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eightwednesday ([eightwednesday](#)) wrote,
@ [2005-08-14](#) 23:52:00



Sunscreen Now, or Solarcaine Later

Today dad and I drove out to the Salton Sea in south-central California. It is a place that appeals to me on piles of levels and it's sort of an 'in' thing with my dad and I. We got up and ready a little later than we did last time we went out to the sea (Easter Weekend, 2004) but I wore the exact same outfit. It was almost coincidence. Because I've been traveling and I haven't been around laundry facilities I had very little clean clothing left this morning, two shirts and two skirts to be exact. Of my options, the purple shirt and blue skirt I wore last time were the best--I mean you have to consider that we were headed to a place where the high would be 105 and our car has no air conditioning.

The route we took was the reverse of last time. This time we started by heading south to Escondido on I-5 and then turned onto SR-78. We stopped at a half-assed gas station around this point because I had to pee. It was probably one of the worst gas stations I've ever seen. I had to hover over the toilet because it had no seat and I figured that if there were any toilet in the state I'd get syphilis from, it'd be this one.

Though it was unusually cool and cloudy along the coast and even a little inland but as we headed east on the 78 the clouds vanished and cool was replaced by the hot, hot sun. The 78 is still filled with hairpins, but rather than turn white and kill my nerves I knew better. My dad is the best driver I know and this time I knew exactly where the turns were and how bad they really were. On the drive out to the 86 (the road to Salton City) we listened to all sorts of music and talked about all sorts of things--which I really missed doing, and even though we talked a lot on the phone when I was in BC it's different when you see the person, but I'm just really big on eye contact.

When we hit the 86 we discovered a hole in the Department of Homeland Security's Mexican border patrol. The 78 reaches the 86 about 10 feet north of a border patrol inspection checkpoint. The hole is that if they can cross the border by car they can turn off the I-5 before the inspection point on the 5 onto the 78 and then go north on the 78 without any problem. Okay, it seems like a long shot and to get that you'd probably need a map but when I think about how important national security is in these times, it seems kind of haphazard.

12 miles up SR-86 we reached Salton City and it was incredibly spread out. It was painfully obvious that the savings of many people went to trying to

make something of the community, but it never happened. Dad and I got out of the car on the beach here--there was a lot of dead tilapia (a type of fish) on the shore. It was actually quite disturbing to see so many dead fish. There were also a lot of pelicans, which neither dad nor I had ever seen in the wild before. We took some pictures, I'll hopefully post some soon. After the pictures we stopped at a very Mexican service station. Dad and I were stared at for being white, but we bought sodas and frozen goodies and carried on.

We pulled off about 5 miles up 86 into Desert Shores. It seemed like a growing community next to Salton City. It was strange. It was just as old and run down... but more compact, so I suppose it looked like it was in better shape. Regardless, both Desert Shores and Salton City are in far better shape than their ghost town neighbors across the sea, Bombay Beach and Mecca Beach.

From Desert Shores the drive was nice, though 86 took an abrupt turn that was not marked until it was too damn late for us to change lanes and follow it. We ended up on 86S. We're not sure what the S stands for, dad thinks it means secondary--though we both noticed it was a far better road than 86 had been, even if 86S seemed to take us a tiny bit out of our way. Conveniently, it also was a direct on-ramp to I-10/Sonny Bono Memorial Highway near Coachella.

We found the the temperature gauge on the car was unusually high as we were passing through the windmill farms along I-10. Though we weren't very hungry, we decided we'd stop some place for eats to let the car cool down and add some coolant, as we suspected that the car lost some at the stop for sodas in Salton City. We ended up at this place called the Wheel Inn Restaurant in Cabazon.

While we were eating the temperature outside must've dropped from about 100 to somewhere in the mid-80s and there was a serious breeze. As a result, we walked over to these dinosaur statues behind the restaurant. Dad took a few pictures of me in the mouth of one of the dinosaurs. It was begging for me to pretend to get eaten. Seriously.

When we were done with the dinosaurs we headed back home, but somewhere along I-10 dad mentioned something about going to Fry's to get me an MP3 CD player because I'd probably really enjoy having one and my old CD player is about 10 years old and lacks a lot of the bells and whistles which are standard now (most notable, my old CD walkman skips). We went to the Fry's in Anaheim, which is definitely an old haunt of mine. It was awesome to go to Fry's and it was even more awesome to get a new walkman. I'm in love with it. I'm even listening to an MP3 CD on it right now!

As we headed back to Costa Mesa from Anaheim on the 55 freeway the clouds were already rolling in and the temperature was dropping fast. We rolled up the windows and kept on towards home, after all, we had a date with the laundromat! It was also strange to be at the laundromat because I'm so used to using my SmartCity card at SFU and using generally deserted laundry facilities--not a loud and busy Mexican laundry! But I got my clothes clean, and that's all that count.

But the icing on the cake? A friend I haven't seen since January of 2002 from about 14 miles away in Villa Park called me just as dad and I got home from laundry and asked if we could do lunch tomorrow. I was grinning. I was happy about it. It's been such a long time, it'll be really awesome to see him again--we've both probably changed a lot. Then about two hours later when I was in the shower mini-Monica, an old classmate from SFU, called me and asked if we could hang out on Tuesday! I'm SO excited! And mini-Monica's got another of our ex-classmates with her, Fox, and I think he's just adorable so we'll have a great time.

Today, or I guess it was now yesterday, was awesome. Today will be awesome, and so will Tuesday. Right now, I feel quite lucky, even though my right knee has been causing me intense grief ever since dad and I got back from the Salton Sea. Oh well, the good is still outweighing the bad :)

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