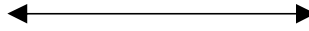


*****Personal Narrative – 6TH GRADE*****



2nd Place

The Unnoticed Being

Mishel Rahman

Stone Valley Middle School, Alamo
Teacher: Irma Volnec

Sitting over the edge of a small cliff in Mendocino, California I watch the vast ocean. The waves crash just over the edge of the sand. Somewhere in the distance I can hear bickering, when suddenly everything else happening in that moment disappears as I'm left alone with the ocean. I watch, wondering what humans have done to ever deserve such serene beauty. It doesn't even need an explanation; one look and it will speak for itself. It is always there, but not always cared for as it should be.

Suddenly a new thought comes to me as I realize that oceans themselves are species. They have friends like dolphins, sharks, fish, and more. They are not only companions though, they are family. This family will not leave the ocean stranded. They will be there forever with the sea until time has come for them to move on to somewhere else that no living being has ever seen. The ocean has a story, a life, just like everyone else. It has been through a lot. It's been polluted, it's been played in, it's made new and old friends. It displays its own individual beauty for many to admire from afar. Oceans are just like us, and we don't even realize it.

The sea must have a favorite season, for it gets a break during the cold weather, and gets busy during the hot weather. Maybe they enjoy their breaks more than they enjoy being busy. Sometimes the ocean gets angry. When it is angry the waves suddenly become larger, swallowing its prey whole. However, when it is calm the waves will serenely sway in the wind. If the ocean is joyous, it'll make perfect waves for the surfers and give the swimmers a calm ocean current to swim in. Even after all of this it manages to give something to everyone. The best part of it all is that it's done effortlessly.

The ocean has a home too. A home that is both changing and staying the same. It changes every day with different people, sandcastles, unique beach towels, and more. Yet at the end of the rush, the place is still and quiet, leaving the ocean to rest. This leaves the sea in the same surroundings, just not as lively as it was before. The ocean needs rest, just as we do. We're active during the day and resting during the night. Just as the sea is active at dawn and resting at dusk. Sometimes it needs a break. It's polluted every single day. Maybe we could help by closing the beach once or twice a month to leave the ocean at rest.

It feels as if I've been rejuvenated, suddenly having a different perspective on nature and its characteristics. Suddenly everything is brighter, as the ocean glistens in the sunlight. I softly smile. Then I hear the bickering again, it feels as if I've zoned out for a while. I frown as I hear some adults arguing about photos. Is that all life is today? Showing others that you're living your 'best life' when all you do is waste time over a simple photo. None of them seem to be here to enjoy the view. They're just here for the photos. It has me thinking, what if I could show others what nature is really about? What if I could show the whole world what nature has to offer through my writing? I grin. I think I know what I'll be doing when I go home. "Come on, let's go," My dad told me. I sit up, taking one last look at the ocean. It didn't need to say anything, suddenly it glistened even more in the light as if to smile and whisper, until next time. "Until next time," I whisper back under my breath.