



## HOMEBOUND WITH A PINCH OF HOPE

### Description

Class of -76, it still amazes me what magic has bonded us to a niche so unfalteringly. Although we reached the age of comforting the grandchildren in our laps, untouched by the era of funny selfies, but endearing ourselves sharing the smilies of grandkids. We grew up light-hearted where gender never disturbed our naughty style of being a bunch. We are a gang of over twenty emotionally insulated; not letting the forty-five years of passage of time doesn't dampen the fires of our friendship. Helping our fellowmen in need a sustained, shared opinion of ours has become a platform where we come by periodically nourishing the memories of our alma mater the Nirmala High School.

Covid -19 pandemic allowed us to come together again to claim our bit of social responsibility. There seen an unprecedented rush of migrants overflow in trains crisscrossing India, it's said the plans were to help over a crore of workers to reach their native villages a mass exodus never seen in Indian chronicles.

With meticulous planning, we packed food parcels enough for a trainload of farmhands, yardmen, laborers, workmen, minions, toilers, hacks an assortment of helpless victims of political indifference and aftermath of coronavirus onslaught.

Armed with camera and a kit lens, I captured in colours the colourless anguish on their faces, eager to reach the warm porches of their homes.

*default watermark*



*default watermark*





*default watermark*



*default watermark*



**Category**

1. Uncategorized

**Date Created**

2020/06/01

**Author**

eswarnadipalli

*default watermark*