

Date: 10/16/2017 6:17:48 PM

Subject: Postcard

Not too far from our casita is Cottonwood Canyon, and a road runs through it. It goes north from US-89 and travels about 50 miles through Grand Staircase Escalante National Monument (if you're naming stuff, succinct is good, we like "Zion") all the way to Cannonville, UT.



About 15 miles into G.S.E.N.M. is a pullout for the Lower Hackberry Creek Trail. At the trailhead is a fork in the creek. There is the right choice which is the left fork and there is the right fork which is the wrong choice. So instead of hiking up Hackberry Creek as we had intended, we hiked up Cottonwood Creek.

No problemo. (*US slang – not to be mistaken for Spanish*)



It was gorgeous. The canyon was a riot of yellow. (What a stupid expression. The yellow stuff hardly moved, much less fomented mayhem.) But the cottonwoods were doing their best to look like aspens and the rabbitbrush held its color for at least one more day.

The consistency of the creek bed was mud. Sometimes it was soft, mucky mud. We stepped in it and slid. Sometimes it was underwater mud and we mostly stepped over it. And sometimes it was brittle,

shaved chocolate mud that crunched underfoot.



We crunched on.



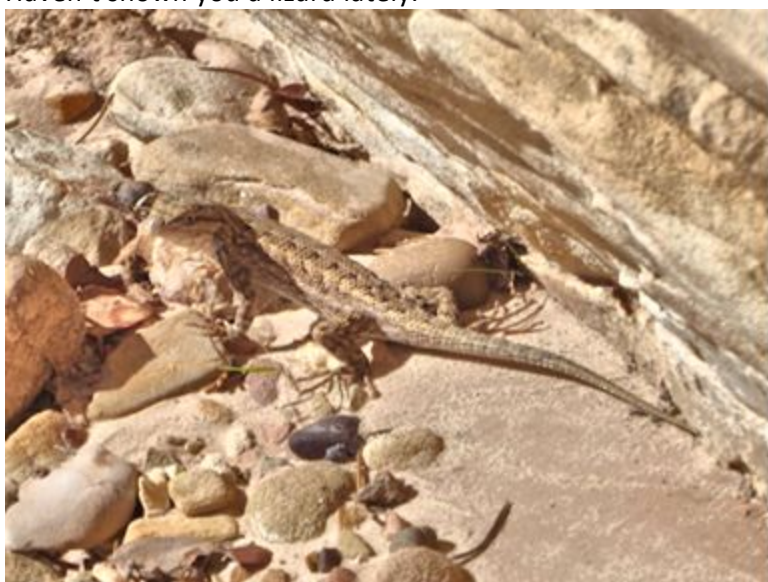


At one point we passed below a campsite (we were 6' lower, in the creek bed) whereupon two large dogs appeared above us, barking and baring their fangs. Our plan to plunder the tents was foiled. Good job Zeus! Good job Apollo!

We crunched on.



Haven't shown you a lizard lately.



Here's one.

And the hike was done. All in all, pretty good for a wrong fork.

Parting shot:



Cottonwood Creek and Hackberry Creek empty into the Paria River which the road follows on the way out. Five mule deer ran in front of us then down to the water.

D&S

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