

Amidst all this, another giant has taken shape. They say that river erosion has led Porir Khal to lose half of its land. Due to climatic change, during high tide, the river water creates ditches on the surface of the now half-kilometer-long Porir Khal. Still, even after all misfortunes, when the fish-filled boat streams in from the river, it brings with it a glimpse of hope. And then the land breathes in the smell of newly harvested fish.

Maybe that brings an end to a hectic day, but it is not the end of the journey. A new day starts with knotting the dreams again. Will the net show its magic once more? Uncertainties befall upon them yet another time. Finally, the boat touches the water, and they set of. It might be two or three days before they walk on the muddy land again. It seems like the journey never ends. Or does it? Half of Porir Khal has already been robbed off its land. Will the angel's canal meet its fateful end in 10 more years? Perhaps the misty nights of Porir Khal will survive only in fairytales ...



