

The Pond

It was the middle of springtime and across from my house where the incident took place. There was a lake there in which my brother and I loved to explore from time to time. The humidity and waterdrops were reminiscent of a fully functional sauna. The onslaught of heat and burning glow of the sun was relentless. Nonetheless, this fact did not bother us one bit, but gave us more incentive to dance with our cool and embracing "long-lost love".

The first step of this operation was making sure that our neighbors had gone away from the house for at least two hours. Since it was their lake and property, this made it safe for us in not getting caught in the middle of our escapade. Upon this, my brother and I snuck to their backyard like two undercover police officers, until we were in the clear. Nerve-wracking minutes later, flowed the emerald green and ever-so lively lake in front of us. We stopped and starred in awe. The lake had appeared so shiny and reflective, it resembled a finely-cut diamond. The rare and distinct fragrance enticed us. It smelled like mother-nature herself, with aromas ranging from wildlife and wet grass, to evaporated swamp water 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-jeans rolled up, and shirts off, we dragged the massive thing over the slope of grass and mud into the shallow stream. We then hopped aboard, grabbed the paddles, and floated and splashed into nowhere. The wavy current sucked us downstream, periodically bouncing us off of sandbags and sharp branches leaning over the water- Now that was true adventure! Minutes later, 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 to swim. We tied the kayaks to a thin branch with the slimy green rope mysteriously attached to them, and hopped onto the island. We basked in pure 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 companion and I sat, laughed, fought, played, and talked, as the sun slowly left us.

At this point it did not matter what happened to us for taking the kayaks, because whatever it was, it could not replace the priceless experience we shared with one another.

