



Morning after was spent driving around the contours of the river. We passed by hamlets and paddy fields, taking in the fresh morning air. The elusive waterfall we had long been scouring for finally came in view. We stopped by and let the flow of gushing water drench our bodies, invigorating our senses. The locals watched us from a distance speaking a dialect I could barely follow; in many ways it felt nice to have a communication gap between us. Much as I would have liked to know how they coped with life, I felt non-interference was the best policy.

The setting sun disappeared behind the cluster of mountains; soon a spell of grey took over. Bhandardara had cast a magical effect on our dormant senses; fleeting images crossed our minds - boating on the river, goat herds crossing asphalted roads unmindful of passing vehicles, rainbows in the sky, a local lad walking on stilts, and quizzical looks on faces of locals when we lost our way. All of which seems to suggest we need to only take back memories and leave nothing but footprints behind. And if possible find ways and means of improving the living conditions of locals, who barely live above the poverty line.

Life in the quiet lane does have its own distinct advantage. You don't have to gaze at the rear view mirror at regular intervals all the time!