**Have a little read:** ... DESCRIPTIVE WRITING (extract only…..)

**The Beach**

The beach is silent. The bright ball blinds you as it emerges; it rises like a yellow lollipop on the distant horizon.

Crashing against the shore, small waves wash the night's debris onto the land. Untouched golden sand covers the earth as far as your eyes can see. Soothing, a gentle sea breeze rustles through your hair. Beach shops prepare for their day of excited costumers bustling in and out of their small seafront shops. Opening their doors, they bring out all of their beach products.

Looking out to the sea you can see the large cruise ships on the world’s edge. The beach is abandoned, apart from a few sea gulls pecking at the rubbish left by yesterday's visitors. Empty crisp wrappers, chocolate wrappers, ice cream papers and half eaten cones scatter the yellow sand.

Young children start stumbling onto the moist sand, with small buckets and spades in their hands, they shout and talk in excitement. Damp sand is forced between their toes. Sandwiches, cold drinks, wind breakers, towels all bagged up and slung over both shoulders. Children are running towards the shoreline, their parents struggle onto the sand, loaded like camels with everything they will need for their day. Straight away, they put on their swimming costumes and are smothered with thick white sunscreen to protect them from the bright sun. The strong scent of sun screen surrounds the beach.

A hot sea breeze rushes through the visitor's hair, as you stand there you can taste the salt in the air because it is so strong. The sound of the waves crashing against the shore is overwhelming, seagulls are swooping overhead and the beachgoers run light-footed as deer across the hot sand.