

Example of a cold night on the beach essay

[Philosophy](#), [Freedom](#)



The beach at night feels completely different from the beach during the daytime. It is the same place, yet the atmosphere is changed. Gone are the daytime crowds of families, couples, groups playing volleyball, strolling retirees, and seagulls raiding unattended food. The darkness of the beach at night envelops with a sense of peace; the absence of the crowds illuminates other aspects of the beach not noticed during the day, it gives a feeling of freedom, and a little fear in contrast to the dominant sense of peace.

Stepping through the dunes and onto the beach itself overwhelms with darkness, the brief minutes of blindness as eyes adjust force an orientation based on the sound of the surf. Slowly beginning to move toward the sound of the water, feet step gingerly through the dry sand, toes feel first for sharp shells or stones, and the view begins to resolve itself under the light of a stars and a gibbous moon. Standing at the edge of the high tide line, the emptiness of the beach and the dim quivering lights reflecting the moon on the water give the familiar place an alien feel. Without the presence of the crowds, it is easier to notice the size of the beach itself, and the stretch of sand to the left and right and down towards the water seem vast. A few lights from distant boats and the pulsing signal of an airplane in silent flight overhead almost make it seem as if standing on the beach at night is like being in outer space, but other things are there to remind that this is earth, primal earth. The wind carries the sting of sand and the taste of salt, a startled bird sounds once, the damp sand beneath bare feet sends its chill up through ankles and calves.

Walking toward the water, the wind buffeting everything away from it, there is a great sense of freedom in being alone with the elements on the cold

beach at night. Curling waves aided by wind deliver brisk sprays of water, hitting the face and coating it with a sandpapery salt tasted as the tongue licks wet lips. Continuing towards the water, the scent of salty brine and wet seaweed increase, as well as the sinking of feet into the cold and wetter sand. The scent of slight decay is not offensive, but a natural part of the ocean's cyclical, tidal environment. There are no people to interrupt progress towards the water, no voices to distract from the regular sound of the surf or the squishing splash of a step through a puddle left behind by the tide. No one would notice a lone person running along the beach, singing at the top of his or her lungs at this hour. No one would notice a lone, brave person unclothed and running into the water then running right back out screaming into the chill of the night. The freedom to enjoy the beach alone gives a great sense of peace.

The same sense of freedom also carries a slight chill of fear on the cold beach at night. Even though the crowds are gone, some other lone person may be walking in the distance. Standing at the water's edge, the gutturing sound of a boat offshore and the wind whistling, it is easy to imagine that the stranger could have bad intentions. A moment before, the idea that no one could hear singing or screaming seemed like freedom, now it brings out goose bumps enhanced by the cold wetness of the surf's spray. Then, the sound of the stranger's voice and melody of his guitar arrive, pulsing faintly through the gusts of wind, and the sense of peace is restored.

Dawn approaches, yet the night on the beach seems darker and colder than before. It is time to leave the place that has revealed new aspects of itself in

the night hours. It is time to leave the cold, night beach with its freedom. It is time to return from the night beach and its fleeting fears, the fears that contrast its overall deep peaceful atmosphere. It is time to return to home, to daylight, to the everyday chaos and routine of life.