

# Hyde park college essay



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The day everyone had anticipated for the whole week had finally arrived. There was a hint of excitement within the household; it was so easily sensed by everyone. The gigantic smile on my younger brother's face, the leaping of my sisters throughout the house and the amount of effort my mother had put into preparing the picnic was there for all to see. In the meantime my father was on the phone to my cousins making sure they arrive at our house promptly at eleven thirty.

By the time I came out of the bathroom at eleven forty-five the house was packed with relatives. My little cousins, aunts, uncles you name it they were there. Even though the family car was going to be put to good use with all the seats occupied, still my uncle's car was required. I am sure all together there were twelve of us. Everyone was geared up and ready to go, we started to make our way to Hyde Park on this sunlit day.

As we took off my father checked if everyone had their seat belts on. This audacious trip seemed as if a small village was on the move, As soon as the journey had started a beam of sunlight had struck the back of my neck it seemed unavoidable as it de-energised me through out the journey. This long tedious journey seemed never-ending as time more or less stood still similar to this infinite traffic jam across central London. The weather did not help as it was arid and I begun to suspect moist was evaporating from the surface of my dark-coloured skin. We finally had arrived at Hyde Park.

Only after being wounded by wave after wave of embarrassing tales everyone was a victim including poor old father, we searched for unoccupied area. This was to be under the shade of a monstrous oak tree; there was a

slight breeze but an invigorating one, here the picnic was laid in fine manor which made it even more appetizing. The only conversations that I heard was “ pass this” or “ pass that please” which emphasised we feasted in family fashion then posed for hilarious pictures and kicked a ball around well into the late afternoon. If our day out was to end now I would give it ten out of ten but it didn't.

Into the early night of that particular Saturday we were treated with an exotic, Middle Eastern dinner at a Lebanese restaurant called Al'gall. The whole place was lit with candles, rich in colour but almost blinding, a soothing flute was being played in the background. The atmosphere was lifting and vibrant and without a shadow of a doubt this restaurant seemed like a flight of the imagination. In addition the food was totally sensational and triggered each and every single taste bud from the starter of golden Arabic dates to the hot spicy rice and then was refreshed by the mouth-watering slices of watermelon. I thoroughly enjoyed it and looking around at the responses of relatives they were pretty much the same as my little cousin squeaked out “ yummy” in contrast with the rusty tone of my father when he said “ its absolutely delicious I tell you” for some of us like my sisters it was far too spicy and for the rest their was no superlatives to describe the occasion.

Unsurprisingly after a meal like that I needed to make a quick sprint to the toilets. However, there was no way I could have planned for what was about to take place. Bursting to go I already in advanced started to undo the buttons of my trousers, head down tangling with the buttons I continued to make my way to the toilet but all of a sudden I was elevated by a very strong

scent of channel 5 before I could look up to see who it was I at full throttle bombarded into the beautifully scented stranger. As she was out of balance I grabbed onto her in an instinct flash the turned my attention to picking up the books she dropped as I got back up and faced the stranger head on I stood still motionlessly.

Never before have I been graced by such beauty. Small, sharp, hazel eyes stared at me graciously. These hazel eyes almost sunset like never failed to capture my awareness; it was everything about the girl that roughly looked in her late teen that seized the moment from her figure that was shaped like a perfect number eight to her caramel coloured skin and all the way up to her luscious lips. What could I say? The girl took my breath away my whole body came to a halt. My knees were shaking as if I was unbalanced, my hands were numb totally unmovable, my heart was thumping like a jujitsu drum but worst of all my tongue felt heavy like a ton of bricks but miraculously I still spoke mumbling out “ I am so so sorry” “ no it was my fault” she replied.

I carried on standing in front of this exquisiteness in silence; I must have come across as a real lemon. Thankfully this didn't last long as she spontaneously said” where do I know you from” my reply was nothing short of admirable, a plausible icebreaker “ Would I be mistaken to believe that your middle name is beautiful” she giggled and slightly blushed at the present moment I projected as if I was cool, calm and calculated internally this could not have been further from the truth. I continued putting on a brave face and said “ I didn't catch your name” “ Jasmine” she replied “ Ooh exotic well mine is Ali, Sadiq Ali and can I get you a drink” finally I started to

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shred my Goosebumps and begun too ooze in confidence. Jasmine said “ I would love to but I was dinning with my family” swiftly I replied “ That goes for the both of us, and anyway it’s the least I could do after this inconvenience” she said “ Ok then since you’re so persistent but it will have to be a quick one.” We embarked in a deeper conversation as we got to know each other better she was born into a big family her being the twelfth the youngest child, raised in Cairo until she was two when her family moved to London due to her father accepting a vacant general precisionist post present in Islington.

We indulged in further conversation’s, we truly clicked there was an instant chemistry between us that was beyond believe. Without a shadow of a doubt the occasion was too good to be true she was what dreams are made out of and if there is such a thing as love at first sight this was it. Half an hour went past in her company but it felt like hours, as everything worthwhile comes to an end; this was that point. We exchanged contact numbers and I leaned over and gave her a tender kiss on her subtle cheek as whispered “ I will give you a call” then painfully departed. Finally just when I arrived back to my loved ones it was announced we were going home. The journey back was effortless with no noises and no traffic; we were home in half the time it took us to get there on midday.

The half crescent smiling moon was shinning brightly as it glowed back of the cat’s eyes on the road, this made me smile as the moon seemed to be guiding as home. The delicate breeze was coming through the half open front window it seemed to be whispering none other than the word Jasmine. This was an extraordinary day not be forgotten and always cherished.