

THE LIFE WAVE

BY

ERIK OTTENGREN

He ran, ran to get away. Away from that place and that girl. After a couple of miles he fell, exhausted. He sat up almost at once to cough and spit out the sand that filled his mouth. A long and familiar beach laid before him. As the last pebble of sand was stroked away with his hand, his eyes went towards the open ocean.

The smell of salt mixed with sand and seaweed passed his sandy nose. The salt with its pungent sea smell. The sand; softening it down with its silent smell. The seaweed, well, it just hung there like an extra strong spice.

Together with the salty wind. Its powerful howling and the waves inviting roaring. The combination, smell and sound, came to be a wonderful emotional experience.

Like an conductor... in front of an enormous symphony orchestra, who does not need to use his conductor stick, instead he is raising his cupped hands towards his ears to be able to hear and feel everything. Trying to find some missing parts, only to find a perfect harmony.

...Like an conductor, Anthony was sitting on the middle of the beach listening, smelling, breathing and overwhelmed by the incredibly well conducted and loving orchestra.

Just when his eyes started to get glossy and empty, he heard distant laughter and shouting coming from the ocean. Distant in both time and place. He looked up and spotted his parents

and sister standing in the water. They were standing so far out no one would believe they could reach the bottom. He reminded himself of the bay's many banks.

They were standing still, looking back towards land as they were waiting for something. Anthony immediately understood. His eyes started to search further in between the bank they were standing on and the previous bank. He almost at once found what he was looking for. A little boy, five maybe six years old. He observed him with a raising apprehension of love for every swim stroke he took;

“He is on his way to the last bank, on his way to his parents. He is on deep water, but he will be able to reach the bottom once he reach the bank. He is struggling against the big waves and his ceasing strength. Gulp after gulp of water, wave after wave. It is not far now. Another gulp of water. He is coughing and spitting. Trying to breathe in between and keep his spirit. Just a little bit further, just a little bit. Exhausted he is reaching his fathers strong arms and can finally rest for a while.

In the next moment everyone is in a big hurry. They are pointing towards the open sea, screaming and yelling. They seem to feel panic. A giant wave is on its way, directly towards them. All four of them starts to “running” and swimming mixed. Even the little boy who just a second ago was so tired. With renewed strength he is trying to move through the water, to get there in time. before it is too late.

When the wave breaks, they are all in position. Waiting for it to “break”. Everyone except the little boy, he has not yet reached his position. He is screaming to him self; I have to get there! I can't miss it! His words is half way drowned by the water.

It is breaking! Here it comes! Nooow! the three adults are yelling out the words in chorus at the same time as they are throwing them selves with the

wave. In the exact moment the little boys voice can be heard through the thunder from the breaking wave; Nooo! Not again! Then the whole wave is over him and hides him in a ocean of white foam”.

Anthony started to laugh as he remembered his often failing attempt to get there in time for the “Wave”. He could almost feel the unpleasant water gulps he took.

They spend summer after summer “hunting the wave”. Anthony recalled they where alone with their hunting. Maybe it was not that strange thinking about the strong wind, about 10 meters per second, and the huge waves. On top of that it was usually bad weather when the wind was that strong and sometime stronger yet. Even if it was raining they where out there to catch the wonderful feeling of “flying” with the powerful wave, maybe thirty to forty meters. Well worth all the numb limbs. Afterwards the kerosene-heater and lots of cups of hot chocolate.

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Full story can be viewed upon appointment.