

A day at The Beach... By Daniel Parsons



"Why the fuck are you throwing stones at me?"

He did not answer, his face looked blank and in response he threw another one.

"You fucking cunt!" I shouted back at him.

His expression now changed. He began to offer a sly smile; his hand was already clutching another pebble. Like a rifleman, cocked, loaded and ready to fire. "If you throw that I'll fucking kill you!"

By now I had attracted quite a lot of attention from other people sat on the beach. I had been shouting loudly and the public were now watching him to see if he was responding to my threats; for now it seemed he was. He let go of the pebble he was holding and it tumbled back to the floor. I gave him a final stare and turned back to face the sea.

I decided that I would lie back down on the slope where I was previously asleep before the onslaught of pebbles began. It took me ages to get back to feeling as comfortable as I had been earlier. I had to wriggle my body around and move a few precariously placed stones. But eventually I was content.

My eyes were now shut, I could hear the pebbles around me moving, most probably people just walking across the beach but I was getting paranoid that he would chuck another stone at me whilst my eyes were shut and my back turned. I was right. One landed right on my temple and it fucking hurt!

"Right you fucking little shit..." I shouted as I stood up and turned around to face him "...I'm gonna fucking kill you!"

I started making my way up the slope only to be stopped by some random bloke.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I'm gonna teach him a lesson" I replied.

"You can't do that"

"Why"

"Because he's a fucking baby" said the man.

"So..." I said as I looked at the mans weathered face "he needs to learn that this sort of behaviour is not acceptable"

The man starred at me, put his hand on my shoulder and shook his head.

I looked at the man and then at the baby who had a pebble in his right hand, the baby smiled and threw it, hitting the restraining man right in the corner of his forehead.

"Right you little shit" he shouted at the baby as he began pacing up the slope. For some reason I tried to hold him back but he marched on and screamed "Let me at him!!!!"