

Sent: Tuesday, June 7, 2011 8:00 PM
Subject: Postcard

In places like this, the locals and more experienced park visitors look with disdain on the dolts and dweebs who stop in the middle of the road to gape, pull halfway onto the shoulder to take pictures, or straddle the middle line totally distracted. Yep, we really pissed 'em off this morning but it was worth it.



We were going to do a little hiking (maybe an hour) and a little picture taking. But we started walking and before you knew it we were on top of Deer Mountain. On the way up it was blessedly quiet – we met one other guy on the trail and he was pleasantly reserved.





Parts of the trail were soggy and snow covered but Sheila knew how to get around them without getting our shoes wet.





As the morning developed, we started to heat up from sunshine and exertion, so we began the hiker's strip. First went our Dragonfly jackets. They are only a couple of ounces of fabric and they squeeze down into lumps the size of a baseball, and squish even further in your pack. A little later the arm sleeves (effectively turning a long-sleeved shirt into a short sleeve) came off. We invented the arm sleeve. And luckily someone else invented it earlier so we could just go buy them. Lastly, the bottoms of the pant legs zipped off. We stop there.

Just before the top, they banned horses, so effectively the summit became a poop-free zone. This was a nice touch because there were fewer obstacles in the trail and the pine smell was uncontested.



We met a family of four from Omaha at the summit and we took each other's pictures. His camera must have weighed 40 pounds. Ah, youth. Ah, good spinal disks.



No, they didn't take this one.



On the way down we met 72 hikers and 4 equestrians. No exaggeration, that's by actual body count. And while it was less peaceful, the views remained acceptable.



D&S