

How You Spent Your Last Sunday

Life today is very fast mechanical. At times, it is dull and monotonous. One is caught in the coil of routine. All work without rest or respite deadens the spirits. One craves for a change, variety and diversion from the soul-killing work. A picnic or an excursion provides the much-desired change from the market and started on bicycles. We were a group of ten boys. Many picnic-goers on bicycles and motor-cycles passed by us. We went singing and enjoying ourselves. We reached the canal bank in about half an hour. We chose a shady corner and spread a carpet over a piece of land. We sat in a semi-circle and started playing at cards. One of our friends in a T.V. artist. He delighted us with his melodious songs. Another fellow in the jolly company showed us some of these magic tricks. Then we took off our clothes and jumped into canal for a swim. We felt fresh after the swim. As we felt hungry and tired, we ate to our fill. We then had the afternoon nap. Suddenly, there came a man with a guitar in his hand. He was playing a fine tune on his instrument. We were all shaken out of slumber. We requested the fellow to play some dance tune. Next moment, we were on our heels. It was a fine show. All of a sudden, there appeared clouds in the sky. We packed our things and came back home. It was really a day of joy. An outing with friends after a busy spell of work is most welcome.