

An Excursion

It has Saturday. It has been drizzling since early morning. The weather was very fine. The students of class IX requested the Principal to declare it a fine day. The Principal was kind enough to agreed to the request. The class teacher chalked out an interesting programmed of an outing at Okhla. Everybody was in high spirits.

Many students had their own bicycles. Those who had none were interested in catching the bust from the railway station. The treasurer of the class fund was asked to take fifty rupees out of the fund and hand it over to four members of an advance for preparation of tea. We were to reach Okhla by 8:30 a.m.

Most of us were soon on way to Okhla. It was a very pleasant journey. The Mathura Road was excellent. There was little traffic. A cool morning breeze was blowing. There was a carpet of green grass all along the road. Trees and plants stood here and there smiling. Cattle were grazing in fields. Nature was at its best in freshness and beauty.

Soon we reached Okhla. We placed out bicycles under a shady tree by the canal bank and united our packages. Carpets and curries were spread on the green grass. We lay down for a little at the end of the months to shake off the fatigue. A few of us who had comitia Okhla for the first time went out sight weeding. We returned to within half an hour and found that most of our friends had also arrived. As everybody was feeling hungry, breakfast was serving. It coasted of lasts, biscuits and tad. We felt refreshed.

It was getting warmer now. The sun was peeping through the clouds. So we decided to take a bath. We divide and swam in the water. Some of the joys just took their bath with the help of a jug. Because they were afraid of going into water. A few others boated up the down the stream. Some of us watched fishermen busy with their nets and fishing rods.

At about twelve, we returned to the canal bank and partook of sweets and fruit. We then sat in a circle. At first followed self-introduction, likes and dislikes. 'Our teacher dislike was an examiner who, after quarreling with his wife deducted the marks of boys. Mohan entertained us with two sweet songs. Ram Niwas played not violin many popular film tunes. We were greatly amused at the stories of Pram and the tit bits of Jugal. But the best item was a piece of mono acting wonderfully done by Jamini.

It was now four. The sky was again overcast with clouds. A few boys lighted fire and prepared tea. Others just gossiped or played carom. After tea was packed up

our things on the back of our bicycle and started back. We reached home at 7 p.m.
The picnic was a grand success.