

I miss how vivid, wild and encompassing the sun was there. How the boundless grit of the lake's waters felt like nature's way of embrace to me and how time stood still, long enough to remind me that I was in fact, still alive. And capable of experiencing life's endless wonder.

What started out as a joke in jest between my best friend and I ended up seeing fruition when I found myself in the back of her car, on course to Lake Kariba for a 3 day stay on the open water with her and her family. A sense of surrealism continuously washed over me at the thought of not only the incomparable opportunity in my lap, but the incredible gesture of friendship behind it. The weekend ahead would turn out to hold much in store and the togetherness shared amongst all those in attendance would only add to the endeavor's vigor.

Upon arrival, we gathered our belongings and were escorted to a stationed pontoon, ready to accept our luggage with a designated crew in tow. At first glimpse, I'm in awe of the lakes dominance and how it feels like a singular entity, holding time and memory in its restless current. The day's heat is fierce and relentless but doesn't stop us from the task at hand, as we take all the necessary supplies we'll need and head out to a fishing post. My hands were very new to the rod and line and fishing, like most things, had its own kind of routine and discipline. There was a patience to it, as well as a brisk alertness you had to acquire when casting your rod, because the fish were not going to make it easy for you. Before I knew it, the sun was setting over the shoreline and its melancholic grasp on the water's surface felt like unheard poetry, and I was hanging on to every word.

Day 2 brought out a more settled shift in my disposition and a welcome eagerness to prove myself a decent fisherman. The morning air felt grumpy and rang rampant with the crashing of waves as the captain steered our boat to the next fishing site. As far as adventure goes, I was living the pinnacle and doing it all with my best friend made a great thing even more undeniably great. But even with the day's buoyant attitude, my luck seemed to be dwindling by the end of it as I had somehow caught less fish than the day before. But I was slowly uncovering the artform behind casting and timing, paying attention to even the most diminutive

of details, like how to properly bait your hook and with what pace to reel in your line.

The start of day 3 saw us off to a well know fishing post 5 hours away from our initial harbor, at word of a more notably lively fish scene. Morale was high and it was nearly impossible to get used to the view of the lake and all its secluded islands, as well as the animal life inhabiting them, catching site of elephants, gazelles, crocodiles and even a pod of hippos.

A change of scenery seemed to do the trick and before I knew it, I was reeling in my 17th fish of the day, undoubtedly beating my records of 1 and 0 from the previous days. It felt like a major life highlight and a milestone accomplishment for something I never saw myself getting the chance to do and by the end of it all, I left grateful and appreciative of how present I allowed myself to be and how fulfilling the overall occasion was. I tend to forget a lot of things, a lot of the time, and so rare it is that my memory ever takes to register for 3 days and nights, something truly worth remembering but the adventure I never expected ended up being the experience I'll never forget.





