

When Tahoe whispers your Name...

The young man stood momentarily on the cool sandy shore scrunching and relaxing his bare toes rhythmically in the soft sand. The cool dampness under his feet and between his toes tickled sweetly and he closed his eyes tightly temporarily enraptured. It's always the simple things he thought as he opened his eyes slowly and beheld the vast dark expanse of Lake Tahoe. And for one brief moment of agonising indecision he stood swaying in the cold night air his wide eyes flitting frantically across the huge glassy expanse. But no he thought, gritting his teeth hard, you've been through this a million times and there is no other way...It's now or never...

And so with renewed resolve he began to wade on out into the icy black water. Although only ankle deep the freezing touch of the lake on his bare skin caused a violent involuntary shudder to course through his thin body. But he pressed on with clenched jaws and bunched fists trying to control his rapidly rising heartbeat. Think good thoughts now he admonished himself, think sweet thoughts and remember your rationale, remember why you're doing this, remember your motivations and keep your eyes fixed on the prize. And it'll all be over before

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And knee to bite stinging and caressing his calves equally. And as he pressed on deeper into the clear, bitter, glassy waters nagging doubts began to gnaw at his resolve...He could hear himself answering his own reticence from somewhere deep in his mind...A Stalwart attempt to remain focused and to stay true to deeply held convictions...It's not going to get any better he thought, you're stuck with this condition and these afflictions forever now and no amount of wishing is going to wish these compulsions away...

And hip deep now the profound cold was vicious and the crystal clear moonlit waters lapped gently around and over his sides and stomach. His pace which at first had been strong and purposeful was now inevitably slowing to a hampered, sluggish, awkward stumble and as he pressed on deeper he found himself uttering machine gun rapid prayers through chattering, clattering teeth to a divinity he didn't even know for sure existed...And suddenly an image of himself as a young boy jumping joyously and with