

Snorkel Entanglement

“There you go, it should fit snug now,” the lady wearing an orange bikini with a shiny silver nose ring on a bright yellow kayak reassured me. Spoiler, it didn’t fit “snug”.

I swam out to the depths of the cold dark sea on October twenty fourth, it was probably five degree celsius, which was way too cold, but hey, who was I to judge; regardless of the temperature, it was more concerning that my mask was slowly suffocating me with the insane amount of water leaking through the very cracks outlining my eyes. Although I reacted pretty quickly about it, it wasn’t quick enough, the sharp glass piercing stings of the putrid saltiness jabbed through my eyes, and caused me to flinch backwards. **Underwater.** And I flipped, literally, as in a three sixty backflip. Though I wasn’t very good at it, since more salt water filled my nose to the brim; I scrambled my hands around, trying to release the tight octopus suction this snorkel mask has on a *human* face. The pressure it had was so strong that despite my vigorous effort to get. It. Off. It continued suctioning my face tighter and tighter, like Saw’s beartrap scheme ripping it open.

The regret of ever going hit me in waves over waves, doing the only logical thing at that time, I *tried* screaming. However, ironically, my lethologica increased and caused all the words in my head to spill out, but not through my voice. “Big deal,” I thought, I’ll just hold my breath and swim out. Kick. Splash. Crack. My leg stops itself mid kick, folding itself against my will; while I was still pulling my own legs, I glanced down, only to be faced with strands over strands of slimy, fat, *Kelp*, tangled between my legs. It seeped itself into the crooks of my fins and restrained any attempt I made to kick away. How unfortunate must I be, I was already experiencing blanketosis before, but now, this is too much. I felt as if I was stuck in a state of alamort as I thrashed helplessly against the cold, dark waves.

“Hey, are you okay?” a mellifluous voice called from above; it was the Kayak lady from before, signaling the emergency help sign while asking if I needed it. She was wearing her sunglasses now, smooth glossy shades covered sections of her golden wavy hair drifting along the wind. I observed her fist lifting up and down, clashing against her head at each drop. Gasp. I gasp, coughing and wheezing out practically my entire lungs, such a great surge of relief filled me, it could only be described as reality. She rushes to me at great speed, offering her paddle to pull me out. “Kick your fins off, try to breathe, you’re okay,” Kayak lady advised me. My feet positioned sideways and rammed into one another, the blue polyester fins finally dropped from exhaustion, quite like me. Nevertheless, it felt wondrous to detangle those green slimes off of me, the numbness around my legs slowly disappeared and I was brought back to shore practically scared to death.

Relief hit me so hard on shore, it completely submerged my sense of reality, sure, I had almost drowned; but I’ve never felt such pain as to when I couldn’t inhale, and was forced to fight back against sour shocks flooding my eye sockets. Never again. “Never again”, I murmured under my breath. Until I went again.

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