

At least the air was warm and the sky was blue

by: Savio Wong

Just before the end of the school day, Bryan, a computer technician from the Board Office dropped by to see me with my repaired laptop. I was very pleased with how quickly he was able to re-format my computer even though I would need to re-install all the programs, re-create my address book and re-import all the bookmarks. My school day ended with a productive meeting with the Literacy Club, a not too strenuous soccer practice, and a quick round up of a few props for the upcoming musical, *My Fair Lady*.

The air was warm and the sky was blue when I left the building about 6:00 p.m. As I was going through the list of things I needed to do for the evening, I decided to drop by Linda's place for a quick visit and give her the document that Mary Jane had asked me to bring back from Casablanca. I called Linda with my cell phone confirming the directions to her house; a place where I have visited several times.

Going north on Sandhill Road, I passed the old North Wilmot School, and I made a right turn on the second side road. I passed the Gingerich's mailbox on my right, a sign post that Linda had reminded me over the phone, I made another right turn going towards what I thought would be Linda's house.

It didn't take me long to realize I was actually on a snowmobile trail, a melting snowmobile trail to be precise. I know I need to turn around but the trail was too narrow. I figured with my four-wheel drive CRV, I just need to maintain speed and find a good spot for a 3-point turn. Everything was fine until suddenly, my trusty CRV came to a stop. I shifted to the lowest gear, spun the tires for a while, switched the gear to reverse, and spun the tires for awhile more. It appeared the CRV was quite comfortably sitting there unmoved. When I looked out the window on my left, I realized 80% of the front wheel has plunged into a once frozen creek.

Thankfully, the air was still warm, the sky was still blue, and I had my cell phone with me. On the phone, Linda told me to stay calm and she would send Dave, her husband, over and rescue me with his tractor. While waiting for the sound of a big engine, I decided to climb out of my car just in case it decided to go for a full wash. I walked down the trail gingerly, not wanting to take water into my running shoes. Just when I thought the partly submerged CRV would make a great photo and it was too bad that I didn't have the my camera with me, Dave and his friend Randy showed up with a gigantic tractor. The height of the wheels of this mechanical specimen was almost as high as my head!

Using a chain, Dave and Randy hitched my CRV to the Big Specimen. As the giant wheels rotated ahead, the slush of the packed ice began to spew from the ground and the CRV slowly climbed out from the creek. The Big Specimen had to make a big wide turn in order to align the CRV with the trail. Everything seemed to be going well until the CRV came to a complete, sudden stop. Just a few seconds before that moment, Dave was shouting instructions to me asking me to turn the wheels to the left but I was certain I saw

Randy turning both of his hands in a rapid clockwise motion. Trying to reconcile both sets of instructions, I took the only sensible course – I did nothing.

It didn't take Dave and Randy long to come up with another plan. In no time, they moved the chain from the front of the CRV to the back. The Big Specimen pulled the CRV out of the deep snow. They then re-hitched the chain to the front. I suggested and they concurred to let Randy take the helm of the CRV. I moved to the passenger side, obviously so that I could be in a better position to 'oversee' the operation. The Big Specimen led the way and the five of us roared across the half-frozen field towards Linda and Dave's house. Just about 100 feet from what appeared to be the house, the snow was so deep that I could have touched it from where I sat. Thankfully, I could feel the tug of the steel chain and my trusty CRV glided into lovely tarred pavement.

After expressing my deepest thanks as a city dweller to these two fine country gentlemen, I navigated the CRV from the yard to the house. I saw Linda waiting for me outside of the main door. At that precise moment, I remember Bryan's visit. He returned my computer, the computer with its original carrying bay, that sit on the floor of the the backseat now. That, of course, meant the loaner computer that I had been using, with its bag, with its content, which included a sealed envelope, and a document from Casablanca was sitting safely in a locked closet in my office, at school.

I had a lovely visit with Linda and promised her I would definitely deliver the Mary Jane's document to her ASAP.... to her office.

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