Your Name

Instructor Name

English 12

Sept. 16th, 2019

Love is found in Winthrop

When I was 1, my pasty white skin, soaked in thick sunscreen was allowed to bake out in the cozy sun. My family all peering over and showering me with every ounce of attention they were able to muster up. My memory is much too faded to remember such details at that young age, the recollection has disappeared, but the love I felt still lives on.

When I was 1, I attended my first of many annual camping trips in a small Washington town called Winthrop. **A little rustic town. A little western town. A little town I have learned to call my second home.**

When I was 3, my tiny naked feet would dart along the old wooden dock before plunging into the icy water below. For hours on end, my feet could be heard drumming against the boards followed by a splash. My grandfather stood perched in the cool water below waiting to catch me.

In one swift motion, he would swoop me from the air and into the water. Goosebumps shot through my body each time before returning to shore. With no hesitation, or doubt, or fear, I would launch myself into the air and into his arms. **He was the pillars of my world**, consistently in place and supporting me along in every stage of life.

When I was 5, my luscious bleach blonde hair would fly through the wind as I hurdled down the hill on my bike before slamming on the brakes. My bare feet were sprayed with sand, dirt, and pebbles, as my fingers reached at the trigger to stop. And my eyes, **blue as the azure ocean**, starred in complete amazement at the fresh skid mark created in the loose gravel. My great-aunt stood in absolute horror. Her mouth hanging (hung?) low and her sunken eyes stared back at me in fear. Her hands gently holding (held) my shoulder and lead~~ing~~ me away from the hill in a gesture to protect me. Protection from threats and injuries. She was the walls of my world, protective and tough against the problems around me.

When I was 7, the warmth of my cousin expelled towards my icy body in our tent. Her gentle arms wrapped around me and tenderly moved the hair away from my face. My weary eyes pleaded for sleep; however, my brain was much more active.

Her soft touch and the heat created a world of absolute peace and tranquility. Slowly my eyes prevailed, and I dozed off into a harmonious sleep. **She was the snug, homey blanket of my world**, constantly comforting me.

When I was 11, sweat dribbled down my forehead, my body covered in dirt, and every inch of body ached. The harsh sun had peaked, and the unforgiving rays shone down on my pale skin. With every heavy breath, I trudged along the road on my bike.

My aunt rode alongside me, although there was not a sign of distress or fatigue from her. Panting and on the verge of dehydration I was prepared to quit, my body throbbed in pain. My aunt turned towards me, her eyes burning deep into my soul, instructing me not to quit and push through this difficulty; her words of encouragement drove me up the hill. She was the stairs of my world, relentlessly pushing me to work harder.

When I was 13, my legs hung over the gritty wooden dock over the lake just as the sun began to set. *Serene*: the only word to describe the feeling. Silently my grandmother crept along the dock behind me. Only the creak of a board brought me out of my calm world. For a moment, neither of us spoke a word, instead, we stared out across the lake at the beautiful pink sky.

Finally, I broke the silence. For months my brain had been occupied with the constant worry of a senseless life. Still so young and naïve, my unease stemming from society’s pressures and expectations.

Faintly she began to speak, forcing me to lean in to listen to her typically booming voice. Her fragile hand wiping the tears from my face and whispering how proud she was. Despite all my worries and problems, her delight and pride abolished everything else. She was the roof to my world, protecting me from the dangers, but caring for those that were inside.

When I was 17, the most difficult decision of my young life arose. For days on end, I would allow the salty tears stream down my cheeks as I was faced with the decision whether to continue the annual camping trip to Winthrop or abandon it due to illnesses.

For many nights, I sat locked away in my dark secluded room trying to make a decision. My sweaty face and clammy hands did nothing more than make me feel sicker. How could I throw away part of my identity, a place where I found love?

However, for every night I felt as though I was drowning in tears, I sat frustrated with my choices. I had reached an age where family trips no longer felt magical. My remaining summers could be happily spent elsewhere with my friends.

So how did I choose? Many nights I woke up soaked in complete sweat and fear; the last night, however, I woke up in absolute certainty. **Winthrop was worth** it. Those annual camping trips showed me my family’s unconditional love, support, and encouragement. And the older I get the more it becomes apparent that those lessons and love will never change. If canceling the trip risks losing even a bit of that, then I don’t want to jeopardize that.

When I was 17, my infant cousin, no more than 3 months sat up on my knee. His eyes, blue as the sky glowed back at me. And quietly I whispered into his ear: “This family will do so much for you Max, no matter what, they always will.”

Rhetorical and Poetic Devices

1. *A little rustic town. A little western town. A little town I have learned to call my second home.* **(rule of 3’s, repetition)**
2. *He was the pillars of my world*, **(metaphor)**
3. *blue as the azure ocean* **(simile)**
4. *She was the snug, homey blanket of my world, constantly comforting me.* **(metaphor and alliteration)**
5. *Winthrop was worth it.* **(alliteration and consonance)**