



THE LAKE OF A THOUSAND
DAWNS



Long ago, a boy woke before the sun. His father took his hand and led him down to the lake. 'Today,' he said, 'you will learn to fish.'



They waited together in the quiet. The bobber danced. A fish leaped. And the boy felt the first tug of a line.



The boy grew. And one morning, he rowed out alone. The lake held his questions, and the stars listened.



Under the fading stars, he thought about who he was. The lake had no answer, but it gave him peace.



He came back as the sun broke through the trees. The morning had shaped him, day by day.



And years later, a sleepy boy heard a familiar voice. 'Wake up, little one. The lake is waiting.'



They walked together through the morning mist. The boy held the old man's wrinkled hand.



And as the sun rose, the old man smiled. 'This is the lake of a thousand dawns,' he whispered. 'And every one of them was a gift.'