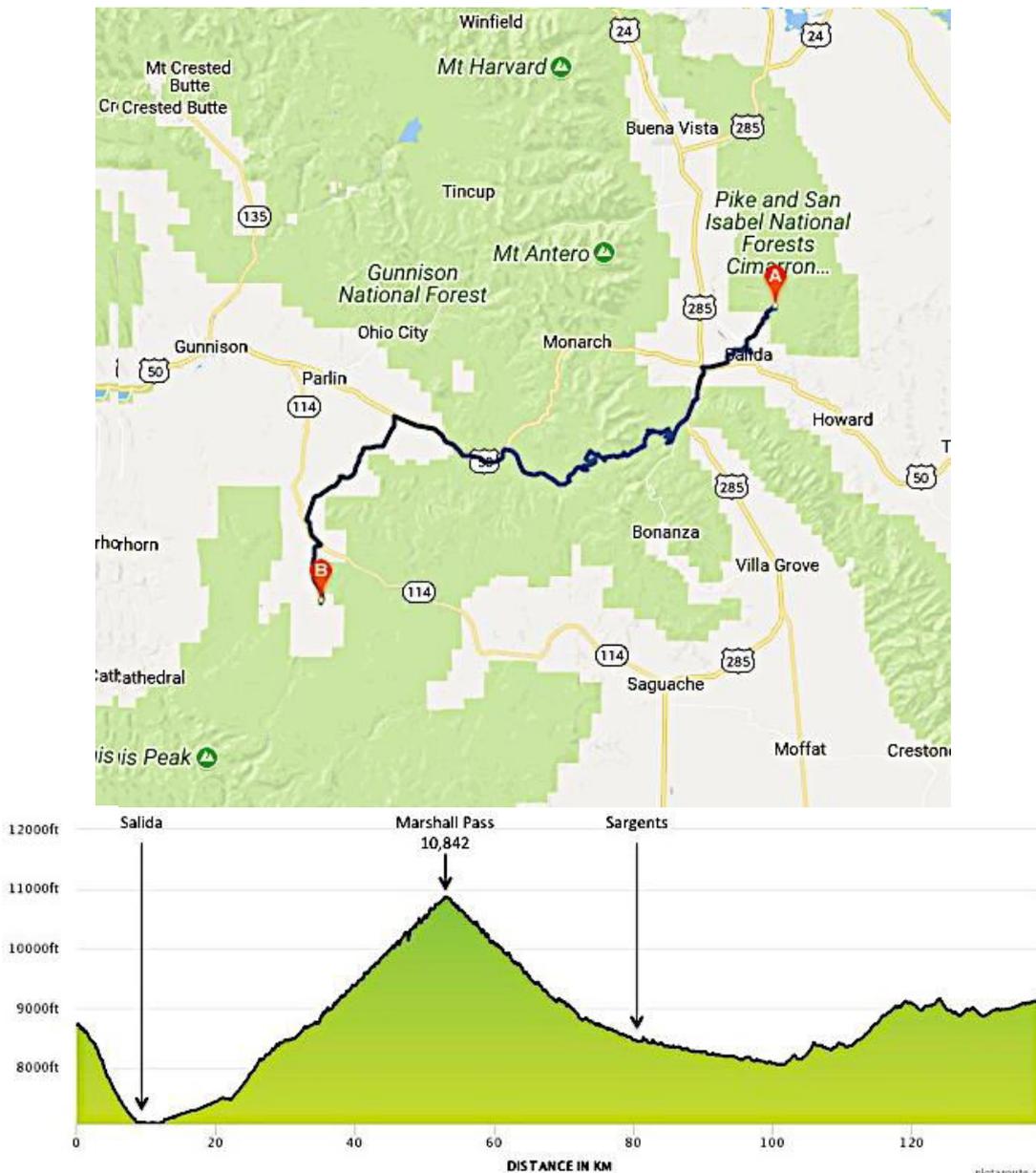


Day 21      29<sup>th</sup> June 2017  
Rough camp above Salida to Upper Dome Reservoir

138.6k / 86.1miles

2641m / 8664ft (2513m / 8244ft descent)  
46.6%↑ 42.6%↓ 10.8%→ 32.2% max

*When I asked if can get any steeper, it wasn't a challenge*



It was very cold while I was packing up and it got colder as I descended down to Salida, which was shrouded in early morning mist.

