

a day at the beach essay sample

[Family](#), [Parents](#)



As a child, I would often relish those fun-filled, joyous family outings. Along with my irritating little sister and adoring parents, we would speed off in the car ready to create a new adventure and take a plenty of pictures to add to the collection in the family album. An experience that stands out most to me now as a young adult was a time when we went to the beach when I was about eight years old. Ecstatic, and jumping around like a frog in early spring, I was excited. Today was the day, mom and dad were taking my sister and I to the beach for the first time ever. Our older sisters had told us stories of the raging, gigantic waves and the blood seeking sharks that would chase us down and eat us if we dared to enter the ocean. But of course, that could not be true, so my sister and I put those stories far behind us as we headed to the beach. When we arrived, my sister and I were amazed by the beauty of the ocean as we ran out the car. Before our eyes, lightly tanned colored sand embellished the ground. The waves were not as big as we were made to believe, but still big in compared to our small bodies. Above the water, was a clear sky in a deep, vibrant shade of blue with snowy white clouds.

Nothing could compare to the sight except for the feelings that the ocean brought with it. Our parents walked ahead of us as they chose a spot to put our things down, including a brightly colored umbrella, beach towels, a cooler full of cold drinks, and a picnic basket with food in it to eat later on. My sister and I withdrew our large clear jar, and set about collecting sea shells in the sand. As we excitedly walked around the beach, we collected countless shells of various shapes and sizes, textures and patterns; from rough to smooth, from complex to simple. Lunch consist of cold ham and

cheese sandwiches, and chicken wings, and Juice cartons. We enjoyed the meal sitting down as a family on the colorful beach towel.

As we ate, my sister and I entertain our parents with exaggerated stories of what we saw of the beach so far. While my parents went back to the water, leaving my sister and me on the towel enjoying cool, slices of watermelon to quench our thirst as a result of the burning sun. Abandoning our watermelon, we attempted to finally get in the water. Taking my first step into the water, I was flustered by the sensation of smooth sand beneath my feet. The water was cool and clear. Turning around, my little sister was standing far away from the water. She was not as brave as I was. She refused to step in. The rest of the day went by in a blur of sun, laughter, and sand; consequently resulting in a deep exhaustion. It was late afternoon, when dad decided it was time to go home, and he bundled up our possessions. We dragged our tired bodies to the car, only to fall into a deep slumber on our way back home.