

Composition on A Journey by Bus

Question: Write a composition on your experience you received from “A Journey by Bus”

Answer: Science has made a tremendous contribution to the field of communication. it has made our journey quicker and more convenient. The bus is a gift of science. We go from one place to another by bus within the shortest possible time. A journey by bus is another enjoyable experience. Only a month ago, I had an opportunity to make a fascinating journey by bus from Dhaka to Jessore.

I was going home for the summer vacation. I got on the bus from Gabtali Bus terminal. The bus was spacious and luxurious. It started at 8 am. Soon we left the city area and entered the rural area. We found bounties of nature on both sides of the highway. The bus was running through the green fields. My heart was filled with joy when I saw That natural beautiful scenery.

The bus was leaving many villages, markets, huts and bazar behind. We crossed over so many bridges. But at last, we had to stop at the Ferry ghat of Aricha to Daulatdia. As we reached Aricha, the driver requested us to get down from the bus. The soothing breeze of the river Jamuria removed my tiredness.

Most of the passengers were enjoying the charming sight of the river. Some passengers bought sweets, banana, biscuits, chana-chur from the hawkers moving on the ferry. The ferry loaded with many buses and trucks started for crossing the river.

On reaching the other bank of the river we got on the bus again. The bus again started its journey towards Jessore. But when the bus was moving with a great speed, a loaded truck ran quickly towards us from

the opposite direction. We raised a cry of alarm. I shut my eyes and began to call for the mercy of the Almighty. Most of the passengers apprehended a head-on collision, though fortunately, we had a hair's breadth escape.

Again, the bus was running at high speed. I felt drowsy. Suddenly I was awakened by a jolt. When the bus stopped, I opened my eyes and found that I had already reached my destination. I was getting down in a hurry. There were some passengers pressing to the gate. When I put my hand into my pocket. I was startled to see that my pocket had been picked. I reached home with a heavy heart. Thus, the bus journey ended with a feeling of sadness.