

# Descriptive writing essay



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The crisp seaweed pushed onto the rocks by the waves, lay baking at the sea's edge, occasionally moving with the tide. The clear blue sea's waves rattle the tiny pebbles embedded in the golden sand. The foam from the waves cover a small child's forgotten sandcastle, bringing it down with a dull crash. The high tide pushes back the crowd of people to the beach's edge. Ice cream tall and candy floss stands wafts a sickly sweet smell Of sugar to a group Of little children, who pester their parents for an ice cream in loud, whining voices that carries across the beach. The clinking of glasses at the bar and the low hum of conversation mingle in with the loud seagulls squawking.

The swooping of the gulls to capture food littered across the sand scare a couple of people into dropping their ice creams and hotdogs. The gulls, happy with their find, soar above the crowd, and land in the sea to enjoy their lunch. Shoals of colorful fish dart around beneath them, frightened by the intrusion. They swim off to the boats and ships bobbing on the horizon, where the sea and the sky merge into one clear sheet of blue. Cold and frosty morning. Dewdrops shine and glitter as they fall down, disturbed by the faint cold breeze. They drip onto the frozen hard ground, forming a small puddle of ice. Faint traces of ice linger on the bark of the tall tree, shimmering in the bright cool sun, brittle to touch.

Birds begin to stir in the tops of the trees, fluttering and chirping to keep warm. The leaves rustle in the icy gentle wind, and more CE particles fall to the ground, landing on blades of grass and, in turn, causes more dewdrops to dislodge. A small snail slithers its way through the pale green grass,

narrowly missing the descending drop of water. The slimy trail left behind turns to a sheen of faintly green ice.

It reflects a few geese, flying high in the crisp blue sky in formation. They fly through a single wispy cloud, heading south. The air, full of frozen moisture, feels heavy and cold to breath. The air smells of the dewdrops that are falling from the brittle, frosty leaves. A storm. The air is hot and full of moisture. The sky has darkened down to pitch black with tiny patches Of deep blue peeping through. The heavy clouds hang ominously low, covering the hills.

The animals take cover as the first flash of bright lightening zigzags across the sky, illuminating the clouds. Thunder follows, with a crash that rattles the buildings. Rain comes pelting down, smashing against the window panes. Another burst of lightening brightens the dark sky, immediately followed by a low rumble. More rain falls down hard, crushing he new roots of plants and the leaves of growing trees. The hired crack of lightening hit a power line, sending luminous sparks into the air like a firework. Lights from the surrounding houses flicker out into nothing. Rain quickly subdues the sparks.

Thunder and lightening simultaneously flashes and crashes. Moisture seems to leave the air as the rain begins to us beside. The last flash of lightening fades away as a faraway rumble sounds. The clouds begin to float away and, eventually disappear. Birds begin to chip and fly around as the clear blue sky shines through.

Trees and plants glow with a healthy sheen. Thunder ebbs away to nothing when small animals begin to creep out of hiding.

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