

GNABRT Day 8 – By the time I get to Phoenix



Today was a travel day. Just getting from point A (Artesia) to point P (Phoenix).

Apparently, my sleep catch-up plan was successful, as Day 8 of the Great North American Baseball Road Trip was accomplished without weariness

or weaving. Well, some weaving, as you'll read later.

With the day only being driving, there's not much more to say other than I had some awkward stops dealing with something that didn't agree with me over the last couple of days. I'm better now; just in time for a stadium dog (let's hope those aren't the cause, since I have 27 more to go).

The city: Phoenix, Arizona is another of the formerly underwater areas that was revealed as the waters receded. The state was a site of many volcanic distortions and it's why there is such a varied and interesting terrain throughout Arizona.

Named by native Indians as the Hohokam (the people who have gone), an ancient civilized community settled in the original area of Phoenix until the 1400's A.D. There is mystery why they vanished, but they left a well-irrigated and fertile land.

Current theory is that the town's name was changed to Phoenix to symbolize the rising from the ashes of the Hohokam civilization. It became official in 1868 and two years later was a town of one mile by one-half mile and 250 people, or roughly enough for two baseball teams, hot dog vendors and

some fans.

The game: That's tomorrow.

Miscellany of Day 8:

– The day started eerily as a buzzard on the road was eyeing me with interest. I knew whatever was bothering my tummy might be affecting my pallor, but that seemed a bit extreme. I'm glad I had my windows up by then.

– And they were up because of some freaky stuff. I started out on a pleasant low-70's morning in Artesia and made my way west with the windows open. This changed to just the sunroof as the temperatures began dropping. Even as the sun came up. Finally, I closed the sunroof and even opened the vent (hot engine air) as the temps went from low-70's to mid-40's. No more discussion of why I love Florida.

– After yesterday's scare of seeing a truck almost run down a bunny, I had my own experience...several times. Bunnies, rodent-like creatures and birds, all required me to weave on the road to avoid them. The GNABRT motto is Live (through it) and Let Live.

– And I thought the ride to Carlsbad Caverns was scary? Who needs the PCH when I have that run out of New Mexico with hairpin turns on a steep grade downhill? Sheesh. There ought to be a training course for flatlanders like me. It's so much worse that the vistas surrounding the area are spectacular, tempting one to look around while you're supposed to be navigating the turns.

– Based on the build-up, it looks like my first venture to a laundromat on the GNABRT will occur in Las Vegas. I wonder if there's one with an Elvis theme?

I have some time tomorrow before the game, so I may wander around Phoenix. Do I walk (97 degrees) knowing I have a game

that evening that I am also walking to or do I drive around, hoping to navigate the native traffic and find parking at various points of interest.

Tune into tomorrow's GNABRT Day 9 update!