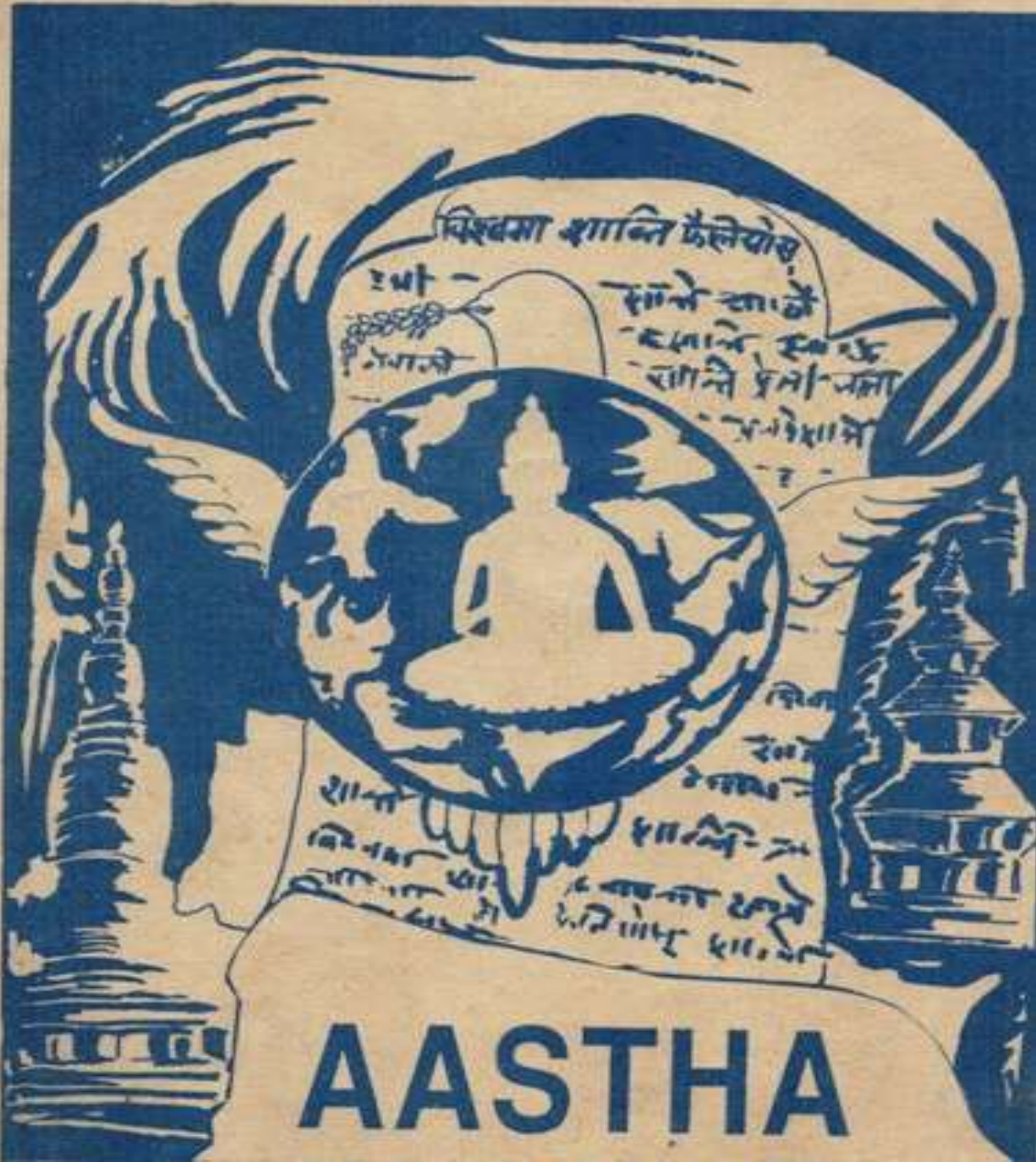




आस्था



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- इमान्ते इव रडे
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Staff & Boys of
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सुनकामना



AASTHA

Year 8

Volume - VI

Aastha

Editor:
Ajaya Bhadra Khanal

Associates :
Bimal Nepal
Dick Kumar Tamang

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Nepal

शुभकामना



Society of Ex-Budhanilkantha Students (SEBS) आफ्नो कार्यकालको पहिलो दशक पूरा गर्न लागि रहेको छ । यो पहिलो दशक SEBS ले आफ्नै किसिमको समस्याहरूका बावजूद पनि कुनै न कुनै रूपमा आफ्नो कृयाकलापलाई अधि बढाएर समाजमा आफ्नै अस्तित्व कायम राखेको कुरो निर्विवाद छ । SEBS लाई आजको दिनसम्म संरक्षण र सम्बर्धन गर्दै आएका, यसका कार्यकारीणी पदाधिकारीहरू र साधारण सदस्यहरूको साथै शुभचिन्तक सबैलाई धन्यवाद दिन्छु ।

आर्थिक रूपमा सम्पन्न हुन यस समाजद्वारा स्थापना गरिएको अक्षय कोष, यो दशकको ठोस कदम हो, यसको गुणात्मक बृद्धिका लागि सबै पक्षको हार्दिक सहयोगको अपेक्षा गर्दछु । यसको लाभान्शद्वारा भविष्यमा हाम्रो कार्यक्रम संचालनमा सरलता आउने छ ।

आज राष्ट्रलाई हरेक व्यवसायमा राष्ट्रिय चरित्र र स्वाभिमान नागरिकको जत्था चाहिएको छ, यसका केही अंश SEBS ले जुटाउन परेको छ, कारण के शहर ? के गाउँ ? नेपाल अधिराज्यकै सानो स्वरूप हो SEBS ।

SEBS का सदस्यहरूलाई अभि सक्त्य गरी यसको केन्द्रीय संरचनालाई ग्रामीण इलाकासम्म पुऱ्याई यस समाजका कार्यक्रमलाई परिमार्जित गरी सामाजिक क्षेत्रमा ठोस योगदान पुऱ्याउने आगामी दशकको हाम्रो लक्ष्य हुनेछ ।

तसर्थ बिजया दशमीको यो पावन अवसरमा सबै SEBS सदस्य मित्रहरूलाई आ-आफ्नो कार्य क्षेत्रबाट राष्ट्रिय स्वार्थ सम्पन्न गर्ने प्रण गर्न हार्दिक अनुरोध गर्दछु ।

अन्त्यमा आस्था प्रकाशनका सम्पूर्ण सहयोगी मित्रमा साथै सम्पादक अजय भद्र खनाललाई विशेष धन्यवाद दिदै आस्थाका छैठौ प्रकाशनलाई सुस्वागत गर्दछु ।

मिति: २०४८।१।२२

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SEBS



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Editorial

श्री संयोजक

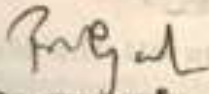
आस्था प्रकाशन समिति

आस्थाको दोस्रो प्रकाशनको शुभ अवसरमा सेक्सले अर्को वर्ष पनि सफलतापूर्ण कार्यकलाप गरेकोमा म हार्दिक शुभकामना व्यक्त गर्दछु ।

सेक्सले श्री ५ को सरकार तथा बुढानीलकण्ठ स्कूलको केहि बिषय बस्तुहरूलाई पूरा गर्नमा निकै सकारात्मक भूमिका निर्वाह गर्दै आएको छ । यी कार्यहरूद्वारा बुढानीलकण्ठ स्कूललाई एउटा राष्ट्रिय स्कूल मात्र नजनाई नेपाल अधिराज्यका मित्रका सम्पूर्ण विद्यार्थीहरूलाई एकत्र गरी शिक्षा प्रदान गरिने पुनित कार्यमा योगदान दिदै आएको छ भने, साथै नेपाल अधिराज्य मित्रका अन्य विद्यालयहरूलाई समेत सकारात्मक सहयोग पुऱ्याउँदै आएको छ ।

सुर्खेतमा स्थापना भएको सेक्स समुहद्वारा श्रुजना गरिएको कोष मार्फत एस.एल.सी. परिक्षाको सफलता पश्चात उच्च शिक्षा दिलाउने क्रममा आर्थिक कमजोर भएको सेक्स सदस्यहरूलाई आर्थिक सहयोग पुऱ्याइएको कदम अति नै सहानीय एवं स्वागत योग्य कदम सावीत ठहरिएको छ । यसरी नै भविष्यमा पनि सेक्स समुहद्वारा संचालन गरिने कार्यक्रमहरू तथा यसको भूमिका प्रष्ट रूपमा प्रभावीलो सावीत हुनेछ ।

यस प्रकाशन एवं सेक्स समूहको उज्वल भविष्यको कामना गर्दछु ।



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Editorial

The trend today is towards an expression through organization. The world is becoming more complicated every day and people need to constantly adjust themselves with the ever changing situation.

In this process of adjustment and awareness, youth groups have an important role to play: in the development of their society as a whole, and in building an environment where they can develop themselves.

Both these aspects can be taken into consideration with in an organized way, and the Society of Ex-Budhanilkantha Students (SEBS), can be taken as an expression of willingness in this direction. Moreover it can also be taken as an enthusiasm to be organized and to look at the problems of life from a new angle.

The SEBS is now completing ten years of its existence and during this decade it has been able to do a lot of things.

The SEBS started in a small way when the first batch of students from Budhanilkantha School were hardly graduates from the school. And even now most of SEBS members are just students with only a few having entered the professional field. Even then the SEBS has been going forward in a grand manner.

At this stage the publication of this sixth volume of Aastha is an important means of conveying how much alive the SEBS really is to all the members of SEBS who are not here and to all the well wishers of our society. It is an important means of communicating what we really think and what we are doing as well as bringing all the members to a common platform of expression.

The publication of this volume, however, was a difficult one, and this task would not have been possible had it not been for the generous help extended to us by many SEBS members and well-wishers. At this moment we would like to express our heartiest thanks to all of those active members of the SEBS who collected advertisements and made the publication possible.

We would also like to thank all those who contributed their precious articles, our well wishers who provided us with an advertisement and others who have stood by us in our moments of difficulties.

Thank you.

Ajaya Bhadra Khanal

Date: October 31, 1991

Editor

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and
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Kathmandu Nepal

1991

Vol.-VI

Year-8

AASTHA

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 वैशा भुण्डाउन उभ्याएको ऐना पनि
 नियासो छ, बिरानो छ ,
 म ऐनाभित्र जीवन कोचिरहेछु
 र पर्खाइमा अल्झिएका आँखाहरु
 म घरि घरि आशाले पुछिरहेछु ।

समय निरन्तर गुडिरहेछ
 (लेऊ बटुल्दै पानीमा ढुंगा गुडेभै)
 मलाई मृत्युसंग डर लाग्छ
 त्यसैले सकी नसकी
 म समयलाई पर पर धकेलिरहेछु ,
 तर तिमी अझै जन्मेकी छैनौ
 त्यसैले म तिमीलाई प्रेम गर्छु
 एउटा आदर्श प्रेम अनुपम, अद्वितीय
 र त्यही प्रेमको खातिर
 म जीवनमा एउटा मीठो चोट भेलिरहेछु ।

यहाँ उत्कण्ठा धुजा धुजा भएर
 आफ्नै पाइतलामा छरपुष्टिएको छ
 बाँच्नेहरुको त के कुरा
 मर्नेहरुको बीच पनि
 प्रेम एउटा घाउ भएर दुखेको छु

त्यसैले विगत र वर्तमानको लागि
 मेरो विश्वास
 मात्र एक लहर धुँवा भएको छ,
 बरु भोलिको मीठो सपना
 (आफैलाई बृद्धपनको अस्थीपञ्जरमा उठाएर)
 मेरो शिथिल मनले
 केवल तिम्रो आगमनलाई कुरेको छ ।

मलाई थाहा छ
 तिमी अवश्य आउनेछ्यौ
 त्यसैले मेरो आंकक्षा
 घामका किरणसंगै पर पर फ्याँकेको छु
 "आस्था" पोतिएको अङ्ग प्रत्यङ्गमा
 मेरो समष्टि तिमी
 (मेरो प्रेम को एउटै यथार्थ)
 मलाई बाँचेको आभास दिने
 मुटुका यी घड्कनहरू
 छातीभित्र अटेस मटेस साँचेको छु,
 मनको एकान्तमा
 मायाले सुम्सुमाएर चुपचाप लुकाएको
 प्यारो नाम - ईशामेरी
 तिमी छिटै आऊ
 म तिम्रै प्रतीक्षामा बाँचेको छु ।



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“अनि गर न त ।” मेरो अप्ठ्यारोपन हट्दै हट्दै गयो ।

“तिम्रो नाम ?”

“आभास ।”

“अनि तिम्रो नी ?” मैले पनि सोधें ।

“सुरेखा ।”

“तिमी कतिमा पढ्दैछौ ?”

“वि. ए. दोस्रो वर्षमा ।”

“म त वि. ए प्रथम वर्षमा पढ्दैछु ।”

वेटर आइपुग्यो दुइ कप चिया लिएर तर हाम्रो कुरा पट्टि त्यति ध्यान दिएन । म मनमनै सोच्दै थिएँ उनले अब अर्को पनि प्रश्न गर्नेछिन्, मेरो घर कहाँ हो, मेरो बुबा के काम गर्नु हुन्छ भनेर । तर मेरो सोंचाइको विपरित उनले पढाइको कुरा नै भिकिन् ।

“कुन कुन विषय लिएका छौ ?”

“साइकोलोजी र सोसियोलोजी ।”

“साइकोलोजी ओहो ! त्यसो हो भने मेरो मनको कुरा तिमिले थाहा पायो होला हैन ?” हाँसै सोधिन् मैले पनि हाँसी दिएँ तर त्यो कुराले मलाई निकै लाज लाग्यो ।

“तिमीले नी के के लिएका छौ ?” सोधी हालें ।

“फिलोसफी र जोग्राफी”

चिया सकियो, दुवैजना उठ्यौ । पैसा तिर्न गोजिबाट पैसा निकालें तर सुरेखाले तुरुन्तै छोपी हालिन् । ए चिया खान मैले बोलाउने, पैसा तिर्न भने तिम्री हतारिने ? त्यस्तो कहाँ हुन्छ र ?” उसको कुरा सुनेर क्यासियर पनि मुसुक्क हाँस्यो । जबाफमा मैले पनि हाँसेरै टारिदिएँ । सुरेखाले पैसा तिरिन् र हामी बाहिरियो । फेरि छिट्टै नै भेट्ने

कार्यक्रम बनाएर हामी छुट्टियो ।

त्यो साँझ म खुशीले रमाएँ, थाहा छैन किन रमाएँ, शायद सुरेखालाई म पनि मन पराउँदो र हेछु । राती सुत्न नै सकिन, खाली सुरेखाको सुन्दर अनुहार आँखा अधि नाच्च्यो, कता कता त्यो घटना नै सपना जस्तो लाग्यो ।

त्यो दिन पश्चात मेरो मन नै खलबलियो, पढाइलाई भन्दा उसलाई बढी ध्यान दिन थालें । “मेरो मनको कुरा तिमिले थाहा पायो होला, हैन ?” भन्ने उसको वाक्यले मलाई बारम्बार सम्झना दिलाउँथ्यो । क्याम्पस लाग्ने दिनमा हाम्रो सधैं भेट हुन्थ्यो तर समयले गर्दा साधारण कुरा बाहेक अन्य कुरा हुँदैनथ्यो । तैपनि विदाको दिन आयो कि म दिक्क हुन्थे ।

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मेरो बदलेको स्वभाव देखेर मेरो हितैषी साथी आशिषले एकदिन सोध्यो, "हैन आभास, आजकल तिमीलाई के भएको छ ?"

"किन र ?"

"तिमीमा धेरै परिवर्तन देखा परेको छ ।"

"कस्तो परिवर्तन ?"

"आजकल धेरै खुशी, अझ भन्नु रोमान्टिक देखिन्छौ । कतै कुनैको फेला त परेनौ"

मैले हाँसेँ सुरेखाको बारे सबै बताएँ । आखिर ऊ मेरो दुःख सुखको साथी थियो । मेरो कुरा सुनेर जिस्काउँदै भन्यो, "र त तिमी आजकल प्रायः शुन्यतामा नै हराउँदो रहेछौ ।"

"खै के भनु आशिष, सधैं उसको सम्झना मात्र आउँछ । लाग्छ अहिले नै गएर भेट्नु, सङ्गै बसेर कुरा गर्नु ।" मैले आफ्नो व्यथा पोखें ।

"प्रेम रोग लागे पछि त्यस्तै हुन्छ ।" ऊ जोडले हाँस थाल्यो । एकक्षण चुप रहेपछि फेरि गंभीर हुँदै भन्यो आभास, प्रेम गर्नु नराम्रो त हैन तर आफ्नो क्यारियरको पनि विचार गर्नु पर्छ ।

"तिम्रो भनाइको तात्पर्य ?"

