

Descriptive Writing Example Answer

Q: Describe a busy port or harbour

The sun beams happily in the sky as the rays bounce off the glistening waves. The golden rays look like arrows being shot from heaven. The fierce light from the sun bathes throng of visitors in a romantic glow and happy faces reflect the positive rays back towards the sky. White bubble clouds hover tentatively in the sky and look as fragile as a glass about to break. The clouds slowly climb closer and closer to the dominant sun, threatening to hide its rays and bring cool breezes to those under its temporary protection.

Screeches and squawks can be heard all around. The creators of this cacophony laugh together as they soar above the heads of those down below. The seagulls aggressively whirl and dip as they hunt for their next meal. Their eyes scavenging the scene for anything that can be pilfered: a juicy burger held loosely in the hand of a child; a dripping ice-cream cone about to plummet to the ground or even a packet of crisps that has only just been opened by an excited child. These scavengers of the sky don't hear the melody of cries as children mourn their lost treats, nor do they care about the angry words screamed in their direction.

As a seagull swoops down from the sky like a comet hurtling towards earth, a pair of siblings whirl around their parents trying to poke each other in the ribs. Their happy war consumes their attention and causes others to stare in mock irritation. Their melodious laughter rings throughout the harbour and bounces off the ships standing nearby. A lone couple stroll by holding hands and pause to look up at the army of birds encircling the area above them. They cover their eyes with their hands but the sun pierces through the latticework of their fingers, creating a patchwork of light on their upturned faces.

Vendors' voices mingle together into an orchestra as they vie for the attention of those strolling up and down the boardwalk. The sweet smell of candied apples rises from a busy stall as throngs of people jostle in the snaking line to the front. The aroma of sugar and bitter apples stings the nose. However, like an enchanting song it entices all those who breathe in the intoxicating fragrance.

Leaving the fragrance behind, many visitors find themselves staring dreamily into the water. The waves glisten and wink as the gentle breeze plays with the rhythm and motion of the water. The sound of water lapping against the moss covered wall sounds like muffled clapping.

The lazy sun starts to blink as the white bubble clouds creep across the golden haze in the sky. The light dims and turns from golden to grey. The breeze begins to grow in strength and whips the clothes and hats of the visitors merrily perusing the shops on the boardwalk. Fiercely small droplets of rain begin to spatter the wooden boards underfoot and the wood darkens in protest at this sudden change. The sun finally succumbs to the slow battery of the rain and retreats in defeat.

CIE 0522

Language Paper 2: Descriptive Writing