

A visit to a hill station

Essay No. 01

During my last summer vacation, I paid a visit to Shimla where my elder brother lives. He is a forest officer there. I planned to go there in summer as the plains at that time are very hot. I boarded the Kalka Mail at Amritsar on the 15th of June. Our train reached Kalka at 5:30 next morning. Then I changed for Shimla.

Our journey to Shimla was through hilly area. The train took a zig-zag track. The air was cool, fresh and pleasant. I felt that it was quite different from the scorching heat of Amritsar. The scenery on the either side of railway track was very charming. The train passed through several tunnels. I reached Shimla at about 2 p.m. My elder brother and my sister in law were at the Shimla station to receive me. Then we hired a coolie and went to my brother's residence.

I saw various places. I saw roller skating in the skating hall. It was a new thing for me. I also saw the skating ring at the Annandale grounds. I visited the Ridge and the Mall every evening. I also visited Mash bra, Yahoo, Summer Hill and Tara Devi. At Tara Devi I saw monkeys of various sizes and shapes. It was quite amusing to watch them. I also visited places like thereof and chili

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Essay No. 2

A Visit To A Hill Station (Dalhousie)

Some hill station are called 'queens' and other are called 'Kings'. Dalhousie would be a little princess. She is small and charming , pretty and full of promise. It is at the southern slopes of the Himalayas. Every year thousands of people go to hill station in summer months to save themselves from the burning heat of the sun. my friend lived there. He invited me to spend summer vacations with him. I was glad. I asked my mother. My case was recommended by my mother so it was successful. My father allowed me to go to Dalhousie.

I packed my clothes. I also took a rain proof coat and a folding umbrella. I got my reservation. I got my berth and reached Dalhousie. My friend was waiting for me. It was the result of my telegram. I reached my Friend's house with him. His mother and younger sister welcomed me. I met with his father in the evening. He was a gently and co-operative person. He encouraged me to enjoy the city.

The town Dalhousie has some charming colonial architecture. There are four beautiful stone churches with fine glass work. Close to the town is the Kalatop wildlife sanctuary. There is an obelisk built in the memory of freedom fighter Sardar Ajit Singh at a distance of three kilometers. Close to town Dalhousie there is a place called Subhash Baoli where Subhash Chandra Bose spent a large portion of 1937. There are Tibetan Handicrafts where we can see attractive carpets and woolen shawls. The town has a wide variety of hotels including Hotel Geetangali run by Himachal Pradesh Tourism Development Corporation.

Khajjiar is twenty six kilometers from Dalhousie. It is called India's Switzerland. There is an old temple dedicated to Khajji Nag with a legend. There was a fearful struggle between a sage and Kala Nag. At the end of his defeat, the sage left this place got its name. the serpent is worshipped in human form. There is a beautiful carved stone image of Nag Devta within the temple. In addition to this there are five wooden life size images of the five Pandava brothers. We also went to river Ravi. Chamba is also a charming place to see. This city stands on the right bank and is one of the oldest in the country. It dates back to the sixth century. Chamba is famous for its temples. The most important splendid temple is the Laxmi Narain complex. Other notable temples are Hari Rai, the Chamunda Devi, the Devi Vajreshwari and the Champavati.

I came back after twenty days. Returning journey was not less thrilling and charming. I was be witched by the chanting streams. In short his visit to Dalhousie was both educative and fruitful. Its memory is still fresh in my mind. It is a thing to enjoy through recollection.

Essay No. 3

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Schools in Delhi are closed for summer vacation around 15th May. It is very hot then. My parents, therefore, decided to go to Mussoorie. It was thrilling – the very thought of going to the hills. Preparations were made in full swing.

We packed our luggage and got ready for the journey. We went to Dehradun by train. From Dehradun, we went to Mussoorie by car. Mussoorie is one of the hill stations in India. It is called the queen of hill stations. It has many beautiful sports.

Next day, after breakfast, we went to see the town. We visited Library and Landour markets. They were all crowded with tourists from different parts of the country.

After lunch we went for a walk along the Mall and the Camel Back Road. We enjoyed the scenery around us very much. The skating hall, a place of fashion and colour is also worth seeing. We saw the Kempton fall and had a view of the snow capped mountain.

It is a beautiful summer resort. The mountain slopes are covered with tall, green trees which present a charming sight at sunset and looks very grand. The morning and evening hours are also very pleasant. A cool breeze sets up and refreshes the mind. It makes one forget the oppressive heat of the plains. I felt happy being so close to the Mother Nature. The bright multi- coloured flowers, the clouds sailing across the sky and the snow covered peaks of the high mountains in the distance filled my heart with joy.

