Across the choppy ocean, the bubbly waves swirled and glistened in the evening sunlight. The island groaned and rumbled as it pushed through the icy water. Salty sea air stung Oliver’s face as he sat uncomfortably on the tip of the island. The sun starting to set. As it set, the sky turned purple and red like flames dancing on the emerald sea. The waves crashed like a brass band but the island still moved steadily further and further away from Deepwater Bay. The grass, which was damp from the sea spray, looked as if it was waving goodbye to the golden sand. It rustled and fluttered. Behind Oliver, towering, white cliffs grew smaller and smaller. A flock of birds swooped and glided against the breeze, dipping down occasionally for a tasty ocean treat. Crash. Another wave struck the edge of the wandering island.