

## *Scott Cameron*

On the south fork of Long Island, in a small potato farming village-turned-to-tourism called Bridgehampton, there is still a place for a few moments of retreat. It is a secluded beach called Scott Cameron.

If one is not travelling by car, it is a long, uphill bike ride to this beach. But soon the hill summits and the bicycle coasts down to the soft surf and sand.

The air is cool and damp and the vast surf rolls endlessly. There is usually a fishing trawler far in the horizon, frozen into the void of time, shrunken by distance to the size of a toy. The sand shifts through bare feet, an hourglass counting the years as they go by. In the sand are the only remains of a fire that blazed the night before. A seagull pokes at a bloated blowfish, and all the while the waves crash steadily, like the heart beat of the beach. The beach stretches for miles in all directions, giving a feeling of freedom and power.

Each year the beach recedes a bit more, and a growing population invades the seclusion. But no matter how small the beach becomes or how much the population grows, Scott Cameron will remain secluded in all its beauty in my mind. No matter where my path leads me or how far from Scott Cameron I may be, this masterpiece of natural beauty will always be my home.

*By Lucas Caleb Rooney, age 13, from Eaglebrook Academy*