In August 2015 I went for a visit to a mining area in Sanquelim, situated in Sattari Taluka of Goa. I was accompanied by a bunch of students and artists.
...as we enter the sound of the bus was overpowered by some areas of silence.
THERE WERE HUGE MOUNTAINS, BUT NO TREE GROWTH.

I THINK THE SILENCE HAD ITS OWN STORY TO TELL.
WE SAW HUGE WATER BODIES FORMED IN THE MINING PITS. WE WISHED WE COULD FULFILL OUR THIRST OF WATER BUT...

...THERE WERE MOUNTAINS CUT IN STEP FORMATIONS. I WONDERED WHAT THESE STEPS WERE TAKING US, UPWARD OR DOWNWARD.
BUT WE KNEW OUR LIMITATIONS, OUR RESTRICTIONS
THE WATER FROM THE PITS WAS BEING PUMPED OUT. I WONDERED WHAT WAS IT USED FOR.

WE HEARD A PEACOCK CALL THEN. AS WE TURNED AROUND, WE SAW A GREEN PATCH OF THICKLY VEGETATED AREA. I THINK HE HAD A DIFFERENT STORY TO TELL.
WE WERE LED TO A STONE CARVED CAVE WITH A DIETY WHERE THE OLD PISULLE VILLAGE USED TO RESIDE.

PISSULEKARS (THE RESIDENTS) DRIFTED AWAY AS THE MINING STARTED IN THIS AREA.
Development is for the masses.

Here was the case. Masses started scattering.

Houses relocated with new aspirations. Aspirations of the villagers or the mine owners?
I spotted a watch tower, it lay dormant. I wished the state government had used this to monitor such ecological disaster happening at the cost of other lives.

This tower was rusted, I thought this tower would have been here for a while now. I hope the right things were monitored by the right people at the right time.
It took us a while to reach the village, that highlighted the distance.
Usually there is a Tulsi vrundawan or a cross adorning the entrance of every Goan village house.

But here there were one, two or sometimes seven trucks in the compounds of the houses. If only the families of this village would run on the wheels of these trucks (employment given to the local villagers by the mine owners).
SUDDENLY I HAD A DIFFERENT SIGHT ALTOGETHER. THERE WERE THREE TRUCKS INSIDE A COMPOUND OF A HOUSE.

TO MY SURPRISE THESE TRUCKS STOOD ON WOODEN BLOCKS, INSTEAD OF RUBBER TYRES. THAT MAY BE A PICTORIAL REPRESENTATION OF THE LIVES OF THESE VILLAGERS DURING THE TEMPORARY BAN PERIOD ON MINING.
But my interpretation was soon to come to an end.

We met a local villager, he was on his way to pluck coconuts.
He told us that during the mining ban period, villagers took up some petty jobs in order to earn their livelihood.

I think the villagers with skills had an upper hand during the mining ban period.
Along with Vrundawans and trucks there were barrels of water in front of the houses in the village.

The villagers hire water tankers and fill that water in barrels and use that for their day to day chores. This was happening ever since mining took over this village.
HOW COME THERE WAS WATER NEAR THE MINING AREA WHILE THERE WAS WATER SCARCITY IN THE VILLAGE?

THERE WERE SMILES ON THE FACES OF THE VILLAGERS, WHEN WE ARRIVED IN THE VILLAGE. I DOUBT WHETHER THESE PEOPLE WERE REALLY HAPPY WITH THE CURRENT SITUATION IN THE VILLAGE.
There was agricultural land all around but no any agricultural activity happening. The reason, lack of water and drying of the ground water.
Solutions are possible, this is what the heart of the villagers speak, but need some backing in order to obtain a sustainable growth.

.... A journey that I wish I could have made quiet earlier. .... At least I could have brought up some change. .... Is it too late?