

This is a small extract from an article I wrote for work. It is an original piece of writing.

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The sound of ice being crushed and poured into transparent, disposable cups was almost therapeutic and my eyes followed the dance the hawker's hands did as he spun the colored dropper over the gola ganda. The reds, greens, and yellows mixed and twisted over the ice capturing rainbows in a cup. I wrapped my hands around the cup feeling the cool drink as my mother bargained with the hawker for its price. That is the beauty of Pakistan, everything you need or want is within an arm's reach.