

# The Angle

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## War At Sea

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## War At Sea

### Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"The sun was warm on our backs as we stepped out of the car and our shoes, and into our lives for the week. The breeze was fresh and sprayed with mist from the ocean. The air was easy and flowing. The only tension on the island could be found on the clothesline where towels of various colors and origins were hanging, waiting to be used. The road was strewn with sand, and the only bare spots that could be seen were where some car from whereabouts unknown had scattered it, exposing the road for a short period of time. However, it wasn't long before the small, bristly plants, trying their best to hold the dunes in place, succumbed to the moving forces of sand, and the bare spots were buried once again. Long before the luggage was out of hibernation in the trunk, we were running over the road, as the sand grinded beneath our bare white feet, across the wooden walkway, warped from years of storms, ten to fifteen planks at a time, over the small stairs, rising over the dunes, and we were stopped ead in our tracks, as if coming face to face with a brick wall, as the sheer volume of it all hit us."

### Cover Page Footnote

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# WAR AT SEA

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*creative prose by*

JUSTIN MAWHIR

The sun was warm on our backs as we stepped out of the car and our shoes, and into our lives for the week. The breeze was fresh and sprayed with mist from the ocean. The air was easy and flowing. The only tension on the island could be found on the clothesline where towels of various colors and origins were hanging, waiting to be used. The road was strewn with sand, and the only bare spots that could be seen were where some car from whereabouts unknown had scattered it, exposing the road for a short period of time. However, it wasn't long before the small, bristly plants, trying their best to hold the dunes in place, succumbed to the moving forces of sand, and the bare spots were buried once again. Long before the luggage was out of hibernation in the trunk, we were running over the road, as the sand grinded beneath our bare white feet, across the wooden walkway, warped from years of storms, ten to fifteen planks at a time, over the small stairs, rising over the dunes, and we were stopped dead in our tracks, as if coming face to face with a brick wall, as the sheer volume of it all hit us.

From a distance we must have resembled salmon jumping into the waves, struggling against the grain for reasons unknown, challenging the ocean wave by wave, though we were consistently beaten. Exhausted, yet somehow fulfilled from our struggle with the sea, we retreated; back up the stairs, over the dunes, down the warped walkway, sneaking glances back to make sure that our massive counterpart was not trailing too closely. We crossed the sandy road, and went home to rest before returning to the battlefield again at the break of dawn. Maybe, we thought, if we got out early enough, we could catch our rival off-guard. This went on all week until we finally, with our time drawing to a close, conceded, and accepted that some things are far too great to contest. The ocean seemed to accept our surrender and on our last day there, proposed a gift, as if to say, in the way that only a venerable old man could, "Valiant effort. Until we meet again..."

No one slept a wink that night. We lay on the cool sand, restless. Handfuls of sand in clenched fists. No one was ready to leave. All night we stayed up, talking and laughing, trying to dodge the morning light and what was sure to come, reliving the week's struggles and triumphs. Just us, and the waves crashed as the stars seemed to applaud us. That night we realized that no matter how far we had come, or how far back it was, this was home. The morning was coming and the stars, with all their mysteries and untold secrets, bowed out to the break of day. We sat on the beach with the sand, the waves, the faded stars, like dreams, and the sun rose from the ocean like a phoenix out of the ashes of a week well spent.