

## *Hello adventurers!*

Like my new font? *Comic Sans MS* as my .pdf-maker has trouble with Arial... So, lets give this a try!

Truckee was most-excellent for dirt-biking, horrid for gliding. In 8 days, I put up one excellent 45-min hop in a rented low-performance training glider, then two "up/down sled-rides" and one high-anxiety "cross-country training" flight (I was riding in the back; we landed unscathed!). Here I am at takeoff (self-portrait; note the parachute, liquid-tube, and *oxygen!*).



Coming home to L.A. (via Mammoth) was a kick...

Does the PT-Cruiser look full?



And...



Hmmm... It wasn't this full when I left for Truckee!

Bye-bye! *Special thanks to Paco & Cathy for bringing me to Soar Truckee in 2005! A wonderful addition to my life!*



Mono Lake...



Heading south on Rt.395 you can see the June Lake ski area...



...note this is just the very top (approx half) of the ski area.

Arriving (for the last night) at my Mammoth apartment <sniff>...



I noticed monster-piles-of-sand everywhere...

...and see my apt in the background...



...and sand across the street...



...here's what the sign says:



A huge rainstorm literally washed the hill down into the housing areas... What a mess to clean up! Oh well...

Moving to a lighter tone... My upstairs-landlady Shirley suggested a "closing celebration" (who am I to argue?). Besides, if you want the "inside scoop" on Mammoth, Shirley is the one to see!

We headed over to a restaurant named **Petra's** which is a place my ski-buddy Joe told me was "gourmet, and one of the best restaurants anywhere!"

As we shall see, he (and Shirley) were oh-so-correct! Here's Shirley, and **OBTW Glider Girl is cool with this...**



Shirley loves her wine! And as we shall see in a later pic, \*this particular\* type/vintage was her #1 favorite! As is always the case, we sit at the bar (no matter how many in the group, last month we had 5). Here's the pic from last month (we are a happy bunch!). Dessert is the **Chocolate Volcano!**



...and we order strictly from the appetizer/dessert menu.

Here's the 1<sup>st</sup>-course, seared Ahi sashimi w/spicy-seaweed... WooHoo!



Followed by roasted garlic on toast-points (with oil) super!



Now, we deviated a bit from "normal practice"... Shirley got an appetizer of her own, as I got a soup (crab/corn chowder)...



On the left is Shirley's goat-cheese-salad and on the right my chowder... **Truly awesome!** Needless to say, Shirley knows everybody in the place (Mammoth is a very small town and Shirley is a life-long resident) and so the bartender and wait-staff were chatting with us the whole night, and my picture-taking of the dishes was amusing to all...

Hey! We're still hungry! Bring on the chow!

And so it came to pass...

Crab-cakes with Super Delicious sauce! **Yummee!**



Ah-ha! The wine! Shirley's #1 favorite!



*Rombauer Zinfandel 2004* and look at that bread/oil awesome (better yet, free!). Hmmm...

- 1) I dislike wine
- 2) I despise Zinfandel
- 3) I loved this particular wine!! Yea Shirley! I had 3 sips!

Hey, does this look like a duplicate crab-cake pic? No! No! No!



No duplicate pic! Shirley and I were debating dessert, and Shirley suggested since we drooled over the crab-cakes, *lets get another order, which we did! Ha!* That's it in the above pic!

Moving right along...

As we have seen, the PT was full to-the-top. How-exactly to bring home my mountain-bicycle? Easy!



How could I survive w/o bungee-cords? It worked perfectly all the way to L.A. (300 miles).

Rt.395 is "volcano country"...



...and another volcano...



And here's a panoramic of Mt. Whitney (the tallest mountain in the Continental U.S. "in the background someplace")...



Side-note: The **cheeseburger/fries** at the Whitney Portal General Store (at the top of Whitney Portal Road, which intersects Rt.395 at the only stoplight in the town of Lone Pine) is *to die for!*

**Thanks to Paco for the original tip!**

Pretty vast out there, eh?



And hot, too!



The little PT never overheated, as I'm getting better at topping-up the cooling system and taking it easy going up-hill. Better still, the a/c was flawless/frigid the whole trip!

Oh yeah... "*Why I don't fly power-planes any more...*".

See my gas-load? 15.08 gallons? This pic at the town of "I can make it easy" Mojave, and my gas tank only holds **15** gallons!



The rest of the way home was easy. Then another 2 hours to unload/store the bikes, dis-assemble/store the trailer, and unpack the PT. Later that night I did the first of a ba-zillion loads of laundry ("camping" is all about two things: 1) dirt, and 2) smelling-bad, but that's another story for another day).

Thanks for reading along!

*Paul P.*