



# TEA TRAILS

*PSEI #11-2024-01*



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As I sit at my desk reflecting on the journey that has brought me to the esteemed position as President of the PSEI, I am filled with immense gratitude. It is a privilege to be entrusted with this responsibility, and I am deeply honoured to serve as your President.

I want to express my sincere appreciation to our Members for their unwavering support and commitment to our shared vision of promoting excellence within the tea community. Your dedication to fostering a culture of innovation and collaboration sets the foundation for a bright future for all our Members.

I assure you that I will work tirelessly to uphold the values of integrity, transparency and inclusivity, that define our organisation. Together, we will strive for excellence and create opportunities that benefit all members of our community.

Thank you for believing in me. I am excited about the journey ahead and look forward to working hand in hand with you toward betterment of the society of which we are all an integral part.

*Ashok K Bhargava*

## *From the Editor's Desk...*

Hello! Here is the first issue of Tea Trails for 2024, with a re-jigged Editorial Board. We're putting our heads together over umpteen cups of our favourite brew, just so we can bring you a great bi-annual read.

Tea has evolved over the years from the perfectly brewed cuppa to spawn myriad off-spring. Some new and some old, - boba tea, fusion tea, butter tea being some of the newer entrants, while perennial favourites like masala tea and kahwa are enjoyed all over the world. To most tea lovers, the simple cup of tea, the perfect 2.5gms brewed in rolling water for that perfect amount of time, still remains a firm favourite. (Did I just begin a heated debate about 3gms being the perfect amount?)

And just as tea has evolved to producing re-imagined varieties for an ever-evolving market, Tea Trails is embracing change too! We have a brand new avatar, filled with good recipes, great tips, hilarious anecdotes, important information, and so much more.

We welcome your suggestions, articles and pictures. Send them to us at [teatrails.psei@gmail.com](mailto:teatrails.psei@gmail.com). Or just connect with us personally! We look forward to receiving them, and seeing them in print for us all to enjoy.

We also mourn the loss of fellow members and others from the tea fraternity, who have passed on this last year, and send our deepest condolences to their families. In the tea family, each loss leaves a deep impact. But the legacy they leave behind, along with the most entertaining memories, will always remain in our hearts.

The PSEI has a whole year of great activities planned and we hope to meet you all there. Until then, we wish you many many cups of good tea and good cheer!



### **Editor**

Sudipa Varma

### **Editorial Board**

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Brenda Dennis

JoyDeep Ghosh

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Fun Fact - Did you know that the most expensive tea bag in the world is a diamond tea bag made by Boodles Jewelers in England? The tea bag was worth \$9000, and was auctioned off for charity.

# The Healing Power of Plants

by **Dora Datta**



Plants are healers. There is a Japanese saying, "If you want short-lived joy, get married. If you want joy forever, grow a garden."

Personally, I felt the power of nature when the pandemic struck in 2020. There were serious illnesses to deal with at home, and that was followed by Covid. I turned to the garden for comfort and that's what got me going. One doesn't have to have a garden for plants. Here I will share some common house plants that I have kept inside the house to cheer up the place. All the pictures here are from my home.

For those who have a garden, balcony or terrace, I have suggested some plants, their names and pictures. Wishing you all a happy and flowery life!

Azaleas (pictures above) are best for cold climates. Beautiful to look at, but come summer, put them in a shady place and pray they don't wither in the heat. Bought about fifteen flowering plants out of which just nine survived. The hardy ones are the ones you see flowering on hill slopes. Do not over water. Just love them :)



Coleus. Very attractive house plant. Does not do too well in strong sun. In fact the morning sun is good enough. Watering to be done just enough to keep the soil moist.

Ferns are very soothing to the eyes. Beautiful green and needs very little looking after...

Needs a little extra water and more in the shade.



The peace lily can be grown in pots or grown in clusters together. One can plant it around a large tree to give it more beauty. Needs a lot of sun and water.





The Hibiscus is a sight for sore eyes. Needs a lot of sun and a fair amount of water. This plant needs a lot of care as it is very prone to attacks by insects . Regular spraying needs to be done. Neem oil is very effective.

Last, but not least, we have the common Bougainville. They can be grown in large pots as well, and very easy to grow. Needs a lot of sun and not too much water. If planting against a wall in your garden, you could plant a hedge of croton in front, to add colour, beauty and symmetry. Happy gardening, everyone!



