

Essay No. 01

A Scene at Railway Station

A railway station is an interesting place. It is a human museum or a fair of human faces. Yesterday, I went to the Railway Station to see off my friend. We reached there half an hour earlier than the time arrival of the train. There were only a few persons in a queue before the booking office window. We bought tickets and went to the platform. There was a big crowd of people. The coolies were carrying luggage from one platform to another. Some passengers were looking in the direction of the incoming train.

All the waiting rooms were overcrowded. There were some passengers in the refreshment room. There was a great rush at the tea stalls at the refreshment the train reached in then everybody was hurrying. People were trying to get good capacity. People threw language through the windows. There was a great rush in and out. The hawkers were crying the names of their wares at the top of their voices. Watermen were supplying water to thirsty passengers. Porters were loading and unloading parcels from out of the parcel van. The whole station staff was busy.

Luckily, my friend got a comfortable seat in the second-class compartment. The guard whistled and waved the green flag. The train moved on. People on the platform left the place one by one. Now the noise and uproar were gone. I also took my way home. The platform looked like a deserted place. All its hustle and bustle was over in a few minutes.

Essay No. 2

A Railway Station Scene

Or

A Scene At The Railway Station

In front of the second-class booking window, there was a long queue of passengers. They were waiting for their turns to get tickets. When the window opened, they pushed one another. An old man fell. At once a policeman ran for his help. he saved him from being crushed. He purchased a ticket for him.

At the platform, there was a large number of passengers. They were waiting for the train. Some were sitting on the benches. They were talking. The villagers were

sitting on the floor or on their boxes or trunks. Some gentlemen were walking up and down the platform. Every now and then they were looking in the direction of the train. When the distant signal became yellow, they felt happy. They knew that the train would shortly arrive. As soon as they caught sight of the engine, they got ready. All stood up. There was a movement on the platform. Some people put their bundles on their heads. Others held them under their pits. Some engaged coolie for their luggage. Ladies caught hold of the arms of their children.

When the train arrived, all got ready. All were anxious to get seats. The passengers who wished to get down opened the doors. The other people who were eager to get into the compartment, tried to get in. there was a great tussle between them. After a little discussion, the in-going passengers made way for the outgoing passengers. There were seats enough for only a few passengers and not for all. Those who got in got seats or remained standing. Others were running up and down the platform to find room for themselves. When they failed to get a room in the compartments, they caught hold of the handles outside some carriages. They stood on the footboards.

Members of the station staff looked busy with their duties. The ticket collector was at the gate. He collected tickets to drink. The hawkers went up and down with their wares. All were busy. After a few minutes, the engine gave a long whistle and the train left the platform.

When the train left, the crowd melted away. The hawkers went to some other platforms. They stopped their crying. The station staff retired to their rooms. The platform became dull.

Essay No. 3

The Scene at Railway Station

My father along with my elder sister were going to Kanpur the other day to attend the marriage party of my cousin. I went to the railway station to see them off. It was a pleasing sight at the railway station.

Many taxis, cars, scooters, rickshaws, and tongas were parked outside the waiting hall. The waiting hall was full of passengers. There was a long queue of people at the booking window. People were buying their tickets one by one. The coolies were busy. They were carrying the luggage of the people to the platform or from the platform to outside. My father bought a platform ticket for me. He hired a coolie to carry our luggage. We reached the platform from where the train was to depart.

The railway platform was full of people. Rich and poor, young and old, women and children were seen thereof all hues. Everyone was waiting for the train to come. The railway stalls were doing brisk business. Cold – drinks, tea, coffee, snacks, etc. were available everywhere. The coolies were carrying huge luggage of the passengers. Some were looking for the tickets. the police personnel was seen quite on alert. Frequently there were announcements about the timings of the trains, incoming and outgoing, there was high danger of luggage's being taken away or pockets being picked. Everybody stood guard to their belongings. Everybody was restless but some had occupied benches and places and were sleeping comfortably evidently waiting for the late trains. There were some scenes of painful partings of parents seeing off their children going for distant destinations and some eager to met their nears and dears arriving after a long time. The waiting at the Railway Station seemed to pass off very fast while looking at all these things.

Soon there was a signal of the arrival of the train. There was a lot of commotion. Everybody began to move, catch hold of his luggage and making way towards their respective compartments. Some began to negotiate with the TTE's to confirm their unconfirmed seats. Most of them seemed dejected. In no, the whole crowd seemed to dwindle away leaving the whole platform almost deserted. I said goodbye to my father and sister and the train moved. Everyone around was seen waving hands for their departing nears and dears. It was really a sight to see. I also came out and headed towards my home.

