

Every time I go out to deliver our wingko *jolla-jolly* to our reseller, I will always pass through a new passage of a housing complex. It is the passage that links the new cluster to the whole complex. The cool air of Bogor is well maintained here in the surroundings. I usually leave home at 6.30 in the morning piercing the thin layer of mist covered by morning air that breezes gently. I can see dews lazing around on the green soggy grass. The fresh air and the fragrance of fog definitely console the soul.

One fine morning I was tempted to take this photo. A heavy machine used to pave the road (a bulldozer, perhaps) was silent in the corner of the field. There was a slight sun hung on the dim horizon. I produced my cell phone to take the image.

This photo drives me to think in reflection about modernity dan tradition. About the environment and development. It is now prevalent that house developers are penetrating even into the heart of villages and hills to be planted houses and villa. Rice fields and other productive land soon decrease in number as a result of increasing demand of (or tendency to gain profit from making) houses. On the one hand, people need shelter named house. But on the other hand, the need for house has obviously devastated productive lands that involuntarily drive away some other elements of the universe from their natural habitat.