

WALKING TWO MILES of Creek

— LARRY'S SHORT STORIES #120 —

There's an interesting creek I like to walk a couple of times a year, looking for arrowheads - if my schedule allows. This is normally a few days after a heavy rain washes the leaves away, reshapes the gravel bars and turns over some root balls - hopefully exposing a few new rocks. My access to this creek is just below its source, on both ends of a large farm bounded by county roads, with a couple of low-water crossings in the middle.

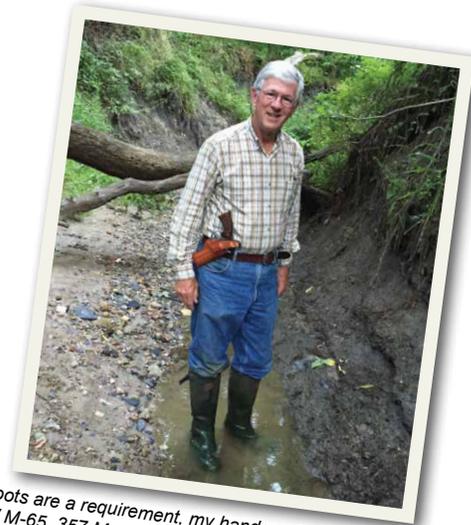
It's a creek, not a river, winding its way through two miles of fields and woods, headed to the Missouri River. The floor is perhaps 20-30 feet wide and the banks maybe 15-20 feet. The bottom is sandy, with occasional gravel bars; some places are easy walking, but other parts are like an

obstacle course. The total drainage is huge, but it doesn't run year-round and you can walk it in knee boots, once the water goes down.

The creek divides into three sections, with low-water crossings serving as dividers. I've walked each of these, but never in one day or even during the same season - "my time" and the "right time" just didn't fit

together. So, logically it became a "bucket list" item - walk the entire length in one day, looking for arrowheads.

But, there were two problems; first, I didn't have a full day to give - the job, you know. Second, it's important to stay focused when looking for arrowheads, which requires a high energy level and a mind that doesn't wander. I knew my mind would wander over that much time; there had to be another way.



The rubber boots are a requirement, my handgun is optional - S&W M-65, 357 Magnum, with Bianchi 5BHL Holster.

It had been a wet spring and summer; the creeks never had a chance to clear up before the next rains came. Finally we got a dry spell and three mornings in a row were open on my calendar. This was my chance, and perhaps my only chance, before the falling leaves covered the ground.

Each morning for three days, I drove to the top of a section, unloaded my 4-wheeler, rode it to the lower end, put

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on my boots and pitched into the creek. For the next two hours or so each morning, it was just me and the creek bed; what a wonderful break. I found a few rocks and crossed one more item off my bucket list.

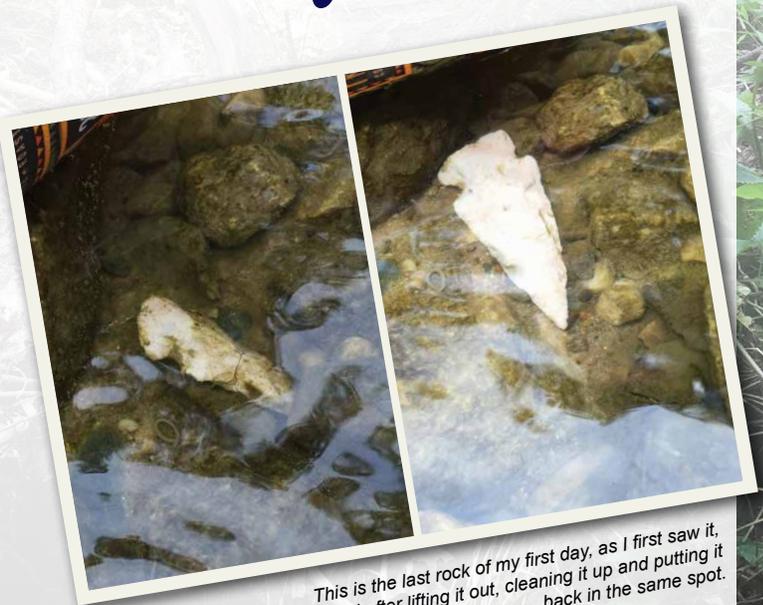


Larry Potterfield

Moniteau Creek Watershed
Howard County, Missouri
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In six and one half hours, over three mornings and covering about two miles of creek, I found these twelve pieces.



This is the last rock of my first day, as I first saw it, and after lifting it up, cleaning it up and putting it back in the same spot.