"हाम्रो दोस्रो वर्षको परीक्षा नजीकै आउँदैछ, यस कुराको पनि ध्यान दिनु पर्छ ।"

"त्यो त ध्यान दिइरहेकै छु ।" मैले भन्न त भने तर वास्तवमा पढाइमा मैले ध्यान दिएकै थिइन । आशिषको कुराले मलाई निकै प्रभाव पार्यो । हो मैले प्रथम कुरा त वि.ए. पास गर्ने पथ्यो, त्यसपछि जागीरमा लाग्ने विचार गरेको थिएँ र सपना देख्न थालें सुरेखा र आफ्नै संसारको ।

म कम्मर कसेर पढ्न बस्थेँ तर कल्पना मै हराउँथे । मेरो कमजोरी सबै आशिषलाई सुनाए । उसले सल्लाह दियो, एकपल्ट सुरेखालाई भेटेर कुरा गर्नु अनि दुइ महीनाकोलागि नभेट्ने बाचा गर्नु र पढ्नमा ध्यान दिनु । उसको सल्लाह बमोजिम एकदिन सुरेखासमक्ष घुम्ने प्रस्ताव राखें । उनले तुरुन्तै मानिन् र शनिवार टोखा डाँडामा घुम्ने कार्यक्रम बनाइन् ।

टोखा डाँडा साँच्चैको रमाइलो रहेछ । त्यहाँबाट काठमाण्डौ छर्लङ्ग देखिँदो रहेछ । अझ सल्लाको रुखले टोखालाई हरियो बनाई दिएका थियो ।

कस्तो लाग्यो त यो ठाउँ ?" उनले सोधिन् ।

"राम्रो लाग्यो । तिमी पहिल्यै आएका थियो ?" मैले सोधें ।

"थिएँ । स्कूलमा छँदै साथीहरूसङ्ग घुम्न आएका थियौ ।"

हामी हिंड्दै गयौ । ठाउँ ठाउँमा स-सानो पहिरो गएको रहेछ । त्यो देखेर मैले कुरा भिके, "हेर त कस्तो पहिरो गएको टोखाको सुन्दरतालाई असर पार्ने गरेर ।" उनले भनिन् "प्रकृतिको नियम नै यस्तो छ । संसारमा सबैकुरा राम्रै राम्रो हुने भए राम्रो भन्नको अर्थ नै हुँदैन । मैले कुरै बुझिन र बुझ्ने चेष्टा पनि गरिन ।

हामी झरेर फेदमा आइपुग्यौ ।

"त्यो खोलालाई के भन्छ, थाहा छ ?"

"विष्णुमती हो ।"

"हो । यहाँको पानी कति सफा छ । यही पानी शहर मा पुग्दा कस्तो घिनलाग्दो ।"

खोला छेउमा एउटा ठूलो ढुङ्गा थियो, त्यसैमा गएर बस्यौ । केही क्षणको मौनता भइ गरी उनले प्रश्न गरिन्, "आभास, तिमीलाई जिन्दगी कस्तो लाग्छ ?" पहिले त म छक्क परें । पछि सम्हालिदै सोधें, "किन र ?"

"त्यसै ।"

"जस्तो सम्झ्यौ, त्यस्तै छ ।"

"हेर त यो खोलाको पानी, कसरी बगिरहेछन् । के थाहा यसले समुन्द्रमा पुग्न कति यात्रा गर्नु पर्छ भनेर ।"

"त्यसो त सानो खोला विचैमा सुक्न पनि त सक्छ ।"

उनले के सोचिन्, अनि उठ्दै भनिन् "हिंड, अवेर भयो, अब घर जानु पर्छ ।"

उनीसङ्ग छुट्टिन भन्दा पहिले मेरो परीक्षा नजीकै आएको कुरा सुनाएँ । उनले भनिन्, "ओहो ! राम्ररी पढ्नु पर्छ है तर पढाइ पढि लागेर मलाई नबिर्सनु हामी दुवैजना हाँस्यौ ।"

म घर पुग्दा आशिष मेरो बाटो हेर्दै बसी रहेको रहेछ । उसलाई कुनै कुरा नलुकाई सबै वृत्तान्त सुनाएँ । "अब आभास, हामी पढ्नमा जुट्नु पर्छ, उसलाई विसी देउ ।"

"कति सजिलोसङ्ग भन्छौ कि विसिदिउ भनेर, तर तिमीलाई के थाहा बिर्सनु कति गाह्रो हुन्छ भनेर ।"

ऊ हाँसी रह्यो । केही भनेन । केही बेर हामी दुवै चूप रह्यौ ।

"आशिष, मलाई के भएको होला, खाली उसैको

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मात्र सम्भ्रना मात्र आउँछ, उसलाई अगाडी राखेर हेरी रहूँ जस्तो लाग्छ ।" आफ्नो अनुभव बताएँ । "भावनामा यसरी नबहक, यथार्थ एकदम तीतो हुन्छ ।" कुन्नी के सोंचेर आशिषले भन्यो । मैले कुरै बुझिन ।

त्यसपछि कसरी मैले मनलाई दडो बनाएँ, थाहा छैन । त्यसपछि सबैकुरा विर्सेर पढ्न थालें । बेला बेलामा उसको सम्भ्रना आइरहन्थ्यो तर पनि आशिषलाई व्यक्त गरिन । पढाइलाई नै भविष्यसङ्घर्षको अध्ययन गर्न थालें ।

कसरी कसरी दुई महीनाको समय बित्यो । परीक्षा शुरु भयो र सकियो पनि । परीक्षा सक्नासाथ आशिषलाई पनि नपर्छी सुरेखाको क्याम्पसतिर लागेँ तर उनी क्याम्पसमा आउन छाडेकी केही दिन भएको रहेछ । शायद विरामी भइन् की भन्ने भयले एकातिर सतायो भने अर्कोतिर कुनै घरायसी काम परेर व्यस्त भइन् होली भनी आफैलाई सन्तुष्टि दिलाएँ ।

सुरेखालाई भेट्न धेरै प्रयत्न गरेँ तर सकिन । पछि थाहा पाएँ, उनी सामान किन्नकोलागि हङ्कङ्ग गएकी रहिछिन् । मेरो खोजाइको दस दिनपछि मात्र उनीसङ्ग भेट भयो । उनी मलाई नै खोज्दै आएकी थिइन् । उनलाई देखासाथ मेरो खुशीको ठेगान नै भएन ।

"कस्तो भयो त तिम्रो परीक्षा ?" उनले सोधिन् । "राहै भयो ।" मैले अरु सोधेँ, तिम्री हङ्कङ्ग गएको थियो रे हो ?

"हो ।"

"अनि मलाई के ल्याई दियो त ?"

उनले पर्सबाट निकालेर एउटा कार्ड दिँदै भनिन्

"लौ, यही ल्याई दिएको छु । मलाई आज हतार छ, भोलि फेरि भेटौंला है ।" भन्दै बाटो लागिन् । म भने बडो अचम्मसाथ निमन्त्रणा कार्ड हेर्न थाले । खाममा सुन्दर अक्षरले मेरो नाम लेखिएको रहेछ । हतार हतार खोलेर हेरेँ, तर कस्तो अचम्म । सुरेखा कै विवाहको निमन्त्रणा । मैले टेकेको घर्ती नै भासिए जस्तो लाग्यो । तर कुन्नी कसरी म आफै सम्हालिएछु ।

मेरो जीवनसंग सबभन्दा ठूलो खेलवाड शायद सुरेखाले नै गरिन् । म छटपटिदै हिंड्न थालें सुरेखाप्रति थुप्रै थुप्रै घृणा पालेर । आखीर संसारमा अन्य कुनै व्यक्ति नपाएर मलाई नै घाइते किन बनाउन पर्थ्यो, मन मनै आफैलाई प्रश्न गरेँ । कोही कोही केटी, केटालाई भुक्त्याउनमा आनन्द मान्छन् भन्ने सुनेको मात्र थिउँ तर आफ्नै भोगाइले त्यो कथन सत्य सावित भयो ।

उनको विवाह हुन अझै निकै दिन बाँकी थियो, तर मलाई भने प्रत्येक पल विताउन गाह्रो भइ रहेथ्यो । कता कता लाग्थ्यो, उनी कहाँ गएर प्रेमको भिक्षा माग्नु, तर कुन्नी किन हो म भित्रको अहंकारले त्यसो गर्न पनि दिएन । उनलाई कतिपय प्रश्न गर्नमन लागेको थियो तर पनि गरिन । जिन्दगी नै मलाई बोझ लाग्यो र पनि जिई दिएँ ।

जति जति दिन बित्थ्यो, त्यति त्यति नै मेरो मन विचलित हुँदै जान्थ्यो । आखीर आशिषले भनेको कुरा ठीकै त थियो "भावनामा यसरी नबहक, यथार्थ एकदम तीतो हुन्छ ।"

विवाहको एकदिन अघि सुरेखाले अचानक टेलिफोन गरिन र सोधिन्, "आभास, कस्तो लाग्यो त मेरो सरप्राइज ? मलाई बोल्नै मन लागेन ।

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“किन नबोलेको ? बोल न । तिमीले बोलेको असाध्यै मन पर्छ ।” उसको यस भनाइले नबोली सुख पाइन, । मैले जङ्गिदै भने, “आखीर मलाई जोकर बनाउनु नै थियो भने किन व्यर्थैमा माया गरेको अभिनय गर्नु ?”

“अभिनय हैन अभास, मैले त साँच्चै माया गरेको थिएँ र गर्छु पनि ।”

“अनि यही हो त माया गरेको प्रमाण ?”

“कस्तो प्रमाण ?”

“भो भो, बढी स्वांग पार्नु पर्दैन । त्यही न हो आमा बुवाको दबावले अर्कोसङ्ग विवाह गर्नु पर्‍यो । मलाई.....।” मेरो वाक्यलाई विचैमा काटेर भनिन् “आभास तिमी किन मेरो कुरा बुझ्दैनौ । के माया गर्दैमा विवाह नै गर्नु पर्छ र ?”

उसको यस वाक्यले मेरो कान ठाडो बनायो । उनले तुरुन्तै थपिन्, “फेरि मैले तिमीसित विवाह गर्छु भनेर कहिले भने र ? मलाई तिमी असाध्यै मन पर्‍यो, पर्छ र यस मन पराइलाई मेरो विवाहले कुनै असर पादैन । उनी अझै केके भन्न लागेकी थिइन् तर मैले सुन्नै चाहिन, अझ भन्नु सुन्न सकिन र टेलिफोन राखी दिएँ ।

उसको कुरा सुनेर साँझ हाँसो लाग्यो । आइमाईहरू कुरा गर्न कति सिपालु हुँदा रहेछन्, मन मनै विचार गरे । शायद उनी अत्याधुनिक परिवारमा हुर्केकोले होला मसङ्गको सम्बन्ध केवल कंटाकेटीको खेल सम्भन्ग् तर मरो लागि ठूलो घाउ सावित भयो । म उनलाई सकभर घृणा गर्ने कोशिश गर्ते तर म भित्रको अर्को म अझै उसलाई चाहिरहेको थियो, शायद प्रेमको रोग त्यस्तै हुन्थ्यो क्यारे । पाउन पनि नसकिने, भुल्न पनि नसकिने ।

मेरो अवस्था देखेर आशिष दिक्क भइसकेको थियो । उसले मेरो भलाइको लागि पोखरा घुम्न जाने प्रस्ताव राख्यो र मैले तुरुन्तै स्वीकारें । फेरि आशिषको पूछ्यौली घर पोखरामा नै भएकोले हामीलाई निकै सजिलो हुने भयो । सुरेखाको विवाहको दिन, आशिष र म भने पोखरातिर लाग्यौ ।

करीब दुइ महीना जति पोखरामा आशिषसङ्ग वितायौ । माछापुच्छ्रे र फेवातालको सुन्दरताले मुग्ध भएर दिनहरू गुजारें । सुरेखाको सम्भना नआएको त हैन तर समयको मल्हमले केही शान्त्वना दिदै गयो । विभिन्न भोगाइलाई नै जिन्दगीको सार ठानी बाँकी जिन्दगी नौलो तरीकाले जिउने संकल्प गरें ।

हाम्रो वि.ए.को परीणाम प्रकाशित भयो आशिष र म दुवै काठमाण्डौ फर्क्यौ । दुवैजना प्रथम श्रेणीमा सफल भएका रहेछौ । मेरो सफलतामा परिवारका सबै सदस्यहरू खुशी भए । म पनि खुशी हुने कोशिश त गर्थेँ, तर कता कता अभाव खट्केको महशुश हुन्थ्यो, शायद सुरेखाको सम्भनाले अझ सताउँदै थियो । उनीसित भेट्ने विचार पूर्णरूपले त्यागी सकेको थिएँ । तर संजोगको खेल पनि बडो अनौठो हुँदो रहेछ, सुरेखासङ्ग भेट भयो अचानक, त्यही पहिलेको ठाउँमा जहाँवाट हाम्रो परिचयको क्रम शुरु भएको थियो ।

उनले आश्चर्य मान्दै सोधिन् “आहो । आभास, यत्रो दिन कहाँ गएको थियौ ? मैले कम खोजें तिमीलाई ।”

पहिले त नबोल्नु जस्तो लागेको थियो, तर मन

आखीर मन नै त हुँदो रहेछ । मैले विस्तारै भने
“पोखरा ।”

“तिमी त कस्तो मान्छे, हिंड चिया खान जाउँ ।”
उनी सिधै रेष्टुराँतिर लक्ष्य गर्दै हिंडिन । म पछि
पछि लागें, मन मनै सोँचै कतै सुरेखा मानसिक
रोगी त छैनन् भनेर । कुर्चि तान्दै भनिन्, “तिमी
किन यति मलाई पराय सम्भन्धौ ?”

“किन र ?”

“मेरो विवाहमा तिमी किन नआएको ?”

“त्यसै ।”

“त्यसो भनेर हुन्छ र । तिमी नआउँदा मैले कत्रो
खल्लो अनुभव गरें ।”

मैले गंभीरतापूर्वक भने “सुरेखा, तिमी विवाहित
भएर पनि यसरी अर्को मान्छेसंग रेष्टुराँमा पस्दा
अपठयारो लागेन ?”

“किन अपठयारो लाग्ने, आफ्नो मान्छेसङ्ग आउँदा ।”
कति पनि संकोच नमानी जवाफ दिइन् ।



“आफ्नो मान्छे रे ?” मैले प्रश्न तेर्साएँ ।

“हो त, तिमी पो मलाई वास्ता गर्दैनौ, तर तिमी
के थाहा म तिमीलाई कति माया गर्छु भनेर
मैले व्यङ्ग मुस्कानको भावमा भने,” एकजना
माया र अर्कोसङ्ग विवाह के जीवनमा संभव छ
“उफ् । फेरि विवाहको कुरा ।” दिक्क मान्दै थपि
“माया र विवाह धेरै फरक छ आभास । मान्छे
यही नै गल्ती सोँचाइ हो कि माया गर्नेलाई
विवाह गर्नुपर्छ भनेर ।”

चियाको अन्तिम चुस्कि लिएपछि मैले प्र
गरें “.....र तिम्रो विचारमा विवाह
अर्थ ?” मलाई निकै गहिरिएर हेर्दै भनिन् “वि
एउटा नियमित प्रकृया मात्र हो, यसको माया
सम्बन्ध हुनैपर्छ भन्ने छैन ।” फेरि मैले केही भ
नपाउ दै अरु थपिन्, “आभास, म तिमीसित य
सम्बन्ध राख्न चाहन्थे जुन सधै पवित्र हो
त्यसमा कुनै स्वार्थको गन्ध नआबोस् र यो सम्ब
शायद जिन्दगीभर राख्न चाहन्छु ।”

उनी उठिन् र भनिन्, “आभास, शा
तिमीले मलाई गल्ती सोँच्ने छैनौ । आज मल
हतार छ । चियाको पैसा तिमी नै तिर है ।” भ
बाहिरिइन् । म किंकर्तव्यविमूढ भएर टोल्
रहेँ । जुन प्रकारको अभाव ममा खट्की रहे
धियो, त्यो पूर्णरूपले तृप्त भए भैं अनुभव भयें
मलाई नि लाग्यो, सुरेखासङ्ग स्वस्थ सम्बन्ध काय
गरेर पनि त बाँच्न सक्छु, माया गर्न सक्
.....तर यो साँघुरो समाजमा एउटा प्रयें
हुनेछ, विल्कुलै नयाँ प्रयोग । तर यो प्रयोग क
हदसम्म सफल हुने हो, त्यो भविष्यले नै बताउ
छ ।

हामी मान्छेहरु

डिक कुमार तामाङ

हामी मान्छेहरु

जिन्दगी बाँच्ने रहरमा पो हो कि
न त जिन्दगी बाँच्ने लहरमा
दिशाहीन अन्धकार गोरेटोमा
अभाव, अशान्ति र अनिश्चितताको
भारी बोकेर
घस्रि रहेछौं
समयको गतिसंगै अनन्त यात्रामा

हामी मान्छेहरु

यात्राको अनन्त यात्रासंगै कतै
समस्याको भूतले लुटिएका छौं
कहिले पीडा व्यथा र अभावले
चुटिएका छौं
यात्राको निरन्तरतामा कतै दुःख र आँसुको
भरिले रुकिएका छौं
कतै भोक, रोग र शोकको शिखरले
कुल्चिएका छौं

अनि

हामी मान्छेहरु

यात्राको घुम्तिहरुमा लोभ लाल्चाको प्रेतले
यन्त्र भै चलाइएका छौं
कहिले इर्ष्या, घृणा र क्रोधको ज्वालाले
जलाईएका छौं
यात्रासंगै शक्ति, अभिमान र आकांक्षाले

अन्धो भएका छौं

कतै दया, माया र नैतिकताको अभावले
लड्डो भएका छौं

अन्तत :

हामी मान्छेहरु

अन्धो र लड्डो जीवन बाँचेर
यात्रारत छौं
समयको गतिसंगै अनन्त
यात्रामा



“शुभकामना”

- लक्ष्मी भेटवाल
रत्न राज्य क्याम्पस ।

भो अब पुग्यो
अनुरागमा रुमल्लिन पुगिसक्यो
सामिप्यता र प्रेमानुभूति गर्न पुगिसक्यो
त्यसैले
तिम्रो भावनात्मक पुरानो प्रेमपत्रलाई
नयाँ खाममा हालेर फिर्ता पठाइरहेछु
निर्मिमेश तिम्रीतिर टोलाइरहने यी दृष्टिहरु
अब बन्द गर्ने तरखरमा छु
समयतामा सिंगो “म” नै थाकिसकेको छु
लथालिङ्ग उभिएको अस्थिपञ्जरमा
विश्वास प्राण अल्झेको छु
निस्सार उपलब्धिमा घड्कन नापीरहेछु
गाइरहेछु बेहोशीमै, बजिरहेछु तालहीन सुरहरुमा
प्राणोत्सर्ग गर्ने तिम्रो लड्खडो अभिव्यक्तिको
जबाफमा
मैले त भनेको थिएँ' नि तिम्रो आत्मविश्वास
अनि
त्यागी मनसाय धोखा हो भनेर
समयले फड्का मान्यो
बाचा अनि विश्वासहरु
रोज्ज धुनहरुमा
किनारा लागेछन् मेरा आस्थाहरुसँगै
अतित बाँचेर उफिरहेछु म

