My Seashell Surprise

My first seashell hunt had a surprise ending. Early one morning my dad and I walked to the beach with a red bucket. The sand was soft and cool.  We collected orange, white, and brown shells of all different shapes and sizes. When our bucket was almost filled, I spotted something black and shiny pointing out of the sand. I reached down and grabbed the object right before a wave crashed against my legs. The object felt sharp and curvy. Finally, I opened my hand. “What is this?” I asked my dad.  said, “It’s your lucky day. That’s a shark’s tooth!”

I never thought I could do it, but I finally conquered my fear of public speaking. My English teacher gave the assignment (to speak for three minutes in front of my class) at the beginning of the semester, and I worried about it for two months. I have always been afraid of making a speech in public. I wrote all of my ideas on note cards. I practiced my speech with my notes in front of a mirror, in front of my dog, and in front of my husband. Would I be able to make my speech in front of my class? When the day of my speech came, I was ready. As I reached the podium, I looked at my audience and smiled. Then I looked down at my note cards. At that moment, I realized that I had the wrong information. These were the notes for my biology test. Not the information about my speech! I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. Suddenly, I began the speech. To my surprise, the words flowed from my mouth. Three minutes later, it was over. Everyone applauded my speech that day, and I left the podium feeling like a winner.