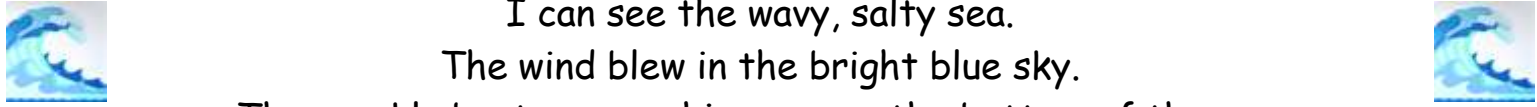
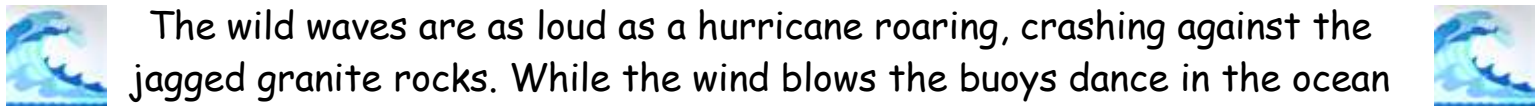
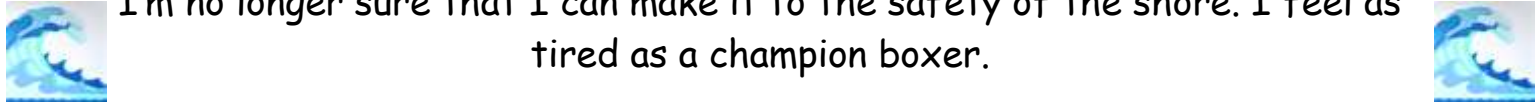




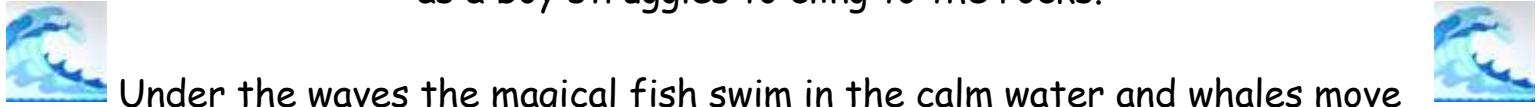
I can see the wavy, salty sea.
The wind blew in the bright blue sky.
The sparkly boat was as shimmery as the bottom of the sea.



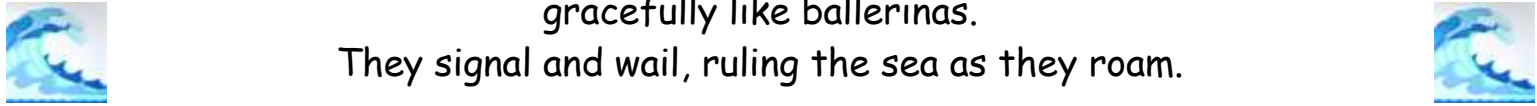
When I swim, I get a salty taste in my mouth. As the waves get higher
I'm no longer sure that I can make it to the safety of the shore. I feel as
tired as a champion boxer.



The wild waves are as loud as a hurricane roaring, crashing against the
jagged granite rocks. While the wind blows the buoys dance in the ocean
as a boy struggles to cling to the rocks.



Under the waves the magical fish swim in the calm water and whales move
gracefully like ballerinas.



They signal and wail, ruling the sea as they roam.



By 3P

