

Date: 10/23/2012 8:39:40 PM

Subject: Postcard

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Dawn crept up slowly on our little balcony this morning. We sipped mugs of Dark Mojo and ate raisin bagels while watching the stars dissolve.



When it was light enough to see, it was onto the shuttle to the West Rim trailhead. The first two miles of trail are shared with the Angel's Landing hikers so it was already kind of busy. The trail ascends about 1500 feet and is a maze of switchbacks. When it's not switching it's crawling along rock walls or sneaking through narrow canyons. We switched, crawled and sneaked.



Ah, sun.



Ah, red rocks.



We parted ways with the Angel crowd and headed up the rim trail. But not before once again meeting up with the St. Louis couple (you've probably forgotten already; refer to prior postcard). 3 million visitors a year and there they were. Ah, destiny.

Us.



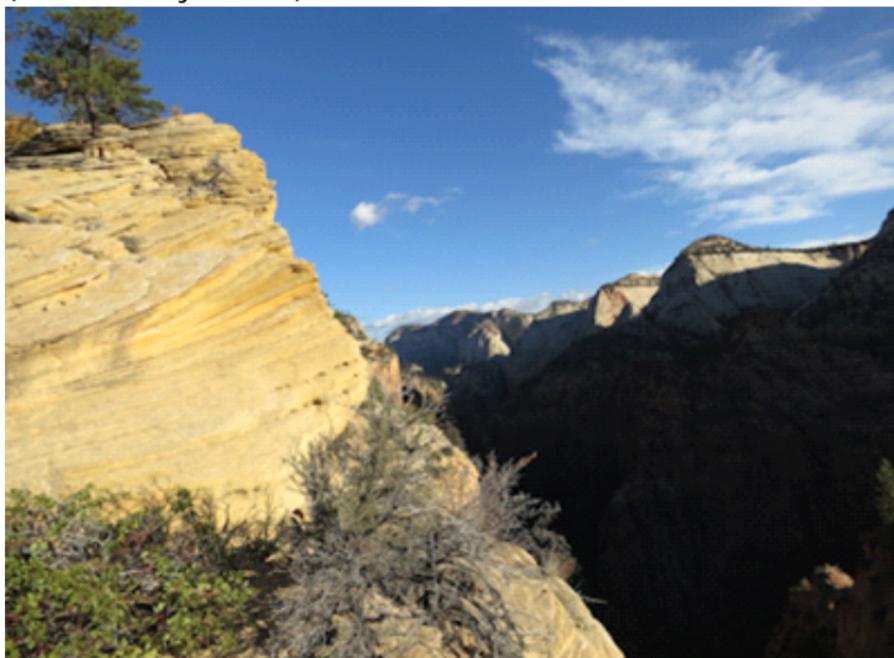
The trail was swarming with chipmunks. Well, swarming is an exaggeration, but they seemed to be everywhere, darting across the trail, scurrying alongside, and generally acting like they expected a handout.



Ah, white rocks. (The geology changed.)



(The blue sky didn't.)



We stopped to refuel. I went up a great, sloping sheet of granite to find scenery while Sheila hauled out the trail mix. On my way back down I saw this guy making friendly with her. When I got closer I could tell by his accent he was Dutch (I didn't spend 20 years working for a Dutch company and not know one when I heard one). I told him to go stick his finger in a dyke. Not really. We had a very nice chat and then he went to Holland. I suppose.



On the way back down we encountered some interesting tracks in the sand. We looked at the four little paw prints. I said to Sheila "You're part Cherokee, so what are they?" She said she was only a quarter Cherokee and could only identify one of them.

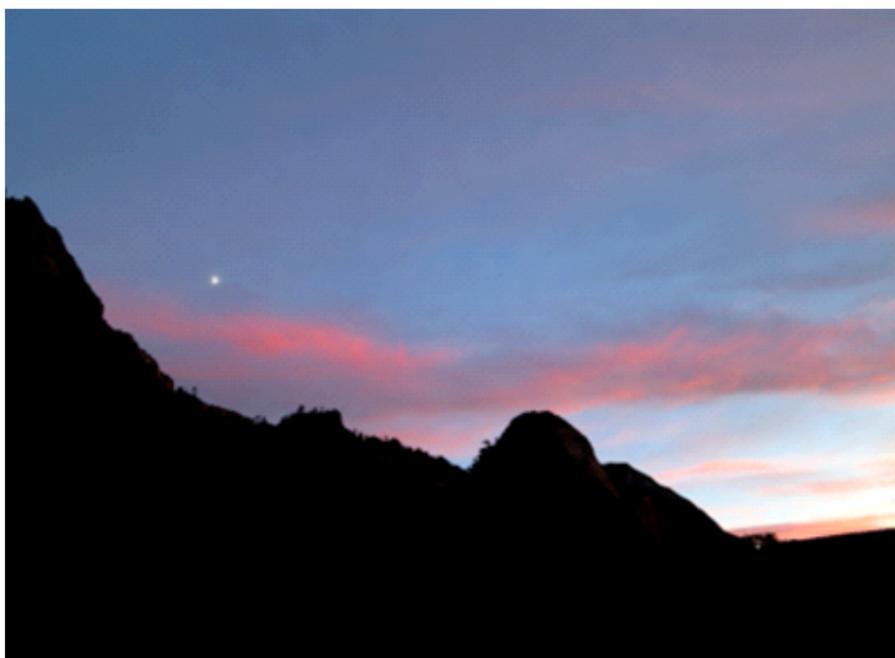


Chipmunk. She says.



Return trail.

Lunch today was from the Zion Lodge Snack Bar: semi-warm, pre-cooked burgers and 500 calorie Otis Spunkmeyer cookies. The cookies were drier than trail sand and we pitched them into the ecologically correct waste container in our room.



Parting shot.

D&S