

Georgia Regular

A B C D E F G H I J K L M
N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

Georgia Italic

*A B C D E F G H I J K L M
N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0*

Georgia Bold

**A B C D E F G H I J K L M
N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0**

Georgia Bold Italic

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N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
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By Arizona the sun was unbearable, and the car’s A/C coughed stale air. We traded playlists, gospel choirs fading into doom metal, then back to Dolly Parton. Diana dozed with her cheek against the window, while I counted mesas and mirages. Gas stations became museums of snack food: jerky, prickly pear soda, bags of corn nuts. Each receipt fluttered into the glove compartment, evidence of our zigzagging trail across the continent.

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In San Francisco we climbed endless stairs, legs aching, and watched cable cars rattle by. A saxophonist on Market Street played “Autumn Leaves” to no one in particular, his case open for spare change. Diana dropped a dollar and he nodded, never missing a note.

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By Arizona the sun was unbearable, and the car’s A/C coughed stale air. We traded playlists, gospel choirs fading into doom metal, then back to Dolly Parton. Diana dozed with her cheek against the window, while I counted mesas and mirages. Gas stations became museums of snack food: jerky, prickly pear soda, bags of corn nuts. Each receipt fluttered into the glove compartment, evidence of our zigzagging trail across the continent.

When the road stretched flat for an hour, we made up stories about the lives

unfolding in passing cars: a woman singing arias alone, a family with restless children, a trucker eating sunflower seeds one by one.

Crossing into New Mexico, the sky cracked wide open, purple thunderheads rolling in like stage curtains. We pulled off at a motel painted turquoise, the sign missing two neon letters. The room smelled faintly of chlorine and sagebrush. We scribbled postcards, then forgot to mail them. That night we fell asleep to the hum of an ice machine and the static of local news warning about flash floods.

In the morning the parking lot shimmered with puddles, and our Corolla bore a thin crust of desert dust.

We pressed on: Albuquerque, Flagstaff, the high desert plateau. By the time we reached California, the odometer had added thousands of miles and the car’s floor mats were a palimpsest of crumbs.

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HHiHH	HHuHH	HOgOH	HOsOH
HHjHH	HHvHH	HOhOH	HOtOH
HHkHH	HHwHH	HOiOH	HOuOH
HHlHH	HHxHH	HOjOH	HOvOH

HOwOH	OOiOO	OOuOO	nnngnn
HOxOH	OOjOO	OOvOO	nnhn nn
HOyOH	OOkOO	OOwOO	nninn
HOzOH	OOlOO	OOxOO	nnjn nn
OOaOO	OOmOO	OOyOO	nnkn nn
OObOO	OOnOO	OOzOO	nnln nn
OOcOO	OOoOO	nnann	nnmn nn
OOdOO	OOpOO	nnbn nn	nnnn nn
OOeOO	OOqOO	nncn nn	nnon nn
OOfOO	OOrOO	nn dn nn	nnpn nn
OOgOO	OOsOO	nnenn	nnqn nn
OOhOO	OOtOO	nnfn nn	nnrn nn

nnsnn	noeon	noqon	oocoo
nntnn	nofon	noron	oodoo
nnunn	nogon	noson	ooeoo
nnvnn	nohon	noton	oofoo
nnwnn	noion	nouon	oogoo
nnxnn	nojon	novon	oohoo
nnynn	nokon	nowon	ooioo
nnznn	nolon	noxon	oojoo
noaon	nomon	noyon	ookoo
nobon	nonon	nozon	ooloo
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<i>HHaHH</i>	<i>HHmHH</i>	<i>HHyHH</i>	<i>HOkOH</i>
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<i>HHcHH</i>	<i>HHoHH</i>	<i>HOaOH</i>	<i>HOmOH</i>
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<i>HOxOH</i>	<i>OOjOO</i>	<i>OOvOO</i>	<i>nnhn nn</i>
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<i>nobon</i>	<i>nonon</i>	<i>nozoo</i>	<i>ooloo</i>
<i>nocon</i>	<i>nooon</i>	<i>ooaoo</i>	<i>oomoo</i>
<i>nodon</i>	<i>nopon</i>	<i>ooboo</i>	<i>oonoo</i>

ooooo	ooaoo	oomoo	ooyoo
oopoo	ooboo	oonoo	oozoo
ooqoo	oocoo	ooooo	
ooroo	oodoo	oopoo	
oosoo	ooeoo	ooqoo	
ootoo	oofoo	ooroo	
oouoo	oogoo	oosoo	
oovoo	oohoo	ootoo	
oowoo	ooioo	oouoo	
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In Jeanerette, I did **76** in a **65**. A lanky black cop unfolded from **the** driver’s side of a hulking SUV. I told him **I thought the speed** limit was **75**. He told me **to** visit **jeanerettetix.com** if I wanted to **pay with a credit card**. **Thirty minutes** later, after **some** fried okra **and** hushpuppies **and a full tank for the Corolla**, we merged **onto** Interstate **10** for the first **time**.

