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The Winding Path of Beach

The day began with the rays of sunshine beating on our backs, dripping into a watering hole at the end. My family and I were all bewildered at what to do for the day while we wandered the Wolverine's land north of our home. We were at a lost at what adventures to indulge in, as we normally are on family vacations. We were chickens running around with our heads cut off as the cliché goes. Luckily my mother always grabs enough brochures to fill an ocean with, so we pinpointed an activity to excite our dull minds in the sultriness of the day.

I remember we rolled up in our chariot to a shack that was no bigger than that of a deserted gas station, rust taking its claim over scraps left behind. Unlike an uninhabited station, people were buzzing around the place, taking refuge from the sun in the hive or the tree leaves. *Great, a long wait until we can do whatever it is Mom found for us to do. Jesus it's hot in this car.* Upon the wait, Baby Rattlers laid in detainment, helpless in the wooden cage of doom. *What is that with the sign? Baby Rattlers? Like Snakes. Nah-uh. Not going near that.* Curiosity rattled my brain and I had to leave the car to see what these baby rattlers were. Looking down into the plastic casing, a Tweedy Bird and Pooh were among other rattlers. *Oh. Baby...rattles...that baby's play with.* A laugh escapes my lips as my family gathers outside the cars and into the shaded cover. We waited and we waited. *Click. Click. Click.* Finally the wait was over, pictures as our evidence of the wait, and we were beacons to a forty minute thrill.

The monster truck—or should I say just really long, deep ocean blue convertible jeep—awaited its passengers to fill her up. And the sardines were just waiting to be packed tight into the vehicle. As for me, I got to sit at the front and at the edge of the bench with my brother and sister-in-law, who were

seated next to the captain of our journey. The tour guide was a hoot and should have been on one of those shows ...maybe not. But as we started the ride, the sand surrendering to the weight of the tires, he never stopped joking, telling his passengers about the land, or driving like it was a speed race where the bigger the bang, the better. The ride was a buzz. The Jeep rode the waves of the sand like a champion surfer, my lips kissing the sand as the waves twisted and turned, thrilling every passenger save one—my mother, who hid behind the palms of her hands most of the time. The best part came when the sand waved reached its peak, and a break was taken by all at the most elegant view of the lake and sand dune markings.

To describe the area in a picture: the sky was a vivid blue, cluster of clouds crowding the skies in the most perfect way as the sun brightly lit the day. The lite-grate sand was like burning coal to the feet if you took off your shoes—which I only know because I took off my shoe to get the sand out—but was as soft as a bunny held in a person’s arms. To make the scene more iconic for a person to sit at alone and just think of the beauty of the world, were the trees and fallen limbs that showed up here and there, overlooking the wonders of the lake off in the distance on the right and to the left the hilltop showcased the riding waves that carried us to the top, buried in a sea of green itself. *Life seems so beautiful here. Makes me want to stay longer and just look. This is a moment I wouldn't mind staying forever in.*

It truly was a beautiful day to go on the sands and experience moments like these that can be trapped in a pixel-by-pixel frame, a constant reminder of how elegant something like roaring waves of sand can be. These images evoke memories of feeling at peace and beauty that can never be felt at home, but only in places that fit in a frame. The thirst for more iconic days will never fade, but will continue to pulse until the longing is fulfilled.

Writer's Commentary

The big technique I used in this essay was more imagery and some kind of hint at metaphors (I never know when I have hit the mark or not because I don't always use the word "as" and yet I still feel it's some kind of metaphor). The imagery was my main focus because I never really feel like I use enough of it in my work, at least none that stand out to me and with this essay I was consciously more aware of using imagery like I do when I am writing poems for my Poetry class. The way I see it, you can never have too much practice with a certain tool that is truly important to readers—details and images that is.

When I began writing I really didn't have any theme in mind other than to share a memory I had of a fun trip. And I feel that I did that really well and didn't really focus on a bigger theme than that. I tried to get somewhere with the scene of the hilltop and looking out and feeling peace. I guess I was going for the idea that a person can find beauty and fun anywhere they want, but you recognize it more when you are away from home in other places. The way I see it, the imagery I used helped me get there, to my own conclusion to what my theme/subject was. I also think that being heavy on the imagery—by my standards—helped readers see the emotion I was trying to emit to them about the hilltop especially (I think adding my own thoughts—as one of my peers thought I should add—had the same effects, though I am not sure about them as of right now). In the end, I know describing the scenes helped me feel closer to my thoughts when I was in Michigan two years ago.