Source: <https://gudwriter.com/descriptive-essays-about-the-beach/>

Last summer, I had the chance to visit my aunt at her coastal home. The octogenarian, I have to admit, lives in one of the world’s most serene places. The beach is a fantastic phenomenon and the fun that comes along with it is overwhelming. Two weeks into the visit, my cousins took me to the seashore, and I just couldn’t get enough of it. I fell in love with the splashing waters and cool breeze. I hated that evening would come and we’d have to leave the blissful sensation of the beach. I nonetheless promised myself to make the most out of the short time we would spend there.

We set out early in the morning with our cameras and light shorts. A light breeze blew and it took my soul with it. I felt like I was in a whole new world. The wind brought fresh air to my nostrils and I just couldn’t help but pump as much as I could. It not only filled my lungs with rejuvenating oxygen, but also my mind with a hope of having the best day of my life. My ears weren’t left behind either. It’s like the fresh air was singing melodious blues as we walked. I was sure experiencing something I’d never experienced before.

We arrived on our scooter right on time for the rising sun. Never in my life had I seen such a majestic view. We’d left home early on right before the sun would mark its territories. And, apparently, our cameras were getting the best work they’d had for years. Towards the east, the sky was literally burning. The first rays were already throwing their warmth across the sky. They were doing just like cheerleaders would do during an NFA match. Or, better still, like the escort guards from the Secret Service do before the Head of State arrives.

The rays did their job pretty fine. They were yellow and glittered like the flames of an enormous camping bonfire! While the sky was showing its beauty, the sea was glittering and reflecting back. It was as if they were partners colluding to welcome a big guest. The yellow glare made our photography interesting and every shot was worth it.

The sun finally hit the surface. The ground acknowledged its presence and started glittering. The tiny sand particles shed silver lights all over the beach. The sweet rays caressed my skin and I now understood why everyone at the seashore liked to expose theirs. It was a gentle warmth, I have to say!

My excitement was rejuvenated. But I couldn’t possibly beat the birds. They shouted with a wild joy. They jumped up and down. I saw several of them chase after sea creatures. It was marvelous watching the birds dive into the water and suddenly shoot up into the sky like rockets. No sooner had we joined them into the diving than people started coming out of their homes. The shore was flocked now. Some came for entertainment while others were looking for fishing grounds. It was a beehive of activities I tell you.

When evening came, it was yet another scenery in the sky as the sun dived into horizons of the sea. People started going back to their homes and the birds gradually became silent. The evening breeze blew, bringing another refreshing smell of the salty water to my nostrils. Waves of water splashed onto the coral reefs as the tides took new positions. The fishermen set out their nets as if their day was just beginning. Suddenly, my aunt was calling. She knew we were having too much fun, and that we’d possibly get late.

GPT-Improved Version

Last summer, I had the pleasure of visiting my aunt at her tranquil coastal home. The stunning beach was a sight to behold and I was thrilled to explore it. My cousins took me to the seashore two weeks into my visit, and I was instantly enchanted by the splashing waves and refreshing breeze. Despite the fact that we would have to leave the beach at nightfall, I was determined to make the most of our brief time there.

On the day of our beach trip, we set off early in the morning with cameras in hand and light shorts. As the gentle breeze blew, my soul was lifted and I felt as if I had entered a whole new world. The fresh air filled my lungs with rejuvenating oxygen, and my mind with a sense of hope for a perfect day. As we walked along the shore, the air seemed to sing melodious blues that filled my ears, making me feel like I was experiencing something extraordinary.

As we arrived on our scooter, the sun was rising, and the view was breathtaking. The eastern sky was ablaze with the first rays of sunlight, which cast their warmth across the sky like cheerleaders at an NFA match. The sea sparkled in the sun's rays, as if welcoming a grand guest, while our cameras worked overtime capturing the stunning beauty of the moment.

As the sun finally hit the surface, the sand glittered and the tiny particles shed silver light all over the beach. The warmth of the sun caressed my skin, and I finally understood why so many beachgoers like to expose theirs. My excitement grew, but it was nothing compared to the wild joy of the birds that chirped and dove into the water in pursuit of sea creatures. We joined them in diving into the water, and soon the beach became a hive of activity, with people flocking to enjoy the fun.

As the sun began to set, the evening sky was yet another stunning sight, as it descended into the horizons of the sea. People began to leave the beach, and the birds gradually grew silent. The evening breeze brought with it a refreshing scent of salty water, and the waves splashed onto the coral reefs, as the fishermen set out their nets for a new day. Reluctantly, we left the beach at my aunt's behest, knowing that we had enjoyed a perfect day at the beach.