Our Lake
written and illustrated by
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Today, Brother is taking me up to
swim in the lake like Father used to.

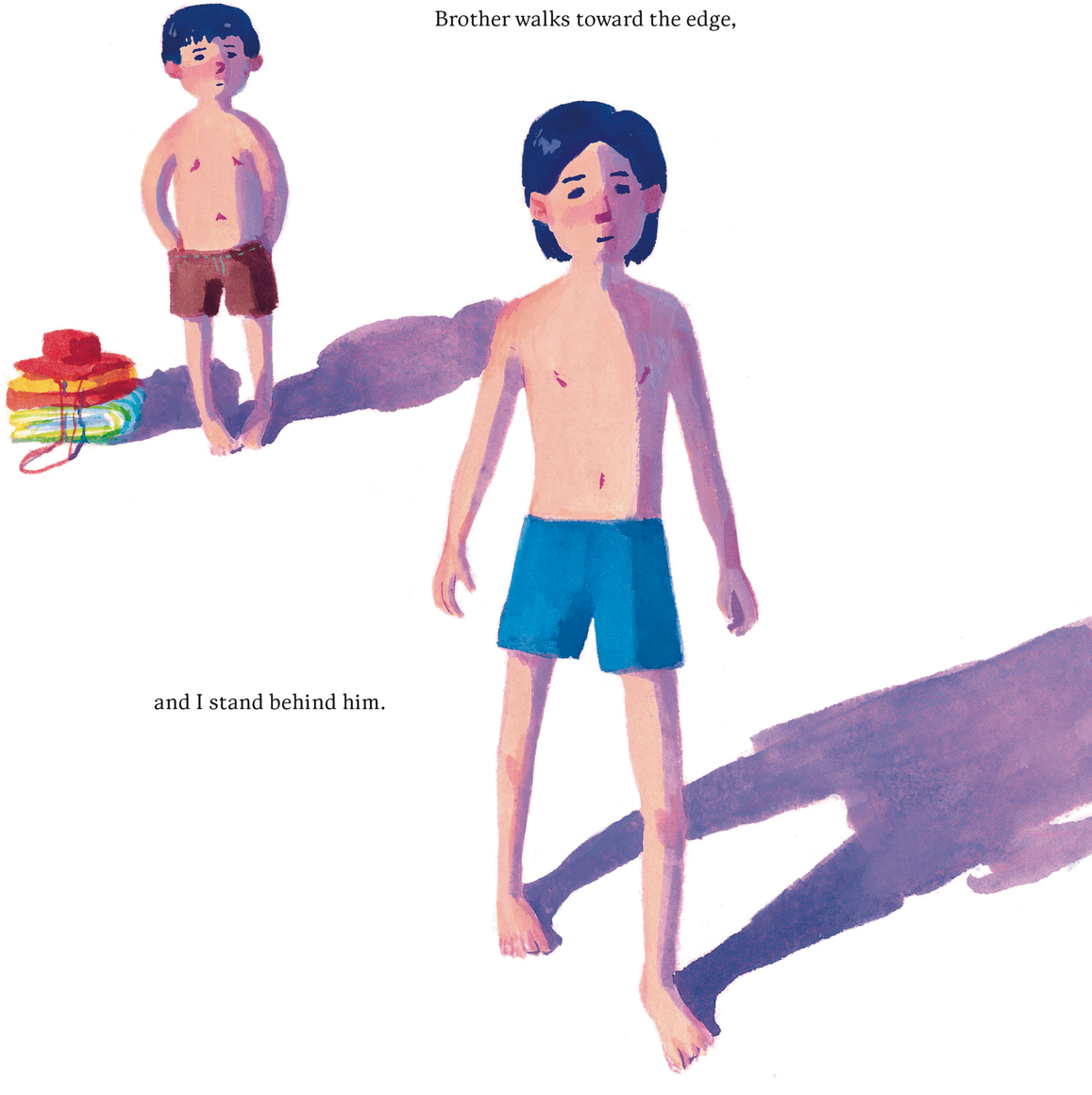
“Be careful,” Brother warns.
“Remember, the hike up is long and steep.”

I nod like I’m not afraid.

Brother takes off his shirt.
I take off my shirt.

Brother stretches.
I stretch.

Brother walks toward the edge,



and I stand behind him.

