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### Easton's ; My Remarkable Place

I walk down Easton's Beach by myself, sand on my feet and in my hair, water still dripping as I walk from when I was previously in the water. Maybe most people wouldn't like being alone, but I didn't mind it. The absence of another's voice meant I could listen to the sounds around me. Friends and families playing, waves splashing, birds flying by or just walking about like me, the wind, blowing the smell of salt and food from nearby restaurants and food stands towards me. I turn my head, looking at my family playing in the water in the distance as I walk down the length of the beach alone. I solemnly remember that the day will end eventually, the setting sun on the horizon attesting to that. Had we really been here all day? It seemed like I could be here for days and never truly be aware of how much time was passing by. But how could I stay somber about the setting sun? It's beautiful colors stretched across the sky and reflected onto the water. Shades of yellow, orange, purple, pink, blue, and white painted across the sky and intertwined with the clouds, making the setting look like something straight out of a renaissance painting. I come to a stop and sit at the shore, letting the waves roll in and the water cover my legs spread across the sand as I take in the view and what little sun there is left. Could there truly be a place more beautiful than this? More freeing? More prone to producing these feelings of serendipity? No, I don't think there is another place like this. At least, not on this island.