



THE BUCKET LIST

Illustration and Text by Parveen Ismail and in collaboration with Garystar K Phanbuh

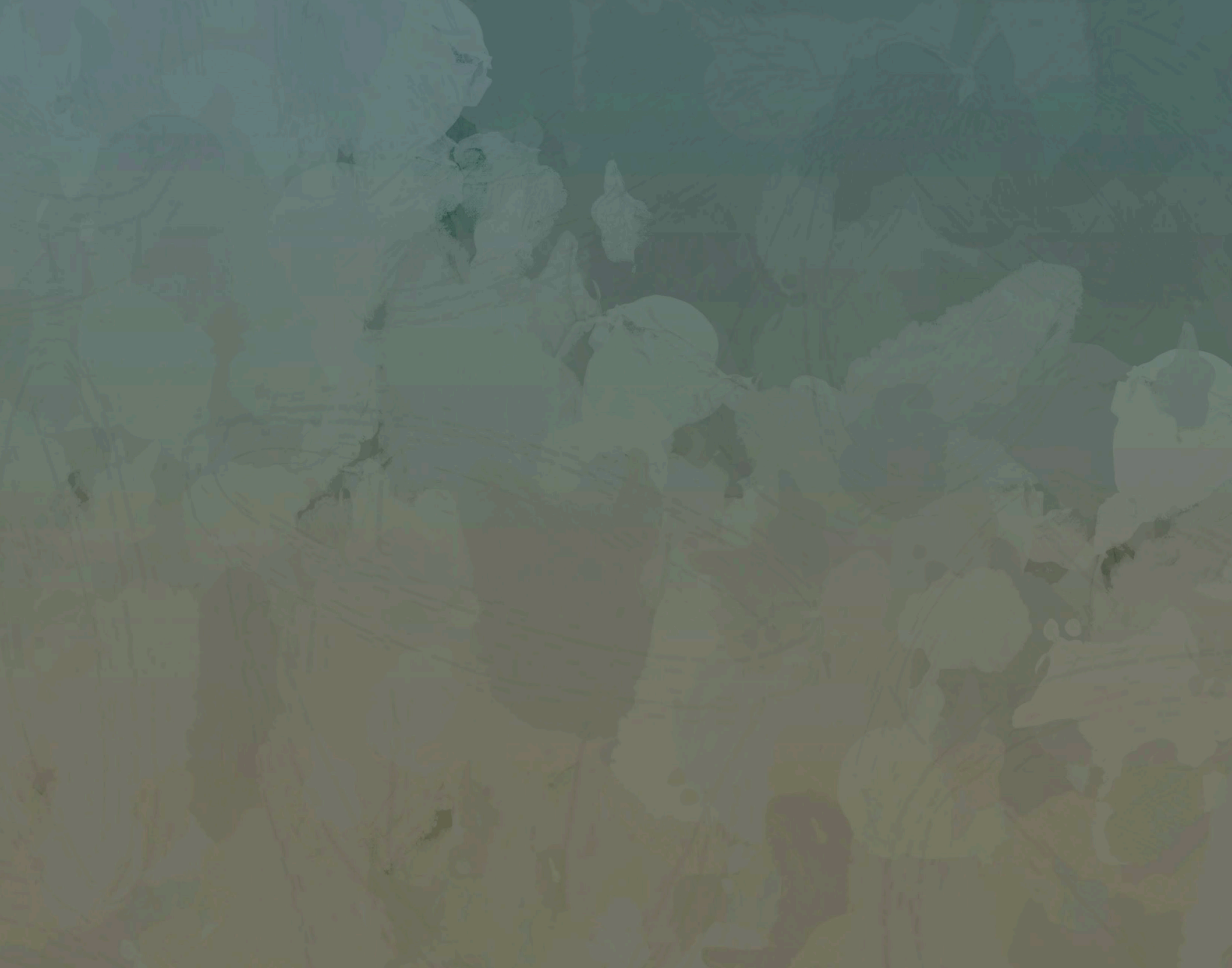


Credits

This book is inspired by Garystar K Phanbuh, from Laitmawsiang village , Meghalaya, one of the wettest regions in the world. Gary was part of the “Responsible Tourism Fellowship Program” at Canopy Collective, where his passion for nature and deep respect for the environment stood out.

Having grown up in a place where rain is a constant companion, Gary holds a profound emotional connection with it. To him, rain feels like home, familiar, comforting, and full of life. But he also recognizes its other face: the disruptions, the fear, and the destruction it can bring. Still, he believes rain is a beautiful gift from nature, one that deserves to be respected, protected, and embraced.

