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IB Literature and Language

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### Another Typical Lake

The day began like any other. I woke to the peaceful sound of birds chirping outside of my window. Quietly, I made my way down the old wooden stairs and into the sunroom. A cool breeze flowed inside and ruffled the drapery. I breathed in the damp morning air; excited for the endless possibilities of the day. A thump sounded near the front of the house, and I knew the daily paper had been delivered. As soon as I opened it, I flipped to the weather page, hoping for a sunny forecast. Sure enough, it was supposed to be in the high seventies and sunny all day. This was exactly what I wanted. Nothing was better than spending a beautiful summer day among nature. Full of excitement, I hurried to eat my breakfast of french toast and scrambled eggs so I could rush off to the beach before it became too crowded.

*Beach towel, sunglasses, speaker, snacks, sunscreen, water bottle, book.* I made the mental note as I bustled around the house, trying to scrounge up the necessary beach supplies that had been scattered since last summer. After collecting everything, I was ready for a great day. I headed out the back door, opened the garage, put on my shades, and hopped on my bike. It was still early; the sun peeked over the horizon and the wind caused the trees to sway slightly. *It doesn't get better than this.* I thought to myself. As soon as I started pedaling, my mind drew a blank. I thought of nothing but the moment I was in; simply living in time and not thinking about the future. A sense of calm drew over me as I approached the lake. When it came into view, I

was surprised by the lack of people out for their morning walks. Usually by that time, the walking path would be full of families. Eventually, I made it around the lake to the beach area; not a soul was to be seen. I wasn't concerned. On the contrary, I was relieved to have the lake to myself. I layed out my towel, piled on SPF, and enjoyed the cool weather.

Time passed. The sun beat down on the water, making it glisten as it reflected the sky. I read. I listened to music. I rested. Still, no one else was at the beach. The ground was starting to heat up, and I decided it was time to go for a swim. I kicked off my sandals and took off my sunglasses, blinking rapidly as my eyes adjusted to the bright light. As my vision came back to me, the beach was no longer tinted yellow, it looked normal again. I turned around and faced the lake. A shock ran through my body as I opened my eyes. In front of me, there was no blue-toned water. Instead, the lake was dark brown. I inched towards it; eager to see what mysterious substance had contaminated the water. As I got closer, the answer became clear: it wasn't dirty lake water, it was chocolate milk. That explained why I was the only one interested in swimming. I took a look around me, and felt the hot sun beaming against my skin. When was I going to have another chance to swim in a chocolate milk lake? With that thought in my mind, I took a running start and jumped into the chocolatey abyss.

