

# The Shore

The water lapped gently at her feet. It tickled her toes, and she jumped back with a squeal of delight. She had never been to the shore before. Never seen its vastness, never watched the waves fall and retreat. Now that she was here, she never wanted to leave.

She turned her head to the sharp cry of a white gull hovering above the water. She watched as the bird dove straight down, disappearing from her view. A moment later, it resurfaced with a shiny silver fish in its sharp beak.

Her mother had promised they would get out of the city. She had told her about the ocean. How the water met the sky, blending so well that it was impossible to tell them apart. She told her about the shells. So pretty, so different from each other and free to take. It was all so magical sounding. She couldn't believe they had finally come. Now she looked for herself, trying to find the seam in the horizon, skipped flat stones across the surface, and dug her toes into the cool sand.

She was sure there was no place more beautiful. She ran along the water's edges flapping her arms, flying like the seagull.