

# The sunset essay sample



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The sunset A sunset... The first impression of it is a beautiful and mystifying creation of the nature that leaves a great image in people's minds; however, sometimes those images can associate with an opposite feeling like tiredness and anger.

It was in the afternoon, around four; I was sitting on the beach, looking at the sea and the sun, and waiting for my friend. I enjoyed looking into the horizon of the sea where the sky and the water were merging together, how the waves were covering each other, and the sun that was reflecting its rays from the water. The sun was high up in the sky spreading its rays everywhere trying to touch every object around. The color of the sun was creamy yellow, and it was easy to distinguish it from the light blue color of the sky. There were few clouds, but they were far away, so the sun was taking all the space above the horizon. As the sunset was starting, the sun was going down slowly changing its color from creamy yellow to shades of glowing orange.

The rays were not reaching the land any more. Some parts of the landscape were getting dark as though the sun was going down. The difference in its position in a short time period was noticeable. In few seconds the sun was already all red and its red color spread all over the sky. The reddish clouds looked like cotton candy in the sky. Even the sea was changing too. It began to get more dynamic because there was more waves and they were higher. The color of the sea was changing from light to dark blue, almost black. From the waves' splashes the sea looked like a beer in a glass, since the foam was covering it. Sometimes the foam was covering it almost everywhere, so the sea looked white as if it was the snow but not the water. When the sun

reached the line of the horizon, it was a rich red color like blood. It looked like that the sun was sinking into the water like a piece of live ember and the heat made the air around the sun shimmer. The sky was almost dark and the first stars were seen.

Slowly the sun was disappearing beneath the waves as last rays were visible and leaving its only hints in reddish sky. The sea was getting more active and violent. It looked like that the storm would occur, and I thought what would I do if it would really happen. I was scared and did not want to spend the night on the beach freezing and being frightened by the sea storm.

I started to cry like a child that got lost. Then suddenly I felt that somebody put his or her hand on my shoulder. My body winced and I was scared to turn around. But I did and I saw my friend standing behind me. She started to cry and explain to me why she was so late. I didn't feel any anger at her any more because for an unknown reason it was all gone when I saw her. We watched the end of the sunset, jumped into the car and left. While we were driving I looked back to that beach, the sea and the last rays of the sun as if I was saying good bye to a friend with whom I spent a long time and won't see again.

Most people would say that they have seen the sunset, but my sunset was special to me because I didn't choose to watch it, and I was angry at it because at first it was burning me and then it was killing my hope of getting warm. Yet, the main difference of this sunset for me was that I was not observing it as an amazing and incredible creation of the nature, but as a source of warmth and hope.