



A boat trip on Sangu River is quite exciting. One can see indigenous people going about their business by the sides of the riverbank.

adivasis are Sino-Tibetan in origin and appearance. Bandarban is home to thirteen of such hill tribes, the well known ones being Marmas, Bawms, Chakmas, Tongchangoyos, Tripuras and Morangs. Though they welcome visitors, there are certain norms which they expect of them, such as asking permission before taking pictures or entering into their huts. Each tribe has their own distinctive rituals, dialect, culture and traditional attire.

Mombao, a Buddhist, is a local resident in Changgye Para from the Marma tribe and his neighbourhood is called Marma Sangia. He does odd jobs for a living but mostly likes to work off from the forest. One of his hobbies is to collect *pho* (mushrooms) from the forest, which he cooks in oil and his children love it. His son Tum Ya Mo helps out at home and also goes to a local school. There are about nine Marma families living here in this para and their children all go to Laimy Para to attend schools there or to Bandarban School.

On the other side of the hill is the Tripura village, called Tripura Sangia. Breoshpati and her grandchildren are busy, playing in their makeshift living room. Her sons and daughter are out on the fields and in the forests. There are 16 Tripura families living in this village in rather close proximity to one another, as compared to the other

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The steps in Milonchhori resort are unique with bamboo edges for better footing during rainy seasons.

village.

After drinking a gallon of water and having walked for what seemed a mile (it was actually a 20 minutes walk uphill), we got into our transportation to Milonchhori. One has to inform the tour operators well in advance about the transport as it is not easy to get it high up in the mountains. Once back to the restaurant, we raided the fridge of all the mango juice and water that we could get our hands on and then hit the showers.

After lunch and a nice nap, it was about 4:30 p.m. when we set off on our evening trekking. In twenty minutes, we had reached the bottom of the mountain and found ourselves on the banks of Sangu River. It seems low in ferocity as it waits for the onslaught of the rainy seasons. Not everyone can charter boats on this river. With a little aid