

May 28-29, 2006

A long weekend and my Ducati is in the garage what more could a girl want! Well how about a little sun, no such luck seems the rough winter we have had has moved into spring. Ah so be it, a little rain never stopped this girl and goodness knows I need to test out my new Rukka jacket!

I can't wait to get on the road this Sunday morning (I only got in about 50 miles on Saturday due to chores and going to Over The Hedge another Pixar must see!). I know exactly where I am headed well almost, I won't know until I get over the first pass if I will have time to get in more then the bottom half of the Cascade Loop. So off I go toward Route 522 and Route 2 toward my first pass.

Foolish I know but I did not check the weather before I left just hopped it wouldn't be too bad out there, wrong! I had geared up for heavy rain and goodness was I glad when the rain started to come down in buckets just outside Monroe. This was not boding well for a nice dry ride, but at least I was out and it was above freezing or so I thought!

I enjoyed every minute of the Route 2 ride, until I got to the west side of the pass and the rain turned to snow flurries, scared can you say freaked out! The roads were soaked, the snow cover was still heavy enough you could probably still ski up here and the snow banks along the freeway were still enormous, and now it was cold enough to snow; did that mean it was cold enough to freeze to ice on the road? I didn't have time to think too much about it as there was no where else for me to go but straight on through.

I felt the tires slip a little but kept on going not making any drastic maneuvers and sure enough when I got to the east side the sun came out! Ah only in Washington! It was gloriously sunny, not warm, no not that barely 40 degrees but at least the roads were dry and the sun was out, making quick work of drying my wet riding clothes.

Now is when the vistas when from ok misty gray clouds surrounding mountains to huge rapids swirling down the river, with high cliffs rising above, and of course Leavenworth fake Swiss town. I debate heading all the way out to Wenatchee and then south as I am unsure what Blewet Pass will be like based on the ride I just made over Steven's but I take my chances as I love that ride too much. A quick stop for gas and pee and off I go up and over Route 97 and 970.

Route 97 was just incredible, cold barely above freezing by the summit but sunny and dry weather for the entire ride, it appeared the Cascades were holding back the rain to the west, which meant my ride home most likely would be very wet. I scoot by Cle Elum avoiding the temptation to stop for brownies and donuts at the local diner I love so much, I turn onto I-90 realizing that Route 12 and 410 would be much too high and too cold for me to ride today, they will be saved for later.

I am home in no time just a short 4-1/2hour jaunt, great time for this ride with two gas and pee stops, I really do have to get it down to one to save a little time. Now for my three hour walk I have lots to think about and though it is most definitely pouring here again living in the Pacific Northwest means no matter the weather we go out and enjoy!

Monday memorial day and another day off yippee! Only problem is I am nervous about the traffic to come and the cops out and about, so the ride will be short today, not to mention my gear is all still wet from yesterday yuck!

I head out off around the valleys surrounding Mount Rainier, which unfortunately I can not see. Minding my own business enjoying the ride when what do I see, no way I think, I stare yep too cool a cop driving a Dodge Charger! Can you imagine! How cool is that! I am totally jealous.

I meander around for just 180 miles (nothing compared to yesterday) but fun just the same as least it wasn't raining. Next weekend hopefully will bode well for another long ride maybe the temps will come up enough to allow me to scoot around Rainier!

May 6, 2006

My bags are packed now for a final ride over to Eastside to have them check the suspension and chain tension with the extra weight. I have reached that point I seem to every year where I start to actually long for beef jerky, and hostess cakes, it is then that I realize I must truly get on the road soon.

I know in my heart that the road will be long and hard, every trip I do seems harder then the last, though I am not sure I always plan it that way. I set off into the unknown though others have gone before me it makes no difference as those who have gone before are different then me and me then them. We can share experiences and try to impart our knowledge on each other but it will make no difference as each must find his/her way as this sport is not like any other, there are too many variables that can not be accounted for or controlled. There are too many differences in individuals to be unlearned or modified. Each must find what works for them through trial and error and go forth. I try to explain this to new long distance (LD) riders but they still ask the same questions. What do you eat? What have you done to your bike? Etc.

I can tell them what I do, but what I do is completely different then the next LD rider. I am limited significantly by the size of my person and my bike, which means that much of what many LD riders do to assist their rides can not be utilized by me. On the other hand much of what I do and how I do it can not be utilized by them.

