

That day on the beach

[Linguistics](#), [English](#)



That Day on the Beach The sounds and smell of the ocean waters are still fresh in my mind though our family's trip to the beach was years ago. The journey was very long, at least it seemed so. Possibly because I had eagerly anticipated what the experience would be like from the moment my parents announced the trip to their excited children. Much the same as people remember where they were upon hearing of a historic event I can still recall precisely what I was doing when we heard the word "beach." By the next day everyone I came in contact with knew. Some had been themselves and described their experience making me all the more anxious.

After what seemed like a decade, the fateful morning arrived. I was awake before the sun rustling through my suitcase making certain mom packed the basics, my multi-colored swimsuit. As the sunlight softly pierced through my window the rustling became increasingly louder. I knew my brother had the same scheme in mind as I heard plates loudly clanging together in the kitchen. He was unloading the dishwasher, without being told to. It was a combination of nervous tension needing be released and a not so subtle way of waking the parents from their much deserved sleep. After several hours, actually a few minutes, they made their way out of their bedroom and towards the aroma coming from the coffee maker which had been set to brew as scheduled the night before. The car was already packed, my thumb bruised and throbbing from being in too big a hurry. Following a quick breakfast the journey began. The miles seemed especially long but a nap on the way helped somewhat.

Finally we arrived. As dad slowed to park he loudly advised us to wait until he fully stopped. As we opened the door the experience was not what I had

been expecting. It was almost overwhelming. The wind was so strong I need both hands to manage the door. As my feet touched the warm, and getting increasing warmer sand, the wind blew a constant stream of the hot sand in my face. The sun baked my face and the ocean waves were loud, alarmingly so. I wondered if we came on an unusually blustery day or if this was normal. Dad was shouting directions while standing just a few feet away but I did not hear a word. Had he not gestured toward a covered bench I would have had no clue what he meant. Hauling the umbrella, towels, cooler, ect., from the car to that bench was an ordeal while dancing across the sand against the wind. When we got settled I reached down to feel the light brown sand. Again, it was nothing like I expected. Instead of a pebbly feel it was more the consistency of powder. It had felt more like little rocks when hitting my face at about 25 mph.

It was time to get wet. As I walked to the constantly changing blue water's edge I saw kids much younger than I running along the beach and splashing in the water as if the noise, heat and wind were not present. I tried not to act like the novice tourist I so obviously was. Ankle deep in the mighty ocean I felt the pull of the tide as it rolled back into the sea. As I ventured deeper the tide coming in pushed my upper body towards the shore while my lower half was being pulled the opposite direction. Now I understand what getting your " sea legs" means. After a few minutes I became a little more stable, still less than chest deep, and decided to see if the sea was as salty as I had heard. I cupped my hands, reached them into the water and took a drink. Yes, it's salty. At dinner that evening I hid the salt shakers because the sight of salt made me ill and I could not sit back in my seat due to the red/purple

shade my dry, itchy, painful sun burnt back had. All in all a great experience but several lessons learned. I can't wait to go back again.