

Katelyn Sefer

The sea is like a horse. Trotting on the sandy beach. On a peaceful day she seems to stand still. On a normal day if you listen close enough you can hear hooves crash against the shore. Some times she brings shells and other things up on shore. If she runs to the sea. I call this horse of the sea the ocean. A beautiful and sometimes violent sea. A lake is a foal. A small sea. The sea is big and beautiful and so is a lake.