



Bhanjyang 2015

Vol 37



भन्ज्याङ्ग २०७१

Budhanilkantha School Annual Magazine



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Budhanilkantha School Kathmandu



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Government of Nepal
MINISTRY OF EDUCATION



Tel.: }

Ref. No.:

Singh Durbar
Kathmandu, Nepal

**Message From The Chairperson
Board Of Trustees**



I am immensely pleased to learn that Budhanilkantha School is publishing the 37th edition of its annual magazine 'Bhanjyang' on the auspicious occasion of its School Day 2015.

As the Chairperson of the Board of Trustees, I am happy to note that Budhanilkantha School is doing well in its efforts for making its students realize their full potential as well as equipping them with knowledge, skills, values and positive attitudes that are essential for the personal and societal development. The quality of the articles and other materials contained in 'Bhanjyang' has also convinced me that the school truly deserved the National Award received by it on the occasion of Education Day, 2014. The school is heading in the right direction upholding its ideals and philosophy in attaining its cherished goals laid by its founders. I congratulate everybody involved, directly or indirectly, in attaining these achievements.

Finally, I congratulate the editorial team for their hard work and creativity. I wish all the best to the entire Budhanilkantha School family for its further success in meeting the educational expectations of the nation and the society at large.

Bishwo Prakash Pandit
Education Secretary and
Chairperson
Board of Trustees
Budhanilkantha School

January 23, 2015



Government of Nepal
MINISTRY OF EDUCATION



Tel.: }

Ref. No.:

Singh Durbar
Kathmandu, Nepal



Message From The Chairperson School Management Committee

Budhanilkantha School is bringing out the 37th issue of its annual magazine 'Bhanjyang' on its 43rd anniversary. Bhanjyang, offers a glimpse of the activities and achievements of the school. It is clear from the content of the magazine that Budhanilkantha School strives for quality education that enables its students to be equipped with knowledge and skills required for becoming successful global citizens.

The scholarship scheme of Budhanilkantha School has been instrumental in mainstreaming children from marginalized groups as well as supporting the Ministry of Education's commitment to ensuring children's equitable access to quality education in a supportive environment to Nepalese children who demonstrate exceptional talent. These students, who are selected from different geographic and ethnographic regions, are the aspirations of the whole country.

I congratulate the school for winning the National Award on the occasion of Education Day 2014. The credit for the success of the school goes to entire school family, including the parents and the well-wishers of the school, who are putting in extra effort and energy to ensure the success of the students. There is no doubt that the dedicated and experienced staff will continue to impart quality education to students through the use of the latest technology so that they will be able to shoulder the greater responsibility required for nation building. May our outgoing students serve in the best interest of Nepal throughout their lifetime.

I appreciate the work of the editorial team of the magazine and wish the school all the best for its success in carrying out its noble mission.

Lava Deo Awasthi, PhD
Joint Secretary and Chairperson
School Management Committee
Budhanilkantha School

February 6, 2015

From The Pricipal's Desk



Dear Readers,

Budhanilkantha School is pleased to present the 37th issue of 'Bhanjyang', which provides a glimpse of Budhanilkantha students' creativity and their major achievements in the year 2014.

The year 2014 proved fruitful to the school. The record setting SLC results enabled the school to bring home the 'National Excellence Award' awarded by the Ministry of Education on the occasion of Education Day 2014. The excellent A-level and HSEB results, the success of our students' in the national and international arena, the quality in of the annual events of the school as well as the philanthropic activities our student clubs carried out across the country throughout the year have done BNKS proud. With special programs for underachievers, the school was able to attain greater heights in all fronts across the spectrum in the year 2014. These successes were possible only through the concerted effort of all the stakeholders – Ministry of Education, BOT, SMC, FOBS, SEBS and staff and students. My heartfelt thanks to all for the support received in taking the school forward. Efforts are being made to increase girls' population, harness the immense potential that lies in its alumni for the development of the school and to make the progress made by the school more transparent to the outside world.

I express my sincere appreciation to the Editorial Team, that has worked hard to bring out this publication. I also thank all those individuals and organizations who directly or indirectly contributed to this issue of 'Bhanjyang'. I hope the magazine will be of interest to all readers. Constructive feedback will be highly appreciated.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'K. B. Khulal', written in a cursive style.

