

Photo Essay

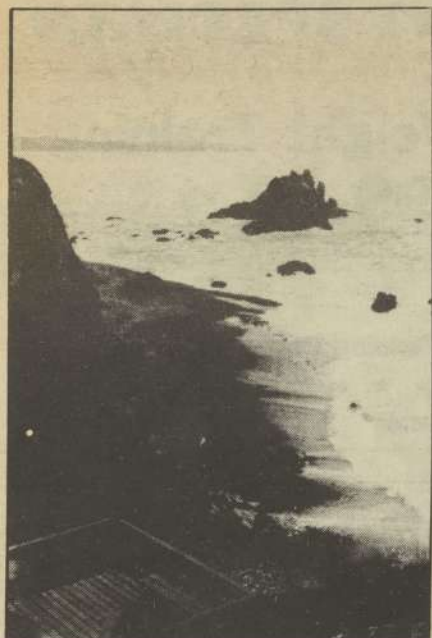


I finally go

by Lyn Marie Thompson

Photo Editor

Ah, the ocean, the beach. How I've missed you. I get so caught up in the little nitty gritty things of life, so full of stress. I could scream and often, I do. So many things I have to do, so many places I have to see. Essays due, classes to attend, deadlines to meet. My car needs new tires, new shocks, oh and don't forget to check the oil. Damn why isn't anybody hiring? Why don't I have a job? I need to write to Daddy, let him know that, yes, his little girl is still alive. I? I must be, it can't be this demanding being dead. It's time to get away. I need some time for me. But...But...Enough! I get in the car, fill the tank, check the map while I'm at the station. Let's see, I'll take the Ross Island Bridge and then 26 all the way. Heavy sigh. I'm on my way. All this traffic. Get out of my way! I could have a new car breakdown before I even get out of town! Argh! Finally, stop at the highway. Put in Boston. Best traveling tunes ever made. Two hours to think. If I had only brought my tape recorder, I keep thinking about that essay for WR122. Well, at least I know what I want to do now. Oh, all the what ifs and could've beens that come to mind. A lot of maybes too though. Damned motor homes! Off the road! I'm a slug! Can't you see I need my sanity?! I'm almost there. Ah! I'm here. Cannon Beach. Now let's see, out this way, no that wasn't the road I wanted. Turn around, go down here and... there it is! I leave the car at the beach house, keys in pocket, check, some cash in my wallet. Walk on into town, check. Goodbye car, see ya later. mmm. I can smell the sea, hear it, see it. Walk down the trail to the beach. Ya! Run for a while. Get it all out! O.K. now that I've made a real effort of myself. Oh, I don't care. So what if I freaked out a few seagulls. They deserve it. Off with these blasted shoes! I feel better already.



photos and story
by Lyn Marie Thompson

