

THE DAY OF DOOM

Everybody has one of those days where they feel that they are invulnerable. Those are the days where you need excitement and you don't care where you get it. The thought of dying or getting seriously hurt never crosses your mind. I am going to describe to you one of those days I had. It all started with a headache and extreme boredom.

I woke up on that sunny July morning with a painful headache. When you wake up with a headache you know you're going to have a bad day so I popped some aspirin and went back to sleep. The annoying ring of the telephone woke me up about ten o'clock. It was one of my friends asking if I wanted to spend the day with them. I said sure and got dressed. He arrived shortly and we took off for Abbot. Come to find out he was having an impending sense of boredom just like I was. Both of us being down in the dumps we looked for something exciting and different to do. We took a detour down into a sand pit on the way to my friend's girlfriend's house. Taking turns doing donuts with his car in the sand we passed away about an hour. I needed even more of a rush so I hopped on top of the car, held onto the roof, and told my friend to take off. After exiting the sand pit we flew off down the Piper Pond road going about 70. My eyes and face were getting windburnt so I tapped on the windshield for him to slow down. After coming to a stop I told him he had to try it so again we sped off but this time he was the one flapping in the wind. When we pulled into his girlfriend's house he jumped off the car laughing and rubbing his windburnt face. Still we hadn't enough excitement so we grabbed his girlfriend and headed off towards Barrow's falls. Barrow's falls is a small river in back Abbot full of little falls and towering cliff faces. We parked the car at the beginning of a trail and treaded off down it, towels in hand. After walking a little ways we came to the spot we were looking for. It was a huge, deep, threatening pool at the base of a small waterfall. There were various small rocks to jump into the water from but the real behemoth was an eighty-foot cliff dominating the north side of the falls. Aching for more excitement I climbed to the top. Looking down from the top I didn't once realize or even think about what could happen if I landed just wrong. I knew I had to act before my courage left me so I stepped back, ran, and leaped from the top of the cliff. It seemed like an eternity before I hit the water with crushing force. When I barely grazed bottom I realized how much of a risk I took in

jumping. After a hour or so of swimming around we headed home and crashed on his living room floor, exhausted. Not once on this day did I even think about my personal safety. I had an overwhelming sense of invulnerability and I used it to turn a normally uneventful day into an exciting adventure. Every now and again I get that feeling again and I hook a sled onto the back of a car and speed off down a icy road or something as exciting. Everybody, expecially those that live in Maine, need some times when everything is put aside and all that matters is getting that next rush of adrenalin.