Up there is Lumpy Ridge. We will take you with us as the sun comes and goes, the fog lifts and drops, and Gem Lake awaits…

The morning began in puddles and drips, recovering from the thunder, lightning, wind and downpour of last night. The sky was overcast and bleak and clouds sat on the taller peaks. The aspen weren't quaking, rather they were dripping. Petals sagged from the extra weight of the water drops. And we were determined to climb Lumpy Ridge if for no other reason than we loved that name.

Several trails go up to Lumpy. We chose the one to Gem Lake because a lake sounds like a destination and because the sign at the trailhead put a red circle-slash through dogs, horses and mountain bikes.

Not many good pictures on the way up – the sun was at best a silver disk behind a low cloud and at worst not to be found. But something we *did* find was a trailside privy with a spectacular view. This is one of a kind, in our experience, and recommends Lumpy Ridge for another, unexpected, reason.

Sorry, ladies, the view is a guy thing.

Gem Lake is a little bitty thing, but lovely with reflected rocks and trees. When we got there is wasn't sunny, but it was clear.

By the time we had eaten a couple of granola bars the clouds had dropped again and Gem Lake became Spooky Tarn.

Here we are wearing our Marmots. C'mon, of course we don't mean fat, furry, mountain mammals, Marmots are jackets. They are warmer than Dragonflies as well as rainproof, and also squish down into a small, light package, although this small, light package is more like a tubby, blobby, Belgian waffle than a baseball. We didn't invent Marmots – we discovered them. In a store. And bought them.

Soon the sun came out and off they came, squeezed into the aforementioned shape, and stowed. And the sun made for better pictures.

The return was not, however, without its perils.

And so ends the last hike on the last day. Tomorrow back to KS. Thanks for coming with us.

D&S