Just the other day I was speaking with another rider and explained what I ate on my trips, a mis-mash of food stuffs that I have found provides exactly what I need when I need it. A mix of protein, fruit and carbohydrates that has taken me years of trial and error to get just right, and even with this mixture there are times when I must stop and get something else as I listen very closely to my body, knowing that it will tell me what it needs. This is extremely different from many other LD riders who I have met, who live on drive through food or even take the time for sit down meals while traveling, neither of which I do in my personal life so I would never do that on my rides I know only too well this would be too much food at one time for me, and that I work much better on small 100-200 calorie snacks then big meals. Again proving that each must find their own way.

Some too, plan exactly what time they will leave, and what time they will hit a certain place. I have never been able to do this, as I find if I go with what my body tells me I ride better and longer. So I stay at my start points, wake and ride when my body decides it is that time and sleep when my body tells me I must sleep. Of course this means that at times I will not be able to complete a ride in the time I have set for myself or even times when I have been unable to complete a ride at all! But I would rather ride safely and awake then chance it, my life and those around me are much too important to risk for a certificate that shows I completed a ride, the ride will be there tomorrow so I ride to be there tomorrow too.

But the time of year that calls to me is now, when I have spent far to many days riding the same roads. When the sun is shining but no too warm. When there is that call of spring. Perhaps in some other life I was a migratory bird and feel the call to head from my winter home to my nesting ground, I don't know. But no matter the reason, the call is strong and I am ready to go as soon as the weather permits. I have weaned myself off my rides, to prepare for the itch to be so great that it will help me reach that ultimate point of comfort and zen even when the pain and hunger hit their worse. I know only too well that others who compete in various sports take time off to prepare, though I believe it is more to rest their bodies then to build the hunger/desire to the point that nothing will get in the way.

I am now trying too, to put on the few pounds I can before I leave to ready my body for the constant pounding and lack of food it will receive. Funny how when I don't want to gain weight I do and when I do I can't. Perhaps it is the excitement, though I try to push it aside that ups my metabolism or just my body knowing it will soon be asked to do what some would consider impossible, I don't know but I try.

This ride will come in several stages and at any point I will be able to change to another version if I so choose. This will be the first time in a long time I will ride off without any one caring if I make it or not or anyone worrying about where I am or when I get there. I will as I always do carry both my cell phones but both will be shut off, though it is not necessary this time as there is no one at home to both or care if I am out and about. It is more for my sanity and to avoid the hassle of having to deal with any unwanted business calls or misc calls while my mind needs its full attention on the matter at hand.

I realize that alone is actually a wonderful thing when it comes to my long rides. There is no one at home to worry will be jealous or hurt by my adventure. There is no one at home to worry if I make it home or not. I will do it for myself on my time with no one to care but me. Funny how different that is from my other recent rides. The downside however is there is no one to celebrate or console either. Just me. So be it. I have been alone so long now even when I was with someone that this will be no different except in theory.

I have noticed recently how many lonely people I seem to be running into lately, or maybe it is that you notice something more when you are experiencing it? Like if you buy a new car all of a sudden you notice all these other people around you with the same car that you never noticed before. Or if you are wearing a new outfit, some how you will run into someone with the same one or some part of it! Karma? Who knows?

Well today did not bode well for a long ride, I was finishing up some modes to the bike and gathering a few last minute things, meeting with a couple of friends and trying to fit in extra chores, as with the unknown time frame I must stay on top of the house cleaning so as not to leave a dirty house. 50 miles is all I manage, but enough to test the weigh of the bags and the tank bag. How amazed I am every time I put that pack on the bike, something just clicks, something like what race horse must feel when the saddle slips on its back and it is walked into the gate.

I have a long week of meetings ahead of me to keep my mind off my true desire, and will head out this morning for a brief ride but still somewhere in the back of my mind is that nagging longing to get going.

April 29-30, 2006

Wow it is the last weekend in April, but you wouldn't know it for the weather we are experiencing! I can't believe it there is snow in the passes again, and most ski areas are remaining open. So much for thinking I might actually leave any time soon for my trip.

Saturday is a blow off day for riding, tons of running around to do, making sure the bike is ready, appointments, food shopping, cleaning you name it! I only manage to get in about 50 miles, which isn't too bad but nothing great either.

