

Descriptive Essay on Railway station

Introduction

I was thrilled to note that my friend Vivek would be visiting me in Punjab for the Christmas holidays. I decided to meet him at the railway station. We were so ecstatic at the prospect of seeing him after a five-year hiatus.

On the specified day, I got up early and arrived at the railway station by 7 a.m., the expected arrival time of Punjab Mail. When I arrived at the station, I was informed that the train was running an hour late. I limped along to the enquiry office, cursing the railroads for their ineptitude, to inquire about the exact condition of the train. The lady behind the counter seems uncooperative. After some questioning, he revealed that there had been a derailment at Hardoi, about 60 kilometres from Punjab, which had caused the train to be delayed.

Since it was impractical to return home, I opted to wait and hunt for a parking spot. To my dismay, there were none, even though the station was teeming with people. Travellers were waiting for trains, while others, like me, were anxious to see loved ones. Others were sleeping on the floor with their baggage beneath their heads. I couldn't help but admire their ability to sleep in the clamour of hawkers and sellers.

Incident on railway station

An occasional dog or cow would make a detour through the area in search of eatables abandoned by travellers. A bull, possibly drawn to my red jacket, approached me. I decided to walk away from it since I was afraid it would butt me. It, on the other hand, had no such goal, as it picked up a banana peel that was lying in front of me. I bought a cup of tea from a seller because I was tired. I was sipping it when I noticed a train screech to a halt on the platform. There was a lot of commotion on the platform as people raced in to take their seats, making it impossible for passengers to exit. There was a lot of cursing and uncertainty.

During this commotion, a lady who had just disembarked from the train cried that her chain had been stolen. Hearing her scream, a young man standing nearby took off running. He dashed towards me, trying to get away from the exit passage behind me. I flung the cup of hot tea on his face immediately. This frightened him, and I quickly overcame him with the help of other passengers. The lady thanked me sincerely for my foresight. The perpetrator was turned over to the railway police, who apprehended him.

Conclusion

I was relieved to hear the announcement of the arrival of the Punjab Mail a short time later. As the train approached, I noticed my friend standing in one of the compartments, waving at me. We hugged one other like long-lost friends, and it was a joyful reunion. As we strolled away from the station with his luggage in tow, we were oblivious to the din, grime, and tumult.