

A Journey of Moments, Memories and Mountains



BIR

A Goosebumps Story



A Promise Kept

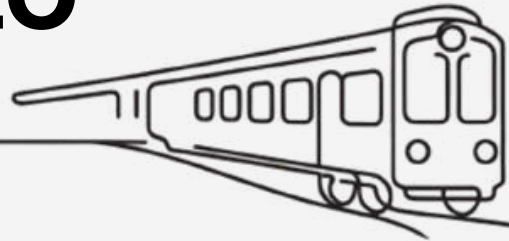
From Kasol to Bir, from a team to a family, from moments to memories—we came together once again, not just for a trip but for a promise we made. A promise to take time away from the rush of work, the chaos of deadlines, and the hum of everyday life. To breathe, laugh, adventure, and bond.

15 days in the mountains. A bigger team, a bigger adventure, bigger memories.

This is our story.



The Journey – From Tracks to Peaks



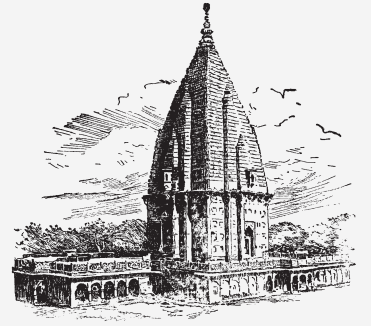
It began at 5:30 PM—that mix of groggy eyes and excited chatter as we boarded the train. Delhi greeted us in its usual rush, but this time, we weren't staying. A quick pit stop before we hopped onto our FlixBus (Our go-to partner since year 1), an overnight ride that felt like a prelude to something unforgettable.

Unlike Kasol, where delays had kept us on our toes, this time, things moved smoothly. No missed connections, no frantic dashes—just pure anticipation.

And then, we reached **Spring Inn**. Nestled in the heart of Bir, it felt like a home waiting for us.



Blessed Beginnings on Maha Shivratri



As the priest offered us bael leaves and charnamrit, and the sound of conch shells filled the air, something within us stilled. We weren't thinking about work, or the trip, or what came next. We were just... there.

Peaceful. Present. Grounded

It was Maha Shivratri. A morning wrapped in stillness, with the chill of the mountains in the air and the silence of dawn holding space for something deeper.

A small group of us made our way to the Shiv Mandir, nestled quietly in Bir, almost hidden unless you were truly looking. The world was just waking up, but the temple already echoed with faint chants, the scent of incense, and the soft rustle of bells.

We folded our hands. Closed our eyes. Breathed.

It wasn't just a visit. It was a moment of surrender. A whisper of gratitude. A collective pause.



The First Trek Shiva's Café



The reels had hyped it up. We had no idea where it was, no idea what to expect, but we just knew we had to go.

The journey? One and a half hours. A thousand steps. A rocky, unpredictable road.

Hand in hand, step by step, breath by breath—we climbed. For some of us, it was our first-ever trek, an unexpected milestone conquered together. The snowflakes greeted us at the top, an untouched white canvas stretching over the mountains.

The view? Unreal.

The feeling? Indescribable.

The achievement? Shared.

We stood there, looking down at the trail we had just conquered. A team that started at the base and reached the top, together.

On our way back, we made a pitstop at the Sunset Point, sipping coffee at the Takri Cafe—a place renowned for its Himachali Dham. The warmth of the coffee matched the warmth in our hearts—content, grateful, and already reminiscing.





Parashar Lake – A Journey Through Chaos

An early Sunday morning. 3.5 hours ahead.
Excitement running high. But midway—disaster.

A cloudburst had wiped out a bridge. The road
wasn't just blocked—it was gone. And right in front
of us, people were rebuilding it.

We waited, unsure. And then, Krishnaji's Café
became our safe haven.

Maggi. Chai. Eggs. Parathas and Pakoras. A quiet,
hidden gem with warmth in every corner. For two
and a half hours, we waited, sharing stories,
laughing over old memories, watching strangers
construct the road that would lead us to Parashar
Lake.

And then, we crossed the broken bridge. Our
Tempo Traveler went through, and so did we.



Parashar Lake welcomed us with still waters and whispered legends. The floating island, the temple that stood the test of time. A moment of stillness, a moment of reflection, a moment that belonged only to us.

And then, hunger struck.

6 PM. No food.

We called Krishnaji, a man we barely knew. "Can you cook for a bus full of people?"

Not a second of hesitation. "Of course."



By the time we reached his café again, warm food awaited us. Rotis, steaming hot, fresh sabzi, Shahi Tukda to die for (sweet not just in taste but reflecting the sweetness of the people living in the mountains) and a meal made with nothing but generosity.

