

Personal Descriptive Writing.

The long coarse grass jerked and danced by the cliff edge, and white foam from the churning sea below flew like scattered snow as the wind whisked it up and away. At the bottom of the steep, rocky drop lay a large sandy beach, the pale yellow grains intermingling with smooth grey pebbles. The gusts of wind whipped up the smooth sand into blinding clouds of grit, as the white foam swirled amongst it, mingling together like storm clouds.

The sea, a surging, restless mass was a deep, dull grey-green, stretching out towards the horizon, flecked with frothy white surf, which bobbed and boiled on the surface of this huge cauldron. Huge breakers hurled themselves at the beach. racina