

It was about that point we started accessing our supplies. I told her I'd share my nuts with her if she'd share her water with me. (I have to tell you that I'm cracking up as I write this, now that it's all just a funny memory.)

Since we had been driving for hours, and were in panic mode we decided to turn around and go back the way we came and at the same time find those two women and run over them for not telling us about all the forks in the road. (Well Kashani said she refused to run over them, and that would be up to me.)

So we turned around, nearly hysterical by now with laughter and fear. Just as we turned around, we saw headlights coming towards us. Yay! We were saved. I told her to drive over to their side of the road so they would stop, but the guy started to just drive off the road around us. I jumped out of the car and ran toward him waving my arms. Thankfully, he did stop and rolled down his window just a crack with a suspicious look on his face. The first words out of my mouth were, "We're from the west coast and we're lost!" He looked at us incredulous, and said, "From the F\*%\$#@ in west coast?" Kashani asked him what road we were on, and he said it was Moxie Pond road. Then she asked where the road came out, and he said as if speaking to a small and possibly handicapped child, "at Moxie Pond!" Then she realized we were facing the way we came and asked him where he was going. "Why?" he asked, very suspiciously. She said, "I mean where does the road come out the way you are going?" "It comes out at the tah!" Now where had we heard that before? "How fah is the tah?" "About a mile," he said. By this time he figured out we were harmless and offered to let us follow him. We declined, thanked him profusely and allowed him to drive away. Then, we turned around and indeed, the tah was only about a mile. We had panicked just a mile too soon.

It wasn't until we knew we were safe that we laughed until we hurt. We thought of how it must have looked to this backwoodsman. He's just driving along a back road minding his own business, and this woman blocks him with her car then another woman jumps out of the car and runs towards him wearing a long tie dyed dress and a multi-colored patchwork silk sari jacket. (No wonder he only cracked his window and looked at us with suspicious amazement.) We imagined him going home to his wife or telling his buddies in the bar how he was almost assaulted by two crazy women from the F#@(\$\* in west coast who wanted to know where he was going and asked him where Moxie Pond road went!

But! We saw moose!

Our night last was spent exploring the coast and then checking into a beautiful room facing the sea. It was great. We found shells and rocks and then ate our last dinner in Maine.



*My huge freaky Maine lobster!*

Now, I'm sure you've all heard of Maine lobster. Personally, I'm not really a lobster fan, but my friends and even restaurant customers insisted I eat a lobster while in Maine. So, on that last evening, I ordered a lobster. They brought it on a big platter, a beautiful bright red creature who still looked alive. I wasn't sure what to do with him, and I was pretty freaked out until Kashani reached over and started tearing him apart for me. Now he didn't look so alive. Well, friends, Maine lobster can only

be described as an oral orgasm. My mouth was so happy. What a perfect ending to a wonderful trip.

Thanks, Kashani. What fun we had! You gave me a lifetime memory I will always cherish.