

PACKERS' WIFE

Stream of (un)Consciousness

Oh, boy! A real live Lizard trip. The tenth anniversary no less! Pretty excited! They'll all be here at Lizard Central in two hours. Now, do I really, really want to go? Hmmph, a little anxiety. Visions of being left to die along the side of the trail and hearing, "...tougher when you're stupid." Oh well it's too late now. "Bye, see you next week." "Good luck...what an idiot!" Slithering up the road. A whole van full of rowdy Lizards. Finally at the trailhead. "Let's just sleep on Mr. Ranger's porch. I'm sure he won't mind. Ha ha ha. Yip yip yip! We were here first!" Revenge of the Tommy burgers. Sending Chauffeur Dale back down the mountainside. Up we go. What am I doing here? I hate switchbacks! And why in the world did I eat a chocolate Kudo on the way? "I knew she'd slow us down." What idiots! I wouldn't wait for them if the situation were different. Whatever happened to "Lizards leave their dead"? But I'm not dead yet! Up and over Franklin Pass. Yip! The previous vision vanishes. Fifteen minutes of arguing over fifteen feet of available campsite. Here. There. Then here again. Guess it must be a ritual or something. Game one of the Great Frisbee Golf Tourney. Lizards: 0 - Frisbees 20. Day one of Curry with rice. Sleeping under the watchful eye of the Great and Mighty Babinx. Awakened by requests for servicing from assorted sleeping bags. A creative Lizard discovers "Hot Babinxes." The Babinxes are much more fulfilling. Down the valley we go. Destination: Kern River Hot Springs! YIP! So, are we ever going to get there? "Just around the next bend. I'm positive." Geeze, I should have gone swimming back there after all. And by the way, where's lunch? Hope the "A Team" got us a camp spot. Hey a bridge! I know, "Just around the bend." Well what do you know?! Play time! Social hour around the hot tub. Gin and nothing anyone? 'Lounger' Lizards. Doesn't get any better than this. Cajun Fettuccini Alfredo around the campfire. Nope, this isn't better. "Time for the cleansing. And don't forget the sponges." A new Lizard tradition? So what's better than spending three nights in a tent with four Lizards? Squeezing four Lizards into a hot tub in the Sierra during a full moon - Definitely!! Morning already? The only way to start the day ... Hot Babinxes all around! Nuptials at high noon - Be there. Industrious and very creative Lizards. Nobody's going to believe this. My most treasured piece of "jewelry" - the Styrofoam necklace. Nowhere else on earth like this! The beginning of the reception that wouldn't end. Tequila toasts, hugs, kisses, and magic cookies. On second thought, it doesn't get any better than this. And don't forget the waterslides please. Don't hurt yourself, "DEAR." The only humanoids in the Sierra who miss the eclipse. Eight miles to Junction Meadow? Piece of cake! The soaking of the knees, feet and, for some, heads in the river. Time for rum and limes. Hold the blood please. The official wrapper of knees, thumbs, and other assorted booboos. Chicken soup and Holy dumplings; ribstickin' good. "Set the alarm for 11:30." "No, 11:00." "No.....". Up the monochromatic mountainside we go! Brrrrrrr!! Steaming shirts, burnt leg hair, and frozen bones. Lizards only cry a little if they can't get warm. "We'll sleep in until 10:00 or so." Yeah, sure. "Service!" See. Lizards scattered along the trail. The walkie-talkies work within .7 miles; unless you speak Spanish. Heidi cruises through camp. Speechless and very funny Lizards. Ultimate Frisbee golf. And guess what? Marmots swim. Yet another dish with curry. Lizards sleep better with rocks under their bags. Psyching up for the "stiff, steep, slogging" ascent to Whitney. Heidi is out of the gate at first light with a couple of anxious Lizards close behind. Trail Crest. Off come the packs! Up go the Lizards. This is really only two miles? Look buddy, can't you read? It says "I am not Rick." 14,494!! Yips! Oh yeah, we have 110 switchbacks to go down. The "A Team" fills the trail with Lizard Lore. "Hey, you guys are Lizards!" Awe inspiring, yes? No autographs please. Stepping over fallen hikers in Trail Camp. Yip, yip, yip! finally here. Good job "A Team"! You got us the best campsite! A freezing waterfall to cleanse out malodorous bodies. And quite a show for the rest of the campers. No DEAR, you can't MAKE me eat another bite of rice, chicken, and/or curry!!! A humbling and uplifting sunrise service and down the mountain we go again. I don't particularly want to stay here, but do we have to go just yet? The race is on! Real food! Too bad I

can't even eat half of it! The Lizard Express II ahead of schedule. Champagne for everyone. Debriefing time. Into the van and down we go back to the nightmare of the city. And I was fretful about coming. What an idiot!