

Twice more to the
lake, my lake



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

(First 2 November Twice More to the Lake, My Lake I am reminiscing the bygone summer at the Walloon Lake. We went there every summer. It was a place perfect for the family. My family of 6 unpacked our bags and ran and jumped into the cold water of the lake. That's what we do every time we went there. The breeze coming from the placid body of water was so welcoming jumping there could not be resisted. The years had passed, but Walloon Lake remains to be a breathtaking beauty of nature. The blue water of the lake always give me the soothing feeling. During this season, there were no traces of ice and snow, but the freshness of the water was there tempting me to stay and swim as the sun was about to rest from shining on us the whole day. I could not stop thinking. I was there on the water while it was peaceful and statue still. The atmosphere was convent quiet and it was so reassuring while I was thinking that some part of the US had become polluted with the large numbers of factories in the city. The air was fresher on the Walloon Lake than Florida. I looked at my family and they were so thrilled. My father and mother were holding hands together and genuine smiles were painted on their faces while watching over the kids enjoying the water. At last, paper work was over and it's a big break for my parents to rest from their exhausting day jobs. Of course, it's a perfect time for me and my siblings to forget our homework. It was a perfect time to forget the city noise. We were all ecstatic.

The next day we went jet skiing and tubing on the Walloon Lake. It had so much open space to enjoy the ride and I could see the beautiful shorelines with crystal clear water kissing the shore. I and my siblings was spinning circles in the water while the sun was shining upon us again. It was a bit scorching but it was a lot of fun. It was a life full of memories. I remembered

when my father taught how to drive a jet ski few years ago. I was a bit nervous as I was afraid of the deep, but that fear was gone when I first cruised the water maneuvering the jet ski myself. The placidity of the Walloon lake took out the fear completely and it would go wild as I had started to conquer the open space of the water. My family waved their hands on me. I was like a professional surfer while the fans were watching me with awe. Crushing the waves underneath was something I couldn't forget my whole life. I felt the wind and water on my face and I felt so much freedom with what I did.

Our annual visit here on the Walloon Lake is something that strengthen the bond of the family. There were times in Florida that my Dad was busy and he would take his dinner at work and so did Mom. Right there, we were a big family together. My mother told us some epic stories about the Walloon Lake and its neighboring community. After the exhausting activity, we were all hungry and Dad planned a picnic on the soft grassy field next to the lake. It was a perfect place. It was green and blue all over. It was a paradise. The surrounding was green with beautiful pines. The lake was crystal blue and it was quiet and still again. For many years, I thought it was just a dream. I thought a place as peaceful as this has been a product of imaginations played in movies. I thought the world was chaotic as I heard it on TV every day. But it was not. Oh, I was daydreaming on the very scene. The occasional ripple of the calm water created a distinct noise of the nature. I was so carried away, gazing at the beautiful scene while I forgot my family was staring at me and father called for a prayer. It's time to taste my Mom's delicacies.

We were full and it was time to witness the beautiful sunset. I must tell you,

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the sunset was incredible as it does not get dark until 10 PM. I and the rest of the family sat on the ground watching at the fiery orb of light as it was visible in the heavens and sat right there on the horizon. The skies turned out to be an artwork of God. It was a jaw-dropping scene when the threads of light started lingering in the skies. It painted the heavens with orange, then red. I grabbed my camera and took several pictures with the mesmerizing sunset.

Lastly, my favorite part was when my Father and I would enjoy our hot cup of coffee together outside on the porch in the mornings while it was quiet and peaceful. The morning sun is a great symbol of another day loaded with activities full of laughter at the Walloon Lake.

Work Cited

White, E. B. " Once More to the Lake." Word Rogues, n. d. Web. 2 Nov. 2014