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Creative Writing 4

**Prologue thingie- I am Asian and I don’t know about American culture. Why did I write this? Just read the story.**

First Rafting Trip

My first rafting trip was fun, to say the least. Before this, I‘ve never been to a family outdoors thing. I was excited to experience all the smells, and tastes and senses I was going to feel. It was also a great chance to see if roasting hotdogs was really a tradition. As we drove through the rolling hills of a random highway I didn’t know, I was practically jumping in my seat. So many questions flew through my mind; would it be dangerous, would it be like a rollercoaster, would it be a fast paced ride or slow, leisurely stroll? When we finally arrived in Sacramento, I was about to burst with happiness. I was assaulted mentally and physically with all the new sounds, and senses Sacramento held. There was a throbbing thump in my chest that vaguely sounded like my heart beating faster than I could run. The following hour was just the normal danger procedures and all the rules. When our boat leaders stopped talking and lead us to the loading area, I drew in a breath of clear crisp mountain air. It tasted sweet, like honey, this was looking, smelling, and tasting a lot better than I thought it to be.

The first few rapids were rather boring, they were just for warm up, or at least that was what my boat leader told me. Apparently there are five classes of rapids. Our trip would only include one to three, one being the lowest and five being the highest. The first time water splashed in our boat, I was shocked. The water was freezing, I had imagined warm, cool water rushing over my skin and refreshing me, but this was just liquefied dry ice. I would soon learn that would be the first of many to come.

We rode many class two rapids and there were names for almost all of them. They were fun, yeah, but nothing would compare to Hospital Bar. Hospital Bar was our only class 3+ rapid, so you could see why it was such a big deal. It presented to me a shot of adrenaline so high I would give anything to ride it again. It was a class 3+ rapid named Hospital Bar, and the name really lived up to its meaning. I remember almost every detail when I flew over Hospital Bar; the humongous torrents of water, the violent rocking of the raft, the high pitched voice of our boat leader and most importantly, the feeling of pure uncensored adrenaline rushing through my veins. When we first approached Hospital bar, there was a sense of awe and the tingle of excitement in the air. Just by watching the rafts ahead of us get spun around by the frightening waves of Hospital Bar made my heart pump at least twice as fast. My breath had hitched as we waited in the long line of blue and gray, as far as the eye could see. It was an eternity before we finally stopped at the edge of the rapid that signaled the start of Hospital Bar. My heart was practically running the Olympics in my chest and time seemed to slow down.

Wooosh! A great gust of wind propelled us into the rushing waters of the great rapid. We plunged down, and then, a rocket of water shot up against the bottom of our raft. We spun away, airborne. Our raft hit a couple of rocks that surrounded Hospital Bar, and then dropped into the violent streams of water again. Water crushed us from all sides, spraying my face and soaking bone deep. We climbed a water hill and plunged right down again. All of us were shrieking, laughing so hard we couldn’t concentrate on the orders at hand. It was almost raining now, or at least it seemed like it flying down the rapid with a crazy smile. And then, through half shut eyes and a full on, stomach aching laugh, I saw it; the rock that gave the name to Hospital Bar. If we messed up here, we all would’ve gone under. Time slowed for me and me alone, a leaf flitted in front of my eyes, blown by the zephyrs that Hospital bar had created. “Left!” She had yelled. I knew what our cabin leader meant. We all shifted our weights to the left side of the raft, the side that was leaning away from the monstrosity of a rock. I prepared myself for impact with my eyes closed and my hand wrapped securely around my paddle. A jarring impact left my teeth chattering; we spun off the rock as planned and flew higher than any raft had ever gone before. As we dropped, I looked back; it was a perfect eagle’s view. My brother’s eyes were shut and a maniacal whoop was on his lips. My parents were doubling up in laughter. Rafts behind us watched with amazement, their mouths agape. I grinned and raised my hand in greeting; bad idea.

WHAM! We slammed down in the water at full force, our combined weight; an average of 700 pounds submerged us in the water from toe to neck. And then we shot up with twice the force. We skipped a good couple of meters, and then slowed down to leisurely pace we were going before at, if you could believe it, 45 seconds ago. I heard my brother and boat mates cheering, whooping, and doing all the crazy things one was supposed to do after riding a rapid like that. I was laughing so hard I almost fell in the water. My senses were sharpened to a degree I didn’t know I could achieve. I could see the smallest of creatures and everything seemed to be so neon in color. It was almost like what those people who take mushrooms felt, or at least according to them.

Hospital was the greatest finale in the world. I didn’t even want to ride another rapid after that. We just drifted downstream for about twenty or so minutes and then we were off on our way home. After that rafting trip, I realized that the great American outdoors was a lot of fun. I also realized, spring water is a lot colder that I made out to be, and that water rafting had nothing to do with roasting hotdogs. I don’t think I’ll ever get over the hotdogs. There’s still a lot to explored and played, but as long as I live, I don’t think I’ll ever forget Hospital Bar, it gave me excitement to no end, happiness in a bottle and finally, the feeling of being truly alive.