

# THE PIONEER

## OPED

### NEWS

City  
Nation  
States  
Lucknow  
Sports  
Business  
World  
Edits  
Oped

### Films

### FEATURES

Vivacity  
Bazaar  
Avenues  
Books  
Forecast

### SUNDAY PIONEER

### Agenda

Foray  
ASSOCIATED  
SITES

### Naukari

### Jeevansathi

### EDITOR'S MAIL BOX

Visit the editors mail box

[See our Hits](#)

### ARCHIVES

Date ▾

Month ▾

Year ▾

Find It!

### HOME

## Back to nature

Sanjay K Bose

Some are born for a life spent "roughing it out"; some teach themselves how to live like that; while the rest tend to have the "great outdoors" thrust upon them. I belong to the last category and though a fervent admirer of Mother Nature, I would prefer to admire her from a distance. Getting too close to her usually leads to situations that we both would rather forget.



Take, for instance, the time when, as graduates in Stony Brook, my friends Dev and Sandy decided that their American education cannot be complete without a first-hand experience of "camping". Though not too willing to leave the comforts of home behind, I was prevailed upon to join them in this venture.

The camp ground that we chose was American enough to have its own fastfood outlet. It also had showers and running hot water. Camping seemed merely to be a matter of pitching our tent, cooking a meal over a fire and going off to sleep beneath the starry skies.

Our troubles started with the tent. Dev and Sandy claimed they knew all the theory behind setting one up but only managed to get themselves wrapped up like latter-day mummies. Tempers ran high, especially after Sandy almost strangled on the ropes and Dev came close to amputating Sandy's toes with one of the spikes. Fortunately, a group of girl guides camping nearby took pity on us and came over to help pitch our tent.

Dinner was a disaster as well. We finally managed to get a fire going but it somehow never came close to being hot enough for us to cook our sausages and hamburgers. We did not want to admit defeat but somehow none of us could bear the thought of gazing at the starry skies all night long on a rumbling, empty stomach. Hence, we finally swallowed our pride and sneaked into the nearest McDonald's for some food.

The night's sleep was not a very peaceful one either. It was hard enough trying to sleep with the thought that only a thin canvas sheet separates you from whatever Mother Nature might send your way. What made it worse was the screaming and cursing that woke me up in the middle of the night. In the morning, we were horrified to learn that an intruder had gotten into the girl guides' tent next door. What had woken me up were the girls screaming when they discovered him in their tent.

Sandy was unnaturally quiet on the way back. On reaching home, he swore he was through with camping and that he had no intentions of seeing a tent again in his life. We discovered much later, that the "midnight intruder" in the girls camp was none other than Sandy himself. Sadly enough, he had gone for a late night walk communing with Mother Nature, when he lost his way and entered the girls' tent instead. That also explained his subsequent antipathy for anything remotely associated with boy scouts and girl guides.

[BACK](#)