In **those** first **few** hours — **crossing** into **Texas**, seeing an alligator — I **knew** almost nothing about Interstate 10. I **did not** understand its **length**, that it connects **Jacksonville** and Los Angeles (**birth and residence**, respectively), or that **this road** would take us **all** the **way** to the Pacific. **That is to say:** we had **not** yet read its Wikipedia **article**.

Without **the internet**, a road trip **is** a **series of** unanswered questions. With **the** internet, a road trip is a series of **weird** facts. **For example:**

Texas is **full of** F-150s pulling **into** and out of a place called Buc-ee’s. **What is a Buc-ee’s?** Why do so many of the F-150s have “**King Ranch**” logos? Do **all** these Texans work at this King Ranch?

Answers: (1) **Buc-ee’s** is an excellent chain of **beaver-themed gas** stations **common** in **Texas’ southeast**; (2) **King Ranch** is a **luxury trim option** for F-150s; (3) No, not **all** Texans work at King Ranch, though **that is** a real ranch, larger **than Rhode Island**, founded **by a former** riverboat captain.

We moved **westward**, **downloading** **obscure** Wikipedia articles, consuming **Buc-ee’s** beaver nuggets. **San Antonio**, **Alpine**, **El Paso**. **Like** the lip of a wine glass, America **surges** with **trivia**, and with **reviews**. For my fiancée, Diana, **a road** trip hunger pang is a **chance** to Yelp something **strange** and wonderful. **The** hushpuppies we **nodded** in **Lafayette** **did** not happen.

By Arizona **the sun was unbearable**, and **the car’s** A/C coughed **stale air**. We **traded** playlists, gospel choirs fading into doom metal, then **back** to **Dolly Parton**. Diana dozed **with** her **cheek** against **the window**, while I counted mesas **and** mirages. **Gas stations** became **museums of snack** food: jerky, prickly **pear** soda, bags of corn nuts. **Each** receipt fluttered **into** the glove compartment, evidence of **our zigzagging trail** across **the continent**.

When **the** road **stretched flat for an** hour, **we** **made** up **stories** about the lives unfolding in passing cars: **a woman singing arias** alone, **a** family with restless children, **a** **trucker** eating sunflower seeds one by one.

Crossing into New Mexico, **the** sky cracked **wide** open, **purple** thunderheads rolling in like stage curtains. We **pulled** off at **a motel** painted turquoise, the **sign** missing two neon letters. The **room** smelled **faintly of chlorine and** sagebrush. We scribbled **postcards**, then **forgot to mail** them. That **night we fell** asleep to the hum of an ice **machine and** the static of local **news** warning **about** flash **floods**.

In the morning **the parking** lot **shimmered** with puddles, **and** our Corolla bore a thin **crust of** desert dust.

We pressed on: Albuquerque, Flagstaff, the high desert **plateau**. **By** the time we **reached California**, the **odometer** had **added** thousands of miles **and** the **car’s** floor mats were a palimpsest of crumbs.

Los Angeles appeared at last, **a glittering mirage of** freeways and palm silhouettes. We parked in **sight** of the **ocean**, **laughing at** how far we’d come **and how little** we’d planned. **The journey** had become **its own destination**, a catalogue of **odd** details and **ordinary wonders:** fried **dough**, roadside deer, **neon motels**, unfamiliar radio stations, and **the** endless white lines **of** the highway.

But the road did not end **there**. We **wandered** north on Highway **1**, hugging **cliffs** that **dropped into** the Pacific. **We stopped** in **Monterey** for clam chowder, **drove** through fog **so** thick **the taillights** ahead were **fireflies** trapped in milk.

In San Francisco we climbed endless **stairs**, legs aching, **and** watched **cable cars** rattle **by**. **A saxophonist** on **Market Street** played “Autumn Leaves” **to no** one in particular, his