

# GNABRT Day 10 – What happens in Vegas doesn't stay long



Continuing from last night's abbreviated blog, the screaming headache devolved into a pounding headache, but the Great North American Baseball Road Trip will brook no whining, so I was off at pre-dawn as usual.

The trip was eventful only in the sense of the headache and the dwindling gas in my tank due to mistaking the residents between Phoenix and Las Vegas as rational.

I passed town after distant town and saw no gas stations. I saw cars. I saw trucks. I saw things that surely needed gas. What do these people do? Do they each drive dozens of miles to another city to get gas? Do they form road trips with tanks to fill up everyone in town (shades of Walking Dead)?

Finally, with my orange light and my brighter-than-me computer telling me to get gas, I found a gas station at Wikieup (I have no idea how it's pronounced). Hoo boy does gas skyrocket as you leave Phoenix (and I thought Phoenix was expensive)!

The stop in Vegas was totally out of context for the GNABRT. It was solely motivated by the chance to visit my best friend and her family. I had been anxious about the visit due to being unable to make contact in the past few months.

While I did get to visit with her husband and youngest son, in one of those unlikely coincidences that should only occur in movies, she had taken her Mom with her to visit her daughter in Miami! If I had only known...

The hotel I'm staying at is disturbingly luxurious. I am

sorry that I am only here for a day (I expect tomorrow's cut-rate Los Angeles location to be quite a change).

**The City:** Similar to Artesia, Las Vegas once had artesian wells beneath its land (hard to imagine these days, eh?). In fact, that's how the city was named, as a Mexican scout, part of an explorer group, noticed the fertile lands in the middle of the desert and called it "The Meadows" (technically, fertile lowland, but the other sounds more romantic).

In 1855, a Mormon fort was constructed that currently still stands as the oldest building in the state of Nevada. 45 years later, the population was 22. I think they have that many on staff in the lobby of the hotel I'm at.

The city was founded in 1905, incorporated in 1911 and began legalized gambling in 1931. You know the rest.

**The game:** No professional sports teams in Las Vegas. Yet.

### **Miscellany of Day 10:**

– I figured out why I'm getting so freaked out by the twisty turns on these highways. I'm being seduced by the vistas beyond the turns so my vision sees the drop-offs and ranges past the curves. That's not a good thing for a man with my imagination. Focusing on the road itself helped cure that roller coaster-like vertigo.

– Clearly, the people of Arizona are much faster in the west. Today, everyone was passing me, despite doing my usual speed limit. Fascinating the change in demeanor.

– The awful (and extended) headache caused some nervous moments on the drive. It got to that point where you just want to close your eyes for a few seconds to relieve the pressure. It's akin to when you're very tired, but it's not that you're sleepy, just your eyes hurt. I got a little wavy at times, but fortunately those curvy death roads kept me

focused.

– I can't decide if the headache was cold and wet induced from the game last night or simply pressure and elevation changes on my traditionally sensitive sinuses. Whatever the cause, I'm feeling much recovered now (as the length of this blog must suggest).

– After many days of mediocre food, I think I will go down to the hotel restaurant and have a good meal. Surprisingly, one of the places has reasonable prices (the other offers a \$10 discount on a \$40 purchase, so I suspect that might have some large numbers on the menu).

Since the trip to L.A. is not long (4 hours or so, begging traffic), I think I'll just hang out in this luxury until close to check out (since I can't check in at L.A. until 3 pm, anyway).