

Date: 10/22/2015 9:27:26 PM

Subject: Postcard

This morning our downspouts dripped, but the air was clear. Horizontal sunlight sneaked in under the overcast and woke up the rocks, while four hot air balloons rode westerly winds toward us then abruptly turned back and drifted out of sight. We had a fresh pot of Pike Place to wake us up. No sneaking necessary.



We were privileged to have a 9:30 appointment to visit Palatki ruins. It's in a little box canyon at the end of a long red-dirt road with access carefully controlled by the U.S. Government. Educational aside: the Sinagua people grew squash and corn and beans here.



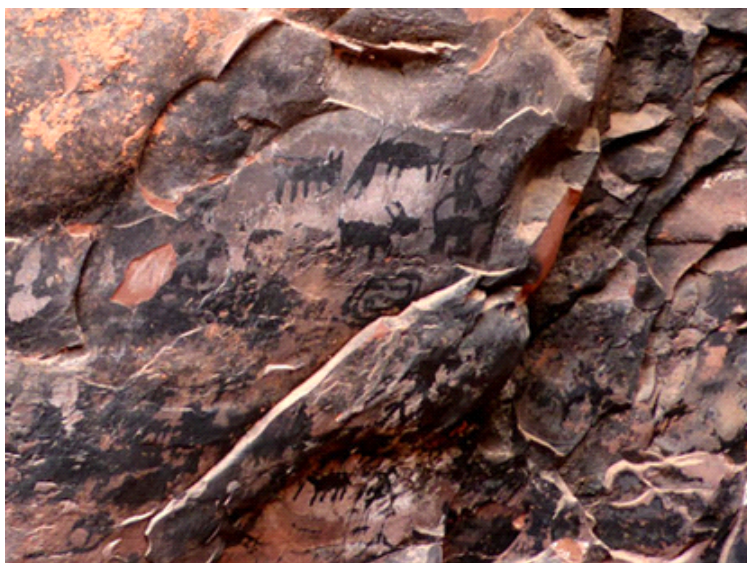
Our guide to the ruins was Jim, who gave us the history of the cliff dwellings. Perhaps it was a firsthand account.



Jim was way more interesting than the ruins themselves, which were small and crowded with old people who took too many snapshots and asked boring questions. We took the appropriate number of snapshots and asked fascinating questions.



We moved on to the pictograph panel. Jim was way more interesting than the rock art, even though it includedv some rare black pictographs. We know why they're black but we're not telling you because your history lesson ended with squash and beans. If you want extra credit you can guess.



And we liked the pictograph panel better than the ruins because by then we had run away from our group.

Had a crappy pizza at Pisa Lisa. That was preceded by an awful lunch at Open Range Grill. That followed a bad dinner last night at Red Rock BBQ and a lousy lunch yesterday at Canyon Breezes. We are on a dining losing streak of Rodney Dangerfield proportions.

Feeling sorry for us yet?

D&S

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