



“What if it jumps into the boat” is my only thought. My eyes are almost popping out, my hand is on my chest, my jaw is hanging as if pulled down by the sheer force of gravity... It is also at this point that I realise that the motor boat that I am in has stopped and it is gently rocking in the waters. I can hear nothing but the sound of the wind in my ears and the constant clicking of a camera. We are just under half an hour into our boat ride along Madu River in Southern Sri Lanka.

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