

Dolls dont swim



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Dolls Don't Swim The day was unusually warm. The air was so heavy that you could feel its moist fingers clutching at your throat making it hard to breathe. I was walking on the dried out streets of my little town, my bare feet leaving little foot prints in the dusty road. I tried to imagine I was walking on snow, to make the heat more bearable, but it was impossible. I wiped the sweat of my face and continued to walk, not even realizing what an amazing event I was about to witness. Despite the fact that it was intolerably hot, no one was trying to cool himself down in the near by river. It was dangerous to go there. It was deceptively deep, and several townspeople have, unfortunately, witnessed this first hand. I never went near the bank. I would just cross the old, wooden bridge, which was built some time ago and could most definitely use some rebuilding. Not that it was unsafe, it just looked too warn out. But maybe that was what the townspeople liked about it. It perfectly captured the spirit of our sleepy little town. It was not a busy day, I only passed a few people on my way. The river was peaceful, almost too peaceful. I have never seen it like this. As if it was waiting for something. Then, I saw a little girl walking perilously close to the water. Her greenish, ballerina-like dress was blending in with the dirty greenness of the water, transforming the little girl into a water nymph. Her golden locks were glistening in the sun, her hand ivory pale, holding a doll. All of a sudden, the fingers that were so carelessly holding the doll, opened up, like a sunflower to the sky, and she started smiling and spinning in place, like a nymph doing a rain dance, dropping her precious doll. The water swallowed the doll in one gulp, hungrily. There was a scream. Then no girl. I was frozen. The legs that were attached to my body were not mine. When I wanted to call for help, only warm breath oozed from out my mouth. Words

were iced up inside my mind. I just stood there, mesmerized with the sight of the drowning little nymph, like I was mesmerized a few minutes ago by her image. Then, out of nowhere, a young man came running, his red shorts flickering in the sun. Without thinking twice, he jumped into the river after the girl. The river violently took him in, reluctant to give either of them back to the surface world. The young man's athletic body fought the waves as only a professional swimmer could, the girl barely able to keep herself from sinking. "Just a little more and he's there," I thought to myself. The young man cut the water with his hands, fighting a battle with a million enemies urging to drown him. When he finally reached the girl, she was unconscious. He brought her to safety more easily than when he was swimming to reach her, as if the river had admitted her defeat and was backing down gracefully. The young man put the little girl on the dusty river bank and made his best efforts to resuscitate her. Her wet, green dress was wrapped up so tightly around her tiny body, that she resembled a mermaid child brought to surface. But, she was not breathing. He was bending over her in a fatherly concern, not giving up. Suddenly, the girl moved and started coughing out water. The young man helped her up, and hugged her. She was crying, he was comforting her in his arms and I was the only witness to this miraculous event. We people are capable of so much love, care and compassion, only when we want to be. I still felt frozen in time, wishing this moment would last forever. The river was serene once again. All was well with the world.