

My summer on Nassau Point was like no other. No other summer could compare to the amount of laughs, bike rides, swims, beach walks, boat rides, ice cream trips, backyard dances, or board games we enjoyed. Each day was shorter than the last, until my summer of fun finally came to an end. But while it did last, I recognized that every moment counted, and pretended every day was my last. I knew I had to jam pack this summer with the best experiences I would ever have. And that is just what I did.

My friend Fiore and I raced down Nassau Point Road toward the beach. I didn't even try to talk, as my brakes were whirring as we flew down the steepest part of the hill. It was September, but still quite warm, even at 7pm. It was cooling down a bit, though. We didn't have much time before the sun would set, and it would be the peaceful kind of dark Cutchogue always gave to us, with bright moon and twinkling stars illuminating the sky.

I pointed to the opening that led down to the beach. I turned around to see Fiore nodding, so I could be sure she knew when to stop. I swerved into the Property Owners' Beach parking lot and slowed as the sand crunched into my rubber tires. I pulled up against a small wooden sign and leaned my bike against a post, and Fiore did the same. I pulled off my heavy sweatshirt and shorts to reveal a yellow floral bathing suit underneath. The gentle breeze tickled my bare shoulders and goosebumps rose up on my arms. It was a bit chilly but warm enough for a little kayaking. Fiore handed me the paddle as she unbuckled her helmet and hung it on her bike's handlebars.

"Which kayak is yours?" Fiore asked as she walked alongside the selection of boats.

"This blue one," I responded, signaling towards the large blue one that laid at the very end of the line. I tossed the paddle onto the ground and grasped the front handle of the kayak. Fiore grabbed the back handle and we hauled it over the rocks and shells, and finally across the soft, damp sand that cradled my feet. I planted myself into the ground and pushed the heavy kayak. With a little force, it began gliding smoothly. I waded out, until the cold water surrounded my waist. I pushed myself up against the edge of the kayak, making it tip a little. I scooped into the opening, pulling my knees up a little bit and Fiore sat right in front of me. I pushed out of the shallow water using the end of the paddle, and we took off. I started paddling out to the buoy that calmly bobbed in the water ahead of us.

The last few seagulls that remained floating parted for us when we came near. I paddled out just far enough so that we could sit in the comforting serenity. All was still, other than the small waves crashing quietly against the beach and the crickets singing, just like they did every night. Suddenly, my senses were flooded with the strong but comforting smell of sea salt.

As the thoughts dissolved in my mind, I looked up to gaze at a sky that was a pastel painting. Full of oranges, pinks, and reds with a few nearly-transparent clouds blending it all together. It was like a print someone would hang on their wall, just to be able to walk by it everyday. Like a scene from a movie that took a whole year to capture the perfect moment. And that moment was this one. And here I was, sitting right in front of it. The most beautiful picture in the whole world, the Nassau Point evening sky.

This is just one of the stories that made my time on Nassau Point this summer so special. I am so lucky to share these memories with my family and friends. I'm so lucky to be able to call Nassau Point my home. Making memories here is fun in itself, but it's even more fun to do when you are able to share the wonder of it all with someone for the first time. For as long as Nassau Point continues to dazzle me with her natural beauty, I will be here to revel in it.