तिम्रो मानसपटलबाट
तर पनि विवशताले थोत्रो बनेको यो अबुझ मन
आर्तनादको भाषा बोल्छ एकान्त परिवेशमा
सक्तैन भुल्न त्यो मीठो समागमलाई ।

सुधारिएको तिम्रो नौलो स्वरुपले
बिसर्न खोजेको यदि हो भने
स्वतन्त्रता र सम्मान लिएर गए पनि त हुन्छ
निस्सार अनुराग र अशक्त याचनाहरु
अब दूढतामा रुपान्तरित भैसके भने
वा
क्षतिपूर्ति सम्पूर्णतामै भयो भने
अब मलाई गलहत्याए पनि त भयो
तिम्रो कोमल भावनाहरुबाट ।

बिसिँएका खुशीहरु पनि
मायालु भाखामा
(आँखा) लोलाएर हेरिरहेछन्
तिम्रा फूलिरहेका इच्छाहरु नाँचेको हेर्न
निशाबिहीन भनेर नपछारिउन्
तिम्रा स्वच्छन्द भविष्यहरु
यही छ शुभकामना मेरो प्रिय
जुग जुगसम्म तिम्रीलाई ।

मेरो परिचय

कल्याण खड्का

कसरी दिउँ म मेरो परिचय
उडिसकेको बतास हुँ म
लाग्छ जिन्दगीदेखि भागेको
एउटा जिउ दो लाश हुँ म ।

कसरी सुनाउ मेरो जीवन कहानी
बिना शीर्षकको कथा भै छु म
लाग्छ अधुरो सपना बोकेको
एउटा बालुवाको महल हुँ म ।

कसरी थालुँ यो यात्रा जिन्दगीको
विरानीमा एकलै भट्किरहेछु म,
मृगतृष्णा भै कसैको याद बोकी
विवश भै एकलै सल्किरहेछु म ।

कसरी दिउ म आफ्नो परिभाषा
एक बहार शमसान भै छु म
लाग्छ चैतको हुरीमा पल्ने
एउटा उजाड वसन्त हुँ म ।



अमेरिकाका हब्सि हास्य अभिनेता डिक गेगरी एक बाजि
केही खान रेप्टुरामा बसेका थिए । तीन गौरा नेता आएर
उनलाई घेरे र धम्काए "ए काले । हामी तँलाई त्यो
कुखुरा खान दिन्नौ । तँ त्यसलाई जस्तो गर्छस हामी तँलाई
त्यस्तै गर्छौ ।"

गेगरीले तारेको सिंगो कुखुरालाई म्वाई खान धाले ।

लोग्ने: आज त्यो भित्ते घडी एक सेकेण्ड अगाडि
खसेको भए मेरो आमा खुनुबकै हुने ।
स्वार्नी: मोरो घडी जहिले पनि दितै हुन्छ ॥

जाँडले टिल्ल दूई जँड्याहा गफ गर्दै थिए ।
आइ भाइ म त तँलाई सारे सासुनो देख्छु नि हो ।
हो भाइ, म त तैले बोलेको मात्रै सुन्छु । तँलाई त कतै
पनि देखिन ।

सुर्खेतको सम्झना

मेरा प्यारा माया लाग्दा सम्पूर्ण पाठक बर्गहरूमा मेरो र मेरा बिछोडीएको भाई रबिन्सन कूसोको तर्फबाट चालीस तोपको जंगि सलाम ।

विगतका बर्ष जस्तै यस बर्ष पनि नेपाली साहित्यको भोक भण्डार भित्र मेरो केहि निजामती सब्दहरू भर्न पाउँदा वा नेपाली साहित्यको विकास गर्न पाउँदा म लगायत मेरै आफ्नै मामा प्रो. मार्शल र काका रि कार्डो अनि बिछोडीएको भाई रबिन्सन कूसोलाई ज्यादै हर्ष लागेको छ । नेपाली साहित्यमा हामी चार जनाले गरेको योगदान अतुलनिय र नगन्ने रुपमा छ । यसबाट कति सफलता पाइने हो त्यो भूतको भिनालाई मात्र थाहा छ ।

नेपाली साहित्य जगतको माड भिक्न र कविता जगतको लुतो फाल्न यहाँ एउटा सानो लोदूर कविता प्रस्तुत गरिएको छ । जुन कविता "रफ् कविता संग्रहबाट" भिकिएको हो । मन्दाक्रान्ता छन्दमा लेखिएको यो कविता सरसरति पद्दा केहि बुझिन्न गहिरीएर हेर्दा केहि भेटिन्न । यो कविता

लक्ष्मी प्रसादको मुनामदन जस्तो नभएपनि यस कविताले मेरो माहिला मामा रि कार्डोको खिएको चित्त पलाउने काममा ठूलो मदत गरेको हो । हाम्रो साहित्यको संरक्षण हामीले नगरे के अफ्रिकन बासीले गर्लान र ? अवश्य पनि गर्देनन् । त्यसैले उठौ साहित्यको काममा जुटौ, नेपाली साहित्यका टुटि फुटाऔ । भूतकालका साहित्यका ठगहरूले बिगारेको यो साहित्यको सेरो-फेरोलाई यो कविताले केहि सपार्न कोसिस गरेको छ । यहाँ प्रस्तुत कविताले सेलि, मार्कोनि, हिटलर अनि सद्दाम समेतको मुटुलाई चस्स छुन सफल भएको हो । भूमिका गद्यमा कविता पद्यमा भएको यो कविताले अवश्य पनि नेपाली साहित्यको जण्डिस सन्चो पार्न र कविताको लुतो फाल्ने छ भन्ने कुरामा मलाई ३३% विश्वास छ । धेरै भूमिका बाँध्दा कविता कण ओइलाउने वा कविताको अस्तित्व हावामा उड्ने भएकोले अब भूमिकालाई पूर्ण बिराम अनि कविताको श्री गणेश ।

कविता (तिमी र ममा अन्तर)

तिमी चुम्बकको गतिशिल उत्तर ध्रुवमा प्रभावकारी भएर बसिरहेछौ
तर म भने चुम्बकको तथस्ट बिन्दुमा अलमलिएको छु
तिमी भने पेनडुलममा झुण्डिएर संसारलाई कौतुहल दृष्टीले निहान्दै छौ
तर म भने हाइड्रोलिक प्रेसरमा थिच्चीएर अँध्यारो गुफामा अतासिएको छु ।
कस्तो अनौठो मन्तर, बिज्ञानले हामीलाई लाएछ तिमी र ममा अन्तर आएछ ।

तिमी बूडोको अनन्त बसन्तमा बास्नामय फूल बनि फकिरहेछौ
 तर म भने साहाराको काँडादार भारीमा निराशाको पसिना पुछिरहेको छु
 तिमी शीत मण्डलमा सितल वातावरण संग स्वच्छ र सुन्दर दिन बिताइरहेछौ
 तर म भने तराइको लु - हाबासंग लगातार जुधिरहेको छु

तिमी गोदावरी र रानीबनको बगैचामा पूतली जस्तै नाचीरहेछौ
 तर म भने चक्रपथको भूतमहल भित्र डर र त्रासले मुटु छामी रहेको छु ।
 कस्तो पक्षपात भूगोलले हामीलाई गरेछ तिमी र ममा अन्तर भएछ ।

तिमीले ट्रिगोनोमेट्रीका अप्ट्यारा सजिलै पार गर्न सक्छौ
 तर म भने साना अलजेब्रामा अलफिन पुग्छु
 तिमी अक्फोर्डको डिसनरिलाई सजिलै पचाउन सक्छौ
 तर मलाई माईडिलिस भाग एकले नै डायरिया लगाइदिन्छ
 कस्तो हेराई शिक्षाले गरेछ । तिमी र ममा अन्तर भएछ ।

तिमी तिर गोर्खाली अमर अनि भक्तीसंग चिर - परिचीत छौ
 तर म भने आफ्नो छिमेकीसंग अज्ञात छु तिमी मार्कोनी रोलिसंग मितेरी गाँस्न पुग्छौ
 तर म भने ज्याहुल र सडामको सादु हुन पुग्छु कस्तो अघोरी इतिहास भएछ
 तिमी र ममा अन्तर आएछ ।

इष्टव्यः- यसरी स्वच्छन्दवादी, वीर, भक्ती, करुण
 अनि सिंगार सबै धारामा लेखिएको यो लघु कविता



शब्दले धनि त छैन, तर कविता हर्कै भएपनि यो
 साहित्य को बलियो खम्बा हो । यसमा जस्तो छ,
 सबै कुरा त्यस्तै छ । यसरी परिस्कार बिना
 लेखिएको यो कविता रोचक नभए पनि रोचक
 छ । धन्यवाद ।

पैल बहादुर अधिकारी
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क्षितिजमा हराएको सूर्य

नवीन्द्र रेग्मी

(सेन्ट जेवीयर्स कलेज)

सुनीलो प्रभात लिएर आउने सूर्य
आजकाल किन हो निराश भएको भान पर्छ
लाखौ ताराहरुको बीचमा भएर पनि
आकासको शुन्यतामा रुमल्लिरहेको भान पर्छ

दशैको टीका राताम्मे भएर देखिँदा पनि
लाग्छ, निघार किन हो अबै खाली छ
तिहारको माला मखमलीको हुँदा पनि
लाग्छ, मलाई किन हो त्यो ओइलाइ सकेको छ

पश्चिम आकाशलाई नियाल्दै सबै भन्छन्
त्यहाँ घनै घनले सजिएको एउटा ठाउँ छ
लाटा बेबुझ्हरुपनि सफल हुने
अद्भूत, अलौकिक एउटा गाउँ छ

सफल र घनाढ्य बन्ने मीठो सपनामा
गाउँको जुठे पनि आफूलाई विर्सेर त्यहाँ धाउँछ
स्वर्णिम गोधूलीमा आकाशको सूर्य भै
मेरो सूर्य पनि बिहानै अस्ताउँछ

त्यसैलेनै होला आजकाल प्रत्येक बिहान
धेरै धेरै सूर्यहरु नउदाई अस्ताउँछन्
यसरीनै पालै पालो मेरा सूर्यहरु
अनन्त क्षितिजमा हराउँछन् ।

एउटा अनुरोध, सगरमाथा तिमीलाई

शेरबि थापा 618/A

मेरो सगरमाथा
बाँधेर सम्पूर्ण भावना लक्ष्मण रेखाभिन्न
जिन्दगीको हाँसो स्वहोरेर ओठहरुभित्र
सत्य, तिमी मौन छौ युगौ युग
हिउँ जतिकै चिसो छ तिम्रो मौनता
मूर्तिवत अविद्धिन्न एकाग्र छौ
मानौ आफ्नो प्रतिबिम्ब पहिल्याउन
निलो निलो समुन्द्रको गहिराइमा
तपस्यारत अटल छौ तिमी
आफ्नो स्वाभिमान । अस्तित्व नियाल्न
तारापुञ्जहरु बीच इथर-आकाशको विशालतामा ।

मृतसंजीवनी तिम्रो चिसो हिउँ छोएर
यो पापी मन पखाल्ने मेरो अभिलाषाहरु
रक्तिम विहानीसँग फकिने तिम्रा गुँराशहरु
टिपेर महल रंगीन सजाउने मेरा आकांक्षाहरु
पाउदेखि छुँदै तिमीलाई
आरोहण गरेर शीर छुने मेरा विश्वासहरु
यी सबको तिमिले खै के अर्थ लगायौ र ?
मौन रहेरै तिमी त सधै अविश्वास बाँचिरहेछौ ।

तिमीलाई के थाहा
मेरो असह्य मन दुख्छ यहाँ
पापी पराइ हातले हिउँ छोएर



तिमीलाई अपवित्र पारेको खबर सुन्दा
तिमीलाई के थाहा
मेरो मन चिसो हुन्छ यहाँ
तिमीमाथि विजय हाँसिल
विदेशीले घोषणा गरेको खबर सुन्दा
अझै तिमी बहाना गरिरहेछौ
हरक्षणआफू स्वाभिमान बाँचिरहेको
सधै सुरक्षित पवित्र बाँगिरहेको
तिम्रो स्वाभिमान खै त अब ?
तिम्रो अभिमान खै त अब ?

सत्य, तिम्पो बरिपरि
 हरपल मेरा भावनाहरु
 बादलहरुसँगै संघर्षरतः परिक्रमा गरिरहेछन्
 तिम्पो अनि मेरो अस्तित्व जतिकै अटल विश्वास
 बोकेर
 आफूसँगै तिमीलाई आत्मसात गर्न
 तर कति बेला तिमी हराइसक्छौ
 पापले प्रदुषित कालो बादलभित्रै
 मेरो विश्वास र संघर्षलाई उपहास गरेर
 र कुन बेला तिमी आउँछौ
 टाढा मलाई विस्तारै चियाउन
 अर्घमृताशालाई फेरि जीवित बनाउन

खै मलाई यहाँ चाहै हुँदैन ।
 व्यर्थ, यो क्रम कति लम्ब्याइ रहने
 प्रचण्ड घामले जस्तै तिम्पो अस्तित्व पगाल्ने
 कमसेकम मेरो चाहना त छैन
 तिमी हाँस्दा मेरो संसारै अर्को हुने पियो
 त्यसैले जीवन्त पारिदेऊ मेरा सपनाहरु
 विहानीसँगै हाँसिदेऊ सम्पूर्ण फ्रिजिडिटीलाई तोडेर
 यस धर्तीको सरगमसँगै प्रीत बोलिदेऊ
 समयको गतिमा हामी पछि किन पर्ने,
 तिमीमा पनि उकुसमुकुस छैन र ?
 यहाँ चिसो मौनतामा कति बाँगिरहने ?
 एउटा अनुरोध मेरो, सगरमाथा तिमीलाई ।

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अतृप्त आत्मा

कोशल मल्ल 146 B

सांसारिक सुखको भुलभुलैयाले बादलले भै सबैलाई ढाकिरहेको छ आज यहाँ
 मानसिक अनि आत्मिक सयलको अर्थै सबले बिर्सिसके
 मुटुमा पीडा हुँदा पनि, मस्तिष्कमा द्वन्द हुँदा पनि
 मुखौटामा जाली मुस्कान देखाइ बाचन सबले सिक्सके
 चारैतिर यस्तो भयानक अन्धकार व्याप्त हुँदा पनि
 कन्धासित कन्धा मिलाएर सूर्य खोज्न तम्सने कोही नहुँदा साथमा
 एकलै एकलै चुपचाप रोईदिन्छ अतृप्त आत्मा ।

खान लाउन त सबैले पाएका छन् ? तर बाँच्नलाई प्रेम चाहिएको छ यहाँ
 अबहेलनासित म पनि भस्किस्कें, ऊ पनि तर्सिसक्यो
 दुःख सुखमा संगै हुने दानवीर कर्ण भै मित्र र एउटा सुधारवादी समाज चाहिएको छ यहाँ
 मलाई भात पकाउने र सन्तान जन्माउने दासी होइन
 स्वतन्त्र विचार धाराकी सहयोगी जीवनसङ्घिनी चाहिएको छ
 एकलै एकलै सुत्नुपर्दा ती कठोर हिउँदे रातमा
 आफैसित कराएर कहिलेकाहीं काराईदिन्छ अतृप्त आत्मा ॥

आज क्षितिजमा जब नया घाम भुल्केको छ क्रान्तिको
 कर्णभेदी मौनता व्याप्त छ यहाँ सङ्केत ठूलो आशान्तिको
 शायद म हिन्दू तिमी बौद्ध र ऊ मुसलमान भएर होला हामीमा मित्रता छैन, शत्रुता छ
 हामी ती भनाउँदा देवताका लागि मर्न तयार छौं
 तर मानवताका लागि बाँच्न तयार छैनौं
 जब नेपाली जनता नै विभाजित छन् जब दहा भगडा भै रहेछ जात जातमा
 कपिलवस्तुबाट "शान्ति" "शान्ति" जपिरहेछ अतृप्त आत्मा ॥॥

मातृभूमिभन्दा ठूलो जगत्मा अरु छैन न्यै
 पसीना बगाउनु छ यहाँ नेपाली हामी एक भै

आज काटेर फाल्नुछ समाजका कु-परम्पराहरु
 मेटाउनु छ स्मृतिबाटै अन्धविश्वासका सारा जराहरु
 विदेशी सहायताको भर परेर बस्ने समय होइन यो
 बरु आफ्नै हातका नङ्गाहरु खियाएर आफ्नै पौरखले विकासका दीपकहरु बाल्नुपरेको छ
 हाम्रो देशको भविष्य त छ हाम्रै आफ्नै हातमा
 उठ जाग नेपाली हो आम्हान गर्दछ अतृप्त आत्मा !!!!!

प्रहरी: तपाईंले मोटर यति जोडसंग किन "त्यो जगल्टे कपाल भएको, चूरोट खाइरहेको
 दौडाउनु भएको थियो ? ठिटा होल कि ठिटी ?"
 चालक: मोटरको ब्रेक खराब भएकोले कुनै "त्यो ठिटी हो र मेरी छोरी हो"
 दुर्घटना हुनभन्दा पहिले नै घर पुगिहालुं "माफ गर्नुहोला तपाईं तिनको बाबु भन्ने चाहना
 भनेर । पाएको भए यो प्रश्न गर्ने थिइन"
 कुरुर प्रदर्शनीमा आधुनिक पुस्ताका अनेक त्यस व्यक्तिले चूरोटको घुर्वा फुर्छोइदै भन्यो
 ठिटाठिटी त्यहाँ आएको थिए । यस्तैमा एक अघेड "महाशय ! म त्यसको बाबु नभएर आमा हुँ ।"
 व्यक्तिले आफूसंगै उभिरहेको एकजनासंग सोध्यो ?

