

Visual Writing Extravaganza

Bob, today you missed an incredible experience at the dock. It was a stunning Autumn sunset at the time. Which scorched a beautiful orange glow onto the whole rigid dock, including the fluffy wisped clouds cascaded upon the tender light blue sky. I stood in awe of the gentle churning river housing the white towering three-story paddle boat nestled along the dock's edge. As the fleeting moment narrowed down I made my way along the out stretched wooden board walk. It brought back many memories of me as a child clasping to the metal railing giving me a feeling security among the many humble wooden supports.

Although I couldn't stay long. Before I left Bob, I would be remised not to spend a moment and take in the crisp fresh river air sat among my favorite six two-legged stools. I reveled at the city on the other bank, the humble alluring red bricked buildings that speckle our town, our iconic black hooked street lamps dotted along the board walk. As the sun began to set I took one final long stroll along the dock. I listened to the distant seagulls as the waves created a back drop to my pattering clacking footsteps. As I left the dock I could hear a faint horn below out for the last call to board. Bob you truly missed a fine day. Next time you must visit the dock with me. Because, it is one of the most nostalgic scenes from our quaint little town.