

biggar lake

SNAPSHOTS OF A DAY IN NORTHWEST ALGONQUIN

by Toni Harting

Early morning, the sun has just left the horizon, September fog is slowly creeping over the lake surface. No breeze, no sound, no movement. Quiet.



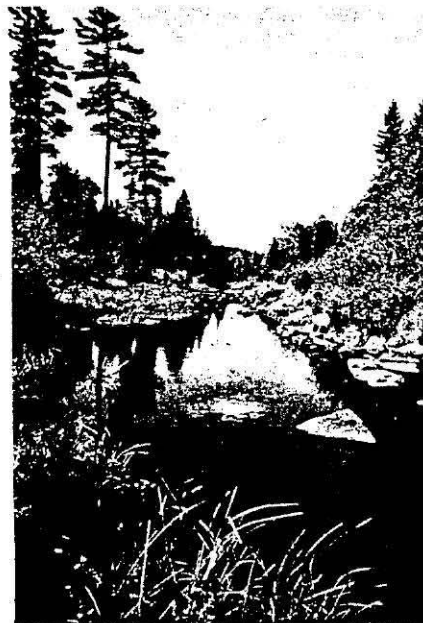
The fog has filled the space between the hills, and muffles the paddler's sound to a soft swish, swish. The canoe disappears into the white cloud, never returns.



The sun has warmed the fog away, and the lake shows itself, inviting us for a visit. We paddle to the far end and find reeds, mud sand, driftwood, animal tracks, the same signs of wilderness that live on the shores of thousands of other lakes.



Thirsty little butterfly on my knee, sipping milk. Probably for the only time in its short life.



Night. The moon has just cleared the hill on the other side of the black waters. Time for thinking, dreaming, wordless contact. Tomorrow will be another day. At Biggar Lake.