

Date: 9/11/2012 8:06:20 PM

Subject: Postcard

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Today's mission: Hike up Lumpy Ridge. Find Balanced Rock.



The morning was sunny and cool. The trail was steep and we found lots of excuses to stop for pictures.





This is a hole in a rock. It was also a good excuse to stop for a picture.

This is the enchanting Gem Lake. It is a reason for a picture with no excuse needed.



This is Sheila posing in the privy (right, it's a pit toilet, but the sign says Privy) that's in close proximity, downslope thank you, to the lake. This pit toilet is a mile and a half from the trailhead, up a trail that's not only steep but occasionally a foot wide. You are asking: how in the heck is that thing maintained?



We are answering: There is a remote pit toilet concession which services it. They empty the pit and pack out the, um, waste matter on llamas. Llamas??? Yes. You're kidding!!! No. There is no possible way we could invent this.

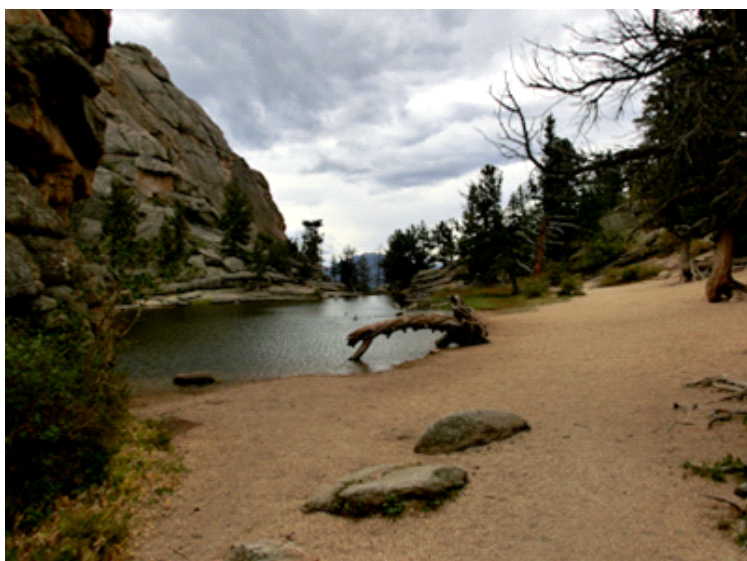


We left the lake to find our rock. This is the last picture with sunshine.

And here it is. Balanced Rock. So some days are about the journey.



Gem Lake on our return leg was not so enchanting. The clouds threatened, a cold wind whistled and groaned over the water and we ate our lunch.



We weren't the only ones who wanted to eat our lunch. A ferocious tribe of chipmunks tried to, but failed – thanks to Sheila's fencing skills with a hiking stick. Thrust and parry, baby. Good job!



We descended as quickly as our tired legs would let us. But we stopped to investigate when we saw this thing lying on a rock next to the trail. We picked it up. We shook it. It jingled softly. We shook it with vigor. It jingled softly. It was a pathetic bear bell stick! It wouldn't scare a teddy bear! Whoever was carrying it apparently came to this same conclusion and had decided to pick it up on the way back.



We so wanted to take it and leave a pot and a pan.

It's raining. We're inside. Homemade veggie pizza tonight.

D&S