

Adventurers! I call upon you to provide a service... **Heap abuse on me for (again) running-out-of-gas in the Mojave :-(
I am a graduate of Stupid-101. Learn from me.**
Today (warm day) my orange bike started-right-up...



This bike had crappy/bad gas, so ("demented logic") I decided to "run it almost out of gas". Hey, it was running. Below: Bad omen...



RB does not follow...

Out in the desert, I find neat little plants...



Below, I parked on a spillway...



...and (below) another view...



...past Robbers Roost...



The engine is "surging". Why? See the below pic?



Because it is out of gas. I had sensed fuel-disaster, headed for home. Robbers Roost a small dot between the two far-left peaks.

Walking "forever" I crest a hill, see (telephoto shot) buildings...



I got hot. Took off my jacket and left it behind on the aqueduct...



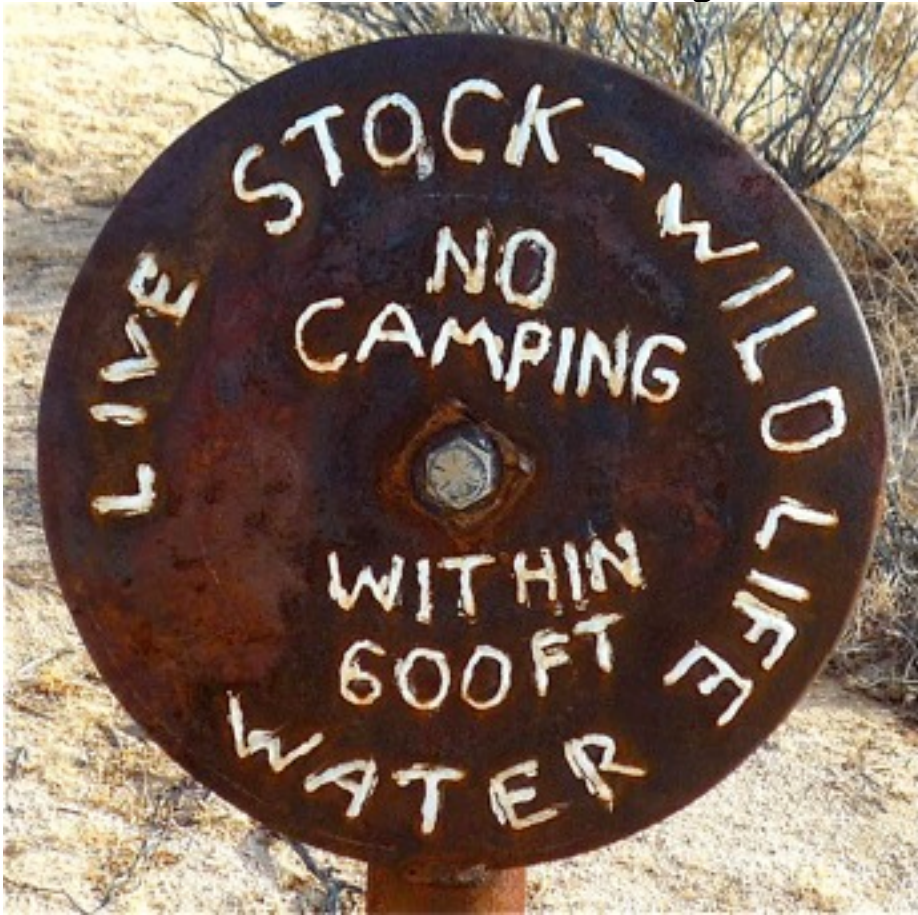
I kept walking on SC51 which I knew led to Robbers Roost store...



I took pics "looking backward" so I could navigate back to the bike...



Evidence of human habitation (good)...



Evidence of flesh-eating forked-hoof hopping-monsters (bad)...



Below: Not for children. Terror. I saw the below pic, thinking "this is the end of me"...



Snake-skin. The lower-right section as big around as your upper-arm (a *big* upper-arm). The up/left pointing section as big as your forearm (if you have a *big* forearm). Why am I scared?
Because snake-skin-shedders stay near their old-skins, waiting to bite/kill/devour the first living thing that wanders past.

I make it ("miracle occurs here") to the Robbers Roost store...



...where the store-owner volunteers a ride home "at 4pm when the store closes" **woohoo sounds great!!** This terrific cowboy will escort me all the way home, and assure my safety...



I connect my trailer, head back to the Robbers Roost store, and retrace my route. I have estimated my hike-out at 9 miles. Honest.

Here's the actual hike-out. Oops. Seemed longer (I didn't have a watch). Three miles. Mostly down-hill. I am **not** sore.



Up on the aqueduct, I load the bike...



The "cement road" is actually the "roof" of the CA aqueduct.

I make it home just-fine A-OK wow I was really stoopid "no gas".

Special thanks to the folks at the Robbers
Roost store, who really went out of their way to
help me :-)

Thank you!

Thanks for reading along!

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