**Writing 1: Narrative/Expressive**

**Task: The Forgotten Beach**

It was night time. The sky was an indigo colour, deeper than anything I had ever seen. It would

captivate me every time. At a glance one would only see thick, sweeping layers of indigo, each a

slightly different shade, and it would manage to create the sensation that you were falling into space.

However, once you looked closer, you could see the minuscule but numerous glistening of stars. As I

lay on my back on the snow, which covered the sand on the beach, the sky seemed like a huge

patchwork quilt, with frosty white stars as sequins.

Even so, I could not gaze up at the sky forever or I would have frozen to death. A gust of breeze blew

around me, frostily interrogating my already numb neck. It was winter, with snow everywhere, even on

the beach where I was. The wind was unforgiving; although light, it managed to chill me to the bone.

I scanned the world around me. I say world because it was completely isolated from anything or

anyone else. All I could see for miles and miles was a blanket of pure, heavenly, white snow, covering

the rough, grey grains of sand. Framing this was the milky, silvery-blue sea.

In my mind, this was no normal beach. The sea was different. It had different characters, often

changing from one to another. One moment, it would be so calm, you could not believe that it was

moving at all, except for the slight sigh of the wind as waves gently lapped the shore. When it was like

this, you could see for miles and the sky was reflected to perfection. It was almost as if the sky and sea

were the same thing and that you were in a completely different place altogether.

This was also when the sea was most tempting. It would seem so calm and serene and in a strange

way, as the moonlight shone its silvery, ghost like beams over the translucent depths, it almost felt

sacred. The light created this illusion. It caught the sea at different points, refracting the light on to

more areas of the sea, giving it the look of a milky white pureness. You almost felt a magnetic pull

towards it, as if it were calling you. It was so perfect, so heavenly and so peaceful that you wanted to

be engulfed by such purity and innocence. The wind, mellow and gentle, caressed my face as though it

were the messenger of the sea, as if it were enticing me into the frozen, icy fingers of nature. It roused

my hair, especially on the back of my neck, as if awakening and encouraging me to explore forgotten

depths of the sea. Its icy clutches played around my lips chapping them. It danced on my eyes making

them sting and numbed my body, but not only my body, my mind also. I was almost oblivious to the

cold, just captivated by the beauty of the salt-watery expanses before me.

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I was, however, jolted out of this trance as a stronger gust of wind quite penetrated me to the bones.

This reminded me of the other character that the sea could assume in an instant.

The inevitable roar of the sea coming to life would follow the huge gust of wind. It would feel as if the

whole earth was moving. The sky would darken even more and the horizon would disappear as the

first in the long succession of waves came speeding towards the shore. It seemed as though the

waves had a life of their own. Waves toppled over one another, bringing with them hoards of shells,

seaweed, and other debris. The sound was deafening, a cacophony of rushing water and howling

winds. The sea had become a mouth that would swallow anything or anyone that got in its way. The

crest of the immense waves looked like galloping stallions, white, powerful, speeding towards me. The

smell of the sea rocketed and engulfed everything in the sickly stench of seaweed. And then, as

suddenly as it began, it would stop, and it would be still and tranquil once more.

The snow beneath me was powdery; it had just fallen. I put it to my lips. It instantly turned to icy water.

It was thick enough though and as I stood up, it crunched under my feet, reminding me of the fallen

leaves of autumn. Snow is at its best when it is fresh. This was untouched and perfect. I ran through it

looking back occasionally to see the pressed pattern on my footprints. I knew that by morning they

would have gone, and nobody but myself would have realised that I was here. Until then this was my

fantasy, I could be anyone I wanted, do anything I wanted.

Tufts of green grass were poking out of the ground. They looked so out of place. The green against

the white was like a shock of colour. Further ahead I saw three stumps of a rickety old fence poking out

of the ground. There was barbed wire hanging off them carelessly. Only the tops of them could be

seen now, the snow and sand had accumulated and covered nearly all of it.

I started to walk slowly by the shore, where I was close enough for the sea to lap at my feet. I breathed

out deeply; my breath was like wisps of smoke, the spirit of me being injected into the atmosphere. I

watched closely as the shapes curved and cavorted with each other, each intertwining with one

another, like battling contortionists. At that moment, on my empty beach, I felt content. As the cold

waves passed over my feet, and the wind whipped my hair, with the stars twinkling gracefully in the sky,

I can honestly say, I had never felt more alive.