

Section-C

11) Describe a place that has made an impression on you.

The shades

The gentle breeze sways the coconut trees and the leaves of the banyan murmur a tune announcing the arrival of spring in the tag soothing lagoon. The motherly shades ~~out~~ of the banyan, with its arms wide open, ~~wel~~ welcomes me, waiting to embrace me with its affections. The place ~~where~~ where I had spent a part of my life which I will never forget, the place which has ~~an~~ an unerasable impression on me, ~~star~~ flashes in front of my eyes.

I still remember walking about in the small forest beside the lake. My days of vacation were all spent to quench my wanderlust, making dad's eyebrows twitch. I remember, ~~when~~ on one vacation, I had made plans with my friends to 'forge' ~~a~~ that we ~~were~~ were lost, and then got really lost and we, ourselves found our way back. Maybe the place doesn't want me to get in danger as it is so dear to me. But among them all, it ^{is underneath the} ~~the~~ motherly shades of the banyan tree, where I find my infancy back, I find myself to be secured and ~~I~~ my ~~tor~~ tummoiling and stirring mind gets a soothing serenity.

I still remember that ~~one~~ night, while returning home, I ~~was~~ sensed some ~~boy~~ boys were chasing me in hot pursuit. Maybe these were the ~~boy~~ boys ~~who~~ ~~who~~, one of them of whom got beaten up by me. They were coming to settle the scores. I was finding a place to hide, but I did not need to find any. I ~~was~~ ~~or~~ climbed the banyan tree, ~~at~~ which at night, turns on a ghostly impression, so the boys did not dare to go any further. From then onwards, I had felt as secured here as I am in my mother's lap. One day, after my last exam, I, forgetting all about returning home, played all day long, until falling fast asleep under the soothing shades of the banyan. The whole neighbourhood came in and searched for me everywhere until my dad found me snoring under the ~~bany~~ shades of the banyan. Followed by some instant 'wake up-slaps' and rebukes, I was ~~a~~ taken home all the way by the ear.

~~The place~~ It was underneath this shade that my ~~guitars~~ strings of my guitar got a tune, my flute got a note, my pen got 'his' strength to write on. It was this place that where I read, reviewed and criticised Tagore, Nazrul, Shakespeare and Keats. I considered it to be my 'undeclared private property.' One day, I saw a 'nerd-looking'

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spectacled girl; rude-looking girl sitting underneath the ~~tree~~ banyan, which I considered to be mine. I was really jolly cross at this and after saying some sharp words, I left the place, deciding never to come back again. But, due to an ~~only~~ unexplainable attraction towards her and the banyan, I came everyday and gazed at her from a distance. After a year, I proposed her to marry me.

Now, at the time of the dusk of our lives, we both come, hand in hand, to ~~under~~ sit underneath the banyan, and let the breeze kiss us on our face, welcoming us back to the place which ~~had~~ had, has, and will be an unforgettable place for me.