

Warm colors smudged together in the evening air, and as night fell a silver pitted moon hung high in the night sky while the twinkling stars above shone brightly. People were starting to gather together for the celebration. Everyone was buying torches from the market stalls to walk down to the event field.

Walking down the roads, flames were flickering peacefully and it created a calm atmosphere. We were winding left and right until we finally reached the field. In the distance, you were able to see smoke fleeing from the bonfire and it wasn't long until we reached it. As my father threw the torch into the bonfire, flames grew taller. Trees beyond were lit up with gleams of light. Standing on the wet, dewy grass I could hear the sizzling fireworks as multi-colored sparks whizzed around in the night sky. The bonfire flew up with fire as once again people threw their torches in, and it gave out a warm hug to everyone nearby. The excitement was buzzing around inside of me and a burning taste entered my mouth, as I stared out into the ebony darkness. Once the bonfire died down, people started heading home to sit by their fires. And so, we started heading back as well. After what seemed hours of fun, I sat back in the comfy seat and stared out of my window watching the darkness spread.