

The Walk

Yulan Suk

Today I wanted to walk down the sandy shore.

The sun gazed into the ocean surface, the pearly reflection of the waters glimmered across the waves.

I arrived across the gravel, ready to embark on my walk.

At the beginning, a business man approached me. He had time on his sleeve, and leather on his feet.

He told me that his company need the ocean, as the ocean held oil reserves that stacked his shelves with gold.

I disagreed, and walked away.

Next, there was a mayor. She wore lies on her coattails, and a smile filled with plastic. She told me that the factory that was pumping toxic chemicals into the waters helped fund her bustling sea.

I sneered, and then walked away.

Then there was a fisherman. He told me that the harmful methods of fishing that his crew conducted put food on the tables. He must scour the ocean floors in order to survive.

I shrugged, and then I walked away.

Finally, there was a teenager, just like me. They told me that it was too late to save the ocean, and that there wasn't any point to helping it. They told me that people like us were too insignificant, and that our voices didn't matter.

I told them otherwise, and then I walked away.

At the end of my stroll, I looked back at the ocean. A foul stench of gasoline lingered in the waters, the murky shore grey and swirly from the oil that leaked from the factories. The sun no longer shined, the birds no longer chirped, and the sand was filled with plastic.

And then I walked away.