

Let there be light on dark streets



It so happens that every Wednesday evening our picnic systems need to be restarted. If this leaves you wondering about our organic functions, let me state right in the beginning that we are not handling any biological disorders, rather a very common

synthetic operational challenge.

Repetitively speaking, it is during these times that my husband's well-tanned Dr. pants come to our rescue! Naturally, he lays out the choicest samplings of therapeutic properties, and, multiple Doses (a South Indian delivery) change hands out to be the optimal.

Also, he is very good with diagnostics; left's see a lack of finding things out. His explanation skills are the kind National Geographic would be proud of! So one fine morning when his gastric juice threatened to ooze in the lab, he couldn't wait but drive to a cancer food court for immediate remedy. This place, which is tucked away in one corner of this small town, became an instant hit with us for its sheer flattery of the planner we so desire!

Thus began our weekly evening drive through winding roads and lush open fields. These little road trips got me interested for a variety of reasons. I could resist from being all of those here, but one identifying observation in the dazzling interplay of light and shadow, providing a contrasting medium to our local town.

As I see it, a particular strip (Meyers Road) which juts out from Nassau Street lead-

ing to Route 1 is strewn in darkness leading a haunting aura to the surroundings. I had crossed through the same patch of road in warm winter sunlight when my husband was showing me around for the first time I had landed here.

It was daunting to visit the historic Mercedes Manor for what is distinctly uptight. A pool was well laid inspiration in the way the moon casts a silver shine to the white marbles set against a dark green expanse. For the adventures, the lively dark deep woods add to its mystery. The sparkling eyes of the mink make the traveler pause, and the moment by which those shiny dogs are out of sight or right there in front of the wheels.

I am talking about the deer, which often cross the road without any hint of the incoming traffic onslaught. On one occasion, while we were driving back after a good deal of Donut usage and high voltage excitement with a bunch of friends, my husband made an attempt to avoid the deer on the sides in fear of trespassing speed traps. The anticipation of seeing them from such close proximity was delightful without a speck of doubt, but the very thought of "what if others see our sojourn" made me question the swallowing kindness that the road craves.

Road tags is common in every part of the world, the man behind the wheel is often ignorant or plain cautious about peripheral concerns like these. Night time driving is the most vulnerable and might entail mishap of a greater degree. It is very difficult to spot those better dwellers in pitch dark streets unless there is some relaxation of light along the way. As it is, wild life is dimly lit on the decline and so the very absence of light which might trigger the disappearance even more is definitely a cause for deliberation, particularly when there is no

amount of electricity in human informed areas.

Also the beautiful woods and the hollowed precincts stand engulfed in darkness. The stone pillars hidden behind a grove of trees and a forest maze of groves would have evolved the desired awe had it radiated visibly through the night cloak. A dash of light hopefully wouldn't do any harm to the surrounding area, particularly when there is a spew of historical lineage and bromeliads.

Contrast this with the shops and the buildings that mostly remain lit up even beyond business hours. I found this trend to be particularly interesting, since I haven't witnessed such generous usage of in-store lighting in the past. It seems that a section is highlighted and made lively for the pleasure of the visitor while the other concerned path is given a blanket rate.

Going back to deer spotting, yes we did spot those they timid deer that day and no, we did not let them freeze in horror thanks to my husband's slowing down abilities on the spot.

So this was my initial foray while hanging around town with an investor eye! Princeton is so profusely decorated that a serenade like this hits the eye and takes away the flashiness. On that note, I wish the inside light up every time we make a trip to gratify the salivary glands and let my husband discuss water corners and my delight in whizzing past bright night vibes.

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