

High Adventure! Today we go to the thin-air and freezing-cold at 10,000' in the Eastern Sierra mountains!

Why? Because I promised Preacher I would tune his bike for high-altitude. Right now, Preacher is on vacation in the Mediterranean, and if he came home and his bike was not tuned, his vacation would be ruined! So... I left the warmth of SoCal and my local Mt.Owens...



...for the no-man's-land of Mt.Whitney (tallest peak in U.S.A.)...



You can't see Mt.Whitney (snow storm!) but it's up there...

I had my SPOT locator, here's the position of the above pic...

[http://maps.google.com/maps?f=q&hl=en&geocode=&q=36.5367,-](http://maps.google.com/maps?f=q&hl=en&geocode=&q=36.5367,-118.1061&ie=UTF8&om=1&ll=36.54026,-118.106117&spn=0.134609,0.299377&t=h&z=12)

[118.1061&ie=UTF8&om=1&ll=36.54026,-118.106117&spn=0.134609,0.299377&t=h&z=12](http://maps.google.com/maps?f=q&hl=en&geocode=&q=36.5367,-118.1061&ie=UTF8&om=1&ll=36.54026,-118.106117&spn=0.134609,0.299377&t=h&z=12)

The car/bike...



...at the corner of...



Sustenance would be needed; I was well-prepared...



I also had GPS; the launch-altitude (where I am now) 4,827'



Climb! Climb higher! Behind the bike is a death-drop of 2,000'...



The air is thin. Temp = below freezing. I am numb, will not quit!



Departing 8,000' (above) I come to 9,000' (below)...



I did not see any bears. But I did *hear* them ☹️ and they sound like this...

Grrr! Grrr! Grrr! (pretty scary).

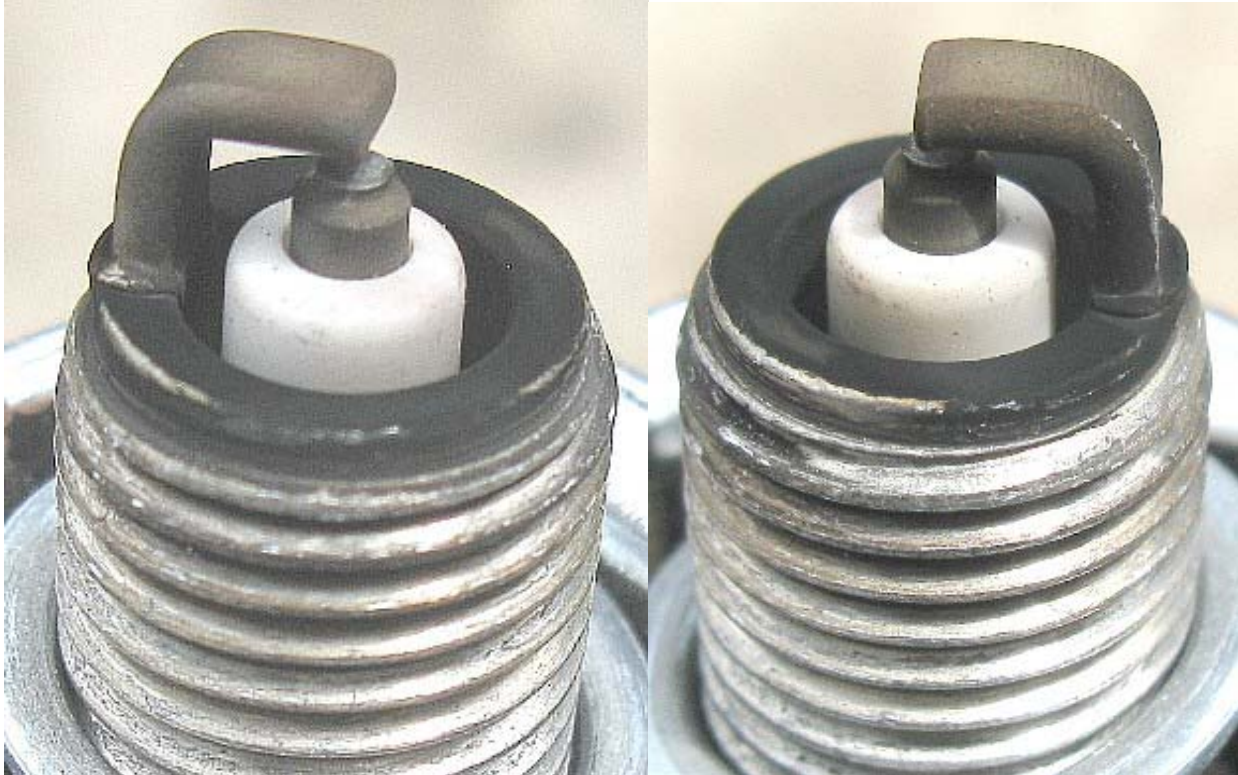
I made it to the top, where tax-money (like "TARP") built pens so the campers could put their kids in there and protect them from the bears!



