**River Times**

“I caught one!” I would happily yell every time I caught a fish. I go to the Ohio River with my family all the time in the summer. I have had so many wonderful times at that river. It is my favorite place to go in the summer with my family.

One of the great times I’ve had at the Ohio River was when we were fishing and the water level was low, (which is the best time to fish). There was what seemed like a thousand people there because usually there aren’t very many people that fish there. Some crazy people in their early twenties apparently decided that they wanted to go swimming where everyone was fishing. One of the swimmers got tangled up in some fishing lines and started getting pulled under the water. When the fishers tried to reel him in, they pulled him under, and if they left him there he would drown anyway. Of course, my dad, the big calm hero went and called 911. When the Ambulance and the firemen arrived, my parents made us leave. While on our way home, we saw three new trucks heading to where that man was in trouble.

About a month later the river was back up to its normal level and it was harder to catch fish. I remember complaining to go home because it was boring not catching fish. The only fish any of us caught in the first hour was a little blue gill that we used as bait. When we were about to leave, my dad put out his last line with no hope of even catching an old can. To his great surprise, he was almost jerked into the water. After catching his balance again, he noticed that his fishing rod was about to snap! I went over and tried to help, but I did no help. My dad’s rod flew out of his hands and under the water. We just stood there watching the rod sink under the water and bubbles shoot up when it went down. We knew my dad was angry so we went home. I laugh whenever I think about that.

Something else that happened in that same summer at the Ohio River was very scary. My family and I were in the fossil garden looking for good fossils to examine. There were few other people looking for fossils too. Some people had a huge Dalmatian that they had taken with them to walk I guess. That Dalmatian was more hyper that a four year-old on a sugar spree. It was dragging its owners all over the place, especially when it smelled a dead fish. I laughed when I saw them being dragged around by their dog. That made me think of me trying to walk my dog, Midnight, who could pull me around the block easily. Back to what I was saying, we were looking for fossils near the Ohio River. We started leaning over to the water to see all of the fish swimming around. A few seconds after we started looking in the water, that dog unnoticeably came up behind us. "WOOF, WOOF" The dog barked as loud as possible. My dad was so surprised he started falling into the water, screaming. We all grabbed him and pulled him up before he hit the water. My dad got furious and we had to calm him down before he got too mad. We led him to the car and went home so he could play with Midnight and calm down. It was so hard not to laugh when he did that, but I didn’t.

The Ohio River is one of my favorite places because that is one of the only places that my family spends time together.

**My Way**

I first found this special place when my mom and dad split up. My dad moved out for a while into a trailer out by a pond, woods, and creek. When my dad moved out, I visited him every weekend. But at this point in time I felt like nothing was going my way. But that all changed.

I was outside by the pond one day when I noticed a creek. It went behind the pond and downhill toward the woods. After a few minutes I walked to the creek and jumped into the carved land on a small remaining piece of land. The creek was calm as if it were being drunk out of cup. It went downhill on limestone rocks with rigid holes making it possible to climb the slanted hill.

After a while, I began to slide down the hill with the calm current into the woods. I would slide down any way I could think of. I would slide on my stomach face forward, feet forward, backwards on my back etc. etc. Then when I got tired, I would sit right in the middle of the downward slope, letting the water rush against my back as if I were a rock going about my business. When I was rested I would go right back to sliding again.

Then I began to build bridges and dams with floating pieces of rock in the creek. I remember one of the bridges I built was strong enough to hold my sister and I at the same time. It was right at the end of the downward slope. It was really neat. I remember one night a big storm hit and knocked it over. I tried to rebuild it but most of the pieces were gone. I even made my own seat in the middle of the downward slope. To make it, I rolled a humongous rock down into the creek. As it hit the limestone, it broke off in the very center of the rock. It formed the rock into an almost perfect version of a chair. It was almost as if it were carved by a professional. I couldn’t help myself, I carved my name into the back of the chair (it took a long time!). Although the rock was more like a shrunken version of a chair it took almost exactly the same time. I loved it. I loved it so much I did my homework in it. It was almost as is I were addicted to it like tobacco. Sometimes when I was mad about my mom and dad splitting up, I would sit in the chair and think about all the good times we all had together, or I would think about something else just to get it off my mind. It usually always worked. I remember one day I fell asleep in the seat. I woke up to a feeling like a thousand needles stabbing me at the same time. I had fallen asleep and fell in the water. Why it was so cold I don’t know because it was 90 degrees outside, but the water felt 90 degrees below. That was the last time I fell asleep in that seat.

After a few more months my mom and dad got back together and tried to work things out. For all I know that special creek could be bone dry now, but at least I know there was at least one place where everything seemed to go my way.