

Date: 6/24/2015 9:19:54 PM

Subject: Postcard

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*When you come to a fork in the road, take it.*

– Yogi Berra



And we did. To the left Long's Peak, a fourteener. To the right Estes Cone, an eleventeen. We turned right.

Estes Cone is a half-mile-high pile of rocks that you get to climb after a 3 mile walk from the Longs Peak Trailhead.



The walk is rooty.



The walk is rocky.



The walk is sporadically scenic.



But that last ½ mile is rooty *and* rocky *and* steep.





As we started up this last leg we met a guy on his way down. He was smirking. "It's not far but it's all up" he said. "One step at a time" he said. He was still smirking.

That last ½ mile must have taken us an hour.



For a while we were alone at the top.



Then the hordes began arriving.

Trail mix.

Descend.

The descent required as much concentration as the going up, but it sure didn't take as much energy. Rocks and roots and cairns and gangs of girls' camp hikers and we were at the bottom.

This goes into our interesting cairn collection.



A guy with a young daughter passed us further on. He said "There is a moose in the meadow up ahead". "It's huge", she said. OK. Cameras ready.



Moose in meadow.

The moose is really hard to see.

Alright, there is no moose.

Actually the only wildlife we saw were mosquitoes. Headed back to our room for lunch and Celebrex.

D&S