

## Waiting for a bus

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### Essay No. 01

The story of the curies a popular film had been running to packed houses at the Regal in New Delhi. My friend and I decided to see it. Accordingly, I rang up one of my relatives working as a booking clerk at the cinema house and two seats in the Dress Circle were reserved for the evening show.

We had to catch the bus of route Number 15 from the bus stop at bungalow Rasd, Roop Nagar. We reached the bus stand at 5 p.m. sharp because we know that office are closed at 5 p.m. To our surprise there was long queue and we stood at the end of it. A bus we were growing restless lest we should miss to show. Soon it was 5.20 everybody was cursing the transport authorities.

Just then sound of a horn was heard in the distance. All eyes tuned into hat direction. It was bus no. 15. The queue was packed and the conductor picked up only one passenger in lieu of one who had got down. He informed us that the bus due at 5.15 had broken down to the way. Everybody criticized the authorities of the DTC. For putting rotten buses on the road.

The queue was now orderly again. My place in the queue was twelfth and that of my friend thirteenth. We were feeling tired and thirsty. But there was no water near about. There was no shelter and people were perspiring in the sun. Many were wiping their necks and hands with handkerchiefs. Everybody was 5.45p.m. There was a great rush. But the conductor warned the passengers to stand in their places or he would not pick up even one. The warning had a sober effect. The elbowing and jostling in the queue stopped. A well-dressed gentleman who tried to force entrance by the wrong way was shouted at. The poor fellow retired to the picked. We had hardly boarded the bus when the conductor whistled and the bus sped away towards New Delhi.

Perhaps the most disgusting thing the world is to wait for a DTC Bus.

### Essay No. 02

## Waiting for A Bus

Waiting for a bus is a tiring affair. It is a regular feature of big cities. Those who do not have their own vehicles have to travel by bus. They have to wait for a bus for hours together. They stand in long queues at a bus stop. In order to kill time, some start talking while others start reading some journal. As soon as the bus arrives all

rush towards it. Ladies, children and old people find it hard to board it. Some people feel disappointed if the bus turns out to be of another route. Sometimes the bus is over-loaded and does not stop. The people curse their fate. They blame the management for their troubles. Many people get late for their offices. They have to explain to their high-ups the reason of their being late. Waiting for a bus is really a trying experience.