

# A Visit to a Historical Place

Historical events, distinct works of genius, wondrous achievements, admirable accomplishments and the cultivation of human art collectively constitute the culture of a nation. Pakistani culture, though replete<sup>(filled)</sup> with all these distinctive qualities, is remarkably exceptional for its brilliant historical heritage. The most startling<sup>(surprising)</sup> and spectacular characteristic of our culture is the enviable<sup>(excellent)</sup> presentation of the Muslim Architecture. The historical places in Pakistan are a prominent emblem<sup>(representation)</sup> of the Muslim Culture.

Last summer, my friends and I sketched out a programme to visit the historical places of Lahore. As we were to set forth<sup>(set out, start)</sup> from Multan in the scorching heat of summer, we decided to travel by an air-conditioned bus. We packed our luggage, hurried with hysterical haste to the bus station, got on the Bus eagerly at about 10 am and reached Lahore in the twilight<sup>(dusk)</sup>. We rented a well-furnished room in a hotel and after a superbly delicious dinner, we enjoyed a deep sleep. Next dawn, we got up with much gusto<sup>(pleasure)</sup>. We decided to visit the tomb of Jahangir. Straightaway we were ready to start off. In a hired taxi, we reached the elegant tomb in half an hour. The four magnificent minarets of the tomb presented an exquisite<sup>(attractive, lovely)</sup> view. A high wall and an elegantly decorated big gate guarded the mausoleum of the great emperor. The tomb occupies the heart of a fragrant park. The park was aromatically studded with colourful buds and blooming flowers. ~~The flowers “fluttering and dancing in the breeze” presented a spectacular sight.~~ The fruit trees were blossoming. Birds perched on the twigs and boughs were twittering. Impressed by the “soft incense hanging upon the bough” and “many incense-bearing trees” I began to sing the beautiful verses of Keats:

***“ Ah, happy, happy boughs that cannot shed  
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu. ”***

In front of the grand tomb, a lovely fountain was sprinkling<sup>(scattering)</sup> its light shower. The drizzling of hoary drops of the fountain was producing the resonance of ultimate excellence.

Soon afterwards, we entered the majestic edifice of Mughal Art containing the sepulchre<sup>(grave)</sup> of the emperor. What a life of luxury and opulence he had enjoyed; but now he was lying desolate<sup>(lonely)</sup> and deserted in the sheer<sup>(complete)</sup> calm of infinity.

***“ Oh, threats of Hell and Hopes of paradise!  
One thing at least is certain-This Life flies:  
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies:  
The flower that once has blown for ever dies. ”***

The walls of the room were adorned<sup>(decorated)</sup> with and mosaic design. There were curious colourful patterns signifying<sup>(indicating)</sup> the mystery of death. We offered “Fateha” and prayed to God to be Merciful and Beneficent to the departed soul. As a whole, the building is a marvelous<sup>(wonderful)</sup> specimen<sup>(samples)</sup> of Muslim architecture, unique and matchless in its beauty and structure.

We came up to the terrace and had a view of Lahore from there. It was a startling sight. The cool breeze, a canopy<sup>(layer)</sup> of silvery clouds over our heads and the prevailing<sup>(spread wide)</sup> aroma<sup>(fragrance)</sup> of the blooming flowers made the panorama charismatic that it had a lasting impact on our memory. We spent the rest of our time in eating the meal, drinking tea and making some of the sketches of the floral designs we had just observed in the vest chamber of the tomb. When the brightness of the day faded into the descending dusk, we hesitatingly headed home. Our minds were full of solemn<sup>(serious)</sup> thoughts, We were pondering over the mystery of death. We all agreed with Shakespeare:

***“ In Nature’s infinite book of secrecy A little I can read. ”***