Fun Fact - Drinking tea is less likely to produce a 'caffeine crash' than drinking coffee. This is because the high levels of antioxidants in tea slow the absorption of caffeine, which results in a gentler increase of caffeine in your system and a longer period of alertness with no crash at the end.



## First Day in Tea

compiled by **Sudipa Varma**

Hilarious first-hand accounts of our Members' first day on the job as young recruits on Tea plantations in Assam and North Bengal!

**It** was the Summer of 1986, on the fifth of June, when I travelled to Bagdogra - a name I couldn't pronounce then. This was my first exposure to this part of the world. When I left from Calcutta after my medicals, it was conveyed to me that I would be received by someone and taken to Gungaram Tea Garden. At the airport, obviously clueless about who was to meet me, I waited anxiously for my luggage, and observed my surroundings. I heard someone call my name, and turned around to see a gentleman in his late twenties who introduced himself as Shailender Pratap, the then factory assistant at Gungaram.

We travelled in his black Ambassador to the tea estate. It was a short drive to the twin bungalow which I was to share with him and his family. As we got out of the car, he said "This is our bungalow". Those words and their warmth are still fresh in my mind and heart.

Coming from the hustle and bustle of Delhi, I was excited to see the natural lush greenery all around me. In my enthusiasm, I asked if I could have a look around the estate. I was told that this scenery would be all I would see for the rest of my life, and that I had better go to meet the Acting Manager, Mr.K.K. Mehra.

The first question thrown at me was - What brings you here after St. Stephens'? I didn't have an answer then, and I don't have one to this day. Later that evening, I asked Shailender how he had managed to recognise me at the airport that morning. He replied that it had been incredibly easy, as I'd had the lost look of a fresh recruit. That was the cause of much laughter that night at dinner. Now I wonder whether I was lost then or today! - **Atul Rastogi**



**The** train pulled into Tinsukia station early morning on 15th August, 1979. The garden jeep was there to transport me and my meagre belongings to Keyhung T.E., my first billet. I was asked to use the Factory Assistant's bungalow for the first couple of days before I was allotted one of my own. The Acting Manager, Mr. Sanbah Pariat, and his wife, who were both from Shillong, like me, welcomed me and I was given a brief regarding my job and other responsibilities. After breakfast and some beer, I was advised that we were all to attend a dinner that evening, which was being hosted by the Factory Assistant of Itakhooli T.E.

As it transpired, a large number of guests had been invited, and I met my Superintendent Manager, Chris Allen, and his wife, both of whom also welcomed me warmly. The party was great, with excellent food and a great deal of alcohol - and as I later realised, very typical of a Planters' party! I had the opportunity there to meet several of my future colleagues and friends. As the next day was a working day, guests began to leave soon after dinner was over. Among the first to leave was Rupen Bannerjee, Manager, Itakhooli. He staggered to the car, reversed out, hitting both cars to the left and right of his. The car owners were aghast but could do nothing but curse the 'old man' as he sped out of the gate, knocking down one of the gate posts. He was fortunate enough to reach his bungalow nearby without further mishap. As the number of guests thinned out, someone suddenly cried out - "Where's my car?!"

Reality struck us all then! Rupen Bannerjee, in his inebriated state, had got into the wrong car and raced home, damaging three vehicles and a gatepost in his getaway! My first day in tea ended with camaraderie and much laughter, and memories I cherish to this day. - **Nisar Ahmed**



I joined Duncan Brothers - or, Drunken Bros, as my first boss, the late John Grimmer, sometimes called it! It was the 13th November, 1973. Unlucky for some, as they say, but the 13th proved to be lucky for me! I was pleasantly surprised at being received by Nishi and Nita Chowdhury at the airport, having expected to be met by a driver from the garden. Outside the airport, I was taken aback seeing Nishi shaking hands with a driver in khaki shorts. My grandfather's driver always wore khaki shorts, and thereby the presumption! I later learned that he was a fellow Duncan's Planter from a nearby tea garden who had come to see off his wife!

Bagdogra to Lakhipara was a long and tiring journey, and we reached quite late in the evening. I was dropped off at a remote, lonely, double-storied bungalow. Tired and overwhelmed, I lay down for a good sleep. I had barely taken a short nap when I was startled out of my slumber by the thundering sound of three motorbikes, all apparently missing exhaust silencer boxes!