Mr. Keshar Bahadur Khulal
Principal

From The Chairperson Of FOBS

FRIENDS OF BUDHANILKANTHA SCHOOL



I am pleased to learn about the publication of the 37th edition of 'Bhanjyang', Budhanilkantha School's annual magazine through which one can see how the school has maintained itself as the Centre of Excellence.

It is indeed a matter of great pride for every student, parent, and staff alike that Budhanilkantha School runs under the Public Trust and has won widespread public trust for imparting educational quality of international repute. The fully boarding nature of the school has instilled the feeling of equality and respect for the differences among students who come from all castes and creeds and bring cultural, geographical and socio-economic diversity. The scholarship scheme for the bright and needy is a pride of the school and it must be extended. Simplicity, self-reliance, integrity, adaptability and the sense of service are some of the special traits of Budhanilkantha students that make us, the parents, happy.

The Friends of Budhanilkantha School (FOBS), as one of the major stakeholders, is pleased with the progress made by the school so far. The winning of the National Award on the occasion of Education Day 2014 is testimony to the quality of education that the school has been imparting. On behalf of FOBS and all parents, I congratulate the entire school family for this success and look forward to similar achievements in the future.

'Bhanjyang' is the students' creation. The issues and concerns expressed in the magazine by the young minds of the school have drawn my attention and I appreciate their imagination, creativity and positive outlook. Thus, on behalf of all parents, I thank and congratulate the editorial team for its beautiful creation. I am certain that you will enjoy it thoroughly.

Finally, I express my sincere thanks and gratitude to all parents and all others associated with the school for their support to the institution and to the current Ex-Com of FOBS.

My best wishes to everyone!

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'Harisaran Pudaisaini', written in a cursive style.

Mr. Harisaran Pudaisaini
Chairperson

From The President Of SEBS

SOCIETY OF EX-BUDHANILKANTHA STUDENTS



Greetings from the alumni of Budhanilkantha School!

It gives me utmost pleasure to share a few words on behalf of SEBS through yet another issue of this coveted magazine. Bhanjyang is the perfect representation of the school's commitment as the center of excellence. A summary of different annual events, the magazine aspiring to share different academic, co-curricular and student development activities of the students, is highly regarded in the alumnus community. Bhanjyang in itself is a memoir of our past whereby we relive our times in school.

The editorial team deserves honorable acknowledgement in continuing a legacy that is getting only better every year. The issue of this magazine not only shows different journalistic and literary qualities that the students possess, but also reflects upon the school's philosophy of overall development of its students. The contributors, writers, editors and the Bhanjyang team deserve congratulations and gratitude. Kudos! My appreciation also extends to all the supporters, sponsors and well-wishers who were there besides the team in encouraging their efforts.

Similarly this magazine also exhibits different activities that were carried out over the year. As a reader one can witness the set of values that our students have and their promises of being good citizens of the nation. These exhibits convince me of a budding new generation of talents that will continue to hold the helms of SEBS in the coming days. I have applauds for the faculty, staff and other members of Budhanilkantha School family who have been contributing relentlessly to nurturing these talents.

I would also like to take this opportunity to express my sincere gratitude to different members of the alumnus for contributing to the betterment of the school and SEBS. You have been a constant source of motivation. During the year SEBS was involved in different activities in the school and beyond. In fulfilling the triple bottom-line philosophy of serving its members, the school and the society, the executive committee of 2013-15 will continue to work in the best interest of the school and the alumni.

Best wishes,

A handwritten signature in black ink, which appears to read 'Sneedha Mainali'.

Dr. Sneedha Mainali
President

BOT

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

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Member

Mr Suresh Acharya
SEBS Representative
Member

Mr Shyam Adhikari
Municipality Representative
Member

Mr Keshar Bahadur Khulal
Principal
Member Secretary

SMC

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Ministry of Education
Chairperson

