

Descriptive essay of market place essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

It's dusk outside: the normally bright, azure sky has turned the colour of charcoal, peppered with specs of iridescent silver, and the clearly cheap, and discoloured old lanterns littering the dusty surroundings of the ancient Bagajor market, give off a soft, and gentle dappled glow to the busy, cobbled streets below. A myriad of spices adorn a bright and overflowing market stall giving off a sweet redolent smell. People continue to bustle around the busy marketplace, browsing through an assortment of vibrantly coloured stalls, and occasionally buying an item that catches their eye.

There is a cacophony of sounds; it's a combination of tourists twittering about the bargains they've managed to negotiate, and of stall owners noisily bartering the last of their greatly overpriced stock to unsuspecting passersby. Some astonishingly gorgeous teenage girls stand excitedly near a corner of a market stall brimming with eager excitement, all bedecked in their exquisitely made saris. One of the girls holds a silk sari; the colour of a stunning sunset, against her brilliantly bronzed skin, giving the impression her fiery red hair is aflame.

A pale faced adolescent boy, Walter Suman with coarse, and dull brown hair flopping messily over his acne covered forehead stands shyly close to a grimy stall with his parents, constantly wiping his clammy hands on his faded denim jeans watching the gorgeous girl like a hawk with his hopeful brown eyes almost popping out of his head. The sky turns a darker shade of charcoal as time goes on, and causes the rainbow covered stalls to cast colourful shadows into the gloomy night.

A handsome, well groomed man dresses in an expensive Armani suit with loafers on his feet fidgets endlessly, whilst his beautiful blonde fiancée “ Oohs “, and “ Aahs” over pieces of vintage jewellery lying on satin cushions, sparkling and calling to her from this damp and dimly lit stall. All this time an oversized, balding man stands in the dusty cobbled street hissing angrily towards his taxi driver screaming about the colossal amount of money he’s expected to pay for his, “ short” journey.

His face, which was flushed a deep red due to the humidity and heat of the evening becomes a deeper and deeper red, until he becomes the same colour as the overripe tomatoes on the nearby vegetable stall.

He keeps his large, sweaty, left hand firmly on the pocket of his beige corduroy shorts where his wallet is kept, safeguarding his money in an animalistic manner, not willing to be parted from it by this bully and cheat: his wife stands flustered by his side rolling her eyes, checking her watch constantly, willing her husband to pay the fee and accept the deceit of the foreigner so they can go and enjoy dinner at one of the many restaurants, from where the delicious aromas are wafting towards them in an inviting manner: this altercation has been going on for too long, her husband needs to calm down and relax: after all it is their tenth wedding anniversary celebration. Some stall owners are packing away their goods for the night yawning tiredly, and rubbing their sore shoulders as they do so.

They count their day’s earnings in a secretive, with their eyes darting back and forth to make sure no-one’s watching. They look round their stalls wearily to make sure everything is packed away, and then, effortlessly, lock

up their stalls with the ease of having done it for years. The sky is no longer peppered with iridescent silver, but is rather just filled with a charcoal colour as the oversized and balding man walks towards his spouse, obviously disturbed by this incident. They stroll off, hand in hand, the wife gently stroking his arm as they walk towards “ Raja’s”, the best Indian restaurant in town.