

## ***Joseph and the Sea***

By David M. Pliska

Joseph walked to the sea.

He went nearly every day.

On days when he was happy, the sea sparkled and splashed. Joseph and the waves laughed and laughed.

On days when he was sad, the sea was misty and forlorn. Joseph and the waves cried salty tears.

On days when he was angry, the sea was rough and tumultuous. Joseph threw rocks at the waves and the waves crashed and thundered.

On days when he was livid, the sea was stormy. Huge waves smashed the beach. Joseph screamed at the waves and the waves screamed back.

On days when he was giddy, the sea jumped and played. Joseph giggled and the waves tickled the beach.

On days when he was bored, the sea was flat and tired. Joseph sat on the cliff above the beach and his mind wandered. The waves quietly slid up and down the beach.

On days when he was joyful, the sea shimmered and glistened. Joseph skipped along the beach and the waves kept him company.

On days when he was fearful, the sea was timid and shy. Joseph paced back and forth and the waves worried.

On days when he was sorrowful, the sea was quiet and didn't make a sound. Joseph sat on a rock and the waves pooled around his ankles.

On days when he was loving, the sea was warm and inviting. Joseph stood in the waves and the waves washed over him.

On days when he was delighted, the sea was excited and foamy. Joseph jumped over the waves and the waves splashed his shirt.

Joseph and the waves. Joseph and the sea.

Joseph walked to the sea. He went nearly every day.