

A Trek to Koosalli Falls

By
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A Trek to Koosalli Falls

The night before the trek

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" Ahh! Finally....", said Ramesh. Yes finally we were going to the trek, which no one among the four realized that it would be the best ever trek till date in each of our life. Yeah! I am talking about our trek; A trek to Koosalli.

With full enthusiasm and strength we had packed our bags with all the necessary but minimal stuff that any "Trek geek" would carry! We reached the Pickup point of the bus, which was carrying us very near to our destination. We were going to Kundapura via Mangalore that is around 400 Kms from Bangalore. The bus was to depart at 21:30 and we enthusiasts were at the place at 21 hours. We had half an hour more with us so we decided to have some chats and juice. At exactly 21:30 the bus was there and we boarded the bus appreciating the timing. We took 10-15 mins to settle and discussed about the next days plan. We planned to take a lodge at Kundapura, freshen up there and then launch ourselves for the trek. I started to hallucinate about the nature at Koosalli and dreaming had I slept in the bus...

Ultimate trekking day

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There was fog everywhere around and it was very cold. I tried to feel better by hugging my jacket and saw through the window to see the sun slowly trying to come out of his sleep and brighten the earth as he is been doing till date efficiently. The conductor started to scream Kundapur, which made my drowsiness, vanish and I woke my trek mates. We got down the bus and felt the fresh air that widened our eyes and we started observing the place around us. Looking for a good but economic lodge we found a good enough lodge named Hariprasad. We booked two rooms and started freshening up.

It was 8:00 when we finished our breakfast; the usual Idli vada. We got to know from people from there that we need to go to Shirur check post to go to Koosalli. With only some materials required for the trek and some food we set off and boarded the bus to Baindur. Shirur is about 24 KMs from Kundapur. We came across a few bridges, as there were many branches of rivers trying to reach the sea in a hurry. It was a nice sight with lots of Coconut trees along the coast and boats with fishermen spreading their fishing nets; their routine, their bread.

Boasting of a Canon SLR camera Naveen shot a few good snaps. Ramesh with his Nikon digital camera and Goutham with his Kodak Easy share followed suite. After we reached Shirur we enquired about the path to be taken further on. We had to take a right deviation from Shirur towards toodalli about 11 KMs from there. After toodalli comes Koosalli village another 5 -6 KMs more. The road is too bad and the only means we found to reach Koosalli was Auto rickshaws. "OK then", said we and managed to negotiate the price for one-way trip to Koosalli for Rs.150.

We set out in the auto with 3 guys in the back seat and one next to the driver. As soon as we started the driver started enquiring us as to why are we going to Koosalli? When informed that we were going to visit the falls then he started telling us that it is a very risky area and that there was a death that happened only a month ago.

There were two brothers who had been here and had reached almost to the top of the falls when the elder brother slipped and fell from the rocks to meet death. He started describing that the place is so dense that they were unable to find the body for 3 days and when they found it was in pieces. Every one of us started thinking..” Is this place so dangerous”. And we started enquiring as to what measures we need to take. In reply the driver informed us to climb the hill very carefully as the rocks there were slippery and since December is not a time when it rains here, it wont be that riskier. Anyway with these freaky/pesky things in mind we computer geeks set out and decided that we should make most of the trek an enjoyable and an unforgettable one...

By this time we had reached Toodalli, a village very near to Koosalli about 5 KMs. There is bus facility till toodalli but buses arrive once or twice in a day at some specific time of the day. Koosalli was still 5 KMs away. We started to look out of the auto and explore the nature around us. Ramesh asked the driver to stop and got down. With a surprising look we looked at where he was heading to; Ramesh had found a bed of dry grass interesting to satisfy his thirst for photography. The grasses resembled a blonde’s hair and were moving to and fro as if they were waving at us to have a good journey ahead. We named these grass “Blonde grass”. We continued to move on the track formed by frequent movement of lorries. The soil over here was red in color and was very much suitable for Brick making; and that was the main occupation of people living here apart from fishing. The way was divided by a line of long green grass and was looking interesting to move along. We continued to move for another 15-20 minutes when we finally saw a couple of homes. That was Koosalli.