Mr Damodar Regmi
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Member

Dr Bal Krishna Ranjit
Kathmandu
District Education Officer
Member

Dr Sneedha Mainali
SEBS Representative
Member

Mr Gopal Prasad Dhakal
FOBS Representative
Member

Mr Hom Nath Acharya
Teaching Staffs Representative
Member

Mr Keshar Bahadur Khulal
Principal
Member Secretary

FOBS

FRIENDS OF
BUDHANILKANTHA SCHOOL

Mr Harisaran Pudasaini
Chairperson

Mr Gopal Prasad Dhakal
Vice-Chairperson

Dr Narendra Raj Paudel
Member

Mrs Anuradha Sharma
Member

Mrs Anita Paudel
Member

Mrs Narendra Chapagain Acharya
Member

Mr Abikeshar Kattel
Member

Mr Bidur Raj Adhikari
SEBS Representative

Mr Devendra Singh
Staff Parents Representative

Mr Atiram KC
Vice-Principal (HSL)
Member

Mr Rabin Shrestha
Chief Administrative Officer
Treasurer

Mr Keshar Bahadur Khulal
Principal
Member Secretary



SMT SENIOR MANAGEMENT TEAM

Bottom Row (L to R)

*Mr R. Shrestha Mr A. KC Mr K. B. Kharel Mrs C. Dolma
Mr D. Lamichhane*

Top Row (L to R)

*Mr T. Adhikari Mr H. N. Acharya Mrs S. Shrestha Mr L. B. Rana
Mr R. S. Mandal Mr R. N. Dawadi*

THE EDITORIAL TEAM



Mr K. B. Khulal
(Advisor)

Mr R. N. Dawadi
(Coordinator)

Mr Rabin Shrestha
(Financial Coordinator)

Mr R. Manandhar
(Art Director & Graphic Design)

Mr M. Amgain
(Computer Layout & Design)

Mrs S. Chhetri
(Advertisements)

Student Editors

5007 Utsab	5143 Lirona
5028 Pratikshya	5144 Suraj
5048 Cindy	5147 Bhargavi
5056 Atayam	5148 Jijeebisha
5062 Arman	5169 Zenith
5063 Ashish	5183 Nischal
5069 Dinesh	5188 Utsal
5077 Prasanna	5191 Mansi
5085 Saket	5210 Mahima
5091 Saugat	

Teacher Editors

<i>Mr N. Nepal</i>	<i>Mr P. N. Bhusal</i>
<i>Mr C. Sharma</i>	<i>Mr B. R. Jamsal</i>
<i>Mrs G. N. Chalmers</i>	<i>Mrs P. Paudel</i>

Helping Hands

Mr Kamal KC
Mr Navin Shah
Mr Ishwor Lamichhane - Photograph
Mr Suman Maharjan - Photograph
6087 Saurav - Layout & Cover Design
6069 Ushan - Layout & Cover Design
6015 Ashmita - Cover Photo
6117 Nirvik - News Collection

Mr K. Khulal - Principal

M Ed(TU), B Sc Hon, PGCE (UK)

Mr A. KC - Vice-Principal(HSL)

M Ed (TU), B E (Hon) & PGCE (UK)

Mrs C. Dolma - Vice-Principal(LSL)

MA (DU), M Ed(KU)

Mr R. N. Dawadi - Outreach Coordinator

MA Eco & B Ed (TU)

Mr L. B. Rana - Scholarship Coordinator

M Sc (EHU), Math Ed (UK)

Mr B R Maharjan - Guidance Counselor

M Ed (TU), Sp Sc RM & PE (UK)

Mr C Sharma - Guidance Counselor

MA, B Ed & MBA (TU)

MATHEMATICS

Mr T K Lal - HOD

M Sc & B Ed (TU)

Mr T L Karna (Special Teacher)

M Ed (TU), MA (UK)

Mr R S Mandal - Head of Makalu

M Sc (TU)

Mr S Kumar - M Sc (TU)

Mr T Adhikari - Head of Gaurishankar

MA (GU), PGDE (KU)

Mr P N Chaudhary - Head of Nilgiri

BA (TU)

Mr B K Mallik - Head of Dhaulagiri

M Sc & B Ed (TU)

Mr R Kattel - Asst. Head of Saipal

M Ed (TU)

Mrs M Gurung - Head of Hiunchuli

B Ed (TU)

Mr N Poudel - M Ed (TU)

Mr S Bhattarai - Volunteer Teacher

BE (PEC, India)

Ms D M Shrestha - Part-Time Teacher

ENGLISH

Mr N Nepal - HOD - MA, B Ed (TU)

Mr K Bhusal - MA (TU), M Ed (KU)