"It's nice and cool down here,"
Brother calls, bobbing up and down.

Suddenly, my stomach is full of stones.
How did I ever do this before?

"Jump!" Brother shouts.

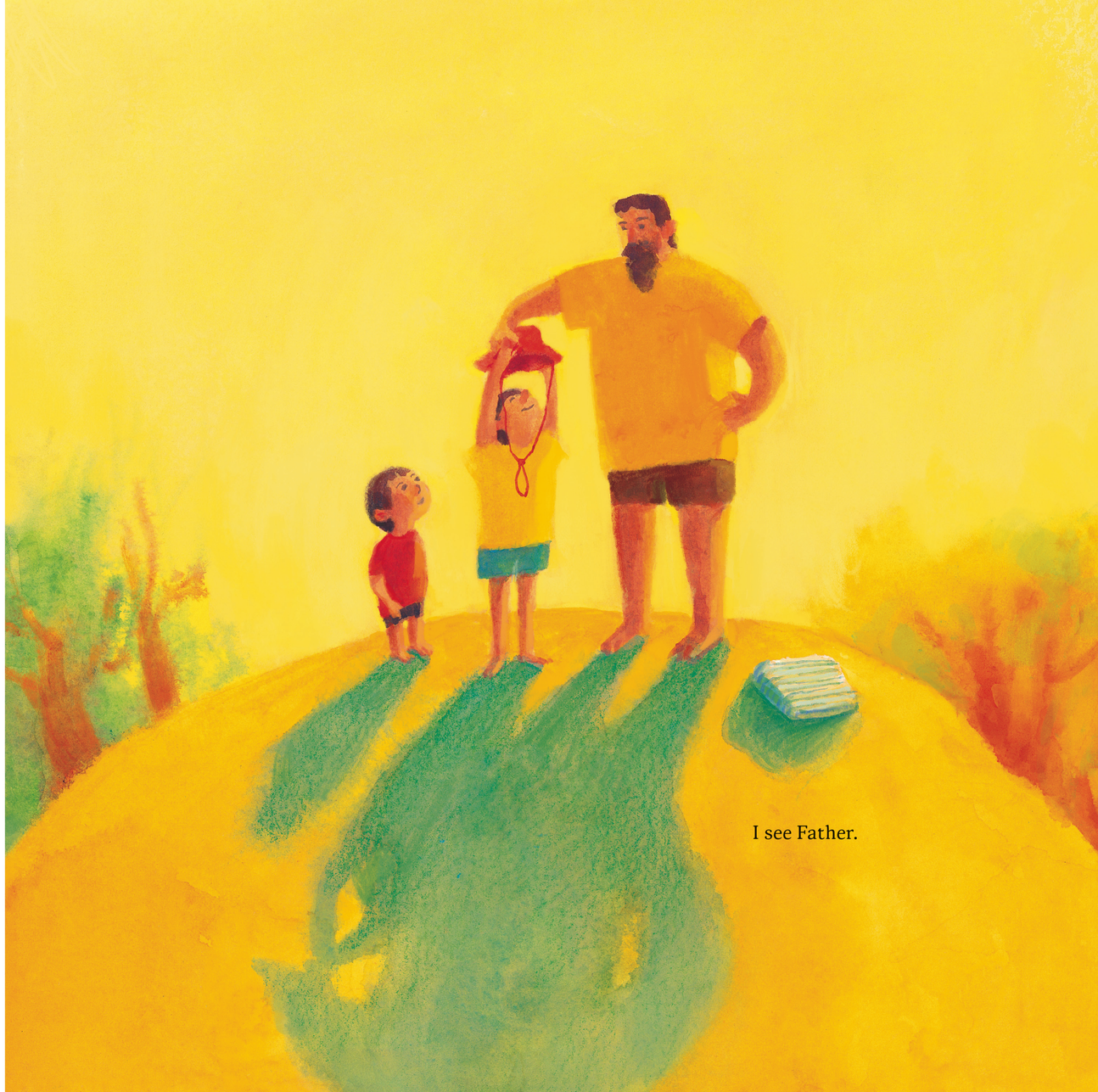
I inch forward until my toes meet
the edge.

The water looks so far away.

“Jump!” Brother shouts again.

The ground wiggles. I close my eyes.

On the inside of my eyelids,



I see Father.