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FROM THE DRIVER'S SEAT

Okay, so I wrote an "April Fool" article and it was pretty far out there. MJ rejected it, advising me I was either going to scare the dickens out of everyone or folks were going to think I had (finally) lost my mind. After a considerably short thought process I've decided to spare you the details as it really was a far fetched piece. So, next time we're having a conversation, just remember, it could be a lot worse... really!

Last month I was moaning about the weather here in Atlanta. It really has not gotten any better. We either have freezing cold, heavy rain, or winds blowing over trees. Then, out of nowhere, we'll have half a day of perfect 70 degree weather. Then the junky stuff starts over.

Even though the weather has not been great, I decided to attend an upcoming Mustang event. I'd never been to Tupelo, Mississippi, before and the event was being put on by four MCA clubs. It certainly did sound interesting, even if the weather continued to NOT cooperate.

Well, one thing let to another and before long I had more stuff to take with me than would ever fit into a Mustang. On Tuesday before the event, I still had a pile on the shop floor and work bench larger than what was already in the car. Time to drag out the trailer...

I started loading the trailer, getting things packed away, and the car in place. Did I mention I had to go buy four new tires for the trailer? I didn't know—they only looked bad on one side. Anyway, everything got in its proper place by Wednesday evening. It started drizzling as I walked from the garage to the house.

On Thursday afternoon, the sun was out and the reports said it was not going to rain again until late Friday morning. I hooked up the trailer and truck, checked the connections, made sure the lights and blinkers worked, and checked the brake controller. I had not towed with this truck, an extended cab, F-250, 2-wheel drive, and was actually looking forward to testing things out before the busy summer season.

The weatherman was pretty much right; it was Friday and it was definitely going to rain. So definitely so there was no need to wait till noon. At 7:30 am I was already getting wet just walking to the truck. At least I had already loaded things.

I put the truck in reverse and immediately started to spin the wheels. Maybe it had been raining during the night as well. I figured I would just pull forward, make a right turn, then back up into position to pull out, and then just drive forward out of the back yard.

Within maybe three minutes, I had the truck, the trailer, and the yard a mess. I WAS STUCK. Or, to quote Nancy (you all know my ever-suffering wife), "So, the truck is stuck in the muck." Seems she had recently read a story at school to her kids about a duck stuck in the muck and now I had the truck in the muck.

After about an hour, I got the truck loose from the trailer, out of the muck, and into the driveway. Problem was, the trailer was still stuck, loaded, and in a position where I could not unload anything, least of which was my '08, in the trailer.

I took off my muddy shoes, my muddy shirt, and my muddy jeans, went inside, cleaned up, and started looking through the yellow pages for a tow company. After several conversations, considerable laughter (on the other end of the line, of course), and numerous companies saying they could not handle such a situation, I finally found a guy to help. Said he would be there in about 15 minutes.

I watched in utter amazement as this monster truck turned into my drive. The tires were taller than me. The bed was so high I have no clue what might have been in there. And the guy actually jumped down to the ground. I had no clue how he was gonna jump back in.

Long story short... this guy had my trailer sitting in my driveway in about 10 minutes. That includes opening the gate, showing him the trailer, and me getting out of the way. He did more in that time than I'd done in hours. And, he did not make near the mess.

Next was this little matter of \$100 to settle up. Let's see, 10 minutes, \$100—\$600 an hour for driving a truck. I wish I could complain but being no longer stuck seemed worth the money. I paid the guy and he was off to save some other idiot from himself.

I did make the event in Tupelo. It was nice, and yes, it rained! Ed Hockaday, one of our National Directors, laughed at my story and named my truck DUCK. Just like the mud on it, I think it's gonna stick... Steven's truck, Duck, was stuck in the muck! But, he was saved by a monster...



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