Mr T R Dhakal - Head of Pumori

MA & B Ed (TU)

Mrs B L Prajapati - MA & B Ed (TU)

Mr B Sharma - Asst Head of Gaurishankar

MA (TU)

Mr S Acharya - MA, M Phil (PU) & B Ed (TU)

Mrs G N Chalmers - MA (Europe)

NEPALI

Mr G P Acharya - HOD

MA (TU), Acharya & B Ed (MSU)

Mrs P Paudel - MA & M Ed (TU)

Mr P N Bhusal - Asst Head of Hiunchuli

MA Nep and Sociology & B Ed (TU)

Mr S B Kunwar - Asst Head of Dhaulagiri

M Ed (TU)

Mr B R Lamsal - MA, M Phil & B Ed (TU)

Mr G Timilsina - MA (TU) Acharya & B Ed (NSU)

BIOLOGY & ENV.

Mr S Thakur - HOD - M Sc (TU), Ed Asses (UK)

Mr N M Shrestha (Special Teacher)

M Sc, MA & B Ed (TU), DAES (UK)

Mr I G Shrestha - M Sc, B Ed (India), MA (UK)

Mr L N Sapkota - M Sc Env (TU)

Mr P D Rai - Asst. Head of Annapurna

M Sc (TU), B Ed (TU)

PHYSICS

Mr U Adhikari - HOD - M Sc & B Ed (TU)

Mr V K Adhikari - Head of Byashrishi

M Sc & B Ed (TU)

Mr B Panthi - Asst. Head of Ratnachuli

M Sc (TU)

Mr T R Ghimire - M Sc (TU)

Mr K Gurung - Asst. Head of Pumori

M Sc (TU)

SOCIAL SCIENCES

Mr G P Sharma - HOD - MA, PGDPC & B Ed (TU)

Mrs T Acharya - Head of Choyu
MA & M Ed (TU)

Mrs S Shrestha - Head of Ratnachuli
MA & B Ed (TU)

Mr D Singh - MA & B Ed (TU)

Mr H N Acharya - Head of Kanchenjunga
MA & B Ed (TU)

Mr N P Paneru - Head of Annapurna
MA & B Ed (TU)

Mr M V Bhatta - MA (TU)

Ms N Paudel - MBS & B Ed (TU)

Mr R K Chaudhary - Asst. Head of Makalu
MBS & B Ed (TU)

HEALTH & PHYSICAL

Mr M Karki - HOD - B Ed (TU)

Mr M B Gurung

Mr K P Koirala

Mrs S Bhujel

Mr K Adhikari

COMPUTER SCIENCE

Mr M Amgain - HOD

MCA (PU) & B Ed (TU)

Mr T N Chitrakar

M Sc – IT (India) B.Com & B Ed (TU)

Mrs S Lamichhane

M Sc (PU), MA (TU)

INTEGRATED SCIENCE

Mr H R Tiwari - HOD - M Sc & B Ed (TU)

Mr D K Shrestha

Biodiversity Coordinator

B Sc. Ag (TU), B Ed EP (PU), M Sc NRM

Mrs N Shrestha - MA, B Sc & B Ed (TU)

Ms P Lama - Head of Saipal

M Sc & B Ed (TU)

Mr S Lamsal - M Sc Env (TU), B Ed (PU)

CHEMISTRY

Mrs M Karmacharya - HOD - M Sc & B Ed (TU)

Mr U V Kansakar - M Sc (TU)

Mr D P Kayastha - Exam Administrator

M Phil, M Sc & B Ed (TU)

Mr R K Thapa - Asst. Head of Choyu

M Sc & B Ed (TU)

Mr S Thapa - Asst. Head of Byashrishi

M Sc & B Ed (TU)

Mr S K Deo - Asst. Head of Kanchenjunga

M Sc & B Ed (TU)

Mr M Adhikari - Asst. Head of Nilgiri

M Sc (USA)

ARTS & CULTURE

Mr R Manandhar - HOD

MA (Culture), M Fine Art, B Com & B Ed (TU)

Mr D P Chapai

Drama/Light & Sound Incharge

M Mus, BL & B Ed (TU)

Ms S Koirala (Part-Time)

BA in Dance (TU)

