Walking through the Hostel gate at night, shivering in cold with dewdrops falling on head covered with sweat-shirt cap, We(baba,chidda, and me) decided to visit the Pink City . At first it was a difficult decision since our third-eyed man(aman) was not ready to visit the place who was followed by Chor(shahid). But, owing the urge to visit some place, we decided a vacation plan. It was 10th December 2013, when I booked the tickets for all of them to make sure that the plan wasn’t cancelled …. The ticket was booked for the next month…. Baccha not introduced till now … remained mystery till the last date…. We also abused Shahid who cancelled the plan around 24th December, obeying his father’s command…

Winter was at its peak around 4th January with trains running late…….some second thoughts came but sticking hard to decisions we went for the vacations. The day was near and preparations were clear… few clothes along with some penny were packed…..

We waited for Abdullah(ohhh its his real name) at Jamia Bus Stand who would be accompanied by Aman. We reached at 14:00 hours, and train was also on time …… Someone has rightly said, “There is always a photogenic person in a group” ……. We also had… We call him Chidda(amir ahmad oohh its his real name)…While some photographs were taken on the station amidst the crowd …….

Except the juices and groundnuts we did not take any snacks … Standing on door one by one to click photo was my idea and implemented by everyone … I remember Chidda being most afraid of standing… It was 20:30 hours we reached SawaiMadhopur—Land Of Tigers …. The station was very clean unlike other stations in India owing to the fact for international tourists. We were welcomed by Baba(Toseef ohh its his real name)… not introduced so far …Well he is an exaggerated individual who uses words never heard before to win an argument....

We