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Schofield
English IV
2-11-16

Perfect Sandcastles, Perfect Days

I believe that one day can fix several thousand bad ones.

It's summer seven, and my entire family was there for our annual trip to the lake. The sand I was laying on was hot on my back, but I ignored it in favor of watching my father and cousin build sandcastles.

"You need to wet it more Joe. It won't stay if it isn't a little sticky," my father was saying as he scooped some water into his hand to drip onto the sand. My cousin, almost nine years of age, nodded his head vigorously and did as my father instructed him. He packed the sand tight in the bucket, flipped it over, and marveled at the perfect sandcastle he had created. My father followed suit.

I smiled as my father dug out a little moat around his castle. My cousin looked on enviously as the water flowed perfectly into and out of the ditch my father had shoveled out.

My cousin raised his hand, and smashed my dad's sandcastle into nothing. It was rash, fueled by meaningless anger, and oh-so my cousin. I couldn't help it, I laughed.

My dad looked shocked for about five seconds before chuckling as well. My mother and aunt had been playing with my other cousin in the water during this time and didn't pay attention to Joe at all. They sure paid attention in the following ten seconds, however.

My father raised his hand and knocked my cousin's sandcastle over too, a true devastation of sand buildings everywhere.

Joe yelled so loud, I was sure the whole beach heard. I laughed harder, my father joined me. My aunt and mother whipped their heads around so fast it seemed like a miracle their necks didn't snap. The sisters got over the initial shock and wore identical looks of fond disdain at the sight they saw before them. My uncle, from his position to my right, laughed at his son, who, as you may assume, was still yelling over the betrayal of my father.

At six and a half years old, I was so sure that there had never been a more perfect moment, or a more perfect day, than right then.

I believe in the power of a perfect day. I believe one good day in a year of bad ones can heal any pain that may come one's way.

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I believe in the power of a perfect day when I watched my family fall apart. When we stopped going to that beach. When my aunt and uncle stopped being married. When my parents followed their example. I remember that day on the beach, a day no one can take away from me. No matter what happens to me in my life, I have these moments I can turn to, and take strength from. I have these perfect days that give me the will to live on, and gives me the patience to get through the bad days and move on to the next perfect one.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=i0KSPg5v6LQ&feature=youtu.be&hd=1>