

Barstow to Kingman

It was a slow start out of Barstow. Susan dutifully washed Zillie's extensive windshield which had collected a large number of recently deceased insect bodies on the previous day's journey through the Central Valley. True, the number was modest when compared to what a Wyoming highway might offer on a July afternoon, but still substantial.

We packed up and stopped for ice and the fuel that we continue to call "gas" even though we know it is diesel. (Old habits die hard.) Then we are happily on our way headed east on I40. Life is good. We've made a reasonably early start. Susan is driving. I go to put my feet up on my very dependable and multiply useful collapsible stool from the West Marine land yacht store. Hmm. Must be in the back. Hmm. "Susan, where's the little white stool? Did you use it, perhaps, to wash the windshield?" Back to Barstow! There are some towns in this world that just don't want to let you go. Lordsburg NM is perhaps one of the worst. Tires go flat for no reproducible reason. The fuel gauge reads empty even though you just filled up in Las Cruces. These are towns whose streets make no sense and in Barstow's case where every interstate access you want is under construction. An hour later we have retrieved the stool from the motel parking lot and again are happily heading east on I40.

We each spent the time traveling through the vast track of the Mojave Desert quietly contemplating the existential loneliness, transience and futility of the



human condition. And then we stopped for lunch. We threaded our way through Needles and crossed into Arizona.



At the first rest stop we find the Ocotillo and Creosote Bush in bloom as well as our old friend Orange Globe Mallow.



Spent a very restful night in the Kingman AZ Wayfarer Best Western.

From the road,
Jane and Susan