

Every Picture Tells a Story

Dog Tired

by Chris Martin



When I saw the morning forecast calling for rain, I got excited. A strange response possibly, especially since I lived in Vancouver for several years prior to moving to Calgary.

I always get excited when it rains. The photographic opportunities that such weather provides are fantastic. Dense clouds diffuse the sunlight and create soft shadows and beautiful gradations of colour. I typically use a polarizing filter when shooting in the rain to yield deeply saturated colors. In addition, the extra dimension of everything being wet can make some subject matter much more visually interesting.

“Wet leaves and fence posts! That’s what I’m going to focus on today,” I said silently to myself with an affirmative nod. “And some moody landscapes.” They’re always on the agenda on a rainy day. I donned my old rain suit, gloves and my ridiculous winter boots, which are monstrously large but are fantastic in the rain. My camera received the same waterproof protection courtesy of a Glad garbage bag – the best solutions aren’t always high-tech.

With my gear together, I headed down to Bragg Creek and started walking along the Elbow River. Soon I was within the mixed woodland that gives way to the dense forest and the Kananaskis mountains to the west, and I was happily photographing away – finding great subjects at every turn.

After a productive, and fast, couple of hours I realized that I’d forgotten to bring an important accessory for any lengthy and cold photoshoot – something to keep the tummy warm.

Acknowledging the mistake, and with some good images in hand, I decided to call it a day. I packed up my gear, and headed back to Bragg Creek for a hot beverage.

After a quick stop at the Cinnamon Spoon for a hot chocolate creation and a friendly chat, I headed back to the car, eager to get back to the warmth of home. But then I got that nagging feeling of being watched.

I turned around and there in the back of a pick-up parked across the lot was this dog, sitting patiently in wait for its owner to return. His head (I’m assuming it was a he) was static, but his eyes casually followed me as I passed in front of him.

Whether he’d enjoyed his day as much as I had, I have no idea, but his face seemed to mirror my exact feelings at the time: quietly content, pretty tired, yet keen to come back another day and do it all over again.

I grabbed my camera and captured the expression that summed up the day, and bid my new friend goodbye. He responded simply by raising a quizzical eyebrow.

If only dogs could talk.

For the last two years, Chris Martin has been a regular contributor of photography content and articles to [BRAGG - ABOUT THE CREEK](#).

Christopher Martin Photography
cj@chrisphoto.ca | (403) 880 2411
www.chrisphoto.ca