I was directed to ride pillion on K.K. Mehra's Betsy - a Yezdi bike, minus silencer. Tilak Budhwar's Rajdoot and Manoj Varma's RED Lambretta (go figure!) followed behind as we rode to the Gandrapara South Division bungalow. The kutccha road was slippery,

having been sprayed with gramoxone, and KK was doing every trick he knew with his bike, either to scare or impress me. At one point, the bike slid into a skid, and I flew off the bike, landing in the mud, luckily unhurt.

From 9PM that evening until 4AM the next morning, I was forced to listen to the historical truth about Cleopatra, in a heated debate between KK and Tilak, interspersed with vehement nods from Manoj. As if this were not enough for a new recruit, I was then told that I would be required to report for duty in a couple of hours, at 6:30AM!

I managed, with great difficulty, to stay awake while meeting my new boss, John Grimmer, who then asked Nishi to assign me my duties. I requested Nishi for notes or books on tea, and he told me that I was required to first pass a test in order to qualify. I was told to throw a red brick as far as I could while in standing position. My tormentors from the previous night and Nishi watched, as skinny little me threw the brick with as much strength as I had, only for it to land a few feet away. I don't know the result of that test, as they were too busy laughing. - **Harsh Kumar**



**Eager** to begin my stint in tea, I arrived at DumDum airport, ready to board the flight to Bagdogra, having been assured I would be met at my destination by Birsa Munda driver. Four goats preceded the rest of us passengers boarding the Dakota aircraft. In Bagdogra, I was duly met by the driver Birsa, who then proceeded to drive me to a shop not too far from the airport. The Manager of the tea estate, Mr Sandow Dey, had come to make a call. On the drive to Matelli/Murti T.E., he put me at ease, and we had a good chat. I looked forward to working and learning from him.

At the garden, I was met by three hulks - Nandu Ganguly, JK Kaul and Partha Lahiri. I was the junior-most Assistant and had to strain to look any of them in the eye! After first instructions, Nandu took me to his bungalow, which I was to share. It was Wednesday, and Nandu had guests - an Air Force Officer and his wife. After a cup of tea, I was told it was a 'Club day' and they were all going to the nearby Chulsa Polo Club. Very happy to hear that, I got up to get changed, but was informed that Burra Sa'ab had given instruction to ground me for a month!

I wondered why, and was quite disappointed when Nandu and his guests trotted off to the Club, leaving me alone in the bungalow! Mr Dey explained the next day - he was preparing me for a life in the tea estates, most of which were in remote locations, unlike the ones in the Chulsa area. A month of being garden-bound would prepare me for the reality of life in tea gardens. - **Rajat Dutt**

# The 20th Annual General Meeting of the PSEI was held at The Veedol Hall, The Tollygunge Club, on the 14th October, 2023



AGM in Session!



after the Meeting...



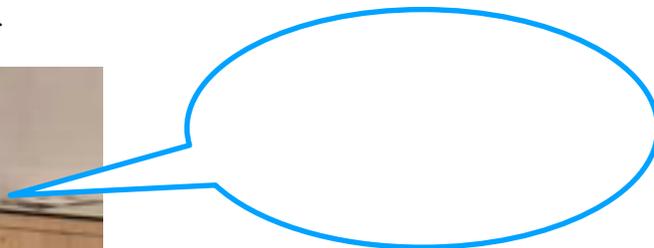
# Photo-ops, dancing, and prizes to be won...



After the formal Meeting, a great time was had by all. Catching up with old friends, breaking out those dance moves, selfie ops, and prizes galore! The evening concluded with a buffet dinner served in the adjoining Far Pavilion Hall



**Pic of the Day...**



**Fill in the blurb, and bring your written entries to the PSEI event on 6th July  
Best entry wins a prize!**

## CSR Success - withstanding the test of time

Goodricke School for Special Education, or GSSE, is a place where every child, regardless of their unique challenges, is given the opportunity to thrive, learn and grow. Situated in the heart of Siliguri, this school has been a beacon of hope and progress since its inception in 1993. At that time, mainstream educational institutions were not prepared to have inclusive curriculum, or trained staff, for children with alternate needs. Backed by dedicated support, GSSE provides specialised education and therapeutic intervention for children with special needs, such as cerebral palsy, mentally challenged, autism spectrum disorder, or associated problems of speech and hearing impairment. Each classroom has an integrated set of students with multiple challenges, grouped as per their cognitive levels and age criteria.

