

The Parade

It was during the time when I was five. With my parents we were walking down the road, when we saw a crowd of people. We walked towards them to find out what was happening. When we got there we discovered it was a parade! The day was hot and sunny so we bought some ice cream and we watched the parade. There was a large float with the head of a fish; it was shot through with orange, red, pale green and hot yellow. The crowds were cheering when people wearing bright clothing started performing gymnastic tricks. A few smaller floats went past; these were very pretty, with bright colours and glitter. One float was painted in red, yellow and very startling blue, all those weaved together to make an intricate pattern. Other floats were painted with bold colours. There weren't any intricate patterns just splatters of different colours. A sudden hush fell upon the crowd as the biggest float came passing by. It was covered shades green and blue at the front, but at the back was a startling contrast. The rear end was painted with bright reds, yellows and oranges and a fine mist of silver and gold glitter made the colours seem to glow and shimmer. A sound broke the silence; it was a sound like no other. It was the sound of a harp. Like water flowing between the strings the woman holding the harp plucked at the strings with incredible speed that her fingers were just a blur. The woman was sitting upon the float. She wore a flowing dress that was emerald green only broken by elegant lines of azure. As the last of the float disappeared from sight, the crowd began cheering and stirring. After the wonderful event, my legs were stiff. As my parents and I walked home, the rippling sound of the harp echoed through the night making the night sky seem blacker and the stars seem to shine brighter.