Sunday is a whole different ball game. It is freezing in most of the area early, but that bodes well for me to head to work first thing and start to unpack our new office, then I am on the road at about 7:30 am, much later then I prefer but better then nothing!

I am staying as far from the freeway as I possibly can, so I meander down and around south to the Black Diamond area, then scoot back up north around through Snohomish and Duvall, where

I make a few turns just to see where I end up and find my way into farm land I have not found before! How lucky am I!

I see horses, cows, sheep and a bunch of other animals. No one else is out and about so the roads are all mine. I do start to worry about finding my way out when my odometer starts to near 100 miles as I can usually only get about 120 miles on a tank. No matter I figure worse case I can knock on someone's door and get directions, I am having way to much fun on these back roads.

Somehow I find my way out to Granite Falls just as the odometer is nearing 120. I scoot in for a gas/pee break and then head back out to finish up my ride meandering further along the back roads, scuffing up the tires as best I can considering I ride very conservatively when alone.

I am truly loving my new jacket, again the only draw back for me right now is the lack of pockets. I have added one waterproof sealed special bag to the right belt loop for my receipts but can't seem to figure out what to do about my walkman. I had ordered a second bag to handle that but realized I don't think it will work as I can't easily change out my tapes or get to the volume if it is in a sealed bag.

Ah well I will most likely just hope it doesn't rain on my next trip as my walkman and whatever tape happens to be in it at the time will be toast, since the walkman sticks halfway out of my pocket.

I make my way back home with about 200 miles under my belt. I am just to antsy right now, and I want to get on the road to do some real mileage but this unseasonable weather is definitely putting a damper on the whole situation!

Next weekend is a race weekend, though I doubt I have to work it. If you are in the area though you really should go watch we have some pretty stiff competition starting already!
April 22-23, 2006

Saturday and lots of chores to do, not much time to ride but I manage to get in about 60 miles before my chores and hair appointment, and a 3 hour walk. I know Sunday will bring fun riding, especially since the warm temperatures are supposed to hold through the weekend and into next week. Sunday morning and though the temperatures are supposed to rise at this hour of the morning it is not even 40, I don't care I am so happy I could leave the house before 5:30 am and not worry about ice.

I need this ride as with the upcoming procedure to take care of a hefty kidney stone, and exploratory surgery I do not know if I will be able to ride the rest of the week. I head out south quickly on 405 down to 169. Not a mile down 169 and there is a bird in the middle of the road. I don't think much of it figuring it for a large crow munching on some roadkill. Oh my gosh my heart starts to pound in my chest, I check my mirrors to make sure there are no cars behind me as low and behold it is an Eagle that must have dropped its kill and was maneuvering to pick it up from the center lane! I don't know enough about Eagles to know if it will think I am trying to get its prey and attack me, hmmm might be good publicity for my Arai helmet and Rukka jacket but then again I am not sure my 100 lbs could manage to keep the bike upright with 30lbs of Eagle knocking at my door. Instead of pushing my luck I brake and slow my speed significantly giving the Eagle ample time to decide what it wants to do and me enough room to get out of its way. Luckily it must have decided I looked a little too menacing and decides its best option is to fly. I get a great view as it flies along side me for a way and think how only lucky I am to start my morning ride with such an incredible encounter.

As I make my way down 169 I am pleased to notice the mountain has decided the sunshine is a perfect time to shine, and am amazed at how low the snow cover is for this time of year. The white of snow seems to come almost to the valley, this is good and bad news. The good news is we will not experience a drought this year, the bad news is who knows when the snow pack will

melt enough to allow passage over the back side of Rainier one of my favorite rides, not to mention if the back side of Mt St Helens will open at all!

I ease my way down to the intersection with 410 and decide to hit it toward the pass. I know I will eventually hit a barrier that says the road is closed and I will have to turn around and come back but no matter I just feel like getting as close as I can. I make my way due east on 410 only to encounter another great animal a bunch of Elk! At first I am too far back to tell if they are logs or Elk but something tells me I better slow down so I do and sure enough my first encounter this year is with two young ones. Not much more up the road and there are 5 more bigger than the first two and significantly more brave, meaning they do not run off when they see/hear me but merely look up. Their bravery makes me a little nervous as I have just read an article about a motorcyclist who got head butted by a large Buck. I scoot by and realize I will have to come past them on the way back down, hoping the second time around they don't get mad and decide I am a threat, or run out in front of me.