His stories and reflections became the heart of this book, which explores the dual nature of rain, as both gentle and harsh, joyful and overwhelming. Through his lens, the book invites readers to sit with the contradictions of nature and to find beauty in both the calm and the chaos.



For Garystar K Phanbuh



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The illustrations in this book are original interpretations and are inspired by the stories and experiences shared by Gary Phanbuh Sohra. All efforts have been made to respectfully credit the creative influence while maintaining a unique and original narrative and visual language.

Collaborators
Srishti Manipal Institute of Art, Design and Technology
Canopy Collective



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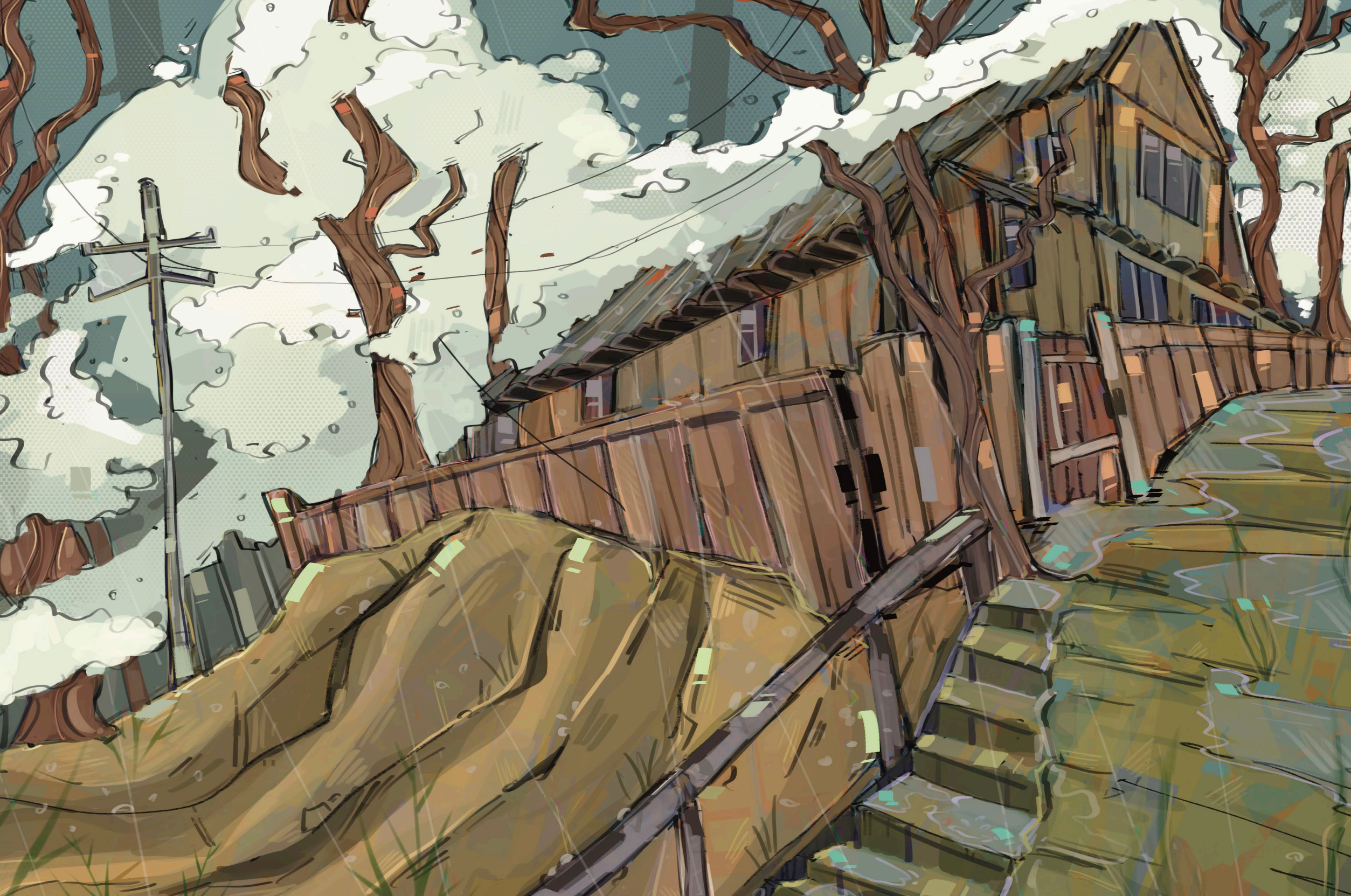
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In Cherrapunji, it rains all the time.
Not the once-in-a-while,
open-your-umbrella kind.

