

## The Beach

I walked along the shoreline, my feet slowly sinking into the grainy, damp sand with each step I took. The sun kisses my skin, its warmth a gentle embrace.

I watch as the waves slowly unfurl to the shore with a soft hiss, leaving behind frothy streams before retreating back to the depths. I sat down, my shorts slightly damp from the wet sand but I did not care. As I close my eyes, and listen to the soothing sound of the waves, memories of my childhood come flooding back.

My sister and I used to visit this very beach every summer. We would beg our grandparents to take us every afternoon with a huge smile on our faces and they could never resist. Once we arrived, it was only a matter of seconds before we were in the water, an inflatable in hand as we made our way deeper into the waters where the big waves were. The inflatable bobbed and bounced as the waves swelled with a playful energy. Our laughter ringing out as we were being thrown around. Once we were seasick enough, we would retreat to the sand, where we could spend hours finding and collecting new seashells to bring home as little trinkets to show our maids. Alas, when the sun starts to set, it is our cue to go home. My grandmother walks up to the fried banana stall to feed our rumbling stomachs after a tiring day out. Golden and crisp, with a sweet and soft interior that melts in your mouth. It's the perfect way to end the day. I sit in the car, sandals still coated with sand, looking out into the ocean, longing to spend just a few more minutes.

The beach is not just a location, but a place to escape reality. It holds a special place in my heart, and to this day I still find myself longing to spend just a few more minutes.