

Kai’s Sandcastle

Once upon a time, there was a little boy named Kai. Kai was three years old and loved discovering new things every day.

One sunny morning, Kai’s mother said,
“Today we’re going to the beach!”

Kai’s eyes widened and shone. He was so excited! He put on his hat and flip-flops and grabbed his bucket and spade.

When they arrived at the beach, Kai felt the sand beneath his feet. It was soft and warm! He laughed and began to run slowly toward the sea.

“Look, Mom! Water!” he exclaimed excitedly.

The waves splashed and tickled his feet. Kai laughed every time the water came and went.

Then he sat down on the sand and began to build a sandcastle. He filled his bucket with sand and carefully turned it upside down.

“It’s my castle!” he said proudly.

He also found small, beautiful seashells. Some were white, others pink. He kept them like treasure.

As the sun began to set, Kai was a little tired, but very happy. It had been a day full of adventures.

On the way home, he said with a smile,
“Shall we go back to the beach tomorrow?”

And, as he closed his eyes, he dreamed of waves, sandcastles, and shimmering seashells.