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On our last night in Grants there was a light show over Walgreens.



It was a welcome sight after our wretched omelet in an abysmal diner in the adjacent town of mi-LAWN.

Unless you crave Pizza Hut, Sunday night is not the time to be cruising for supper in the boonies. We had already walked out of Iron Skillet because of the grease in the air, the grease on the menus and the grease on the clientele. Just around the corner the Wow Diner was quite presentable and sucked us right in. We didn't realize all *their* grease was *in the food*.

We oozed out of Grants this morning and drove to Chaco.

Chaco bestows on its visitors an addictive serenity and we come here often. But we had never been to the farthest site in the park, Kin Klizhin. This one is only accessible by leaving the park, driving 12 miles on a two-track through the desert, then reentering the park at its outer boundary. So today we did it.

The road to ruin...





...Ruin







Chaco is complete. So on to Española.

Tonight: Shrimp Diablo, Asian Salmon Salad, Death-by-Chocolate Cake.

Wow Diner? A distant memory.

D&S

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