Afternoon Sunderbans Tiger Reserve Walk – 7 April 2017 – Near Kolkata, India

"Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun" and you can add Tom Allin. While Nancy took it easy in our cool room I decided on a ten-minute walk that turned into an hour and half.

I stepped out to see what was around our eco resort and just kept walking. When I started out there were people about but not too long into my walk I had the outside of the island pretty much to myself.

These guys were working within a couple of feet of the gate to our resort.

Every house or complex had its own pond. The pond was fresh water and was collected from rains. The ponds have fish, which two days later I watched as men

hip deep fished with nets in one of the ponds. This fresh water is used for bathing, washing dishes and for drinking. The ponds are low because the replenishing summer monsoons are a month away.

At least one house had piped fresh water. I will add the water pressure was very low and in the several minutes I watched this lady she didn't fill the pot under the pipe.

Note the bricks in the above photograph. Most the walkways and tut tut/bike ways are bricked. It is either bricks or mud during the rainy season.

Although the road I walked had intersecting roads, I just kept going forward on the road I started out.

People lined up to take the boat somewhere.

What you don't see in the above photo is my sweat stained short sleeve shirt and short pants. Whereas everyone in the photo are wearing long sleeve shirts and long pants and there isn't a drop of sweat anywhere on them or their clothes.

It appeared to me you would need a ladder to get to this ladder.

On my walk I came across two small shrines/temples. This is the larger of the two: 5’ wide x 3’ deep x 3’ high at the rafters.

The bike's platform isn't just for carrying items. Several times I saw where it doubles as a bed for the owner.

"In the mangrove swamps where the python romps
there is peace from twelve till two.
Even caribous lie around and snooze, for there's nothing else to do.
In Bengal to move at all is seldom ever done,
But mad dogs and Tom go out in the midday sun."

Mad Dogs and Englishmen by Noel Coward