

# *Summer Beach*

Gentle waves brush onto my feet.  
Grey sand crunches between my toes.  
Chunks of driftwood lie like lazy cats.  
Crabs sprint like wind-up toys  
over scattered seaweed.  
Sea sparkles like silk scarves.  
Seagulls dive for hot chips,  
screaching like nails on a chalkboard.  
Sea salt whiffs under my nose.  
The moana crashes like cymbals.  
Bright pink clouds cover the sky like cotton candy.

Picking up pāua shells,  
I slowly walk across the beach  
looking back at the sunset,  
hoping when I return to this magical place  
it will be the same.

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