

The market essay sample



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Abused tiles bear the scars of a relentless traffic of people marching above. The sheer abundance of shoppers and sellers outclasses the vibrancy of a tropical rainforest. They are like working ants buzzing around an ant hill. Weighty concrete blocks, anchoring many of the stalls and seller's abodes, are the only saving grace from them being washed away by a tsunami of hand bags and shoulders. The market has only just opened yet people throng with anticipation to seek out what bargains and commodities they can hopefully discover.

A young teenager, dressed in skinny jeans and a crimson jumper, has earphones plugged in which offers her respite from a cacophony of deafening, insolent children surrounding her. Although she is thin and agile, she is unable to avoid the certain delinquents who think they are in a game of bumper cars. Engrossed in her music, she subdues any desire to lash out. Peace is restored to the area after the children, who swarmed like angry wasps, were halted by their parents.

An ecstatic man in his gazebo of merchandise beamed triumphantly as he sold more clothing paraphernalia than his rival counterpart. The young entrepreneur put Alan Sugar to shame; he was in his element. Because of the endless onslaught of unified shoppers flooding their way into his domain, he struggled to serve every person before they grew restless and impatient. When the customers were content with their newly bought merchandise, they quickly dissolved back into the sea of people.

Crash! Every nearby eye scanned for the source of noise; a young boy is given the spotlight due to a loose arm making an antique vase plummet to

its death. His mother turns around faster than a helicopter's propeller. The immediate scornful face and demonic eyes strike fear into the little boy's heart. Shocked, the boy erupts into tears; rivers cascade from his grubby cheeks, ultimately washing them in the process. Adjacent teenagers, who are conversing among themselves, turn around to see what the commotion was over.

Elsewhere in the crowds of people, a woman is frantically searching for her young infant. Her eyes are an apache helicopter scanning a multitude of people and objects simultaneously. Suddenly, she hears that distinct 'mum' squeal every child cries instinctively when lost. Her daughter however, is dazed by a swarm of knobby knees engulfing her. There are more legs than the sum total of a hundred millipedes. After the girl's valiant cry to be rescued, she ascends her mum's shoulders. Delighted in her familiar watch tower, she can see further than ever before. Perching on her throne, she is a queen of all she surveys.

Surreptitiously, a man delves into a welcoming pocket. He wore charcoal black trousers, polished boots and a navy hoodie which also veils his face. Sweat that was trickling down his neck and forming pools around his armpits suggests the clammy close proximity between people. The unfortunate self-absorbed drone remained completely oblivious to his plundered pockets.

As the sun sinks below the sky, shadows increasingly consume the market leaving behind a trail of gloom and dusk; this is especially noticeable in the desolate alleyways. People hurriedly venture home, with the promise of their

feet up - watching television, taking their newly acquired goods with them and leaving behind the monotonous grey tiles and corroded drains.