

Zeke the Blue Goose

Each year, my friend Lou and I take a trip to the lake. We keep August marked on the calendar and wait for the big day to arrive. We team up and plan every detail in advance. Lou packs two pairs of new boots, food and a camera while I give the outboard motor a new tune up. Lou pools resources with mine and we beam when we see sheets, blankets and the rest of the gear packed and ready. Only then can we believe it is almost time to go. After that, getting underway can't come too soon.

At the lake, we seldom go swimming in the early morning because it's too cool. Instead, we slip down to the lake hoping to see geese feeding near the edge. We especially look forward to the arrival of an odd looking blue goose we nicknamed Zeke. To get a better look, we often wade out to where the water is knee deep. Lou shoots a whole roll of film on the geese and other birds. Then, coming in from the north, we see Zeke. He appears to zoom in from the clouds honking wildly as if to announce his arrival. He peels around the lake squawking and bearing his wings. He seems to be asking for a handout of bread. He usually stops just long enough to eat and takes off again to circle and watch over his water home.