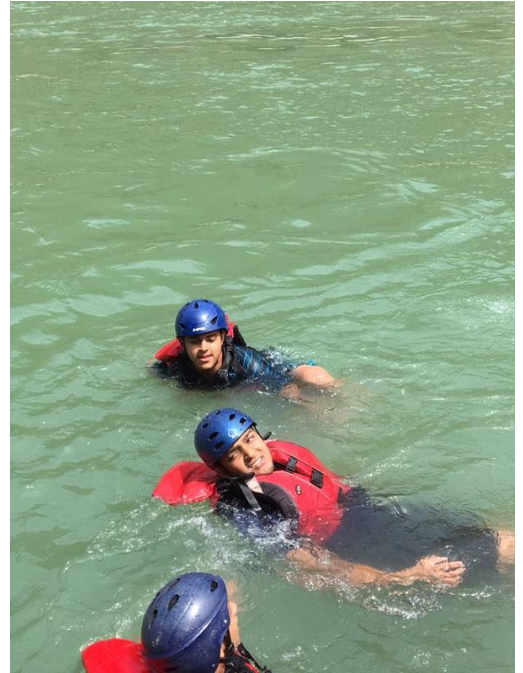


REPORT

On 6th April class 12 geared up for the most awaited trip in their entire school life- **the trip to Rishikesh**. We assembled in the school at 5:30 a.m. We all were very excited in spite of being sleepy. We started our journey at 6pm. Some slept, some got engaged in texting, some were busy talking, some were sad that their last trip is here and would end soon but despite all these feelings every one of us looked forward to having sandwiches and juice at the roadside hotels. The minute we saw the beautiful water flowing seamlessly outside our windows we understood that we had finally reached but this was not true. To reach the Snow Leopard camp we had to cross those mountains that took all of us round and round. Few students suffered from motion sickness but our beloved teachers helped us fight through it. After a very beautiful journey we all reached our camp but surprisingly the camp was not where our buses dropped us. We had to walk down to reach our camps. After finally reaching there we all were allotted our rooms. The girls were given the tents after crossing a sweet stream because "ladkiya nadhiya paar hi milti hai" as said by our instructor. Well jokes apart, luckily our tents were very nice and even the washrooms. After having lunch we all went for our first rafting session. There we were given basic instructions and were told to follow our instructors no matter what.



At our first rafting about water had After the session we came us were very tired to rest. We all and every moment us were sitting blew and damaged started raining and more aggressive. All under a common time very scared was almost damaged the dining area. All of storm to calm and our tents.



session all our fears gone with the waves. adventurous rafting back to our tents. All of but none of us wanted wanted to spend each together. While all of together a strong wind few tents soon it the wind became of us were together place and at the same because everything by the storm except us waited for the soon we proceeded to

our tents. Next day we got up, had breakfast and geared for our second and the final rafting session. After reaching



the rafting site all of us were divided into groups and each group was headed by two instructors. This time the rapids were huge and scary but it was fun talking to them. It seemed as if they were eagerly waiting for us. Also the instructors were so friendly that they played antakshri with us in the raft. The instructors of my raft gave us the opportunity to jump out of the raft into the chilling water of the Ganges in the midst of a small rapid. After finishing the last and the final rafting round all of us were sad and wanted to play more in the chilling water. Afterwards all of us went back to our tents, had lunch, changed and then moved for a city walk and saw Laxman jhula. One thing that we all disliked was that people were bringing their bikes on the jhulla that created a sort of a mini jam. Then we went back to our camp. After reaching there we had Maggie at the corner shop and then moved down where our tents were. After changing we all had dinner and then all of us sat in group where the typical discussion of ghost stories started. Well a trip can never be complete without our scary and stupid ghost stories. While we also had

bonfire but it seemed as if the ghosts themselves were not allowing us to stop the discussion about themselves. But time did not permit us to sit longer and unfortunately we had to end our childish ghost stories. Also many of us for the first time saw jugnus (firely fly insect). On the last day of our trip all of us got up and started our village walk. Well it never seemed like a village walk it was more like a never ending mountain climbing. All of us climbed the mountains and were very tired but at the same time enjoyed ourselves to the fullest. After finishing our walk all of us went and it was the time to pack our bags. None of us were actually willing to do so. We all started playing in the stream that flowed across our camp. But then as we all know time never waits so we all had to pack our bags and after having our lunch we took a group picture and then proceeded to our buses. This time there was a sadness that accompanied us with a bag full of beautiful memories. While moving to the bus almost all us felt like these days went so fast.



"Goodbyes are always difficult to say" this statement actually seemed true for us. After moving to the bus all of us hoped that we reach Delhi as late as possible because we knew this time would never come back. Finally around 9:30pm we all reached Delhi it felt like a dream that had come to an end. At the end I would like to wind up this travelogue with a thank you note to our teachers for tolerating our irritating pranks and making this trip even more memorable.

-Dipika Tokas(12A)

