

# Essay on a journey by bus

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It is generally said that a Journey by bus is not as thrilling as one by train or rear plane is. However, I had quite a pleasant experience of the Journey by bus which I undertook a few months ago. It was the month of January. My annual examination was over. I had recess for some days. My parents decided to go to my uncle's house at Smaller by bus. Hearing the news my heart danced with Joy. It was 15th January 2014. We got into the bus at the Subtotal bus terminal in due time. It was winter. There was pleasant sunshine. The sun started punctually Just at 6 a. m.

I sat beside a window and was looking outside. The sun was rising with all its splendid beauty. Within an hour our bus began running leaving the urban areas at a high speed along the road with green fields on both sides. I was looking at the houses, trees, and meadows through the window with a cheerful mind. Things came to my vision and vanished in the twinkling of an eye. Everything on either side seemed running swiftly to the opposite direction. When the bus was running through the forest of 'Modular gear', the tall trees with green leaves gave a nice view.

I was really charmed at the green beauties of Nature. It filled my heart with great Joy. The bus ran continuously for three hours. It then stopped at a place named Plash. There was a restaurant by the roadside. We got down from the bus and had light refreshments there. After a few minutes, the bus began Its Journey again crossing the green fields on both sides of the road. This time we saw bare-bodied youngsters tending cattle and grown-up people working In the field. Occasionally we saw village women and girls bathing and washing clothes In the ponds. At about 12 noon we reached Smaller.

Thus our Journey came to an end. The Journey by bus was really a pleasant one. I can hardly forget the sweet memory of this Journey. The scene of the Journey peeps into my mind when I become tired of the monotonous urban life. Words- 361 a journey by bus By brandied After a few minutes the bus began its Journey again crossing the green fields on both grown up people working in the field. Occasionally we saw village women and girls bathing and washing clothes in the ponds. At about 12 noon we reached of this Journey.