

Festival: Wendy Margaret

Charlotte and I had another crazy experience there when we went to a festival with rides and a huge Ferris Wheel. There was noise and lots of colour and, though we didn't realise it, it was a Muslim festival which had a different vibe from Indian festivals. We walked towards the wheel and Charlotte pointed out that it was being powered by a couple of men standing in the middle and peddling.

As her voice rang out, the crowd turned to look at us and we realised we stood out like sore thumbs. The massive crowd began to shift forward towards us and we became frightened, not knowing what to do or where to go. Just when we needed it, a large, unknown official black car pulled up and hands hauled us inside the car. We were relieved to be out of the situation, but now we were worried this ride could also become dicey.