*Hearty greetings and best wishes
 on the auspicious occasion of*

Vijaya Dashami

&

Deepawali

2048

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दुइटा गीत तिमीलाई सम्भरेर !!

मवि सि "जः"

(१)

त्यसो त भावनाहरु नपोखिएका होइनन् सागरमा छाल भै
आवेशमा आएर केही पनि त भनिन, गुम्साएर राखेँ सबै आफू मै

तिमी त बाटो लागि हाल्यौ आफ्नो, अलमलिए म पो
दुःखी रहेथ्यो ब्यारे घाउ तिम्रो, अनायशमै रोएछु म पो ॥

पछ्याउँदै गएँ थाहा नपाई, तिमी केवल छायाँ हो भनेर
मायाको बदला छोड्यौ निशानी चोटको, बाँच्दैछु म त्यही सुम्सुम्याएर ॥

(२)

कति संकुचित भएछ कति मान्छेको दुनिया
एउटा तिम्रो मूस्कानमा घुमी रहेछ कतिको दुनिया,
प्यास लाग्छ क्षणक्षणमा कति पिउँछन् पानी
निम्दैन ब्यारे आगो त्यो, पिउँछन् अब आफ्नै आँखाको पानी ॥

वास्तविकता स्वीकार्न नसकदा, सम्भरे कतिले सपना सबै
तिम्रो निमित्त "मर्छु" भन्नेहरु, मरेर पनि शान्ति पाउँछन् र कहाँ सबै

बाँच्ने आधार बनाए हालान्, तिमीलाई कतिले
ज्यूँदै मरेको अनुभव गरे होलान्, नपाउदा तिमीलाई कतिले,
आफू त सपनामा मात्र बाचिन्छु धेरै जसो
त्यसैले त मरुभूमीमा पनि फूलहरु फूल्छन् धेरैजसो ।



जीवनको के भर

तसवीरमा देखिने भोलुंगे पुलले जाजरकोट
जिल्लाको मज्कोट र कोर्ताङ गाउँहरूलाई

छुट्याउँछ । यो पुल सबभन्दा नजीकको मोटर
बिन्दु (रोडहेड) छिन्चुवाट चार दिन तथा
नजीकको विमानस्थल चौरजहारीवाट करीब ती
दिन टाढा पर्दछ ।

- श्याम के.सी.

मेरो नेपाल

चौरजहारी विमानस्थानबाट करीब तीन दिन पश्चिम-उत्तर हिंडिसकेपछि भण्डै जुम्ला, कालीकोट, दैलेख र जाजरकोटको सीमानानिर पर्ने एउटा सानो गाउँमा पुगिन्छ। अण्डेरा पुलहरू, गहिरा नदीहरू, डर लाग्दा भीर र जंगलहरू कटेपछि पुगिने यो ठाउँ आफैमा एउटा संसार छ।

मानिसहरू यहाँ अझै दर्शन बुझा र फलामको टुकाले आगो पार्छन् सु भन्ने स्वर अझै उच्चारण गर्न सक्दैनन् र अझै आलु फलाउन जान्दैनन्। तलको दृश्यमा दुई कृषकहरू आफ्नो वारीको काम गर्दैछन्।

- श्याम के.सी.



बस्ती

उमेश बाजी तामाकार

कक्षा १०

शहरको बाहिरी भागमा एउटा सानो बस्ती छ । शहरको आधुनिकताबाट टाढा रहेको त्यो बस्तीमा विभिन्न जात-जातिका मानिसहरूको बसाइँ छ । धेरैजसो मानिसहरू गरीब छन् हुनपनि नेपालमा कुनचाहिँ त्यस्तो बस्ती छ र जहाँ सबै धनी नै धनी छन् । स-साना छाप्राहरूले सजिएको त्यो बस्ती आज एकदमै कठोर देखिन्छ । भिसमिसे उज्यालो हुँदा नहुँदै आज मानिसहरूको चहलपहल देखिन्छ । स-साना बालकहरूको रुवाइ र गाउँलेहरूको खैलाबैला पनि यदाकदा ध्वनित हुन्छ । धेरैजसो मानिसहरू प्रशन्न मुद्रामा छन् । धेरै महीनापछि हिजो पानी परेको हुनाले सायद सबै रोपाईँ गर्ने तयारीमा छन् । छाप्राहरूमा टुकी बलिरहेका छन्, उज्यालो जताततै छाइरहेको छ । तर अनौठो कुरा के छ भने ती छाप्राहरूको माफ्रमा एउटा छाप्रो छ जुन चाहिँ शून्य छ । त्यो छाप्रोमा कसैको चहलपहल देखिदैन मानौँ त्यहाँ कुनै जीवन नै छैन । कति निराश छ त्यो छाप्रो र कति नीरस छ त्यहाँको वातावरण । आज आले भैदिएको भए त्यो छाप्रो पनि अरु छाप्रा भै प्रसन्न देखिन्थ्यो होला । तर कुरा के छ भने आज त्यस छाप्रोमा आले छैन । अब आले कहिल्यै फर्कने छैन र त्यो छाप्रो सधैं यस्तै मूर्ति भै ठिग उभिरहने छ । एकताका त्यो छाप्रो पनि हँसिलो थियो, उज्यालो थियो

आले र उसकी जीवन संगिनी त्यो छाप्रोमा बस्थे । परेवा-परेवीको जस्तो मायाप्रीति थियो उनीहरू बीच । हाँसै-खेल्दै उनीहरू दिन बिताउँथे । आले अनपढ थियो । ऊ लौरोजस्तो साभो र सगर मायाजस्तो उच्च हृदय भएको मानिस थियो । ऊ एउटा साधारण किसान थियो त्यसैले खान-पिउनको उसलाई फिक्री थिएन किनकी जे जति खेतबाट आउँथ्यो ऊ त्यसमा नै जसोतसो सन्तोष थियो । ऊ एउटा श्रमजीवी थियो जो पसिना चुहाएर, हातका नङ्गा खियाएर काम गर्थ्यो । यसरी नै ऊ आफ्नी श्रीमतीसँग समय बिताउँथ्यो ।

यसरी नै दिन बित्दै गए र आलेकी श्रीमती भ्रुमाले नानी पाइन् । आलेको खुशीको सीमा नै रहेन । बच्चाको नाम के राख्ने हो भनेर उनीहरू दिनरात सोच्थे । बल्लतल्ल एउटा चित्त बुझ्ने नाम भेट्टाए - नालनी ।

त्यस वर्ष राम्ररी पानी नपरेकाले उब्जाऊ बढेन र उनीहरूको आर्थिक अवस्था भन्-भन् जटिल हुँदै गयो । खानलाई मकै बाहेक धानको गेउँ थिएन । दशौँ पनि नजीकै आइरहेको थियो । तर त्यस वर्षभने दशौँमा आलेले आफ्नी श्रीमतीलाई एकजोर लुगा समेत थपिदिन सकेन । विचरी भ्रुमा दिनरात काम गर्थिन् तर आफुले राम्रो खाने र लाउने कुनै कुराको राम्रो व्यवस्था गर्न नसकेकोले आफुलाई नै मनमनै आले धिकाथ्यो । नानी

भन्-भन् दुब्लाउँदै गई तर घरको अवस्था सुधिएन । आलेले गाउँको मुखियासँग केही पैसा ऋण लिएर एउटा दुधालु भैसी किन्यो । भैसीको दुध बेचेर आएको पैसाले घरबार चलाउने उसको ठूलो धोको थियो । तर "जो होचो उसको मुखमा घोचो" भने भै दुःखीलाई भन् दुःख दिंदो रहेछ भगवानले । पानी नपरेकोले जीवन भन् अस्तव्यस्त हुँदै गयो । खोलो सुक्दै गयो । भैसीलाई खुवाउने हरियो घाँस सकियो र हप्ता दिन भित्रै त्यो भैसीले दुध दिन छाड्यो र आलेको सपना सपना नै रह्यो ।

महीनादिन आलेले ऋण लिएर घरबार चलायो । आलेले मुखियाको ऋण समयमा चुक्ता नगरेकोले सधैं मुखिया उसलाई कचकच गरिरहन्थ्यो र कहिलेकाही गाउँका पञ्चहरु समेत लिएर आउने घम्की दिन्थ्यो ।

एकदिनको कुरा हो, भुमा नानीलाई सुताएर खोलामा पानी लिन हिंडी । घरमा आले पनि थिएन । ऊ पल्लो गाउँमा किनमेल गर्न गएको थियो । त्यही मौका पारेर मुखिया आलेको घरमा हिंड्यो । भुमालाई खोलामा एकलै देखेर मुखियाको मनमा पाप उठ्यो । भुमाले मुखियालाई सधैं आफ्नो बाबु भै सम्मान गर्थी । मुखिया भुमालाई देख्ने वित्तिकै हाँस्यो । उसको हाँसाई वास्नायुक्त थियो । मुखियाले भुमाको हात समात्यो । एकछिन त भुमा तर्सिन् तर ऊ केही गर्न सक्दैन थिई । उसको गुहार सुन्ने कोही पनि थिएन । माथि नानी रोएको आवाज आयो । तर त्यस नाबालकको रुवाई सुन्ने कोही थिएन ।

आले पल्लो गाउँबाट फर्कदा भ्रमक रात परि सकेको थियो । भुमा अँध्यारो मुख लाएर बसेकी थिई । खानपिन गरी आले चाँडै निदायो साथद थाकेको होला विचरा । रातको दुई बजिसकेको थियो । तर भुमा अझै पनि निदाएकी थिइन । बारम्बार आफ्नो हृदयले आफुलाई भन्न थाल्यो , "तँ दण्डनीय छस् । तँ पापी छस् ।" मर्नुसिवाय भुमाले अरु कुनै बाटो नै देखिन । आफु मरिदिए आलेलाई केही हलुका होला भन्ने सोची ।

रात निस्तब्ध थियो । यस्तैमा एउटा सानो घरको मूल दैलो उघन्थ्यो । भुमा सरासर मूल बाटोतिर लागी । "सिंगे भीर" को नामले कहलाइएको दुई-दुइको एउटा पहरुो जसको उचाई हजारौं फीट होला, त्यहाँ पुगेर भुमा टक्क अडी । एकपल्ट आले र नानीको मुख याद गरी । अनि विस्तारै पाइला अधि सारी । उसको सुकुमार शरीर हावामा सुइकिदि तर भन्थ्यो

विहान उठ्दा आलेले भुमालाई घरभित्र भेटेन । उसले घरमा जताततै खोज्यो तर भुमाको नामनिशान थिएन । एकछिन त आले पागल भै भयो । घर बाहिर निस्कदा बाहिर गाउँलेहरुको हुल थियो । अगाडि सेतो कपडाले ढाकिएको लाश थियो । आलेको आँखाबाट बरबर आँसु चुहियो । तर आँसु पुछ्छिदिने कोही पनि भएन । उसलाई सान्त्वना दिन कोही पनि आगि सरेन ।

भुमा बितेको भोलिपल्ट नै मुखिया पञ्चहरुलाई लिएर आलेकहाँ गयो । पञ्चले आलेको घरबार सबै खोसिने फैसला सुनायो । आलेले कुनै अड्डी कसेन । उनीहरुले भनेभै लुलुरु टाउको हल्लायो ।

मुखिया मुसुमुसु हाँसेर फर्क्यो ।

उसलाई त्यो बस्ती देखि बाक्क लागेर अयो । भोलि रिमरिम उज्यालो हुँद हिङ्ने बाचा बाँध्यो । त्यो रात उसको निमित्त त्यो छाप्रोमा विताउने अन्तिम रात थियो । हत्केलाले मुख छोपेर ऊ रोयो । कपालमा विधिले लेखेपछि रोएर के हुन्छ भनेर उसले आफुलाई सँभाल्यो । ऊ कुम्लो-कुटुरो कस्न थाल्यो । भोलिपल्ट विहान नहुँदै ऊ पिठ्युँमा खास्टोको एउटा कुम्लो लिएर नानीलाई बोकेर हिँड्न तयार भयो । घर बाहिर आएर रिक्तो घरलाई ट्वाल्ल हेर्न थाल्यो । आलेलाई भैसीको भ्रष्ट याद आयो । ऊ कटेरातिर गयो । उसलाई देखेर भैसी "फुँ फुँ" गर्न थाल्यो । नजीकै राखेको पराल हालेर उसले भन्यो - "आजबाट

तिम्रो नयाँ मालिक आउने छ । तिमीलाई मीठो घाँस छ्वाउने छ । कसैलाई नहान्नु, सोभो भएर काम गर्नु ।" भिसमिसे उज्यालो भएकोले आँसु पुछ्दै ऊ निस्क्यो र आफ्नो यात्रा आरम्भ गर्‍यो । टाढा पुगिसक्दा फेरि एकपल्ट आफ्नो छाप्रोलाई हेर्‍यो अनि सदाको निमित्त गहभरी आँसु लिएर ऊ त्यस बस्तीबाट टाढा भयो ।



कृष्ण धेरै बर्षदेखि एक सिनेमाहलको गेटकिपर थियो । दाँत भर्नेकर दुखेकोले दन्त विशेषज्ञ कहाँ पुग्यो । "तपाईंको कुनचाही दाँत दुखिरहेछ ?" डाक्टरले सोध्यो । "बाल्कोनीको बायाँतिरबाट तेस्रो नम्बर ।" कृष्णको जवाफ थियो ।

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मन र मुटु संगै रुन्छ

- विप्लव यादव
राजविराज

“बश ! भो अब,
विसिदिऊ ती कुराहरु
फगतका ती बाचाहरु
परिस्थितिले कोल्टो फेरि सक्यो
समयले आफ्नो रूप बदलिसकेको छ
हरेक व्यक्तिले काल र परिस्थितीलाई बुझ्नु पर्छ
समय अनुरूप चलन नसक्नेलाई
वर्तमान र भविष्य दुवैले धिक्काउँछन् अरे ।
अत,
अब तिमीले पनि कोल्टो फेरुपर्छ”
मैले पनि यसै भन्ने गर्छौं ।
तर आज,
टुटेका छन् आफ्नै बाचाहरु
मन र मुटु संगै रुन्छ
हुन त, मैले पनि विसर्न खोजेकै हुं
ती अतीतका कोरा कल्पनाहरु
तर विसर्ने क्रममा
तिम्रो यादले मुटु अझ बढ्ता पोल्दो रहेछ
लाग्छ, विसर्नु भन्दा त सम्झनु पो सहज रहेछ ।
आजकल हरेक दिन,
सम्झने र विसर्ने त रीत भइसकेको छ
मनले नमान्दा
(आखिर मन मनै न हो)
तिमीलाई विसर्ने कोशिश गर्छु
मुटु पोल्दा

तिमीलाई सम्झने कोशिश गर्छु
मन र मुटुको सम्झौता गराउने क्रममा
कहिले आफै थाक्छु
कहिले मन मर्छ
किनभने मुटु केवल रोइ नै रहन्छ ।
सायद, मैले पहिल्यै गल्ती गरें
मुटुलाई आफू उपर राज्य गर्न दिएं
अहिले त लाग्छ
तिमी नै ठीक थियौ
मुटुलाई सधै बशमा राख्यौ
आफू खुशी उफार्यौं पनि पछार्यौं पनि
तर मेरो मन यसले गर्दा पो रोएको छ
तिम्रो उतार चढावमा
भौतारियो यो मेरो मन पो ।

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मान्छे मृत्यु आविष्कार गरिरहेछ ।

- रत्न बहादुर पोखरेल

मान्छे
समयको गितसंगै
सभ्यताको खुट्टिकलो उक्लदै जान्छ
आधुनिकता र विज्ञानको
साहारामा
मान्छे
युगको आवाजसंगै
अनगन्ति अन्वेषण र आविष्कारको
खोजि, प्राप्ती र गौरवको
घोषणा गर्छ
तर

मान्छे
आज मान्छे हुनुको अर्थ विसिएर
आफूभित्रको फूलेको आस्था, विस्वास, आत्मीयता
र स्नेहका सुन्दर फूलहरूमा
अविश्वास, घृणा, अनिश्चतता र वैमनस्यताका
बीउहरू छरिरहेछ ।

मान्छे,
आफ्नो क्षणिक स्वार्थपूर्तिको दाउमा
हाइड्रोजन र एटम बमहरूलाई
जन्माउँदै हुर्काउँदैछ
अतिक्रमि भूगोलको रेखा तन्काउने
आकांक्षामा अल्झिएर
विश्व शान्ति र विश्वभातृत्वको
घाँटीमा फाँसीको डोरी
झुड्याउँदैरहेछ ।

अ है
मान्छे
युगको आवाजसंगै
समयको गितसंगै
सु:खी, शान्त र सुन्दर जीवन होइन
भय, त्रास र अशान्ति
जन्माईरहेछ
मान्छे सम्पूर्ण मान्छेको
सुन्दर भविष्य होईन
मृत्यु आविष्कार गरिरहेछ ।

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लेखक :- प्रदिप भक्त आचार्य
चुंदी - बेसी

