

The Perfect Day at the Beach

The sun shined over my head. The sand crunched below my feet. There was a cool wind blowing against my face. The water was cool and refreshing. The perfect day to be at the beach. Nothing would ruin this day. Not even the seagulls eating my food. "Wait... oh, oh, OH NO!! NOT MY FOOD!" I ran as fast as I could but, it was too late. All the food I packed was gone. The only thing that was left was my banana. There was trash everywhere, which meant I would have to pick it all up. They would arrest me for littering if I didn't pick it all up. After an hour of picking up trash I found a strange key. It looked familiar. It was bent and very strange looking. The key was light and a bit heavy. From where would this be from? It could be from a treasure chest with many riches inside, to a hidden door that leads to different dimensions, from a locked heart that was forbidden to feel emotions, or even a key to my very own mansion. So many things the key could be for but not that many I can imagine. I started to look for a treasure chest or anything that had a keyhole. I searched and searched for hours. The only thing left to do was to dig in the sand or to get a metal detector, which I didn't where to get one. I headed back to where my stuff was.



The first thing I saw was my mother waiting for me with a frown on her face. "Where were you? I called you a hundred times and you didn't respond. You should've been home **TWO HOURS AGO!!** Pack up your things, we're going home."

"But mom I found this weird looking key and I was..."

"That is the copy of the house key I gave you just in case the house was locked. Now let's go, your dad hasn't eaten yet because he was very worried about you."

"Oh, oh okay. I'm going to start to pack up."

Disappointed, exhausted, and tired, I packed up my stuff and left for home.

