

Composition on The Autobiography of a Road

Question: I Write a short composition on "The Autobiography of a Road."

Answer: I am a road. My name is Sherpur road. I am extended from Dhaka to Bogra. I run for miles and miles through fields, villages, towns, bazaars, and huts. The big or small bridges are joints in me like the human body. Every day hundreds of people pass through me to go to their destination. Sometimes bridal processions pass through me. Cattle, goats and other domestic animals also pass through me. On my both sides, a lot of fruit trees have been planted. When the fruits ripen, the children swarm around the trees. They enjoy the taste of Juicy fruits and their noises make me happy.

My two parts are now connected with the gigantic bridge built on the river Jamuna. It is the biggest bridge and gateway to enter the northern region of the country. Thousands of people, buses and trucks are crossing the bridge every day.

I have become awfully busy now. Accidents take place very frequently. I feel pity for the men, women, and children who usually become the victims of the accident. Hundreds of trucks with heavy loads pass through me. Sometimes they run over pedestrians or glide into the wayside ditch. I shiver with pain to see the sight. Now I always observe the buses over-loaded with so many passengers. Some passengers climb on the roofs of the buses. Some of them fall down from the running buses which causes much grief for me. I witness sometimes robbery and pick-pocketing on me.

I always remain busy. People do not give me any rest. But the natural beauty in the field on my both sides gives me pleasure. I feel

delighted when the green fields become golden with corns. The fragrance of flowers and corns fascinates me. I was built after partition. I do not know how long I shall exist. The roads and highway department take care of me. They regularly make attempts to repair me if any harm or damage is caused to me.