अहो ! कत्रो आशा, उमङ्ग, आकांक्षा लिएर जन्मेको मानिस नचाहाँदा नचाहादै पनि दुःखका ओभेलतिर धकेलिन बाध्य हुँदो रहेछ । आफ्ना कैयौ मानविय चरित्रलाई आत्मसात गर्दा-गर्दै पनि बाध्यतावश भनौ या नियतिले गर्दा हो एउटा निरर्थक जीवन व्यतित गर्न अग्रसर हुन पर्ने र हेछ । उसका अनगिन्ति इच्छाहरु निर्ममतापूर्वक कुल्चेर पनि ऊ बडो गर्बसाय जिएको स्वाड पाउँछ । एउटा सिद्धो ब्यक्ति जसलाई स्वतन्त्र जीउन पाउनु पर्ने अधिकार पूर्ण रुपमा सुरक्षित हुनु पर्छ भनेर आजकल बडो घमण्डका साथ भन्ने गरिन्छ । त्यसै बखत मानविय मूल्य र मान्यताहरुलाई भने चटकक विसिने पनि गरिन्छ । विचित्रको छ, यो मानिसको स्वभाव भनौ या उसको मानव चोला ।

यस्तै विचारहरु मडारिदै थिए दिमागमा, "हलो ! सागर जी ! तिमी आजकल कता छौ," एककासी धेरै समय पछि भेट भएको साथीले बोलाउँदा दा पो म भर्सँइ भएँ ।

अब त मेरा ओठहरु पनि अभ्यस्त भइसके यस्ता प्रश्नहरुको उत्तर दिन । क्या सहज रुपमा मेरो मुखबाट प्रत्युत्तर निस्कियो, "कता हुन्थ्यो यतै छौ"

मेरो उत्तर सुनेर हो वा मेरो शरीरलाई एक दृष्टी सरसरती हेरिसकेपछि हो उनले सोधे,

"सन्चो छैन कि क्या हो, अनुहार बडो मलिन छौ" मेरो उत्तर थियो, "हैन ठिकै छ ।" उनले हात समाउँदै भने, "दश बर्ष भइसकेछ भेट नभएको, चिया खाँदै गफ गरौ न ।"

मलाई उनीसँग बसेर भलाकुसारी गर्ने तीव्र इच्छा हुँदा-हुँदै पनि म बडो व्यस्त भएको बहाना गरेर फुटिकन्छु । म एक साधारण कर्मचारी जसलाई यो महँगीको महामारीमा दुई-छाक राम्रोसँग हातमुख जोर्न पुग्दैन उसलाई बाहिर खाने भनेको त कल्पना भन्दा बाहिरको कुरा ।

मानिस कत्रो स्वाडी हुँदो-रहेछ भनौ या हुनुपर्ने रहेछ । मैले आफैले आज अनुभव गरेँ । गोजी रिक्तो हुनु, साथीले चिया खान जाऊँ भन्नु, आफूलाई ठिक हुँदा हुँदै पनि साथीले सन्चो छैन कि क्या हो भन्नु (सायद मेरो मुखमा दरिद्रताले उब्जाएको विकृति हो कि ?) ले मलाई कता-कता आफूमा छाएको नैराश्यता, हीनता बोधले किचिरहेको त छैन भै लाग्यो । तर मसँग साँगालिएर आएको कुन किसिमको अनुभूति हो त्यो चाहिँ मैले अबै पनि चिन्न सकिरहेको छैन ।

महँगीले आकाश छोइसकेको छ । एक जनाको कमाईमा अन्य परिवार आश्रित हुनु, उनीहरुको बढ्दो आकांक्षा, चाहाना र आवश्यकताहरु पुऱ्याउन नसक्दा आफूलाई त्यसै पनि दिक्क

लागिरहेको छ । आफ्नो जीवनको मार्ग पहिल्याउन हिंडेको आजको सू-सभ्य मानिस म (?) दुई-छाकको चपेटामा पिल्सीरहेको छु । त्यहीमाथि एउटा पुरुष भएर आफ्नो परिवारको आवश्यकताहरूलाई कुण्ठित गराउनु पर्ने भएपछि मलाई जीवनमा त्यो भन्दा ठूलो ब्यङ्ग अरु के नै हुन सक्छ र ? आर्थिक समस्याले गर्दा घरमा सिर्जिएको कलहले मेरा अबोध शिशुहरूको कलिलो मृत्तिका नराम्रो सित कुठाराघात गर्न लागेको छ ।

म आफू त यसै विग्रिए उसै विग्रिए तर मेरो कारणले गर्दा देशका हुनेवाला कर्णधार ती कलिला मुनाहरू पनि विग्रिन्छन् कि भन्ने भयले म त्रसित छु । श्रीमतीलाई म अनेक तरहले सम्झाउने कोसिस पनि गर्दछु, ताकी बाबु-आमाको भ्रगडाको असर छोरा-छोरीलाई नपरोस् । तै पनि उनी टोल छिमेकलाई नै सुनाउने गरेर कुर्लिन्छन्, आजको शनिवार पनि मासु खान पाईएन, सधै यसरी कति बाँच्ने, सधै अभाव नै अभाव, अरुले यहि जागिर ले कत्रो सम्पति, घर-घडेरी जोरी सके, तपाई त हुतियारा अरुले खाएको पनि मन नपराउने आफू पनि खाननसक्ने । दशैमा मासु खान पाईन्छ भनेको त यसपाला पनि दशै पेशकी रिण तिर्दै ठिक्क होला जस्तो छ । छोरा-छोरीलाई के ले लुगा हालिदिने । आफूलाई फेर्ने धोति छैन, टाल-टुल गरेर लाउँदै आएको छु ।.....। इत्यादि ।

एउटा कोठाको रडाकोले गर्दा बरीपरी आइमाई केटा-केटीलाई केही समय मेला लाग्यो । ढोका, झ्यालको प्वालहरूबाट बडो ध्यानमग्न, दत्तचित्त भएर चियाइरहेका छन् । कसैलाई केहीको घन्दा

घर ज्वाईलाई खानैको घन्दा भनेभै उनीहरूलाई जहिले पनि अर्काको चासो चाहिन्छ । सायद उनीहरूलाई त्यति नगरे त खाएको पनि पचैन क्यारे । यो उनीहरूको नारी स्वभावको परिचय र सृष्टिको अनादिकाल देखि लिएर आएको जन्म जात गुण हो ।

श्रीमती भट्टाइरहेकि थिइन् । छोरीलाई लिएर कोठा बाहिर निस्किएँ मैले उनको समस्यालाई न त चर्को स्वरमा प्रत्युत्तर दिएँ, न त समस्या सुल्झाउन पट्टि नै लागें । उनका समस्याहरू एक गृहिणीको हैसियतले जायज थिए । त्यसो भनेर उनलाई ढाडस दिनसक्ने सार्मध्य ममा छैन । केवल आनन्दसँग (?) मौन रहनु सिवाय । यस्तैमा छोरीले, बाबा-बाबा, ममी तपाईसित किन भ्रगडा गर्नु भएको । ममी त कस्तो छुची हगी ? तपाईले केही नगर्दा पनि गाली गर्ने । म बाबालाई माया गर्छु ल भन्दा, म भस्किएँ, मानौ म बसिरहेको जमिन पृथ्वीको गर्भ भित्र कता हो कता छिप्न लागेको छ । जुनकुरा म मेरा छोरा-छोरीमा नपुगोस । भन्थेँ, त्यो पनि उनीहरूबाट अनभिज्ञ भएन । अर्थात् म छोरा-छोरीलाई स्वस्थ्य मानसिकतामा हुर्काउन नसक्ने भएँ भनौ म फेरी एक चोटि पराजित भएँ ।

यस्तै के के सोच्दै थिएँ, हाम्रो उहाँ त घुस खान पनि सक्ने, दिन पनि सक्ने । त्यस्तै हुतियारा भएके भए मैले कसरी चलाउँथे यत्रो घरब्यबाहार । त्यस्ताकी स्वास्नी हुनु भन्दा त बाँधाकी स्वास्नी हुनु जाति हैन त, कान्छी । भन्दै, हाँसै पल्लो घरकी आइमाइहरूले भनेको सुन्दा म आत्मरलानिले छटपटाइरहेको थिएँ ।

SEBS: A LOOK BACK AT THE PAST YEAR

It's not much time since the Society of Ex-Budhanilkantha Students (SEBS) awoke after its long slumber. But even in such a short time the SEBS has been able to do a lot of things - and all those things not unnoticed by the public either.

The revival started its remarkable pace last year with the establishment of its own office in Putali Sadak with the help of Budhanilkantha School and the FOBS. It went further with the First Inter-School Folk Dance Competition and then the career guidance programme "You and Your Career". Along with the programmes came recognition of the SEBS and more important, a positive change in attitude and a heartfelt understanding with our former school. We hope that the understanding will continue in future and will not change with a single individual.

Our tie with Budhanilkantha School is intrinsic, and every success of SEBS is rooted in its past. We want to nurture this relationship, and we understand that, in the process we will be strengthening ourselves. In cooperating closely with the school, we will be cooperating with ourselves, and in helping us the school will be keeping a temporal unity of its services.

The services will not be limited to the SEBS. Through its programmes, it can reach the general public, like our programmes last year. The first programme of SEBS after Dashain last year - "You and your Career" - was held on the occasion of the SAARC year of the Girl Child, and was hailed as a success.

But the SEBS did not just stop at the seminar from which only about 200 students benefitted. It went further by publishing a booklet, with the support of UNICEF and distributing it to all the secondary schools of the 75 districts of Nepal.

Praising our efforts was Secretary General of the SAARC, Mr. K. K. Bhargava himself who said it was a good start from which "other SAARC countries have also to learn".

This deed was accomplished under the presidency of Mr. Shyam K.C., whose short but effective tenure marked an ascent of the SEBS to the national forefront. SEBS was now almost equal in stature with many other social service organizations in helping others.

Helping others, however, is not the only objective of the the SEBS. It also aims to help the members to help others. And the welfare of the SEBS members also plays an important part in reaching this objective.

A lot still remains to be done in this regard. But before being able to sincerely think and do something about the members welfare, they must be brought together.

A picnic organized in the winter of 1991 aimed just at this and many members were present in Surya Binayak on the cold day of February 23 enjoying themselves.

The picnic was, however, just a necessary programme which needed to be held at least once a year. And the members cannot be satisfied with just this, as they also need to be given many other interesting programmes.

The obstacle was money. In this modern world, even the most pious and ascetic of people need money to effectively help others and the SEBS was no exception.

In a bid to raise funds and go ahead with its social services programmes, the SEBS devised a new way out - in the form of the SEBS week.

The week held in the first week of Baisakh, incorporates the concept of both fund raising and social services. This year's programme included a free health camp, a blood donation programme and a cultural show.

The first day of the week - a new year's day - started auspiciously with blood donation. Our chief guest Dr. Hemang Dixit and 27 members of the SEBS donated blood on the occasion.



The sixth day was a day to enjoy - a day for the cultural programme. Many renowned artistes like Kumar Basnet, Pabitra Subba, Devika Pradhan and Santosh Pant entertained the crowded hall of the Royal Nepal Academy. And the hard work put on by many dedicated members of the SEBS really paid off.

The last day of the week was yet a reminder more good work remained to be done. The SEBS and the social service club of Budhanilkantha School jointly organized a free health camp in Dandagaon, Tokha.

The programme, summarising the weeklong festival was a success and many villagers benefitted from the camp.

At the end of the week the SEBS had gained a lot. Not only some funds from the cultural programme, but also good will and inspiration that has helped us

gain momentum.

From the Cultural programme, the SEBS raised a total profit of some 37 thousand rupees. In accordance with the precept, 30 thousand rupees was set aside for the revolving fund and the remaining was put up for the general account.

Starting from a mere 200 rupees, the SEBS revolving fund now contains more than 40 thousand rupees.

After the SEBS week was successfully organized, the annual general assembly of the SEBS was held in ASCOL, Kathmandu. The turnout, however, was not as good as expected. The general assembly then decided to hold an election for a new executive committee on June 8, 1991.

The elected executive committee with some reforms is as follows:

President	Bimal Nepal (107A)
Immediate Past President	Shyam K. C. (252 A)
V. President	Rajanya Dixit (678 A)
Secretary	Sugandha Wagley (758 A)
Jt. Secretary	Ganesh Bdr. Rai (815 A)
Treasurer	Janak Chemjung (810 A)

Members:

Kiran Regmi (642 A)
Ajaya B. Khanal (648 A)
Pradeep B. Acharya (620 A)
Gyanendra Pandey (937 A)
Guneshwor Shah (817 A)

Co-opt members:

Dr. Pushkar R. Pandey (232 A)
Mahendra Khanal (602 A)
Jagdish Bhattarai (295 B)



Bimal Nepal
President

Executive Committee 1991



Shyam K. C.
Immediate Past-President



Rajanya Dixit
Vice -President



Sugandha Wagley
Secretary



Ganesh Bdr. Rai
Jt. Secretary



Janak Chemjung
Treasurer



Kiran Regmi
Member



Ajaya B. Khanal
Member



Pradeep Bhakta Acharya
Member



Guneshwor Shah
Member



Ratna Bdr. Pokharel
Member



Gyanendra Pandey
Member



Dr. Pushkar Raj Pandey
Co-opt. Member



Mahendra Khanal
Co-opt. Member



Jagdish Bhattaral
Co-opt. Member

The first programme of the new-executive committee was a two day tree plantation in Jhor Katheri of Shivapuri. The plantation was held with the cooperation of Shivapuri Watershed Development Project and with the students of Budhanilkantha School. More than two thousand saplings were planted on the occasion, taking advantage of the monsoon.

The plantation was a result of an inspired moment

and all other programmes until now had been organised somewhat haphazardly - when it suited the SEBS.

To change this tendency and to give regular programmes the new executive committee decided to form a yearly calendar, and to be guided by it. The calendar with its scheduled programmes and tentatives dates are as follows.

Programme	Tentative Date
1. SEBS week	1 - 7 Baisakh
2. Reunion	Shrawan
3. Binod Memorial Inter-School Folk Dance Competition	Bhadra
4. Aastha Publication	Dashain
5. You and Your Career	—
6. SEBS Picnic	Poush

Apart from these, other additional programmes like tree plantation will also be held.

The first programme as per this schedule - The Reunion - was held on 24th August in Budhanilkantha School. Surprisingly many members did turn up at the school and it was quite a happy occasion to see so many old faces together again.

After the Reunion, the Inter-School Folk Dance Competition dedicated since this year to the memory

Binod Memorial Inter-School Folk Dance Competition: They almost outdid the professionals



of Late Binod Khadka was organized. Binod Khadka was an active member of the SEBS and had been the co-ordinator of the first Inter-School Folk Dance Competition. And this years competition, renamed after him, was remarkable .

The 12 school participating in the competition almost outdid the professional dancers. Our thanks for this programme goes to all the participating schools and all the active members of the SEBS, who did a wonderful job. The judges of the Competition are also to be thanked. They really did us a service by their self-less help.

The achievements, so far, of the SEBS, reflects the ground that has been covered in a few years. It was a result of improvement in organizational framework, as pieces added together by experience of passing executive committees and the constant help obtained from all the members.

Improvement is the sign of life, and this sign was shown by the general body of SEBS when it amended the constitution this year. The amendment this year provides a framework by which SEBS can, by being a member of the Social Service National Coordination Council, broaden its scope and activities.

One of the most important changes in the constitution has been the provision for guest memberships. This is hoped to make the SEBS more broad based and society-oriented. And the first person to honour us by being a guest member is Rajesh Lamichhane.

In the coming days, we want to be more effective. And we've already had a head-start because not many institution like ours can boast of having members from all the 75 district.

In the coming days, when more members return from studies abroad, and as more members settle, our organization will be like no other organizations. We are proud of our heritage and we're proud of the work we're going to do, and we're proud for the work we've done yet despite the many constraints.

We are thankful to all those who have stood by us in our moments of ups and downs. The headmaster of Budhanilkantha School, Mr. B. M. Garton has inspired us by his willing help at every moment and we are also thankful to Budhanilkantha School family.

Lastly we appeal to all the members of the SEBS, in any part of the world, to join their efforts together, and move ahead into a new world.



A cultural programme marked the sixth day of the SEBS Week

Congratulations!

The SEBS congratulates Budhanilkantha School and its students for the outstanding results in the SLC examination of 2048.



Name: Manav Bhattarai
Position: Board First
Father's Name: Mr. Ganesh Prasad Bhattarai
Date of Birth: 2030/11/30
Place of Birth: Biratnagar
Ambition: To study Medicine



Name: Dilip Parajuli
Position: Board fifth
Father's Name: Mr. Fani Nrayan Parajuli
Date of Birth: 2031/11/20
Place of Birth: Kavre
Ambition: Develop a career that will benefit his country and family.



Name: Alok Shrestha
Position: Board sixth
Father's Name: Mr. Shyam Bahadur Shrestha
Date of Birth: 2032/01/20
Place of Birth: Hetauda
Ambition: To study Medicine

Wait

- Aseem Kharel

Another lonely night
 Gazing far into the serene starlit sky
 Peaceful and calm
 The gentle zephyr - enticing
 Breeds wishful thoughts - wondering far
 Yet near inside, the enchanting thoughts wish for a star
 A village kid - the morning sunshine
 the murmur of awaken souls
 While the aurora descends on the lofty mountains
 Filling all the holes
 But with the growing day
 with the heat beating down
 A maid sings far - somewhere, working
 with the thorny bushes
 The mill pounds on - flying husks
 And the river charges down
 (Swishing, whirling, beating on the rocks working on and on)
 But time, with nothing in me and I lost, gazing
 Just wait for another dawn

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FACTS FOR LIFE.

PROPAGATION THROUGH YOUTH GROUPS.

Dr. Hemang Dixit.

INTRODUCTION.

These are the days of community participation. Various groups comprising of women, elderly sections of society and youth exist in every part of the world. Participation in the affairs of the community in which one lives or works is expected from one and all. Social service also means that one should not be self centered but should try to do some service to one's fellow being.

All this has been very well and succinctly put by one Etienne de Greliet who lived from 1773 to 1855.

"I will pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do, or any kindness which I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it for I shall not pass this way again."

