The Mail

The content of the email brought a smile on my face. I was so very excited about my approval for the track. A few day back, my friends and I had planned a trip to Lay Ladakh . We were all in an immaginatory world of driving our bullets from Lay to Ladakh via the frozen hills.

We knew that going to that frozen land without any big group was difficult as they would not allow five of us. There had to minimum of twenty five so that one could take care of the others. We all registered our names to the ‘TRIP tours and travells’. When we attended that burro to inquire about our companion they said that around seventy five people had registered till that time . But only twenty five or atmost thirty could visualise their dream. Me and my friends were returning back from there through trains. It was a rush how when we got our train, and luckily found seats for ourselves. We sat down and started discuss about our dream that enticed all of us. Raghav suddenly barked out, “Listen do we have to carry the wind sheaters or regular thick sweaters would do”. We had huge argument over the sweaters and I started on a dingy morning, which could be biting cold and we set off for our journey. We all our way from Lay start and go round the ghats of the mountains. We are also guided by a person who suggest that we must have sufficient petrol to run our bikes through the whole of Shivalik ranges and especially through the Nathula pass became till time we reach there more than three fourth of the diesel would have been eaten by the bikes.

The Guide also states that Nathula pass was the most severe place as the climate there is always either stormy or there is precipitation due to which travelling would be a task and one might have to use his/her for line if diesel gets vaporized as smog .Suddenly Raghav shook me and I was swerved from my imaginations. I reached home and the next day I had a mail starting that I was selected for the trip due to accurate mass and height as I could be able to survive that harsh conditions.

Even Raghav and rest three received the mails that just helped us to jump and leap in excitement. I confirmed with everyone and we started shopping and packing the bag as we had the trip just after a fortnight . The agency took ten thousand from each of us for five nights and six days. They promised to provide us. With bike,diseal petrol and most important good and relible shelters.We paid them and they gave us a receipt . As well as the train ticket ,we took intend leaped into excitement as we could not wait for that auspicious movement of boarding the train and going to Lay -Ladakh.

We reached the station a half an hour early and for God’s grace the train was also in time. We boarded it and settled our luggage. We kept our bags beneath the seat and l sat next to the window peeping out. Around 7:30 in the morning the next day the ticket checker came and asked for our ticket. He saw those and was left astonished. He immediately started yelling ,”How dare you show me the fake tickets I aptly know the difference between the true and wrong ticket”. He also added that he would kick us out of the compartment the very next station.

We all were left in a heart striking situation. Our enjoyment ,excitement all came to zero from hundred and now that we had in mind was only aggressiveness and anger for that bloody tourist agency .