

Happy

Right now, life felt...different. Not how it normally does. The beach felt magical. Maybe it was the sunset, or the cool waves crashing against our ankles, or just the feeling of summertime itself. If I had three wishes, one of them would probably be to encapsulate this moment in time, just so I could keep it forever.

All of us were tired and salty and sunburned, but we still hurriedly threw our nicest summer dresses on to go eat dinner. The meal was fleeting, and right after we finished, Emily, Eily and I kicked our sandals off and sprinted through the sand towards the water, our bodies weighed down from tiredness. We made it to the water, and for once, my life felt like a movie.

The sun was slowly setting, casting gorgeous pink and yellow hues across the sky, and there was a soft ocean breeze pushing our hair back, just enough to make us feel pretty. Seagulls flew overhead at just the right time, their high pitched cries echoing over the waves.

Eily began to run down the wet sand, and Emily and I followed suit. As our feet were pounding into the wet sand, and our beautiful dresses got wetter with each step, I realized that this is what summer was meant to be. Running on the wet sand was exhilarating and blissful and so cinematically perfect that it made me want to explode from the joy.

We started to scream Taylor Swift songs just for the hope of it all, to let it be known to everyone that we were happy and this was our perfect day.

Just like the seagulls, our voices rang over the sand and the ocean. As I stood there, my toes sinking into the mushy sand, waves crashing into my ankles, tiny white bubbles of seafoam popping against my leg, and wind tossing my hair, I knew that Emily and Eily were just as happy as I was.

I lost my voice that night, and I sat through an hour-long car ride on the way home in a soaking wet dress, but I wouldn't change anything.

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