

The beach essay sample



The sunrise. What a sight. The dreary dark of the night is lifting. It is being invaded by my strong sunrays. The silver ark has finally vanished. The night finished, my stretched arms appear filling the beach like a toddler colouring in their colouring book. Not perfect but getting there. My vibrant yellow and orange rays pierce through the cold of the night seeking out the damp from under the rocks warming every crack.

As I was filling the beach with warmth I noticed a beautiful looking crab scuttling across the shoreline zigzagging and darting across the golden sand, trying to get to the rock pools adjacent to the beach. The shell was a mixture of colours: crimson, grey and verdant blending into an inky blue. Along the coastline the crab picked up some food that he could eat. The crab used his mammoth pincer to pluck the food out of the moist sand. I noticed that the crab wasn't normal. Instead of scuttling gracefully it seemed to hobble. This unfortunate crustacean had lost a leg and a pincer from a battle bravely fought

The mist by the sea cliffs is starting to vanish and the sea fog lifted like a blanket being pulled in by my sister (the moon) like a fisherman hauling in his latest catch. My sunrise is nearly complete. I finally manage to pull myself up. My strength is magnificent. I am liquid gold in the sky. I hold my warmth in my arms. Now I can rest for a couple of hours.

It is now the early hours of the morning. Still a bit nippy but my warmth will win. Big puffs of cloud jostle and fight in the early morning sky, like huge cotton wool balls or candyfloss at the fair. Soon they will lose their fight and be blown to a place far away, and then the sky shall be mine again.

My sunrays gently bounce from the sea's surface; the waves tumble relentlessly, galloping one after the other until they reach the silky sand of the beach. Across the sand I see footprints trailing behind a man walking beneath me, his dog bounding and pirouetting all around him. The man's face is haggard and gnarled like the bark of a tree from many an early morning walk in the biting wind and blinding sun.

Allowing my gaze to wander to the far side of the beach, I see a group of burly fisherman heaving their battered but brightly coloured fishing boats up the beach towards the sea. At the sea's edge they linger a while to methodically check their ragged nets for holes inflicted by many years of dragging across the ocean floor. On finding a hole a silver bearded fisherman quickly sets to work, weaving his bobbin in and out with a practised hand until the hole is no longer. Finally the boats are pushed out to sea with plenty of shouting and singing, bidding each other farewell with wishes for a safe journey and a plentiful catch.

As another day progresses the subtle changes are clear to me. My progression upwards is nearly complete. On my journey I managed to fight away the clouds, my heat is too much for them, therefore they have given up and with help from the wind they have been blown far far away. With nothing to protect him from my scorching rays, the injured little crab limped clumsily along the beach, finally reaching the rock pools and tumbling into the coolness of the water and darting quickly behind the strands of seaweed trailing like washing blowing on the line. He is safe for the time being.

The quietness of the morning is slowly being eroded by the shouts and conversations of the early visitors to the beach. The human invasion has begun: toddlers, teenagers, adults, senior citizens, buckets, spades and deckchairs. It has only just started but the town has been awaked. It will grow in strength and then slowly fade. The earliest visitors to the beach are the local surfing school, about ten or twelve of them; flowing locks, skin-tight wetsuits, big and butch and ready for action. They finally manage to reach the sea's edge. They eagerly throw down their elongated surfboards and glide off into another world.

More and more people are entering the beach, eager to find a good spot for their day out. The children's faces are amazing to watch. From the tiredness of carrying their buckets and spades after a long walk from the nearby car park they are soon turned into amazement and glee taken back by the wonderful sight. They throw their belongings onto the floor and with the tiredness quickly forgotten they head for the blue carpet of the sea, hopping and skipping along the way. The mothers and fathers call them back but the children are oblivious to anything else but where they headed.

The once smooth golden expanse of sand is now dotted with brightly coloured buckets, spades and towels. I am now at my highest in the beautiful blue sky; from here I can survey all around me. The heat from my burning rays makes all the people reach for the sun tan lotion whilst the children all wear hats to protect themselves from me.

The sea is moving further back, sucking and pulling as the tide goes out which leaves ridges in the sand and little pods of water which will soon

evaporate under my glare. The blue of the ocean is interspersed with people bobbing up and down, trying to cool down. Brightly coloured lilo's and inflatable toys form a barrier between the sand and the ocean beyond.

The little crab is safe in his rock pool haven, hidden even from the seagulls flying past through the sky; soaring high then sweeping low surveying the scene below, hoping for a stray sandwich or chip dropped by the picnicking families below. Screeching and squawking as they deftly go.

I am at full strength in the summer sky, a vision of molten gold – so bright that people cannot bear to look at me except through squinted eyes or sunglasses. At the moment I feel the power surging through me and I shall remain here for a good few hours until my descent begins as night time draws closer.

I am slowly starting to fade along with my vibrant yellow and orange rays. I am beginning to feel weak. I can no longer keep the happy families warm. This is the cause of why so many people disperse from the beach. The smiling faces of the children are soon wiped away after their parents have told them it's time to go. Some children throw a tantrum, like the child who ended up flat on his face after trying to run away from his father: who was bright red because I burnt him.

Not everyone has left though. On the far side of the beach a group of children crowd around the rock pools, fishing nets and buckets in hand, dipping and delving into the water to see what they can find. They search every nook and cranny. One young child jumps and shrieks as he catches the

injured little crab; stumbling backwards the net is dropped, freeing the crab as it hobbles onto the sand and into the sea.

As the evening draws near my light begins to dim. I am slipping lower and lower. The warmth of my colour's; orange, red's, yellow's and gold's begin to merge with the sea; seeping across the surface like a drink spilt across a table. In the distance the gruff shouts of the fisherman draw nearer and nearer. The boats have been hoisted onto the sand and the unloading of the day's catch begins with down-turned faces, muttering between themselves about the bad day's catch. They traipse up the beach scuffing the feet as they go, returning to the warmth of their families with hope for a better catch next time.

Now the beach is deserted, all that remains is the debris of another busy day: lost toy's, forgotten belongings and discarded rubbish. There they will remain until the sea washes up the beach, like an army marching, taking it all away.

Finally my day is done until tomorrow calls. Finished. The beach is empty. The warmth has gone. The moon has taken over me. The stars popping out of nowhere, lighting up the night's sky. The only sounds I can hear are the waves crashing on the sleeping sand and the biting and the whistling of the wind.

I am the one thing in the world that is always constant. I rise early in the morning, lighting everyone's day. At night I give way to the moon, until the following day where I shall rise again.