

## My First at the Beach

Katie P.

Sweet smelling summer,

Sandy beaches.

The waves are crashing

On the shore.

Birds are singing beautiful songs,

While chomping down on fresh fish.

There are lots of people,

Too many in fact.

Too close to the shore,

Where all the crabs are at.

“Pinch”, a crab snapped at her toes.

There’s a cry, now another.

Cause of all the injuries

Now the beach is closed.

I sadly go home and say,

“I will come back tomorrow.”