WooHoo! At this spot 9,961' wow...



If the spark plug is clean, Preacher can enjoy his vacation. Please-please...



Yes! The plug is perfect (2 views of the plug). My tuning has worked, Preacher's vacation is saved!

The storm hits, I flee before the snow...



...and stumble upon a secret CIA mind-control experiment...



Note my satellite-tracker (orange). Here I am...

<http://maps.google.com/maps?f=q&hl=en&geocode=&q=36.4524,-118.1709&ie=UTF8&om=1&ll=36.456084,-118.171005&spn=0.134756,0.299377&t=h&z=12&iwloc=A>

Pretty neat, eh? Heading down through the cliff's...



...past the monument to those not as fortunate as I (very big cliff there)...



Pretty scenic on the way down...



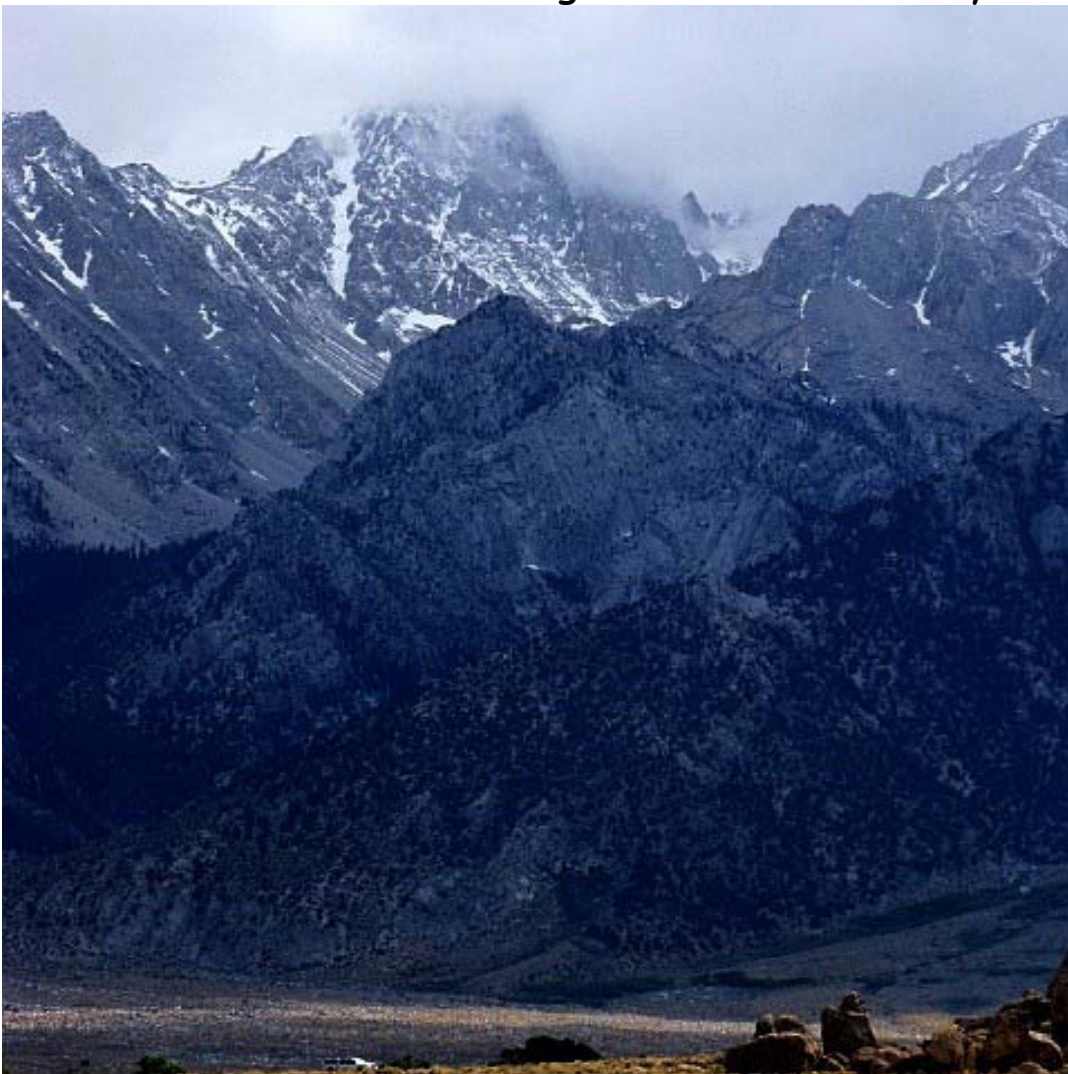
...and...



