

Real resonance



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and Number 25 April 2006 Real Resonance One of the most true-life experiences that I faced which later dramatically affected how I viewed a movie or television was a time when I went snorkeling in the Caribbean Sea. A friend and I had signed up for a snorkeling tour. Although it was her first trip, I had been on a few others. The trip started out with one of the instructors explaining how to properly wear the mask and snorkel, how to breathe through it, and such. As he was going through the instructions, the other instructor was already in the water performing tricks which was quite distracting. I did not have any concerns about the procedure of snorkeling since I had gone many times before. However, I wondered how the not-so experienced tourists could focus on the instructors while the other guy was so busy trying to distract people with his crazy display of water maneuvers. I mentioned this to my friend and she shrugged it off as she is a former lifeguard, current swim instructor, and very experienced in the water. The boat took us out to sea and I grabbed a lifejacket to hold on to just in case I got tired. No one else had a lifejacket with them. I noticed that the only other boat in the water was quite a ways from us. There were several people who had never snorkeled before and I mentioned to my friend

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that the instructors weren't very helpful. One guy was sitting in the boat having a drink and the other was breaking off chunks of coral as he performed flips and turns to impress the tourists who were trying to enjoy the underwater world through the glass bottom boat; instead they got to view him.

The sea life was amazing and I do not remember how long it took until I looked up and noticed that our boat was gone! There we were ten of us

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stranded at sea with one lifejacket, no " Diver Down" flag or anything to allow other boats to see us and to keep from hitting us, and the boat in the distance had disappeared! No one else seemed to mind but my friend and I were getting a little nervous.

The sun was beating down and my mouth was parched. It had already been thirty minutes and I pictured all of us dying of thirst or heatstroke. Another fifteen minutes went by and still no sight of our boat anywhere. One lady grabbed my lifejacket as she had gotten tired and the others had started to wonder if this was the normal thing for a boat to leave its passengers.

After forty-five minutes, our imaginations went wild as our hearts pounded with each dark shadow we saw. Although, they were just rocks that did not bother us earlier, our group discussed the possibility of sharks and other creatures in the sea. We had no clue where in the sea we were and how we would even get any help. There was some panic as the conversation turned to how long it would take for anyone to find us and how long would we remain in the blazing Caribbean sun in the salty brine without drinking water. Words could not describe our terror and although there were ten of us, we felt simply helpless. It was hard to keep a couple of older ladies calm and to keep them from hyperventilating as that would have cause additional (medical) problems.

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It had been over an hour when the boat finally arrived and to our horror and surprise, the reason they left was because they " had to go pick up two other tourists"! There was no concern of our safety, the situation they left us in, and not a single apology. It was unbelievable!

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Two years later, the movie " Open Water" aired in cinemas. I could hardly wait to watch it because the sea has always been a love of mine. I did not give any other thought about the movie except for the fact that it involved Scuba diving and the Caribbean Sea. However, as I sat in the theater with my enormous tub of popcorn and extra large soda, even my chomping on the snacks came to a sudden stop when I started to feel the same heart-throbbing fright as I watched the couple bob in the sea with no idea as to where they were, how they would survive, and how they would even ask or get help.

Although we did not deal with the shark encounters and pitch black darkness, I was on the edge of my seat as I listened to their hearts pounding and their breaths getting heavier and heavier. What do you do when you are just left What do you do when you are left in the middle of a vast ocean and have no clue where you are, no way to signal or call for help, do not know if or when anyone will show up What do you do when you have no drinking water and when the sun is beating down on your skin as the salty water is also soaking into skin that can only handle so much What do you do when your imagination runs wild as panic, exhaustion, and hopelessness sets in My real-life sea experience caused me to pay extreme attention to this movie with fingernails-digging-into-the chair suspense. It gave the movie more drama and more reality than the producers ever dreamed of. Like I had anticipated the worse fears to come true, the couple in the movie did also. I really felt that I was there with them going through each and every moment of fear.

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Reference

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