

**Sent:**

Tuesday, September 21, 2010 9:18 PM

**Subject:**

Postcard

Murray faked right and zipped left – shot into the gas station – chasing a hot air balloon on our way to Mesa Verde – and we lost it under the pump shelter. We saw it go over the highway. Murray did a shake-n-bake and left the Conoco. We juked into a neighborhood on the other side of US 160 and caught a shot of it just before it dropped behind some houses. Yeah! Got it!



Murray did an end zone dance and flew back out onto the highway! Everyone was celebrating! The air filled with flashing blue lights!

Oops.

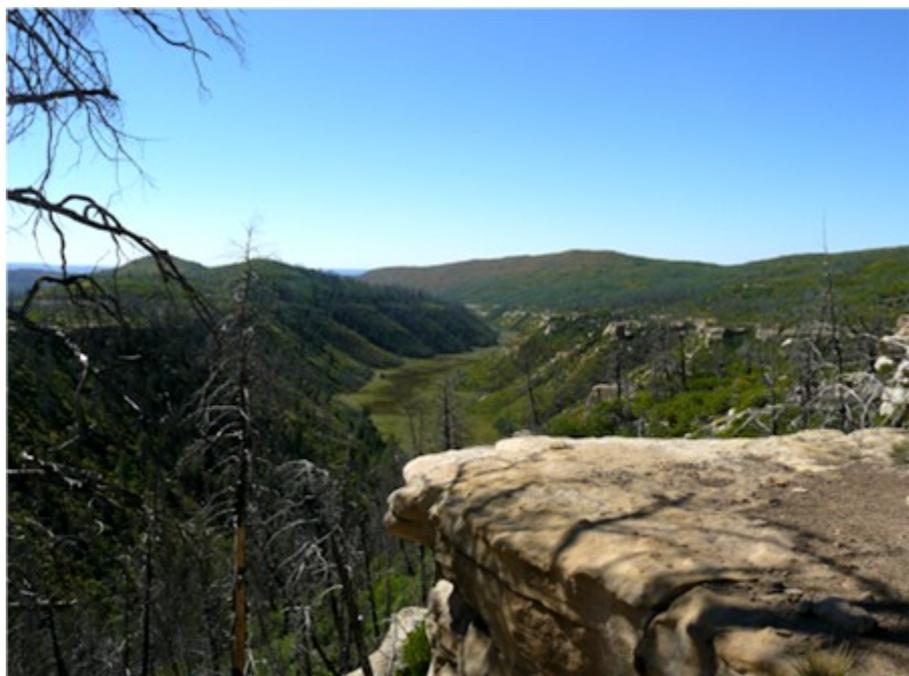
Well, not everyone was celebrating. “Yep”, says the Mancos officer, “Got you going 58 in a 40 zone”. I’m looking at the 55 mph sign. It’s like 50 yards up the road. Then I’m looking at the 40 mph sign which is like right next to Murray. “Yep”, I says, “you got me”. License, registration, insurance cards change hands. The policeman, who looks like Uncle Fester without makeup, smiles and says: “My first one of the day is always just a warning. You folks have a great day”.

Murray! Murray! Murray!

Things pretty much stayed good. We hiked up Prater Ridge and did the South Loop trail. If you ignored the traffic noise for the first half of the trail it was a rewarding adventure. The 2000 Mesa Verde fire had killed the big stuff, but the little stuff and the critters have made a nice comeback.









Other good stuff happened too but – maybe tomorrow. And maybe not.  
We don't tell you the half of it!

D&S