The Most Unforgettable Experience in My Life

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I will never forget my experience of visiting a big lake at the top of a mountain, which is 3,000 meters high in Indonesia. I took this trip with my family two years ago, which was a promised reward from my father, for my passing the Joint College Entrance Exam.

It was really a huge lake with beautiful scenery all around. Almost everyone in our tour group was really excited and couldn't wait to play in the water. Although it was a sunny day in that region near the equator, it was still a little chilly because of the high elevation. However, people from Taiwan like us were so amazed by the endless view in front of our eyes.

Later on, the guide introduced us to many popular activities on the waters, such as parachuting, water-skiing and so on. I was asked whether I'd like to choose one to do or not. In order to show my excitement and bravery, I volunteered to go water-skiing first and alone. Everyone looked at me with high respect at that time. I put on the life jacket and then got on the jet ski immediately. I waved my hands to say good-bye to the others on the shore like a heroine. Then I started my engine as soon as possible.

The lake was even larger than I imagined. It seemed broad and endless. I was so thrilled to enjoy my trip among the mountains and waters that I speeded my jet ski up to 120 miles an hour. That kind of ecstasy made me seem to fly like a fairy.

When I finally came back to reality, I found myself in the middle of the endless lake. A sudden fear came around me. I didn't know where I was. I didn't even know how far I had gone from the shore. I told myself to calm down and tried to figure out which direction I came from. So I started to ride my jet ski.
slowly and looked for my way. Unfortunately, it began to rain and it became very
cold and foggy. I rode everywhere but all the efforts were in vain. It was useless
for me to cry or shout for help. My voice seemed so faint, and the only answer
was the echo from the mountains. I was so terrified that I began to think about all
kinds of things, like about dying in this huge lake. The cold and deep water must
have intended to swallow me and wouldn't let anyone find me.

Not knowing how long I had been floating on the water helplessly and
hopelessly, I became cold, wet, and afraid. Suddenly, there seemed to be the
sound of someone calling my name coming near. I was so excited that I stood up
and waved my hands and shouted back to them. “I'm here, I'm here.” Soon after, a
big steamboat sailed to me. They pulled me up to the deck, and asked me if I was
hurt. I couldn't say a word but cried out in my father's arms.

I was rescued. And after I got on shore, everyone was eager to hear my
story. After all, I was still treated as a heroine and returned in triumph.