

Ice Road Trucker Bootless

My name is Tim. Tim McKeen. I am an ice road trucker. I drive an 18 - wheeler truck on a strip of ice in Alaska, my entire ride is not on ice, but for the most part, I do have to drive on the ice at times. I will haul anything if the price is right. Let me tell you about the night my truck died and I walked in the snow barefoot.

It was late one night and I had a deadline to meet. My rig broke down and I was about two miles from the nearest rest stop. I had just gotten off the longest strip of ice on the road to drop off my load. I was stuck. I knew I could walk the two miles in the high winds and the dead of night, but I realized when I got out the truck to take the long walk, my enraged girlfriend, (she caught me cheating), took my warmest hiking boots out the cab of the truck. The wind was whipping around me good. The temperature had to be below zero. I guess this was her revenge. She left me with my old boots, the ones with the soles coming off; it was just a matter of time. But I had to bear it.

Before I could get a good 10 steps of walking in, the sole of my right boot came off. I looked up at the sky and asked the Creator, "Why me?" I thought I could I hear a loud boom in the sky say, "Because you're a scumbag." I had to make through. There was no way I was going to let that woman defeat me by taking my good pair of boots, nor was I going to just sit in my rig, be cold and die. There was no telling when the next truck was going to come by. I was one of the last trucks to leave and the other truckers could have taken a different way depending on what they were hauling and where they were going. I continued to walk and the sole from my other boot came off. I couldn't even catch it before the wind just blew it away. I walked and I walked. I could feel my feet freezing up. I couldn't tell my feet from the cold ground. I didn't think I was going to make it. I fell to the ground and then I looked up I saw some lights in the distance. I just waited. As the lights came closer I saw it was another truck. I got up. I tried to wave them down. The trucker drove pass me, but eventually they stopped about 10 yards from where I was standing. I ran up to the truck. The door open. I came around to the door and I looked in.

She said, "I couldn't just let you be out here stuck without any boots." I looked at her. It was my girlfriend Amy. She's a trucker too. I asked her, "How did you know I'd be out here stuck without my good boots?" She leaned over to me and she said, "Who do you think made sure you'd be stuck? Serves you right for cheating!"

I married that woman.