

## OLD SEAGULL ROCK

"Mom, I'm going to the beach with Luke and Rose!" I called. "Okay!" our mom called back. Since it is only a couple minutes away, my mother usually lets Rose, Luke and I walk alone. Our short walk today had us wondering how far out we could swim and of myself buying a couple of boogie boards at the small surf shop on the way.

"I can see the beach!" Rose exclaimed. "Yeah, me too!" I said. We stepped onto the warm sand. I look around. A bright, yellow sun stood before us. The clear, blue inviting ocean was coming in, and seagulls were waddling about on a gigantic beige rock-Old Seagull Rock. Boats sailed, people basked in the sunshine while children played. As breezes tickled by us, sandpipers skidded around.

"Come on Juliet, we are going in the water!" Luke shouted. "I'm coming!" I ran to the water. All of my friends say I'm fast. I blushed at the thought.

"Hey Juliet, we were thinking of swimming to the big rock about twenty feet out, and then sitting on top of Old Seagull Rock," Luke said. We glided and flowed through the water. We also went under water and found lots of seashells. Finally, we rode some waves.

"I see a big one!" Rose said. "Let's boogie board it to the shore." The wave crashed, and we went zooming across the water. "That was fun," I said. We made our way over to Old Seagull Rock. Our footprints could be seen in the sand. Old Seagull Rock was really big and brown, seashells glistened and seagulls covered the rock. We climbed to our favorite spot where small rocks made a circle. The view was beautiful. "This is our home," Rose said unexpectedly, I had to agree with her. It just felt right. I could tell Luke was thinking the same thing when suddenly I put my hand down and the rock opened! "Wow," I said. "How in the world did this hap-Luke was about to finish when Rose said, "Let's go down there." "I don't think it's a good idea, Rose." "Well, if you won't, then I will," Rose said. Luke and I exchanged glances, and then jumped in after her. The rock then closed! We had to find our way out somewhere along the rock's inside. "Hey guys," Luke hollered, "I think I have a small flashlight in my pocket." We walked down the tunnel. The walls were bumpy, and it seemed like the tunnel had been made a longtime ago. We came to a point where we had to choose between two paths. Both were dark, we chose right. "Wait, each path seems to have engraving above the opening. Maybe they mean something," Rose said. "I think you're right, Rose. Let's try to figure out what they mean," I suggested. I looked at the left path. There was a picture of a sun, an open door, and a pen and paper. "Well, sun usually means daylight and an open door means...an opening out of the cave," I thought. "But I just don't know what the pen and paper means." The sun and door must mean that there's a way out of here!" "Hey, you're right!" On our right, Luke and I noticed a closed door and a blown out torch. "Let's go your way, Juliet," Luke said. We started down the path and soon saw light. We went closer, and there was the door, hidden in the tall grasses. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a small box. "Guys, look at this," I said. Luke and Rose rushed

over. "Open it!" Rose said excitedly. I opened the box and inside there were a few BEAUTIFUL shells, a journal and a note. I read it aloud:

*October 3, 1980*

*Dear Fellow Beach Lovers,*

*My Name is Deborah, and I found this place just like you. I simply loved the beach! You children made good choices and solved puzzles-and I know you love the beach. I would like you to find the adventures this beach holds just as I did! Keep these shells with you-you never know when you'll need them. Write about your adventures in this journal...Well, I must go my fellow beach lovers-but good luck!*

*Sincerely,*

*Deborah*

"That note must be why there was a sign for the pen and paper," I said. "I can't believe there are more adventures at this beach!" Rose exclaimed. "Yeah, there are many more adventures, and Deborah went on all of them, just as we will. It's getting late, we should go home. Maybe we can come back tomorrow," I said. Rose and Luke agreed. Inside, I was BURSTING with excitement and joy! We carried the note, seashells and journal-and a wonderful secret home.

