

The Summer within Waves and Me by Brenda V

Cold as the wind touched my skin. Just to feel the rush of cold water run through my veins made me feel alive. It was the morning of the last day of school and I was spending my time at the ocean diving off the cliff tops. We would have about two and a half months of summer vacation. As I was heading onto the shore I heard my mom calling my name.

“Annabel! Annabel,” she ran through the sand that was surrounding everything. I knew she would come looking for me soon. As soon as she got close she didn’t waste a minute to yell at me, she grabbed my arm and pulled me along through the sand. When we got home I dried off and got into the car to go to school. When I got to school it started to rain. Even though it was summer the sun was barely out and it would rain a lot. That was the life in Ireland.

As I walked through the hallways of Silver Mountain High I saw all the announcements on the bulletin board. When I got to class I opened the door and everyone stared at me, I walked to Mr. Valdez and gave him my tardy pass. I went to my seat and took out my notebook and pen. We started taking notes on how you could calculate how much time and what the speed a person would have to be to do to be able to do a stunt. As usual I dozed off and started drawing on a new sheet of paper. The waves and dolphins jumping through the water and swimming through the coolness of the water- I started thinking about how it would be to be a dolphin spending all your time in the water with no cares.

But unfortunately as usual Mr. Valdez calls on me to answer the question. I sit there staring blankly at him. As usual he gives me a “you better be paying attention next time or you’ll have detention” look. He moves his eyes and calls on Victoria. I doze off again and don’t care about the look he gave me. The bell finally rings and it’s lunchtime. I rush out of the classroom and stop at my locker and get my drawing notebook and pencils. I start walking down the hall to the doors leading outside. As I pass Victoria and her friends they laugh behind my back.

I finally get outside and start heading down a couple of blocks on my way to the beach shore. On my way I stop at the grocery store to get an apple and Oreos. I keep walking towards the beach when I’m done purchasing my lunch. I get there and walk through the sand and sit on a big rock, my rock. The rock I’ve sat on since sixth grade, every day at lunch I sit there and draw the ocean and any things I can imagine down in that beautiful place. Time passes by too fast and I have to run back to school so I won’t be late. I get to school and trade my drawing notebook and pencil for my regular notebook and pen.

I want school to be over already, but there is still an hour and a half left. Time goes by too slow but I make it out of math alive. I rush out of the school and get to my house real fast so I can change into my shorts and t-shirt covering my bathing suit. I go back to the cliffs were I was diving this morning and take off my shorts and shirt. I jump off the cliff and crash into the water. I pop my head out and the waves crash into my face, it feels good to me. I decide that tomorrow I’m going to go deeper into the ocean and see the beautiful creatures there are down there.

I swim to the shore and climb up the cliff again and get my stuff and decide to go home to prepare my stuff for my big plan. I get home and my mom is cooking dinner.

“Annabel”, she calls out as I get in the house, “come help me with dinner.” I obviously can’t complain and tell her I can’t because she’ll want me to have an explanation and not an excuse. I go into the kitchen and wash my hands and start stirring the soup she has in the pot. She’s cutting up vegetables and dumping them in the pot. She starts telling me that I shouldn’t be out in the ocean so much any more and that I should try to make new friends. But she doesn’t know how it is at school. How hard it is to be a person like me in a school like Silver Mountain. I just ignore and keep stirring.

I hear a knock on the door and go to see who it is. It’s my dad I open the door really fast to let him in. He goes into the kitchen to see what’s cooking and I rush into my room to look for what I’m going to take tomorrow morning. I get my backpack and start stuffing a waterproof flashlight, camera, and goggles so the salt water won’t burn my eyes. I sit on my bed trying to think of what else I should put in there. And imagining how beautiful everything will be and how soon I’m going to be able to see it. Soon enough my mom calls me into the dining room for dinner, we are having soup with steamed vegetables. After dinner I go back to my room and start reading a story about a great adventure in the ocean by a guy name Paul Schneider. But I soon fall asleep.

I wake up to the sound of angry waves crashing against the rocks near the shore. I am thrilled that it’s the first day of summer and my plan. I get out of bed, get dressed and put a light jacket on its really windy outside but I don’t mind. I put my backpack on and go into the kitchen to get something to eat really fast before I go. As I leave I put a bag full of almonds in my bag just in case I get hungry. I start heading down to the ocean.

