

Sunset on a beach

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The sun peaked through the horizon, if saying a final goodbye to this California beach bed. Before leaving she gave me a gift of pure peace and serenity. Holding my eyes prisoner to the heavenly sight she put in front of me. While my feet were held into the grainy sand in desperate need of warmth and the smell of salt invading my nostrils. The beach is warm, with a captivating view, and has pure peace. The beach is where my problems and stresses are released, where nothing goes wrong, it all just fades away along with the sunset.

The struggle to open ten-pound eyelids after a nap leaving you drooling and wanting more especially for what feels like the worst day is the worst possible feeling, and to the most irritating ringing noise makes it even harder. Once you remember the reason for this makes you eager to wake up quicker than realizing you have five minutes to get to school, and school is a fifteen-minute drive. Stepping out of the bed to feel the unforgiving wood under my feet, tip toeing as if wading on ice, my body soon got used to floor. In search of a black and white bikini this room has become the aftermath of a tornado.

In the middle of the disaster something sticks out at the corner and see there lies the bikini. Attempting to rush out of the house the clock tells there is still enough time till sunset. Throwing on shorts over the bikini and a black hoodie, trying to balance an apple in my mouth with keys entwined with my fingers, and hopping on one foot trying to force a shoe onto the wrong foot. Finally, making it to the car and putting the keys in the ignitions the car roars to life, beginning the ten minute drive down Sunset Blvd. which is quick.

A smile begins to erupt my face when the view of the ocean is seen, then pulling up to the perfect parking spot in view of the ocean. The chaos and failures of today begin to fade and the peace begins. Getting out of the car the sun's rays instantly hits my eyes indicating she is getting ready to leave. Looking on the phone it reads six-thirty, the sunsets today at six forty-eight, having almost only thirty minutes before she goes to enjoy alone to have with her.

Taking off my shoes so sand will have no chance at irritating my feet later, the warm beady sand gets in-between my toes sending them cozy vibration, along with the smell of the sea invading my nostrils. Walking in search for a seat, my eyes spot children running alongside each other playing and building castles, while couples stroll along the waves that invade their toes every eight seconds. While walking you can see their footprints imprinted into the sand temporarily before being taken back by the ocean. Laying a plaid red blanket so sand will not creep into my clothes, my body collapse onto the sand.

Pulling my knees to my chest and laying my head onto my knees and begin to let all the stress and negative energy flow gently with the wind capturing them like a dream catcher sending them off to be killed by the sun's rays. Closing my eyes envisioning at this moment the beach reminding me of a sweet grandmother, there is no need for speaking because she already seen and felt the pain from past experiences that mom and dad had forgotten. When you cry she gently wipes away and tells you stories from her past mistakes so you feel like someone understands and makes you laugh at her past altercations.

When you have anger she shows you peace with a simple smile that warms the heart. Opening my eyes and hear again the beautiful sound of giggles coming from children running along the sand with the waves violating the shores, and seagull's scavenger hunting for their next meal. Soon people begin to sit in their towels or blankets holding each other smiling and laughing, all comes to a halt when the sun begins to return to rise in her new home, but not before she leaves us all with a breathtaking view of her heart that holds us prisoner till she finally leaves.

What seems like hours the street lights finally begin to flicker on, and that is when everyone begins to pack their belongings to leave yet another beautiful sunset at a California beach. Packing my belongings and taking one final glance of where once shined a light of pure passion and serenity, a smile again tugs on my lips to remember that feeling of getting a gift. A gift to which that is imprinted into my memory till my death bed. Putting my belongings in my car a thought pops in my head.

That everyone has their place of peace where nothing can go wrong, where you can smile for no reason but for thememoriesthat no camera could capture, and to unwind and surrender to a place of tranquility, for some it is home or their mind, but for me it is the beach. The atmosphere the beach has from the weather, the feeling, and the view is what draws one in like a melody. The weather ever so warm with a gentle breeze that blows hair like a blow dryer on cool. The feeling of pure peace and serenity, having a full body cleanse from all the negative energy.

Then a view that can captivate any onlooker's eyes, like an angel falling out of the heavens to disappear as if nothing happened. Putting instant

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memories with family and friends like a video tape in a VCR replaying the laughs and smiles. The beach can always leave you with a smile on anyone's face no matter the stress or torment the dealt with that day. The beach is like a gift; something given voluntarily without payment in return, as to show favor toward someone, honor an occasion, or make a gesture of assistance; present. It might not be in your hands but it can always be felt, and never seems to fail at satisfying.