

Adventures On A Photography Shoot

A few years ago, probably in the 1990's or early 2000's, Bill and I owned a PT Cruiser. I kept that car a few more years after he died. Both of us were members of the Mt. Pleasant Photography Club, which held a variety of opportunities to practice and improve picture taking skills. One photography excursion I went on was to go to Clear Creek Metro Park to photograph trilliums in the spring of the year. I came to the area where the trilliums were in bloom, growing on a hillside close to the road. Since the road was curvy and narrow, I couldn't find a place to park. At this spot were Leaning Lena and Sinking Sam, colloquial names given to two gigantic rocks left by glaciers. Leaning Lena tilted over the road, causing vehicles to drive under it. Sometimes a stick or tree branch had been placed under it to make it appear that it was being held up by a little scrawny stick. Sinking Sam was nearby and its base was below the level of the road, appearing to be sinking into the ground below the road. Just before the road curved to go under Leaning Lena, an overgrown and disused service road led to the creek. This weedy lane provided a place for me to get the car off the road. I turned around and came back, then backed the car into the service road. As I backed the car downhill, I got too close to the embankment and got stuck. I tried going forward, but the rear tire embedded into the wet dirt even more. I could not drive the car forward. Well, I thought, I'll take photographs, then deal with this issue.

While I was putting the camera back into the car, a pick-up truck full of 5 or 6 local hill jacks and one little girl whom I guessed to be around 9 or 10 years old, came by and stopped. One man asked, "Did you get a good mess?". I didn't understand the question, and asked him to repeat it. "A mess of what?", I asked. "Mushrooms", he replied. I told him and all of them I did not have mushrooms, but had taken pictures of the trilliums in bloom. "Yeah, right", the man said, not believing me.

By this time, all of the rednecks and the girl had gotten out of the pick-up truck; a discussion ensued about how to help me get unstuck. The discussion went something like the following:

Man: "I bet we could lift it over."

Second Man: "It would be easier to push it out."

Third Man: "I bet we could lift it over".

First Man: "That's what I just said".

Fourth Man: "We could just push it out onto the road."

Second Man: "That's what I just said."

Ten-Year-Old Girl: "WELL, FOR CHRIST SAKES! IT'S JUST A PT CRUISER!"

About this time, a park ranger arrived at the scene. Apparently, he and the men knew each other. One mentioned I had been mushroom hunting. I told the ranger I had not, but instead, had been photographing trilliums. A redneck piped up, "Yeah, right". I told the ranger he could look in the car. He declined, but I insisted. I opened the trunk. No mushrooms in there. I opened the back door so that he could see the camera. He peeked in just to placate me.

Then all the men and the ranger got into action and effortlessly pushed the car out of the mire and on to the road. I thanked the men and the ranger. then everyone got into their respective vehicles and drove away.

Polly Lyons