It is but 30 miles from town that the barrier is up saying the road is closed, ah well wishful thinking I could get further. I turn around and make my way back down, continuing on my way backroads into Orting where a huge bicycle event is happening. I wonder why it is we can't get motorcyclist together like this more often, well at least sport bikers, I see Harley gatherings all the time but don't feel comfortable joining them without knowing anyone there. How much fun it seems everyone is having gathering and chatting and riding.

I make my way north toward home, and enjoy the views of the mountains on all sides and the clear blue skies, spring has definitely sprung which means summer can't be too far behind. I fit in a few last minute errands on the bike before heading out for a nice long walk in shorts and a t-shirt how happy am I!

I can't wait until next weekend when the weather is to be just as nice.
April 16, 2006

Sunday, Easter Sunday, one more holiday alone. No matter it is warm enough to ride and that is all that matters when you are alone. I spend a little extra time switching over all my stuff from my old jacket to my new Rukka jacket (rukka.com). Yes folks I have a new sponsor, as I ride with the jacket I will let everyone know the good and bad. Not only do I have to swap out my jacket it is that time of year for my new helmet too! Wait until you see it very cool.

Now off I go. There appears to be general on and off rain just like yesterday but that is ok I am geared up for no matter what I encounter, now I have until 12 pm to ride! I meander north as far as La Conner, where I enjoy the gorgeous sight of tulips in bloom. Whole fields of tulips in bloom, red, pink, yellow, white and various combinations. I then work my way east toward route 9 and start south. I have enjoyed mostly dry skies, but wet roads. As I make my way back south I get lucky and the roads have started to dry. I am starting to encounter traffic now as the first church service is ending and the second or third one starting, and people are making their way home or to gatherings. I hate traffic and look forward to the summer months when I can leave even earlier and enjoy more cage free hours, or at least will be able to get over the passes to less traffic.

I start to think about my new jacket and realize it fits incredibly well. This is the first time in my 13 years of riding I am actually not wearing a men's small jacket but a jacket made for a woman and it feels like heaven. I can't wait to truly give it a run for its money in the rain I will eventually encounter. The only issue I am having is lack of pockets and in particular no pocket for my walkman something I will have to fix or correct quickly.

I stop at Whole Foods on my way home and the man behind the fish counter yells out what are you riding? A Ducati. Lucky he responds. Silently I mutter "lucky" yeah sure \$2000 less lucky for repairs this week! I ask if he rides and it turns out the beat up SV I have seen in the parking lot

many times is his. Too funny. He tells me I should ride one, and I try to explain to this man who is at least 6' tall that it is too big for me, but he doesn't get it, most men don't.

Home I get in my 3 hour walk, leisurely through one of the wealthiest areas in my neighborhood. I see women and men decked out for their walks and runs in outfits that would pay for my rent! I see luxury cars lined in driveways celebrating Easter, one driveway has 5 Mercedes. I see children searching for eggs, what fun. I dream of one day being able to enjoy such festivities with someone, instead of trying to stay busy enough not to think about how far I am from family.

Well 5-1/2 hour ride, 3 hour walk, great way to spend a day! That and I actually found fish on sale cheap enough that I could afford it for dinner, how lucky is that! \$1.99 for leftover bits and pieces of Catfish, nothing special but an incredible treat considering fish is usually a once a year splurge!

April 15, 2006

The duc is in the shop for her pre-trip maintenance. Bummer, well kind of, since she is in the shop I am forced to put my trip stuff together now, probably a good thing as this next trip will be spur of the moment. Well almost, the mapping is done every stop well planned, every detail I can get ready for done, now I am just waiting for the temperatures to warm, the passes to clear, and sun the entire time if I can. That is the only way I will have a shot at this particular ride, probably one of the toughest the IBA offers, considering as of January 1, 2006 no woman has ridden it!

The call comes yesterday the bike is ready to pick up, but single means I have to finagle my only way to pick her up, ride my bicycle to the shop, ride the motorcycle home, drive the truck to the shop to get the bike back, which I could not do yesterday so I must wait until 10 am today to take care of it. Though I want the duc back the bill is over \$1500 which shocks even me, goodness I guess my choice of an 800 with fuel injection last year was a costly one, and this is not including the new tires that went on last weekend which ran me over \$350. Ah my dream of a house is always put aside when it comes to the bike, that and food.

