My most memorable trip

Winter had set in Delhi. The nights were longer, colder and the wind, icy. Although I have loved winters, as I have grown older, winter does not hold the same charm for me. Maybe it’s my age; or whatever, I am increasingly finding it difficult to withstand Delhi’s harsh winters. So, when my husband suggested that we visit the Andaman and Nicobar Islands in the winter vacation, I did not differ.

Andaman and Nicobar Islands comprise of a group of islands that lie on the south eastern tip of the Indian peninsula, about 1400 km away. They are a part of the Union territory of India, although closer in proximity to Thailand. The islands are famous for virgin natural forests and breathtaking beaches, all unsullied by modern human civilization.

We arrived in Port Blair by flight from Chennai. An extremely humid climate, aggravated by warm winds hit us as we travelled through Port Blair. Although the islands are away from mainstream India, it has developed into a town with all modern amenities with plenty of hotels that would fit into any budget. It was a welcome change from the bustling metropolis of Delhi to see nature in vivid shades of green. The azure sea could be seen from all around Port Blair, its hue fluctuating with the changing moods of the sky. Sometimes it would be a clear blue, sometimes turquoise, and a deep soothing green near the forested islands.

Modern Indian history has also marked Port Blair in red letters. Port Blair was home to the cellular jail, into which freedom fighters of India and rebels were sent as punishment and tortured by the British. We saw the light and sound show, which brings back to life the torment and the sufferings of the jail inmates of the by gone era, in the evening in the cellular jail which left us moved and teary eyed.

Among the other places that we visited, was Havelock Island which has the picturesque Radhanagar beach, where we enjoyed playing with the waves in the pristine white sands. A ferry boat carried us to and fro from port Blair to Havelock Island. The jolly Buoy island saw us enjoying snorkeling in the water. Breathtaking corals and brightly colored fish were a delight to see through the flat glass bottomed boats in the island.

It was a thoroughly relaxing trip amidst raw nature and we reached Delhi fresh and rejuvenated.