

**English Language Arts 30–2
Visual Reflection Assignment, June 2008**

Example Scored Excellent (E)

The Freedom of the Water

The sun was hot and my feet were on fire. I could feel the sand slip into the open cracks of my dry, callused skin. This did not matter though, my family needed water and I was the one to get it.

So we walked through the desert toward the water, me and my sisters Zohra and Katinoma. We were all married, with children and a role to fill. We cannot work outside the home; our job is cooking, cleaning and looking after the kids. This is the only way we know. It is our tradition.

As we approached the water runoff my sister noticed a spot in on the beach. The water splashed against the rocks and flooded the white sand. We put our buckets down and gazed into the shimmering rainbow made by the mist. I lowered my burka from my face and felt the heat of the sun on my skin. This was an opportunity we could now pass up.

Just then we all started running toward the water haven. The pressures of our lives and the heat of the sun seemed to be washed away as the water engulfed our feet and splashed our faces. For this one time in our lives we were free. We jumped, sang, danced and splashed around as if we had discovered great riches.

But only for a little while could we play. We were expected back soon and life had to go on. We walked back to the run off, filled our pails and started the long journey home. We did not talk about what had happened, it was written on the smiles on each of our faces.

And as we reached the edge of our town we stopped, put the black cloth back over our face and took one last look back at the sea. Back to the real world we went. Until we are called again to fill our roles and fetch the water.

(Page 2 of 2)