Riding a crocodile

You know how cowboys ride on horse’s backs? Well, I’m doing the same thing right now, right here, except two things: I’m not a cowboy, and I’m riding on a crocodile, not a horse. How did I get here? Well, funny story because whenever you see a crocodile randomly roaming around the temptation to jump onto its back and send it crashing through the woods is completely irresistible. Lucky for me, the one I found wasn’t an aggressive one. In fact, he was a very calm and collected crocodile, at least as calm and collected as possible for a reptilian predator that can eat anacondas and sharks and sneaks upon the largest land animals of Earth.

 Anyway, the crocodile that I am now on is flinging around wildly, because apparently whenever a 10-year-old kid hops on a 48-foot-predator, they feel a certain itchy sensation on their back that they just can’t get off because of their scrawny little arms. It was thrashing around and trying to launch me into the nearby bushes. However, this was a once-in-a-lifetime-experience, and I wanted to make it last as long as possible, so with every single cell in my body yelling at me to let go, I held on. The crocodile finally calmed down, and it was clear that it had given up trying to pry me off its back.

But then the worst thing possible happened; It saw a deer. Now, you probably know two things about crocodiles; They’re stealthy, and they are also slow. Well, the first one is only true in water and the second is just plain nonsense. This crocodile ran at the deer so fast, if I hadn’t been clinging on with all my strength, I would probably have ended up at the top of one of the massive redwood trees that surround the clearing that I currently was in. I decided that the once-in-a-lifetime-experience should end for my own safety, and with immediate hesitation, I let go. Let me just say that that wasn’t exactly my best choice. I did end up at the top of a redwood tree and after an hour, I’m still up here. Jeez, I wonder how long the fire engine takes to just come to a forest. It’s only half an hour away from the city. . .