In the context of Nepal, especially since the people's movement of 1990, it seems that participation in community affairs of a social nature has increased appreciably. The number of social service organizations that are registered with the Social Services Co-ordination Council is much more than last year. Not only this, but there are a host of organs who are registered with the C.D.O.'s office.

Whilst mere numbers may not signify the quality and usefulness of services provided, it does mean that there is much more enthusiasm for this kind of service. This enthusiasm must not be stemmed but must be helped to gather momentum.

Young peoples groups can be involved in the education of others right from the very start. One organization in the United Kingdom involved the Institute of Education in the University of London to bring out a set of Child-to-Child readers on various aspects of health such as :-

Accidents.
Fever.
Child Development.

Water.
Diarrheal Diseases.
Good Food.

The idea of this was that the children whilst reading these light reading materials would in course of time pass on the health messages to not only their brothers and sisters but also to their parents. These six books have already been translated into Nepali and depending on the response to these books the decision as to whether to translate the new series of health related stories will be made.

Children/young people can play a great role in the education of their parents and other adults in developing countries such as Nepal where the literacy rate for men is 32% and for women 18%. The two districts in India viz. Kerala and West Bengal, where this was achieved, did this by the involvement of school children who were fired with the imagination to do good to their fellow nationals who were not as fortunate as they.

Books such as Child-to-Child readers and Facts For Life are very simple and can be used not only to consolidate the learning that has been taught to the adults but also to pass on health messages and impress it in their memories. It is in this context that these and other similar simple publications must be looked at.

As far as the campus or college student was concerned an attempt was made some years ago at the time that the New Education System Plan (NESP) came into being. It was envisaged that part of the diploma course envisaged spending some time in the rural district doing some social or developmental work.

Whilst this concept was very laudable and worked well at times, the fact was because it was not properly and fairly implemented led to it being unpopular with the student body which it was supposed to involve. Furthermore it was an attempt at impositions of

others intentions and thus bound to fail.

For the ideal state of health to be achieved, it will be necessary for the government to spend much more than the 3.5% of the budget on health. Whilst the government has realized that it cannot provide all the health services by itself it has tried to involve the private sector and the National and the International Non Governmental Organizations (NGOs & INGOs) in the delivery of health care.

The other stress is going to be on Primary Health Care with the focus of providing better health care in the rural areas at the grassroots level. In this stress is laid not only on the curative aspects of health but also on the preventive and promotive aspects. Looking after one's own health and caring for the environment that one lives in, has become a fact of paramount importance.

HEALTH FOR ALL 2000.

Since the Alma Ata conference of 1978, Nepal has committed itself to providing Primary Health Care to its citizens. Goals have been set for Nepal and to achieve this, five of the targets set are as follows:-

1. Infant Mortality Rate (IMR) per 1000 live births: reduce from 107 to 45.
2. Population growth rate: reduce from 2.66 to less than 2 percent.
3. Life expectancy at birth: increase from 51 to 65 years both for men and women.
4. Drug supply locally: increase from 9 to 60 percent production.
5. Health Worker to Population ratio:
 - a. One health worker (Trained Doctor, Kaviraj, Health Assistant, Vaidya, Auxiliary Health Worker) for every 3000 of the population.
 - b. One trained nurse (Staff Nurse, Assistant Nurse Midwife) for every 600 population.
 - c. One health volunteer for every 500 population.

HEALTH EDUCATION FOR HEALTH.

There is a saying which says, "First things first." Something which is inexpensive is a small publication entitled "FACTS FOR LIFE" which has been brought out by UNICEF, WHO and UNESCO. This booklet sets out in plain language the scientific consensus on practical low cost, family-based ways

of protecting children's lives and health. This publication has messages in ten major areas with some prime messages and supporting information. It has been brought out with the concept that knowledge about health matters is the right of every community, every family, every parent and every individual.

This information must therefore be communicated by all concerned people at all levels so that this information is shared. It is information which is simple, can be easily put into practice, costs little or nothing and has the potential to reduce Infant Mortality Rate and Under 5 Mortality rate by a remarkable extent.

The crucial act to make this knowledge about health extensively widespread is a massive communication campaign. It is hoped that this communication campaign, making use of politicians, religious leaders, teachers, journalists, media men, writers, health personnel and children themselves in child-to-child programmes will ensure its success.

Besides these, there are a host of other categories of people, in short everybody, who can be involved for communication purposes. The English edition of this book came out about a year ago but the Nepali edition was released in October, 1990. The new second edition has been increased in size and the Maithili, Newari and Bhojpuri editions will be out very soon.

A small special edition for schools with just the prime messages is also in the final stages of preparation. It is accepted that other editions of this booklet will even be brought out in other languages of Nepal, if and when necessary, so that greater communication of these messages can occur at grass root level. In this day of Primary Health Care, the first step therefore is self-care or care at the home level by the mother of herself and her offspring. This is the message that the book tries to impart.

"The basic determinants of a child's health are in the hands of parents, not doctors. Only if medical professionals see their task as demystifying their medical knowledge and empowering others to use it, will they make their potential contribution to the advance in child health which is now possible"

James P. Grant, Executive Director, UNICEF.

It must be noted at this stage that there are in fact two books:-

1. FACTS FOR LIFE - which has been translated into Nepali.

2. ALL FOR HEALTH - a companion volume which helps to pass on the messages contained in **FACTS FOR LIFE**.

The knowledge that is contained in **FACTS FOR LIFE** is knowledge which is essential to all families so that the parents can protect the lives of their children.

- It is knowledge of which there is worldwide consensus.
- It knowledge on which most parents can act.
- It is knowledge which has the potential to drastically reduce child deaths and child malnutrition.
- It is knowledge to which every family now has a right.

The knowledge is there but if is going to be confined to the pages of the book in which it is printed then not much is going to be achieved. The search is for audience communicators in all spheres and at all levels. These are the people who can help to put today's knowledge into continuous channels of information. Some of the categories may be:

POLITICAL & RELIGIOUS LEADERS.

TEACHERS & JOURNALISTS.

OWNERS & EDITORS OF PRINT & ELECTRONIC MASS MEDIA.

JOURNALISTS & BROADCASTERS.

EMPLOYERS & TRADE UNION LEADERS.

COMMUNITY HEALTH WORKER, DOCTORS, NURSES & MIDWIVES.

DEVELOPMENT WORKERS & VOLUNTARY AGENCIES.

YOUTH MOVEMENTS & WOMENS GROUP.

COMMUNITY ORGANIZATION & LOCAL

LEADERS.

SPORTS, LEISURE & ENTERTAINMENT OUTLETS.

WRITERS OF T.V. BOOKS & CHILDRENS BOOKS.

WHAT DOES THE BOOK CONTAIN ?

The book contains what are referred to as the top TEN messages. These messages are in the front of the book and are :-

1. Birth spacing. Two years apart, no pregnancies before 18 years and total number of pregnancies to 4.
2. To reduce the dangers of Child bearing, there should be adequate ante-natal care in pregnancy and the delivery should be assisted by trained person eg. TBA.
3. For first few months Breast milk alone, other foods from 4 to 6 months of age
4. Children under 3 years should be fed 4 to 6 times a day with mashed vegetables (Vit. A) and fats.
5. Plenty of food during diarrhoea, especially fluids. Eg. Breast milk, diluted gruel, soups or jeevan jal.
6. Immunization as it prevents diseases causing poor growth, disabilities and death should all be completed by one year of age.
7. Coughs and cold get better on its own. Use traditional remedies. If breathing rate fast go to health worker and seek aid.
8. Germs enter mouth and cause disease. Faecoral route. Worse in summer. Use latrines. Wash hands with soap and water. Take care in handling food. Use potable water. Nirmal tablet. ? Boil.
9. Extra meals after illness to regain weight eg. measles and catch up growth.
10. Weigh children regularly between 6 months and three years. If no weight increase for six months then something wrong.

It has been translated and adapted from the International Edition so to speak. Different countries have modified the booklet as per their own need. The Philippine edition, for example has a chapter on Tuberculosis whilst the Indian edition has both tuberculosis

**We offer our
heartly felicitations
and wish the very
best of
everything to all
on the
auspicious occasion
of
Vijaya Dashami
and
Deepawali
2048**

Pan Himalayan Carpet Industries

**P.O. Box No. 1371
Kathmandu Nepal**

and leprosy as they are major problems there. The second edition of the Nepali version of the book contains thirteen chapters dealing with various aspects of health and disease.

Besides leprosy and tuberculosis our edition has a chapter on "Accidents and Injuries". Each of the thirteen chapters, like the editions in other countries has PRIME messages but besides that it has some supporting messages which clarify some points. The specific chapters and the PRIME messages are as given below.

1. TIMING BIRTHS.

- Not before 18 or after 35.
- 50% mortality if spacing less than 2 years.
- 4 plus children - mortality increase.
- Family planning, how many etc.

2. SAFE MOTHERHOOD.

- Antenatal Care.
- Trained support by TBAs.
- Know warning signs eg. swelling.
- Rest and food needs.
- Two years gap. After 18 and before 35 years.
- Health of girls own childhood, less complications.

3. BREAST FEEDING.

- Breast milk best in first 4 to 6 months.
- Breast feed as soon as possible after birth.
- Frequent suckling.
- Bottle feeding can lead to serious illness, death.
- Breast feeding for at least one year, better if two.

4. CHILD GROWTH.

- Weigh monthly between 6-24 months. No gain in 2 mths ?
- Breast milk for 4 to 6 months.
- Weaning foods at 4 to 6 months.
- Under three years feed at least 4 to 6 times daily.
- Extra fat or oil added to ordinary diet.
- Need food rich in Vit. A.
- Extra food after illness.
- Talking, playing and showing physical love.

5. IMMUNIZATION.

- Immunization protects. Those not protected can

be undernourished, disabled and die. All immunizations by first year.

Safe to immunize sick child.

Tetanus toxoid to all women between 14 to 44 years.

6. DIARRHOEA.

- Diarrhoea kills so give plenty of fluids.
- Continue breast feeding in diarrhoea.
- Give food for nutrition in diarrhoea.
- Trained help if diarrhoea serious.
- After diarrhoea, extra meal for one week.
- No medicines in diarrhoea.
- Diarrhoea less with breast feeding, using latrines etc.

7. COUGHS & COLDS.

- If fast breathing take to health clinic.
- Breast feeding till 6 mths. Immunize & well nourish.
- Give plenty of food & drink.
- Keep warm not hot. Breathe clean not smoky air.

8. HYGIENE.

- Wash hands with soap and water.
- Use latrines.
- Use clean water.
- Boil water if no piped supply.
- Keep food clean.
- Burn and bury refuse.

9. TUBERCULOSIS.

- Tuberculosis, though a severe disease is preventable.
- Children can be protected against TB by BCG vaccine.
- Well nourished children can resist TB.
- Adults who cough up TB germs infect children
- TB infection in brain causes disability or death.
- TB is now curable.
- TB is not dangerous if the patient is under treatment.

10. MALARIA.

- Protect from mosquito bites.
- Destroy mosquito larvae.
- Anti malarial tablets for pregnant women.

- Child with fever in malaria area - treat.
- Child with fever - keep cool.
- Child recovering from malaria - give foods, drinks.

11. LEPROSY.

- Leprosy is due to a germ and is communicable.
- Early diagnosis and treatment prevents spread to others.
- Leprosy is curable.
- Early diagnosis and treatment prevents deformities.
- Leprosy patients need community support not isolation.
- More stress on curative and rehabilitative services.

12. ACCIDENTS & INJURIES.

- Accidents are not due to Fate, they can be prevented.
- Children must be protected from accidents & injuries.
- Be careful of fire, children should not be near it.
- Clean and soak a burnt part in cold water.
- Falls are the result of carelessness. Beware of this.
- All should know traffic rules. Do not play on roads.
- Taking intoxicating drinks can cause accidents.

13. AIDS.

- Sexual transmission - infected mother to unborn & newborn.
- Safe sex. Single partner, Condom.
- No unsterilized syringe & needle.
- Women with aids - no pregnancy.
- Parents should inform children how to avoid AIDS.

PROPOSED FUTURE ACTION.

The involvement of various youth groups in the propagation of the health messages of Facts For Life would be the ideal strategy. Some groups of youth who have been involved in social service work in Nepal are :-
Alumni Associations. These are of the various schools and the ex-students group longest in the field is of course Godavari Alumni Association. More recently SEBS is becoming involved. What must be

noted however is that quite a number of schools now encourage their Class Nine and Ten students to be involved in such social activities.

Boy & Girl Scouts. The involvement of this group means that it is not a matter of single institution but that a number of children of various schools are involved. This is a good trend for it increases the awareness of others and discourages elitism.

Campus Social Service Groups. The various campuses do have groups involved in social services of varying nature.

Junior Red Cross. This also is an inter school/campus group who have been involved in various social activities. Being involved for Facts For Life will not be difficult for them.

Jaycees and Jayceettes. This group too has wide experience of the social activities. Whether they would like to be included in the youth groups as given above is another matter.

However because of their various contacts and experience they are well placed to being the guiding personnel for social activities. Because the name itself means Junior Chamber one is sure of their enthusiasm for the sake of youth.

The question in Nepal is whether our youth and their leaders are willing to take up this challenge of trying to communicate health messages to the people at large so as, not only to improve the current health status of the people but also to bring about better nourished, more healthy and well developed children in the years to come.

FACTS FOR LIFE should be promoted by all youth groups, religious leaders and lay workers as a handbook of essential health knowledge. It should be used for youth meetings and study groups specially when counselling young people and parents.

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Fantastic Facts

A block of flats in New York had been raided by thieves so many times that the residents put up a notice. It said quite simply: "THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO TAKE". The thieves disagreed. Someone stole the notice!

Rag students from Glasgow claimed a new record for cramming - not alas, for exams, but to see how many people they could cram into a car. No fewer than 40 girls squeezed their way into a Humber Hawk saloon. To the relief of the manufacturers, it didn't catch on.

A student at California University claimed a new world record after completing 1,151 revolutions in a large spin-drier. Lawrence Scanlon's "journey" took 28 minutes - and friends held the driver door slightly open to prevent over-heating. Scanlon described himself as a "laundronaut"

Its not often you hear of the police claiming a record. But way down in New Orleans they've arrested the same man 820 times. He's been convicted 421 times - mostly for being drunk in public. The name of this habitual offender was Alfred L. Vice.

It is a story that came out of firemen's nationwide strike in Britain in the mid 1970s. Green Goddesses - the famous fire engines that saved Britain from even more destruction during the Second World War blitz - were brought out of mothballs, and, manned by army personnel, did their best to provide an emergency service. When the strike was over the Ministry of Defence prepared a report on the operation which included some typical incidents experience by the Army crews. On one occasion they had been summoned out to an old lady's house. Her cat, which she loved dearly, had got stuck up a tree. It was simple job for the Army team to run up a ladder and rescue the trapped moggie. The old lady was so overcome with gratitude that she asked the entire crew to come in for tea and scones. Half an hour later,

they emerged with the old lady's thanks still ringing in their ears, jumped into the Green Goddess, reversed down the driveway - and ran over the cat!

Bureaucrats and managers often complain that life is just one round of meetings after another. The former Indian Prime Minister Mr. Indira Gandhi grasped that particular nettle. She ordered the entire Indian Civil Service to have "one meetingsless day every week, so that they can actually do some work."

A New York jury commissioner got quite a shock when Socrates Lovinger appeared in his office. Socrates had just received a letter - summoning him for jury service, and was obediently reporting for duty. There were two problems. Socrates was just nine years old. He was also a dog.

As late as 1970 a man was excommunicated by a Jerusalem religious court for possessing "a defiling and disgusting object". People in the extreme orthodox area of Mea Shearim were forbidden to eat, drink or sit with the man until the object was removed. Before your imaginations runs wild you should know that the object in question was - a television set.

If you think that the world of politics lacks people of stature, you'd have found an ally in President Kennedy. He once ordered a new car for the white House with an electric lift built under the rear seat.

The lift was needed apparently because some distinguished foreign visitor in the past had been too short to see out of the car windows.

Once a bottle of Vodka disposed of one Mr. Popov, a Soviet Communist Party official. He was out picnicking with some comrades when they were accidentally sprayed with fertilizer by a low-flying plane. Mr. Popov was so incensed he hurled a bottle of vodka at the offending aircraft, and scored a direct hit. The plane was forced to crash-land in a nearby

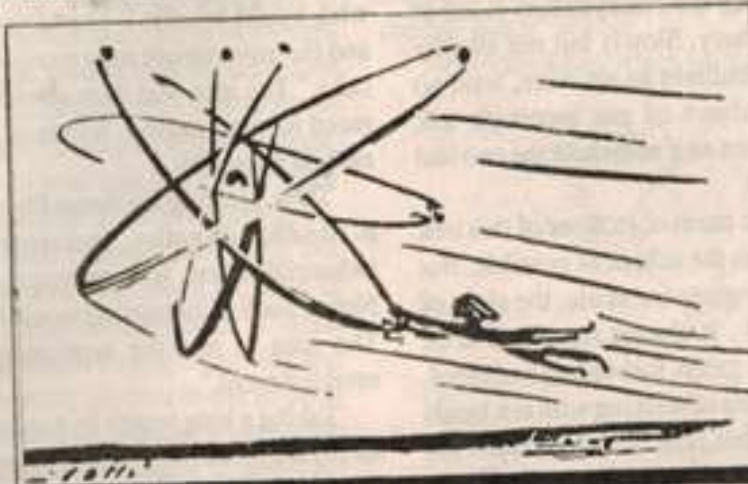
field. There were no happy landing for Mr. Popov either. He was sacked from his job and expelled from the party. And the Soviet newspaper Izvestia published the sad story as warning to fellow citizens not to abuse their national drink.

A French stuntman, Philippe Petit, once with the help of a bow and arrow, slung a tightrope between the twin towers of one of the world's tallest inhabited buildings - the World Trade Centre in New York. Crowds gathered on the pavement 1300 feet below as Phillippe crossed the 90-foot gap several times. Eventually the police arrived - and took him away to be examined by a psychiatrist. He said: "When I see three organges, I have to

juggle. When I see two towers, I have to walk."

