

My Bizarre Day at the Beach by Olivia Baker

In boring lockdown, my mind wanders to wonderful sunny family days I have previously enjoyed at Boscombe beach. I chuckle over one visit that completely surprised us all...

“Doesn’t it look lovely!” exclaimed mum putting the towels into the beach bag, “Boscombe beach is going to be amazing today, especially with the view down to Hengistbury Head!”

We were super excited that day, after all we didn’t visit the beach that often. Beach day was always lovely and there were so many things to do; looking for shells, building and jumping on sandcastles and splashing on the shore. Walking down there with the azure sky ahead and the golden sun bouncing off the glinting ocean of blue and turquoise, what could possibly revolve this stunning day around? With the soft warm sand beneath our feet feeling like walking on a delicious cheesecake base, everything smelt fresh and salty as I breathed a deep relaxing breath. The light sea spray gently hit me and the mesmerizing crash of wave-song over the whoops of excited children, flooded my ears.

I walked over pebbles and sand aside my parents who lovingly cooed to one another like pigeons about their happiness at the beach, still slowly catching my breath after earlier rushing out of the car. My brother, however, was the most active of us all and buzzed around with excitement so much that I could almost see him glowing.

Once we set up our things on the sand beneath the smiling sun, like a bulldozer my brother charged into the sea. As he hit the water, he made such a splash that there were no children around him for about 5 metres! Soon, however, he came rushing out complaining that he was cold. Not much longer after I asked why, I got my answer, although no-one thought much of it first.

Our gaze turned to the clifftops where ominous angry black clouds gathered overhead, slowly rolling in with rain clearly imminent. The buzzing beach fell silent and still; the only break of silence was the wind that now slapped at my face and the soft trickle of rain whispering warnings of what was waiting...

“I think we’re going to get a little bit wet!” Dad joked as he packed up our beach stuff faster than a seagull pinching an ice-cream. I wasn’t laughing. The only way out was through the rain.

My sandcastle collapsed into the sea as the tide came in and the heavens opened, pelting everyone scrambling for the exit: stairrods, cats, dogs, kittens, puppies, tortoises and fish. Thanks to my resourceful parents, we used our parasol like an umbrella and surfboards like shields as we fought our way back up the cliff path.

What seemed like hours later and soaked to the skin, we made it into the car, drearily dripping. Everyone breathed a grumpy sigh of relief as we watched the giant in the sky disappear over the horizon.

What a bizarre day at the beach!