

# A relaxing day on the beach



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

Why would you choose any beach other than Galveston? The Galveston Island beach is peaceful and serene. The list of natural luxuries this haven provides is endless; and as I sit here relaxed, I soak them all in. In peace at the edge of the water, the myriad cares of the world behind me, the warming rays of the sun bathe me in their wonder and glory.

The world around me drowns out by the sounds of the wind whispering its song along the coast, and the distant thunder of the surf rolling forward in its never ending struggle to reach the shore.

I lose myself in the mist of these beautiful surroundings, and when I close my eyes I am hesitant to open them for fear I might find myself awoke from the most amazing dream. When I do open my eyes, and cast their gaze outward upon the beautiful blue expanse before me, I contemplate the contrasts of the world in which I am submerged.

The warm touch of sun upon my face and shoulders, the cooling sensations of the water washing over my feet with each surge in the tide, and the sounds of amiable laughter from the seagulls that dance endlessly into the breeze mixed with the surf roaring in its own baritone voice.

Both wishing their voice to be heard over the other and yet, in the end, combining into an opera of nature, singing me further into reverie in my chair at the edge of the water.

Even the sound of Galveston Island Beach patrollers driving along on their ATVs was just faint enough to blend in with the background sound of the surroundings and still manage to make feel safe and secure. I watch as the

surf crashes on the rocks near the shore and the seagulls fly in swirling poetic patterns.

This is paradise in its barest form. Who could ask for more? “ The BeachBlues” Could I have chosen a worst vacation spot?

Surrounding me in, what to the casual observer can only be described as, a competition for the right to be heard by all are the sounds of the tourists with their stereos blasting a nuance of different styles of music, there incessant questioning of their spouses or friends as to the hue of their skin, and their children screeching incessantly about ownership of some insignificant trinket.

The beach is smothered with cigarette butts and empty cans in the sand, deserted remnants of plastic toys, probably left behind long enough for the children who broke them to grow to adulthood and bring children of their own to cut their little feet on the same jagged fragments that dig in my heels. The neglected and unforgiving terrain of the beach is at least bearable and it pales in comparison to devastating scents emitting from its tenants.

I realize cutting off my nose might be a good idea when down the coast emerges a breeze that, while eagerly anticipated as a source of relief and refreshment from the glaring sun of the day, is now reviled for the scent of what can only be described as rotting seaweed being carried along in its embrace. The smell is so retched, I can taste it.

The sand baked by the sun, and battered by the multitudes of sun worshippers and their children, has become as hot ash from a fire scattered

about waiting to greet the soles of the feet of the next brave soul willing to try and reach the edge of the water.

If the heat from the sand's surface were not enough, the rays from the sun presses against my skin like an endless supply of needles prickling at my flesh, and I dare not close my eyes for fear the lids might burn clear off; dually, I'm blinded by this ball of hellfire in the sky. Kill me now.