

Mrs. Weathers
English Period 2/3
October 23, 2015

I ALMOST LOST MY SON.

It's my scariest memory. I was thirty-one years old, and we were camping in a small campground in Julian, CA. I was enjoying an evening of camping in my brand new tent. It was very expensive-blue and orange tent, with glistening silver poles that held up the dome-like structure. The flaps of the tent ruffled in the wind, but it remained warm and cozy inside, like a nice summer night. But at that moment, I wasn't enjoying the sound of the tent, I was looking at my son, Hendrix as he collected rocks, watching his golden brown hair in the sun as he wandered from stone to stone on his unsteady legs.

I could hear the splashing and crashing of the waves as they bounced against the shoreline. Darcee, my mother, was watching me. I walked over to stand closer to Hendrix and offered him a container to put his rocks in. He looked up at me and took the bucket eagerly and I smiled as he continued on. We went back to the tent after a while, where I fell asleep. I woke up abruptly in the middle of the night to hear the flapping of the paper-thin tent door. Frozen with fear, I searched the tent frantically for Hendrix. I looked around and saw only an empty sleeping bag. Then the fear jumped up, reaching my heart.

I shrieked. I was still standing in my tent, frantically searching the horizon with my eyes.

Mom ran out of the tent and yelled at me in that voice I hated because it reminded me of being punished as a child. She grabbed my arm and we ran down to the shoreline. I took off toward

the north, while my mom hurried toward the south. I ran into another camper, getting water from the ocean. She had a cast iron pot in her hand. I, in an unnaturally intense voice told her what happened and asked if she had seen my son. The woman dropped her pot right there and began searching with me.

When we reached the furthest part of the beach, I saw him standing there. He was singing "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star" in a sweet, sing-song voice, holding 2 shiny rocks. I picked him up, laid him on my lap, and kissed his tiny face. The woman with the pot and purple glasses stood behind us. As she left, I heard her saying a prayer of thanks. My mother rushed up behind me and told me it was all going to be okay now.

"I know," I said, "I'm so glad we found him safe!"

"Me too, honey...me too."