

As I sit here now I reflect on the few fond memories I have of Mono Lake. The view transports me back to when I was a kid and came here on field trips and summer camp excursions. It was super interesting. I remember learning about the unique ecosystem of the lake, and the funny story about an attempt to destroy the land bridge that coyotes (or foxes, or something else, it has been a while) were using to cross to the black island and eat the nests of the seagulls who migrate to Mono Lake for their nesting season, only to have all the dirt fall back down in the same spot so the coyote who was waiting patiently the whole time could just walk across.

This is what Mono Lake reminds me of as I linger on it's shore once more. Summer camps, school field trips and weird half remembered stories that may or may not be true. It reminds me of being a kid, not the embarrassing or dumb stuff I usually remember, but the fun and excitement, the curiosity and discovery. It reminds me to get lost in the magic of the unknown and inspires me to create. It inspires me to evoke that sense of discovery in others, or at least try to.

I enjoy creating stories that people can get lost in, and Mono Lake inspires me to keep doing that. Being here again reminds me, amidst all the stress of being a senior going to college, of what it feels like to discover, to marvel at weird stories, and to be a kid again. I may not have many memories of Mono Lake, but the few I do have are treasured memories that inspire me to keep pursuing my passions and aspiring to evoke similar emotions in my friends and (hopefully) eventually in anyone who stumbles across one of my strange, imaginative tales.