

## **A Picnic**

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### Essay No. 1

Picnics, tours, trips, and excursions are part and parcel of our life. They provide us complete opportunities to study the book of Nature as Shakespeare says. "We find sermons in stones, tongues, in trees and books in running brooks". Picnics, tours, and tours are as important as food and drink.

One Sunday morning, the weather was very fine. The sky was cloudy and cool and a gentle breeze was blowing. My friend and I decide to visit the river Beas which flows at a distance of six kilometers from our town. We were a party of eight friends. We took with us our swimming suits and towels. We also carried a good quality of eatables including fruits. We left home on bicycles at 6 a.m.

The river scenery was also very charming. Water in the river flowed on silently and majestically. Fish swam in the water. There were flocks of water birds sitting on the banks. We parked our bicycles. Then we changed our swimming suits. Then we had a dip in the river. Then we played some games on the soft sand of the river bank. Thereafter, we sat down in a circle to take a rest. One of us was a good singer; he entertained us with many songs. We all were in a gay mood. So we chatted and laughed. We cracked jokes with one another. We heated the food that we carried with us on the stove. We had a hearty meal.

In the meantime, it grew very hot. So we took rest under the shade of a tree. Then we began to play cards. After some time tea was ready, we took tea and eatables; by then it was 5:30 p.m. we took our bicycles and started back home. We reached home at 6:00 p.m. it was a happy day in the pleasant company of friends.

### Essay No. 2

## **A Picnic**

**Or**

## **An Outing with the Family**

**Or**

## **How I Spent A Holiday**

It is always good to go out of doors. Free air and an open sky are always welcome. Quite often one feels choked inside the houses and cities. It is good to run away into the open air for a day when one has the time. Picnics were very common for families in older days. But now even picnics are becoming rare and uncommon. Families just do not have time, money, and mood to go away from their boring familiar surroundings. That indeed is one of the greatest ills of modern times.

A picnic is a delightful diversion. It takes you away from your dull daily routine, it produces a soothing effect and adds charm to life. sometimes it is possible to plan and go out. When it is possible, one avail of the opportunity.

We had one such opportunity last Sunday. Early in the morning, we got ready to spend a day at the Okha Canal Bank. My mummy prepared food and my sisters helped in making other preparations. We took a thermos filled with tea and took along a couple of carpets for spreading under the trees to make ourselves feel comfortable.

It was not easy to catch a bus from Connaught Place for Okhla Barrage. We made some inquiries but there was no bus available. We were told to get a bus for Lajpat Nagar and then get a bus for Okhla from there. So we boarded a bus for Lajpat Nagar. But at Lajpat Nagar, we had to wait for an hour to get a bus for Okhla. But Okhla was worth all the trouble we had to take to go there.

It was a beautiful scene and the weather was cooler than in the city. There were green trees and they provided nice shade to the picnickers. Some fishermen were busy catching fish. There were a lot of children playing with each other under the shady trees. There we took our lunch and lunch seemed especially tasty at Okhla. We felt that our lunch was not enough because everyone ate more than usual.

After lunch, we all had a nap under the balmy shade of the trees. The children of one family played with children of other picnickers. Some old women read their holy books. In the afternoon there was a drizzle and even a few drops of rain were very much welcome at that season of the year. But the rain broke the magic web of our sleep. Our sweet dream came to an end.

Now it was getting evening. We took the evening tea which we had brought with us along with some snacks specially made for the trip. When it was getting dark, we boarded a bus and returned home.

Essay No. 03

**An Excursion to a Lake**

or

### A Picnic

Picnicking is a very good source of recreation as well as instruction. I try my best to have at least one picnic party in a month.

Last Sunday I along-with a number of my friends, went out for a picnic. I had persuaded them two days earlier and all the necessary arrangements had been made a day earlier.

On the fixed day, two of my friends, Sushil and Anil left very early in the morning for the canal. They took with them a number of mats, a stove, a kerosene can, some wheat flour, a pastry board, a pastry roller, a big can of purified water, and a number of necessary articles which had been jointly listed by all the friends. They left for the venue on a tempo. The renowned cook, Mr. Devi Dayal, who had been engaged by us also, reached the place at the time he was asked to do. He had already cut up the vegetables and prepared the fire before we reached there.

There were a dozen friends in all. We, the remaining friends reached the place on our bikes.

On reaching the lake, we decided to boat for a while. We had already engaged a boat's man and his boat. We had a very hilarious

time

Then we decided to sing and dance on the mats to the tune of the deck which Anil and Sushil had taken with them.

Meanwhile, Devi Dayal had prepared hot puns with a fresh mixed vegetable dish. Thereafter we took sweet pudding.

Then we had a session of tidbits and quizzes and other cultural items. We enjoyed ourselves a lot for a few hours and then returned home. We were full of enthusiasm, joy, and happiness that the moments of interaction and cooperative spirit had lent us.

Essay No. 4

### The Picnic

What would happen if life was to be one long stretch of happiness or sadness? We would be soon bored and fed-up with the monotony of events. In other words, this

means that we need change to bring beauty and joy in our life. In that case what better way to bring change in our lives than to go on a picnic.

The picnic is a wonderful change. Everything is new. The place is new and so are the people. The sights are new and so are the sounds and smells. You are no longer confined to the four walls of your house. You are a free bird. You are no longer in the same company of your family; instead, your companions are your friends

When out on a picnic, you enjoy your food because it tastes very good. This is so not because of any special ingredient or vegetable. It is so because you and your companions have together cooked the food. Although in normal circumstances you may not like to eat such a food. But you enjoy it in the open environment of an open-air picnic. Such is the magic of the picnic that simple food takes on the divine form.

The picnic also transforms us. It takes away our mundane roles and gives us new parts to play. Some of us may become poets, others jesters. Still, some others may take on the role of a cook or a water carrier. We invent new games and newer mischief. Old people become children and vice-versa. Each player has his own importance. No one minds if either of us is not perfect in our roles. Every slip-up is brushed aside with a great deal of laughter and tolerance. Change of roles gives much-needed rest and peace to a person. It brings back the harmony between individuals. It also gives each of us a chance to be at our creative best.

Picnic satisfies the urge for change in all of us. It also gives all of us much-needed rest.