

## My Neighbor

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One day I was coming home from school when I noticed smile coming from my neighbor's window

Last Friday when I was coming home from my school, I saw a dense smoke coming out of a window of my neighbor's house. At first, I thought it to be some oven. But when I reached nearer, I found it was fire which had broken out in the house. The inmates of the house were rushing out of it. The male members of the family were out and only the ladies and children were there. They were crying for help and people were running up to help them.

I immediately rang up the Fire Brigade Station. In a few minutes, the bells of the fire brigade were heard ringing in. One after a number of water tankards arrived on the spot. The fighters cordoned off the house on fire and started spraying it with water. Some of the fire fighters look out of now ablaze.

Some policemen also arrived and tried to disperse the crowd which had gathered there. There was a great hue and cry. The belongings of the family were lying on the road. The fire fighters were doing their best to save as much as was possible. The families living on first and second floors were hit the hardest.

But fortunately, enough there was no loss of life. Some bad character wanted to fish in the troubled water. But for the timely and prompt vigilance of the police, the thieves would have done their job very well.

Some men could be seen with their note books and pencils. They were the news reporters collecting material for their papers. They would ask everybody about the fire. The next day they gave out the news and estimated the loss at five lakhs of rupees.

The persona whom were rendered homeless were taken in a municipal van to a place of shelter. The fire brigades took about five hours to put out the fire. The cause of the fire was not known, but it was suspected to be due to short circuit in electric wiring of the house.

The whole scene was a shocking that I cannot forget it for life. The palatial building, which was a stately abode of the family, was razed to the ground and only a few charred walls were left to be seen.

Essay No. 2

## My Neighbour

Love thy neighbour, said Jesus Christ. Yet how many people do really love their neighbour? Usually there prevails a great tension among the neighbours on some point of dispute or the other. Many people just tolerate neighbours because there is no other way to get rid of them. Here and there people change their houses, if they are tenants and cannot pull on with their neighbours. Some people even sell their houses because they find their neighbourhood is not congenial to their tastes.

There are very few neighbours among whom amity prevails. If there is love among the neighbours, it is like something out of paradise, because your neighbour is nearer to you than your kith and kin. He can always be helpful to you when other people cannot reach you. There is a romantic possibility of boys and girls playing together in their childhood getting married ultimately. Such a marriage is likely to be the happiest because its attachment goes back to infancy.

It is usually for boys and girls next door to peep into each other's courtyards and admire each other, even if they are not on speaking terms. Neighbours are thrown together by God like two fellow travelers in a bus or a train and it is best to be tolerant of each other, even though true love and admiration may be lacking. That is why Jesus said, "Love thy neighbour." If you do not love even your neighbour how can you love rest of the world?

Women admire men in the neighbour and men admire the women in the vicinity if they have nothing unpleasant about them. "My neighbour is a sort of husband my wife would like to have", is a famous proverb. The same may also be said about the neighbouring wives. "My neighbour is a type of wife my husband would like to have." After all the things work out both ways. What is true of men is equally true of women. What is goose for the one is gander for the other.

There is no doubt that the neighbours take keen interest in the affairs of each other's even when they are not on speaking terms. They want to know all that is happening in their close neighbourhood. They peep through hole and even hear whispers to find out what is happening on the other side of the wall. They engage even maid servants and sweepers to inform them about all that is happening in the house of the neighbour next door. If the neighbours are rich and affluent they want to know what prestigious gadgets the other party possesses, how much money it spends, what kind of furniture it has in the house, what are the kind of people who come to meet them and what are the kinds of friends and foes they have. In case of any feud between them they at once carry the tables to their friends and foes and try to alienate their neighbours from their friend and sow seeds of bitterness among foes. In any case of trouble, they align themselves, with the foes of the neighbour and make a common cause with them.

Your neighbour has claim upon privacy and your time. It is best not to deny such claims but willingly accept the exigencies of the situation. Why resent something which is inevitable? Neighbours are people like fellow travelers. Life is nothing but a short journey. Let us live it as happily as we can. Why make it more miserable than it really is?