Down I went and loaded the bike/trailer. In the background is **Alabama Hills** (a very posh neighborhood)...



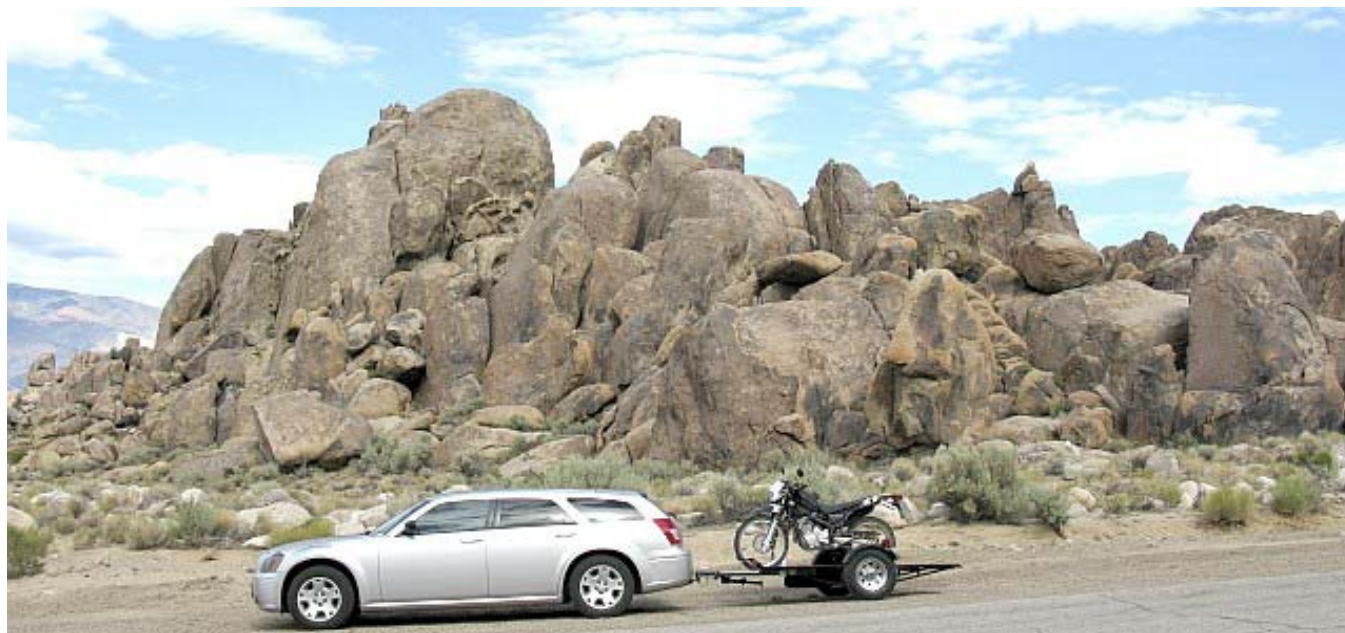
The snowstorm abated enough to see Mt. Whitney...



...and I entered Alabama Hills...



...beautiful scenes...



...and...



A famous intersection is **Movie Rd & Whitney Portal** as it was in this area that many old-west movies were made, and the Whitney Portal Rd will take you to the Mt. Whitney trailhead (and general store; next trip).



Scenes (below) from Movie Rd...



...and...



