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English

It is seven o'clock in the evening in Southern California and Joey is sitting outside on his porch overlooking the beautiful Pacific Ocean and the orange sun that is slowly descending over the horizon. He sits and thinks back to the day that changed his life forever.

It started out like any other Saturday for Joey; waking up early so he could be the first surfer out on the waves, training all day for the upcoming tournament, which he was hoping to win. If he won, he would become a professional surfer and would be able to compete against some of his idols. If you were sitting on the beach and watching the hundreds of surfers out on those waves you could easily spot Joey. He stood out from all of the other surfers. His skill and control on a surfboard was absolutely stunning. He was the favourite in the competition and all of the locals were talking about him. He had never felt better in his life, but this was all going to change very soon.

As Joey was swimming out towards the waves he felt a slight bump underneath his surfboard that gave him a little jolt yet he kept paddling out towards the surf. About a minute later he felt another jolt and looked down to see a ten-foot long great white shark heading away from him. At this exact moment Joey knew that he had a very little chance of surviving an attack and even if he did his chances of a successful surfing career were probably over. Everything seemed to go in slow motion as his life flashed before his eyes and the shark turned around and came back towards him moving closer by the second in what seemed like an eternity. The teeth of the beast ripped through his board and tore into his legs. He screamed with pain as the animal sliced his skin open as easily as a knife through butter and crushed his bones like toothpicks. He felt the searing pain throughout his entire body as he was flung backwards and forwards by this monster of the sea. He could do nothing as he lost a massive amount of blood and as his legs were torn from his body. As Joey blacked out he saw the lifeguards coming to rescue him but he knew that this was the end.

He woke up a week and a half later in a very white room with multiple strangers looking down upon him with awestruck faces. For a few moments Joey thought that he was in heaven until one of the strangers told him that he was very lucky to be alive. Joey was stunned and amazed, he felt like jumping up and down in celebration for his life until he looked down at where his legs once were. His legs had been torn off from the thigh down. At that instant he realised that he would never be able to surf again and he felt like hitting every one of the doctors there for not doing anything about his legs. When he looked up at them they seemed to realise what had just been going through his mind and they immediately told him that they were extremely sorry for what had happened to his legs but were unable to do any thing about saving them.

At this exact moment another nurse walked in with the thing that he would be confined to for the rest of his life, a wheelchair. Everyday that he spent in that hospital recovering from the shark attack and learning how to use his wheelchair he also was thinking about possible ways to surf again. He started drawing up plans for his modified surfboard, his final design was a surfboard that was about six inches thick and had a slot that he would slide what was left of his legs into. He would be able to strap his legs down and he would be able to paddle through the water easily as well. He was determined to make this board and enter in a competition

The day that he was released from the hospital he went back to his house and started work on this new board. He had all of it done in less than two weeks and was still determined as he ever was to enter and win the competition, even though it was only four days away and he had still not tested his board. By the day of the competition he had successfully tested and learned how to use the modified surfboard. When the day finally came many people were surprised to see that Joey had showed up and were even more surprised when he showed them their board and told them that he was going to compete.

Now he sits on his porch looking out towards the ocean and flipping through a scrapbook that he made of all of the memories of his short surfing career. He sees pictures of his blood covered body being carried to the ambulance and pictures of himself coming out of the hospital in the same wheelchair that he sits in as he thinks back to his past.

As he made his way up to sign in he was approached by one of the officials who told him that he had heard rumours that a disabled person was trying to enter this competition and was wondering if Joey was this guy. When Joey informed him that he was the guy who was going to compete the official told him that this was not allowed and that Joey has a huge advantage due to the fact that he can't fall off of his board. Joey started to argue his point but the official promptly stated that he would not be allowed to compete and if he continued arguing they would have to remove him from the premises. After all of this Joey did not even stay to watch the tournament. He had decided that he was going to quit surfing forever. He decided to open up a company that made these surfboards and he would teach other legless children how to use their new board and get used to their different lifestyles.

Now, 20 years later, Joey is sitting on his porch and watching the sun set as his wife is calling him in for dinner and he is almost glad that he lost his legs when he thinks back to what he has done for people in the world.