
The Day of Ahmed's Secret

All kinds of sounds, maybe every **sound** in the world, are tangled together: trucks and donkeys, cars and camels, carts and buses, dogs and bells, shouts and calls and whistles and laughter all at once.

I have a **sound**, too, the **sound** my cart makes: *Karink rink rink, karink rink rink*. I know my sound helps to make the whole sound of the city, and it would not be the **same** without me.

Loudest of all to me today is the silent sound of my secret, which I have not yet spoken.

Over all the noise I hear my name, "Ahmed! Ahmed!" And my **name** becomes part of the city sound too.

It is Hassan calling me. He leans over the counter of his cart, and the bright colours of the cart mingle with **other** colours of the street, the way the noise all go **together** to make the sound of the city.