

Turner Britz: A Memoriam.

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My friends. We are gathered here today to mourn the loss of our good friend and lax bro: Turner Britz. He lived a good life. Filled with adventures, water drinking, sports, photography, and juice cleanses. But, I'm sure you've all realized by now that he is no longer with us.

Last month, Turner went missing on his trip back to Hawaii. Though this is tragic, we do have some recorded journal entries that I will use to piece together a story of his last days with us.

It was an early August morning and the air had not yet heated up. Turner grabbed his suitcase full of Swedish fish, copies of the movie chef, brand new crystals, and left his house, closing the door behind him. He then got in his car and began driving towards the airport. At around 6:00 am, he boarded the morning flight to Hawaii but little did he know he had left one thing at home. His water bottle.

Now. This may not seem like that big of a deal but, Turner was president of the Water Drinking Club and this was a recipe for disaster. Without proper and excessive hydration, he was doomed...

Upon his arrival, things seemed to be going great. He had unpacked all his stuff at the hotel, gotten a snack, and rented a brand new surfboard at the beach for the day. After his short beach trip, he went back to his hotel room and got ready for his first hike of the trip. Sadly though, it was also his last. He laced up his new boots, put his backpack on, and walked into the

hotel lobby. He passed a water vending machine but since he figured his bottle was already full and in his bag, he kept going out the door, leaving the waters behind.

He hiked for hours, each step moving him further along the infinite trail. He passed by waterfalls, volcanoes, and many beaches on the shores below. When he got a little further along the winding trail he saw a fork in the road but didn't know which way to go so he did what any sane person would do and he pulled the crystals out of his backpack. Turner consulted the crystals but when he got no response he turned to the right and continued walking.

The path was crazier than before, consisting of twists and turns and many dangerous cliffs. He had to pay attention to every step he took just to make sure he wouldn't fall but as the sun was beginning to set, he had to find a way out before dark or stay there for the night.

"Hello?" He called. Hoping for a response. "Is there anyone here?" Nothing. He moved his foot to turn around but slipped and tumbled down a cliff. Luckily, he survived the fall but that wouldn't be his only ordeal.

After falling, Turner was at the bottom of the cliff for two weeks. He died of dehydration and will be missed greatly. Thank you for coming together to pay your respects. Refreshments are inside.