

## Describe a Journey by Boat

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We get a quite a large number of chances of travelling by railway train or motor bus and enjoy our journey. Some of us must have enjoyed horse-ride, camel ride or donkey ride. Some of us have a great desire to have a flight by an aero plane, but very few of us will have thought of journey by boat. There is a difference between crossing a river by gator and journey by boat. By journey aye a boat, I mean going along the river a few miles at least.

Last year during the summer vacation it so happened that our family went to Hardwar instead of going to any other hillstation as Hardwar was put forth by my mother who has a religious bent of her because we were not unaware of the joy of the tips in the holy and enjoyed ourselves a lot. We did not miss the opportunity of visiting other places of pilgrimage like Rishikesh and Laksman Jhoola. When we were nearing the end of our satay we paid a visit to Gurukul, an institution of education in Sanskrit, situated at Kankhal.

As we were coming back we stopped at the place from where the Ganges canal emerges from the main river. When we were standing at the confluence, we saw a boat loaded with timber standing ready to go down. MY father had a short talk with the head boatman and it was decided that we should undertake a journey up to bola by means of then shame boat. The idea of journeying by boat sent a thrill of joy through our mind. We brought our luggage and stowed it in the boat. The fare was settled. It was not higher than the railway fare.

Soon we left by boat, as we passed through the shadows of the evening, our hearts were full of curiosity for we hoped to have an adventurous journey. I had a lurking desire in my heart to row the boat myself. We went forth a few miles without a incident worth mentioning. By this time the sun was setting in the western horizon. The scene created by the purple rays of the sun fallen g on the surface of the water was worth seeing After some time the darkness fell. The water was running and producing a star ante sound. The shadow of the trees standing on the bank was falling across the bosom of the flowing water.

The Water was deep and frightening. The face of the bright moon appeared in a very beautiful manner from the east. Twinkling stars produced a glimmer in the waves that overlapped one another.

The beauty of the dense forest added its own color to the variety of the scene. In the distance could be seen flickering candles. The barking of dogs and the howling of jackals was heard sometimes. We passed by a village which was

situated just on the bank of the canal. We passed through desolate scene and we passed by high mounds and deep pits.

In the silent hours of the night, a sailor began singing a song. The boat went forward and the distance went backward. It was a fine folk song. The sailors related to us stories of the boating adventures : how they had seen wolves, tigers and elephants standing wayside on the bank or drinking water. The boat was rowed throughout the night. We moved at a speed of nearly eight miles an hour and reached our destination in the morning.