

## Footprints in the sand

By Grace Condie

I slowly emerged out of the sparkling blue sea and chucked my hair up in a cute messy bun. This is definitely the easiest and most useful hairstyle for after swimming. I grabbed my towel, dried off my legs and started walking home. I soon got bored and thought I would play a game. Me be the nosey person I am decided to follow other people's footprints and see where they go. I found a few leading to the boardwalk, a few to the beach cafe and one that really interested me. This mysterious trail led to nothing. Nothing at all. It just stopped. It was completely impossible. Unless someone could fly... or disappear... or maybe could sink... I followed the footprints and stood exactly in the lines of this mysterious pair of footprints.

Standing in these prints gave me a feeling. A weird feeling. One that i had never felt before. I closed my eyes to think. What could this be? Footprints leading to nothing and now an amazing feeling? I opened my eyes. I was in a world. A world with a little room. Well it was more like a cottage. I opened the red creaky door. It opened. It opened to a world of me .A world of dreams. It was awesome. There was paper and pens. Pencils and Texas. And then I saw it.

A book. I opened the book. But it was blank. I turned the book around to read the title but.....Well..... it was my book it said "My Book. By Grace Condie" I was confused. A million thoughts ran through my head. Then it got me. That was it. This was a world of my dream... to be a writer. And in this moment my dream was true.