Dear Diary,

As I open my weary eyes, I scramble to get out from under my rock. Using my claws, I pull myself up and out to face the day. I love waking up to the ocean. The calmness and serenity of being up before the sunrise is a feeling that I long for each and every morning. As I scramble around, trying not to make too much noise, I am greeted by the aqua-blue water that moves in a slow, constant rhythm. I take a deep breath and turn to face the reef, it’s colours reflecting off of the surface of the rocks below.

I feel good because I slept well and I am excited for everything that today has in store. I look around, feeling hungry, and try to remember where we chose to hide the fish that we caught yesterday. As I remember, I move rapidly towards the rock pool where I know a delicious feast awaits. Hungrily, I begin to gobble them up, fish by fish. They taste delicious even though they are only tiny. I need to feel energised before embarking on the busy day ahead.

First, I must find Claws. We agreed yesterday that we were going to venture out and explore the sand dunes on the beach when the tide came out. I can’t wait. Normally, we’re not allowed to stay out on the beach for too long because mum says we’ll dry out and dehydrate. I don’t really know what that means and I think we’ll be fine anyway. We’ll make sure to dip in and out of the water. At least mum won’t be worrying – she’ll be too busy helping with the ‘Clear our Seas’ petition that’s happening in the blue reef.

Anyway, I need to stop writing now and go and get Claws – we need to hurry up if we are going to get any exploring done today. I will write another entry when we are back from the dunes tonight.

Yours,

Sharpy the Crab.