THE RED WATERFALL

We went wheeling last Sunday, I had the Trek rep, Jim Valentine, Memo an' one of his friends in mine an' Dale was running solo. We were tooling around enjoying a cool beverages playing follow the leader an' cutting it up pretty good. Well we came to a grove of trees with a sweet trail leading through 'em. Seems that the BP have been using this particular area fer quite some time an' have an interesting maze of trails. It's makes me a bit squeamish though, cause it's within pistol range of the American-Mexican border.

This trail was in river bed, minus the water of course, when Dale turned to follow a goat trail, I stopped an' watched in awe as his white K5 was swallowed by the foliage. That's how tight the trail is. I was thinkin' this ain't real, "these is big trucks an the trees an shrubs are so thick they just swaller'd this rig!" I follow'd him like a sheep walking into the slaughter house. The orange thing was getting wacker'd hard this go around. I could hear limbs an' brush caressing the side of my beloved K5 as I drove deeper into the glade. The deeper went the more the brush engulfed my rig as I finally caught up ta Dale, he found an opening an' pulled over for me to take the lead. Well there I was driving like it was in the darkest depth of the Amazon, I couldn't see past my windscreen when Jim, wanted to get out an' watch from the hill side. He climbed out an' Memo got in the front with me. Driving through the maze is a unique experience that I would suggest everyone to try at least once, well, here I am weaving in an' out missing the trees an bushes when I see the end of the glade. But there's catch, the last part of the trail has a 7 ft vertical wall to the awaiting road! After I climbed out I turned to see Dale come through. You could hear his motor but you couldn't see 'em. Kind like prehistoric movie, waiting for the dinosaur to come out of the jungle. Quite cool.

On we went staying with the gully running, scrapping doors on embankments, dropping in 5 or 6 foot ledges see who could do the best with out gettin' the strap. I was leading when I came to a left hand embankment aboot 6 feet high, off camber to the right. Drove up to it on an' angle an' started the climb. Left front wheel is in the air now an' we're still climbing. 2 ft, 3 ft, 4 ft it soared to the sky. Finally the right rear wheels sunk into the soft sandy rock strew bottom an' stopped movement. Both wheels spun an' then we we're precariously perched in the air. It was soo steep that the ice chest had water running out of the top! Seeing this wasn't gonna work I backed up. Surveyed what had gone wrong an' tried it a couple feet over the other direction. Still, a nice three wheeler but no banana for monkey boy. Admitting my pain, I backed up an' drove around the obstacle taking a dab. The gully to the right wasn't easy to speak of right wheels were on the wall while the left door scrapped the opposite wall as I drove around the twisty tight trap. I popped up on the so called ATV trail as Dale pulled up. I hollered to see if he made it, yep. Dang! He says he an' Memo drove right up it! Rascals!

The sun was setting so we slipped 'em into to 2 high an' began our journey out. On the way I saw an' interesting wall to the left on the of the road out. Jim say "are you gonna try it?"

"why sure, you wanna stay in or hop out?" I asked as I slipped it back into 4 low lock.

"I'll stay in." So up went until the rear bumper drug. All 4 BFG M/T's we're spinning like a slot machine on payday. There I was stuck as a pair of dogs in heat trying to will the orange thing to keep climbing. Dale pulled up an' strapped me out as my bumper had made a nice crevice . Not one to give up an' I tried again only to have to take the strap once again. Damnit! Dale's turn. He too drove up until he had all four spinning viciously. Hum, "you wanna strap!" I called out.

"no." He hammered it in reverse as he unstuck himself.

"are you gonna try it a'gin? you ain't gonna make it ya know." I chided him.

"I ain't giving up. Not yet." He responded as he throttled the 350/350 crate motor into a violent fury. Four wheels digging ruts, slinging rocks an' debris as he attacked the small hill. After all forward movement was stopped, he had gone no farther than before. He backed down, an' surveyed his error. Looking behind, he backed up aboot 5 ft further than before, then slipped into the go gear an' hit it!

Spectacular doesn't describe it well enough. The front bumper, a piece of 2 x 12 marine grade oak splintered in the gazillion pieces as he buried the nose into the hill side. Not letting up on the go pedal he kept hammering sawing the front wheels as the rear wheels fought for traction. Then, as the white K5's forward movement slowed it started pullin' an' almost perfect wheel strand! There it sat balanced on the small hill for what seemed like an eternity until gravity finally over came the 6000 lb white pig, it came crashing down with a deafening wham! No more movement. He was shifting it up an' down the column like he was churning a bucket of buttermilk but nothin' happenin'. That when I notice the red waterfall from under the tranny/transfer case. The impact had busted the tranny clean into! He wasn't going any where soon. that's fer certain an' fer true. Upon closer inspection I saw that the tranny had in fact snapped in two as it had grenade'd the adapter as well. Damn, this's serious. With some brain working an' some ingenuous strapping I pulled him down an' we began the long journey to the hard road. Phone calls were made an' eventually a tow truck materialized to take 'em away.

I finally walked in at 11:15 pm, my wife was asleep on the couch so I carried her to bed. I thought aboot the adventure as I climbed into the shower to wash off 8 hours of dust an' sweat. When I finally it called it a day it was the magical midnight, whew! Time to start a new day, off to work in 5 hours, what day it was too.