

A creative essay on surfing at the california coast



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

There I was, on a concrete platform with the Pacific Ocean at its edge and an old building behind me. I could see the shiny wet rocks with the occasional crab crawling on it below me. Out in the distance I saw an Island with a large concrete structure that looked abandoned. I had my wetsuit on and my surfboard in my left hand. I saw the waves crashing against the shore and I felt the adrenaline pumping in my body. I climbed down and let my body perform a controlled landing on the rocks. As I fell, I let the surfboard enter the water. I crawled off the rocks and then placed my body on the surfboard and started swimming out away from the rocky shoreline.

As I started swimming, I felt the hot California sun beating down on my exposed body parts (I was wearing a wetsuit). At that moment, I realized something really important; I was going to get a really bad tan line. I started to regret wearing the wetsuit. All of a sudden, the wind started to pick up and then the water started to become really choppy. Out in the distance, I saw a large wave picking up. I started to see the crest of the wave foaming up as I started to approach it. I prepared myself to ride this wave, even though I knew I was going to get wiped out since I have never been surfing before. But after watching a couple videos, my brain decided to tell me to go surfing out at Fort Point. I mounted myself up on the surfboard properly. Surprisingly, I didn't slip. I had one hand on the back of my surfboard (which was loaded with Billabong and Quiksilver stickers).

Five seconds later, I end up slipping off my board and wiping out. I feel the cool crisp water invade my skin which was previously being heated up the California sun. My head surfaces back up and I immediately get my body back on the board. I swim further out and the island that I was seeing earlier

starts to become a lot clearer. I start to think about what island that could be. Then I start to realize that it is Alcatraz Island; the infamous prison island. That made me bewildered but slightly creeped out at the same time. It was an astonishing “discovery” to me. But then again, any last realization that I make is an astonishing discovery to me. The wind started to pick up again and I saw an even bigger wave than last time. The green-white foaming crest gets closer to me as I mount myself on my board properly. Unfortunately, I was too late when the wave crashed on me and I was sent under. I eventually surfaced back up after about 30 seconds. However, I was too tired to actually do anymore surfing, so I just slumped myself on my board and hoped I drifted back to shore.

When I slumped myself on the surfboard, I started to fall asleep. I was fast asleep until I felt the board crash against the rocky shoreline of Fort Point. I woke up and I was astonished that I actually ended up where I wanted to end up. I thought I was going to end up in the middle of the Ocean, or even worse, Alcatraz Island. I wanted to spend some time out on the rocks and think about something deep and philosophical. But when I set foot on it, it was really hot and I didn't want to step on a crab (which there were more of now) So I started jumping up and down really fast and then I found a rusty ladder that was built into the concrete platform that I was on earlier. I grabbed my surfboard and climbed to the top of the ladder and then I started walking towards my rental Mitsubishi motorcycle which surprisingly didn't get stolen and started to head back to my nice, dry hotel.