Source: https://gradesfixer.com/free-essay-examples/description-of-a-perfect-evening-at-the-beach/

An evening at the beach is what I want to write an essay on. When sitting on the beach an orange hue stretched across the sky and met the dark ocean along the horizon. The sky along with the orange hue had blends of reds and yellows melting into each other to create an astonishing skyline. The Aurelian sun looked as if it was resting upon the dark sea. Seagulls were soaring through the air and swooping down to land atop a sand dune. The clouds were a dark silhouette with bright gold beams of light radiating through. The waves had made a soothing crashing noise as if they were trying to soothe a soul. The gentle rhythmic motion of the waves satisfied the eye. When the tide edged closer to the shoreline the sun looked as if it was disappearing into the ocean. The waves were gradually getting more sizable as the sun continued to set.

As the waves crashed along the shore it had left seashells dispersed along the shoreline. The sand had felt warm under the feet of several individuals walking on the shore where the sand had met the waves. The grainy sand had looked like millions of sugar crystals. The grains looked a slight nude and clear color. This pale nude sand covered the whole beach as far as the eye could see along the vibrant beach. In the sand were vivacious umbrellas placed by the tourists who populated the immensely crowded beach. They were strategically colored with stripes of multiple different colors. There were sandcastles built everywhere by the children that were playing on the beach. Many tourists were wondering around, collecting seashells that were mixed with the sand. The seashells had been washed up onto the shore by the rough waves. Each shell had its own pattern, not any two shells looked the same. The shells along the beach were mostly whole clam shells but some were crushed and mixed heterogeneously. There were thousands of shells along the shore waiting for by passers to collect them.

The tourists had bags and pales full of shells that they had collected to take home with them. As the tourist continued to collect the shells the salty air blew against them. The sea air was thick with salt and humidity. As the wind blew against the cars and houses it left a residue on windows that looked like fog. When the wind blew it cooled down the hot, humid air. The now chilly air had given chills on the skin of sunburned tourists all along the coast. Whilst sitting on the grainy sand, watching the sun set into the sea, and listening to the sweet lullaby of the waves, a sense of total relaxation had occurred. This is avowed to be a perfect evening at the beach.

GPT-improved version

An evening at the beach is a truly magical experience. As I sat on the shore, I was mesmerized by the stunning view before me. The sky was a canvas of warm oranges, reds, and yellows, with the sun looking like it was resting on the dark sea. The clouds were a striking silhouette, with rays of golden light filtering through. The waves gently crashed onto the shore, creating a soothing melody that was music to my ears.

Walking along the shore, I felt the warmth of the sand beneath my feet. The grains of sand looked like millions of tiny sugar crystals, with a slight nude and clear color. As far as the eye could see, the vibrant beach was covered in this pale sand, punctuated by colorful umbrellas and sandcastles built by children playing on the beach.

As I walked along, I saw many tourists collecting seashells that had washed up on the shore. Each shell had its own unique pattern, and no two were alike. Whole clam shells were the most common, but some were crushed and mixed with the sand. The sight of thousands of shells scattered along the shore was simply breathtaking.

The salty air was thick with humidity, leaving a thin layer of fog on car and house windows. As the wind blew, it cooled down the hot, humid air, giving a welcome relief to sunburned tourists. Sitting on the grainy sand, watching the sun set into the sea, and listening to the gentle lullaby of the waves, I felt a sense of total relaxation wash over me. It was the perfect evening at the beach.