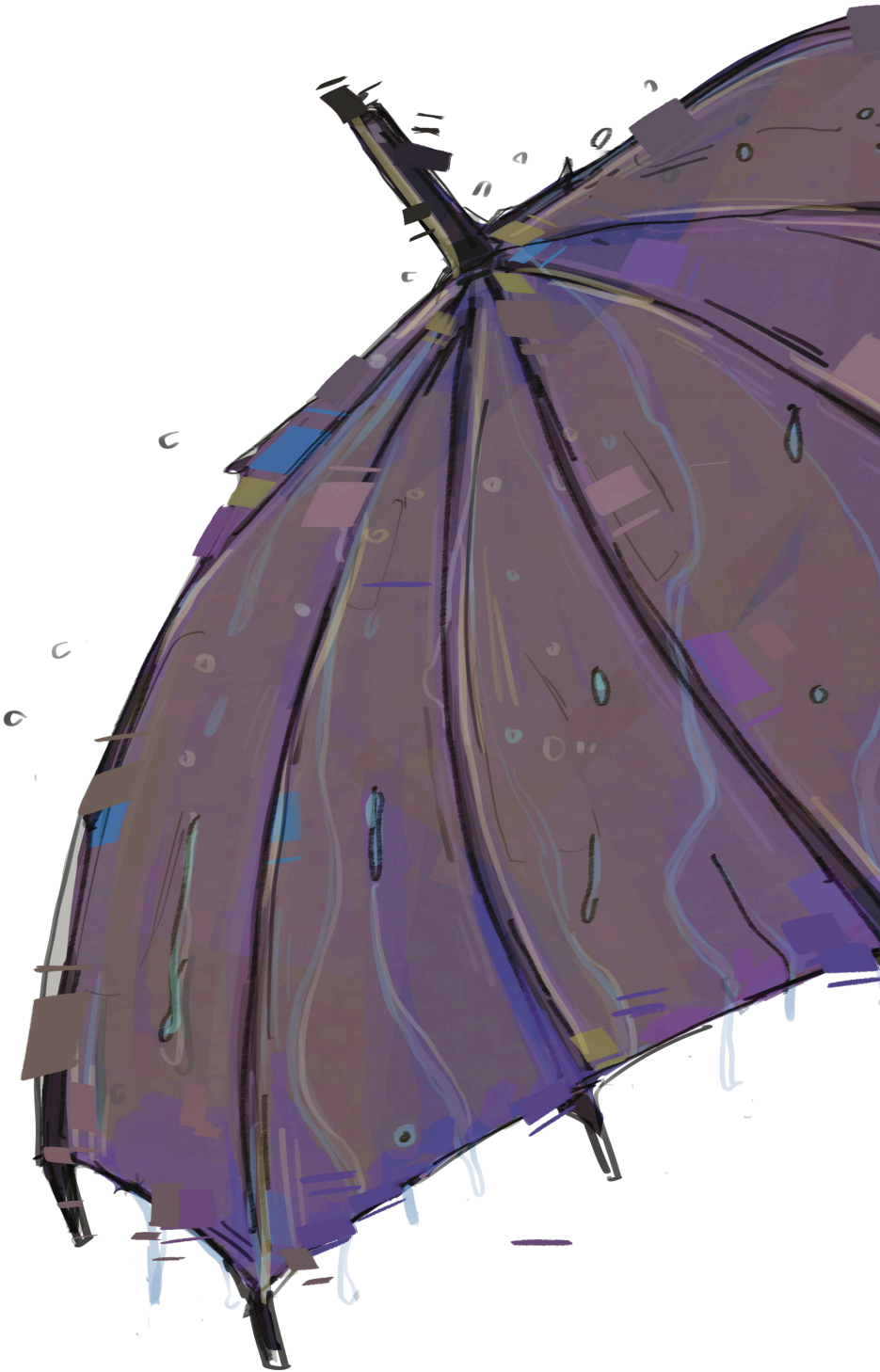
It rains so often,
I don't remember what no rain feels like.

Now, it just feels like home.
If you ever stop by, there's a list.
A bucket list.

