

ENGLISH COURSEWORK

ORIGINAL WRITING

As the morning sun rises above the horizon. It glistened in my eyes, while i try to observe the wooded areas around the lake. While I walked down the pebble-stoned pathway towards the glistening waters edge, gunshots followed by a barking dog are echoed in the far distance. Suddenly a small paddling of ducks made their approach disturbing the tranquil glass like water , surfing on their web like feet, scouring the water for food. Meeting the lakeside I stopped for a moment to fil my lungs with the clean brisk air and slowly let it go feeling calm all over.

Meeting the lakeside I stopped for a glance at the far side of the lake squinting from the blinding suns reflection. A fisherman struggles around a meandering bend with his tackle trying to find the best place to fish, he finally picks his position and begins to unpack next to a withered half sunken tree, he surveys the aren vigorously rubbing his hands together as the morning air is chilled.

I sat on a rusted bench watching the fisherman catch the fruits of his labour. The day seemed to pass quickley in the serene surroundings and as dusk approached the fisherman started to pack up his rods and tackle. No longer does the sun shine in my eyes, it has become a golden ball descending on the shallow horizon.

The ducks take off in flight and dissapear into the half light sky. As the wind picks up and blows into a roar making tres rustle, i feelthe chill of the night. Fish are surfacing the clear water and trying to devour gnats that hover in groups above the water.

Taking a last look at the golden sun on the horizon as it dissapears completely and, the clouds are the only ones left to gaze upon the lake, I remember the calm and peaceful day.