

## Ducks and Races

Written by  
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Yesterday, after our venture into Mexico we explored some of Yuma, Arizona and we stopped for a coffee at the Java Oasis. I haven't had caffeine for nearly six months and yesterday, I decided to have a caffeinated coffee because I was feeling a little dragged. Well, last night I could not fall asleep and I found myself sitting at my computer playing a game until 3:00 AM. Needless to say, I was not jumping out of bed bright and early this morning like Rick who was up and outside cleaning the car at 6:00 AM.

Today we decided to hang out at the RV Park for the day and take advantage of the deserted facilities, as there are so few people here. While we were enjoying lounging on our cement patio in the fabulous sunshine and 24C temperature, we were joined by a wood duck. Apparently there are many ducks here that routinely wander through the park looking for handouts and receiving plenty of them from the winter "snowbird" residents. Now that there are so few RVers here, their food supply has been greatly reduced and "Donald" was hanging around us hoping to "guilt" us into feeding him. I fell for his charm and filled a bowl with fresh water and a few morsels of Sam's all natural cat food and before long "Donald" was enjoying his tasty treat. He was still hanging out at our house when we went to the pool for a swim and later when we left to go to [Imperial](#), next to El Centro for an evening at the races.

The stock car races were held on an oval, red clay racetrack at the Imperial Fairgrounds and apparently because it is a holiday weekend there were not many people in attendance to view them. There were four different classes of races from Street Stock to Super Modified and there were even Mini Dwarf races in tiny cars driven by little kids. (They were very cute!) It was a very entertaining way to spend an evening even though there were several cautions and the last race never finished due to some injuries caused to a couple of officials when some cars spun out. By the time we returned to the motorhome there was no sign of Donald the Duck and I was ready for a good night's sleep.