

A Foggy Day

In winter seasons, when the temperature is low, the mornings are sometime very foggy. One who is out of doors and face to face with fog can know pleasant or unpleasant fogginess is. One must be one's foot go through the tickling experiences of fogginess. Fortunately, I had several opportunities of going through such experiences when I was a boy of twelve or thirteen years. I lived in my village and had to walk a distance of four miles every morning to reach my school in the town. Here was a kackha road with fields on both its sides, the road had several curves at intervening distances. It passed over several small bridges and a big bridge under which the Jamuna flowed.

As I left the village in the company of my four or five friends early in the morning, we felt a bit nervous in the midst of fog which had thickly pervaded the atmosphere. As we came out of the village and were on the road, we felt very shaky. WE could not see anything in front of us. We had to grope for our next step and walk with cautious steps. However, there were stray remarks from each one of us and no constant conversation as it used to be on other days. We were wrapped up in chadors or shawls to keep the cold at an arm's length.

When we had left the village a few furlongs behind, we felt a bit better. The fog was not so thick here and we had the beautiful sights of the fields to enjoy. However, the fields did not look so green as they used to appear on other mornings. Layers of some white substance had settled on the leaves of the plants. Watered fields gave solace to the eyes. We felt sorry for the unneutered movement in the leaves of the trees. The early pedestrians or cyclists did not look to be active. As we advanced on the way, we speed faster. AS we reached the bridge of the Jamuna we decided to take rest. We sat down on the bridge and looked happily around. We saw the birds in their nests an on the bare trees. The birds sitting on the branches looked more miserable. There were no flights of birds. The water of the Jamuna seemed to have lazy flow.

A car whose light was hazy stopped on the bridge. The driver saluted us and was on his way again. We saw some deer standing quietly under a tree. There was strange silence and laziness in the whole atmosphere. The fog lessened as we neared the town. The rising sun struggled to come out of the clouds. There was no sunlight even when we reached the school. Time passed, but there was no sunlight.