

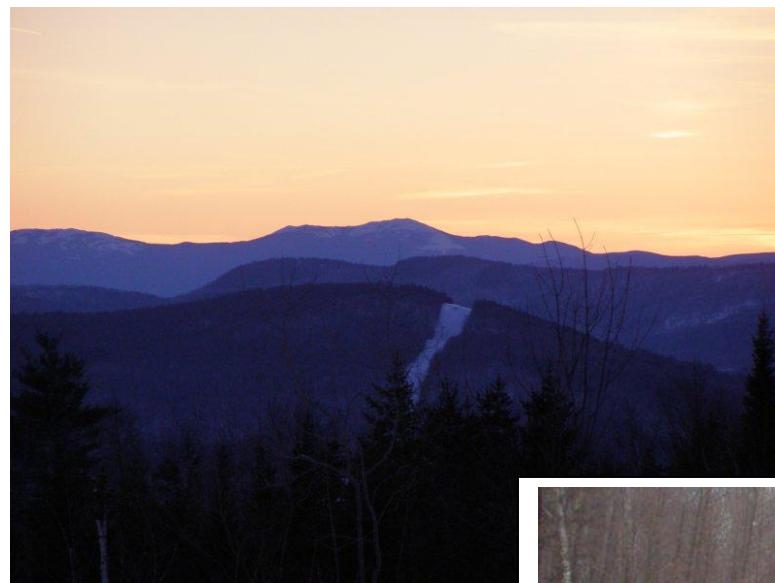
Day one – Casco to Greenville

We've been considering this a sort of non-trip, but this year (2010) I've had a change of heart and decided to write it up. It did include 2 great days of riding as well as its share of adventure.

I remember the one roller coaster of emotions the first morning of day one included. I actually was able to push my sled Black and Blue about 4 miles while running out of gas. There was a good dozen times I thought it was over, but managed to keep it alive. Then FINALLY, we make it to a store. I couldn't believe it that they were out of gas!

And this kind sole came along and went down the road to his house and brought us gas. I think we gave him about \$6 a gallon.

After that we ran into so many reroutes and logging I think we were lost about 80% of the time. That got us to Bingham late and there was concern we wouldn't make it to Greenville in time for dinner. Lest to say we hauled ass the last 40 miles to the Black Frog restaurant. Made it with about 20 minutes to spare.



Sleeping at the Black Frog is wild. The whole restaurant becomes home. I felt like raiding the fridge at 2AM, but chickened out.

Day Two and Three— Greenville to Houlton, Houlton to Monticello

Day two was as care free as you'd like. Awesome grooming and fast.

Then day three, it came. Game over. 12 miles out Pete's engine is all done. But, we don't know that yet. First thing is tow it back to civilization. And you know what I just realized I've certainly done my share of towing! Maybe I should keep a log, because I know I've done more than I can think of..... Wait....Matt Kokajo to Birches, Micky Azistohous, Pete Mars Hill, Kenny New Portland, Pete Rangeley. Oh wait the last two are in the future. I'll think of more.

Back to the past. We get back to the motel, but not without issue. I have to go on my deer rant. They're an incredibly beautiful animal. Their athletic capabilities are incredible. However mentally, they are very dumb.

Let me rewind to one day Pete and I were out. We came into an area well populated with deer. We start to get past them, but there's this one deer left running out in front of us. What the heck, break time. The stupid deer stops running. We take our 10 minute break and carry on. You guessed it. That same stupid deer jumps out in the trail and runs in front of us.

Ah, but I digress. While I was towing Pete a stupid deer jumped out in front of us. We were doing about 5MPH better and eventually the stupid deer went perpendicular to the trail and headed down a good 100 yard hill at about 10% grade. She made it almost all the way on all fours! I wasn't slowing down. I guess not at the bridge either.

