



Me and My World

Grey sea. Grey clouds. Monotone landscape. Then everything clears and we jump. We jump off the sand dunes and into the poufy sand underneath. Then we run back up laughing to the top, ready to go one step further and somersault off the highest dune. We tumbled down sand in our hair, sand in our clothes, sand on our faces, screaming with the pure adrenaline of fun.

We had ran far away from where we had all our things so we raced across the beach back to the tent. We dared each other to go further and further into the icy North sea, in the middle of November, until one of us finally went underwater then it was a full on war to get each other soaked to the skin. When we say war, we mean war. We pushed each other until our lips went blue and our fingers were white with cold. So we had a game of tag in the rock solid sand until we had our hearts pumping and we stopped in our tracks as we saw a bright teal crab lying on the sand. It was frozen like a statue, no movement, as it was such a pretty colour of crab, so rare, we decided to hold a funeral for the crab.

We laid out pieces of seaweed at the edge of the aisle, sang the circle of life and shed some tears for our dear friend Bob, which is what we named the crab. We dug a grave about a foot deep, and lowered our late friend into it, then just as we were about to cover him and lay shells at a gravestone, he twitched, then again. We couldn't believe it! Bob was alive! We thought he must be injured at the least, so we found a big pool of water in the middle of the beach and blessed him and prayed for him to recover as we left the beach with hopeful faces.

We enjoyed mint Aero hot-shakes in the local cafe and then we were off, to leave the grey sea, the grey clouds and the monotone landscape.

Amelia M and Ella M