What would you do if you saw your 18-month old daughter walking across the garden clutching a poisonous black snake? That's what happened to Mr. And Mrs. Stiles in Melbourne, Australia, and not surprisingly they rushed towards her in panic. But they needn't have worried. Baby Diana wasn't just holding the snake, she was chewing it. And by the time her parents reached her she'd bitten the snakes

heads off, without being bitten herself. By way of explanation her father said Diana wasteething. "She'd bite through your finger if you gave her the chance," he said.



Happy Greetings And
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Opting for a no change

-Nuru Lama
280/B

It was spring and the Shivapuri with its pristine lushness constantly seemed to beckon us. So one of those fine Saturday mornings a dozen of us started the steep climb up along the Narayanthan Road to explore the alluring beauty. Slowly but not silently we made the ascent. Ebullient as we were, with no obvious reason, the subject of our incessant talk ranged from politics to sex as if somehow the two had some connection.

I must say one of the main objectives of this trek was to get as distant from the school as possible. But no matter how much progress we made, the sight of the school never left us. It always remained in its place, patches of red and green, forbidding and aloof. We even had the crazy idea of walking with our heads turned towards the hill but how could we resist the pain in the neck? Naturally enough, the subject of our talks shifted towards the school, well we talked about the ODA scholarship, the school foodand there is always some mockery and discontent about the teachers.

A prominent voice came from the crowd, "Hey guys, how do you all like the idea of transforming the school into a five-star lavish hotel?" It was Ramesh.

Instantly there were some affirmative nods. He went on "The area is a perfect location for a grand hotel. It is genuinely peaceful and scenic as well. The houses could be turned into rooms, teachers flats into luxurious suites. We have the swimming pool. Some of the football pitches could be turned into a golf course. The assembly hall is just the right size for a conference hall. A perfect resort for holiday-makers and a great source of foreign currency.

As Ramesh poured down his fantastic ideas Krishna broke the continuity. "A noble notion but impractical like communism," Krishna uttered the words with seriousness. Ramesh had stopped by then. Krishna continued: "Do you consider the earning of a few thousand dollars more important than the education of the Nepalese youth? It's like cutting

your own legs to beg in the street. Beside, the cost of transformation would be great. It would be abortive like Gorbachev's glassnost and prestroika. After all, who would benefit? The elite businessman would and the government may receive the last piece of the cake." The idea was then abandoned and our minds raced for alternatives. Winds of silence engulfed the mobile humanity.

Then, clearing his throat Bhanu said, "How about a Budhanilkantha Industrial estate? Rapid industrialization is a prerequisite for developing Nepal. Such an innovation would be most appropriate. The area is just the type required for industrial establishment."

Taking a long breath he continued, "Water can be amply acquired from the Bishnumati. The city is near and a potential labour force awaits in the surrounding. I don't see any difficulties in implementing this strategy."

Prem denounced the idea vociferously "Kathmandu is already polluted and you want to make it more polluted. No, any new industry should be established outside the valley. Collateral damage will be inflicted on Shivapuri. The labour force here can obtain jobs in Kathmandu. Our main consideration should be the people outside the valley. There is so much to tap outside. I oppose all forms of centralization," he confirmed with conviction.

Spontaneously Bhanu argued, "But you do know that development without some adverse effects is impossible." Instantly Prem responded, "But still, don't you think that we can minimize such inflictions?"

Now, this should not be misunderstood for a heated argument which can at any time break into a physical assault. It was just an argumentative exchange of views in a cordial atmosphere, the kind that is so much prevalent in student life.

The arguments became more and more tempting and every one wanted to have their say. Amidst the

argument, the heat of the day, and the sweat that streaked down the face; the vision of the protruding school and the descending sun all faded into oblivion.

Shankar introduced the idea of upgrading the school into an university. Yet another creative imagination but that too didn't escape from criticism. The foremost need is not quantitative increment but an increased efficiency in the functioning of the Tribhuvan University.

We hadn't realized that we had covered a lot of distance and that it was time to make a complete right about turn, back to school. Before making the return journey we all had a good rest on a hillock. The gentle breeze relieved our fatigue. Standing up on a hillock, Laxman, a friend of ours who was but a little older than the rest of us spoke as if he was reading out god's message- "The fundamental concept underlying this transformation is the idea of increasing the pace of development process. But education is a basic infrastructure of development. To stop education and to initiate income generating process in the hope of quickening development is like building a sandcastle in a river. What should be done instead is, establish

such infrastructures all over Nepal. In a situation like this, no change is better than any change for Budhanilkantha. It is not replacement that is needed but addition to the already existing infrastructures. Budhanilkantha is best in its present form. Any change would be very unwise."

Everyone accepted his view. The reluctance for a change reflected the affinity of the boys towards the school. So the discussion came to a end. After a few minutes, we all began the steep descent to the "no change better" school.

New topics had arisen on the way down.



**We Express Our
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The Tantric Tradition

Ajaya Bhadra Khanal

There was a legendary time when amazing things happened. It is not that they can not happen now, but at that time, it seems, people were more or less used to it and the things themselves were more common.

This story about one of those things emerged from the mystical city of Patan which was a seat of great learning at that time. An Indian magician was then performing his subtle art in a courtyard of this great city filled with awe-inspiring temples.

The magician performed all kinds of amazing feats. He would produce white rabbits out of thin air and the next moment they would be gone. He would then cut a dog to pieces, and then he would join it together again, piece-by piece. And the people could not help wondering how he brought the animal back to life.

The magician, however, was not able to attract the crowd for long. They turned to another amazing thing.

Just a little distance away, a woman was carrying water, not in some pitcher, but in a plain bamboo basket that could not keep potatoes together.

When the crowd turned their admiration to the woman, the Indian magician got angry. He spoke some mantras over a handful of rice-grains and threw it at her.

Water from the basket, now, spilt all over the woman. But unfortunately for the magician, the woman was no other than wife to the famous Jamuna Guvaju.

And the story goes that when Jamuna Guvaju learned about his wife's woe, he took revenge upon the magician by taking from of a crow which flies away with the heart of a little boy who had been cut to pieces by the magician while performing his art.

Now, this is a story which is likely to have been invented by the Patanites to show the superiority of their learning over Bengali Magicians. Nevertheless, Jamuna Guvaju was a great tantric and the story shows that the art of tantra itself was common and held in high esteem at that time.

Magical feats like these seem possible through tantric practices, but it is not, as commonly believed, the mainstream of tantra. Tantra is more than what people generally assign to it.

But passing through many ages the science of tantra or aagama has been mixed and intertwined with many other aspects of human nature and whatever we receive now cannot be said to be in true form.

Whatever the case, the science of aagama is too precious to be discarded at the first sight of its decadent ramifications. Human beings are by nature conscious and in a bid to give life a meaning they have ritualized, and brought many changes.

In most cases, rituals have been a pretence of their self-importance and based upon whatever they interpret to be the meaning of life. Over the years, the rituals have tended to change depending upon the openness of that society and the changes have not necessarily been positive.

Likewise, the science of tantra has also been ritualized and according to interpretations of passing generations, it has, as we find it now, taken myriad forms.

In one place, is a jogi, Kharani anointed all over his body and who is uttering incantations in the ghostly silence of the night.

He is seeking mystical powers and believes he will attain those supernormal qualities by enslaving ghosts who are more powerful than him. This is an important belief and even now, many people in Nepal and India spend much time involved in strange rituals by riversides in the ghostly silence of the dead of the night.

In another place is, seemingly, an intelligent person giving free reins to his natural impulses. He will, with full force and confidence, tell you that erotic rituals are essential to attaining liberation. Why, he can even be a follower of Osho, and he will entangle you with notions of nervous energy and mind, and experience and liberation that is most likely to appeal to one-half of your natural impulses.

This aspect, though vulgar to most people, is common and you can find it reflected in many philosophical texts and in sculptures and woodcarvings that have gained international reputation as works of art. You can also find many books extolling the fine art of Rati-kala and its dubious benefits.

Yet another diversion of the science of tantra is found in Buddhist and Newar communities. The Buddhist high priests use many tantric rites in worship, prayers and everyday life. They have many elaborate rites, where they use mantras, geometrical figures and gestures that seem intricate to the outsiders.

Although these facets of the science of tantra are as varied as ways of life and though the rituals may be performed without understanding the basic idea, the idea itself-of shakti and liberation - is always present.

The science of tantra, with its myriad forms and interpretations can confuse a beginner. But its philosophy is quite simple and is meant to be practised faithfully.

Life since the creation is moving towards perfection through the evolutionary process, and at the fore-front of this process seem to be human beings. And they, therefore, would have the best possible chance for liberation if liberation is, as advocated by many eastern philosophers, the purpose of creation.

Many eastern philosophers do not only indicate the purpose of life, they also outline the means for it, and this means essentially takes into account many facets generally assigned to tantra.

In Sankhya-yoga the process of liberation is often described as an association between the Prakriti and Purusha, or in more scientific terms the raising of Kundalini Shakti. Kundalini is a dormant

cosmic or nervous energy often depicted as a snake coiled around the Muladhara Chakra. It is the most important element in attaining liberation.

Muladhara Chakra is one of the six important chakras - centres of nervous energy - in the nervous body of a human being and is joined by nadis running from base of the spinal cord to the head.

Tantra outlines methods by which the Kundalini is raised gradually from the Muladhara Chakra to the Ajna Chakra at the head. As the Kundalini is raised it is said the various supernormal powers arising therefrom is experienced, but the ultimate purpose is always superconsciousness.

For this purpose we find that three basic methods, - mantra, yantra and nyasa have been outlined in Aagama Shastras.

Mantras are sound vibrations meant to activate packets of nervous energy at specific places. And Yantras are geometrical figures signifying patterns formed by sound vibrations, made, so as to make it possible to meditate upon subtle energies which have no form.

Meditation of specific geometrical figures corresponds to the same effects as produced by specific mantras.

Nyasa in Aagama, which may also signify asanas and breathing exercises of yoga philosophy, is also meant to activate Kundalini Shakti.

From all this, we find that tantra is basically a worship of subtle energy or Shakti. And Hindus, along with other communities, have a rich tradition of rituals to worship it.

It is so much an integral part of everyday life that they feel alienated without it. Early from birth to life and death, a single Hindu passes through many stages of rituals and initiations that are essentially rooted in ancient philosophies, and which are meant to liberate him.



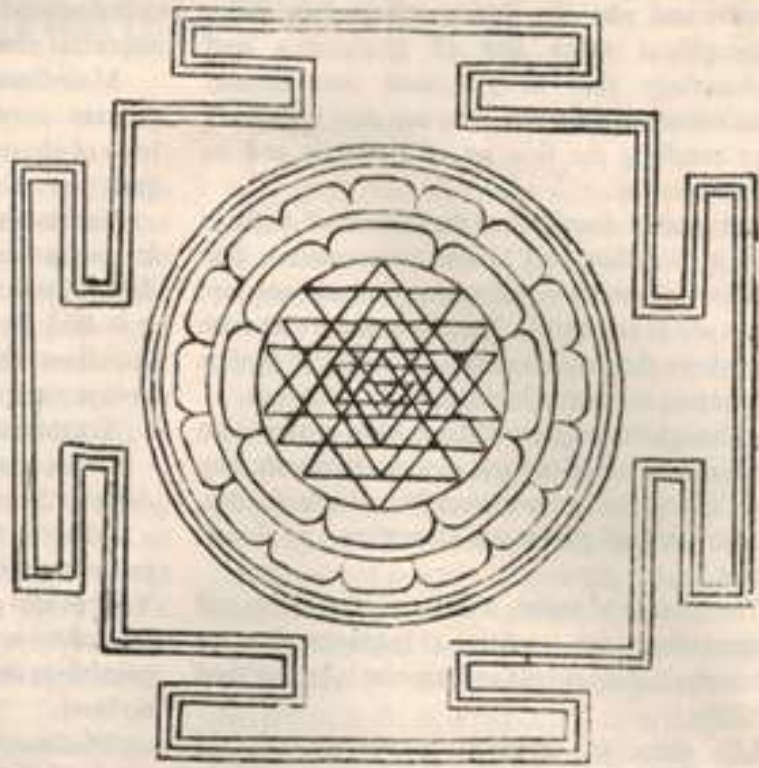
The Six Chakras

For Hindus there is no festival more significant than Vijaya Dashami, which is a symbol of Shakti conquering over maya or illusion. It signifies liberation where Prakriti unites with the Purusha.

With recitation of mantras, meditations of yantras and exercises, a Hindu knowingly or unknowingly, is worshipping the essence of his existence during the Dashain festival.

He is in all innocence, may be, being guided by the Tantric tradition.

The Sri Yantra



Happy Greetings
and Best Wishes for
Vijaya Dashami
and
Deepawali



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Seasons
Greetings And
Best Wishes

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DESCENT OF

Madan Kumar Limbu

THE GODS

Some ten thousand years before the birth of Jesus Christ, human civilization was still in its infancy. The earth was colder and darker place. Vast tracts of land were covered in everlasting snow, for it was the period known in the history of the world as the "Ice Age". Over a huge area of the earth - probably a sixth of the globe - stretched a mighty covering of ice.

But all was not as cold, white and barren - for the southern part of the hemisphere was still warm. This warm belt stretched from the southernmost end of the steppes to the northern shores of Australia. And this was where the early people laid the foundations of the first human civilization. Not that the northern part was not inhabited at all, for over that vast jungle of ice roamed (apart from a few humans) the giant replicas of today's mammals - mammoths, woolly rhinoceros, sabre-toothed tigers, giant bears, ever-hungry wolves and the lot.

But the warmer belt around the equator was more abundant in life. One such place was the plain enclosed by the River Tigris and the River Euphrates.

This place later came to be known as the ancient civilization of Mesopotamia; and is today known as Iraq.

10001 B. C.

In a little clearing by the River Tigris, a small settlement had sprung up in time. Most of the primitive people lived in natural caves, but a few of the more intelligent ones had begun to take to the grounds. This particular tribe was one of the pioneers. Not unusually for the time this little village, or whatever it was, consisted of not more than five families of 18 people man, woman and child in all.

One typically cool July afternoon, a robust middle-aged man was purposefully striding towards the

cluster of "nominal" huts that was his village. The dark hair curling down his massive head was unkempt, heavy with dust and flowed down his broad shoulders. He was 25 years of age - middle - aged for that time - and very strong. He was carrying the limp, bloodied carcass of a deer and had just returned from his daily ritual - hunting.

Like all people of the world this man was a savage, but an intelligent one at that. His name was Awbillah, the giant, because at 5 feet 8 inches he was the tallest and biggest man around. "Atin," he called in a loud, booming voice from afar. Hurriedly, an equally hairy creature stepped out of the hut directly on his path. She was Atin, his woman. Ten years earlier he had stolen her from another tribe that lived twenty-seven miles to the north - their nearest neighbors then.

It was not exactly love that drove him to take that step. When he saw her slender silhouette against the eastern sky one fine morning, he thought how magnificent she looked.

And suddenly, something stirred deep inside him and he was overcome with an overwhelming desire to take her in his arms and make love to her. She was twelve then and he was fifteen. So he decided to steal her - it was the prevalent custom.

That was ten years ago. Now after giving birth to seven children, out of which only three survived, she looked old and worn out.

She half ran, half walked towards him and grabbed the deer eagerly. Together, they carried it inside the hut where three very hungry youngsters were expectantly waiting for dinner. They swarmed around their father and broke into an excited chatter and musical laughter. It filled Awbillah's heart with happiness. He sliced the meat with his sharp stone-knife into large chunks of flesh and threw them into the fire. Then he retrieved the cooked pieces after a few minutes and gave one to each.

Over dinner Awbillah looked thoughtful and somewhat troubled. There was something in his mind that wouldn't go away. Atin noticed this and glanced at him from time to time. With limited vocabulary known to them, these people couldn't express their feelings easily and they mostly used signs and gestures to convey their feelings. At length, Awbillah said something like this: "Strange things are happening in the world." "What strange things?" asked Atin, pulling a large piece of flesh between her sharp yellowish teeth. "Don't know. Can't explain it either. The cave-men told me, I met the friendly-one today." The cave-people lived five miles away. Awbillah's tribe and they were not exactly on friendly terms, but tolerated each other.

"Well, what did the savages tell you?" She didn't look interested. To her, all cave-people were stupid, brainless savage. He looked stranges and a barely discernible shadow flicked across this dark eyes. Perhaps, it was fear, but she couldn't tell. He thought for a while trying to find the right words. Finally, he said "It's the stars; they have come down to earth."

Atin sat silent for a long time. Yes, it was strange, very strange. And that very night and many more nights after that, the whole village saw them.

Then in August came the night of the 'moon dance'. It was just after sunset and the whole tribe had gathered in the middle of the village and built a big fire. The night, as all nights, was cold. Around the fire the dance was already in progress. Some of the young men had smeared their bodies with blood in stripes of red and looked gruesome. Outside the nearest hut (it belonged to Awbillah's cousin, Hanun) the women were busy roasting a giant boar for the feast, while chattering away like a 'bunch' of monkeys the children were immersed in their own childish talk, drawing themselves ever closer to the fire.



But the elders, huddled in a corner, were deep in discussion. Over the weeks, there had been quiet whispers, then subdued talks and finally open discussions on the subject. Some were sceptic about the whole "stars coming down to earth" stuff at first, but as the days went by and more and more sightings were made, all doubts whatsoever were dispelled. Everyone knew that some totally incomprehensible phenomenon was taking place up there in the sky. Why? Nobody knew the answer. Why did they keep to the skies? Why didn't they come down to earth?

