

Title:

Daybreak On Lake Windermere, England

Word Count:

313

Summary:

Located at the heart of Lake District National Park, Lake Windermere is England's largest expanse of freshwater.

It is also the perfect place to welcome in a new day during the warm summer months.

It was 4:00am and my boat rocked gently below the parting night sky. The brightest stars were still faintly visible to the naked eye.

The moon's happy face was about to greet the sun and hail another beautiful day, these two celestial chums never far from one another in the...

Keywords:**Article Body:**

Located at the heart of Lake District National Park, Lake Windermere is England's largest expanse of freshwater.

It is also the perfect place to welcome in a new day during the warm summer months.

It was 4:00am and my boat rocked gently below the parting night sky. The brightest stars were still faintly visible to the naked eye.

The moon's happy face was about to greet the sun and hail another beautiful day, these two celestial chums never far from one another in the heavens.

I fixed my fishing rod to the side of the boat and gazed up at the last embers of stars as they faded from view.

There was something liberating about the night sky; a yearning to explore further afield washed through me.

As my mind drifted, the sun began to climb above the horizon. Soon, a glorious

array of colour spread throughout the morning sky.

As the sun rose higher, its first-light began to sparkle on the open water, like gems dancing at the new dawn.

Daybreak was greeted with the beautiful song of the skylark, nature's most elegant alarm call.

I peered through the morning mist and scanned the perimeter of the lake. I was still alone, without any other person to witness morning's glory.

I sensed a wonderful feeling of solitude. Secluded on my boat, I was the only person alive lucky enough to observe this new light.

A gentle breeze puffed its way across the lake, drawing ripples in the water.

As morning advanced, the mist cleared to reveal the naked mountains that form the backdrop to this exquisite picture.

The occasional being could be seen around the edge of the lake including a man and his dog, drawn from their slumber to enjoy the new day.

I had lost my private audience with Lake Windermere, but there was always tomorrow.