

**Sent:**  
**Subject:**

Wednesday, September 15, 2010 9:38 PM  
Postcard

From our hotel we walked through Old Sedona to visit the shops. Gosh they have everything – t-shirts, kachinas, crystal pyramids, Fettuccini Alfredo. But along the way there are also these tour and activity outfits selling stuff like jeep rides and vortex expeditions.

As you pass, their “snagger” will say hi and ask you how you’re doing. Being rubes from the Midwest we would actually answer the friendly man: “We’re fine”!

The guy then says, “So where’re you from”?

Now he has you slowing down... “From Kansas”, we’d say.

He continues with “Where are you staying”? And “For how long”? Then “What will you be doing while you’re here”?

Now you’re at a dead stop. You’ve been snagged! The first time, I was hooked, reeled in and flopping on the rocks before I knew what was happening. For the next couple of snags we simply kept moving, although I found myself turned around walking backwards trying to fend off the snag questions.

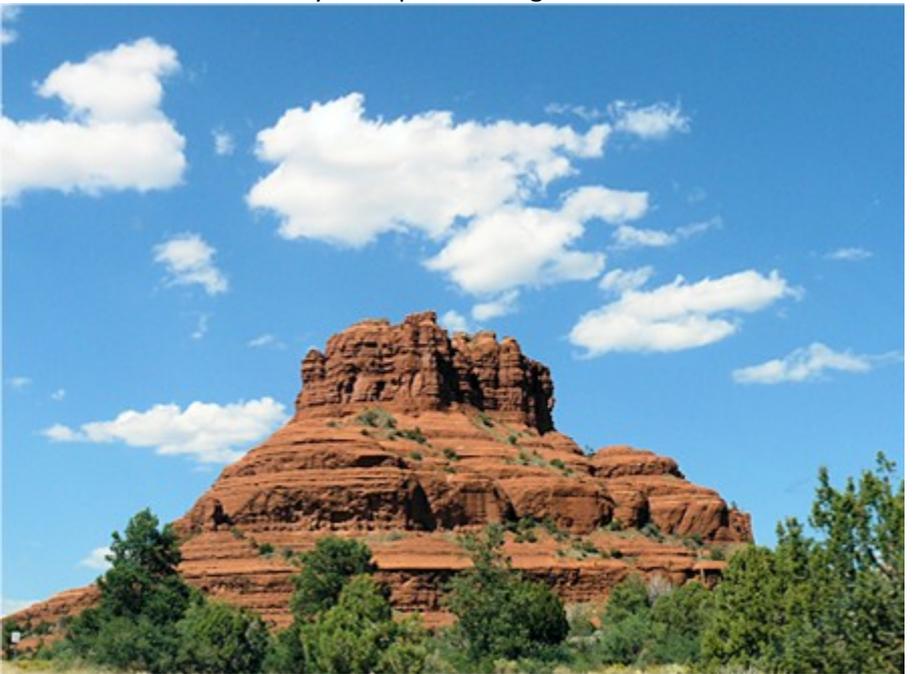
At last a successful strategy emerged. At hello we just said “Hi” and smiled. At “Where are you from?” I would say “NO ENGLISH”! This was followed by a beautiful silence.



Other than that, we both enjoyed shopping.



Much of the rest of the day was spent among the rocks.



Most of them, like Bell Rock, are red and astonishingly impressive.



Courthouse Butte.



Crosby, Stills and Nash.



Big Rock Candy Mountains.



Alien Birth Pod.



Triceratops.

We might have made up some of the names. We wouldn't buy the name book.

D&S