

4-22-2022

Lakeside

Anastasia H. Cook

Cedarville University, anastasiacook@cedarville.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview>



Part of the [Nonfiction Commons](#)

[DigitalCommons@Cedarville](#) provides a publication platform for fully open access journals, which means that all articles are available on the Internet to all users immediately upon publication. However, the opinions and sentiments expressed by the authors of articles published in our journals do not necessarily indicate the endorsement or reflect the views of DigitalCommons@Cedarville, the Centennial Library, or Cedarville University and its employees. The authors are solely responsible for the content of their work. Please address questions to dc@cedarville.edu.

Recommended Citation

Cook, Anastasia H. (2022) "Lakeside," *Cedarville Review*. Vol. 22, Article 20.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol22/iss1/20>

Lakeside

Creative Commons License



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 4.0 License](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/4.0/).

About the Contributor

Anastasia Cook is a sophomore English student from Galloway, Ohio. Besides creative writing and reading old books, she loves riding horses and talking with young children. She is grateful for the love of God and the inspiration and support her family provides.

LAKESIDE

Anastasia H. Cook

Morning.

Because the air temperature has fallen below 65 degrees, you feel cold—pleasantly cold. You hug your arms, unprotected by your short sleeves, and walk a little brisker.

You feel alert, eyes and ears keen in the still air, and you take the long way back from breakfast, because the morning is lovely. Mist gilded by the rising sun veils the lake's surface, untroubled by wind or ripple.

You step off the path and stare, breathing in the symbol of the morning.

* * *

That afternoon you walk around the lake slowly, taking a pause in your work. You see a fin break the surface—gently, for a moment. You approach the shore and are rewarded with a glimpse of a vanishing fish, a long one, maybe a little shorter than your arm. The surface ripples now in the wind. It has put off the gold and silver of the morning, instead rejoicing in the brilliant blue of the sky. It answers with its own blue, deeper and merrier. More personal.

* * *

In the evening the lake smells of the fish and algae inhabiting it. The slimy, earthy scent satisfies you. God has made this too, and called it good. You are too insulated, too provincial. God *made* this. He has given it to you. It is a good gift.

* * *

At night the lake reflects the cold, faintly blue light of the lamps standing like sentries around it. You can see no stars in the lake because of them. But the light is good—it makes you feel safe as you return alone in the evening, laden with books.

The water is thoughtful tonight. It moves, but not so much as in the broad day. You don't see it; you only hear its liquid sound. It is, perhaps, remembering all the things it has seen today, pondering them—asking God of their meaning.

Even the best things you have seen and heard today reek of mortality. You too will go to bed pondering and awake without answers.