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This is Area 50 in Los Alamos.



50 as in 50 bucks an hour. That little tick-tick-tick noise that didn't sound exactly right but you could wish it was just a normal engine sound was getting louder. So instead of getting on the road we drove back into Los Alamos and looked for a repair shop. RPM Automotive. RPM stands for Ready Probably Mañana. Trouble was we were supposed to be in Silver City mañana. We walked around town, we went to Starbucks, we shopped. We bought A-Bomb stuff. Suddenly the cell phone rang. It was Larry from RPM. He had found a coke bottle stuck up under the transfer case and it was rubbing on something. Larry is now our second favorite mechanic.

On our way, we stopped in Bernalillo at Coronado Monument to see the only preserved Anasazi kachina painting in existence.



Who in freaking Hades closes on Tuesdays???

Then it rained.

D&S