

Rafting, Barbecue and Kabaddi in Trisuli

By Sujita Pandey and Rhea Gurung, IB 2

Rafting was the best CAS experience. EVER! We were hyped about the trip since almost a month ago because we didn't have to hike, we had awesome tents and simply because it was rafting we were talking about. The vans took us to the Big Fig in Trisuli in the morning and we set out immediately. We were divided into three teams and we began our journey from the Big Fig. The water was quite calm and pretty cold. There weren't many rapids because in winter, the river decides that being super cold is harsh enough. However, the few that were there were awesome. We could feel the adrenaline rush every time the wave took us into the air. Most of the guys jumped into the river, some pushed or pulled each other into it. They were doing this to the extent of jumping into others' rafts and pushing them off. It was two rounds of rafting before and after lunch.



“Kabadi Kabadi Kabadi....”

Changchup yells, “Dechen, taile sas pheris !! ta out!!! “

Even though everyone was tired after rafting nobody seemed to be giving up on enjoyment. The sand dunes seemed so appealing for us to play Kabaddi and Sumo wrestling. The best part was it didn't hurt to fall down. On one side of the field people were playing kabadi all covered in sand, kicking each other and making others fall. While on the other side of the field teachers and students sat together (which is unusual !) enjoying the heat of the first bonfire in our CAS (against the rule of “Leaving no Trace”). That night we had chicken barbecue as well. Teachers were astonished at how well the students could cook (Especially Sonam who was using different techniques and did cook really tasty ones).



The evening with was all about barbecued chicken with campfire under the full moon.s unforgeWe retired late at night. The next morning, we woke up to an unfamiliar alarm of a song by the local kids. We packed our bags and had a hearty breakfast where we were occupied and entertained by a logical math question involving matchsticks. We then went around the fig tree from where the place had earned its name.



Everybody was exhausted from rafting, playing and no sleep so everybody slept on the bumpy ride back home.