The Beach

The soft, warm breeze rustled the leaves of a towering oak as childern and parents lay below the refreshing sun. The waves crash against the beach, giving me a taste of salt and children squeal with pure delight. Ah! What happiness. The beach stretchs across the coast, where sail boats glide. They look like tiny ants far in the distance. Fishers wait for their victims to come across their trap, looking into the water as if a bird waiting for their prey. However in the mist of the sun, dark rumbling clouds form, blocking the sun's warm rays. Panic arises in the crowd, they run resperate to stay dry. Too late. The rain pounds on their clothes and towels like angry birds. Most drive away without think, where as little stay and wait. Where as I wipe the slimey, wet sand on my knees. The smell of rain floods my senses as I drive far into the land. But, before long, the rain has parted giving way to the mighty sun. The light illuminates the sky, signalling to return to the beach, this I just can't resist. So with all my pride, I drive all the way back to my paradise. When I arrived, the beach was full with people just like me, the smell of ice cream suddenly wafted my way. Then I see the truck of charm. A magnet is drawing me towards the bliss. There I lay on the sand licking away, before I even knew it. People running and children laughing, this is what you can call a fantasy. A place where all worries end, a place where hope has it's place, this fantastic, fantastic, wonderful and beautiful is a beach. This beach is powered by the warming and loving power of the sun. Did you notice how my words are exactly 300? (not including this part.)