This down time gives me to time to realize I can't wait. I don't know what it is; I know I never will as even after over 5 years of IBA rides I still can't figure out why I do them. I do know two things that make them all worth while: no chores and a bed! Last year the no chores and bed meant even more then they do this year, as last year at this same time I had double the chores I do now (living with another does this) and I was sleeping on the floor every night, so a bed was beyond my wildest dreams!

Now my chores though extensive (at least 3 hours a week minimum just to keep the house clean), I do have a pseudo bed in the form of a well worn futon, so at least I am not on the floor. Every night that I crawl into my pseudo bed I thank the powers that be for such a luxury one I lived without for over a year while living with another. But I digress. My soul is calling out to the song of the road and the unknown. My duc seems to know she will be called upon to do the unimaginable but she will love every minute of it. Even the kitty is getting antsy constantly vying for my attention knowing in that kitty-cat way not too long now I will be gone and she will be alone, save for the visiting cat sitter.

The rains are back, the snows in the passes have dumped an unseasonably large amount of snow, both of which put me in a bind. But I monitor the travel reports, the pass snow pack and several trucker links to monitor the moment the road and my soul will become one and we will once again be free.

April 9, 2006 (still musing and riding)

Saturday and the voices of many are reverberating inside my mind. I can not fathom what I have been hearing lately and long to run from the voices by taking a nice long ride. I put my leg over

my duc too late realizing I will not be riding her today the rear tire is as flat as a pancake! Looks like my \$140 for AAA will be put to good use this year; I make the call and wait. The tow truck driver shows up, though he comes with a flat bed, something I pay extra every year for, he is not familiar with bikes and he can't get the bike in the truck, so we agree I will pump air into the tire and he will follow me to the shop then take me home. \What a sweetie!

I am on the road at a little after 7 am on the Ninja, thank goodness for two bikes! I only ride 50 miles before I make my way over to Eastside Motosports to beg and plead for them to put on my new tires sooner rather than later, but in that 50 miles my mind is bombarded with the voices I heard earlier that I am trying desperately to come to terms with.

I hear my boss say "I thought you just got bored" that was his take on my leaving my boyfriend, my goodness I can not believe those words came out of his mouth! I am old fashioned at heart and would never leave a boyfriend for something so fixable! Goodness I am shocked he and perhaps others would think that! It takes more than boredom to get me to pack up and leave, it takes the unfixable, unfixable or unforgettable to cause me to do that.

Then the words of my friend ring in my ears "you are an independent woman you don't need any one." How could she say that! How can any one think that! Even those perfectly capable of taking care of their daily needs enjoy the company of others. Do others think this too?

I have even been told by two different married men that if they lost their wives they would have no trouble remaining single forever! I try to remind these long married individuals they do not realize how the dating world has changed, as when they were dating STD's were few and far between, HIV was just a blip on the radar, and they were much younger with no kids and no ingrained habits. What a reality check they would truly have if they lost their wives as I know only too well these two individuals have wives who handle all the child rearing, house cleaning and still help to bring in some money with part-time jobs.

Funny how people in long term relationships or marriages think being single is easy or glamorous. They comment how easy it must be to date, do what you want when you want and not have any responsibilities. My goodness, what planet are these folks from? I have to figure out how to get my bike back and forth to the shop alone, which means I must live within walking/bicycling/running distance of the shop, causing me a great financial burden. I can not go out to dinner or the movies as I have no one to go with. I have the same if not more financial and home duty responsibilities because I am alone. Goodness and the thought of becoming ill puts the fear of god in me as I have no one to help me get to a doctor or even the hospital.

Finally the thought that perhaps Seattle is not the place I should be, flitters through my thoughts as I think about two other friends who are currently suffering the ends of relationships and have both been contemplating moving out of state and starting over with clean slates. I did that once maybe it is time to do it again.

I normally don't care so much what others think but these and various other comments have been slamming inside my head making me wonder how it is people come up with such conclusions or observations! Once again I have been hurt by people making assumptions or having pre-conceived notions.

Back at Eastside Motosports, they once again come through for me, though I am not sure it is the best thing as it is raining and is to rain all weekend, new tires and wet streets are not a good thing. I try not to think too long and hard about the scary possibilities of wet pavement and new tires as I really need to ride not only for saddle time but for my mental well being. So it is that I wake Sunday morning with thoughts of people making snap judgments about who I am and why I do the things I do running threw my head.

