Once More to the Lake

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Once more to the Lake, I say, in that small boat that we had built for ourselves. The water was clear, and the air was fresh. We were away from the hustle and bustle of the city, and the only sound was the gentle lapping of the waves against the hull of the boat. It was a quiet moment, a moment of peace and reflection.

We rowed slowly, enjoying the scenery. The sun was setting, casting a warm glow over everything. The sky was painted with soft hues of orange and pink, and the clouds were scattered, leaving spaces where the blue of the sky was visible. It was a beautiful sight, and we sat there for a while, just taking it all in.

We had brought a picnic with us, and we ate our sandwiches on the shore. The food was simple—ham and cheese sandwiches on whole grain bread, with a side of chips and a bottle of water. It was enough to keep us going for a few hours.

We talked about our lives, our hopes and dreams. We laughed and shared stories, and the time flew by. It was an amazing day, and we both knew that we would cherish the memory of it for a long time to come.

As the sun began to set, we turned our boat around and started the journey back to shore. The water was calm, and the air was cool, making it a pleasant way to end the day. We were grateful for the opportunity to escape the stresses of our daily lives and enjoy the beauty of nature.

Once we reached the shore, we turned off the engine and let the boat drift with the current. We sat there for a while, just enjoying the peace and quiet. It was a moment of pure contentment, and we knew that we would return to the Lake again, and again, and again.
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getting simply drenched, and the children screaming with delight at the new sensation of bathing in the rain, and the joke about getting drenched linking the generations in a strong indestructible chain. And the comedian who waded in carrying an umbrella.

When the others went swimming, my son said he was going in, too. He pulled his dripping trunks from the line where they had hung all through the shower and wrung them out. Languidly, and with no thought of going in, I watched him, his hard little body, skinny and bare, saw him wince slightly as he pulled up around his vitals the small, soggy, icy garment. As he buckled the swollen belt, suddenly my groin felt the chill of death.