

Lost in the Mail

By Jonathan Lyons

Previous trips to Seattle had never gone this way, though I started off in the usual place. Right where I expected to be, between 1st and 2nd. Every instinct in my body told me to continue straight ahead, but instead, I turned toward the lady in red.

Veering down the center lane of this new street, I paused at the first moment of decision. I could head toward the sea or continue to pursue the stark urban landscape. Eventually, I gave in and headed toward the water.

Where were all the cars as I drove down this barren road? Driving halted again at the first intersection I found. Once again I was torn between the sea and the city, but the golden call of "Australia's #1 Wine" won my heart.

The intoxication of the wine faded fast, so I was alert enough to avoid returning to my starting point. Luck would have it that I was soon given another chance to find the water.

Once I made the turn however, I knew my trip to the sea would be delayed. Caught on a downhill slope with a garbage truck in my way! All I could do was to wait for it to move on. Luckily, it quickly turned and I went in the opposite direction.

Driving down this next street, I actually passed under 4 bridges! On the left I saw a beautiful tribute to a mathematical icon before passing the final bridge. These were wonderful sights, but after the fourth bridge I got bored and turned left as soon as I could.

Leaving that main street was probably a bad idea. I blacked out for a few minutes on this new road! Very scared, I decided to get off that street at the first possible moment.

Earlier events had me convinced this was the right way to go and I followed a dark colored jeep up the hill. Driving behind him for several blocks, I finally turned left one block after he turned right.

On this next street, I took the first possible turn that carried me away from the water. There was no way I would be led astray again!

Coming into the final stretch of my trip, out of corner of my eye I looked carefully to the left. On that side I passed two pickup trucks. My jaw dropped when I spotted the van parked in front of them. I knew it carried the answer I sought.

I wish I had Internet access so I could write on my Windows Live blog. It really sucks having to go all old school and actually write things out longhand.