



Racynne Fonteville  
 Tuesday 5<sup>th</sup> February, 2013  
 Composition Writing

I lay on the sparkling sand, very still, as I was watching the others play ball and skip rope. It was awesome; the peace of it all was mesmerizing. I was in a state of ultimate bliss, where tranquility is universal. I was happy.

The glee continued as I bought ice-cream, the pinnacle of a cream-o-holic's day. Could this day get any better? I was right. It could. And it did. A cool breeze terrorized the sweltering heat and washed it away. This kind of cold knows no evil and is welcomed by all.

Now came the zenith of day. My sister, Marilyn, had brought fireworks; the works of fire. Tongues of flame shot into the sky, and spat smaller tongues into the sky, as well. The spectrum of colours visible was that of a rainbow. Bliss was prominent, like a gay wind blowing through my hair.

