

Day Two - Meet Woodzilla



We are at the rendezvous point (the Novato Post Office) at 8:30 AM as directed. No one is around but Woodzilla, standing patiently, still wet from a morning bath. We approach cautiously, circle and sniff. No bark. No bite. The doors are unlocked. We figure we are either in the right place or about to commit grand theft auto. We step inside ...

Soon our host Sande shows up and the show is on. After an hour and a half rigorous introduction to the workings and needs of Woodzilla's plethora of systems Sande takes us on a brief drive around the block. "See how easy it is to knock the air conditioner off with a low branch?" ... "See how easy it is to put a tire over the edge of the pavement and rip out the propane and waste water systems on Woodzilla's undercarriage?" We hand over the security deposit in a large paper bag of small, unmarked bills. Sande says "I gotta plane to catch!", tosses us the keys. "Good luck with that" she says and drives off. We spend the next half hour taking turns breathing into our remaining paper bag while we figure out how to open the door.

We are finally able to operate all the doors and with our gear stuffed haphazardly into places we will never be able to remember, we launch.



Being prudent and considered humans, we pick the narrow, windy road with the most overhanging trees and the steep fall-offs with no shoulder as our route to Point Reyes Station where we intend to pick up some provisions. We each, in turn, take the wheel with confidence. We each, in turn, come to understand we are not as good at coloring inside the lines as we had thought.

We stop for a picnic lunch by Stanford Lake. How lucky for us that no one else is there! It is only about half way through lunch that we determined that it is not that the on-board plumbing has failed but that there is a cattle feed lot across the road. The lake has a lovely assortment of water fowl so we mark the occasion as a win.



We get to Point Reyes Station and then on to Samuel P. Taylor State Park where we land for the night with the rig still intact and our nerves only slightly frayed. By that time we have come to understand why one wants to check that all the cabinets are latched each time one makes the transition from "camp" mode to "drive" mode. We manage to cook quite a nice dinner (only setting off the smoke alarm once or twice) and retire early, after a celebratory orange Milano, to the sound of the refrigerator compressor.

From the road ...
Jane and Susan