

Sunrise and sunset essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Sitting cross-legged on the beach, eyes wandering across the horizon, a young girl pushed back her windswept hair and admired the dancing waves.

She looked at the rising sun. She had seen countless sunrises, yet they always managed to startle her with their immense beauty. She got up, wandering down the beach, her feet sinking into the sand like it was icing. It was beautiful here. She spotted Chris, who was staring out to the sea, as if it could tell him all the answers.

Almost like he could hear the thought, he turned gently and gave her a breath-taking smile. Spying one of the smoothest pebbles he had ever seen – it was oval shaped, not a single bump or lump in it a perfectly shaped pebble, he bent down and held it, his fingers caressing it as you might hold a bubble. Like a child full of e-numbers, his hand flashed out and it skimmed, three, four, five times! He spun around, dazzling her with a smile of triumph. Raising his hand, he beckoned to her with one finger, mouthing ‘ come on! ‘ His smile was daring, as if it was speaking to her, laughing, she gave in and rolled up her trouser legs, paddling out to where Chris was standing. The water was barely over their feet, so he splashed forwards, deliberately soaking her to the skin with water. It tasted like the stuff her mum used to treat her sore throat with, salty.

Suddenly she was transported back to her last family holiday as a child, before it had all gone wrong. They used to go to the seaside every year, come rain or shine in August you could find them on the beach. Her dad used to make sandcastles with her and her brother. It was one of her best

memories of them. Then it had happened, and they never went on a family holiday again.

She felt a pulling on her arm. Chris had noticed her mind was somewhere else – he knew where. She let herself be dragged out until the water was up to their knees. Pushing back her hair again, she looked behind her.

On the beach, people were huddled under umbrellas, blankets wrapped around them, whilst their children played and ran about and laughed. She felt ice-cold water on her head, she turned round slowly, salt water dripping from her hair, turning it to rats tails. Chris looked away, whistling like a naughty child, she could read the guilt on his face. She put her hands in the water, and covered him, as an avalanche would cover mountaineers. He emerged, coughing, and they laughed.

The sound was lovely, you would think neither of them had a care in the world. They were hungry. Wandering along the sea front, stopping every now and then to look inside the tat shops, they made their way to a little cafe , overlooking the pier, ‘ Seafront cafe ‘ it was called, not very original, but the food was good. Watching Chris’s eyes scanning the menu as if it might disappear if he didn’t memorise it in the next ten seconds, she was overwhelmed with gratitude. It had been an amazing day already and it was all down to him. They ordered seafood.

It seemed overly stupid to order anything else – it was the seaside after all! Whilst the food was being cooked, they talked, not about anything in particular, just about random things that came into their minds at that exact moment. When the food came, they didn’t talk. Chris dived headfirst into his

shark-sized fish, and she tucked into her smaller one. When they got outside again, the sky was filled with angry clouds, Chris looked at her and grinned.

He startled her, grabbed her hand and ran, pulling her along with him. The sky opened, emptying the clouds water over everything she could see.

Instantly she was soaked. They wandered around in the rain for a while, going in the arcades and spending all their money in the two penny slot machines. When their pockets were empty, having won a small teddy bear and a seaside magnet, they wandered in the general direction of the bus station. Their bus was due at 4.

30pm, it was 4. 00 o'clock. Chris pulled her to a stop, pulling out his camera he snapped a picture of her standing by the railings. As her drenched hair dribbled water down her back she posed for him.

Grinning widely at the camera. When he was eventually done, they carried on walking along the pier. Looking around, she admired the beautiful view, the sun was beginning to go down, the fiery oranges clashing with the deepest reds. Sunset was lovely, almost as good as sunrise. It marked the end of another day, something she always felt sad about.

Spying a telescope, she had to put 50p in, she delved into her pockets, fumbling around for the coin she knew was in there. Bounding across the walkway, she pushed the money in and pressed her eye against the viewing lens. Suddenly she could see the astonishing colours close up. The reds took on a new shade, instead of just being deep they had tinges of yellow in them, she could see the point where they mixed with the oranges. But they

weren't just fiery oranges, they had golds in them too. She felt a poke in the side, and realised she had been holding her breath.

She exhaled hard. Sliding across to the side so Chris could get a look, she checked to make sure she hadn't been imagining it. No the sunset was still there, more dull without the close up view, but it was still stunning. Chris looked up and gasped.

She automatically looked up to his line of sight. The bus was at the station! They sprinted towards it, feet pounding heavily on the pavement, people staring at them as they galloped past. They just made it. The driver let them on with a heavy sigh, clearly he hadn't wanted them to make it, it would have livened up his boring day, had they missed it.

They presented their tickets and collapsed on the nearest seat, not being Olympic runners, they were exhausted, they took some deep breaths trying to slow their panting hearts.. The next thing she knew, she was back on the same beach she had just left. But she was no longer 19, she was 14 again. She was crouched down by a miniature version of her own house.

She was just putting the final pebble on her personal masterpiece when Chris propelled straight through it. She gave a cry of outrage, bolted after him. She loved running with Chris, the ultimate freedom in it. He suddenly stopped and she slammed straight into him. He caught her, making sure she was steady.

Then he pulled her along. They were just talking... Then the scene shifted.

She was sprawled on a towel, arms behind her head, watching Chris. He was swimming, he loved the water. He had said to her once that the cooling powers of it made him feel whole, that he could be free there. She pulled her sunglasses over her eyes and stretched back. Jerking her eyes open, she heard screams.

She launched herself upright and looked around. The source of the mayhem was clearly in the sea, she looked towards the glittering water, the sun was just beginning to go down, sending rays of different oranges and pink dancing across the waves. She saw Chris. He disappeared, she saw him again. She spied someone else with him, pushing him down in a desperate attempt to get at air. Her brother came up again; he went down for the last time.

He didn't rise out of the water. Her mother was screaming, crying for her child lost in the sea. Then the beach was silent. The sunset took on a different meaning, now it wasn't just the end of the day; it was the end of her brother's life. She was crying, she was screaming. Awakening with a jump, she noticed the thin veil of sweat on her forehead, and her mouth open in a silent scream.

Chris was no longer there. She got up, thanking the bus driver as she left the uninviting bus for her own home. She unlocked her door, drudging past the unopened boxes that still contained some of her brothers possessions. It had been four whole years since he had died. And she still missed her best friend every day. She was filled with the injustice at Chris's death, he died trying to save someone else, but that was just Chris, giving his life to save another.

She screwed her eyes shut. When she reopened them she saw Chris standing there. He came and gave her a warm hug. Burying her face in his shoulder, Amanda smiled, because for the briefest of minutes, she had her brother back, and she was complete.