Essay No. 4

Railway Station

Traveling by train is cheap and comfortable compared to buses and planes. So we find a railway station a place of great hustle and bustle. We come across people from different parts of the country, in different fashions and colors at the station.

Once I happened to be at the Old Delhi railway station to see off my friend. He was going to Kolkata by the Kalka Mail. The waiting hall was fully crowded with passengers. There was a long queue in front of the booking window.

Everyone seemed to be in a hurry. I bought the platform ticket soon and reached the platform. The scene here was interesting. Passengers were waiting eagerly for the arrival of the train. Some were sitting on benches and smoking or reading newspapers. A few were pacing up and down the platform. The vendors were having a busy time. There was a rush at the tea stall. The coolies in red uniforms were sitting in a line.

As soon as the train steamed in, there was noise and commotion everywhere. There was a rush at the doors of the compartments. Many passengers got down and many more got in. coolies were seen carrying heavy bundles of luggage on their heads. The children clung to their parents. The whole platform was full of noise.

Luckily, my friend got a comfortable seat near a window. Soon all were settled. It was time for the train to depart. The guard blew the whistle and waved the green flag. The engine whistled and the train began to move. There was waving of hands and handkerchiefs. The train soon gained speed and left the station. The platform looked like a deserted place once again.

Essay No. 05

A Scene at a Railway Platform

A railway station is a very busy place. Big railway stations numerous trains continue coming and going day and night. The real charm of the railway station can be enjoyed by standing at one of the platforms.

Last Sunday, I had to go to Bareilly. I went to the local railway 1 station at about 8.00 a.m. I bought a ticket at the booking window and entered platform No.1 from where the train was scheduled to go.

I learned that the train was late by one hour. I had come in a hurry and hadn't taken my breakfast. So, I took my breakfast there at the platform.

I sat on a bench and began to look idly here and there to kill time. I saw coolies rushing from one platform to the other. They had heavy loads of luggage on their heads.

The vendors were crying for their wares. They were selling all kinds of eatables. Fast food in particular was in great demand. Most of the people were drinking tea. A few were having cold drinks.

I found some people sitting on the benches and just staring in different directions like me. Some passengers who were waiting for one or the other train were reading newspapers or magazines. Some were chatting or discussing politics. Some were blaming the government for various social and economic ailments.

I was amused at the sight of incoming and outgoing trains at various platforms. The signaling and interlocking system particularly impressed me.

As the train came, I moved towards it and boarded it. Soon the signal was down. The guard waved the green flag and the train steamed out.

Essay No. 06

A Scene At The Railway Station

Railway Station is the busiest place in this world today. It is also the noisiest. It hums with activity round the clock. Numerous trains arrive and depart every day. Many people do business at the railway station. There is confusion all over the place. Thousands of people go in and out of the railway station in any given hour.

On arriving at the railway station, one can see people and luggage all over the place. Some occupy the few benches that are there on the platform. Others sit on their suitcases, hold-alls or trunks. Some can be seen sleeping on the platform. Those who are hungry crowd around the refreshment stalls and can be seen eating and drinking. People who wish to move from one part of the platform to another in a hurry find it very difficult to negotiate through the thick crowd of people. There are many people standing in a queue in front of the drinking water taps.

There are many vendors on the platform. They sell a variety of things like food, tea, coffee, fruits, soft drinks, decorative items and fancy goods. They shout at the top of their voices to attract customers. There are many bookstalls in the railway station. Passengers who like to read come here and buy books to read on the train.

Many porters can be seen on the platform. They wear red coloured dresses. They carry the luggage of the people on their heads from one platform to another and from train to their vehicles outside the railway Station

Loudspeakers inside the railway station announce the arrival and the departure of trains. They inform the waiting passengers about the number of the platform on which the trains would come.

A part of the railway station consists of the booking offices. People queue up in front of the booking windows to buy tickets and to get the reservation done. There are also many information counters from where the information about the trains can be obtained

As the trains come on to the platform, there is a great hustle and bustle everywhere. People rush to get inside their compartments. They push and jostle each other. Many times small quarrels erupt between people. Things settle down when the train moves out of the platform. Friends and relatives wave their near and dear ones goodbye.

This scene repeats itself every time a train comes and goes. Life inside and outside the railway station is constantly on the move.