

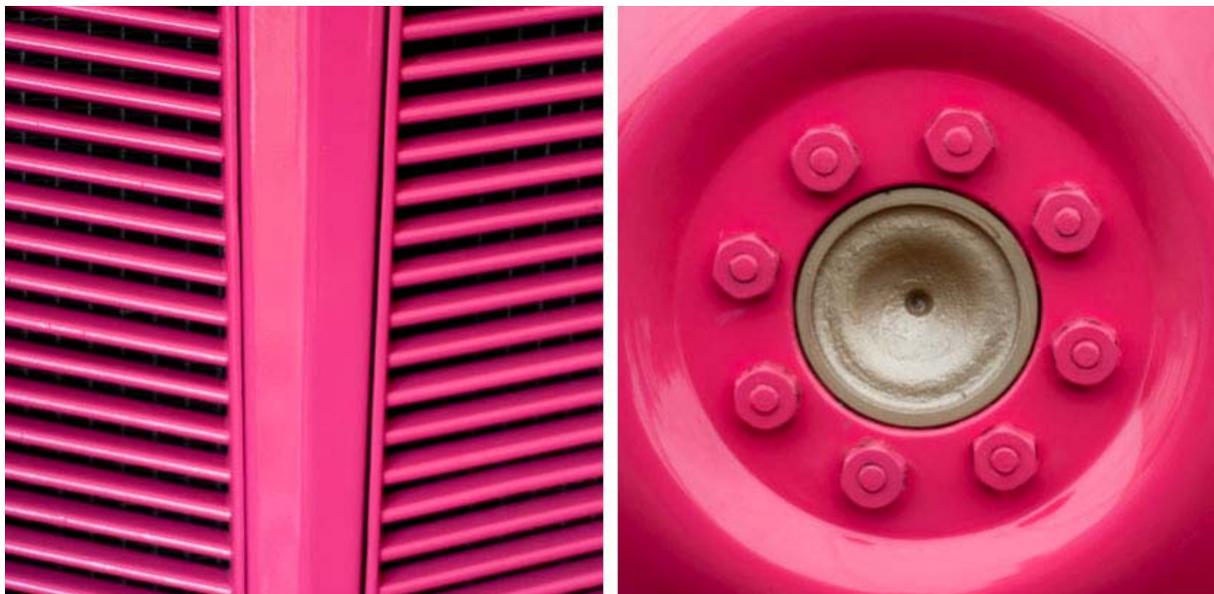
The Fantastic Four +1 go to the Steam Gathering:

The Return

Following their little adventure of last year (see blog of August 28 2011) The Fantastic Four, namely our venerable President, Mr Bell, Mr Stafford and the French Ambassador meet on Saturday 5th for another Pickering Steam Fair. This time we were accompanied by an inexperience youngster, Neil M.

The weather forecast was set to bright and sunny so, learning from experience, we all decided to bring a broolly with us. All geared up and ready to go we crossed the bridge to enter the fair and went on with our business... first order of the day: two teas, two cappuccinos, one black Americano, bacon baps (extra onion), and a muffin! No good photography can be achieved on an empty stomach. After some chit chat and the usual shooting session by Mr President, we went on with the real business...what time shall we meet for lunch?

Spoiled by the choice of subject available to us we started all from the same point, about ten meters from where we had our coffee and went on our more or less separated way following our inspiration. I wasn't sure what I should go for and so start shouting until I find a subject of interest, it a kind of mental warm-up. After a while I came to the conclusion it should be square (what a surprise) to be used in a diptych or anything that finishes in "tych".