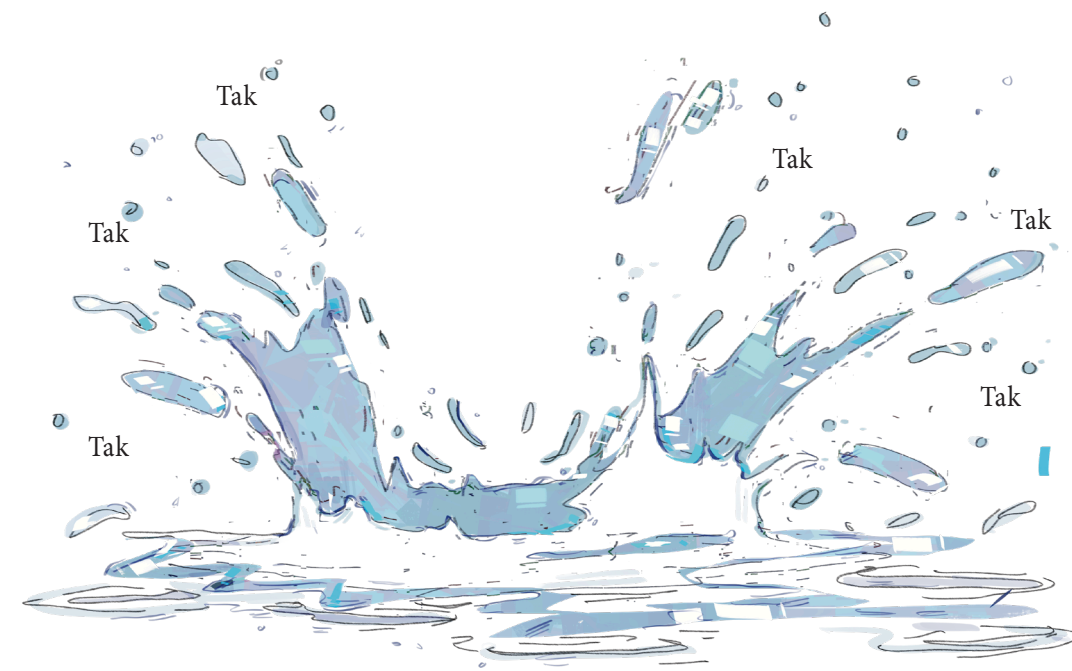




Rain says
HI!



When it rains, take off your earphones.
I'll tell you why.



The sound so soothing ,
You might drift into sleep.



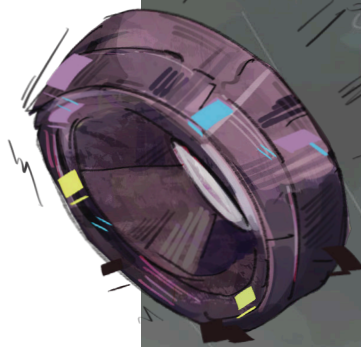
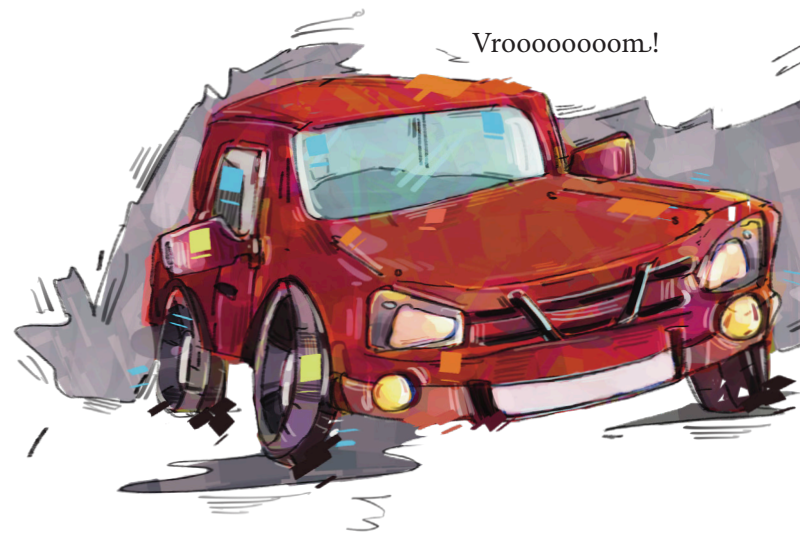


Always make a cup of tea,
Don't forget to stare out the window.



Boom—flashback to when it was cars, cars, cars all day long.

Vrooooooooooom!





Heat the pot.
Make some soup—garlic, pork,
curry leaves, mustard.
You're welcome

Sluuuurrrpp!

