

An Incidence

Suppose you were going home from school your cycle got punctured on the way. Describe what happened after that

I live at a distance of about three miles from my school. I have my own cycle to go to school. Last summer into month of May, when the school was over, I left for home at the end of the month back wheel of my cycle got deflated. I felt much disturbed in my mind, since the sun blazed overhead like a furnace. The way was long, the cycle shop was far away and there was no shady place on the road. I was feeling hungry and thirsty. When the school is over after the day's work, only a student knows how tired and overworked he feels, if this home is far away from the school, due to hunger he feels half dead by the time he reaches home. So in my anger, I cursed my cycle in the most abusive language. I thought to myself that the cycle in the most abusive language. I thought to myself that the cycle was the worst type of transport. I could not be relied upon at all. It got punctured and deceived its master anywhere.

I felt angry even with myself. There was a time when I used to come to school from home on foot all the distance. I was given the cycle as a birthday present only two years back by my uncle. Before that when I was even younger, I had been coming to school on foot continuously for three years. What an ugly change had come in me! I asked myself why I had become so much depended on cycle. My mind was overtaken by a sense of shame. There were quite a good number of students who had no cycle at all and they had to go a longer distance than I. With these thoughts in my mind, I covered some distance. All the same I kept feeling at the end of the month feeling uncomfortable. I felt taut my speed was too slow and the distance was too long Unfortunately, I throughout of a strange device.

I tried of ride my cycle as it was, without earring what could happen to the deflated wheel. The wheel rattled very badly, but I pushed on, by the time I reached the cycle shop after making a heroic effort, two or three spokes had broken and there was a serious defect in the rim. The cycle repairer pointed out to me that my impatience had tube was tested, there were found to be at least ten or twelve punctures in it, and at two or three places it had received minor cuts. How thoughtlessly I had acted!

After the punctures had been pasted, the rim was taken out. In spite of using his tools, appliances, skill and precautions, the repairer could not set it right inkless than an hour and a half. Then came the bill. It awes two rupees and fifty paisa My God! What to do now? I had only two rupees with me. The repairer was able to

guess my difficulty. He said in a long tone. My boy does not feel so heavy. You may pay the remaining amount tomorrow." That gave me a feeling of great relief. I paid my best thanks to him and rode on my cycle.

Within ten minutes, I was able to reach home. On reaching home when I told my parents the whole story instead of showing any sympathy they scolded me for my carelessness in reading a punctured cycle. Really I had a very unhappy experience that day. I could not enjoy even my meals. The incident became a part of an unforgettable memory.