



A Safe Sand Fort



Shane and his pal Bret were playing at the beach on a sunny morning. Shane was packing wet sand into a big bucket. He was making a tall mound. Bret was mixing the thick, wet sand with a stick to make it just right.



They had planned to build the best sand fort on the whole shore. Bret grabbed the bucket and flipped it over. He gave it a little lift, and the sand came out in a perfect shape. "This fort is going to be huge!" Shane said. He was hopping with joy.



They worked fast, digging a deep moat in the sand around the fort. Then, they took turns jumping over the ditch. The waves were coming in fast. A huge wave came running up the shore. It crashed over the deep moat and washed right onto the grand sand fort.



The heavy water landed with a loud smack. In a flash, their fine fort melted back into flat, wet mud. The sea took the whole thing away. Shane looked at the flat spot where the fort had been. He was very sad. "Our perfect fort is gone," Shane said.



He felt like kicking the wet sand. He sat down by the water, looking at the mess. Bret patted his pal on the back. Then he looked up past the wet sand. He spotted a wide, flat patch of dry sand way up by the big rocks.



"Do not be sad, Shane," Bret said. "We can make a better one up there, far from the waves." Shane looked up at the rocks and grinned. They ran up the beach to the safe spot. This time, they made an even bigger fort.



They worked hard, shaping the dry sand and putting water on it to make it firm. After a while, they hunted for white shells to put on top. Shane slid his body on the damp sand to make a path to the door.



When the fort was done, Bret dusted off his hands. He was tired but very happy. The two pals stepped back to look at their work. Shane clapped his hands. Now they could spend the rest of the day resting by their new, safe fort, far from the rushing waves.