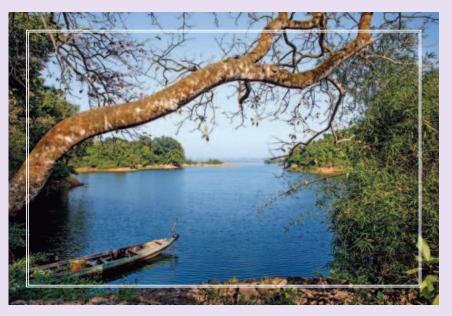
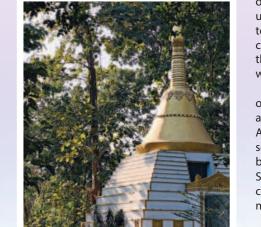
#TRAVEL

Chasing Serenity and Stunni

Picture this: a Dhaka-based writer, a senior photographer, and a young, enthusiastic cinematographer together forming a trio of urban explorers, embarking on a journey fuelled by curiosity and a shared passion for storytelling. Our destination? The enchanting and somewhat mystical land The sheer magnitude of the lake, juxtaposed against the lush greenery and rolling hills, such a serene beauty of the lake was a sight for sore eyes (quite literally, given our lack of sleep). It's as if the lake was a giant, tranquil battery, and we were smartphones on 1 per cent battery life, desperately plugging into





of Rangamati — the place where nature's untamed beauty unfolds in stark contrast to the manicured chaos of Dhaka's concrete jungle. Our mission? To capture the essence of Rangamati — a land where nature flaunts its raw beauty.

Our journey began with a classic overnight bus ride — a bumpy, jolting affair that ensured our sleep was elusive. As dawn broke, we found ourselves squinting at the first light in Rangamati, bleary-eyed yet strangely invigorated. Slogging into a CNG auto rickshaw, we checked into our hotel to get some much-needed 2-hour shut-eye.

its serene energy.

Our path led us next to a monastery. Mode of transport? A boat ride. At the end of the ride, as we proceeded to pay, the operator declined to take any payment. Perplexed by the odd outcome, I inquired, "Why the kind gesture?"The humble individual replied by saying, "An elder in the area has fallen sick; his family members have paid off the boat fare for anyone who wishes to cross for the entire day in good faith."

The city boy in me could not fathom what he heard but as I slowly let it sink in, I began to feel a sense of a caring community that was thriving in Rangamati. Something that I have

