

## Lake House

### **My Grandparents' lake house**

**So many memories, can't believe its been fourteen years**

**As I sit on the dock and think of the past, and the future**

**The rustling waves on the water and busy bees drinking nectar  
from the freshly planted flowers with squirrels running around the yards  
as dogs chase them up the trees**

**A plate of fresh strawberries with cool whip on top and a big bowl  
peaches with milk and sugar as the warm sunshine shines on my face  
and the cold water tingles on my newly painted toes**

**The fresh air and the sweet scent of newly grown daisies in a breeze  
and the aroma of homemade cherry pie from my Grandma's kitchen window**

**Wood saw dust and the smell of fresh paint  
comes from my Grandpa's workshop**

**Barking dogs splash in the water while kids laugh as they ride by and look up  
into the big, blue, sky, making that lone cloud look like Mickey Mouse**

**Happy thoughts and a smile as I walk along the shore thinking about my next  
visit and dreading my departure from the lake house; this lake house;  
My Grandparents' lake house where so many memories have been made**

**I'm wet and cold, wrapped up in a towel, warm and dry**

**I'm hungry and thirsty, eat fried chicken and mashed potatoes, full and tired**

**The lake house, my hiding place from reality**

**Where I go to get away**

**This beautiful, charming, gorgeous, exquisite place where I go to dream**

**-Brandi Fishburn, Grade 8, 2007**

**Granddaughter of Alan & Emma Brown, 432 Lake Drive**