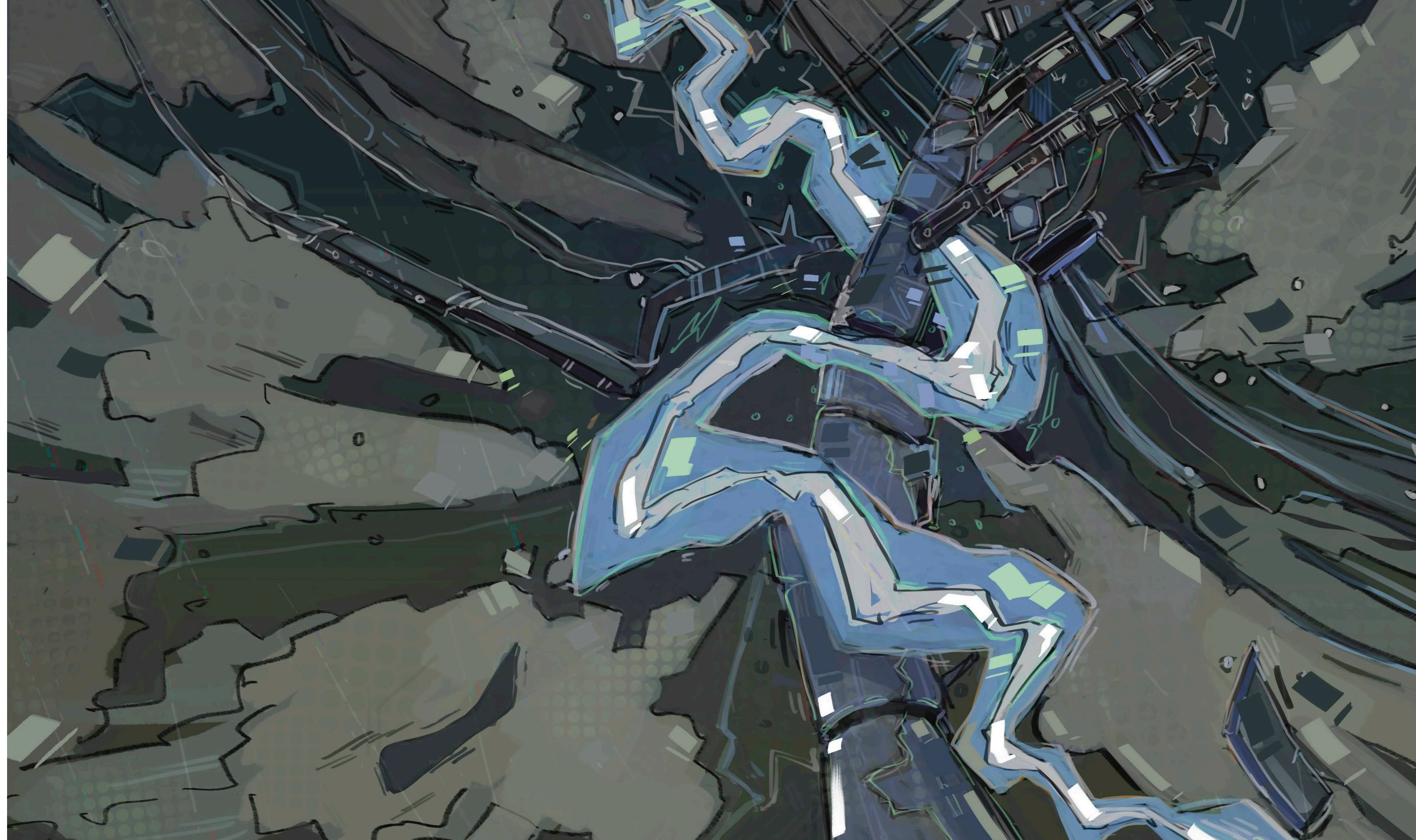


But be careful.
Lightning sometimes tags along.



