

A Journey by Bus

4 Best Essays on "A Journey by Bus"

Essay No. 01

A journey by bus is dull and boring. Once we occupy a seat, we remain stationary there till we reach on destination. We cannot move freely in a bus. Heat in the summer and cold in winter make the journey troublesome and unbearable.

I seldom travel by bus, but this summer I had to travel by bus to Manali since the entire family was going on a summer vacation by bus. Our luggage was loaded on the roof of the bus and I managed to get a window seat, much to the envy of my cousins.

We left at 6 o'clock in the morning. The weather was quite pleasant. Sunshine was filtering in through the windows on the other side of the bus, so my side was quite cool. A cool breeze was blowing and it was very refreshing. All family members started chatting although a few elders tried to catch some sleep since everyone had woken up quite early.

We had packed sandwiches and cold drinks which we had for breakfast in the moving bus itself. It was a lot of fun since everyone had to pass the eatables on the bus. I was carrying storybooks, magazines' and the morning newspaper with me. First, I read the newspaper to catch up with the latest developments and then went through the magazine for some time.

It was lunchtime and we decided to stop at the roadside Dhaba is one of the villages of Punjab. The food was very delicious and different from what we eat at home. Everyone stretched their tired limbs and some people even lay down on the cots for some time.

After lunch, it became quite hot. I drew the curtain at the window and decided to sleep for some time. With a full stomach and rocking bus, I fell asleep within a couple of minutes. When I woke up, I could not believe my eyes. The bus was negotiating steep curves and I realized that we had entered the hills. Tall trees cast their shadow on the road and very fresh wind livened everyone up. The children started singing songs and the elders joined by clapping vigorously. It was getting chilly and we took out light woolen to cover ourselves. We refreshed ourselves with hot tea and started to enjoy the lovely scenery.

We could see terraced forms, small streams of water, and waterfalls running down the mountainside and the local hill people cheered whenever they saw our bus. There were apple orchards, plum trees, and tall chinar trees. It was like a dream come true and was just like the storybooks that we had read. As dusk started to fall, the conductor announced that we had reached our destination.

One didn't know how time flew and this bus journey was very different from the usual dull and loving journeys. I will remember this bus journey all my life.

Essay No. 2

A Journey By Bus

It was a fine day. I decided to spend the evening at Connaught place. I got ten rupees from my father. I left my house at 6 p.m. to catch the bus for Odeon.

I stood in the queue and waited anxiously for my turn in vain. I joined those who were struggling at the door of the bus. With great difficulty, I also got my chance to get on the bus. I got a seat. Hardly had I sat on my seat when I saw a very old man. He was standing near me. He looked very sad. I looked at him. I got up out of respect. I offered my seat to him. But to my great surprise, a fashionable young lady rushed towards the seat. She pressed herself into the seat. The poor old man looked at her helplessly. He had to keep standing. The lady felt no shame. She kept on looking at the poor old shamelessly. I felt very angry at her behavior.

The passengers inside the bus were talking loudly. Some were talking about politics. Some were talking of soaring prices. Others were discussing their personal problems. The family quarrels were the subjects of their talk. I was looking outside thinking about the sad incident.

The journey was not long. It was quite short. By now our bus reached Pant Hospital. There many people got down. Many others boarded the bus. As usual, the bus moved on. An old lady began to feel giddy. She requested a young man to provide her his seat. This proud young man refused flatly. This was very bad. We should show respect to ladies. Young ladies also should offer their seats to old and sick persons.

At the Ajmeri gate, three passengers got down. They paid the fare. The conductor did not issue tickets to them. I got a chance. I said to the conductor. "Mr. conductor, you did not issue tickets to the passengers. You are dishonest." With these words, I pulled the chain. The bus stopped. I asked the conductor to tear the three tickets. The conductor was perplexed. Some other passengers called him a thief. I rebuked

him. The dishonest conductor felt ashamed for his dishonest act. He tore three tickets and threw them out. Again, the bus started.

The bus was now running in New Delhi. My destination was quite near. At Minto Road, the driver applied the brakes suddenly. He saved a cyclist. All the passengers got a jolt. My head struck against a lady's she cursed me. I kept silent. I got down at Odeon.

Essay No. 3

A Journey by Bus

Delhi is a big crowded city. The Redline bus is the sole means of conveyance for the lower and middle-class people. Many people cover short distances on their bicycles. The rich people alone can afford to hire a scooter, a rickshaw, or a taxi because their charges are very high. The bus stops provide a busy scene at peak hours. The people stand there in queues and bear the scorching heat, the biting chill, and the raindrops pouring down. Waiting for the bus is the most unpleasant thing. One feels bored and disgusted. Everyone criticizes and curses the Redline owners and showers abuses on them and holds them responsible for the irregular bus services. The loose politics is discussed there and sometimes the same turns into a quarrel. A daily passenger of the Redline bus has a lot of bitter experiences to narrate if he has the time to do so and if there is somebody who finds the time to listen to him. The buses getting punctured or disorderly on the way tell upon the nerves of the office goers. The rude behavior of the conductors, the rash driving and the rush of the passengers, and the lack of direct buses are troublesome. However, early you may start for your duty, still to reach there in time is quite uncertain.