I scan the weather and WSDOT sites only to find it is raining every where I am interested in going, so be it, I will head out and do my best to drown my sorrow and confusion on my ride.

I notice the rain seems to be moving north so I head south. I want to scrub the tires a bit more before hitting too many twisty roads so I take 405 south to 167 into Tacoma. I head up over the Tacoma Narrows Bridge, so far I have had dry pavement which is good. I jump off the freeway just outside Gig Harbor to get a bit of gas and then continue on 16 until I see the sign for Purdy and route 302. I head due west on 302, a lovely road that winds through water logged woods past beautiful small waterfront cottages and little towns. I come to the intersection allowing me to turn south toward Shelton or north toward Belfair, I take it south as I am still not sure where I want to go.

When I reach Shelton it is still early and only a few are out and about on this rainy Sunday morning, so I contemplate heading further south to Route 8 but decide instead that the tourist season is nearing and before it hits I should take advantage of 101, so north I head. I know most likely I will be riding directly into the rain but I don't care it is about mid forty so a little rain is of no significance I am fully geared for it.

I meander up 101 enjoying every single moment as I do not encounter one vehicle in my lane for miles. I always get a little giggle when I see the sign for Lilliwaup, I am not sure but the name of this town just makes me laugh. I think it would be fun to say I am from "Lilliwaup." Perhaps my intrigue is caused by my love of the "Wizard of Oz" and "Charlie and the Chocolate Factory" the name of this town sounds just like something you would hear from one of these.

I start to ponder whether or not I have the money to splurge on fudge today. I really probably don't but as I near the intersection with Route 104 to head west toward Tacoma or continue up Route 20 to Port Townsend I decide against my better judgment that fudge is a must.

Now the traffic has started to pick up, not too bad yet but enough that it is not just me and the duc. I make my way into Port Townsend, parking in the motorcycle only parking on the main drag taking my soaked body down the little alley that only the locals and I know holds a true café with all homemade pastries and goodies including chocolates of all kinds. A place where the barista knows who you are and what you want, where none of the chairs match and there are only enough for just a few to sit. I found this place years ago and continue to return again and again. This time however as I purchase my fudge and sit to enjoy a bit of it before heading home, I realize my opinion of the fudge here has changed now that I have had the luxury of tasting dark chocolate fudge from the Tillamook cheese factory in Oregon. I did not realize how absolutely incredible fudge could be until I had that fudge which tasted just like the best dark chocolate bar you could imagine from Europe but with the smooth texture of a fudge made with whole cream! Ah so be it, this will have to do but at over \$6 for just three measly pieces I will not do this again for some time. \$6 would have bought me meat for a week or more! I try not to get down on myself for this extravagant purchase but it is hard, I am not very good at buying myself gifts, unless they involve the bike. But then again any thing that has to do with riding is a necessity in my book.

I check my cell phone as I try to send a picture of the fudge to a friend, and notice another ride buddy has text messaged me that it has stopped raining and he could be ready in 45 minutes if I wanted to ride. Too funny how he doesn't know me at all, I can't even imagine eating breakfast at 9 or later, and not being ready for a ride before the nasty cages get out on the road, this time of year when there is no longer any ice to worry about and even the passes are clearing enough that they call to me. Nor can I imagine waiting for the rain to stop; this is the northwest for goodness sake if I wasn't willing to ride in the rain I would never ride. I contemplate that in the time that he has spent laying around in bed I have worked out for two hours, eaten, ridden almost 200 miles, taken a long break to stop for fudge and am headed home before the traffic gets really bad. But he is not the only one who lives that way, it is the "norm" or so I have been told, no worries I love my quite peaceful no vehicle rides, and will continue to enjoy them all summer long, as the

warmer it gets the earlier I can leave and the earlier I can get home to enjoy outdoor activities that don't include 20 lbs of clothing!

I quickly send him a text saying "Hi" and that I am actually in Port Townsend and heading home, I appreciate his trying to catch up with me but as most know when I am training and/or summer riding it is next to impossible unless I have a morning appointment to find me any where near home after 5 am.. I mount back up soaked gear and all to head back home.

My ride home is uneventful, which is good as the rain continues until I near Tacoma, then clearing slightly I have dry roads all the way home. A little over 300 miles at a very leisurely pace of 6.5 hours and I still have time to get in a 3 hour walk before 3 pm! What a fabulous day.