

## Going for a Boat Ride

As we glided over the glimmering blue lake, waves made soft splats and splashes when they collided with our pontoon boat. (Onomatopoeia & Alliteration) It felt like we were on a seesaw, rocking back and forth, back and forth, back and forth (Simile). The melodious duet of my companions cut through the motor's low rumbling and drifted to my ears. "We're going for a boat ride, boat ride. Out on the water, out on the water..." they sang like two songbirds engaging in a conversation (Simile). The breathtaking scenery embraced us as we chugged farther and farther away from the cabin. (Personification) (Action Intro)

Clunk, our anchor collided with the lake's rocky floor, sand soaring off in all directions. (Onomatopoeia) The aroma of frying hot dogs and hamburgers on the grill reached out and brushed against our noses. (Personification) Nearby, these grill master's children and pets played joyfully on the beach. After gathering our gear, a few beach towels, three pairs of colorful flip flops, and the boat key, Kristin, Lizzie and I embarked on our mission; travel to the river at Slippery Rock.

Despite my objections, Kristin, having made this trip before was the leader. When we began our walk, sounds of rushing water crept into our ears as we were nearing the dam. (Personification) After crossing it, my posse and I decided that although our task was important, time was not of the essence. Naturally, we took a detour.

Our alternative route took us onto dirt paths that appeared as if they hadn't seen or heard footsteps in long time. (Imagery) Although this was the same breathtaking

scenery we had viewed earlier, tree roots bulged out of the soil and threatened to trip us frequently. (Personification)

Around half an hour later we arrived at a rope bridge. It dangled between two massive trees, suspended over the raging river. However, we followed the rule of safety first and collectively resolved to not attempt crossing this unstable bridge.

Due to our detour, we had been forced to take the long way to our destination. After relocating to the trails that would lead us to Slippery Rock, we promptly marched off towards it.

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We ran down to the peaceful river like horses gracefully galloping on the open plains. (Simile) A friendly tsunami crashed upon my dry face and flooded into my eyes. (Irony) I responded with hurricane force, drenching my friends in cool, crisp water. I slowly waded to the river's middle, with the sun warming my skin. The young children surrounding me squealed with delight as they splashed each other with the river's cool water, which created a joyful atmosphere. (Imagery) Suddenly searing pain invaded my body, concentrating all of its force on my left foot. "Are you alright?" inquired Kristin.

"I don't know, my toe kind of hurts," I admitted. Still in the center of the river, I struggled to maintain my balance while inspecting my throbbing foot. The skin on my big toe had been broken open, revealing my pink flesh. Ruby red blood intensely gushed from my recently-inflicted wound, and covered my toe in a liquid blanket.

"Should we leave?" suggested Lizzie.

I whimpered back, “Yeah, I’m bleeding everywhere.” Concern entered my mind as I realized that the nearest first aid was at least a mile’s walk away.

Compassion was etched into my friends’ faces as we began the long, grueling hike back to the boat. Warm, sticky blood, still pouring out of my injured toe combined with the path’s grainy sand. I felt every speck of dirt and every grain of sand as it infiltrated my wound. With every step the pain increased, but I knew it was one step closer to the boat. The dam we had passed earlier entered my field of view, a sign that my journey was almost over. (Suspense)

At a sloth’s pace my posse and I walked the remainder of the way to the boat. I breathed a sigh of relief, as the lake water washed away the agonizing sand and dirt that had made its home in my cut.

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As we pulled into the dock at the cabin, Kristin’s dad greeted us, “You guys sure are back fast, did you have fun?”

“Actually, Megan got hurt,” Kristin explained, “She cut her foot in the river. We think it was a rock or a broken glass bottle.” Meanwhile I began to hobble like an old lady up to the cabin. (Simile) Accomplishing this painlessly was impossible due to the steep incline.

“Are you ok Megan?” questioned Kristin’s Dad.

“Yeah, but I could really use something to stop this from bleeding and a band aid,” I responded while laboriously attempting to climb the four trivial stairs that led to the cabin’s deck. Once inside, I made my way to the bathroom, where I washed and

cleaned my aching gash. Kristin's dad supplied me with several band aids, which I used for my toe's benefit.

While relaxing in the Kmecheck's Lazy Boy, I thought to myself, "Wow, today was interesting. I wasn't even being klutzy, and within the 10 minutes I spent at the river I managed to injure myself. This kind of stuff only happens to me." (Personal Comment Conclusion)