

Day Five - All Calm On The Woodzilla Front

Today we take the day of rest day we thought we would be able to have yesterday. It is a beautiful morning on Bodega Bay. It is an extreme low tide. There are Buffleheads, Hooded Grebes, Ruddy Ducks and Brants (small geese) in lovely flotillas. People are clamming the exposed mud flats. By late morning the campground is clearing out because it is Sunday and the weekend crowd is in full retreat. Flocks of Varied Thrushes continue to work the campground understory.



We go out to Bodega Head. There are no whales passing by just this afternoon but there is a raft of Horned or Eared Grebes putting on a wonderful display of synchronized diving. We hear from one of the "en-vested" whale observers that there is a mother and calf rounding Point Reyes.

Anxiety sweat does not wear well. I feel that over the last few days I have acquired the personal aromatic aura of someone's pet fox to borrow a charming homey phrase from Susan. Today is the day to test the on board shower. Woodzilla's bathroom is a wonder of compact functional design. Stepping inside it and closing the door makes one appreciate the spaciousness of the average commercial airline lavatory. Accomplishing

a shower requires forethought as to logistics and some mild degree of contortions. The water is hot and I manage to get most of it on me. I consider my attempt successful. I emerge clean, refreshed and smelling slightly of Clorox.

The harsh memories of the previous day are fading and we are ready to return to our usual culinary standards as dinner time rolls around. I would like to note here that we consider cooking on the road, whether in camp sites or other people's often ill or oddly equipped kitchens, to be something of a sport. It is kind of the opposite of the reality TV cooking competitions where they put three chefs in a well equipped kitchen and see what they can make out of the surprise ingredients of Lays potato chips, Duck liver pate, mangos and lime jello.

The presence of two first aid kits, several boxes of band aids and an instant-read thermometer had suggested to us early on in our introduction to Woodzilla that we are not dealing with the usual caliber of rental kitchen. A glimpse of the knife drawer confirms this. Note to self, always do vacation rentals from retired world class professional chefs.



We prepare glazed pork country ribs with rice pilaf and cabbage slaw and retire early.

Today was an easier day.

From the road ...
Jane and Susan