



“LET’S GIVE ‘EM SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT!”

Lovingly penned for Wild West Voyages by Swirlin’ Eddy

‘Bout a couple weeks ago I was making my Swirlin’ Eddy rounds, checking out my domain on the local sections of the Colorado River. Cruisin’ around at surface level about a mile above the highway bridge, minding my own business, I come upon a vehicle almost entirely submerged on river left. Nothing but a formerly slick black rooftop and about 2 inches of window. Creepy, like a sunken ship, silently filling with red silt and looking all at once grim yet alive with the promise of a good story.

I took a few moments to flow through it and explore the interior: a small box of dental toothpicks floating up top, owner’s manual missing, keys still in the ignition, interior seating only a luxury car can offer. That thing was an Audi A8, practically brand new! I know what you’re saying: it’s probably a 1992 Nissan Stanza that was pushed into the river. But I, Swirlin’ Eddy, hereby swear I saw it up close.

Let’s start swirling some rumors! There is massive potential to stir the story pot with this one. It was a stolen car. It was a shuttle vehicle. It was a drug run. It was a sleepy tourist on a whirlwind epic national parks tour who realized all too late that the American West can’t be won in a day. My conjecture? The ghost of Sir William Granstaff himself, come to check on his cattle in style. Even old timey cowboys get to drive Audis in heaven.

I heard from a reliable source (OK, a river guide, but a reliable one as river guides go...) that the guy driving that car was listening to REM while easing on down that River Road. Top three guesses: *Driver 8? Find the River? Nightswimming?*

I also heard tell of the driver making a superhero leap from his door, mid-air, flinging himself from the doomed vehicle and into not scratchy tamarisk but soft willow branches that cushioned his landing. Stuck that landing with both feet, thrusting peace signs into the air as he did it. This is legendary heroism folks, the likes of which only Bruce Willis could interpret in the film version and do it any justice.

By the time you read this there will be official reports about this vehicle, which will have long since been removed from the river, dripping with shame and sludge. I much prefer the wistful tales of heroics and espionage that accompany rumor and conjecture. River culture brims with it. Let’s not be confused by the facts, folks. On the contrary, let’s talk it up for future generations!

*Shout out to Bonnie Raitt for the song title that inspired this month’s edition of Swirlin’ Eddy’s River Blog!

Wild West Voyages offers guided daily river trips, equipment rentals and river shuttle service. Raft, kayak, or stand up paddle: All Trails Lead to the River! Give them a call at 435-355-0776 to arrange your river day, or visit www.wildwestvoyages.com.

Check out Swirlin' Eddy's River Blog at <http://www.wildwestvoyages.com/swirlin--eddy-s-river-blog.html>