We served each other, waiting as each plate was filled, making sure no one ate alone.

WE rolled up our sleeves and made rotis with Krishnaji, a moment that blurred the lines between host and guest, between café owner and traveler, between stranger and friend.

We ate like a family.

Somewhere between hunger and warmth, this became more than just a trip.

McLeod Ganj – Where Streets Tell Stories



Some of us wandered into the monastery, soaking in the silence, the stories, the wisdom. Some went straight to the gondola ride, hearts racing as we soared above the landscape.

The markets buzzed with life, haggling, bargaining, walking away only to be called back for "final price." Trinkets, scarves, souvenirs—little pieces of Himachal tucked into our bags.

A day of pure exploration.



The Games We Played – The Bonds We Built

UNO fights that led to fake grudges.
Bluff battles that tested our trust.

Every night ended the same way—a game, a fight, a laugh, a memory.

Because that's what we do best—turn moments into stories



The Bonfire – Under a Sky Full of Stars



The fire crackled. The guitar strummed. Voices filled the night air, some loud, some soft, all blending into the crisp mountain silence.

Dancing. Singing. Storytelling.

We looked up. The sky was so clear, the stars so close it felt like you could touch them. We named planets, spotted constellations, traced the universe.

And for a moment, we weren't just in Bir. We were everywhere.



The Food – A Love Story of Its Own

Mountains make you hungry. Four meals a day, and still, every morning began with, "What are we eating today?"

Fresh produce. Real flavors. Simple, yet unforgettable.

Coffee at small cafes. Momos. Sushi. Warm thukpa. The sheer joy of walking, stopping at random bakeries, trying something new.

Food wasn't just food. It was an experience.



What we explored?

Himalayan Pizza
Northern Cafe
June 16
Pahadi Coffee
Cloud 9 Kitchen
Bhumi Cafe
Mafia
Sushi Bir



