

## **THE ANTIQUE SHOP**

Kingston Street was overcrowded that day as the best shops in Manchester were located here. In fact it was the captivating advertisements about these malls in the newspapers that had tempted me to visit the place. I took the metro and got off the nearest stop to Kingston Street. It was already four in the evening but I had a little way to walk. As I was walking down Park Street, I had to pass through park to reach my destination.

I looked into my watch. It was four fifteen. The sky above me was getting dark and black clouds were forming like bad dreams. Suddenly it started to drizzle and within a couple of minutes it started raining heavily. I ran towards one of the shops near by. I stood underneath awning as I waited for the showers to get lighter. As I was standing there, I noticed a shop right across the street. It seemed strange and I didn't recollect having seen it before. The name on its board also seemed strange. It read something like ... "Vic's Collection". "I must go in here" I thought to myself.

As soon as the rains got lighter, I crossed the street to have a closer look at this shop. The boards were very dusty and appeared old. From the outside, the inside of the shop looked very creepy! This increased my curiosity. I am the type of person who looks for adventure at any given time. I went forward to open the door as I did so, a cold chill ran down my body! As I turned the handle of the door to open, it made a loud screech.

Inside, the smell was very much different from the street. I couldn't exactly make out what it was because it smelt like a mixture of different things but I recognised that one of the odours was that of silver polish. To avoid that, I moved forward to explore more what was in store. I was excited because it apparently was an antique shop and had always wanted to visit an antique shop. Although I had read about these kinds of shops in books and stories had never been in ride one. Along the walls all were the books that I had ever wanted to see an antique shop. I looked here and there around me trying to look for some attendant but could see none. Perhaps there were no other attendants other than the owner himself and maybe he was somewhere inside and wasn't aware of my presence. I looked at the first section. Here I saw some kitchen utensils, crockery, and cutlery.

All these seemed to be very old from the look of it. I took a closer look at one of them and, gasped at its magnificence, it was one of the best things I had ever seen. It had wonderful Victorian design which I'm sure doesn't exist nowadays. Some of them had engravings of gold and silver others were miniatures that were so small I was tempted to hold it in my palm. But everything was covered in a thick layer of dust. Then I came across a shelf which had a collection of books. They were all dusty too. I opened one of the books and saw it dated 1735! I took a quick look at a few other if they were from the 16<sup>th</sup> century and they would have to be hand written interesting books on astrology dated back to the 16<sup>th</sup> century. I didn't bother to look more at the books because they don't interest me. I turned around and saw shelf full of games. All seemed to be ancient like Jumanji, chess, hide and kill, mahjo, which I guess was a Chinese game and some games I had never heard of.

"What strange names!", I thought to myself. I moved forward to get a closer look at a huge section of the shop which stored a few musical instruments of different kinds. The things in the shop had been kept in random. Everything was spread out.

One of them looked like an Indian flute. Most of them seemed to belong to the 1930's. There was an antique piano which was huge and stood on six legs. There were also some wall hangings and show pieces which had excellent engravings on them. The piano was brown in colour and I guess it was made of brass. It shined very brightly in spite it was dark.

In a dark corner at the back I discovered some paintings which reminded me of Van Gogh, Monet and Picasso which were hung high on the walls. They were quiet big and very clean, as if they had just been painted. A big sign of "For Sale" was printed beneath the paintings. A little ahead were some clocks that were huge enough to stand in the middle of a street! They were very dusty and had lots of big cobwebs on them. The ticking of the clocks was the only sound in the silent caven. Suddenly, out of the darkest corner an old man emerged and told me that the shop was to close in 5 minutes and that I had to make any. So, I asked him the price of the cuckoo clock which caught my eye. He told me it would cost 50 pounds.

It was too expensive, I couldn't think of buying it. I hastily moved towards the section of the shop that led to the exit. Here I saw a beautiful collection of antique jewellery locked in a showcase. I saw that the jewels were mainly of stones and pearls. The designs and patterns were intricate.

I wished I could spend some more time in the shop to have a closer look at all the things that I've always read about it in books. But unfortunately I wasn't allowed to stay here any longer. I definitely have to return next week. I hastily walked out of the shop and I crossed with care to the other side of the road to reach the metro.

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