We stayed there for a fortnight. I returned to Delhi reluctantly. The memory of my visit to Mussoorie is still fresh in my mind.

Essay No. 04

A visit to Peninsular Malaysia

I am sure many of us living on the west coast have not visited the beautiful east coast of Peninsular Malaysia. If one does have a chance, he will find it a different kind of holiday experience, a holiday spent among the beauties of nature.

First, there are the hundreds of miles of unspoilt sandy beaches, white and clean with the open blue sea greeting the visitors. Then, there is the lush, tropical greenery, the tall coconut palms swaying gracefully in the breeze and charming rural villages where, here life is unhurried, leisurely and peaceful. 'Batik' and songket' are famous local products and tourists will not leave the place without buying a few of these pieces as souvenirs.

Kelantanese cottage industries are of great variety. Some men are busy engaged in the making of giant kites or 'vim' which are of various shapes and colors. Kite-flying is an important pastime in Kelantan, apart from top-spinning.

Lastly, the beautiful beach of Pantai Cinta Berahi is worth a visit, for you will see the beach fringed with groves of casuarina trees. A trip to Pasir Putih, a scenic spot that abounds with waterfalls and fresh water springs is an unforgettable experience. Life here is totally unhurried and relaxing, making it a memorable holiday for you.

Essay No. 05

A Visit to a Hill Station

or

The Hill Station I Love Most

I visited Mussoorie every year during the summer vacation. I was satisfied with that Mussoorie was known as the Queen of Hill stations. I have also visited several other hill stations such as Ooty, Dalhousie, Kasauli, Nainital, Gulmarg and Pahalgam in Kashmir Kulu and even Murri in Pakistan during my visit to that county.

Last year, a change occurred in my schedule. It so happened that my lovable uncle who makes much of me was transferred to Shimla and took a promise from me that I would visit him during the summer vacation. He is a forest ranger.

Accordingly, I went to Shimla in May last year when the plains were hot like a cauldron on the burning oven. As I reached there, I was surprised to find the weather there. A cool breeze was blowing. The sky was overcast with clouds. Soon, there was drizzling. But the weather cleared within a few minutes.

I had a walk on the Mall and also in the forest area. On the Mall I had a talk within some tourists. In the forest area, I saw gushing rivulets and springs. The lush green pine trees were a sight to see. Birds were chirping on all sides. I was glad to see hills and valleys covered with flowers. I also visited Kufri and Jakhu Temple.

I stayed at Shimla for about a month. I gained a lot in health. I can never forget my visit to Shimla.

Essay No. 06

An Evening Scene from a Hill

I am very fond of outdoor life. So, I often keep wandering alone for hours in parks, gardens, fields, and along canals, lakes and ponds. I even like to climb tip trees, mountains and hills.

There is a small hill at some distance from our village. I -1st Sunday, I was having a walk in the fields near the hill. I suddenly made up my mind to climb the hill.

The evening was approaching. But it did not take me much time to climb it as it was not so high and I had climbed it earlier a number of times.

As I reached the top of the hill, I decided to stand there for a while to have a look below the hill.

It was evening now. The sun was setting in the west. It looked like a bright round rim-like disc. The west was all ablaze with its purple glow.

I looked at the fields below. They looked only small tennis courts. The animals and human beings seemed to be tiny cats, rats or frogs. The houses in the village looked like small doll houses.

The earthen and electric lamps in the village were quite prominent even from the top of the hill. The river flowing close to the foot of the hill looked like a shining silken thread

Meanwhile, the moon and some stars appeared in the sky. I climbed down the hill in the moon light and returned home.

Essay No. 07

A Visit to a Hill Station (Mussoorie)

Last year, the summer season was very hot. One day, I I went to Mussoorie with my friends. It took seven hours from Delhi to Dehradun by train.

Then we hired a car and reached Mussoorie. Mussoorie is a beautiful hill station. The scenery on the way was very charming. First we went to see Kempty Falls. We spent the night in a hotel. All the hotels, coffee houses and restaurants were full of tourists.

Next day went to see the Gun Hill and Company Garden. We spent two hours in the Company Garden. After lunch we roamed through the market. Lastly, we went to see Mussoorie Public School. Its compound is very beautiful.

We saw all the important places there. All of us were very happy. We decided to go back home. Soon we were travelling back and we reached home late at night. The memories of the visit still linger in my mind.