Riding The Environment

Phillip and Martha built a very unusual balloon for a very unusual purpose.

Powered by helium, it could reach great heights. They could control up and down, nothing else. Hung below the balloon was a small cabin with windows and leather straps on the ceiling and walls. Today Philip and Martha stepped into the cabin, closed the door, released the cables holding the balloon, and they swiftly rose. It was a great day for ballooning. The sky was completely overcast and a threatening storm close.

They had waited months for this storm–an atmospheric river.

They intended to ride the river.

They lived and ate green. They were one with their environment. Riding an atmospheric river would be their ultimate achievement.

They rose above the clouds as they saw the dark clouds swiftly approach, a large atmospheric river, almost solid water dominating the air a few feet below them. They rode it, holding onto the straps, the sound of the river a freight train underneath them.

The sky above was clear, blue, they saw an almost full moon. Below, the river–full powerful dark clouds, turbulent, moving forward, having lost no power yet over land. Martha lowered the cabin windows and the roar rushed in. Holding onto the straps, they felt wind, heavy with moisture.

They rode the river, hanging on as the cabin swayed. They felt one with their climate, with the world, hanging onto the straps, grinning, riding the river.

They were one with the environment–until the mountain.

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