It was the month of November. I, with a large glass of coffee in front of me, was staring at the snow-capped mountain, waiting for the clouds to reveal the very last peak that could be visible from there. This is my second visit to the Parvaty valley. The place starts to mesmerize from the very first view of the river Beas you can see as you first open your eyes after a not so comfortable sleep in the bus. The road to Manali offers the sparkling green water of Beas flowing through the rocky Mountains, the small houses and temples up on the hill, and the ropeways used to transport everyday essentials across the river to the less habitant other side. With the normalities it is fascinating every time. After our early May trip to Malana and Kasol, we are here yet again. This time the target was Tosh. I have heard a lot many times that each village of Parvaty Valley has its own to offer and then Malana gave even higher expectations. After the usual momo breakfast in Bhuntar, we started another (non-volvo this time) bus journey towards Barsaini alongside the Parvaty River. In the long way we took wrong bus, got down at Manikaran, took another shared cab to Tosh. The thrill of a local bus or cab journey on the roads of the Valley, unless one has a mystical experience oneself, one is unable to understand.

I was hopeful as cabs go to Tosh, may be this time I don’t have to walk a lot after such a long journey. But of course it is a Himalayan village and we knew the destination for the best view. It was Pink Floyd Café almost at the top of the village. And after that it was only a wait of few minutes before we got lost in the tranquillity of the mighty Himalayas. The picturesque tosh village in front, beyond that the layers of striking green mountains and beyond that the wide stretched range of snow clad mountains till the eyes can reach. We sat there for long, lost in the poise of nature.

From the corridor of the café the view was almost 360 degree. On our right and behind it was dark green pine forest. On the left it presented us two lofty rocky peaks with thin lining of snow on top of them. In the front the majesticity of the snowy mountains was breathtaking. Far away from the hustle-bustle of the city life, rests there the serenity of nature. Air was so pure that I could realize that I was breathing.

They say Mountains change its beauty every season. I see it changing throughout the day. The snowy peak was shining in the sunlight of the afternoon. Standing in the chilling wind, looking at the grandeur lying before me gave me memories to die with. In the late afternoon just before darkness was veiling the valley, we experienced the golden moment of Himalayas over the peak. And in the night when the full moon light was flooding the valley, the dazzling thick silver sheet on the top of the mountain was revealing itself.

Sitting under the moon light, with best cooked foods before us, from a house not so far, we could here pahadi songs playing continously. The silence of the rest of the place was blending as at that moment there, words lost their way.

Within a stay of mere 24 hours the place gave repose of the soul.