I thought it was a dream come true, but that’s not how it turned out. I loved being a lifeguard and I loved being on the beach every day of my life! I was living a dream I never thought I could. It was the first time in my whole life that I’d been happy and I finally realised what I could possibly do for the rest of my life. I had been working on Crome beach for nearly two years being a fully trained lifeguard. I loved it. The smell of the sea just made me happy and I loved having control over so many people and having them relying on me to help them. Also, I worked with a girl called Charlotte. We used to have so many laughs. After a day at work we would always go for surf or a swim; we should have been sisters. It was like we were anyway. But now I remember; nothing good ever stays with me.

But like I said, nothing good ever stays with me. It’s like I’m cursed. I was out on the water after a long day at work; I was alone because Char had some conference to go to about a pay rise or something silly. The beach was dead and all that was on the beach was the litter left from that day. Broken deckchairs were just awaiting the tide to come and take them away. I couldn’t really be bothered to surf properly, so I just lay on my surfboard and floated on the waves. It was quite relaxing actually, the sun was still shining as it slowly went down it looked as though it was shining at me with a huge grin on its face.

The waves were picking up so I decided to have a few goes before I went home. The waves were big, in fact huge. I’d never really surfed on my own before but I couldn’t really see a problem with it. I started paddling out to my first wave of the week. I could see it brewing underneath the water. I could see it growing higher and higher. It was scaring me. I had never in my life seen a wave as big as this one. Not even a professional would be able to pull a stunt on this one! I could feel myself tensing, I didn’t want to stand up, it was scary but I had no choice but to grip hold of my surfboard and keep a flat body. The wave pulled me under, deeper and deeper. I felt myself smash into a rock and my leg started bleeding everywhere. When I reached back to the surface I knew I had to get myself up onto a rock and call for help. My leg was completely cut across the top of my thigh and it was agony.

I didn’t know what to do. I looked around me and I could see people waving along the pier. I screamed frantically with all the strength I had left in me. It looked like they ran off quickly and they must have. I felt weak and I could barely keep my eyes open. They closed; I took a long deep shuddering breath. Darkness.

I could hear a monitor beeping and tubes were sticking out of me in all directions. I could vaguely remember why I was here. I asked the nurse to explain again. She explained I was in hospital with a serious injury to my leg. There was little chance I would be able to surf ever again. I knew I would never be a lifeguard again.