

A Chilling Experience

“Go long!” my friend yells. I run backwards, focusing on the ball hurling at my face. Suddenly, I feel as if I am falling.

“Oh shoot!” I scream. My head starts to hurt and I feel dizzy.

“Wait a second?” I think, “Am I wet?”

“Are you ok?” I hear from afar.

“What happened?”

“Did you trip and fall?”

Confused, I respond, “I think you answered your own question there.”

“I fell into that puddle, but I am ok.”

I get up as I feel the cold creep up my body. Looking to my right side I see the dark staining of the water on my clothes. My friend comes up and pats me on the back. He proceeds to tell me that I don’t feel wet.

He yells to the rest of the group, “Guys, he is completely dry. There is not a drop of water on him!”

They respond, “look again.”

“Oh, he is really wet.” he says in a depressing voice as he looks toward my right side.

Someone else asks, “You sure you’re ok?”

“It’s not even cold out here,” I respond trying to fit in. The words oh shoot keep on flowing through my mind. I am losing body heat.

“The body loses water 90 or 80% faster when wet.” I think to myself. I think I remember reading that somewhere in my scout book. It said that I should remove any wet articles of clothing to prevent contact with water. It is better to be dry with little clothes than wet with wet jackets.

I start walking and I hear the sound of the water squishing out of my shoes. I look down and sure enough, water is pouring out of my shoes. “It feels as if I am stepping on a big sponge filled with water. All I want to do is wring out the water in my socks. I rub my toes together and feel the wrinkles starting to form. I take off my fleece jacket and wonder why it feels heavier.

“Hey guys, why is my jacket so heavy now?” I ask.

My friend responds, “It is soaked with water, Duh. You should know this.”

“Is there any way that you can walk me back to the cabin to change into some dry clothes?” I ask my friend.

Are we allowed to?” he questions.

“Come on, I lent you those gloves, remember.” I respond

“Nah, I don’t want to get into trouble.” he replies.

I play the games of advanced team building in soggy heavy clothes. O tried to steal a stump named Richard that had an unsavory nickname due to its shape. As I fail, I try a new game, trying to pick up balls while blindfolded. Crawling around on my knees blindfolded, I hear the screams of people as they bump into my cold wet clothes.

“I guess I should just be more careful.” I think to myself as the session ends.

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