

My Surfing Adventure

by Luciana A.

“Caw! Caw!” the birds screech on the sand trying to find food. As I walked closer to the water, my fear of the ocean got worse. The cold water on my feet made my skin get tight. The smell of it was like I had just walked into an expired fridge. I heard the waves crash on the rocks. The whitewater crashed on my feet and the surfers were riding the waves.

“I’m not sure about this,” I said to myself, scared.

“I’m not meant for this!” I yelled to my sister.

Whoosh, the sound of the water swirled around me. As soon as I hopped on my board, I felt something come alive in my body like I was meant to surf. I saw a good wave, so I started paddling away from it. I was getting ready to stand up when the wave hit me and I nose-dived into the water. Suddenly, the board was on top of me, and I was underwater. All I saw was blurry water and all the sand moving around. I tried to get up, and I gasped for air.

As soon as I got the power to lift up the board, I was okay. I took a long breath to relax so I could go back out to surf again. Then I took a deep breath and said, “I’m never surfing again.” But I knew that was a lie I was telling myself.

“Boom, boom, boom, boom,” the sound of my heart pounded through my chest. I knew I had to go back out because if I didn’t I would have a fear of the ocean FOREVER. I put my hair in a ponytail and I went out for more.

I started paddling out and I took a deep breath. I saw a good wave coming to me, so I turned around and started paddling the other way. I was happy. The water was so

clear I was ready to get on the board. I felt the wave take me off, I hopped on my board, and I stood up. "I did it," I told myself. I was so happy. It was the best day ever. I knew that I didn't have a fear of the water.

"Whoosh," the sound of the water called me. I started walking out to it, because I was ready. I was made for this. It was like my fear went away. I felt the water was still cold, but it didn't bother me. Nothing was going to stop me. I felt the sand rub against my skin. It was fine because nothing scared me. The ocean was as clear as it could be. The little fish passed my feet. I was paddling out and I saw the biggest wave I have ever seen in my life. I felt the wave lift me off my feet onto the board. I was doing it. I was on my feet balancing. It was the best day ever. I had no fear of the ocean. I was not scared of the water anymore.

And the thing is that you shouldn't be scared of the water when you haven't even tried it.