

It was perfect weather for rafting on that early Saturday morning. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and the water was running great at Deschutes. Deschutes is a white water rafting river near Portland, Oregon. When we first arrived at Deschutes, we unrolled the raft and started to blow it up with an electric air pump. While the raft started to inflate, we set up some chairs along the rocky parking lot. My mom, Kathy, was sorting through the cooler trying to decide what to bring for lunch.

When the raft was full of air, Scott, my mom's close friend, told us that we'd better start heading down the river. After floating for ten minutes, Scott, and his daughter, Wendy, threw my little brother, Joey, in the water! "Man Overboard" I teased! When Joey got back in the raft for good, we pulled out some lunch. It was mom's pick and she decided on Italian wraps with ham, turkey, cheese, onions, lettuce, and juicy tomatoes. When our stomachs were full, we got stuck in a famous whirlpool called Devil's Dungeon. It was really fun and bouncy. In a way it reminded me of a bullriding rodeo. After we had passed the pool, I started feeling a bit nauseous because of the heat and all of the bouncing around.

Suddenly I started to cool down because a lot of rain started to speckle down on my face. That was perfectly fine with me because I had been so hot earlier. Scott grabbed a pair of his rain pants for me and we stopped for a bit so I could put them on. When we got started again, I overheard Scott tell my mom that Joey and I were gonna love this part of the trip. I couldn't wait to find out what he was talking about.

The rain started pouring down harder and thicker, so I grabbed my big rain coat and wrapped it around me, then secured my

life jacket. Earlier Scott was talking about a big step in the middle of the river and we were about to go over it. I prepared myself by sitting in the middle of the boat near the oar lock and behind the cooler. The raft started to go nose up, then flipped on its side. All I can remember was having my head under the cooler and some how my neck attached to the boat because I couldn't get up for air. While I was being drug by the raft, I also remember praying to God not to let me die drowning and suffering. After asking, I felt a hand on my leg, then my neck.

Scott pulled me out from under the boat and let my mouth breathe after 2 minutes. That was the only body part that could touch air because I was still attached. Come to find out, my hood somehow got notted around the oar lock. The lifeguards and Scott tried pushing me underwater, to unhook my hood, but that just made me panic. I finally came back to my senses and remembered that had wrapped my coat around me, then fastened my vest. I started scratching at the buckles on my vest and they realized that I was trying to tell them to undo it. They unhooked it and when he did that, it felt like I was being hung then somebody cut me down before it was too late.

When I was set on shore, I began to watch people from previous flipping rafts walk up the hill for shelter from the rain. I wouldn't go up right then because I was in shock and I loved having my mom right there holding me, just as if I was a baby again. Even though it was embarrassing in underwear and a tee shirt. The boat was dropped off at the end of the river. The next day my mom told me that she had never seen so much fear in Joey's eyes, when he was yelling my name after the raft went down.