

## At a Glanz...

### Traveling Across America: Part Three



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April 2009

As I made my way out of the Nebraskan grocery store, I headed West towards

Wyoming. I was in good spirits at my encounter with the nice, needy, old woman, but that was soon to change. As I left the flatlands of Nebraska, I reached the mountains of Wyoming.

You have to understand a few things here.

- 1) I was not a fan of driving on the open road
- 2) I apparently am terrified of driving in mountains.

It was around 5 p.m. when I finally reached Wyoming and I was close to done. I went another 30 minutes before finally calling it a night. I went to a local bar, ordered food and found my hotel. It was close to 8 p.m. now and I just wanted to eat, watch Survivor and go to sleep. But, much like my trek across America, there were plenty of obstacles at play. First of all, for some reason Survivor wasn't on in Wyoming. As a matter of fact, the television in my hotel was all scambly and acting like its never heard of cable. And secondly, it was the hottest day of the year and the hotel hadn't set up its air conditioning. So after an hour of the most uncomfortable sleep of my life, I went to the desk, asked for my money back, and made the dumbest decision of my life. I decided instead of sleeping at another hotel, I'd just hit the road and make my way to Vegas.

At the time of my decision, I was wide awake. But the mountains were higher and the roads were darker...and I was not refreshed. So at 3 a.m. I pulled into a rest stop and was ready to sleep at the local hotel. A local trucker told me, "You don't want to go to that hotel." It looked very dark and creepy so I decided to listen to the man.

So I got back on the road and was falling asleep on the badlands of Wyoming. Yes Wyoming has badlands! "So this is it" I thought. "This is how the story ends." Me falling asleep on the road. I needed a savior! I needed to open my eyes. I needed a hero!!!

But all of a sudden, out of the depths of despair, came a voice of reason. A voice of hope. A voice that woke me up! Ladies and Gentlemen...Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band!!

I popped in the CD I bought in that dreaded state they call Iowa, rolled up my windows, and screamed every word of Rosalita. I was singing, I was dancing, I was *living!!!*

Eventually, I decided to take a catnap on a truck stop for an hour before making my way towards Utah. It was almost impossible to sleep in my car, being that I couldn't lean back since all my Earthly belongings were in my car. But I was able to get an hour or two of sleep, and make it to Utah by 9 a.m. I bypassed Salt Lake City thanks to that helpful trucker and finally, there it was, the first sign for Las Vegas!!

I was refreshed and ready for my victory lap. But God, Mother Nature and an 11-mile-stretch in Arizona were going to have something to say about that. The final chapter next month.