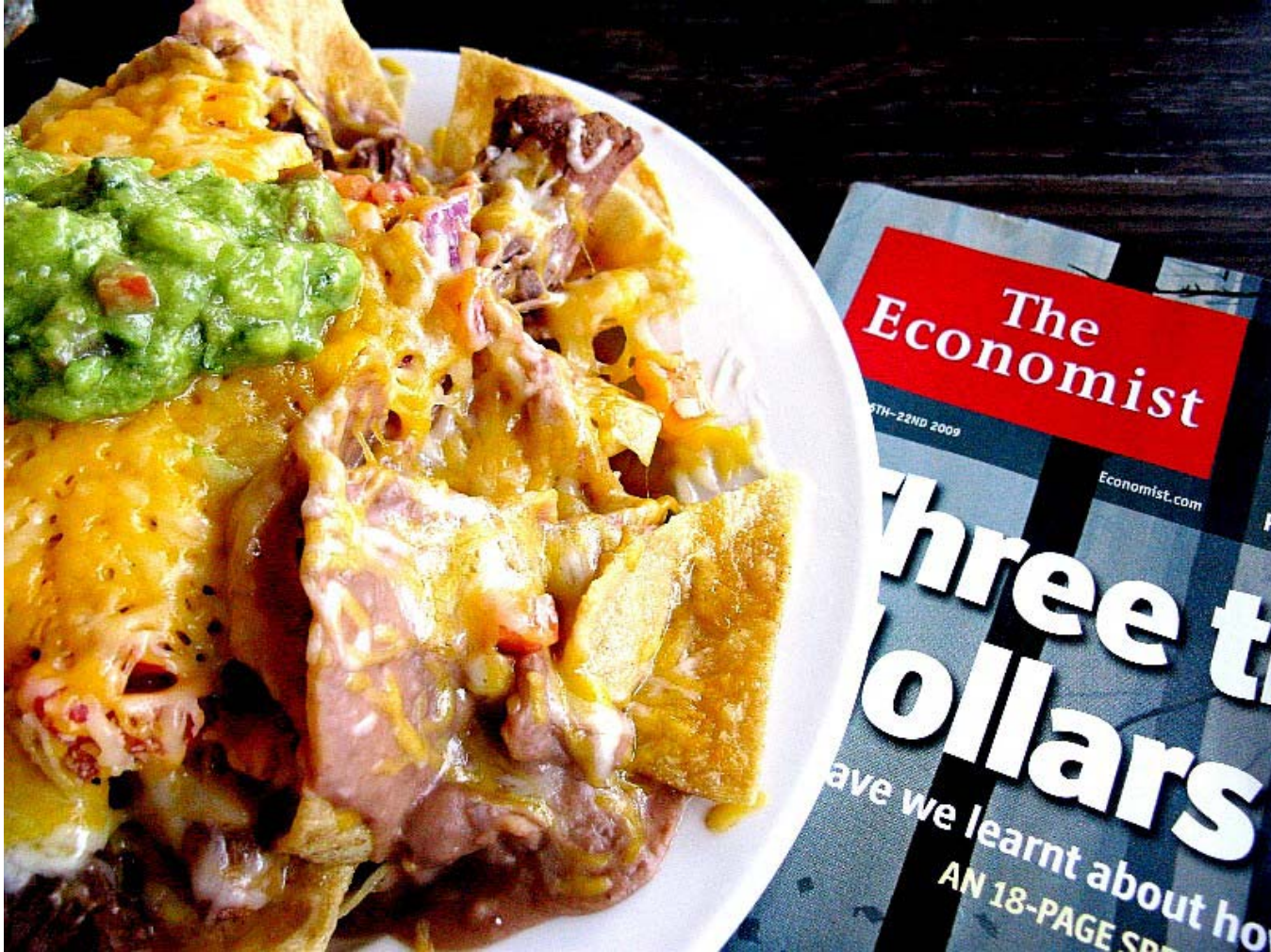
This was a tough trip. The lack-of-oxygen has blurred my brain, my fingertips are black <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Frostbite>

What to do? I know! Follow me to this exact spot...

<http://maps.google.com/maps?f=q&hl=en&geocode=&q=36.6061,-118.0635&ie=UTF8&om=1&ll=36.606209,-118.063502&spn=0.002101,0.004678&t=h&z=18>



WooHoo! Plus... No more "pig-outs". Really *nutritional education*...



I keep a stack of Economist magazines in the car. So, if I **must** eat-out, I can get-smart too! **Super Nacho's** truly awesome!

Well, that's it for today (Sunday). What next?

Chores in L.A. (bike-shop and gun-shop). Then back here to do gun/bike assembly and testing. The bike will be tested at (secret, high-adventure "very hot" location) and the gun-testing (.17 Remington Mag) will be done when I find someone out at the gun-range to instruct me.

Stay tuned, and *thanks for reading along*...

Paul P.

pencipa@yahoo.com