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Mrs. Thomasen

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Stay or Go?

As I pushed open the hefty metal rooftop door, a gust of strong ocean wind blew my hair in every direction possible. The heavy door slammed shut behind my brothers and I as we ran up to the rusty, white, railing and leaned over the edge. Right then I realized this was the feeling I had been missing for the past two years.

My father drove all the way across the island and up to the dusty campground sign, where with an enthusiastic voice he said, “Ready for the bumpy ride?”. Pothole after pothole, we finally made it to campsite 32; the exact same campsite we stay on every trip. My brothers and I shook open **the dusty, dirty tent** bags and began setting up the tents. Once we finished the tent setup and the tasks we had been told to do, we could leave. All three of us hopped onto our bikes and rode down the twisty dusty road towards the ocean. The farther down the hill we went, the stronger the smell of salty ocean air became. We would put our towels down on the driftwood in the sand and run as quickly as we could over the rough and rocky beach until we got to the edge of the water. We all looked down at our feet waiting for the next freezing cold wave to come and wash up over our toes. The three of us would then proceed to argue over who’s going to jump in first. I was always the first to run in and last to come out.

When cliff jumping at the lake, I was never **the first to jump.** I would be the **first to swim** across the lake and usually **the first to climb** through the plants to the top of the mountain. Looking down at **the cyan crystal-clear water,** being 40 feet above my dad and little brother floating, gave my older brother and me so much stress. My whole body would shake slightly as I looked down, debating if I should face my fear of heights and jump off the terrifying cliff, or scale back down through the scattered, sharp shrubs. My brother looked at me and said in a confident voice, “Count me down”, “3,2,1, Go” I said. He ran and pushed himself off with his right foot, his skinny legs and arms were moving in every direction as if he was running in the air while falling. When he broke through the glass-like water, he made a large splash and ripples of water propelled away from him. The second after he came up for air, he yelled up at me “Just jump”.

After watching my brother who was two years younger than me jump, I knew I had to jump. I walked to the edge, counting my steps. I turned around and ignored everything my brothers and dad were yelling up at me and just ran and jumped. While falling through the air I felt accomplished but still frightened, after diving into the water and swimming to the surface I felt very proud of myself for overcoming my fear of heights. After the long swim back across the lake where my mom was lounging in the sun, we told her about our adventurous jumps. She didn’t seem very impressed that my dad allowed us to jump off such a high and dangerous cliff.

Days on the island were full of **laughs, lazy moments, and lounging**; nights were **cozy, casual, and creative**. Ever since the first time we went camping, I would grab the ruby red scategories box, sit down in my camping chair and convince everyone to play. I’d hand the lettered dice over to my youngest brother as always, and he would lay his gamebook on his lap, level it out so the dice wouldn’t fall onto the sandy ground, roll the dice and then with an adorable smile across his face shout out the letter of the round. Sitting around the ferocious fire in pairs of two we played dozens of rounds late into the night. Eventually, we would stop our games and make, smores and popcorn. My brothers and I always had competitions as to who could make the best golden-brown marshmallows. My dad would always win.

Our trip to Cortes island comes with a lot of tradition: **cliff jumping, clamming, crabbing, swimming, fishing,** and so much more. The best part about the trip is being able to spend time with my family and not having the distractions of phones and internet because of the spotty service on most of the island. I am now faced with the decision of deciding whether to go on the next trip or choose to stay home and focus on school, my job, and figuring out my future. I will never forget the memories I have made on Cortes island; they will stay will me forever.

Examples of manipulative language

Parallel and rule of 3: “When cliff jumping at the lake, I was never **the first to jump.** I would be **the** **first to swim** across the lake and usually **the first to climb…**”

Alliteration: “Looking down at **the cyan crystal-clear water…**”

Rule of 3 and alliteration: “Days on the island were full of **laughs, lazy moments, and lounging**; nights were **cozy, casual, and creative.**”

Assonance and consonance:‘Our trip to Cortes island comes with a lot of tradition; **cliff jumping, clamming, crabbing, swimming, fishing…**”

Consonance: “The exact same campsite we stay on every trip. My brothers and I shook open **the dusty, dirty tent** bags and began setting up the tents.”