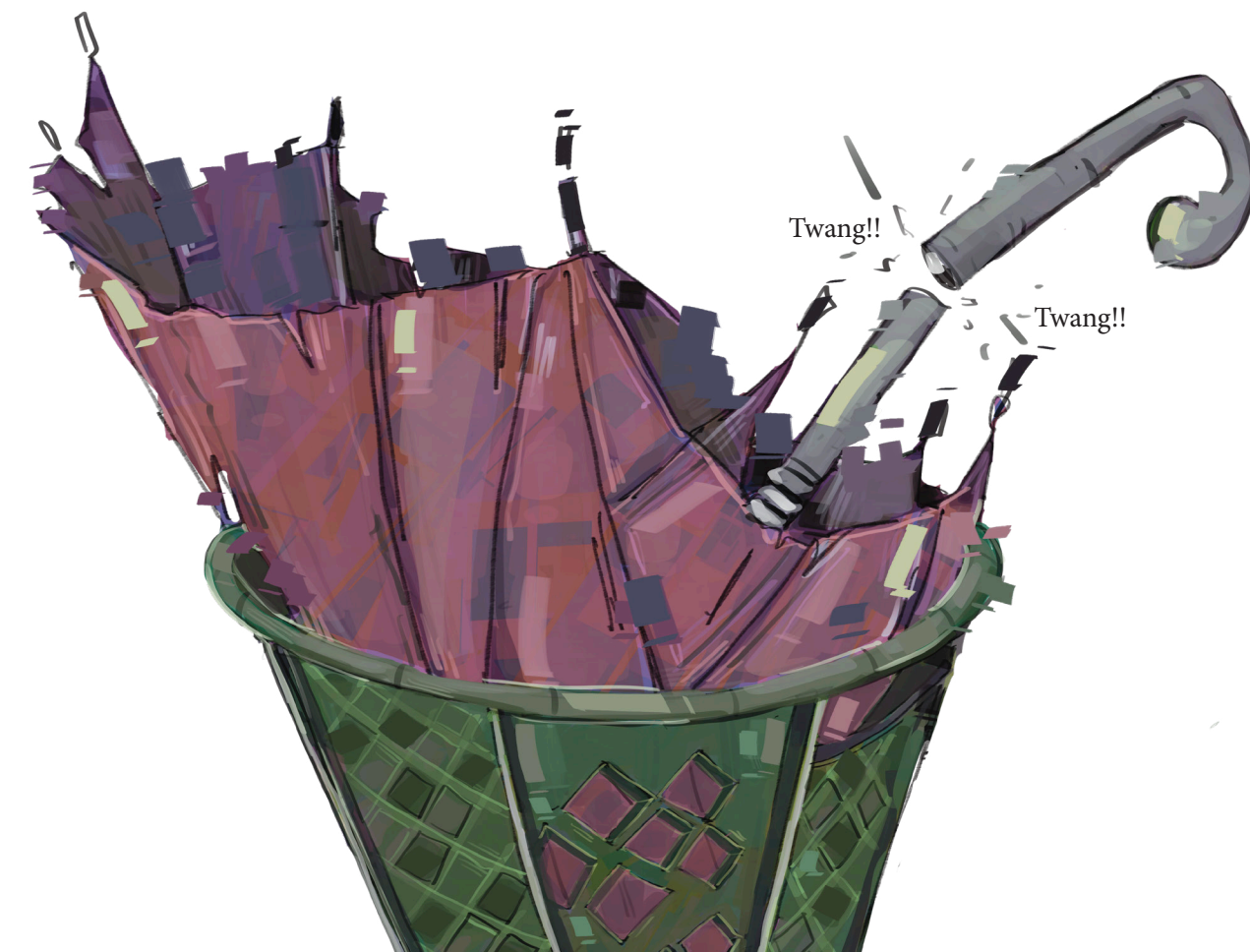
Thunkkkkk!!!

