

ing. We danced, ate, talked, danced some more and it was one of the most fun evenings I've ever experienced.

The next day, we toured Boston on a trolley. I loved seeing the historical sights, things I'd only read about in school. I hated driving in the tunnel under the water, and Kashani chided me for being a wuss. Then our trolley driver told us how a ceiling tile had fallen and killed a driver as she went through the tunnel. I was vindicated! That afternoon we headed for Salem, the famous sight of the witch trials. We only had a couple of hours, and hit some great shops. We saw a lot of alternative looking people, and I'd love to go back during Halloween. The locals say it's better than Mardi Gras.

We headed north to Maine, and the plan was to stop in New Hampshire, but I was driving and we were yakking up a storm and missed the two exits. It was about a 5-10 minute drive through New Hampshire; suddenly we were in Maine.

We spent the next several days in Maine, and I absolutely loved the state. It reminded me a lot of Oregon, most of it being rural. It has thousands of square miles of wilderness which amazed me, and there were no rock and gem shops anywhere to be found. I always try to bring my husband, the rock hound, a local rock souvenir when I travel. We looked in every town we drove through which was a lot of towns. The towns were small and seemed to be right on top of each other in some areas with no space between.

Most people don't know that I love old graveyards. I'm not sure why, but I love walking through, reading headstones and imagining about the people who once lived. In New England, every town has a graveyard, and they are ALL old. Some towns had more than one. I was just amazed. And each one had an underground crypt where bodies were stored during the winter when the ground was too hard to dig. That's something you don't see here on the west coast!

One problem was that a lot of Maine seems to close up after the tourist



L to R: Mezhdene, Fred Elias & Kashani

season ends and school begins. So, many things were closed. We did finally find a jewelry store that boasted Maine Tourmaline, but it was closed. We found an interesting looking sign to a Native American store. We took the side road, and I joked that it would be closed but the sign said they were open every day from 10-5. We drove several miles, and sure enough a sign on the door saying they closed early for a Dr. appointment. It became a running joke.

In Solon, we stayed in Kashani's childhood home which is now the Solon historical society. It was a beautiful old home. It turns out her mom was a rockhound so I was able to bring some rocks home to Don after all. I just rock hunted in the yard!

I loved the architecture in the area. I've never been to the east coast except to Rakkasah East in New Jersey, never experienced a snowy winter, so the steep roofs were different for me. Even the mobile homes had steep roofs. Interesting!



Kashani took me sight seeing. One of the things we saw was a swinging bridge, and that was a lot of fun. When we pulled up a truck came racing across it, and it swayed

and rippled like crazy. I had to get that on film, but Kashani made it very clear that she wasn't driving across that thing. So, I gave her a quick camera lesson and I drove across it. I drove so gingerly, it didn't even ripple, so I had to do it again faster, still not too much ripple, but my need for thrill was fulfilled.



The swinging bridge

I bought a new digital camera the day before leaving on the trip. It was an overwhelming ordeal with so many options to choose from. The deciding factor was the best zoom. I bought the one with the best zoom, and I had a blast taking photos on the trip and practicing with my new camera. I could take a picture of a bird in the distance on a tree branch and then zoom in to just a feather. Pretty impressive. Of course, my hope is that I can finally get some good dance photos by zooming in on