Education at this institution transcends traditional learning. The school's philosophy is rooted in the belief that every child possesses inherent potential that can flourish in an environment tailored to their specific needs. Through a personalised approach to education and therapy, GSSE aims to equip its students with the skills necessary for a life of self-reliance and dignity.



Classrooms here are designed to be spaces where challenged children may explore their abilities, express themselves freely, complemented by appropriate therapeutic interventions. Overall well-being and progress are closely monitored, with an aim to supplement education with vocational training. They are committed to preparing their students not just academically and capable of handling practical aspects of daily life, but also with a view to preparing them for future employment opportunities.

From its humble beginning in a small house, it is now a full-fledged school, catering to a large number of students. By raising awareness and advocating for the rights and inclusion of individuals with special needs, this school has been a pioneer in the region for having shaped a more accepting and understanding society.

Transforming lives every day, through compassion, innovation and excellence.

## Perfect-for-Summer Recipes from Assam

by **Inky Sen**

**Khar** is a traditional Assamese dish, where the principal ingredient is also called khar. The ingredient is obtained by filtering water through the ashes of sun-dried banana peel. A phoenix of an ingredient that literally rises out of the ashes to turn into a delectable delicacy. In case banana peel is not available, one may substitute with sodium bicarbonate, or *meetha soda* as it is commonly known. This is a simple dish made with the bare minimum of ingredients, very tasty, and a favourite with all who have eaten it! Cures digestive disorders and cleanses the stomach.

### Ingredients -

100gm raw papaya, cubed  
250gm Mung dal, washed and soaked  
1tsp garlic cloves, minced  
2Tbsp kolakhar **or** 1/2tsp meetha soda  
3Tbsp mustard oil  
salt, to taste  
1/2tsp sugar  
2 glasses water  
1-2 green chilis



**Method** - Heat oil in a pan, then add minced garlic and fry until brown. Add the soaked mung dal, cubed papaya and khar/meetha soda. Add water. Bring to a boil in the pan, then lower the flame. Add sugar, and continue simmering on low heat until well cooked and with a smooth texture. Adjust the salt and remove from heat. Pour into a serving dish. Pour a tsp of mustard oil on top, and garnish with slit green chilis. Fried fish head can also be added while cooking. Serve hot with rice.

**Masor Tenga Anja** is a delicious, tangy fish curry which is flavoured with kokum. A good, tasty, traditionally-cooked curry, and a favourite with Assamese people. Different natural souring agents are used, like elephant apple, kokum, tomato, lemon juice, olive, etc. Vegetables like potato, yam or cauliflower are also added to the curry. In this recipe, I have used kokum as the souring agent, and potatoes as the vegetable of choice. I have used Rohu fish, but one may use Catla or any other freshwater fish instead. Masor tenga is also credited with cooling the digestive system in Summer to optimise health.

### Ingredients -

6 pcs Rohu -smear with turmeric and salt, fry, set aside  
3 strands kokum, soaked in a little hot water  
pinch methi (fenugreek) seeds  
1tsp mustard seeds  
3tsp mustard oil  
1/2tsp haldi (turmeric) powder  
4cups hot water ...



1 tsp salt, or to taste  
 1/2 tsp sugar  
 2 green chilis  
 250 gm tomatoes  
 Juice of 1/2 a lemon  
 2 medium potatoes, boiled



**Method** - Heat the oil in a pan, then add the mustard and methi seeds. Splutter, then add green chilis. Add tomatoes, turmeric and salt, and fry until tomatoes are mushy. Add sugar. Add potatoes, mashing them in roughly. Add water, fried fish, kokum and lemon juices, and bring to a boil. Remove from heat and transfer to a serving dish. Garnish with fresh coriander leaves and green chilis. Serve with hot, steamed rice.



## Can you find the tea?

Q E Z B S O L A V M I Z R D O Y P  
 Q H Y B R S U G S Z V C B P D P E  
 P N W J S N P G X S I R H N F H P  
 T E B C F V N Y S A A H I B T B P  
 J M I U X O V X H O E M B Q W E E  
 U H Y D L S X C Y Q U P I W Q O R  
 R K L O G T I L T D B F S A Y K M  
 H N O G X R E G N I G O C I P A I  
 N R H K A Q A E C I R O U Q I L N  
 Z S P E A R M I N T U U S S Q T T  
 R U W R V H S U B D E R G D J P D  
 G R E E N V N D A R J E E L I N G  
 J C H A M O M I L E K C V K V H D  
 C B T F K W E C Y E A R L G R E Y  
 E O U Q T S W F J B E J W D Q I M  
 G N O H S U O S G N A S P A L E Q  
 F T S A F K A E R B H S I L G N E

