

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
December 10, 2003

The Shower

"Ready to go? I got the car all packed," said my dad. It was the morning of July 17, 2003, and my dad and I were leaving for a family reunion at Diamond Lake, where my Uncle Dave and Aunt Denny own a cabin.

"I'm ready when you are," I replied, with a hint of false enthusiasm.

Nearly four hours later, my Uncle Dave greeted my dad and I as we pulled up to his cabin. There were three things that bothered me about the situation right away:

1. I had spent four hours sitting in a car and I could no longer remember what it felt like to have blood circulation in the lower half of my body.
2. I couldn't see where my Uncle Dave was standing because of a colossal dust cloud that had instantly engulfed me.
3. By the time I had found my uncle and shaken his hand, I had been bitten by misquotes 16 times.

To compensate for the overwhelming swarm of mosquitoes, my dad and I alternated lathering each other with a massive layer of mosquito repellent. This layer of wet repellent consequently caused the clouds of dust to cling to our clothes and body. After we had exchanged our greetings with relatives and mosquitoes alike, I helped my dad set up our tent just behind my uncle's cabin.

The next morning, my dad and I went for a bike ride, got sweaty, got dirty, applied more mosquito repellent, and got dirtier. As we joked to our relatives about how dirty we were, my Uncle Joe offered a solution. "I rented a cabin up here and no one is near it. If you guys

want to take a shower, take one there.” I stared in dumbfounded silence as I wondered why he hadn’t told us before. We accepted the invitation and thanked him. He handed us a key to their house and explained, “As you leave this driveway, turn right. As you know, the cabins have numbers on them, and mine is number 53. It’s just down the road.”

When we arrived at cabin number 53, we let ourselves in and found the shower. I decided to go first. I went in the bathroom and stared at a picture of an animal that appeared to be a human, but it was coated with a dark brown, powdered substance. When I realized that I was staring at a reflection of myself I stifled a [“]scream. I took off my clothes and leapt into the shower, hoping that it could cure my dirtiness. I let the hot water run over me and rinse off my body. It felt like a never-ending meal of ambrosia and nectar after starving for months on a barren roof of a barren barn that was on a barren farm in a barren land far, far away. I looked downwards and saw a waterfall of brown sludge careening off of my body. When I was done, I smiled for the sake of being alive. My dad then took the shower while I waited on the couch. I heard my dad get out of the shower and I knew that he was dressed and brushing his teeth. It was then that a strange lady came to the side door.

“What are you doing here?” inquired the lady. She sounded suspicious.

I assumed that it was one of my uncle’s neighbors coming to check on the house, so I calmly answered, “Taking showers.”

“**IN SOMEONE ELSE’S HOUSE?**” She bellowed, obviously angry and scared.

From that point on, time froze. My heart stopped beating, my lungs stopped breathing, and my eyes stopped blinking. “Isn’t this the Dauenhauer’s house?” I croaked. My question was so feeble that it was hardly audible.

“**NO! IT IS NOT!!!**” She screamed. Her words were so separated that they each could have been their own sentence. Just then, my father came bursting out of the bathroom more

“VOW - I am
literally LAUGHING
OUT LOUD!
I just had
to explain to my
class why I was
laughing.”

This is worse
than anything
I've ever done C

scared than a criminal on death row. At the same time, I came to the horrible conclusion that I had taken a shower in a strange woman's house, and I had used the last of her shampoo. I felt all of my blood drain out of my face, and it was like a vampire had punctured my neck and sucked out my life being. I felt like a spineless blob, ready to ooze out of sight at the first chance. There is no word in the wonderful language of the English people to describe how scared, panicked, embarrassed, and mortified I was at that time. I wanted to scream a thousand screams and sprint a thousand sprints and die a thousand deaths to escape my fear, but I couldn't. I stared in utter disbelief as my dad tried to explain this catastrophic misunderstanding.

Half of what my dad said was not understandable due to his numb tongue and partial hysteria, but what did come out was, "This isn't the Dauenhauer's house? Oh my God!!! I am so incredibly sorry! I don't know what to say! I am so embarrassed! I am so sorry! Oh wait! We have a key! We have a key to cabin number 53!" He showed her the key, still not understanding how we had made such an atrocious mistake. She looked at the key and I could see the overwhelming terror in her eyes being replaced by understanding.

"This key is for the *Resort* side of the lake, where you rent cabins," she said in a voice much calmer than I had expected, "This is the *owners* side of the lake, and I own this cabin."

/ So we had taken a shower in a strangers house, gotten the scare of our life, and all because my uncle failed to mention that his cabin was on the Resort side. We ran out to our car, barefooted and wet, apologizing a million times for the trouble that we caused her. To this day I have never seen someone drive ^{word choice} so fast out of a dirt driveway.

But, do you
Laughter about it
now? I'm sure she
does! What a story.
I will remember
this one!

Nice word choice
and sent structure
very great use
of humor, too.

May I use this
as an example
for future classes?