

# Striking out for rustic life

Where would you go when you reach sixty and it's time to retire? What would you do? This is surely a question we should all ask ourselves because this is the time when we would get to do all those things we have been postponing most of our lives. The list of things I would do, once I reach sixty and beyond would be as long as the river Mahaweli, so I thought, till I saw these pictures of tranquility captured by Nisansala Karunaratne. Now I would like to spend my last years in a remote village in Madawatchiya where life seems as alien as life on another planet.

Listen and you will hear nothing. In stead of lines and lines of traffic a solitary bullock cart comes rumbling towards you, while far in the distance, the golden coloured paddy is being harvested. A mother bathes her child at the village lake while the wind flirts with the leaves of a mango tree close by. Surely, you will agree. What a place to end your days! -Aditha



Bringing the harvest home



Intermission



The one constant in a changing world



Monday morning



'Traffic' in Madawatchi



A mother's care



Simple warmth



Dwellings filled with unimaginable tranquillity



This crossing is not for intellectuals