

**Q. 2 Make a précis of the following passage and suggest a suitable title. (15+5=20)**

It was a blistering hot day in summer. The track leading to "Atlantic City" (Wyoming) was dry and bumpy, and great clouds of dust blew up behind the car. In 1870, Atlantic City was a prosperous town, with several thousand inhabitants, mostly men. It was a strange place to find a town, mind you, hidden in little gulch in the middle of a wide scrub desert.

Atlantic City began life as a staging post on one of the transcontinental trails, taken by emigrants en route for California. Soon however it became a roaring gold town, where people could make (or lose) their fortunes in a day. Few did make a fortune; many found enough gold to keep them happy, but a lot found nothing, or nothing much.

Then, about seven years after the gold rush began, it finished. Suddenly, it seemed that there was no gold left in the ground. The miners packed their tools, their pans, and their bags, and went off somewhere else, to try their luck again. There were no more emigrants either; as soon as the first transcontinental railroad had opened in 1869, the old emigrant trails had been completely abandoned.

The hotels closed, the shops closed, the bars closed, the jail closed; and before long, Atlantic City was a ghost town, uninhabited except by the occasional rancher or hunter, and the wandering coyotes. I didn't expect to find much in Atlantic City. I knew that a few people lived there again now, some of the old houses had been restored, and others had been built. But I didn't expect much.

We drove round a dusty bend, and there in front of us lay the town, a couple of dozen wooden buildings, some old, some new, and mostly pretty plain.

Surprisingly there was a fire-station; then, in the middle of the town, a wooden "saloon". A drink, I thought, something to drink at last. I stopped the car in a cloud of dust, and we walked up the steps and into the saloon.

Well, if I'd wanted to do a bit of time-travelling, I couldn't have done much better; walking through that door was like walking back over a hundred years in time. Inside, the old Western saloon was still intact, with its big long wooden bar, and enormous mirrors on the walls. Apart from the electric light, the juke box, and the tables set for dinner, it was almost perfect.



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## Precis Assignment 1

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Precis :-

Reaching Atlantic City during summer meant enduring scorching heat and a rugged terrain. Atlantic city in 1870 was well-off and had mostly men in its reasonable population. Its discovery in the midst of a desert seemed peculiar. Initially a stopover for California bound emigrants, using the transcontinental trails, later due to its gold reserves became a make-or-break for fortune makers with mostly gaining nothing. With the end of gold rush, miners left Atlantic city to newer arenas. Furthermore the advent of transcontinental railroad in 1869 led to abandoning of Atlantic



city by all except occasional visitors. With nothing new to be discovered, some infrastructural restoration had occurred in the city.

One could find a fire station, a wooden saloon to drink something which made people recall the past with its antique and modern infrastructure.

(137 words)

Title :-

<sup>cc</sup> Atlantic City ; a jewel of the past "