

## Bullfrog Trail

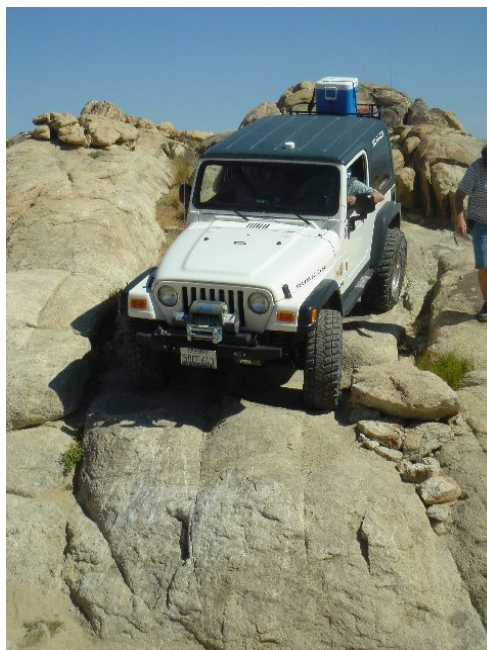
April 16, 2011

-----WOW-----

That was one heck of a trail. This was my first time on Bullfrog, and I really didn't know what to expect. I tried to come up with a noun to define this trail in one word; I tried nasty (not strong enough), awesome (overused), horrible (sounds more like a bad zombie movie), finally I had to bring up an old word from my youth in southern California "GNARLY"..... that works.



Only three of us met up at the Chevron station, Sherry and I with two of our grandkids, Richard with his brother James and Greg and Carole with duet. We met up with Mike at the turn off and aired down to hit the trail. Four rigs seems like a small turnout, but it turns out this was a perfect number for these difficult trails. I was amazed, I had no idea that landscape like this even existed in Johnson Valley. Miles of trails wandered around and over hundreds of rocky hills, crossing each other time and time again with countless rock formations to climb and descend. Thankfully there were a lot of stakes in the ground pointing the way for Bullfrog and Cakewalk.



Mike and Greg had this place wired and made all the obstacles look easy. I, on the other hand, was having a bad day. I hate side hilling slightly less than Sherry does, and she hates it a lot. We spent so much time off camber I think I wore out my sidewalls.

Mike says the slick rocks here are more like Moab than the rest of Johnson Valley, I don't know about Moab but

I can attest that there a lot of slick rock in this area. One climb was off camber right into a large boulder on the passenger side. Richard's line leaned him into the boulder, thankfully Mike yelled over the CB to stop or he was going to break a window out. I went up and had him back all the way down the rock and started him up another line, which he made without a problem. Richard did really well considering how difficult this area is. One thing that was really neat was all of the Chuckwalla lizards that were all over the rocks. When we stopped for lunch a large one came out to stare at us, the kids took grapes over to him, but he wasn't interested.



Greg was leading us down a gully when he tried to pull up into an obstacle. He got jammed in halfway through the turn and couldn't go any further. Some careful manipulation of the gears and throttle and he was able to back up and take the bypass. Mike was next, walking up the rocks like he had done it a hundred times. Richard took the bypass and I started up the rock when Mike says my right front tire slipped off a rock and dropped into



a cut. Well, that was it; a large rock behind my rear diff and front tire in a cut and I was stuck so tight I thought I was glued to the ground. Out goes my winch line and with just the slightest tug, up I went. How humiliating; I haven't needed a strap in years, but now I have to start the clock over.

We followed the trail to a deep drop off that bothered Greg. It kind of reminded me of the two main rocks of gatekeeper at Doran Trail, the one where if your tire slips off the side of the rocks you will be jammed in the cut and had better have friends with winches (Hello Bert). After checking another line we took an easier route straddling a cut in the rocks all the way down, piece of cake.

Temp was hitting 100 and we headed out knowing we would be back here again and again, although I don't think I could coax Sherry back here with a diamond bracelet (well, maybe).

Once again a great run, I wish Dan and Leslie were here.

Be careful and come back soon Dan.

Happy Trails  
Gary Blackman