Whenever I saw the fishing rod, I would recall that incident that happened last Sunday morning. The incident left such an impression on me that I could even recall the horrible sight and sounds even in my sleep. That day began like this…

It was raining on that Sunday morning. Thunder boomed like a cannon and roared through the sky. Lightning zigzagged across the grey sky. Within seconds, rain poured down in torrents. Raindrops pelted on my window panes and every drop was a reminder that I could not go out and play.

After the rain had finally stopped, I decided to go to the nearby river to fish with John and Sam. We decided to meet at our usual place. I called out to my mother, “I am going to the nearby river to fish with John and Sam!” as I put on my shoes.

“Don’t play at the nearby river. It is very dangerous!” my mother warned but I turned a deaf ear to her warning and left. When I reached the river, John and Sam were already there waiting for me. At the sight of them, I shouted with glee. Within minutes, we whipped out our fishing rods and started fishing. We were having a whale of a time. After an hour, the sun became scorching hot. Sam suggested that we had a swim. However, I hesitated while John and Sam waded into the river. I joined in as they were having so much fun splashing in the water. John waded further down the river in his excitement. Before he knew it, his feet could not touch the ground. To make matters worse, he was not a good swimmer. Out of the blue, a huge current pulled us under water. We tried to swim back ashore. Unfortunately, John was not able to swim back as the current was too strong. He struggled to stay afloat and let out a piercing scream, “Help help…”

By then, Sam and I had already reached the shore. On turning back, we saw John thrashing in the water and flailing his arms wildly. Chills ran down our spines as we stared in horror. For a moment, we stood rooted to the ground like Roman Statues. Worried thoughts raced through our minds as we realised that we were not strong swimmers.

As John tried to endure the cold gruelling waters, he eventually gave in to the currents as he started to tire out. The cold, murky waters started to surge into his mouth. We could not even see John flailing his hands as the currents engulfed John into the water. The strong undercurrents made John sink. Mustering up my courage, I jumped into the water with little confidence. Luckily, I just learnt life-saving skills ten days ago. Even though John was heavier than me, I managed to pull John back ashore.
John coughed out cold, murky water but was thankful that he was saved in the nick of time.

That evening, I relayed the story to my parents. My parents praised me for being daring and having the heart of a lion. It was a close shave indeed for John. I have done a brave and courageous act! Besides doing a brave act, I also learnt not to underestimate the currents of the river.

Even until now, the incident remained etched in my mind.