



Writing Sample - Dana Kester-McCabe

Those Lazy Hazy Crazy Days Of Summer

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As I write this we are in the midst of the third day of another heat wave. The temperatures hover near or over 100 degrees Fahrenheit. Sunflowers stand with proud perseverance. Nearby turtles bask in the warm sunshine along the sluggish waters of the Pocomoke River.

Like them, many good Mom's and Dad's know that the water is the place to take the kids to be to beat the heat. Carefree youngsters play in the surf and enjoy the bounty to be found along the shoreline.

But I am showing my age - holed up inside with the air conditioning on, trying to "accomplish" something. Outside the moist heavy air is what my mother used to call "close." It is an intense opiate which can bring on a need to nap. This is not exactly conducive to productivity. Yet, it provides a sort of mental fermentation.

Who knows what this muggy indolence will inspire? Evening storm clouds are starting to build in Delmarva's western sky. Perhaps there are some mythic tales hiding in them. Maybe they are just waiting to be revealed to this ne'er do well artist before cooler temperatures arrive to break the sultry summer enchantment.

I think it is time for yet another daydream break and a cool drink. What can I say but to quote someone wiser? *"It's just another day in paradise."*