

## The Day of Departure

High noon on Monday. Woodzilla, fully loaded, groaned out of the driveway at Camp Allerton and we were on our way, heading south. Full tank of diesel, full tank of fresh water, full fridge and pantry, full cooler of beer and a full bag of Fritos. Life is good. Maps, binoculars, bird books, flower books, roadside geology books and night-time "readie" books. We are well provisioned and ready for two hours of hard driving to get to Paso Robles. Well, it will actually takes us three and a half hours with a nice lunch break at Mission Soledad visiting our

olive tree's 300 sisters and a rest stop near San Miguel to check in with the local Magpies.



True to our habit of timing major road trips with the onset of unseasonable heat waves, we arrived in Paso Robles to temperatures in the mid-nineties. My pocket computer says we can expect the same at every way point on our route until we get to the Grand Canyon on the Colorado Plateau. Just lucky I guess. Being the rugged survivalist camper types that we are we did not hesitate to pulled out that credit card and book motel rooms in Barstow and Kingman.

We had a lovely dinner of marinated, grilled octopus with arugula fennel salad and braised rabbit in saffron tagliatelle prepared by Il Cortile Ristorante.

We can not recommend the Motel 6 in Paso Robles.

From the road ...  
Jane and Susan