

Nadine Eden C11S
Descriptive writing- Paradise

It was beautiful, the sweet air kissing my lips, my salt-watered soaked feet parading up the soft shores, all sloppy between my toes. Trees too high to see, blinded by the eye of heaven burning through the leaves, and through the trickling streams meandering gently through the pathways. My mind was a swirling vortex filled with these iridescent colours of beauty and sunshine, and the smell of the fresh salt was so perfect my eyes were filled with warm droplets of satisfaction.

Far away from the smelly sickly and stupefying air that surrounds the busy cities, and the pathetically tall buildings, lies this neat little section of heaven. Palm trees identical to the one on my right and the left lining my path along the golden carpets of sand rolling and rolling across the bay.

I glance across to the ocean and watch the huge waves grow smaller and smaller until they turn into a white foam and froth on sand. Shells and seaweed are dragged in and out, until they are either trapped upon the hot sand or sucked into the ocean's void. Fishermen's boats of all shape and sizes bob up and down, struggling against the chain that attaches it to the sea bed. Further in the distance I can see a glimpse of the other side of the island. It has more forestry and fewer beaches. Miniature cliffs are etched into the island, mighty rocks sleep at the bottom with the waves crashing and splashing and lights flicker multicolour beams in every direction from the single salty drops of seawater.

As I walk more along the golden carpets of hot sand I watch the people around me. Sizzling tomatoes, burnt sausages and crispy bacon. Red from sunburn, burnt from over doing the 'I want a natural-orange tan' and the crispy bacons are perfectly done. The children play with sand and resemble sunny side ups, from there yellow sun hats and sunscreen-white skin.

The locals rush around serving the traditional English dinners, with huge gleaming white smiles. With perfect shapes, perfect tans and with the perfect surfer-hair. The sound of ice tinkling against exotic-coloured glasses rings in the air. The high-pitched to the ever-so-low voices chime along with the ice. The laughter of the kids playing echoes into the open space, of the hot sunny golden beach.

As I walk towards the busy main road along side this beautiful carpet of golden sand I see the little shanty shops, with the same type of people as on the beach who served the English breakfasts, but they were a little rounder around their stomachs, shouting out their discounted prices, and how wonderfully brilliant their products were. Tourists were lazing around in their holiday-in-the-sun clothes. Once in a while they would stop and buy something from the little

shanty shops, even though the products weren't as delightfully authentic as the shop keeper claimed. I walk over and buy a can of 'coke lite' and I gulp down the bubbly soft drink, the cold liquid cooling down my whole sweaty, hot body. I feel afresh and cooler than before. I pay the plump shopkeeper with the foreign coins of this country, and I carry on parading down the row of small squashed shacks that pass for shops. Once in a while I would hold a nice little 'how are you today' conversations then keep on going. The sun is starting to set so I cross over the busy road so I can find a comfy place on the golden carpet to view the red sun set. As I sit down, the splashing salted water reflects the evening sky. The angels must have spilled their jam and butter, because the sunset was a mixture of grape with strawberry, apricot and raspberry, clumps of blueberry, and a little melted butter. Then I lay down and rest thinking to myself, this is paradise.