

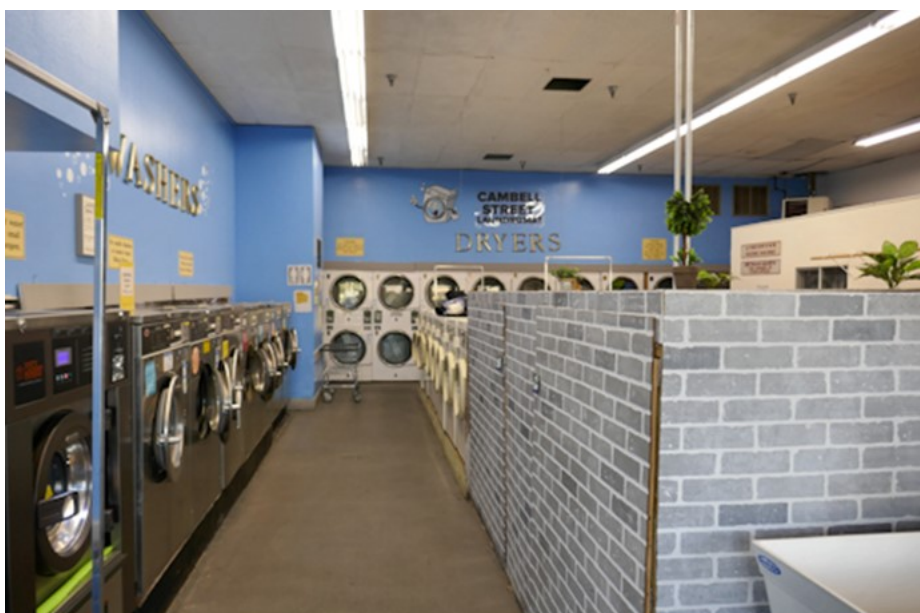
From: sheilad711@swbell.net
Sent: Monday, October 3, 2022 6:43 PM
To: vaca.dieck.2000@swbell.net
Subject: Postcard

Intermittent rain forecast for today.
But that's OK! It's wash day!



Sheila and I have a method for choosing laundromats. We search the local area on the internet and read the reviews: "This place is the best! It's the only laundromat I have ever been to!", "Hate this place! The ATM outside charges \$4 a transaction!", "Machines are new and clean but too expensive!".

Then we pick the closest.



The one we picked wasn't new but it was clean and too expensive. One of the dryers we used was making a scraping noise that was barely

annoying us but freaked out the manager. She said bra fasteners sometimes get stuck in a vent hole – check your bras! She found a nail stuck in a the vent hole and extracted it with needle nose pliers. All lingerie intact. And one exultant manager.

That was enough excitement for most folks but not for us. We folded and packed our clothes and jumped into Nevermore to cruise the Black Hills.



We found ourselves on Iron Mountain Road. It's a driving road. I had never used our shift paddles before except for fooling around with them (these are stupid, who needs these?). Man they are so cool. You can keep both hands on the wheel while you change gears. Excellent.



Blind approaches to one-lane tunnels.



Mexican standoff. We win.



Iron Mountain Road leads to the Wildlife Loop in Custer State Park. We still had our \$20 yellow tag (good for a week) from yesterday so they waved us through to find the critters.



Parts of the park are pure *Dances With Wolves*. If you squint and look carefully you can see Kevin Costner.



Four tatankas.



One big tatanka.



A pack of donkeys lives in a section of the park where they beg food from passing tourists. We don't feed the wildlife but plenty of tourons (mashup of tourist and moron) do, and we had to weave among the cars and "Begging Burros" to continue the cruise.



One pronghorn strutted in front of us for the longest time, wagging his butt. Very snotty. Finally he got bored and scampered away. We made a rude gesture in his direction and drove on.

Wildlife Loop was finished and it had exceeded all expectations. It was after 2:00 and our hunger propelled us into a grimy bar & grill on the main drag in Hill City. Tired of burgers we ordered two seafood rolls (chunks of something in Big Mac sauce on a hotdog bun). Shoulda hadda burger.

But back in the car and back to the hotel.



More tomorrow.

D&S