- |                   |                 |            |
|-------------------|-----------------|------------|
| English Breakfast | Lapsangsoushong | Peppermint |
| Darjeeling        | Liquorice       | Chamomile  |
| Spearmint         | Earl Grey       | Hibiscus   |
| Redbush           | Ginger          | Oolong     |
| Green             | Assam           | Chai       |



## **Trailblazer's Tryst**

By **Nandita Tiwari**

**She** watched horrified as flames rose heavenwards, the fire engulfing the thatched roof. Suresh and Boden scurried with buckets of water, splashing it vehemently to douse the fire. A crowd soon gathered, each trying to make themselves as useful as they could. Her eyes spotted her husband and she instinctively headed towards him and gave him a tight hug.

20th January, 1993, was when she had become a bride and embarked on an adventure, that even she couldn't say she had signed up for. Gradually, the weather was becoming warmer and the air felt velvety against her skin. Though she had begun to enjoy the perks of nature and its serenity, she was glad to have a break to visit her parents and her in-laws.

"Beta, have you settled?" asked her father-in-law. "You seem to have tanned a bit," added her mother-in-law, handing over tall glasses of lassi.

"The place is an open field with beautiful tall trees. Paddy fields dotted with bamboo groves stretch for miles and miles. The sun beats down on our backs relentlessly. But I have started to feel at home now and even solved the mystery of the missing soaps and toothpaste." She had the rapt attention of her in-laws, curious to unravel the mysteries of their daughter-in-law as a new bride. She and her husband Sukhbir had disembarked at NJP station, and soon after Sukhbir took her to a favourite haunt of the tea ladies. While she rummaged through many paperbacks and novels at North Bengal Book Depot, Sukhbir stood watching indulgently.

Later, as they drove into the Gangaram Tea Estate near Bagdogra, Preet was mesmerized by the hectares and hectares of lush green tea bushes sprawling as far as the eye could see. They were to spend a few days here before Sukhbir resumed kaamjaari. It took a minute or two for Preet's brain to process the happenings of the new surroundings. The bearers in white uniforms and stoic expressions moved wordlessly to and from the old-fashioned mahogany table keeping the platters and the glasses full. The aroma of freshly baked bread hung heavy all around. Brajendra Saklani, Sukhbir's friend, had been an excellent host and Preet was excited to settle down in a place she could call hers, having now had a taste of tea life.

But what met her eyes when they reached Patagora was beyond her imagination. The opulent tea bushes were nowhere to be seen. Instead of majestic bungalows, were thatched cottages sparsely spread about the expanse. Nevertheless, she enjoyed the stillness that was ever evasive in the hustle-bustle of cities. In their cottage, they had help from their cooks Suresh and Boden. Soon, she began savouring the little moments of life.

One fine morning, she sat soaking in the pleasant sun, her long hair swaying gently with the wind, engrossed in the thriller in her hands. All of a sudden, from the corner of her eye, she noticed a hive of activity all around her. Boden rushed towards another cottage

which served as the office. "Aagun... Aag!" he called out frantically as he carried a bucket of water towards their kitchen. Preet's eyes trailed behind him and aghast, she realized that the kitchen was on fire. She rushed towards the kitchen, looking for a pail of water or an extinguisher to help douse the fire. Before she could, a crowd had already gathered, and the cottage was soon salvaged. She noticed her husband amongst them and gave him a big hug.

"That's frightening," exclaimed her mother-in-law. "What caused the fire?"

"It was quite an experience," Preet agreed, and went on to explain what the cook had told her. During winters, the thatched roof would get bone dry. The cook, who had been preparing butter chicken, gave the pan a toss causing the low thatch ceiling to go up in flames. At this, they broke out into a chorus of laughter at the unlikely source of the fire but were relieved that everyone was safe and the damage had been minimal. "Oh dear!" her father-in-law added, inquisitive about the new location of his son's posting.

"Oh, it is near Islampur, a tiny hamlet in Uttar Dinajpur district of North Bengal bordering Bangladesh," said Preet. Her father-in-law was taken aback. Being a Major General himself, he realized that there was more to the story than his son had let on. He soon figured out that Patagora, the land where new tea plantations were being planted was by the Zero line of India and Bangladesh. They could be caught in a friendly exchange of fire anytime and people would be none the wiser. Even the BSF camp was based at a safer location from the border.

