

PANCHHARI

life in nature's gentle embrace



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Cradled in the rolling, green embrace of Khagrachhari's Panchhari, the small villages feel like a place where time slows down to match the rhythm of nature. At dawn, the sun's first golden rays rest gently on the hilltops before spilling into the valley, bathing the village in a warm, soft light. The air carries the scent of wildflowers, bamboo groves, and the deep, earthy aroma of the surrounding forest.

The narrow paths -- sometimes rocky, sometimes just well-trodden earth -- wind along the slopes, passing the shimmering cascades of the Barokumbh waterfalls. Their melody mixes with birdsong, weaving a soundtrack that belongs only to this place.

Panchhari's homes, crafted from bamboo and wood, wear roofs of tin or straw. In sunlit courtyards, crimson



PHOTOS : JOYANTI DEWAN

chilies, golden turmeric, and pale grains of rice lie drying in neat, colorful spreads. Women, draped in bright attire, begin their day early -- some stirring pots over wood-fired stoves,

others tending ducks and chickens, planting on jhum fields carved into the hillsides, or walking through the hilly terrain to fetch water. Men set off towards the bustling market or walk

to their orchards and vegetable plots high on the slopes.

Children travel miles on foot to reach school, their chatter and laughter

brightening the morning. Others, free from the day's lessons, climb trees for ripe fruit, race barefoot across the fields, and disappear into the bamboo thickets in search of adventure.

As dusk descends, cool breezes drift down from the hills, rustling leaves and carrying the scent of damp earth.

Stars spill across the velvet sky in uncountable numbers, casting their quiet light over the sleeping village.

In Panchhari, life moves with the seasons, anchored in the land and the sky -- simple, self-sufficient, and serenely beautiful. It is a place where nature is not a backdrop, but a constant companion.