Hanun dreamily related, his primitive speech punctuated by gestures, how his grandfather had once prophesied that one day the sky would fall down upon their heads and that would be the end of the world. Kabilah, the oldest man and a born pessimist, confirmed the story and declared with finality that the moment had arrived. Awbillah sat silently, immersed in his own unfathomable thoughts. As the discussion dragged on the men increasingly became convinced that the end of the world was hanging like Democle's Sword above their heads.

The moon dance was in full swing now. The frenzied youngsters were dancing the night away like there was no tomorrow. Some imitated their quarry - the wild animals, while others enacted themselves - the hunters. It was a sight to see. The elders forgot their worries and fear and joined in. The women watched their men in growing excitement and there were shouts of joy and encouragement from the

children. As the dancers moved around the fire in rhythmic motion the fire-light danced upon their bodies in patterns of ghostly red.



Suddenly, there was a thunderous roar and brilliant light illuminated the dark sky. Eighteen pairs of terrified eyes turned up at the sky. And what they saw was beyond the comprehensive power of their primitives minds. There were six brilliant shining objects in the sky directly above their heads.

The weaker ones fell on their knees and began to pray to their deceased ancestors. Trembling, they submitted themselves and waited for swift and painless death. Some left everything and bolted like rabbits to the nearest huts and hid themselves. But the braver and stronger among them, including Awbillah, stood their ground and fixed their unblinking stare at the 'falling stars'. Inside their hearts, however, they were afraid-terribly afraid. Awbilah felt the power of terror that he'd only felt when he had been chased by a pack of wolves when he was a teenager. Then slowly Kabilha, the eldest, knelt down and began to pray. Seeing this others followed suit one by one - "Please God, let it be painless."

The awaited moment didn't come. There was no death and destruction. And the brilliant shiny objects in the sky weren't 'falling stars.'

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On The Occasion Of

**Vijaya Dashami
&
Deepawali
2048**

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"Let's scare the hell out of these savages," commander Nemos said with a quizzical smile on his handsome face. The crew aboard his spacecraft laughed nervously. They were still apprehensive about this landing business.

With 20 years of inter-planetary space travel behind him, Commander Nemos was an experienced spaceman, fully aware of and alert to any seemingly impossible possibility that might rear up its nasty head. But for all his experience the Blue Planet intrigued him no end.

Hovering 4000 meters above ground, the six spacecrafts slowly descended. Commander Nemos had carefully chosen the landing site; it would be by the river, about a kilometer from Awbillah' hut. As they were poised to make the historic landing, the TV crew aboard 'Space Station Galaxy', which was revolving round the planet in a stable orbit, was busy transmitting everything live back home to Planet Osirica, where millions of people were glued to their television sets to witness the historic occasion. In his spacecraft, Commander Nemos was feeling exultant. After months of careful and meticulous observations from the Space Station, he had transmitted the following report back home two days prior to the descent:

"We are now circling round the Blue Planet in a stable orbit. This planet is rather like our own, but a lot colder. Much of it is covered by water and ice and the remaining land area is taken up by extensive dense forests. The atmosphere is very much like our own. There are traces of carbon-dioxide, but overall nitrogen and oxygen prevail. Computer analysis of the air reflects the proportion of nitrogen as 70 percent and oxygen as 20 percent. It seems that once we land we could do without the suits.

"What about the radio-active particles?" came the question from the other end. The Commander browsed through his notes and said, "There does seem to be traces of Alpha, Beta and Gamma-rays. But at the level the 'tube' shows, they are decidedly harmless.

The other end abruptly interrupted, "Everyone over here is clamouring to hear the answer to the most important question. Is there, or did you, find any evidence of life on Blue Planet?"

"Yes, as confirmed by the scientists back home 'life' does exist on the Blue Planet, but you will not

believe what I have to say next," said the Commander with obvious pride.

"What is it?"

"There is not only life on the Blue Planet, there is also some form of 'Intelligence' down there. There was a stunned silence on the other end before conversation was resumed again.

That was two days prior to the descent. Exactly five hours ago, commander Nemos and 19 spacemen had boarded the six spacecrafts, which had then detached from the mother ship and circled the globe twice before heading for the Middle East. As they continued their descent, Commander Nemos thought, "There are intelligent beings out there, but they are probably still at a primitive stage. I wonder what my own forefathers were like in the dim past of 10 to 12 thousand years ago. They probably lived in caves and wore nothing except barks on their private parts. But now it is a highly sophisticated civilization - probably the most advanced in the whole universe." As the spacecrafts continued their slow and calculated descent, Commander Nemos - the experienced spaceman, the eternal dreamer - lapsed into a momentary spell of retrospection.

He could vividly recall the day the president had announced his plans for a space mission to the Blue Planet, which could be seen only as a tiny speck of light through the most powerful electronic telescope. The Blue Planet was special in that it was believed to contain 'life'. After years of observation, scientists had finally confirmed the likelihood of life on earth. The president explained the mission Blue Thunder would be the biggest venture yet.

Now after five years the awaited moment had finally arrived. Mission Blue Thunder, even as it was not complete, was hailed as a resounding success. He remembered the parting words of the president at the end of his meeting with him a week prior to the mission, "Thank you very much for coming to see me. I am confident that you will carry out your responsibilities with utmost efficiency and dignity. I wish you the best of luck." To this he had replied, beaming with happiness and pride, "I will not fail you, sir." True to his words the Commander had up to now executed his duties without fail.

"We're ready to land Commander. Will touch ground in about 120 seconds," came the sudden

outburst of the pilot on the headphone and jolted Commander Nemos out of his dream-like state. There was a flurry of activities aboard the spacecrafts. "OK, boys. Let's get it over with" he said in a cheerful voice. The six VTOL (vertical take off and landing) spacecrafts slowly touched ground, one by one. The whole environment trembled and the dazzling brightness emanating from the spacecrafts engulfed Awbillah and his terrified tribe in a continuous shower of rays.

A year had passed since the 'beings from the stars' had set foot upon earth and they made no sign of leaving. In the meantime, they had colonized the earth-bringing death and destruction to anything that seemed to oppose them. And day by day, the primitive people of earth were mystified (and terrified at the same time) by the awesome power of the Osiricans. They could literally move mountains, bring thunders, burn down whole forests, dry rivers, destroy any living or non-living things within seconds and, most amazingly, could be almost anywhere at anytime. As soon as they set up camp on the other side of the river, the Osiricans began asserting their authority on the earth people. In no time at all, with no one to oppose them, they became the undisputed lords of the sea, sky and the earth. Thus was Planet Earth subjugated and its indigenous population made subservient to the point of near-slavery.

By the clever design of Commander Nemos, the spacemen became the unquestioned gods of the savages. Seeing that the earth people were exactly like themselves in every respect, Commander Nemos, the shrewd spaceman, had decreed that no Osirican should manifest himself in front of the earth people in flesh.

The reason was simple-if the primitives, who had as much potential for intelligence as the Osiricans, found that the 'beings from the stars' were in essence facsimile of themselves, the aura of mystery and power surrounding them would be dispelled. Nemos wanted none of this. So it was the Commander's strict order that any earthman who happened to see an Osirican in flesh was to be swiftly liquidated.

One of the unfortunate victims of this decree were the hapless cavepeople who lived five miles from Awbillah's village. One day a caveman went hunting alone and returned hastily, stumbling out of the

woods. He had seen one of the 'beings from the stars' down by the river - naked.

The spaceman had apparently ignored Commander Nemos' order and gone down to the river to have a cool bath. The caveman excitedly narrated this sudden encounter to his fellow cavemen. Naturally, they didn't believe him, But he maintained his claim - to the peril of everyone.

That evening the 'thunder' descended upon them. There was a terrible explosion that rocked the surrounding landscape and within seconds the whole tribe was annihilated without a trace. Nothing remained of the cave and its inhabitants.

Ohuk, one of Awbillah's tribesmen, watched all of this in unspeakable horror from a safe hiding place in the thick woods. He didn't know why it happened, but his primitive brain told him that the gods must have been offended. Thus was born the dictum that anyone who defied the will of the gods would meet with swift and terrible retribution.

But there were inevitably those who knew the truth- the truth that the 'beings from the stars' were also made of flesh and blood and that they were exactly like the earth people in appearance. Awbillah, the giant, was one of them.

He knew this because he'd heard it around, for fear that this tribe would be eliminated he remained silent. He pretended to know nothing until.....

One day he murdered a young Osirican spaceman called Detrox. Detrox was not a person known for his integrity. He was off-handed and cruel. But more than that, he had a sadistic nature that bordered on obsession. So one day he secretly stole away from the camp alone and went hunting, his intended quarry - the earth people. As fate would have it, he met Awbillah's youngest son not far away.

The 'kill' was easy, just a few burst of laser rays from his laser gun and the boy collapsed without uttering so much as a word. With a broad grin of satisfaction on his cruel face, Detrox examined the dead body and cut off the boy's left ear for souvenir and started to leave. He was also contemplating another 'kill' but he had no such luck. For oblivious to him, Awbillah was watching all of this in growing horror from a little distance.

His reaction, as always, was slow. But as he watched he became incensed with rage. Without

thinking of the consequences he picked up a large rock and hurled it at Detrox with such a violence that the spaceman died instantly. Then he picked up the dead body of his deceased son and ran back to the village as fast as he could.

A while later all the primitives gathered together around Kabilah's (the oldest man) hut and discussed the matter over. At first everyone rebuked him for his thoughtless action, for everyone knew the consequences of the mishap. But in the end everyone agreed to one thing-to abandon the village and fast. An hour later the whole tribe disappeared into the intractable forest.

The Osiricans found Detrox's body at mid-day the following day along with the the little abandoned settlement. Bellowing like an enraged bull Commander Nemos swore vengeance on the earth people. Space Station Galaxy was immediately updated on the unfortunate development and that whole day spacecrafts travelled to and for between the space station and earth to ferry the rest of the spacemen down to the camp.

Summoning everyone around him the

Commander raved and chanted. This is disgraceful; it is unforgivable and I want the culprits dead at any cost. Search every hill, every forest, pond and river. Turn heaven and earth, and when you find the bastards, ELIMINATE them."

Immediately afterwards, the hunt commenced. Spacecrafts could be seen flying all over the sky - their infra-red scanners alert to any sign of the fugitives. The whole area was combed again and again. But no sign of Awbillah and tribe was found. They had mysteriously vanished without a trace.

The search went on for days. On the fifth day, Commander Nemos issued an order to burn down the surrounding forest area. A stream of laser beams directed from the CLS (concentrated laser simulator) did the trick. In less than half an hour an extensive forest area covering roughly 1,000 hectares was reduced to ashes. Nothing remained, the whole area looked like a charred corpse waiting for the undertaker. After this the whole area was combed for traces of human remains. Nothing was found. This enraged the Commander even more. He wouldn't be satisfied until an irrefutable evidence that the culprits had

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really perished was found. So the search continued as spacecrafts intensified their vigilance over an ever widening circle.

By the tenth day, the fugitives had left the River Euphrates by five miles and were steadily moving west. It was nighmarish exodus and 6 people collapsed and died due to fatigue. In addition to the 'gods', there was the problem of food, wild animals and hostile tribes to consider.

Commander Nemos was relentless in his pursuit and the search continued. Day and night, spacecrafts flew low over the forests, spraying laser rays into anything that moved within sight. Thus, countless innocent creatures lost their lives because of the wrath of the gods. But for all their highly sophisticated technology, the Osiricans could not pinpoint the exact whereabouts of the fugitives. Frustrated by this failure, Commander Nemos became angrier as each day went by.

By the end of the 30th day, Awbillah and his tribe had safely reached the Arabian peninsula. Meanwhile, after some clever manipulation of the theory of probability, the Osiricans had also come to the conclusion that the fugitives must be somewhere in the northern part of the area we call Saudi Arabia today. The whole area was covered with dense forests at that time. Spacecrafts flew low over the forest for day and nights without success.

Finally, Commander Nemos called a meeting to decide the fate of the earth people.

Many suggestions and counter-suggestions were put forward, reviewed and then rejected. There were long and heated discussions and by the end of it none was the wiser. Nobody could suggest an appropriate solution to the problem, until...

Until Numatidis the engineer made a preposterous suggestion. He said, "Why not use a nuclear weapon?" He didn't really mean it, but it set forth a chain of motion. "Are you crazy? How can anyone be so naive as to use nuclear bomb to eliminate just a few renegade humans? It's totally ridiculous," shouted Demagogue, the scientist, furiously.

Then there followed a heated verbal exchange while the rest of the spacemen joined in on one side or the other. Some debated for it while others against it. But as the debate dragged on, it turned out

that the idea had appealed to a whole lot of people and among them was Commander Nemos himself.

But the voice of dissent continued for hours until the commander decided to have a consensus. By a vote of 24 against 21 the motion was passed. The fate of Awbillah and his tribe and million of the other innocent creatures was sealed for ever.

So it was that 12 thousand years before Hiroshima, the first artificial nuclear explosion manifested its terrible and devastating impact on Planet Earth. The detonation was of such diabolic magnitude that it made 'Little Boy' look like a match-stick compared to it. It laid to waste an approximate area of 78,500 km square, killing all forms of life within a 500 km radius instantly. The mushroom shaped cloud that rose to a spectacular height of 18,000 meters above sea level could be seen from any place this side of the globe. It showered a stream of radio-active particles that hung over the whole of the Middle East like an invisible blanket, contaminating the biosphere and killing or maiming millions of creatures. The tremendous 'shock wave' generated from the epicentre of the explosion rocked the entire upper crust of the earth - bringing a succession of disastrous earthquakes on the Asian mainland and thereby causing massive tidal waves of such magnitude on the Indian Ocean that it flooded all the low-lying seaside areas.

Where the bomb exploded nothing grows today. Overnight it was transformed into a desert, which in time ate away the contiguous land area and spread in an ever-widening circle of sand. The spread of the desert was further expedited by the thick blanket of radio-active dust that hung over the peninsula, preventing any possibility of rain. Thus, by the time Alexander the Great set out on his conquest, the whole land mass had effectively turned into a vast expanse of desert.

But the most significant and far-reaching effect of the nuclear explosion was the end of the Ice Age. Radio-active dust that showered after the explosion drifted all over the world, substantially raising the temperature of the earth.

As a result, the Ice Age began its final and rapid retreat. The history of the world was changed for ever and, ironically, this would be to the greater benefit of mankind.

Epilogue

Sometime after the annihilation of all forms of life on the Arabian peninsula, the Osiricans mysteriously left for home. Nobody knows why they never returned or, for that matter, why they left at all. The theory that shortly after this there was a devastating nuclear war on Osirica, annihilating the whole planet cannot be ruled out. Or the seemingly far-fetched theory propounded by some that their 'sun', at some stage and under some inexplicable circumstances, underwent contraction and then rapidly expanded to become a gigantic supernova - consuming all of its planets - and finally disintegrated into a billion fragments cannot be dismissed lightly, either.

Whatever the reason, the Osiricans never returned. But that's not certain either, for what if the UFOs claimed to have been sighted by thousands of people all over the world are really the descendants of the 'spacemen' keeping their vigilance on us?

But one thing is certain - the Osiricans left an indelible imprint on the minds and imagination of the earth people, which was passed down by word of

mouth from father to son. Thus was born the legend - the legend of the almighty, the omnipotent, the omnipresent, the invisible - the God - which grew in strength as the years became centuries and centuries turned into millenia. Over thousands of years, the story got distorted, plagiarized in most cases, and spread all over the world in its myriad manifestations.

Five thousand years later, when the foundations of the first true human civilization were being laid on the same place where Awbillah lived, the newly civilized people built a shrine in the middle of the town. Was this in memory of the brave and clever Awbillah and his hapless tribe? No, it was, ironically, to commemorate the 'gods' - the gods from outer space.

Commander Nemos and his spacemen were our gods, and 12 thousand years later we are still afraid of them, we still worship them. And whenever we seek reassurance from the invisible hands of the gods, we look up at the sky - because that's where they came from.

The end

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It was normal at one time you know. But something is happening to me Why me ? I am caught in a nightmare. Sometimes I think it's a dream and I'll wake up. But, it's so long I am afraid.

It all began one fine day. Six o'clock in the evening. The small town wore a deserted look. No shouts or cries of children, not even a single person to be seen on the lanes.....

My parents had gone out to attend a family function. I tried to keep myself busy but did not succeed. I lay down to do some reading but in vain. Time dragged by. I decided to watch T.V. and sip some hot coffee as it was getting dark and extremely cold. I heard a distant rumbling of thunder and all at once raindrops began to lash at my window pane.

I jumped up on hearing a crash. It was in the kitchen. I was sure. I ran and I saw the window pane broken. I tried to cover it up but could not.

Suddenly an uneasy feeling crept into my mind. I stood staring into the darkness like a zombie. I was freezing in the biting cold.

I shook my self and ran back and sat down on the couch, all kinds of thoughts racing through my mind. PSYCHIC POWERS, ASTRAL BODIES, SATAN AND LUCIFER all crowded in my mind. I had a sick feeling in the pit of my stomach. I switched on the T.V. and pulled myself together.

Suddenly the lights went out! The house plunged into total darkness. "JIMMY", I told myself "there is no need to panic. All you have got to do is walk to the kitchen and light the candle". I walked, step by step, to the kitchen. My hands were trembling as I lit the candle.

"RING RING" ! It was the phone. I jumped out of my skin. Taking the candle in one hand I ran to pick it up but just as I was about to reach out to it, the ringing stopped.

There was dead silence, except for the raindrops

pattering on the roof. I sat down, muttering prayers under my breath.

Then the doorbell rang. I was getting insane, my imagination driving me wild. I stumbled, fell and finally reached the door with the candle in one hand. "God Boy !" I told myself, steady your nerves ! look through the eyehole at least".

"Who can it be ?" I slowly looked and saw an eye looking straight at me. I couldn't make out who it was so I opened the door.

And there it was JUST AN EYE HANGING IN MID AIR, STARING RIGHT BACK AT ME !

And a gust of wind blew the candle out.

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