* **Your story must take place at a beach.**
* **Your story must describe at least two smells, two sounds and two textures.**
* **Your story must include the words KISS, HABIT and SQUARE.***(Longer variations, e.g. “kissed” or “squaring” are acceptable.)*

Clarice looked over the headland towards the beach. She’d grown up here and remembered as a child running through the water chasing her brothers.

The wind caught her head scarf, and she wrapped her nun’s **habit** around her a bit tighter. It was cold here, the beach almost deserted. She couldn’t be sure if the **sounds** of the children chasing each other were real or pulled from her memories.

With another gust of wind blowing away the cloud, the sun came out, casting a ray onto her face and planting a **kiss** on her lips as surely as her lover had in the past.

This was Clarice’s final period as a Novice, before being Professed as a committed Nun. Mother Superior had encouraged her to visit her family and home to be sure she was **squarely** at peace with her decision.

As Clarice walked down the path to the beach, she **smelt** the frangipani flowers, fragrant as always. She **heard** the waves become louder as she walked onto the sand. Sitting down she removed her shoes and socks to **feel** the sand between her toes. Marvelling at the colour of her feet, so pale now, when they used to be brown as a berry from a summer in the sun.

Walking along the beach, she was buffeted by the wind. Winter had been her favourite time to come to the beach, when it was deserted. Summer was always too crowded. Too many screaming babies, loud teenagers, the overpowering **smell** of sunscreen in the morning, or alcohol at night. No, winter suited her mood, and today she felt cleansed by the spray of the waves and the **sting** of the sand.