

The Concert

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The old folding chair squeaked as I sat down for the concert. The concert hall was grand, old yet modern and lit up. It was almost magical. A shiny, black stage was covered half with a vibrant curtain at the front of the hall and it had seats wrapping themselves around it. There was a blue, vibrant wave of empty, blue seats surrounding me. Looking down from the highest tier, the stage was a black hole entering into the wall. What was behind the curtain? You could not tell.

People started cramming into the doors, walking up to the guards who were already trying to direct as many people as they could at once. If you even blinked for a second, when you opened your eyes again the population had doubled. Hot dogs, chips and popcorn were being brought in by almost everybody; I could smell so many different smells. Turning around I came face to face with a sweaty, ketchup covered hot dog grasped in the hands of a sleeping lady. I saw a girl dressed in vivid colours across the hall. Happy and excited, she sat down with her parents and waited for the show to begin.

The lights went out and I was surrounded by darkness. It was like Halloween. It was pitch black but you could feel the presence of shadowy figures. Suddenly light beamed out from above, a magical sunrise of colours shone onto the stage. The brightly dressed girl looked stunned. I saw her eyes light up and a look of anticipation painted itself upon her pale face.

A drum roll began. Wildly, the dancers ran onto the stage smiling with anxiety. They danced to the music with perfect timing, they didn't look real. All dancing was in unison. They were robots, no expressions but they could move perfectly, I could watch them forever. The show went on for hours and after a while your eyes blurred and the lights were a colourful scribble behind the dancers. You couldn't see anyone in the audience and the hall felt empty except from the bright stage. All concentration was on the dancing. Gradually the music softened and slowed and the music started to fade. The dancers came back and took their final bow, the crowd cheered.

The lights came back on, I looked around the room and the thousands of people reappeared. They looked paralysed and were staring at the stage still, wishing the show would continue. The stage was once again empty and a black curtain covered it so the staff were able to clean and tidy behind it before they could go home. The girl's face was in a wide grin and I saw her excitedly discussing the dancing to her mother and father, who also looked very impressed with the show. She gave one final look into the auditorium before disappearing through the doors and joining the crowd of people fighting to leave.

Leading out onto the road, I could still see the girl's bright pink cap in the distance. She then walked out onto the road and crammed into a taxi with her cheerful family. Driving away from me, the taxi disappeared into the busy traffic. The constant flow of people pouring out of the wide open doors had finally reached an end. Everyone had left the concert; it was over.