

# The Lengths We Go...

Hey all you Eagle fans. Deadheads aren't the only ones who go to extremes to follow their favorite band. What lengths have you gone to in order to see the band? To start this column off we offer our story from this summer.....

June 30th....The great adventure begins! Can you believe it? A Burger King with no burgers! It is possible to restore a foreskin with the aid of a cheap, Velcro and polyester device...1-800-384-SKIN...

July 1...Peanut butter is our friend..it's all we can afford. We went to Galveston today and watched our car overheat. We spent three hours in a mall food court reading Anne Rice and passing the time. We also found out that it takes 40 minutes to drive around the Houston Loop at 1:00 am. The rest of the world wants to know what is in OJ's envelope...we just want a bed. There is something peaceful about sitting on a picnic table at 3:30 am at a reststop with a cigarette and a bum whose wife threw him out of the house. Lisa has so much oil on her face, she feels like she stuck her head in a fryer at a Jack in the Box. Sleep deprivation has its merits.

July 2...The car is indeed sick. It overheated at Rice Stadium. We spent the day window shopping at the Galleria and worrying about the car. At the Rice parking lot, a nice man told us we had an antifreeze leak. Gee, the coolant spilling out onto the pavement was n't a clue. Almost getting run over by Mr. Henley's Town Car before the show, almost made everything worthwhile, though.

July 3...On the road to Dallas. We took a detour and went up 67 so we could stand in a field and film electric poles. Is this the definition of pathetic? Almost forgot the tickets at the motel, but realized it when we were only HALF way to the show. Getting into Texas Stadium was hell, but the car overheated only once. After the show we enjoyed a late night snack at Denny's courtesy of the drunk folks who gave us \$40 to change seats with their friends..

July 4...We slept in and didn't get going until about 11:00 am. Went and saw all the Kennedy sites. Couldn't decide which knoll was the grassy one. Drove to Linden...they really do have Union Jacks in front of the courthouse on the Fourth of July. Finally made it to Little Rock.

July 5...Trying to get to St. Louis today. Doesn't seem like we're ever going to get there. Stopped in Branson, MO...they can keep it! Is St. Louis perpetually under construction? Maybe we could get a free beer at the Bud factory. Sure could use one. Riverport amphitheater got our vote for most comfortable seats.

July 6...Local T.V. did a report on the shows.

They interviewed a hick couple from Tennessee who drove, "four whole hours" to see the show. We couldn't sympathize with them. Ate breakfast at a Denny's crawling with senior citizens. We looked at the Arch. Wow! After the show, we headed straight back for Texas...and miles to go before we sleep...miles to go before we sleep.

July 14...Chicago. We had many trials and tribulations getting here. The car blew a tire in the middle of Illinois. We got to meet Tom and Audrey. Hope they didn't think we were too weird. After the show we took the long way home and met some INTERESTING people in a travel plaza. We forgot about gas and made it to a station on fumes at about 3 in the morning. Close call.

July 15...Alpine Valley. Gee, finally a venue we are familiar with. Can you believe we had a hard time finding it? After the show, wouldn't you know it, we got another flat tire. We were in a cow pasture, wearing dresses with 40,000 people zooming by us. Even though we are girls, we know how to change a tire, but were unfamiliar w/ the anti-theft lugnut on the car. We appealed to Larry, the Walworth County trooper, who couldn't even get off his lard butt to lend us a flashlight. Well, we changed it and made it back to Madison okay....

July 21...New Orleans. It's a tradition to be near DH on his birthday. We wanted to see this show, so we called Stephen, a happy ticket broker in Houston, who did have tickets and would drive them to NO for us. All we had to do was call him on his car phone to let him know when we would be getting in from Wisconsin. Well, after attempting to call him from every reststop between Memphis and NO, we contacted his partner Chuck who said, "shoot he must have forgotten to turn on his phone again." Finally, we got the tickets and they were excellent. On the way to the show, the CHECK ENGINE light began flashing. We thought nothing of it...

July 22...Middle of Nowhere. Okay, we were planning on going to Caddo anyway, honest. So DH mentioned he was heading there too, so what? His car didn't expire in Lafayette, LA at a casino/truckstop. AAA was nice enough to tow us to the Pontiac dealer where the owner took my hand and explained in Emergency Room hushed tones, (with a Cajun accent, mind you), "Melissa, it's the alternator. It'll be \$300." So we wrote a hot check and drove on to Caddo. It was beautiful, if a bit buggy. Finally made it home....Stay tuned for more and enter our "Are we obsessed?" contest.