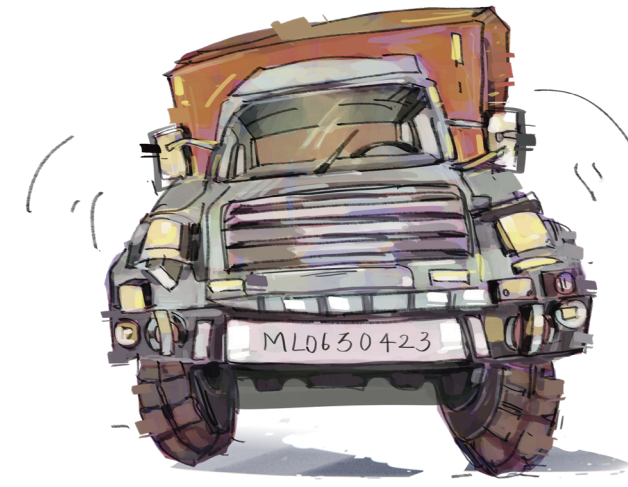
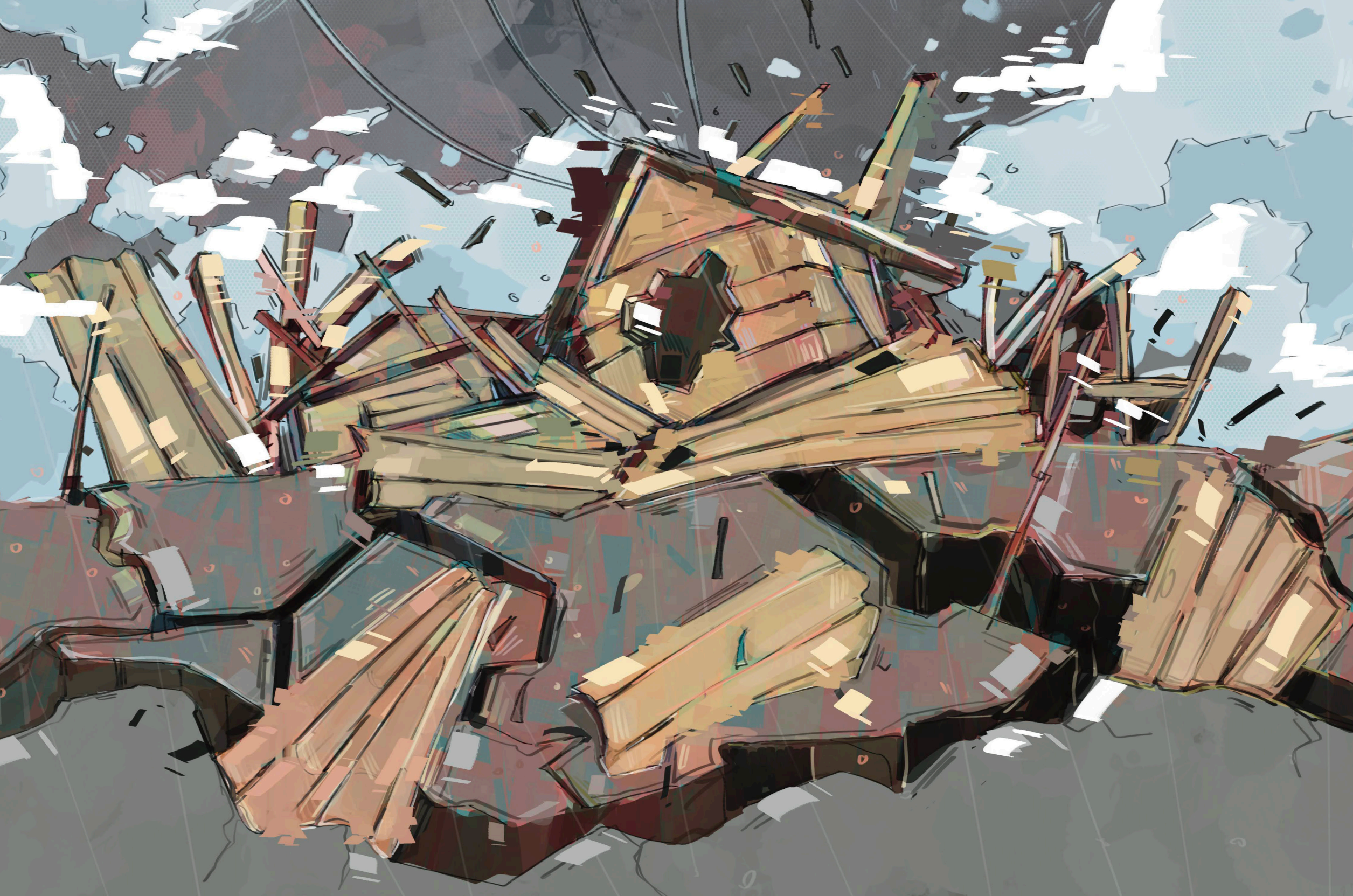
Rain has a moody phase sometimes,
Rain says, "Run."





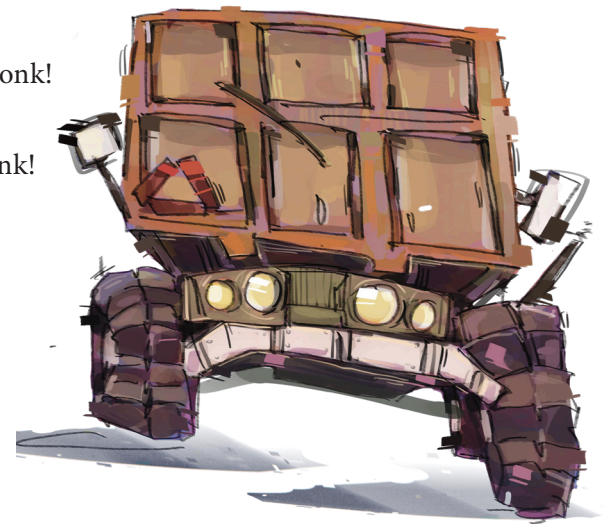
Keep a spare umbrella.
Rain loves to break them.
Mine snapped. Again.
Off to get umbrella number seven.





