

Date: 6/7/2018 8:03:59 PM

Subject: Postcard

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Today we went on a quest to find ourselves.

Ha ha, were you lost?

Yes.

We had a map. We had a GPS. We had a plan. But we discovered that the mapmaker, the GPS updater and guy that pounded in the route number stakes all had their own ideas of road names and route numbers. So we drove back and forth on wilderness roads in Vermillion Cliffs National Monument until we found ourselves [quest fulfilled!] in the parking area at South Coyote Buttes – Cottonwood Cove Trailhead.

But we didn't stop there, we hiked into the crazy rocks around us.



The trail was all sand, decorated with paw prints, claw prints, lizard tracks and a dozen kinds of wildflowers. We were all alone. We imagined the other permit holders were driving back and forth on wilderness roads, ripping up maps and punching GPS screens.

We schlumped along in the sand (schlumping is how you walk in sand going slowly forward and filling your shoes with grit) and reached the main formations. Naturally, some of them have names.

### Witch's Hat



I see it and I get it. Although Hogwarts' Sorting Hat is a perfect fit.

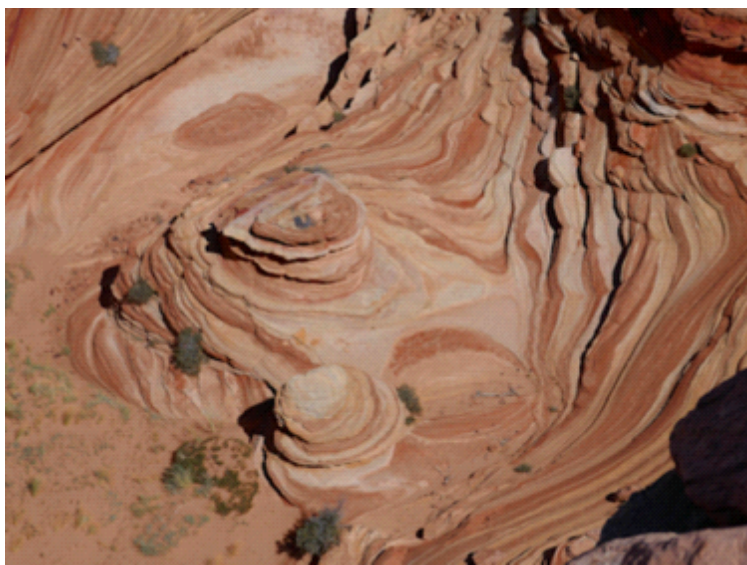
### Control Tower



I see it and I don't get it. Help me out here.

And the best part was what they call *The Southern Wave*, a marbled, rippled, curvy field of red and white stone. One piece of it:





For a moment, Sheila forgot about dyslexic cartographers and their road-naming travesties.



And schlumping. And heat.

There are many more rocks. Go see them.

The trail back was *st///*lined with all kinds of wildflowers.



Sheila said, "Two bee or not two bee." I let her ride back with me anyway.



Almost back to the car, we passed a group of 4 (a guide and 3 customers) coming in. I asked the guide which road she had taken to the trailhead. She said, "1081. But it's marked 1066." Thank you very much.



The End.

D&S

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