

I'm going to tell you about a time when I was part of a crowd of people just like the one in the audio clip. It is a memory that I will never forget for as long as I live. The **anticipation**. The excitement. The **exhilaration** was thrilling.

We had woken really early that morning and I don't think I've gotten dressed that quickly in my life! I arrived at my mum's early and **gobbled** some breakfast. My sister and I then waited for what seemed like ages for mum to be ready. Finally, we were out of the door.

The train journey into London seemed to take an age – we watched out of the window as town after town whizzed by. The landscape changed as we got closer to London; more houses and warehouses and almost no green to be seen. I wondered what it would be like to see them in real life. What would they be wearing? Would they see me and smile or wave?

At Kings Cross we got off of the train and **bustled** our way through the crowds to the underground. My sister could hardly contain herself, having needed the toilet about 40,000 times that morning in her complete excitement. She grabbed my hand as we **jostled** our way through the **commuters** to get our train.

When we finally arrived at our **destination**, the Mall, there were what seemed like millions of people **lining the street** watching and waiting. Flags flew in the breeze, waving as if they were greeting us. The noise was **thunderous** as people eagerly talked, laughed and joked to pass the time. Little did I know that this **causal** roar would become deafening!

It didn't take long before there was a change in the sound of the crowd. Almost like a wave, the crowd started cheering, flag waving and whooping! The wave of noise seemed to **gradually** roll its way towards us. In front of us we could see an empty street and the crowd the opposite side anticipating the arrival. We could see thousands of flags being held high and waved, the wave coming closer and closer to where we stood.

Suddenly the wave of cheering hit us **preceded** by the clip clopping sound of a hundred horse hooves. Clip clop, clip clop. The Royal Horse Guard, dressed in their black and red **livery** and sat upon the most glorious, majestic beasts slowly rode down the Mall towards us. We were caught up in the **upsurge** and started to join in the **cacophony** long before we saw them. There! There they were! Finally! The Royal Carriage, gleaming gold and bronze in the sunlight, slowly rolled past in front of us. The top had been removed so that the crowds could see the newly married couple, blissfully smiling and waving to the waiting people. The new Duchess of Cambridge, Princess Katherine, looked beautiful in her ivory dress and lace veil. The diamonds in her tiara glinting in the sunlight. The Duke of Cambridge, Prince William, sat tall and smiling.

The people around us cheered and screamed, some threw flowers to the bride and other waved their flags so enthusiastically it appeared as if they were blowing the carriages down the Mall towards the palace.