

Sand

by Ebony Whitfield

I was sitting on the softest most EXPENSIVE beach towel I owned, listening to the sound of the ocean, waves gently being pushed back and forth on the shore, the crisp smell of salt in the air. A gentle breeze, seagulls squawking at every person they saw with food. It was lovely, It was everything you could ever ask for. *Nothing* was going to ruin it. Or so I thought...

MY *calming* day at the beach turned into war when a SOGGY LUMP OF SAND landed right on my legs and my *beach towel!* I looked up searching for the culprit, then I saw it, I found the criminal. It was my own SISTER! my beautiful darling sister, what possessed her to do such a thing! How could she! How dare she!

I smiled, a smile full of revenge. I grabbed a fist full of sand and half heartedly shaped it into a ball.

Challenge on.

I chucked the thing at her, tiny pieces of sand clung onto her clothes, she was completely unphased as if nothing had been thrown at her.

"Prepare for battle!" she yelled with a mischievous grin on her lips. She kneeled on the sand and began to roll pieces of sand in her hands then placing it to the side slowly making a pile of rolled sand.

I quickly got up realising what she was doing. I tried to run as fast as I could but the sand made it feel almost impossible, I kept on slipping on it. It felt like I was just running on the spot, I continued to push through the sand and made it to a safer place.

I had found the perfect spot, not too far away, not too close it was perfect. I then began to work on my 'weapon'; I quickly shaped the wet sand with my hands barely rolling it before tossing it to the side - I needed to hurry. I hadn't made as many as I wanted nor did I get to make them all smooth and pretty but it was okay. They weren't good but they were good enough. I was going to make them work.