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Subject: Postcard

The air enveloped us humid and heavy; the day was grim and gray; the mercury hung in the 50's and our spirits wistfully wished for the sun. Then Murray hit a bird and was traumatized for the rest of the day. Murray is our car. He's so sensitive.

The undercarriage carnage. It was a mourning dove.



Mourning doves are all over the place and we have seen many so I couldn't write it into our book as a new bird. We did see a Lark Bunting today and that was new. It's handsome. It's the opposite of a starling. I wrote the bunting into our book and stuck the pen and the book back into the back seat. When I straightened my seat belt I saw my hand. AAAAAHHHHHHH!!!! FLESH EATING BACTERIA! ALIEN AGE SPOTS! HUMAN LICHEN! No, wait - a Kansas ink pen at 10,000 feet. No, it doesn't wash off.



I was traumatized for the rest of the day.

All that aside, it was a lovely drive from Raton to Farmington... in a humid and heavy, grim and gray, the mercury hanging in the 50's, traumatic kind of way.



D&S