

Performdigi

Essay on Journey by a D.T.C. Bus

Last Sunday I got a chance to travel on a D.T.C. bus with my friends. So, we went to a nearby bus stop.

As soon as we reached the bus stop, we found a long queue of passengers waiting anxiously for buses. The buses which are already packed to full do not stop at all or even if they stop a for long or two away from the bus stop, we find that they have already started moving by the time we rush to them. It is a matter of luck that we get a bus we want to travel by. If after too much jostling and pushing were able to get into it, we thank our stars. But our sorrows do not end here.

We have to wrestle with our fellow passengers in order to move to the front of the bus and adjust ourselves somewhere along with others who are standing on their two legs and holding the bar with their hands. When any seat is vacated by any passenger, people jump at it to occupy it but only a lucky person gets it. After getting the seat he looks around with a smiling face as if he had got the throne of a king. If it is a lady's seat encroached upon by a man in the absence of a lady passenger, he is not at rest till some legitimate claimant boards the bus.

Sometimes there are scenes of quarrels and disputes, among men and women, which are warded off by clever people. Sometimes the conductor is heard cautioning the people to examine under seats for any bomb. Sometimes the driver of the bus is in his nasty mood on account of the ill words spoken by the passengers who were to alight his bus. In this way, the long journey by bus comes to an end.