Honk!
Honk!
Honk!

But sometimes,
the mirrors crack.
The ground shifts landslides.
Then comes chaos.
Nowhere to move.



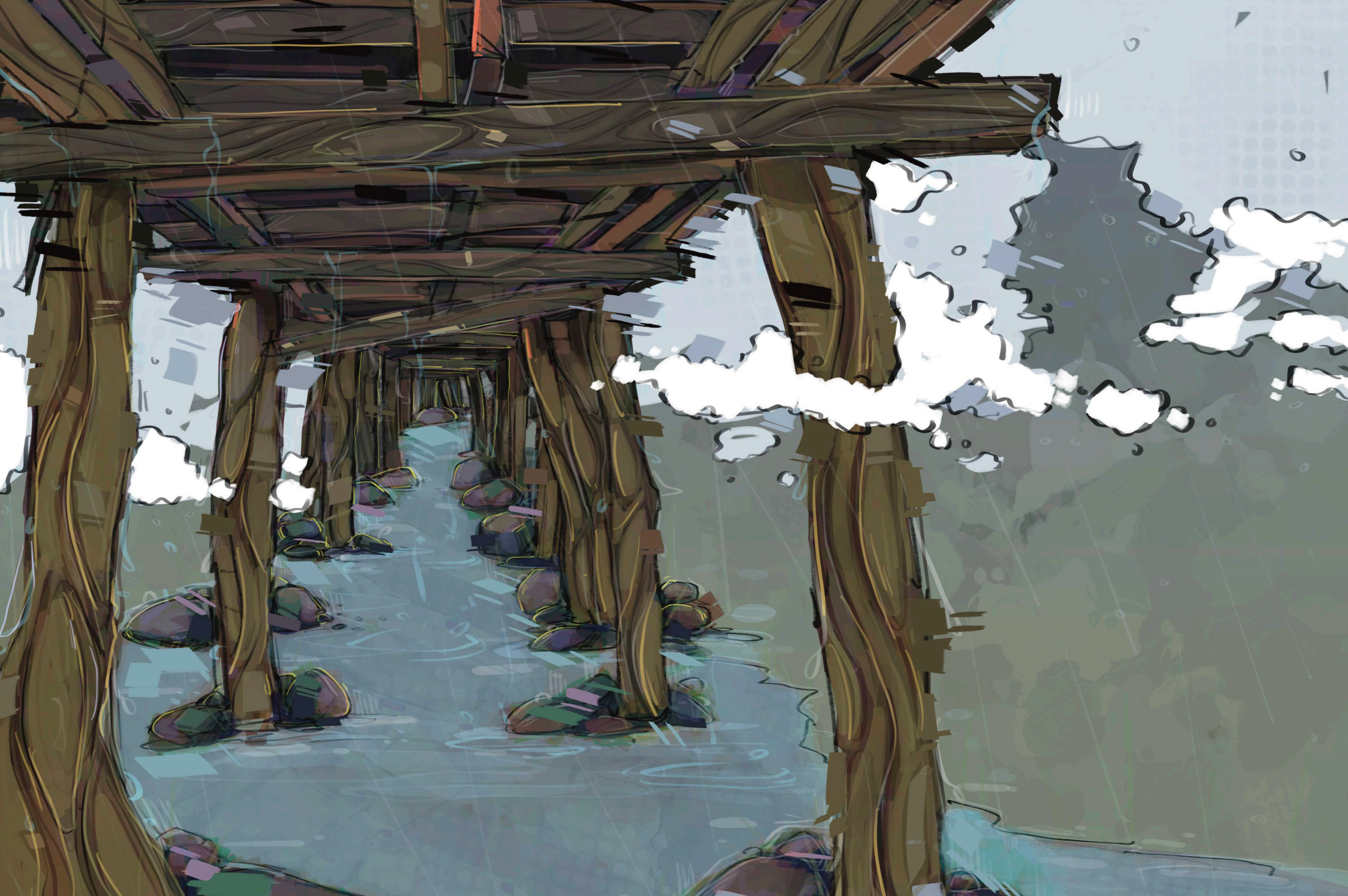
Honk!
Honk!
Honk!

Stare at the leaves,
You might spot a tiny rainbow.



Climb a hill after.
And thank me later.
Yeah, that's it.
Rain says bye.





Plotting its return in three hours.
Cherrapunji's ready for round two.

prruit
prruit prruit
prruit Purr
Purr



Like I said, rain never rests in Cherrapunji—
that's exactly why it feels like home.



