Brenton ran excitedly toward the water. Waves crashed loudly in the distance, and birds soared majestically overhead. It was his family’s trip to the beach.

Brenton loved splashing in the waves, diving underwater, and digging eagerly for shells in the sand. He had a small chest with him. He wanted to fill the chest with seashells. Then he would take the seashells to his grandma.

Grandma used to go with them on their beach trips. However, she was in the nursing home now. Brenton knew she would love to have a part of the beach with her. That’s what gave him the idea for the chest of shells.

In the water, Brenton squatted and ran his fingers through sand. A girl stood nearby. She did the same thing with her hand.

“Are you looking for seashells?” he asked.

“Yes,” she said. “Are you?”

“Yep,” he answered.

They searched for shells together.

“Do you come to the beach often?” Brenton asked.

“We come daily,” said the girl.

Brenton started to reply, but his fingers touched something hard. He quickly pulled up the object. It was a sand dollar! Grandma would love to have one of these.

Soon he had filled his small chest with seashells for Grandma. He couldn’t wait to present her with this special treasure.
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