

Essay on A Visit to A Night Market

It was a cool Thursday evening just after a thunderstorm. The air was crisp and there was a rainbow in the sky. The sun was setting. Soon night would come.

I heard my mother call me, She asked me to go to the night market to buy some local kuih. She gave me some money and offset towards the pasar maiaam or night market.

The night market comes within a stone's throw of my house every Thursday night. Many traders and hawkers selling all sorts of things arrange their wares and goods fo. sale. They do this every night at different locations On Thursdays they come to my area.

As I neared the night market I could see many lights illuminating the darkening street. The traders had already switched on their portable fluorescent lamps. A sizable number of people were already at the night market. was not one of the first ones.

The first stall I encountered was one selling clothes. Rows and rows of dresses, shirts,, pants and other clothes hung on racks. Somewhere in the middle of these racks was a portable stereo not belting out a popular tune. The trader smiled at me. I raised my hand in acknowledgement and walked past his stall.

The next stall was one selling fruits. A number of buyers were busy picking out some fruits. The fruit-seller was busy weighing the fruits,

Beyond this fruit stall, the crowd became thicker and I had to take care not to knock into someone. At times had to make way for others heading towards the opposite direction, Some of these people did not

seem to be aware that there were others around, They just blundered into others and they did not even apologise. Anyway, fortunately, I am young and agile easily avoided any collision.

I passed a vegetable stall, a mee goreng stall and more clothes stalls. Then I stopped by at my Auntie's stall. She sells fruits for a living. She was happy to see me and gave me a piece of jackfruit to eat. I accepted the fruit gladly for it is one of my favourites. We exchanged small talk for a while and then I took leave of her.

Further down the street, there were more stalls selling all sorts of thing. I stopped for a while and examined a wallet made from imitation leather. The trader said I could have it for two ringgit but I had no intention of buying the wallet that night, put the wallet down and the price came down to one-fifty. I thanked the trader and walked off. The trader gave me a funny look.

Finally, I came to the stall that sold all sorts of kuih, I picked out a few of my mother's favourite and paid for them.

Then I made my way back through the thickening crowd. I waved at my Auntie as I passed her stall. She beckoned me to go to her stall. I obliged and she gave me a packet of jackfruit and starfruit for my mother. I thanked her and left.

As I made my way out the crowd gradually thinned and soon I was walking alone. Behind me, the night market bustled with activity. I glanced around to have one more look at the busy place before I headed home where my mother waited.