PART-TIME STAFF

Ms Yi Qi - Chinese Language Teacher

Mr G Gwachha - Gymnastics Instructor

Mr Sudeep Khadka - Karate Instructor

Mr B Shrestha - Scout Teacher

Mr S Khadka - Scout Teacher

Mrs D Shrestha - Scout Teacher

THE TEACHING STAFF



The Kitchen Staff

With The CNO & The Principal



Kumar Rai	Catering Manager	Santosh Khanal	Bearer
Bhisma Raj Thapa	Asst Catering Manager	Ram Narayan Shrestha	Bearer
Rameshwor Pd Paudel	Store Incharge	Indra Nagarkoti	Head Masalchee
Ram Chandra Thakuri	Head Cook	Chok Bdr Khadka	Asst Head Masalchee
Rajendra Khadka	Asst Head Cook	Hom Bdr Shrestha	Asst Head Masalchee
Talak Bdr Karki	Asst Head Cook	Keshav Adhikari	Masalchee
Lal Bdr Tamang	Cook	Om Krishna Karmacharya	Masalchee
Raju Ghimire	Cook	Sanu Bhai Dangol	Masalchee
Mahesh Khadka	Cook	Hem Pd Silwal	Masalchee
Ramji Subedi	Cook	Sundar Rai	Masalchee
Hari Bdr Bhandari	Cook	Bhandra Bahadur Lama	Masalchee
Bhuwan Singh Thapa	Cook	Mailee Tamang	Masalchee
Mani Ram Gautam	Asst Head Baker	Radha Bhujel	Masalchee
Krishna Pd Acharya	Baker	Man Bdr Tamang	Masalchee
Min Bahadur Khadka	Baker	Uttam Kuinkel	Masalchee
Bir Bahadur Tamang	Baker	Rana Kaji Deaula	Kitchen Cleaner
Kanchha Magar	Head Bearer	Eak Nath Bastola	Kitchen Cleaner
Dal Bdr Magar	Asst Head Bearer	Dev Kumar Deula	Kitchen Cleaner
Krishna Bdr Lama	Asst Head Bearer	Ram Bdr Tamang	Kitchen Cleaner
Keshav Thakuri	Bearer	Kanchha Sunar	Kitchen Cleaner
Dil Bahadur Tamang	Bearer	Binod Maharjan	Kitchen Cleaner
Chakra Bdr Shrestha	Bearer	Ramesh Tamang	Kitchen Cleaner
Man Bdr Rai	Bearer	Sharmila Tamang	Kitchen Cleaner
Ram Bdr Thakuri	Bearer	Meenu Khadka	Rice Cleaner

The Administrative & Maintenance Staff

General Office

Rabin Shrestha	Chief Administrative Officer
Shovana Chhetri	Principal's Secretary
Chameli Lama	Office Secretary
Shivaji Nath Paudel	Exam Secretary
Sakul Khadka	Office Messenger
Sabitri K C	Receptionist
Kamal K C	IT Technician
Navin Shah	IT Technician
Ranjit K C	Office Messenger
Surya Bdr. Magar	Painter/ Photocopy Operator
Suntali Thakuri	Office Cleaner

Accounts Dept.

Raju Prasad Kayastha	Chief Accountant
Kamala Thapa	Accountant
Durga Shova Chitrakar	Asst Accountant

Library

Kamal Prasad Ghimire	Head Librarian
Shubhadra Pradhan	Asst Librarian
Reju Sharma	Jr Librarian
Damber Bahadur Air	Jr Asst Librarian

Laboratories

Ram Krishna Shilakar	Lab Technician
Niraj Man Singh	Lab Assistant
Sunita Adhikari	Lab Assistant
Ishwor Lamichhane	Lab Assistant
Anil Kumar Lamichhane	Lab Assistant

Health Care Center

Mira Bhattarai	Head Matron
Chamal Sara Giri	Matron
Swosti Shrestha	Matron
Usha Pandey	Clinic Assistant
Ajita Pyakurel	SHCC Didi
Gyan Maya Shrestha	SHCC Didi
Maina Shrestha	SHCC Didi

