

Wipeout

Noah releases a deep breath as the sound of the water reaches his ears. Closing his eyes, he feels the cool air hit his skin. In his mind, he conjures the perfect wave. The strong swell building, water rising to form a crest before curling into a barrel. He's on it. He's in it. Exhilaration follows. The feeling of flying, of freedom. The momentum splashes salty spray into his face. He opens his eyes and smiles. Time to get in.

He shivers as he first touches the water, hopping backwards instinctively. He looks at the water pooling around his feet. Remembers that perfect wave. And goes for it. He feels goosebumps rise on his skin, but he pushes through, knowing the reward is worth it. He closes his eyes as his head goes under, feeling the water course through his hair. This sensation always feels like home. He can almost smell the ozone in the air surrounding him and the tang of seaweed washed up on the shore.

As his body adjusts to the temperature, a sensation of refreshment follows. Full body rejuvenation. The water moves with a rhythm, one that Noah matches. It pulls him in and he follows, going up over the baby white water waves and dipping under the soon-to-break faces. The steady flow comforts him, soothing him into a trance. A spell that keeps drawing him back, day after day to experience this little bit of magic.

Some days it's calmer than others. When the weather beats down on the shore and the waves respond, crashing down and showing no mercy, Noah is careful. He knows better than to fight with the ocean. Any good surfer knows that. Then there are those days, the ones like today, where the ocean and the sky seem to exist harmoniously without delineation.

Noah sees it in his mind's eye as it appears before him. A wave. Maybe not the most perfect one, but it's his. He lines up his board and begins to paddle. The wave is about to catch him, propel him forward.

There are loud bangs on the door.

"NOAH! Come on! Other people live in this house, you know?"

Noah sighs. He turns the taps off. First the hot, and then the cold. He grabs a towel and wraps it around his waist. He pushes one hand through his wet hair.

Before he leaves, he looks in the mirror. One day I'll go, he promises himself. One day.