Manly Beach is a place, where people laugh, screams, experience the coldness of the Australian waters. High tides, low tides. Waves, with white tops, swishing, swishing, fast, rapidly against the rocks. Seagulls crying round and round. Peeping every now and then.

Seaweed, sand, rocks. What a typical thing. The smell. The freshness of the water. What a lovely smell.

Manly Beach, thick with pollution. Puzzlingly like the poisonous London Smog. Meeting with the repellent smell of sand, rocks and seaweed.

Swish, swish all around you. Waves as vulgar as a loudspeaker. People, laughing, enjoying themselves, splashing in the water. The Parramatta River, flowing as fast as a waterfall, into Manly Beach.

Manly Beach is a giant. Cackling, storming, walking, laughing. Making the waves. Low tide is when he’s sleeping. Only the snowing makes low tides. High tides is when he’s awake. Cackling, storming, walking, laughing.

\[\text{DESCRIPTION}\]

**Grade Commentary**

Alex has demonstrated sound knowledge and understanding of the structure and features of a literary description. Detail has been included to help the reader imagine what is being described. Alex has attempted to use metaphors and imagery, and a variety of strategies has been used to spell common words accurately.

Alex’s response demonstrates characteristics of work typically produced by a student performing at a grade C standard.