Kaitlynn Good

Mr. Jackson

ELA 11 - 3rd hour

19 October 2016

Personal Narrative

I learned to swim on my own when I was four. I was a natural and more than proud of it. I loved the water, so it made sense that the reason I’d want to go over to Gram and Pup’s, my great grandparents, house would be for their huge pool. The deep end was eight feet and I could proudly swim in it by the time I was six.

 I was probably eight when this happened… It was a scorchingly hot summer afternoon and I was sipping on Gram’s homemade lemonade. She never added enough sugar to it and I tried my hardest not to pinch my face up while drinking it.

 I heard a commotion and looked over to see my little cousin, Alexis, throwing a fit as per usual.

 “Please, Uncle Josh! Please just let me go in the pool for a little bit! I just want to go on the raft,” she begged, her face turning the shade of a strawberry.

 “Fine,” he said reluctantly. Probably just to get her to stop screaming, something she did quite a lot.

 Alexis always got her way, it was just a given.

 “Mom, can I go swimming?” I asked, suddenly jealous of Alexis. She waved me off and told me to be careful.

 I swam alone for awhile, ignoring what Alexis was doing and did my own thing.

 “Kaitlynn,” Alexis called. I looked over and saw her in the deep end, on the raft. She stuck her lip out, pouting a bit, and whined, “I’m stuck.”

 “Coming!”

 I paddled over to her, feeling smug that I could swim over there and she couldn't. My plan was to drag the raft to the other side of the pool while she was still on it, it would be an easy task and would be done within a few minutes. Apparently, she had other plans.

 I reached out for her raft and next thing I knew, she had jumped on my back. My hand immediately shot up to plug my nose, while my other arm was used to tread water. I opened my eyes, despite how much they burned from the chlorine, and looked to see how far I was until I could touch. My vision was blurred and I could barely make out where the shallow end was.

 As scared as I was, the water felt smooth against my skin as I continued to try to swim to the other side of the pool. It felt as if I was getting nowhere. I kept paddling but I knew that I wasn’t going to be able to get to where I needed to be. Alexis was too heavy to push off me. So, I was practically stuck under water and was probably going to drown to death.

 At this point I had accepted my inevitable death, and knew that I was going to heaven for dying to save someone else. They had to let me into heaven, otherwise this was all for nothing. I was a *good person.* If they didn’t let me into heaven, I’d have to have a stern talk with God.

 I unplugged my nose, letting water rush into my nostrils. I now started to paddle with both of my arms, hoping that’d give me enough of a boost forward. My muscles throbbed, as if begging me to just take a break. My body, apparently, had no idea how crucial it was for me to keep going. I wasn’t sure how much longer I could continue to paddle before my arms would give out. Then next thing I knew, I was lifted out of the water and thrown onto the deck. I sat there for a few minutes, coughing up water, while everyone stared at me with concern. I looked up and saw Uncle Josh assisting Alexis out of the pool, her honey colored curls now damp from falling into the water. Her face was pinched up and tears were slowly trickling down her cheeks. Next to me was Papa, who was like a second dad to me, constantly looking out for and protecting me. Of course he'd be the one to save me, that was the Papa Way. He was fully clothed and dripping wet, one of his sandals was gone and floating in the pool.

 “Thank goodness you’re okay, Boo,” Papa said. “Why would you let her jump on your back like that?”

 I shrugged, holding back tears, then I was being hugged tightly by Mom and Nana. That’s when I lost it. I started bawling my eyes out, not wanting to know what would have happened if Papa didn’t jump in when he did, and glad that no one had to find out.