

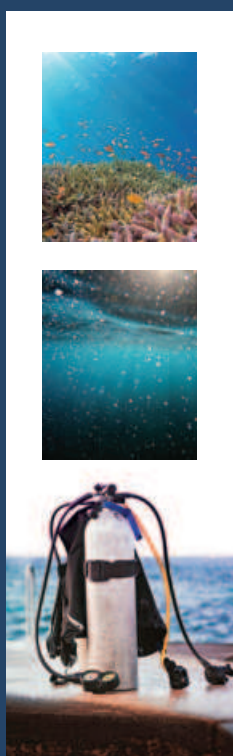


#MUSING

# BENEATH THE SURFACE

## Slow breaths and slower time from scuba diving

Excited and drained from running all around the country of Thailand, we reached the island of Koh Tao. The scenic view of the little patch of marooned land was nothing short of a screen saver or the wallpaper you see in your depressing cubicle. Strapped up with backpacks, Mithila, Rakib, Adity, Zulfikar, and I stepped off the boat, intrigued to discover what this island offers.



Before your mind wanders off to “party places, pubs, and parties again,” there comes a time when such things will start to feel trivial and empty. Sure, one can indulge in the social activities mentioned above to explore oneself, but sadly, they get old after a particular time.

Back to the story, being millennials and avid fans of the movie *Zindagi Na Milegi Dobara*, we decided to explore the world underwater. “I mean, why not?” I said to the group, “Why not be a part of something that we’ll never forget?”

Zulfikar, possessing the exceptional swimming skills of a brick, had something else entirely to say. But

despite his best efforts, peer pressure got the best of him.

Looking for diving schools from the dock to our hotel, we found at least a dozen of them with diving gear hung out to dry in front of their establishment. With a limited amount of time and an even smaller amount of patience, we signed up for a diving experience at the Crystal Dive diving school.

How did we know the school was worth it? The German lady at the reception smiled at us.

After completing all the formalities and paperwork, we were given a few topics to study and learn the basic dos and don’ts of diving. Early the following day, the group and

