

Seashore

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Second Place Grades 7-8

Wish, Wash. Wish, Wash.

The waves splash against my faded pink back. Seagulls chirp somewhere in the distance.

Wish, Wash. Wish, Wash.

The sand is squishy and grainy underneath my curved hallow stomach. The foam from the sea washes up on the shore, getting in my face.

Wish, Wash. Wish, Wash.

Low tide is the best time. The risk of being jerked around by waves or pulled away from the beach is gone. I hope that I'll stay here for the same reason every seashell hopes to stay. That we'll be chosen. Every day, kids come down to the beach here in North Carolina, and every one of them choose at least one seashell to be their own.

The sun rises higher and higher in the sky. As the soft peach turns into a bright blue, a couple comes walking, then a jogger, then a family of early risers, and on and on more people arrive.

Later, like the heavens smiled down upon me, two families come walking along, and each seems to have five kids. They run around, splashing, building sandcastles, suntanning, and, most importantly, picking seashells. One by one, shells are raised from the sandy ground below into the glorious heavens above, or child's hand, whatever you prefer.

As I watch the kids run and play, I feel a slight *tug*. With the hopes of being chosen still very much present in my mind, I don't give it a second thought. Once the *tug* turns into a ferocious *yank* though, I am pulled out of my trance and put back into reality. Apparently, said reality wants to get rid of me as soon as possible because, and to my total and utter horror, it's high tide.

High tide.

Wish, Wash. Wish, Wash.

The waves sound violent, vengeful, and determined to take me away from shore. The seagulls squawk angrily, like I had done them wrong.

Wish, Wash. Wish, Wash.

The sand feels prickly and pointy, as if someone had sharpened each individual grain just for this moment. This horrifying, life-threatening moment.

Wish, Wash. Wish, Wash.

Suddenly, I am swept into the waves. They thrash around, throwing me up and down, up and down, again and again for their own self-pleasure.

Wish, Wash. Wish, Wash.

Everything is black. I open my eyes, but all I see is darkness. I hit a giant, jagged rock, and I feel some of myself chip away.

Wish, Wash. Wish, Wash.

The waves, after beating me up, decided that it'll be fun to tease me. To do this, they push me forward, just far enough that I see a dim light from the sun, then pull me right back out again, into the depths of an unforgiving ocean, where I'll slowly chip away into nothingness.

Wish, Wash. Wi-

As I start to lose hope, with my eyes tightly shut. Prepared for the end, I feel the water fall away, the waves are cut short, and the sun's shining on my face.

When the idea of heaven's in my mind, I open my eyes. What I feel, hear and see is not what I expected. I feel the soft, warm skin holding me in the air. A child's palm, I realize, and I hear the sounds of midday beach activity. Shrieking kids, laughing adults, the occasional bark of a dog, and so much more.

But what I see surprises me; two big brown eyes, a mess of dirty blonde hair, and an expression of pride! This little boy saved my life!

"Hey, Mom! Look Mom, look, I found one, I found a seashell!"

“Nice Abel,” his Mom said, examining me. “This is a good one.” I blushed.

“Can I keep it?”

“Sure, kiddo. C’mon, we’re goin’ home for pizza!”

“Pizza!”

Abel bounced, following his Mom. He studied me for a moment. “Seashore.” He said, nodding.

“Yeah, I’m gonna call you Seashore. Let’s go home, Seashore. Pizza awaits!”

Seashore? Pizza? I have so many questions, but... *I was chosen. I have a kid. I have a home!*

A home.

Wish, Wash. Wish, Wash.

The waves got quieter and quieter. Seagulls chirp somewhere in the distance.

Wish, Wash. Wish, Wash.

I’m going home.