Security Section

Navaraj Pandit	Head Security Guard
Bhoj Bdr Thapa	Shift Incharge/Security Guard
Krishan Bdr Deauja	Shift Incharge/Security Guard
Gopal Bdr K C	Security Guard
Shyam Bdr Gurung	Security Guard
Prithivi Man Tamang	Security Guard
Ganga Gurung	Security Guard
Saraswoti Pandit	Security Guard
Sukman Tamang	Security Guard
Raju Lama	Security Guard

Transport Section

Bir Bdr Tamang	Head driver
Sukra Pd. Khatiwada	Driver
Arun Moktan	Driver
Indra Tamang	Vehicle Helper
Tom Raj Paudel	Vehicle Helper

Maintenance Section

Dhruba Lamichhane	Maintenance Officer
Bishnu Paudel	Store Manager
Kumar Khadka	Store Keeper
Bhim Bdr Budhathoki	Head Plumber
Anand Thapa	Plumber
Raju Tamang	Asst Plumber
Ram Bdr Shrestha	S Pool Operator
Badri Nath Paudel	S Pool Operator
Sanat Gurung	Head Electrician
Laxman Tamang	Electrician
Rajendra Shrestha	Electrician Helper
Kedar Basnet	Junior Electrician
Durga Bhakta Silakar	Head Carpenter
Krishna Bdr Tamang	Asst Carpenter
Laxmi Sundar Chauguthi	Asst Carpenter
Babu Kaji Bamanu	Asst Carpenter
Achyut Pokhrel	Welder
Prabin Rai	Welder Helper
Lal Bahadur Karki	Gardener
Kanchhi K C	Lab Cleaner

Handimen

Maila Tamang	Kanchha Gole Tamang
Kanchha Tamang	Ganesh Dahal
Chandra Bahadur Karki	Capsang Lama
Chandra Bdr Tamang	Shiva Hari Kandel
Sanjeep Bhujel	Jivan Khadka

Sweeper

Dhan Bdr Pode - Head	Nar Pode
Suk Lal Pode	Nar Bahadur Raut
Jiwan Lal Pode	Rupa Pode
Bhij Lal Pode	Uday Devkota
Ram Pd Pode	Sunil Pode
Ganga Maya Pode	Shree Krishna Pode
Shanti Pode	Nirmaya Sunuwar
Raj Pode	Bikram Deaula
	Yam Bahadur Adhikari

House Didi

Nirmala Tamang - Head	Bhagwati Khadka
Sita Ojha	Chandra Maya Magar
Chandra Thapa	Bimala Thapa
Sabitri Devi kandel	Kamala Malla
Urmila Karki	Lila Nepal
Yam Kumari Thapa	Shiva Maya Shrestha

Administrative & Maintenance Staff With The CAO & The Principal



Club Presidents With The Vice-Principal



5124 Prasiddha(HFC), 5123 Nischal (Biodiversity), 5081 Rihen(Env.), 5086 Samriddha(Math), 5072 Okin(Interact)
5048 Cindy(Leo), 5038 Binika(Red Cross), 5144 Suraj(Awareness), 5059 Ankit(Science), 5077 Prasanna(dot NET)
5085 Saket(DADC), 5143 Lirona(SFON), 5152 Anamika(FYE)
5037 Ashu(STAR), 5146 Priyanka(Creativity), 5190 Aakriti(FOCUS), 5028 Pratikshya(Social Service)

School Prefects



5009 Kshitij 5011 Bijay 5191 Mansi 5175 Siddhant 5071 Kushal
5007 Utsab 5033 Nisha 5043 Grishma 5001 Yobin 5019 Shreebi
5056 Anayam 5188 Utsal 5141 Pooja 5147 Bhargavi 5018 Abhishek
5091 Saugat 5185 Showroop 5032 Shruti 5148 Jijeebisha

Academic Prefects



5183 Nischal 5181 Jeetendra 5021 Rajan 5013 Bijay 5211 Surendra
5186 Sujan 5026 Prashanta 5180 Ashlesh 5205 Anand
5177 Suban 5163 Ramesh 5184 Ronast 5061 Anurag 5175 Siddhant
5160 Jivan 5153 Ojaswi 5149 Palisha 5158 Sayarika 5195 Sofia
5047 Reeya 5196 Richu 5192 Muna 5203 Gaurav 5168 Crystal

School Captain - 5009 Kshitij

Deputy Captains - 5011 Bijay, 5191 Mansi, 5175 Siddhant (Academic Captain)

