

Friends from  
childhood bleem to  
be the longest friends



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Childhood is one of the most important things that make us who we are.

These are the times when we learn certain things, do certain things and create certain things. Friends that we acquire while growing up seem to be the longest lasting type of friends, versus friends that we make when we are in our late teenage years. Waking up at 2 in the morning just to be able to surf with my friends before school was one of my most important childhood memories.

We would all sneak out of our parents' houses and get together at our meeting place we used to call "Lion's Rock." We would then proceed to walk to the shore 20 minutes down the road. I would remember these memories from my childhood forever because these were the days when we would have our own time just hanging out, joking with each other, and most importantly, catching that perfect surf. The loud, constant creaking of floorboards as I tiptoe around my bedroom at 2 in the morning wakes my dog up. He growls at me; I tell him to hush, be quiet and I'll see him later.

I grab my backpack, my flip-flops, and my surfboard on the way out of the door. Lucky for me my parents don't wake up easily, or I would definitely be getting a tongue-lashing from them early in the morning. I quietly tread the worn down staircase of our old 1800's Japanese style house, breathing in and out slowly just to keep my nerves together. Step by step, I finally reached the bottom of the staircase. With a backpack strapped behind me and a surfboard clutched to my side, I quickly snuck out past the front door.

Ten minutes later I find my childhood friends Chedd, Jeng and Eliz-Mae at our meeting place. They complained about how slow I was taking and reminded me that today was the "Big Wave" and that it only last a couple of hours.

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We quickly walked to the shore where people were gathered. " Wow! " I thought. There were probably close to fifty surfers out in the water. They were all waiting for the big wave that was supposed to hit sometime between 2 and 3 A. M. The fresh, salty smell of the ocean lingering about and the feel of the cool, constant waves underneath my body bring serenity to my mind.

Listening to the waves as they crash onto the shore reminds me how beautiful my surrounding was and how lucky I was to be a part of this beautiful creation called Earth. I begin to feel a sense of excitement and joy as we anxiously waited for the big waves. I was thinking of how amazing it would be to catch just one good wave. We joke around and talk about competing as to which one of us would catch the best surf of the night. We catch a couple small waves while we wait. Jeng, being the best one out of the four of us catches a decent wave and does a beautiful front side snap and rides the whole wave as it vanishes within the sea water.

We cheer him on as he paddles back where we were waiting for another wave to catch. A couple minutes later, Chedd and I paddle far out into the surf to catch a good wave we saw coming. After a hard bargain with the sea, we catch the wave and ride it out all the way down by the shore. We were having so much fun that we forgot about the " Big Wave! " An hour later, while we were at the shore taking a break and re waxing our boards, they finally came. We saw that first huge wave crashing out and taking out 5 people and wiping them out.

We started laughing and giggling at them, thinking how funny it was getting wiped out by monstrous waves. A brief moment later we start to paddle out <https://assignbuster.com/friends-from-childhood-eem-to-be-the-longest-friends/>

to the wave spot. Ducking and diving into the waves, we finally reach our destination. Chedd was the first one to catch a wave. He rides a decent 8 foot wave, then snapping back to the same spot where we were. Eliz-Mae and I caught a couple decent waves as well. Jeng just hung back, feeling the crashes come and go before him. As we paddle back to our spot, Jeng frantically pointed far out near the horizon; it was coming.

The “ Big Wave” as we were told by the older guys surfing around us. We started to paddle to catch the perfect wave. We are going to have a first-hand experience with what we thought was a phenomenon at the time. As we are nearing the start of the wave, Eliz-Mae started to falter out and told us that she couldn't do it. She was afraid; afraid that she wouldn't be able to handle it. We told her that this is something that happens only a few times in our lives and that we should seize this perfect moment. We encouraged her to conquer her jitters; she finally said she'll do it and paddled far out with us.

Wave after monstrous wave, they rushed toward shore. Jeng caught a 15 foot wave, Chedd and I caught a decent 10 footer, and to our surprise, Eliz-Mae caught up with Jeng and caught the same size wave as he did. It was probably the best 15 minutes of our lives that morning when we caught those monstrous waves. As we were walking back to our homes, all we could think about was how awesome it felt to be able to experience such feat. This particular childhood memory is such an important thing of my past because this happened four days before I left for the USA.

I knew I wasn't going to be able to see them and hang out with them for a long time and to experience this with them was a great feeling. A couple of days later, they came to the airport with myfamilyto bid us goodbye. A lot of

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hugs, “ good byes” and “ See you later” were said. For the first time in my life I cried in front of my friends. I told Chedd and Jeng to take care of the only girl in our gang and to keep catching those waves whenever possible. As I bid them goodbye, Eliz-Mae ran up and kissed me on my lips. I was confused with the situation; I didn't know what to do. I was eight.

She gave me her bracelet and told that she would wait for me until I visited again. I stood there in the middle of the airport walkway flushed and surprised. I knew at that moment that I love her. I recall on to this childhood memory whenever I am in need of comforting. Whenever I am sad and lonely, I look back and think of this as the simpler, happier times. I think of the good times and the bad. As our lives change, we mature and forget things that we learn. We forget some of the people we meet, but not the ones that has carved something important in our hearts. These are the memories that will be buried with me to the grave.