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We left the Horrible Hampton in La Junta (don't you love alliteration?) and took our favorite New Mexico route past resting pronghorn, past grazing bison, past nervous prairie dogs. Past showy bluebirds, past cavorting magpies, past hawks on breakfast vigil.

Past quarrelsome ravens who all wanted the same hideous, rotten, dead thing.



Past clouds and mountains that marked our passing with their reflections on the undisturbed surface of Eagle Nest Lake.



And wound up here, near San Antonio, New Mexico, at Fite Ranch.



Fite Ranch is a working cattle operation with quaint rooms to rent. We are in the Evelyn Room. It has hot and cold running water and electrical outlets. And tonight we ate freeze dried food from a pouch topped off with cookies from Walmart. We are soooo the new pioneers.

And tomorrow we may actually have something to share.

D&S

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