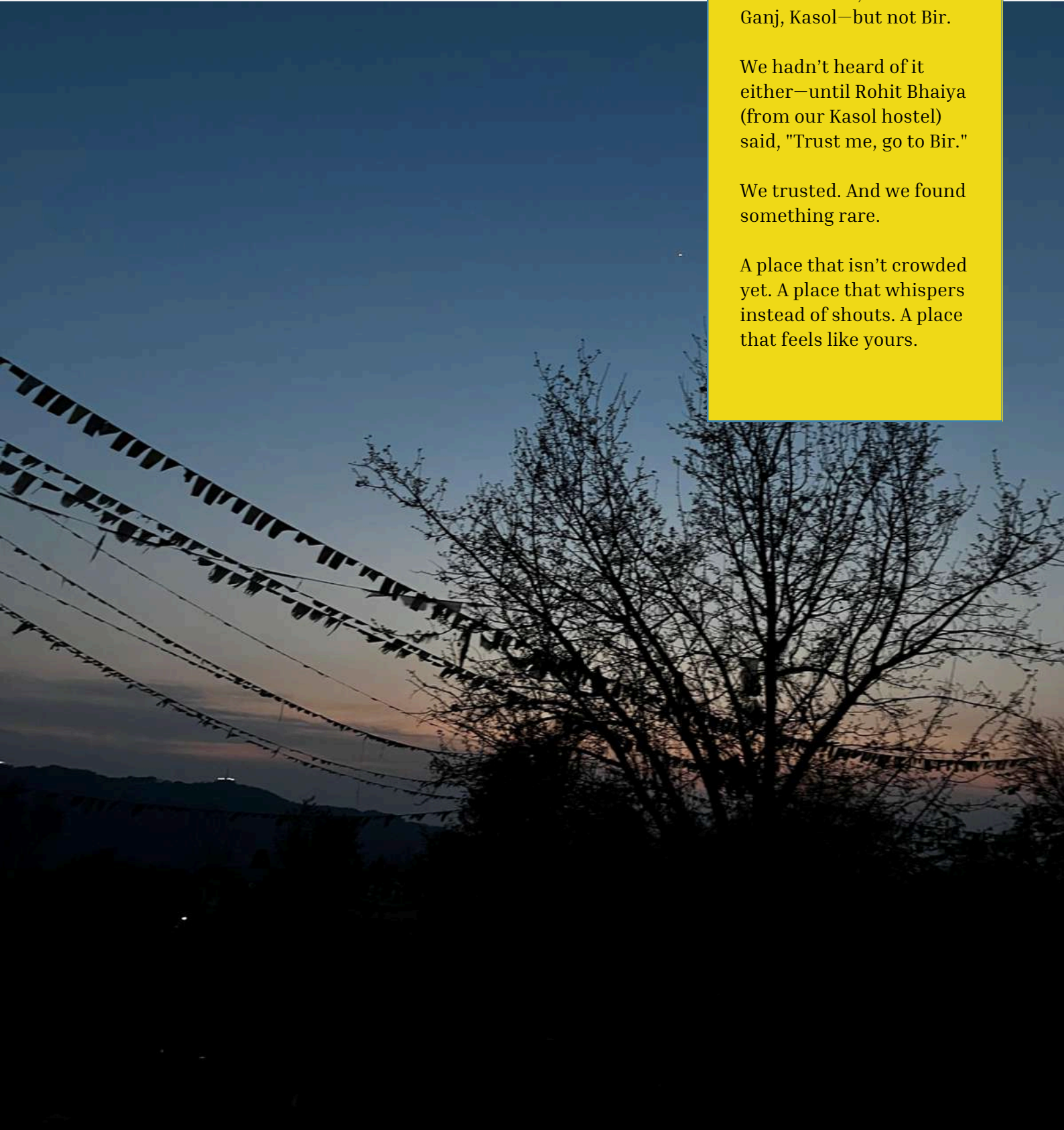
Bir – The Unexplored Gem

People talk about Dharamshala, McLeod Ganj, Kasol—but not Bir.

We hadn't heard of it either—until Rohit Bhaiya (from our Kasol hostel) said, "Trust me, go to Bir."

We trusted. And we found something rare.

A place that isn't crowded yet. A place that whispers instead of shouts. A place that feels like yours.





The Grand Finale – Paragliding at Asia's Highest Point



With the Paparazzi

A leap into the sky.

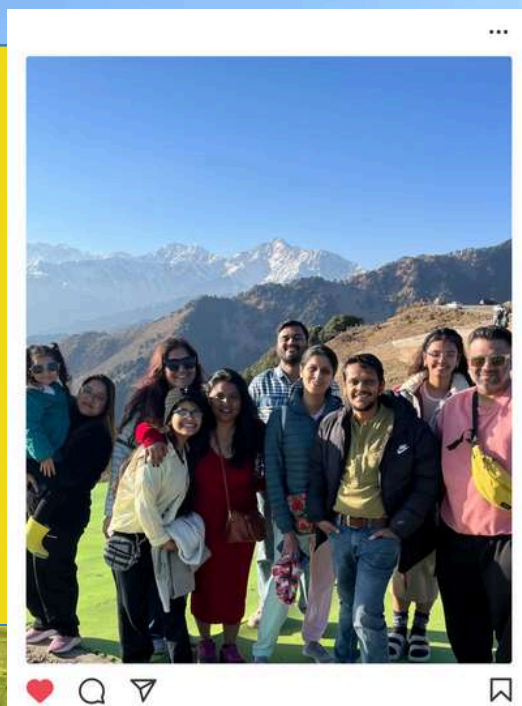
The moment before you jump—your heart pounds.
The moment after—you feel weightless.

Wind rushing. Mountains below. The world fading.

We screamed. We laughed. We flew.

The ones who stayed behind? They cheered, took videos, captured
every second of our fear turning into flight.

Because that's what this trip was about—jumping, together.





Pratik



Ekant



Shweta



Durvesh



Yogesh



Ishita



Rohit



Vaibhav



Siddhesh

Until Next Time...

The weather tested us—two days of endless rain, no electricity, just waiting.

We prayed for sunshine, and we got it.
We wished for snow, and we got hailstorms.

The mountains remind us—nothing is permanent, but everything is possible.

From Kasol to Bir.
From one adventure to the next.
From strangers to a family.

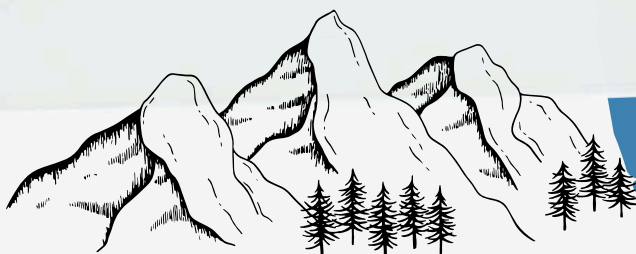
A year from now, we'll do this again. And when we do, we'll flip through these pages and relive it all.

Because memories aren't just moments. They are forever.



TO TRAVEL IS
TO LIVE.”

-HANS
CHRISTIAN
ANDERSEN



Where it all started

