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Subject: Postcard

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Fleeing Albuquerque, we were escorted to the city limits by a squadron of hot air balloons. They were apparently a week late to the Albuquerque Balloon Fiesta, and chasing us was maybe some consolation. But they did get us onto I-40 west.



Lord we hate the interstate. George Carlin said: "Have you ever noticed that anybody driving slower than you is an idiot, and anyone going faster than you is a maniac?" Maybe. But the real torture is the other guy who is going your exact speed. You are, like, joined at the bumper. Or fender. And passing become a tedious cruise control battle. I always lose. Because I eventually floor it until I can't see the guy in my mirror anymore.

We experienced near death when a truck started to drift into our lane while we were passing it. Hit the brakes. Hit the horn. He got back in his lane without taking his eyes off the smart phone. Lord we hate the interstate.

But got to our rental in Sedona.

View:



Doggone, started rain.



If it stops raining we'll do something tomorrow.

D&S

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