

## *Hubris*

"We're going to be the car version of *Gillian's Island*," my brother said.

"No, we're not," my father said. "Aruba is only 20 miles long."

"We're exploring," my mom said.

"What? Rocks? Dirt? This ain't even a road." My brother looked at the barren wasteland beyond the dusty windows of the rental car.

"It's a road," my father said. "It's just not paved. And we're here."

Pulling up to rocky inlet, we made our way across the western shoreline, where waves rose up to welcome the guests.

My brother, decked out in Air Jordan attire, ran to the edge. Holding out his hands, like a conductor preparing his orchestra, he said, "Watch this!"

A flick of his left hand sent a wall of water crashing against the rocks. Salty white mist coated the barren scenery.

My brother laughed, snapping his right arm. The water caressed the petrified surface, leaving it glossy and sleek.

Frowning, my brother jerked both arms. Four waves smashed the coastline.

"See that?" he asked, turning toward us.

"Look out!" I pointed behind him.

He swiveled as a monstrous wave crashed over him.