

hydrophobia by c.s. writing as brian costings

My life is, like, perfect. Like, totally perfect. Like, I don't think you totally understand how totally perfect my life, like, really is. It's like, everybody else's life...not even close to perfect, and my life...like, whoa. Perfect. Complete perfection. Like the universe opened up and created this whole new consciousness or something...just so everything could be this totally perfect. You catch my drift, right? Riding my wave, man?

I found out pretty quick that it doesn't really matter whether or not you can actually surf. I mean, you gotta have a totally radical board and wear the clothes, have the hair, and, like, the totally most important thing, you gotta have the talk. When you open your mouth you gotta sound like a surfer. If you sound like a surfer, it doesn't really matter if you've never angled, or dropped or curved or caught a wave, like, ever, in your entire life. Everybody likes surfers. People think surfers are like totally awesome.

I'm a surfer...but I don't surf. Dude...it looks like I totally lost you or something. Okay, so I do absolutely everything that surfer dudes do except for the part about getting up on a board and going out in to the water. I'm not down with the water. At all. I think it's like one of those weird child-hood scarring things or something. You know, like the inner me is totally freaked out by the H2O. My Pops is like, kinda a dweeb, if you catch my drift. When I was like, five, he decided he was gonna teach me how to swim, ya know? But I wasn't down with it. I didn't wanna get in the water. So, he umm, like picks me, like over his shoulder, ya know, and just tosses me in the pool in the backyard. And I like, remember hitting the water, and like, it was gnarly cold, ya know? And then I think I was just kinda sinking. And I could hear my Pops and he's like yelling, "What the hell's the matter with you? Move your arms and legs." And, then, so like, the next thing I remember, he's not trying to teach me how to swim anymore, and I'm not even in the pool. I'm on the cement and my Mom, she's screaming about me being blue and she's just yelling at my Dad. And I put my hands over my ears, cuz I hated listening to them fighting with each other.

So, then, my life got like really boring for like a buncha years after that. I kinda just spaced while I was at school and then in the afternoons, I'd spend most of my time down at the beach, watching the guys out on their boards- watching them do totally awesome stuff, like head dips and hot-dogging and kamikazes...and knowing, that one day, I'd be out there too, doing that stuff. So, I met this one dude down at the beach, dude my age who was kinda freaked out by the water too. So we kinda had like a cool connection or whatever, ya know? And so, we started to sorta hang out, like we'd check out the beach bunnies together or do homework...well, pretend like we were doing homework. Books and school were never my strong point, ya know? So, umm, anyway, like sometimes, in my room, we would umm- okay, this is like totally dorky, but uh..we would like practice kissing like, for when we got our first chick, ya know? I mean, practice makes perfect, right? So, umm, we like practiced a lot. And one day, we were practicing and umm, my Pops, he like opens the door, right? And umm, he totally flips out. Like big time. And umm, he's like screamin' and punchin' me and all this stuff, right? And then, suddenly, I don't have like a...what do they call it? A permanent residence anymore. Seriously. Heavy, huh, dude? Yeah, it's like Poof. No more. Nada. I mean, I always knew my Pops was like gremlin-central, but, like...whoa, right?

So, umm, this kid. His Mom, she's like the awesome-est, ya know? Totally radical. And after all the drama goes down with my Pops, she's like, "You can totally come and stay with us for however long you need to." And like, I think she like, knew that he and I practiced sometimes and was like, no sweat. Boys will be boys, all that stuff. So, everything is like really cool with him and his Mom. But, umm, I guess, she thought that like a month was all I needed to stay, because, like, after that it was like, sayoonara-try-tomorrow. and I was like...whoa...again...this is totally un-awesome. Like as un-awesome as you can get, right? So I was like, if I was riding a wave at like, Pipeline, I would have to stay focused, ya know? That's totally what I gotta do...stay focused. I can do this.

So, umm, I like end up spending some time down-town, ya know? Just like a block up that way from where we are right now. And umm, turns out there's like lots of totally radical guys down there who totally kinda

taught me the ropes. I kinda started with like trying to recycle cans or umm, return the grocery carts back to Ralph's- to, ya know, get the quarters back? Most of you never return your grocery carts. It's kinda funny. But anyhow, I find out it takes a lotta work to do that kinda stuff and umm, ya don't get a lotta quarters. And it takes a lotta quarters to eat. So, I knew I wasn't on the fast-track. So, a couple of the guys, they, umm, teaching me about standing. Standing. At night. Ya know, on the Boulevard. There's a coupla blocks you gotta go to. And, the first couple of nights, I was just like in a daze from watching the head-lights, ya know? But then, I got in my first car, right? And, umm, ya learn really fast. Ya do. It's like, whatever the dudes ask for, you just gotta say yes a lot more than ya say no...ya know? And I mean, yeah, sometimes it's like super-sketch...like, there's was this guy with like nylon cord and this other old dude with.....but umm, most of the time they're like super cool and umm, you get the twenty or the fifty if you're lucky, and you're like, whoa...COWABUNGA, dude. I mean, it's just practice. And hey, eating is also totally awesome.

So, like I feel like totally wise sometimes, like, wow...I'm so close to being totally grown-up. I mean, in like two and half years I won't even need a fake ID anymore to buy my smokes, ya know? Like two weeks ago, I hitched a ride back to my 'Rents house...just to see if they were okay. I don't think my Pops is even there anymore...maybe he finally went off with his Secretary...she's a total babe. And I mean, my Mom is like super-old...she's like almost thirty-five I think. So, yeah, my life is like pretty perfect now. I got a super close group of dudes and the Benjamin's and I get to watch the waves like all day, every day. I just gotta conquer the fear, so I can be out there, ya know? So, sometimes, like at night, late...I walk all the way down to the end of the pier. And I think, ya know, if I just kept walking, like I could totally learn to swim and I wouldn't be afraid anymore and I could just swim out in the night with the big fat moon over me on and on and on and like, I'd just be part of the water, ya know? Like...whoa. Trippy. Like, I could do that tonight. PSYCH! nah, it's a Friday. Good money, ya know? It's sunset, so...umm...Unless you got a twenty to keep me? I didn't think so, dude. Peace. No worries. All good in the hood. I gotta dash. Surf's up.