

**Sent:**

Wednesday, August 31, 2011 10:26 PM

**Subject:**

Postcard 2011-08-31

Greetings from you-know-where-by-now.

Across the street from the trailhead to Bear Mountain is the trailhead to Doe Mountain. This hike is short enough that, if you start early, you can get off the mountain before you fry. We have decided that frying is for calamari. Here's a picture on the way up.



In the parking lot a happy couple that pulled in just after us were getting ready for their hike. Well, he was getting ready. He put on hiking boots and a pack. She wore skin tight capris and a face that said *I can't believe I'm doing this*.

Up they went.

Up we went.



When we got to the top, a wide mesa, we were illuminated by a rising sun.



We crossed the mesa. Ahead of us, to the east, our friend the sun was a bright orb in a hazy, murky background.



Beyond the cairn to its right you can see Chimney Rock. No, not the one we visited last week – it was in Colorado. No, not the one we climbed in May – it was in New Mexico. This is the Sedona Chimney Rock. Duh.



All who wander are not lost. But of course some are. We weren't. We just followed the rim of the mesa and it brought us back to the trail.

Mesa stuff:





We met one wanderer in a pink shirt asking where the trail around the mesa was. We said to follow the rim. We were not sure he understood "rim". He had multiple stab wounds in the side of his knee. He tried to be helpful and told us to watch out for the cactus.



This is the top of the trail down, which so many seek.

While we descended, the sun was heating things up again. At the bottom we noticed with puzzlement that the happy couple's SUV was still there, even though they had been ahead of us on the hike. One possibility is that she killed him and then died of thirst and exposure herself.

We finished off our day with vegetable ravioli, Caesar salad and a 3-layer dessert of buttercream, ganache and hazelnut crust.

D&S