House Captains - 5071 Kushal, 5007 Utsab, 5033 Nisha, 5043 Grishma



Subjects Prize Winners 2013/2014

Subjectwise Prize winners

Class 5

English	2079	Suvasini
Nepali	2016	Danish
Mathematics	2016	Danish
Science	2061	Luniva
Social Studies	2080	Tisa
Art	2065	Omisa
Dance	2001	Aditya
Music		

Class 6

English	1035	Krishal
Nepali	1090	Bibel
Mathematics	1047	Sabhal
Science	1091	Sujan
Social Studies	1036	Kushal
Art	1046	Prastab
Dance	1074	Chandra
Music	1076	Kumar

Class 7

English	9072	Samip
Nepali	9101	Riwaj
Mathematics	9073	Sankalpa
Science	9101	Riwaj
Social Studies	9072	Samip
Health & Phys. Edu	9072	Samip
Pre-Vocational	9072	Samip
Env. & Pop.	9072	Samip
Art	9095	Sanam
Dance	9072	Samip
Music	9072	Samip

Class 8

English	8099	Sushant / 8068 Sakchi / 8082 Samikshya / 8078 Suchinda
Nepali	8007	Ankit B
Mathematics	8011	Avash / 8012 Aviral
Science	8018	Durgesh
Social Studies	8018	Durgesh
Moral Edu.	8001	Ajar
Env. & Pop.	8011	Avash / 8062 Namuna
Health & P. Edu	8011	Avash
Pre-Vocational	8011	Avash / 8048 Shubham
Computer Science	8068	Sakchi
Opt. Maths	8001	Ajar / 8011 Avash / 8071 Puja / 8036 Sabal

Class 9

English	7069	Chandra
Nepali	7069	Chandra
Mathematics	7069	Chandra / 7041 Swornim
Science	7037	Akriti S / 7079 Nikhil
Social Studies	7074	Kuber
Health & P. Edu	7120	Sujan
Comp. Science	7079	Nikhil
Opt. Maths	7037	Akriti S
Geography	7012	Binod
Accounts	7010	Premraj

Class 10

English	6047	Prakriti S / 6135 Saurav / 6095 Sumit
Nepali	6011	Dipin / 6018 Prachanda / 6086 Samvandha / 6008 Sagar
Mathematics	6011	Dipin / 6082 Ravi / 6118 Pujan / 6069 Ishan / 6135 Saurav 6132 Anuj / 6038 Apekshya
Science	6011	Dipin
Social Studies	6039	Aarju
EPH	6086	Samvandha / 6133 Sashi
Account	6117	Nirvik
Comp. Science	6022	Asmit
Opt. Maths	6047	Prakriti S

Overall Best Results 2013/2014

Class 5	2065	Omisa
Class 6	1090	Bibek
Class 7	9072	Samip
Class 8	8011	Avash
Class 9	7069	Chandra