I take off my jacket, and rest of my clothes and just leave my bathing suit on. I put on my goggles and get the flashlight and camera. I start heading into the water from the shore, deeper and deeper the water gets as I swim farther away from the shore. I decide I’m going to take a deep breath and go as deep as I can into the ocean. I start swimming deeper and start seeing the under life of the mysterious creatures. I start taking a few pictures of the colorful marine fish and kelp floating down there. I’m running out of breathe and swim as fast as I can up to were I can breathe air.

I decide to go back were I left my stuff so I can eat almonds and enjoy lying down on the sand. The rest of my afternoon I sit there and draw what I can still remember of what saw down in the ocean. Around four I go back home before my mom starts worrying again. As I get home I hear my mom crying in the room her and my dad share. I stare in the room doorway until she notices me and tells me to come in the room with her and sit on the bed.

“Annabel,” she starts, “many things in life happen that aren’t planned and well we always have to live on even if they happen no matter how bad they are”, she takes a deep breathe and goes on, “Annabel, honey, your dad was on his way to work and he got in a car accident and he passed away.” We sat there in silence for what seemed to be hours. I couldn’t believe her; I didn’t want to believe her and every thing she had said. But no matter how hard I wanted to believe that I was dreaming I knew I wasn’t and that it all happened so fast.

Summer went by slowly and I stayed inside most of the time and didn’t want to go out to the beach and spend my time devouring the beauty of it. My mom and I sat there in silence almost all summer. We had nothing to say. School came around August

17th and I rode the school bus for the first time. When I got to school everything was the same as usual except I had many different teachers. Unfortunately my math teacher was still Mr. Valdez. I could swear that that man picked me to be in his class again just so he could to torture me by picking on me to answer his confusing math questions.

That first day after class he told me to stay after class so he could talk to me. He started talking. I tried ignoring him. But I couldn't, I didn't have anything more important.

"I'm very sorry," he started talking. "You shouldn't take it so hard on yourself. Just think of how waves crash down onto the shore, the arrangement of the shore changes every time and you have to make changes in your life as well." I sat there in silence and thought about what he said. I went home after class, and stayed in my room till around seven.

I chose that I wasn't going to go to school tomorrow. I was going to go down to the beach, and watch the waves and the shore.

The next morning, I got up and got my backpack. Walked to the beach to sit on the wet sand. I looked at the waves and found many words that described it the over all word was CHANGE. I got up and walked closer to the shore watching the shells coming and going as the waves crashed in. I spent the whole day there and ate the strawberries I had in my backpack. Around six I headed back home. My mom as usual was gone at church. She would go everyday at six ever since my dad's accident. I went straight to the kitchen to get a couple of Oreos and headed towards the couch. A knock on the door disturbed me from what I was watching on T.V.

I walked to the door and opened it. It was Alex. I stood there trying not to look confused, but I failed. He started to say he was sorry, I stopped him and let him in. we sat on the couch and talked, he was interested in the ocean too. So, we made plans tomorrow we were going deep into the ocean with our flashlights to watch the creatures that waited down there. In the morning he waited outside my door, ready to go. As I came out the door he asked if I had ever gone deep into the ocean before to see the creatures. I told him I went only once, unfortunately the day my dad passed away. We walked in silence after I answered the question. Alex stopped at a big rock near the cliff I usually dive off of.

"This is usually were I come, and think things through," he started talking, "I've seen you dive off the cliff a few times, I couldn't imagine doing that off of such a high cliff." I looked at him and he smiled at me. "Maybe I could teach you hoe to dive off the cliff," I suggested. He sat there, on his rock thinking about it and then answered maybe. I was definitely looking forward to teaching him how to jump off, and then getting technical and teaching him how to dive.

We got ready to go into the water. As usual we started at the shore and started swimming in. we took a big breath and went in both at once. This time all the creatures seemed alive. We saw common creatures, and creatures I had never ever seen before in my lifer and that I only had imagined. We enjoyed all the sights till our lungs burned as they pleaded for oxygen. So we swam up and took a deep breath and then took another one to go back in. I felt alive with him being with him and in the ocean watching the most beautiful things in my life. This time we actually got closer to touch the sea anemones we were having a great time.

But soon we decided to get out of the water and go back to his rock and talk about the things we loved. We also walked on the shore and picked shells, he had

something special inside when I was at the ocean with Alex. It was amazing but the time went to fast and we had to leave. He walked me to my house and then he left going off to his house. My mom was already home, I could feel she felt better. She looked at me and smiled, she knew I was out at the beach with a friend and she was proud of me. I knew this was going to go well. My life was making waves, and so was the ocean.