

Sandy Feet

As my family wakes up from the sunlight entering the huge vacation home, coffee is brewing, and the big breakfast begins to be made. My brother opens the door and lets in the fresh ocean air. It's our first morning on vacation; a long seven-day week full of home cooked meals. Meals I haven't had since I have been at school. I couldn't be happier. I was finally on vacation and surrounded by everyone I loved.

We finished our fresh orange juice and our hot blueberry pancakes and began to make our way to the beach. It was time to see the end of the sunrise. The sand was damp and cooler than we knew it would be in just a few short hours. Me and my sister walked straight up the edge of ocean and let the freezing cold water come up to our ankles. The rest of our family stayed back and sat in the sand, drinking their coffees.

Once the sun had officially risen, we began our morning walk. Cece, my 2-year-old cousin was right next to my side, picking up sandy seashells and trying to put them in her mouth, while I tried to quickly grab them before she did. Looking back, seeing my mom smiling and taking pictures of the view, my brother is telling stories, everyone's laughing; such a simple morning, but one I'll never forget.