

Creative writing – my perfect day



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

My Perfect Day Tike, took, tike took, my palms are sweaty, my breaths are shallow. My hearts is pounding in my ears, I feel so stressed, math examinations make me really nervous. Think about a good place, calm my nerves, yes my perfect day, I carry myself back too perfect day at the beach..... Excitement builds within me when I hear the soothing sound of waves crashing on a deserted beach and smell the saltiness hanging in the air. Waves crashing onto the fine sand beckon me to pick my boogie board up lodged in the fine sand next to me. The tide takes me out in waves of ups and downs until I am ready to ride the perfect eave back!

The coolness of the water soothes my hot skin as it gently washes over me. I feel exhilarated when after what feels like hours my feet sink into the wet sand leaving foot prints behind me on my way back to my towel on the beach. My exhausted body McCollum into the sand as my wet skin soaks every willing ray of sunshine up. Beads of water move around my skin as the sun directs the traffic. I close my eyes and feel that red glow as the heat penetrates my eyelids, encouraging me to take that perfect nap. I wake to find deposits of crystallized salt on my skin and y throat screaming for a drink or even better an ice-cream to quench my thirst.

My tongue laps up every last morsel of dripping deliciousness and cone before I take my red bucket to explore the Jagged rocks on the far left. I cannot wait to see what I find today in the crevices and ponds beyond. My feet feel sensitive as I walk over the rocks and all their permanent lodgers attached in neat little rows like terraced houses back home. As I approach I see little claws scurrying back to safety and little fish zigzagging across the

pools of water. My bucket becomes a mish-mash of dried seaweed, forlorn shells and some pieces of unwanted drift DOD.

I love using my finds to build that castle that will not succumb to any enemy other than high tide itself. The sun is starting to set when I adorn my castle with the last few shells from my bucket of surprise. My body feels happy but tired and as I rest my head on my sandy pillow I wait for the sea to tell me it is time to leave, yes, the foamy waters remind me that my sand creation will once again succumb to the inevitable tide. Another perfect day to an end and my breathing is calm..... Yes, I open my eyes and feel calm and ready, ready to tackle any algebra that comes my way! Creative Writing - My Perfect Day By lyndaJohnson107