adventurous person. I have never done more than an overnight trip on a motorbike. I am a cautious, quiet introvert. Even though I've been considering the idea of this trip for nearly a year, once the date was set I spent the past couple of nights tossing and turning; this seems a poor idea. I look at books on my parents' shelves and think, "those would be nice to read!" I watch the midwest's slow turn from summer to fall and think, "I love this time of year!"

But opportunities like this are rare. And it's nowhere near as crazy as, say, moving to China for over a year.

See you on the road.