

# Descriptive paragraph

[Linguistics](#), [English](#)



Teachers and ID # Descriptive Essay #2 - The Coast of A Coruna, NW Spain  
Boat Struggles against the Storm Leaving the Coast of A Coruna, NW Spain  
(<http://lightbox.time.com/2014/03/07/pictures-of-the-week-february-28-march-7/#35>)

Descriptive Essay #2 - The Coast of A Coruna, NW Spain

Sight: The wind and the water are in turmoil together, swirling and spraying everywhere at the same time. In the distance, a boat is riding the waves, up and down, seeming to go nowhere at all. At times, the bow disappears from sight, buried in the crest of a wave. For every push forward in that watery turmoil, there is a pull back. The murky green water crashes on the rocks, bubbling in turmoil and frothing a brilliant white at the top, providing a view of the raging ocean up close and in my face. Water drops sparkle in what little sunlight there is, flying through the air and splitting apart into smaller fragments of flashing diamonds until gone from sight.

Touch: There is water spray flying everywhere and it sprinkles onto my face like little pinpricks of needles, hard and sharp. Wherever the salty spray lands, there is a rough residue it leaves behind as the spray begins to layer up on my skin. It is cold and sticky and when I press my fingers together, they begin to feel glued together. My hair is now in ratted strings around my head, full of the sea brine which dribbles down over my face, as if there were not enough salty layers to contend with already.

Taste: The salty spray is sharp on my lips, especially where I have a little paper cut. Naturally, it stings and the salty brine is bitter and acidic to the taste. My tongue is in salt overload and I wonder if I will ever taste anything else but salt again. That taste of old brine, centuries of salty water that have

wrapped other ships in its passing, is bitter and acrid, even deeply pungent.

Smell: The taste of the brine also impact my smelling as it seems repeated there in my nose too. Yet, there is the fresh ocean smell that is always so wonderful, that which draws generations of sailors to the seas. It is an old smell but at the same time, it washes fresh the air and fills the senses with a wonderful aromatic memory of old wooden tar-glued boats.

Sound: The sound of crashing waves on rocks and on itself is monumental, a booming sound which reverberates within my body. The force and strength of the water and waves that roil back and forth, are like no other force in nature. After the waters hit the rocks, there is the rippling sound of water withdrawing back into itself, only to gather once again into one big push, rushing forward, slamming against those rocks again, and then again and again. There is no withstanding the fury and the turmoil of the open ocean when it is angry! As I look out at the boat which seemed closer just a time ago, it is now moved away out into the ocean. I hear a wail on the wind as the boat's horn sounds a plaintive goodbye and so I turn away to go home and take a nice hot bath to wash off all this salt.

#### Resources

Carter, Cheryl R. *Writing Success: Essential Writing Skills for the College-Bound Student (Volume I)*. Melbourne: Jehonadah Communications. 2012. Print.

Hall, Rayne. "Using the five senses in your writing makes sense." *Venture Galleries*. 17 September. Web blog. 10 April 2014. < <http://venturegalleries.com/blog/using-the-five-senses-in-your-writing-makes-sense/>>.

Mission del Paso Campus. "Sense Words." EL Paso Community College

<https://assignbuster.com/descriptive-paragraph/>

Online. 2014. Web. 9 April 2014. .

Richmond, Marianne. "How to Write Description that Will Delight Your Readers' Senses." Daily Writing Prompts Online. 2013. Web. 9 April 2014. .