

**Sent:**

Monday, August 17, 2009 9:25 PM

**Subject:**

Postcard 17

Vacation Scorecard:

Murray 1, meadowlarks 0.

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What we did today before lunch:

Saw this.



Route 385 in SD. Go there.

Saw this.



Route 385 in SD. Go there.

Saw this.



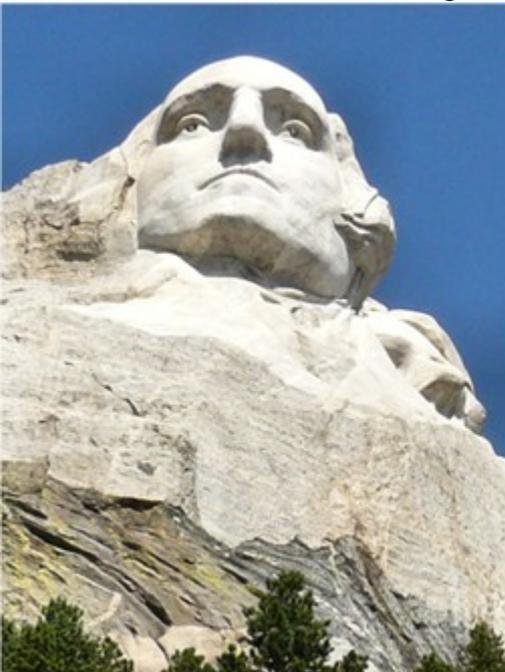
Route 385 in SD. Go there.

Went here.



Mount Rushmore, SD. Go there.

Took a Vinnie Barbarino shot of George.



Mount Rushmore, SD. Go there

Saw this.



Mount Rushmore, SD. Go there.

What we did today after Lunch:

Went here.



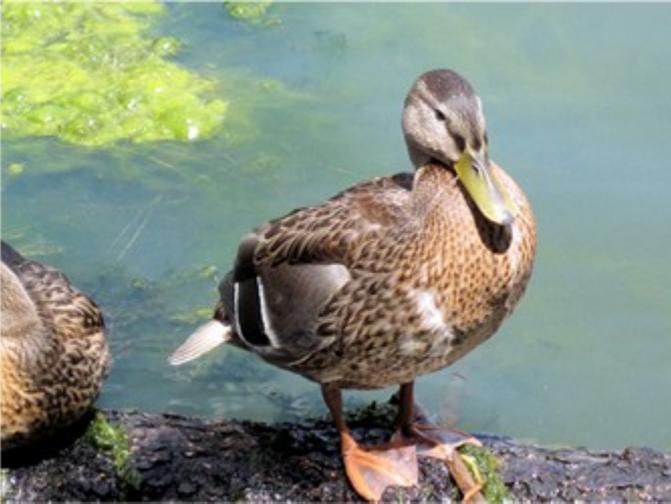
(This is Crazy Horse. But we were the crazy ones. Spent 20 bucks to take this picture. Coulda done that from the road. Never go there.)

Went here.



Horse Thief Lake, SD. Go there.

Saw this.



Horse Thief Lake, SD. Go there.

Which makes me think of chicken. Marinated chicken. Conjure up visions of chicken pieces in a Corningware dish, soaking in olive oil and rosemary. Sounds great. Now forget it. Consider a restaurant that serves marinated chicken. Conjure up visions of chicken pieces on a stainless steel belt moving at high speed while hundreds of needles puncture their surfaces and inject water, salt, sugar and carrageenan. Now *that's* marinated chicken. We *hate* it. But sometimes in spite of our best efforts we are served it instead of real chicken. AAAGGGGHHHHH! Golden Spike Restaurant. Hill City, SD. Never go there.

This actually happened to us. But we are better now. We went somewhere else and had a giant brownie topped with ice cream, chocolate sauce and caramel drizzles.

D&S