

Essay No. 01

Best 4 Essay on "A Scene at a Bus Stand"

A Scene at A Bus Stand

A scene at a bus stand presents a colorful spectacle. It presents not one but many scenes within a scene. A modern bus stand holds a mini bazaar that keeps the would busy during the long hours of the day. Passengers are seen pouring in and going out of the bus stand. A few days ago, I went to see my cousin off at the bus stand. We went to the concerned booking window and my cousin bought a ticket for his destination. As there was little time left for the bust to move, we stood scanning the view around us. Some people were boarding the busses while others were getting down. Coolies made money even for small suitcases which they would not allow to be kept inside the bus. Some people were taking tea or cold drink at begging for a coin or two. Somewhere in one corner, the mother was meeting her daughter. It seemed they were meeting after a long time. We then saw a pick-pocket in the custody of a policeman on duty. In the motion, I said 'bye' to my cousin which he lovingly returned. Soon the bus was out of sight. Yet another bus came into motion. The circle goes on till late into the evening. An idler has an uneasy time at the bus stand. An hour at a bus stand provides an interesting study in men and women.

Essay No. 02

A Scene at a Bus Stand

Yesterday, I had to go to the bus stand to see off my uncle. We went there in the late afternoon.

We found a large number of people standing there in a long queue outside the booking window. I asked my uncle to sit down on a bench under the shady shed. I myself stood in the queue to purchase a ticket for my uncle.

I found that the people in the queue were talking idly. Most of them were blaming the authorities for one reason or the other.

As my turn came, I bought the ticket and came to my uncle. I saw other people sitting on benches. Some of them were just relaxing. Others were reading some newspaper or magazine. Still, others were taking tea or some cold drink and also having some eatables placed beside them. Some people were just chatting.

We moved over to another queue. This queue was meant for those people who had to board the bus bound for Bangalore where my uncle was to go.

As the bus came, the queue broke up. There was much jostling and elbowing to board the bus. There was a scuffle between the passengers who wanted to board the bus and those who wanted to alight from it.

At last, my uncle was able to board the bus. Just then, a passenger who was alighting from the bus was found to be without a ticket. He was fined heavily then and thereby the magistrate on duty. Thereafter, I returned home.

Essay No. 03

The scene at a Bus stop

Last Sunday we decided to visit the Trade Fair. We found a long queue at the bus stop. Men and women, young and old, all were standing in a queue.

Some were talking about politics. Some day they were gossiping. Some gentlemen were busy reading the newspapers.

All of them were waiting for the bus. In a few minutes, the queue became longer than before. After waiting for some time, we saw a bus coming. Every one became ready to board the bus. It did not stop at the stand and passed by us.

After some time, we again saw a bus. It stopped. The -queue broke. Young men can push, pull, and drag others. But women simply cannot do this. Some young men boarded it. They remained helpless spectators.

The scene at a bus-stop shows how backward we Indians are. I have seen persons pushing down ladies, young and old, in their attempt to get into a bus.

We canceled our program. We decided to visit the Trade Fair some other day.

Essay No. 04

The scene at A Bus Stop

There are several privileges of living in a capital. With the smile of every morning comes the excitement and adventure of life in its new guise. The first and the most exciting as well as the challenging of these, is commuting by D.T.C. buses. An overcrowded bus, stuffed bus-stops are the usual scenes of the city. But at times some new things are also added to such mundane scenes. Early in the morning when I go to the bus stop to wait for my school bus, I see many people, clustered

together at times in a row but usually haphazardly. Many of them have a habit of discussing politics in a completely engrossed tone. Some keep reading newspapers indifferent to the surroundings and a few, like me have a liking for observing the people around. When, after a long time, the long-awaited beloved, giant D.T.C. is seen coming with delicate steps (although making a loud noise), people virtually run to grab a seat in the already crowded bus. Some are even hurt in this scuffle and scurry; some complain while others take it laughingly. Thus the strife for success begins from the very beginning' i.e. boarding the bus and up to getting hold of a seat. If you are able to board the right bus safely and have a sufficient place in it enough to stand, you have achieved success.