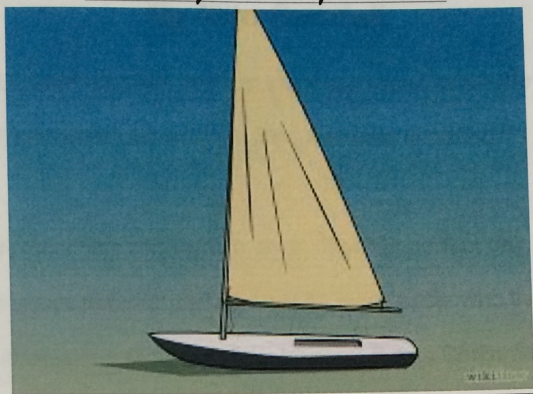


My Sailboat



By Milo Goodell

I dedicate this book to Cassie because she was the one who
made my dream possible!



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CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP my feet went as I raced down the long bird poop covered dock. "Dad when can we go sailing the wind is perfect!" I shouted in excitement.

"Why not now?" my dad replied back. "It is the perfect day."

I was ten years old and visiting my dad and Cassie who lived on a 40 foot sail boat at the Bremerton Marina in Washington. It was Christmas when I received my 11 foot sailing dingy. Cassie had spent all summer carefully putting it together. Then at the last week of summer she finished it, and it was the perfect day to go sailing.

As my dad put the mast and sail up, I peered across the deep blue lightly fogged ocean and realized how much fun I had ahead of myself.

I quickly hopped into the boat with my dad. He untied the boat from the dock and we were off as fast as the wind. The sail filled, the boat heeled over, and we were flying as fast as lightning. I was half frightened and half excited because I had the most extraordinary boat in the whole Marina. I stared at the big bridge ahead of us.

"Dad do you think we can make it under that big tall bridge?" I questioned.

"Yes we will be there in five or six minutes for sure," he exclaimed.

Then as I looked out over the flat ocean something popped out of the water and broke the surface. I leaped backward nervous of what I thought it might be.

"It is only a seal, aren't you happy he is coming to say hi to you?" My dad said.

It is a good thing that wasn't a shark, I thought to myself. Then suddenly everything became dark. As I glanced up I realized we had just entered the shade of the big tall bridge, and it had only been fore or five minutes.

"Don't you think we should start heading back now?" I suggested.

"Yes but only if you want to," he answered. We turned around, and flew strait back toward the dock. By then the wind had picked up to ten or eleven MPS and the waves were starting to fold. I had never gone this fast before. As we got closer to the dock my dad realized we had to loop around onto the dock to lose speed. I was starting we wouldn't be able to land.

"It is ok" my dad says to me in his calming voice.

After hearing his calm voice I felt so much better.

We were ten feet from the dock, I quickly and fiercely trusted the ruder strait to the right. Then we slowly swung around and drifted onto the dock.

Then as my dad tied the boat up to the dock and took the mast down I begged him to go out again and experience it allover one more time. After that Cassie strolled out over the dock.

"How was the ride?" she asked me.

I didn't know how to answer that question there were so many emotions so I just told her it was amazing.

"Thank you so much Cassie this is the best present I have ever received.

This boat changed me because it made me realize that sailing was my passion, and that I had not only just received a rare gift, but sailing was now a unique passion that deep down inside Cassie new I had so she gave me the gift that I have always wanted.