Koosalli village is nothing but two or maximum 3 houses and not more 6-7 acres of farm where they grow areca nut and some spice. The driver dropped at us at the last house and said that we will have to take a walk through the farms and forest and then start climbing the rocks to reach to the falls. He informed us that we would have to give him a call if we need the auto for the return journey. I checked my cell phone for network. The check was not positive. He told us that can call him from any of the phones available in these couple of home that merely made their presence. He did not forget to once again tell us to be careful at the rocks. Not interested in taking his words seriously we paid him with full zeal set out towards the farm to explore the place where Nature was at its best.

The trek starts here

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We were moving along a small stream of water that was one of the small branches of the river manmade to suit the vegetation needs. After 5 minutes of walk we were into the forest. I stopped and had a look around. The forest was really dense. There was not even an inch left for soil. There was vegetation everywhere. We were all embarrassed by the thickness of the forest and the variety of flora that had made the forest complete. By now all our photographers (except me!) had set out to explore this part of world and take every inch of it into their mini devices that the technology has provided. We moved in the forest towards the direction of the sound; the sound of water flowing. After a few minutes we were there at the bank of the river. With a small look we found that there was not much water (compared to how it would be if it had rained). November-December is the perfect season to visit this place for a trek .As the rains would have stopped and the rocks wouldn’t be slippery.

"OK guys", said Naveen, with his backpack adjusted Naveen signaled us to start of the journey towards the first fall. Goutham by then took out a pair of walkie-talkie and gave one to me and said that this would help us to communicate in case get lost.

With minimal instruction on how to operate, we started testing the techno toy from US. It worked fine. " March off captain Goutham; over", said I. "OK; over" came the reply. Slowly watching each step we started the climbing. Initially there were small rocks that we climbed taking in mind that the rock was dry and there was no algae on it. These things can be deadly if you do not take your step right. With the support of trekking shoes, we were able to have that confidence that we shall make most of the trek. As we moved on the rocks started getting bigger, making the climb tougher and cent percent concentration was utmost necessary to carry on further. We were moving against the water flow and expecting the first waterfall. An article in Deccan Herald informed us that there are 6 falls here. The height of each fall goes on incrementing as you go on climbing the hill. The total height of all these falls accounts an awesome 380 feet.

The first three falls

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We continued to move for another 30 minutes and then did we approach the first fall. The first fall is about 10 feet and is very calm. There is a pond just where the fall ends and is a suitable place to swim. We were not in a mood to swim, as we wanted to get to the top fall and enjoy there. Keeping our motto in mind and in between communicating with our walkie-talkie we continued our rock climbing expedition. Now we started getting real big boulders, which were very difficult to climb, as there was no support to hold on and there was water flowing between them. Somehow with our own raw ideas and confidence and the desire to reach to the top we continued to make our own path through the boulders and reached the second falls. The second fall was only a bit taller than the first one. We continued to bypass the second one to reach for the third fall with the expedition getting tougher and straining.

We were all exhausted by the time we reached the third fall that was a slant fall and was guided by the rocks to move. It was not that roaring; however we were able to hear the roar of the 4th fall by now. It had been already 90 minutes of rock climbing by now. We decided to take a short break. We nibbled on some poori (puffed rice with masala) and drank the cold flowing water. The water was very tasty. I guess all the river water is tasty. "Come on we need to get to the top", said Ramesh and we followed, with the same goal in mind. Goutham and Naveen had taken lead and were at least 10 boulders ahead of us and were out of sight. We had the walkie-talkie to communicate and hence were in touch. Somewhere in the middle Ramesh and me got stuck with a difficult situation of jumping between 2 boulders. Somehow we managed to do it and continued to reach the 4th fall. As I had read in the article that this forest has the Russell's viper in plenty and if one comes in your way you may need to take your way back with the caution that there are many more to be faced. I was searching for any viper to come but none of them did cross our path. Probably if we had taken a round about path through the forest, we would have encountered at least one of them. But moving in the forest was much more difficult as the density of flora in the forest will definitely lead you to a wrong path and dangerous situation.

