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The Getaway Mark Vinz

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Mark Vinz

THE GETAWAY

He's been like this for days, ever since we got here-just sitting there in front of the porch screen staring at the lake, watching the shifting wind ripple the water, the sunlight on the leaves. He waves to every passing boat, every bird. "Loon," he cries. "Crow, mallard, great blue heron!" To tell the truth, we're starting to get worried. "I'm going to order some binoculars," he calls out, "and a canoe just like that one. I wonder if it comes in green."

We even have to bring him dinner on a tray, out there in the fading light where he's cheering the squirrels and chipmunks. And now, when it's too dark to see anymore, he's made a bed out of blankets and pillows. We can hear him most of the night-flat on his back, dozing, watching above his toes. "Firefly," he shouts. "Shooting star!"