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Subject: Postcard

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We left Olathe in a drab drizzle this morning. But the weather cleared and the tedious Kansas landscape was brightened by thousands of golden butterflies.

We enjoyed watching them.



Presumably so did Bogie.



Then approximately at the Colorado border, there was a bong. The sound, not the glassware. We looked at our phones. Then we looked at the tablet. Then we looked at the dashboard. Oh my, for the first time ever we saw the message: “Low Fuel”! The silly readout called *Range* said we had 51 miles left. A minute later it said 43. Trust me, we weren’t going that fast. Then we looked outside – miles and miles of nothing. “Whadya think?” says Sheila. “First gas!” says Dale.

And first gas it was. The weathered, peeling sign was barely legible but we pulled into Stop & Shop Gas in Holly Colorado. The pumps were so old they didn’t take credit cards. The hose was missing from *Regular*. I tried pumping some *Premium* (the other choice was diesel) and it wouldn’t work. Luckily Sheila remembered that you flip up the hose hook on the old pumps to make them go. I put in \$10 worth.

When I went inside to pay they were playing dueling banjos on an 8-track tape. We hustled to our Hampton.

D&S