

A Perfect Day for a swim.

It was the 12th day of summer vacation and it was hot! People could be seen trying to do anything to cool down. Even the birds seemed to be fanning themselves with their wings. It was a perfect day for a swim. “Mom! I’m going to the public pool for a swim!” I screamed down the hall. “Whatever, but why don’t you take your friend, Josh? She screamed back. I sighed, how could mothers never understand? “Mom! He’s not my friend! And he is weird! He does extra homework, just for fun! ” “I don’t care; I’m not going to let you go to the pool unless you go with a friend!” she said, obviously ending the debate. I groaned, and went upstairs to get dressed.

I called Josh and asked him if he would like to go swimming with me, praying that he was painting his bird-house or something. He said yes and asked me to come pick him up at his house. I rode my bike out of the garage and chose to take a shortcut by the lake. At the end of the lake-side shortcut I noticed that there was a road block. Knowing the police, it would be impossible to get pass the road block so I turned my bike around and took the long way to Josh’s house.

I reached his home twenty minutes later. I slowly walked to the door and reluctantly rang the doorbell. The door was answered almost immediately by a smiling Josh. “Hi... uh, come in!” He said nervously. I hesitantly entered the house, and was surprised to see that it was quite normal. I had always thought that his house would be sparkling clean, have glass cases of bug collections on the walls, and painted pink, but I guess those were just rumours. “Actually, I don’t have a bike so we have to walk.” Josh said, blushing. I sighed; it would take even longer to walk to the pool and I had to be home by 6, it was already 3:30. “Fine,” I said, “I’ll come and get my bike after swimming.”

We began walking to the public pool. I was hoping that we would get to the pool quickly, and we were almost there when Josh stopped walking. I asked him why he stopped and he pointed to a boy stuck in a fence. I chuckled, but stopped when I saw Josh running towards the kid. ‘Doesn’t he know how much time we have?’ I thought. I looked at my watch. 3:50. I ran to the fence and laughed when I saw what Josh was doing. He was pulling the kid by his legs, ignoring the child’s screams of discomfort. I ran to go get the hose, thinking that the water might help the kid slip through easier. Before warning Josh, I turned the hose on. The hose was hard to control and ended with us all getting wet. I saw Josh grabbing a water gun lying on the ground. He sprayed me with a blast of water and I sprayed him with the hose. We played for an hour, and taking cover behind plants and decorative rocks. We played and played. The boy stuck in the fence watched us, crying for his mom. We heard a car pull up in the driveway, and we knew we were in trouble. The boy’s mom would catch us. Before we could run away, the boy screamed and his mother saw us. We apologised and were sent home by the angry mother.

Even though I did not get to swim that day and got in major trouble, it was still the best day of my life. I made a new friend and had lots of fun.

Name- Marcos Ramirez