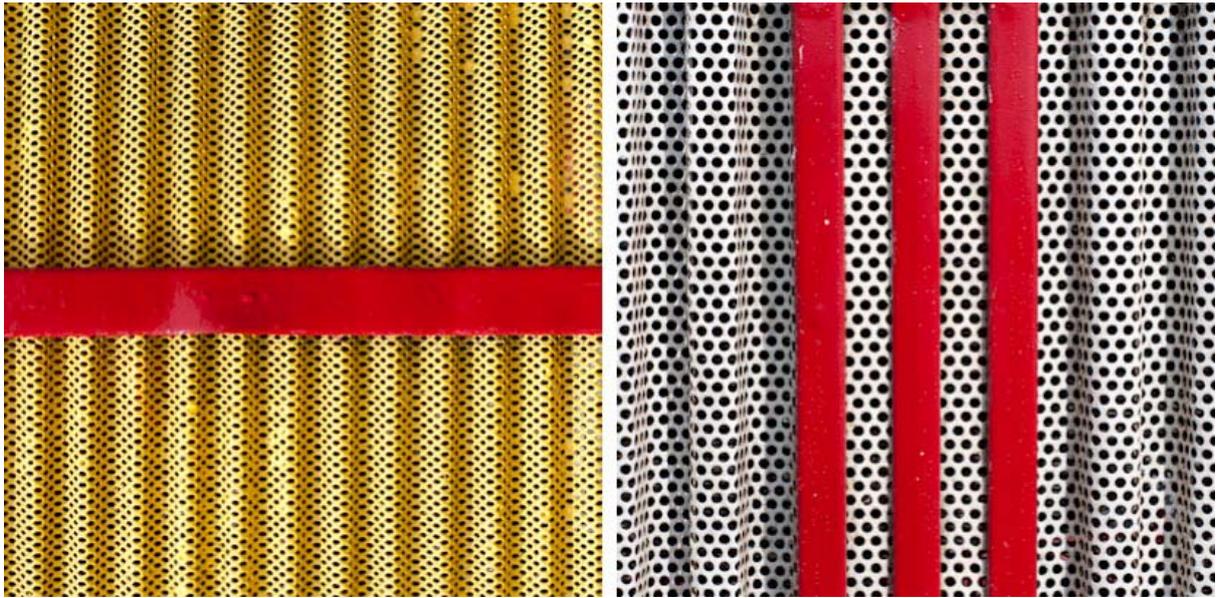
Once the subject was found, wheels details of steam tractors, I moved from engine to engine keeping my eyes open for any photographic opportunities. I came across the other four chatting with one of the steam engine owner. It must be somehow intimidating to have four cameras pointing at you at the same time, so in my infinite kindness I decided to make it five. After a short shooting session under the direction of Mr Bell, I went off shooting more wheels like a possessed man.



After a while I decided to move on to new pasture in the search of new inspirations. The truth being that my stomach ordered me to get away from the steam engine, they were nowhere close to the food court. Between me and the food court was a mine field of opportunities, the bric-a-brac stalls. Even though I could not silence my stomach (literally) I was deaf to his plea and went on shooting. After a while and so many prize winning shots I gave in to my stomach and join the group for a well-deserved lunch.

Pork roast with stuffing and apple sauce was the order of the day accompanied with sparkling mineral water from Denmark, Carlsberg I believe. After the needed rest and more chit-chat we were on our way to the vintage cars. It was time to change my SD card before starting a series of close-up. Little I knew it was my lucky break, all my morning session and all those prize winning shots disappeared into thin air when my card failed. First time ever I encountered the problem.

In the meantime, the blue sky darkened to a threatening stormy grey colour. Armed with last year experience, the brolly to the ready (I knew it would be handy), it was time to pick the tent that will be sheltering me in a few minutes. One more shot, always one more shot. Then hell broke loose, or as we say on the other side of the channel, "Il pleutcommevaches qui pissent!". This time I chose well, using the Ferguson Tractor tent for shelter and source of inspiration, resulting in the "Pink & Gold" and the "Orange & Blue" diptychs.



After few more close-ups or tractors it was finally time to meet with the guys one last time before going our separate ways. To conclude our trip we agreed to pick five images to share with each other (also some of us did cheat on the number five; I am not naming anybody Lord G.). It was another fantastic outing and a great occasion to catch-up. I highly recommend it to all DPS members and hopefully I will be there next year to share some good times.

Lilian (a.k.a Frenchy)