

Sent:
Subject:

2007-09-10 - 21:16
Postcard



From our room this evening. The storm is firing jagged bolts at Silver City and rumbling ominously. You'd think it was going to rain.

Earlier we were eating calimari fra diavolo and chocolate mousse at Shevek & Mi, our rational alternative to Wendy's. We started with spinach, walnut and cabrales salad and tried the artichoke stuffed ravioli, too.

Then we went to Wal-Mart. I left my deodorant in Santa Fe. Sounds like a song.

Earlier we braved the control freaks and hail through the mountains on our way from Truth or Consequences, New Mexico. Would we make this up? Check your New Mexico maps, down I-25 south of Albuquerque. Of course you true Bob Barker fans knew this.

Control Freak:



Pea-size hail:



The hail hung on in the shadows, hiding from the sun, pretending it wasn't 74 degrees.

There was a brief nature break on our trip (not to be confused with "natural break", which is something Tour de France riders do along the road on a 6 hour ride):





For lunch in Truth or Consequences (still sounds absurd, no?) we ate at White Coyote. We highly recommend it whenever you are in ToC. No meat. Nothing fried. I can tell we've got you now!



And now comes the rain. Tomorrow it will not rain. Tomorrow it will not hail. Tomorrow we go to Gila Cliff Dwellings.

D&S