

# The Beach

by Mason Johnston

Clear, blue waves crashed gently against the golden, sun-drenched sand. The sun shone brightly against the white, puffy clouds. Resting from the powerful rays of comfort, and rest. The shade of the tree. A snowy the sun, a man lay there. The hot touch of the sand kept the man under the shade of the tree. A snowy white seagull called in the distance, its white feathers clearly visible over the slowly moving clear waves. All was silent except the quiet sound of the waves gently caressing the cream-colored sand and the call of the seagulls in the distance. Looking out at the ocean, clear, clean water rolled as far as the eye could see. Large, green plants bordered the small, peaceful forest of the island. Venturing from the shade only to get wet, the man was at rest and very peaceful. This was where he had wanted to be for so many years.



# Memories

by Emerson Brundick

The tide recedes  
But leaves behind  
Bright seashells  
On the sand  
The sun goes down  
But gentle warmth  
Still lingers  
On the land  
The music stops  
And yet it echoes  
On in sweet refrains  
For every joy that passes  
Something beautiful remains

Memories are always a part  
They never go away  
So take it in slowly  
For you need to remember  
That this happened every day



# Lunch Duty

by Mary Beth Wilk

First you walk in, and then nervously sit down  
Go to the chosen table and look around.  
Among you are others who have debased the code  
Together you must all get in the clean up mode  
Floors are covered with food and trash  
Everyone knows this will be no bash  
Some grab a broom  
To clean up the room  
Others grab a sponge  
To clean up the grunge  
The chairs are neatly tucked away  
For tomorrow's brand new day  
After everything is clean  
There is progress to be seen  
This task is called lunch duty  
And it's not for someone snooty!