After crossing the Arkansas River (thought was I Colorado) I entered Salida and ended up in the Café Dawn. A bohemian place which serves good coffee and tasty rip of bagels.

I left my bike at the café, together with my electronics, which were on charge (locals said they would keep a eye out) and walked to the local Safeway. I found myself wandering aimlessly around looking for suitable food. Met Marty!! Back at the café I got talking to a chap who had cycled extensively in Scandinavia – this delayed my departure but hey ho.

It was hot by the time I eventually left Salida.

I was making for Poncha Springs and thence Mears Junction before starting up the 10,842' Marshall Pass

*Heading for 'scenic' Poncha Springs with Sawatch Mtns and Marshall Pass in the distance*



The heat (and wind) combined to make the long slog up the Marshall Pass hard (see profile at start of today narrative).

*Beginning of the off road trail to Marshall Pass*

While climbing the Pass, I overtook Rich, he too was suffering.

### *O'Haver Lake*

I was pleased to get to the top of the Pass and to start the descent down to Sargents





*I was pleased to have reached the top*



Despite descending I found I was having to cycle; the wind was of such force it negated the effect of gravity!! Just imagine how it would have felt coming in the opposite direction, you'd have had to apply the brakes on the way up.



*Views looking west from the summit*



The Tomichi Creek Trading Post at Sargents was very welcome when it eventually came. As I cycled (inched) along the side of the Marshall Creek you could see the community from some 5k away.

While I was there up to 5 TD riders were in residence.

Rich rolled in and observed that it's not often you end up cycling down a hill in the same gear as you went up it!!

I ordered food, including a chicken something to go (got the concept now), and plugged in my electronics as per usual switched on the phone and got the multiple pings as my Watts Apps uploaded via the WiFi. Always a welcome sound.



*Rolling towards Sargents*



*Community of Sargents.  
Slightly blurred as camera being buffeted by the wind*

I was shocked when, during my meal, my phone rang. It was Ems. She was ringing to see how I was getting on and for a morale boosting chat. It was great speaking to her and I took the opportunity to describe my adventures.

It took quite some resolve to get going again as the road continued directly into the wind for the next 20k.

Once I got to Doyleville I turned left which put the wind on my right shoulder and started on the trail south.



*Long straight trail with lone TD rider in the distance*

I was starting to feel the effects of the climbing and the wind by now. The hill above proved a real bugger. That having been said I passed the TD rider, who proved to be Leah Gruhn visible in the photo, on the way up.



*Heading south towards the Dome Reservoirs  
around the base of Cochetopa Dome*

We exchanged a brief grunting conversation, having to raise our voices over the wind, but soon settled back into our own cycling modes.

I was planning to stop at the campsite depicted in the ACA map but discovered that this was on the western side of the lake whereas the route ran on the eastern bank. I saw no point whatsoever in adding extra unnecessary distance, especially at this time of the day. I had reached the point where I was resenting even small climbs and needed to stop.

I elected to utilise the 'wash house' by to The Upper Dome Reservoir. It was spacious, clean, uninhabited and the outside porch was out of the wind.

Leah eventually wended her way past but elected to continue. The prospect of spending a night with me in the lee of a toilet/wash house obviously did not appeal. I must be losing my innate animal magnetism!!

I bedded down and was too tired to write up anything in the journal before the light went. Slept very well indeed. Undisturbed, on my flat dry surface.

Naturally having done its worst during the day, and wanting to conserve its strength ready for the morrow, the wind died completely.