

# Paris description



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Like any other day, the sun rose in Paris. It was the beginning of May, when spring blew its last breezes and the heat of summer started to spread around. The weather could not get any better. The sky was crystal clear and it wasn't too sunny. The sun made the whole city look like it was covered with a thin, light and golden layer of apple dust. I could tell the weather was perfect since I could open the windows and just leave it there. It was probably the best time in Paris for traveling, when the freezing cold and the depressing rain were all gone.

Like any Parisian, my morning started with a crunchy exterior and soft interior resistant, some slices of crispy honey coated French toasts but my breakfast was definitely incomplete without a creamy cup of cappuccino. Sitting by the windows, those flowery balconies, the cobblestone road, those old black poles on the sidewalk, those classy street lamps had never seemed so real. Along the pavement, plenty of cars were parked in an organizing order even though the parking spaces looked a little bit too small. Excitement took over my whole body.

I could not wait to jump out of the window and go on my Paris adventure but those soft noises along with such denude silence in the early morning kept pulling me back to the chair. That peaceful atmosphere absolutely gave me the definition of Zen. It was a typical Parisian Monday. Walking down the street, everyone seemed so busy. The street was crowded with people walking, bicycling, and driving their ways to work. Some stopped along the way to grab a cup of coffee. All of sudden the smell of everyday coffee wasn't the same.

The warm and bittersweet aroma of roasted coffee combined with the buttery and yeasty smell of fresh baked pastries filled the air. At the corner, people walked UT of the billionaires with bags baguette and pastries on their hands. Then, an earthy scent of fresh-from-the-garden flower and a faintly sweet smell of blooming flowers gently spread around. Flower stalls with radiant and vibrant colors glowing under the early morning sun caught my eyes. Even the homeless on the street woke up and got ready for a new day. So I joined In the flow of people and continued living my dream in Paris. Paris is oozing with art andculture.

Artists were almost everywhere and love was In the air. It's not difficult to spot a Parisian cafe© on the street. The word " cafe©" said It all. It's so original that there Is so equivalent for Its name In the English language. The cafe© was so adorable with round tables and flimsy chairs on a shady pavement terrace. There were dancing people on the street. People playedmusicwith accordions, cellos or even trumpets formoney. A man with a beret hat would probably paint a portrait of you In no time. Souvenir stores were filled with tiny Eiffel towers, postcards and " I heart Paris" t-shirts. The crowds of people were inside the metro station.

Graffiti and paintings were all over the wall. Unlike others unique beauty. For centuries, this city has been the laboratory for new ideas of architects and artists, which explains why Paris has bits of everything. Seeing all the historic and majestic buildings would give you a definite aspect of European architecture. Furthermore, a large number of monumental churches were built in Paris. During theFrench revolution, many churches were burnt down and destroyed but fortunately some of them survived and renovated. To be

specific, the Notre Dame looked like a massive masterpiece. I took a closer look from the outside of the cathedral.

Every detail of the carvings was so sophisticated and amazing that it left me speechless. The interior was wonderfully classy with all the colorful stained glass, the painted ceilings and everything else in that gothic treasure. If there were a medal for the best-preserved city, Paris would probably win the first place. Along the Seine River, key locks were easily found on bridges, it's considered as a symbol of love. Lovebirds were holding hands and the music were playing. The scenery would brighten your day right away. And French people were lovely as they spoke softly and the elegant gesture they made.

The laughter and conversations mingled with the music melody, created a euphonious chorus of life. The highlight of the day didn't happen until sunset. It was summer so the sun didn't go down until nine. Standing from Pont Alexander III, the bridge that ps the Seine River, I got the perfect spot to watch twilight in Paris. As the sun began to set, a celestial glow appeared in the sky. As it went darker, the sky turned yellow, orange with a little shades of coral and magenta and the clouds looked like giant marshmallows floating in a gigantic punch bowl with layers of colors. The Eiffel tower was all lit up.

The lights started to blink like the stars were playing hide and seek. Just a few moments, the city of lights was in front of me. The attractive golden lights from the Eiffel, the yellow lights from the street, everything was exquisitely amazing. Then, those shimmering lights drew itself onto the Seine River. The reflection started to vibrate like it was trying to send a message as the river flow slowly moved. I Just stood there and did nothing

but stared at every centimeter of that stunning scenery. Rambling through the streets, the Paris during the day transformed itself into the Paris that took my breath away.

Every corner, every avenue was just pure magic. On the other hand, not everything about Paris is lovable. This city can get a bit touristy and crowded during summer. If you were too busy enjoying the view, you might be the victim of a pickpocket in just a blink of an eye. Since this city attracts so many people, the lines in most places were too long and it would probably waste your time. The queue at an ice cream cart on the street took me thirty minutes but it was all worth it. I had a strawberry sorbet. It was a blast of freshness. The sorbet tasted really juicy and deliciously tangy.

It instantly melted in my mouth then a cool smooth liquid flowed down my throat as it cleared away all my febleness in that boiling afternoon. So, as long as you are careful with your belongings and enjoy Paris to the fullest, the pickpockets and the lengthy lines would be no problems. There goes every beautiful piece of Paris that etched into my memory. As I wandered through the street of this city, splendid works of art were gently unfolding in front of me. The whole experience was priceless. I could throw in more adjectives to describe how surreal Paris was but this city would always be more than that.