

House Boat

I was nearing the age of six years old, spending time with my favorite cousin, James. Together we had ideas that nobody else would ever even dream of, but we were different; we took action. No matter what it was, regardless of our age, and irrespective of the scale of our plans, we always found a way to make our dreams come true.

On this particular occasion, we were staying at my house, and our parents had just left for dinner when we had the genius idea to sneak out of our room and turn a suitcase into a boat. And this is how it all started.

“Luke, you ready?” James whispered to me. “You know the answer to that. Of course I am. Let's go see what the big kids are doing.” As quietly as we could, we slowly traversed the stairs down and into the kitchen. All of our older siblings were playing an intense card game, being completely occupied none of them noticed us. “Well, it will take them a while to notice anything, considering the way they’re playing right now,” James whispered. So we went back upstairs. But instead of heading for our room, we went into my parents' room. “Click” went the first lock, then “click” went the second. We were safely locked in my parents' room with two doors between us and a world of reality.

This is when we walked around the bathroom, closing all of the drains and starting to let the water flow. Before long the sinks then the bathtub filled then overflowed, slowly starting to flood the bathroom, but we were ready. Being at the ages of 5 and 6, we were not very big or heavy, and it turns out suitcases make very nice boats for those who can fit in them.

Right below our parents' bathroom was the kitchen where all of my siblings were playing cards. Although your roof is meant to keep water out, the builders foolishly forgot to make the floors of the same material because they completely ignored the possibility of it raining in the house. When it started dripping water on my siblings and cousins, I think they were quite confused. They called our parents and asked them to get home because it was “raining in the house.”

Our parents rushed home only to realize that two young boys, who wanted to make a new form of transportation or live at sea, had flooded their parents' bathroom and ridden around in a suitcase. These kids could now say that they had ridden around in a "house boat" and that they had made a new form of transportation to travel through their house.

To this day, I don't know what was going on in our heads or why we thought it was a good idea, but those cherished memories and feelings will stay with me until the day I die.