Roaring Beauty-The fourth fall

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“Wow”, was the expression given by Naveen when he saw the 4th fall. This one was really huge and roaring. It was about 50 feet in high and was falling in two jumps between the rocks. This was an ultimate fall and was roaring. We wanted to move further towards the 5th fall that was about 75 feet and the 6th one was the master beauty with a single jump from 150 feet. But now we had 50 feet tall rock challenging us. We tried a route through the forest but got lost and returned back to the 4th fall. Now there was no way that we could go beyond the 4th fall. We felt very sad and small against nature’s vastness. We required rock climbing tools to go ahead or a route into the forest. The time was around 2:00 and we had to give up the idea of moving ahead. We decided to have a swim in the 4th fall itself. Goutham who was the only guy who knew to swim launched himself to water and analyzed the depth of the water. We then moved in after knowing that it was not much deep at the outer edges. The water was very refreshing and with this force was massaging us. That was a very fantastic feeling that waterfalls give. I just love it.

After a good swim we were very hungry. We had the poori and some 15 chapattis with is which very well served the four of us along with some junk food. After a good food we still had 15 minutes to start off to get down. We decided to take a nap in the sun. We lay down on the flat rocks there and it was wonderful with no manmade sounds and only nature all around us. None of us spoke but listened to the birds and the roar of the falls. We were here amidst Mother Nature; enjoying every bit away from the monotonous materialistic world we felt we were free of every thing. The sky was clear and blue. That was an amazing site with various shades of green surrounding us. Thus we sunk ourselves in a world full of nature and went to imagine and had a good nap for 15 Mins.

Return to civilization

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I felt that there was some darkness move over me. I slowly opened my eyes to see an eagle with a white chest circling over us at a height of 60 feet from us. I felt that in a no mans land the eagle was assuming us to be food and may come down to have a look. I had a look at the watch. It was 3 and was time for us to start off back to civilized world. I woke up others and we started getting down the rocks cautiously. It took us another 90 Mins to reach the first fall. We felt that we were lost somewhere in the middle. But the spots where we had taken a few snaps reminded us of the distance that we needed to cover to reach the farm. After another break and a small swim at the first waterfall, we moved ahead to find the signs of civilizations. There was Motor pump installed which marked the entry towards the farm. We entered the farm and reached the house where the auto driver had dropped us. Now the problem we faced was to call the driver to pick us and drop back to Shirur. We were all exhausted and it was 4:30 by now. There was no network in our phones (both Airtel and Hutch). We enquired at one of the house only to find that their phone was dead. We were used to technology and now we were unable to continue without it. We moved a few furlongs ahead to find the other house and luckily the phone was working there. Thanks to BSNL. We called up the driver and waited for him to pick us. We were just strolling and then we saw the magnificent view of another falls. After enquiry we found that it was Chaktikal falls and has a direct fall from 185 feet. The way to chaktikal falls is very strenuous and extremely dangerous. No one usually goes there. We made up our mind that the next time we come we need to make it up to chaktikal falls.

We started to plan for the next day and decided that we shall take some rest tonight and then plan for tomorrow's plan. We had to go back to Kundapur to the lodge at the earliest. By this time the auto was here and we left bidding a good bye to a place where nature was at its very best. The place is a virgin place and I request you people not to litter things there instead collect your stuff in a trash bag and then thrash it in a dust bin later on. Nature looks good if it is natural. Keep it as it is. Do not try to customize nature to your needs.

I hope you enjoyed reading our trekking experience and would like to visit Koosalli. You can reach me anytime for information on Koosalli.

Happy trekking 😊

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