

The fresh sea air blew in my cold face – creative writing

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The fresh sea air blew in my cold face. The air was bitter, and I could hear the waves bashing against the pale white cliffs. I strolled along the cliff side, listening to the waves and the seagulls up above, they echoed as they swooped down past my shoulders. A shiver went down my spine as a raindrop hit my shivery hands; I pulled up the hood, on my old grey waterproof and searched for cover. The blackening clouds gathered in the murky grey sky, and a rumble of thunder was shortly followed by a bolt of terrifying lightening. I gazed out to the horizon and in the distance I could see a large unwanted ship.

The wind started to howl and the rain came down harder and harder. The ship out at sea was swaying and disappearing deep into the troughs between the waves, and as it drew closer I could see that it was a cruise liner, it looked just like the ship which I once went on.... As I stepped out of the taxi, the humid sticky air hit me and the wind, blew my hair on my hot flushed face. I looked around and there it was the cruise liner. The sparkling white ship dazzled on the waters surface like diamonds. I glanced at it again, and there were crowds of people gathering.

The sun crept through the clouds in the sky and shadows of palm trees covered the dull concrete floor. I walked down to the beach, to feel the warm sand rub against my toes. Out of the corner of my eye I caught a glimpse of yachts sailing in the salty harbour. The smell of fish lingered in the air and I could feel the shallow waves tickle against my ankles and the blazing sun shining down onto my sore burnt shoulders. I stood there for a couple of

minutes, enjoying the peace, but the humidity was too much. My parents called me and I rushed up the steep mound of hot sand and rumble.

My Mum handed me my tatty passport and told me to get in the queue. I could barely see what was going on up ahead, I stood on tiptoes and attempted to peer through the gaps. I could just about see an old man, rather large and looking rather grumpy, he was taking pictures of everybody then checking their passports. I stood in the ever-lasting queue for what seemed like ages, the hot sun still shining down. Once aboard the ship, I felt cooler, but the air conditioning felt like it was choking me, my mouth had gone dry and the soggy smell made me heave.

The atmosphere was lively, but empty at the same time, there were young children clutching to their parents, screeching with amazement. Everywhere seemed dark and compacted, the reception was dull and bland. My mum went to the desk to collect our cabin keys; she handed them over and said that our luggage would arrive shortly. This is when we got more than we had bargained for. We struggled down the endless narrow corridor, squeezing past other people's luggage, glancing at each and every number, on each and every door. Finally, we arrived at our cabins; however there was no luggage outside either of our rooms.

We turned the key in the rusty lock and entered the cabin through the thin doorway. The rooms were bland and dull; the furniture was shabby and rather worn, the room felt stuffy and full. My sister and I decided to go and hunt for our suitcases. We dawdled down thin extended corridors still

struggling to get passed peoples luggage, the corridor was decorated with bright pictures which opened up the confined space. We glanced at the name tags on suitcases which looked similar to ours, and after about twenty minutes we found three bags, stacked at the end of a corridor.

When we arrived back at the room my brother had found the other bags, I sat on my bunk bed and stared out to the harbour, if you looked underneath the sea's surface you could see jelly fish swaying about in between pieces of rubbish. Once we had left the harbour I went exploring round the ship and as I wandered past the restaurant my stomach rumbled and my mouth watered, at the smell of burger and chips, I glanced in to see brightly coloured fruits all laid out, and many other passengers tucking into there lunch.

I left the restaurant and strolled along to the pool, Young children dancing around in the corner with kids club and parents at the bar enjoying a drink or two! The wind had calmed down now and clouds had cleared, but it still wasn't that hot so I wandered back to my cabin to get myfamilyfor lunch, I kept on imagining the watermelon melting in mouth, and the chips covered in ketchup on my plate. I stopped to look out the window, we had been out of the harbour know for about an hour, I could faintly see dolphins swaying in and out of the twirling waves they looked like silk.....

The rain poured down harder and harder on my shoulders as I watched the cruise liner come into the harbour, I wondered if I would ever experience a cruise again? I hope so, but maybe not quite yet, the lightening struck once more, and the wind howled, I could hear the seagulls in the distance, and the

bitter air blew up inside my loose waterproof, the howling wind pushed me over and I struggled to my feet, the horizon had drawn closer and the misty sky made it hard to see out onto the deadly ocean, and I could see no further than the fence a few meters in front of me.