Last Sunday, I had a mind to see the film Jagriti at Natraj talkies. My wife and children were pressing me hard for it and were waiting anxiously for the day. I had arranged to purchase the tickets in advance. The picture had to start at 3 p.m. It was not safe to reach the cinema hall on the two-wheeler. So, I decided to hire a three-wheeled scooter. The scooter driver demanded Rs. 50, since the distance was 15 km. I had to change my mind and ultimately decided to travel by the Redline bus.

We stood in the queue at 1. p.m. It was lunchtime. There was no bus in sight. There was no breath of air, so the people were panting. Everyone was perspiring due to the scorching heat. We kept waiting for the bus impatiently for 45 minutes. A bus arrived. I asked my wife and children to board the bus. The driver stopped the bus a bit away. The people broke the queue and ran towards the bus. The bus was packed to its capacity. Luckily, I boarded the footboard. A few other

passengers too got in. The conductor gave the bell and the driver started the bus. To my utter dismay, my wife and children were left behind. I asked the conductor to stop the bus. He showed no concern and paid no heed to my genuine request. He called me as a careless fellow. The bus had gathered speed. I had to jump down the running bus. I fell flat on the road. My clothes got soiled and torn. I got many bruises and got my ankle sprained. My children got worried and were crying. Anyhow, I reached them limping. My hair got powdered with dust. I was perspiring. My wife was in tears. She asked me to return home but how could I do that. I had spent Rs. 100 over the tickets and that amount would have gone waste. I cheered her up and picked up the courage for the next trial. It was 2-30. I was feeling pain. I had to take a glass of hot milk. There was no time to wash out the bloodstains from my clothes or to change my clothes. I was shocked to find my purse containing Rs. 160 missing. I did not break this news to my wife lest she should get more worried.

Luckily, an empty bus arrived there. I asked my wife and children not to lag behind that time. There were a great pushing and elbowing and somehow I forced them in. They occupied a seat and heaved a sigh of relief. I too got on the bus after some time. I asked my wife to purchase the tickets. I too sat on the seat. I noticed that one of the ear-rings of my wife was missing. My wife started weeping when I told her about it. We asked all the passengers and searched for the same near the seats. Then we left the seat and searched for the ear-ring around the footboard and the ground but to no effect. Our seats too were occupied by our fellow passengers who were least concerned about our loss and injury. The tedious journey and the hollow preaching of the people only added to my grief. Our destination was near. I requested the driver very humbly to stop the bus. He gave a break. My wife and children had got down. I was limping in pain. The driver abused me for delaying the bus and started the same. I could not jump down that time. I was at the driver's mercy. A few passengers came forward and forced him to stop the bus. He had to stop the bus against his will, half a furlong ahead. I joined my family bearing all the insult and pain.

The picture had started before we reached the hall. We could not enjoy the film since we had missed the introductory part. Only a little money was left with us for the cold drinks during the interval. The picture was over. We hired a scooter and made him the payment on reaching home.

I have come to the conclusion on the basis of my own bitter experience to avoid traveling by a Redline bus at peak hours especially when you are with your kids.

The Redline buses are mostly overcrowded. The conductors patronize pickpockets and men of loose morals. The honor of young ladies is always at stake. They present a scene of daily scuffles between the students and the conductors. Rash

and reckless driving result in frequent accidents. Sometimes the drivers do not stop the bus at all and at other times they keep the bus standing for more than half an hour at the same place. A journey by a Redline bus is both time-consuming, uncomfortable, and risky for life. The conductors always try to overcharge the passengers.

Essay No. 4

A Journey by Bus

Traveling by bus is the cheapest mode of travel. It is therefore the favourite transport of the poor people, and villagers, who prefer to travel by it. This in turn makes traveling a nightmare for a city dweller, which is not used to such kinds of the crowd. For some who are used to orderliness and cleanliness, a journey by bus is often very uncomfortable and full of hardships.

Last week there was a train strike and I had an Interview to attend. Left with no other option I had to travel by bus. On the appointed day when I reached the Bus Stand, I found that the ticket window was closed. I went and stood in the queue that had formed in front of it. It was a long wait. The window did not open for the next one hour. Luckily before people could grow restless, we saw the bus enter the terminal. As if on cue the ticket window opened. There was a mad rush to obtain tickets. People who until now were standing peacefully pushed and shoved each other to reach the counter. Some broke the queue and tried to forcefully buy the tickets. This made the people who were standing at the front of the cue to protest. And soon a scuffle ensued between some of them. Before they could resolve it, the bus gave a warning hoot. Somehow I managed to buy a ticket and board the bus.

The bus was an old one. The seats were torn. And fruit peels were strewn all over the floor. An old villager sat next to me. It appeared that he had come straight from his fields. Because he was smelling of manure and fertilizers. This smell was blown away from the wind that came through the broken window panes.

Soon the bus rolled out of the bus stand. When we came to the high-way my neighbor in the bus lighted a beedi. I requested him to put it off. But my pleas fell into deaf ears. Fortunately, before the matters could get worse, he got down at the first stop. From there a young man got on the bus and sat down next to me. Thereafter the three hours of the journey destination went by like a second. And before I realized the bus had reached my destination.

My journey by bus had been a mixed bag of experiences. And yet I cannot say that I enjoyed it.

