

Night of 7/11/09

Water Camp

I was at this camp, or school, or town, or all of those together. I was with a group of 15-20 or so kids my age who were like this great and strong circle of friends. I felt like they were the only people I knew, and would be with them forever. We lived together, went to class together, and did all these camp-like activities and adventures together. There were teachers leading the way.

Most importantly, everything we did, I mean every hour of every day, was either under water, or partially immersed in water. We swam every entire day. Our bedroom had water spraying through all of them, always filled half-way up with water. To get to class, I remember having to dive deep, deep down in an enormous pool of sea water to a gate, then to a tunnel of fresh water, then coming out and up water fall like stairs into this coliseum-like underwater chamber. This was the classroom. Water always sprays from the ceiling and walls, all the exits were through underwater passages. From outside this chamber, I could see the big sea water pool surrounded it. Along the edges of the sea pool were enormous rocks, forming a huge broken circle. At opposite ends of it, left and right of the gate entrance, were a very loud and large lion, and a very very large great white shark. I remember having encounters with the shark and only being uncomfortably frightened, not horrified.

I wish I could say more about my friends. I remember all their faces and personalities in such detail, its as if I knew them forever. But it still felt like we had recently met, this was the first few days of Water Camp.

One of the girls became my girlfriend. She sat next to me on the watery ascending benches one day at class. She flirted more and gradually got closer and then was resting on my shoulder, holding my arm. I could tell all the other kids instantly knew and had anticipated and encouraged it. She had dark brown-red hair, green eyes. Her name was Tara.