The Lake Essay, Research Paper

The Lake It was the middle of springtime and across from my house where theincident took place. There was a lake there in which my brother and Iloved to explore from time to time. The humidity and waterdrops wherereminiscent of a fully functional sauna. The onslaught of heat andburning glow of the sun was relentless. Nonetheless, this fact did notbother us one bit, but gave us more incentive to dance with our cool andembracing “long-lost love”. The first step of this operation was making sure that our neighborshad gone away from the house for at least two hours. Since it was theirlake and property, this made it safe for us in not getting caught in themiddle of our escapade. Upon this, my brother and I snuck to theirbackyard like two undercover police officers, until we were in the clear.Nerve-wracking minutes later, flowed the emerald green and ever-so livelylake in front of us. We stopped and starred in awe. The lake had appearedso shiny and reflective, it resembled a finely-cut diamond. The rare anddistinct fragrance enticed us. It smelled like mother-nature herself,with aromas ranging from wildlife and wet grass, to evaporated swampwater and healthy dirt. Then, the time for us to find the desired vessel arrived. We chose

the kayaks, and set out for the water. Carefully, with our torn-jeansrolled up, and shirts off, we dragged the massive thing over the slope ofgrass and mud into the shallow stream. We then hopped aboard, grabbed thepaddles, and floated and splashed into nowhere. The wavy current suckedus downstream, periodically bouncing us off of sandbags and sharpbranches leaning over the water- Now that was true adventure! Minuteslater, my brother and I, after passing under many pipes and tunnels,floated into a huge “cul de sac” of water, with an island in the center.In our amazement, we paddled there as vigorously as toddlers learning toswim. We tied the kayaks to a thin branch with the slimy green ropemysteriously attached to them, and hopped onto the island. We basked inpure amazement. After the tempo settled, we started our natural brotherly routine.My brother and I sat on the muddy bank, with our feet dipped in water,and threw stones out as far away as we could in our competitive nature.We set aside our differences, and together, bonded. My newfound companionand I sat, laughed, fought, played, and talked, as the sun slowly leftus. At this point it did not matter what happened to us for taking thekayaks, because whatever it was, it could not replace the pricelessexperience we shared with one another.