"Kudos, you are brave to face the harshest plantation life head on," he reassured Preet, "but tell us about the missing soaps!"

"We have the luxury of electricity only in the evenings. Often, we have visitors at night who enjoy my hospitality."

Reading the stunned expression on her mother-in-law's face, she continued, "field rats! They especially relish Pears and Colgate," she giggled. The gravity of the situation hit Preet only later in life. Later, she too went on to welcome many new brides, who are often asked, "so how do you like tea?" Some say with milk and sugar while others say they enjoy the calmness in the lap of nature. But for Preet, it had been a sizzling cup of tea.



## **Fire and Rain - A Page from the diary of a Tea Planter's wife**

by **Gowri Mohanakrishnan**

There was nothing I enjoyed more than a visit to Chalsa forest in the month of March. The fragrance in the air was as difficult to capture and hold as the fleeting season itself. Some traces of it would linger under citrus trees, especially under the pomelo. You could smell it under the flowering 'curry patta' tree in the garden as well.

We spent a lifetime in the Dooars, and its forests, rivers and hills will always be 'ours' to treasure in my mind. The cold weather was the best part of the year. Once that was over, we waited for the rain. The longest drought that we experienced lasted over 130 days. All the minor vegetation looked as if it would go up in flames. Not the trees, though; they put out leaf buds on time.

I clearly remember the day that four-month long drought ended.

The first drops of rain came with special effects. Strong winds started blowing at around eight in the evening. The verandah was like the set of a disaster-on-board movie. Anyone who wanted to stand straight in there had to cling to a pillar. No standing around; it was all hands on deck as chairs, tables and flowerpots had to be got out of the wind to safety. There was some rain, which we sensed more by the sound it made on the roof than by sight. The drops disappeared into the dry earth as soon as they fell. My husband spoke to the Company Sahib in Kolkata and held the phone receiver up so that he could hear the raindrops on the roof.

It was over in a few minutes. We went to bed, and after a couple of hours I woke up to a different kind of noise. It sounded as if an elephant had entered the workers' colony. People were bursting crackers and shouting. Dogs were barking madly. My husband spoke to someone on the cell phone. Then about two hours later, there was a crash that sounded like the end of the world. There was a flash of green light - now I knew what Harry Potter felt like - and then everything went dark.

There was a mild burning smell around us. Mohan went out with a torch to check for damages. There didn't seem to be any. Our lights didn't come back for around twenty minutes, by which time it had started to rain. The relief of hearing the sound of falling rain was enough to send us back to sleep.

The next morning, Mohan reported that there'd been very little rain. But he was all smiles. The drought was over. What other news, I asked. Oh, plenty. The elephant had crashed its way through the fences of at least four houses, and had eaten all the bananas planted there.

No one in the garden was upset. The elephant was lucky for us all, they said - it had brought rain, after all! One Assistant reported that when lightning struck, the main switchboard of his bungalow had caught fire. Luckily, he'd managed to put it out. In our bungalow, the burning smell had been coming from the plug-in adaptor to the cordless phone. It had burst because of the lightning. Oh, and the water pump had died in the night.

It was a cheery morning. The sun shone in a sky that was blue for the first time in months. The bungalow was alive with activity. An electrician was fitting a substitute water pump. The Malis - gardeners - were sweeping up the leaves which were strewn all over the compound.

A boy started washing carpets, something he'd been putting off for weeks because of the dust haze in the air. The only sad faces I saw were those of the hollyhocks in the garden - they were all laid down by the storm. The storm - yes, we would be going into April in a couple of days, and that was the season of storms. That's a story for another day.

Fun Fact - Panda dung tea is a thing! Gross, right? But don't worry. You don't have to consume poo (at least, not directly) to enjoy this tea. So-called Panda dung tea is made using Panda poo as an eco-friendly fertiliser. This method is said to retain more nutrients than non-Panda-poo-fertilised tea; and to yield a tea that's fragrant and smooth. However, indirectly consuming Panda poo comes at a cost.

Panda dung tea is cultivated in the mountains of Ya'an, in Sichuan Province, China. When the tea first came to market, it was among the world's most expensive teas, with about 16 cups' worth fetching roughly \$3500.



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*M/s Cropcare*