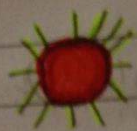


DATE
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Daily Prophet (TRAVELOGUE



Nature's Serenity



On reaching the Panthera
International Airport, Musful Islam was
struck by a huge wave of surprise
as he noticed the environment.
Light ^{blue} coloured ponds, huge oak trees,
and dew drops that shimmered like
golden spangled jelahis in the weak
January sun. As I stepped out on
the soft moss, a driver assisted me
to his horse carriage. Loading up the

heavy luggage, we soon set off? As
the cart jingled, Murful saw the beauties
of Panthera. Migratory birds chirped
melodiously. Quaint houses with zinc
roofs could be seen. Oak trees
reached out their branches, as if
beckoning to him 'come closer to us'.
And within all ^{of} this calmness, eagle-
eyed soldiers patrolled the spick-and-
span streets.

A little later, Murful arrived

at the Coast Hotel. The staff
greeted him warmly. My feet and
hands were numb and stiff
because of the biting wind. As
soon as I entered my room, I
felt snug and cozy. The ^{roaring} fire in
the grate relaxed and made me
feel I had sunk into a hot bath
after a long, tiresome day. I then
zipped and fell asleep, recalls
Muzful.

Next early morning, as Muzful was a fitness fanatic, he went for morning walks. The sky was becoming a forget-me-not blue, red mud was noticed, rain was dripping from the zinc roofs, trees were reaching out their branches to scratch Muzful's face, and the music band of birds were chirping their first note. Soon Muzful returned to the hotel, bolted down his

breakfast, and set off for Beck,
Panthera's capital.

Half an hour later Musful
was on the Anabell ship. It set
off, leaving a foamy wake on the
shallow sea. Panthera had long
since become a tiny speck, so
Musful looked towards the salty
sea. Fishes were swimming swiftly
their bodies glistening like
scales. In the distance, mountains

snow-covered mountain peaks seemed like huge, colossal, black towers.

* Clumps of rhododendrons were scattered everywhere. Nearly a clear river was flowing, making the usual plish-plash noise. A gaggle of geese were swimming in the river, making a gentle ripple. Even though Berk was a small island, it was set amidst an oasis of greenery. Cattle

* As Muzful arrived at Berk he was spellbound. He was completely bowled over by the natural wildlife.

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were grazing on the lush, green grass. Muzzful noticed Panthers flagpoles waving vigorously in the wind on top of wooden fences. Guards were scouting, keeping a firm eye. There were gay buildings that attracted tourists. About 10 km away, there stood an elegant castle which is the residence of the government.

Soon it was time to

return. So, after reaching Panthera, Musful packed up his suitcase and reached the airport. There he bid bye to the staff and returned to his home at Berta.

Life in Panthera is a far cry from main cities. So, for a relaxing tour just land at Panthera and chill your ^{hot} mind.

Reporter: Spandan