

Imagery Assignment

The sun shone down on me; drowning me in an ocean of light. As I drove my four-wheeler through the field, I felt the wind swim like hundreds of minnows through my hair. As I passed thicker patches of crabgrass, grasshoppers the size of my thumb enveloped me in a cloud of flurrying green blotches. "If only I had worn a pair of goggles," I ruminated. The grasshoppers maliciously darted into my helmet and wreaked havoc. Some of them just went "splat" on my face, while others were kinder and landed softly on my face. I could feel them grope around on my face like tiny cat burglars trying to find a way to get into my head to steal my brains. As soon as each and every grasshopper had finally escaped my helmet, I realized that I was now driving perpendicular to the rows of chopped down corn. My body responded to every dip and bump in the field with the elegance of a waddling penguin. I was only nine years old and as I rode my 70cc four-wheeler I felt like a cowboy trying to tame a wild stallion. Everything around me was a blur. As I slowed down to the speed of a crawling ant in order to turn and go parallel with the rows, I began to realize how the combined might of the sun, grasshoppers, and perpendicular driving had completely, and utterly, exhausted me. My body was an overheated internal combustion engine that had ran out of oil. I needed to take a pit stop by the creek.