Best Achievers in Board Examination 2013/14

Cambridge International A-levels

First	4122	Nimish
First among girls	4052	Vipasana

10+2 Higher Secondary Education Board

First	4026	Sunita
First among boys	4067	Bishal

SLC – 2070

First	6011	Dipin
First among girls	6039	Arju



College/University Placements - 2014

Roll	Name	College/University
2113	Prashant	New York University, Abu Dhabi
3001	Bibek	Yale University, USA (Through IB)
3003	Samikshya	Furman University, USA
3005	Sameer	Chitwan Medical College, Nepal
3007	Mima	Upper Iowa State University, USA
3008	Saroj	Upper Iowa State University, USA
3009	Sangeet	Delhi University, India
3011	Ranjit	Khwopa Engineering College, Nepal
3014	Mukesh	Thapathali Engg. College, Nepal
3019	Shailendra	Asia Pacific University (APU), Japan
3020	Anil	Kathmandu Acad. of Tour. & Hospiti/
3021	Samman	Howard University, USA
3025	Pritha	Kathmandu Medical College, Nepal
3040	Bindu	Kathmandu Engg. College, Nepal
3044	Priyanka	Kathmandu Engg. College, Nepal
3045	Priyanka	Little Angels College, Nepal
3046	Rasmita	Kathmandu University, Nepal
3047	Raunak	Berea College, USA
3050	Selina	Institute of Engg.College, Nepal
3051	Aadarsh	Howard University, USA
3058	Adhish	Earlham College, USA
3061	Ashish	Howard University, USA
3063	Dikendra	Becknell UniversityUSA (Through IB)
3066	Nripesh	Grinnell College, USA
3067	Sarthak	Kathmandu Engg.College, Nepal
3071	Priyesh	Delhi University, India
3073	Rajat	Ramapo College, USA
3075	Rashik	MS Ramaiya, Bangalore, India
3080	Sajal	Delhi University, India
3083	Manisha	Ashoka University, India
3089	Subhay	Howard University, USA
3093	Surya	Chitwan College of Medical Science
3094	Sudip	Jacobs University, Germany
3096	Tashi	St. Xavier's College, Nepal
3114	Manasi	Kathmandu University, Nepal
3118	Yadav	Kathmandu Engg.College, Nepal
3120	Shitosh	Howard University, USA
3123	Prashant	New York University, Abu Dhabi
3127	Dhruba	Howard University, USA
3131	Aayush	Santa Rosa Junior College, USA
3132	Achyut	Christ University, India
3134	Saurabh	Kathmandu Engg.College, Nepal
3136	Amrit	Lafayette College, USA
3137	Anjola	Wesleyan College, USA
3138	Anuraag	Howard University, USA
3139	Ashik	Columbia University, USA
3141	Bishwa	Howard University, USA
3143	Nimesh	Jadavpur University, Kolkata, India
3146	Pratik	Howard University, USA
3147	Rajnish	Swarthmore College, USA
3151	Sunil	Howard University, USA
3154	Sangam	University of Central Oklahoma, USA
3156	Shambhavi	Delhi University, India
3157	Yangzum	Kathmandu University, Nepal
3159	Sandhya	Randolph Macon College, USA

Roll	Name	College/University
3163	Bikesh	Advanced College of Engg. and Mgmt
3165	Skandha	Venkateswara College of Engg. India
3166	Kshitiz	KUSMS, Dhulikhel, Nepal
3168	Pradhumna	Institute of Engg., Dharan, Nepal
3169	Roshan	Institute of Medicine, TUTH, Nepal
3170	Sujeet	Institute of Engg., Pulchowk. Nepal
3171	Aditi	Smith College, USA
3172	Andi	Kathmandu Medical College, Nepal
3173	Pratiksha	Chitwan Colle. of Medical Sc. Nepal
3175	Anushree	Nepal Medical College, Nepal
3177	Ayushma	Nepal Medical College, Nepal
3180	Rojina	College of Medical Sciences, Nepal
3181	Doma	Hampshire College, USA
3184	Shreya	Himalayan Coll. of Ag. Sc. & Tech.
3186	Srijana	Nepal Medical College, Nepal
3190	Anish	Institute of Engg., Pokhara, Nepal
3191	Shuvashish	Army Medical College, Kathmandu
3195	Pramod	Himalayan College of Engg., Nepal
3196	Kismat	The Unive. of New South Wales, Aus
4028	Dipana	Manipal Coll. of Medical Sc. Nepal
4033	Pratikshya	Duke University, USA (Through IB)
4043	Puja	Lumbini Medical College, Nepal
4052	Vipasana	Wellesley College, USA
4067	Bishal	Nepal Medical College (NMC)
4075	Pasang	Nepal Medical College (NMC)
4082	Savrant	Manipal Coll. of Medical Sc. Nepal
4092	Dipak	Saint Olaf College, USA
4148	Devendra	Howard University, USA
4168	Rasmita	Nepal Medical College (NMC)
4170	Apurva	KIST Medical College, Nepal
4171	Niza	New Horizon Engg.College, India
4175	Shivali	Nepal Medical College (NMC)
4183	Salima	Wuhan University, China
4184	Suniti	KIST medical College, Nepal
4021	Krishna	NewYork Uni, Abu Dhabi-Through IB
4051	Supun	K U -College of Law) Nepal
4054	Aazad	K U (Computer Science) - Nepal
4139	Richa	KUSOM, Kathmandu
4140	Prasamsa	Thames College, Kathmandu
4155	Sandesh	Manipal Coll. of Medical Sc. Nepal
4164	Rupika	Nobel Medical College, Biratnagar
4176	Sampada	Thapathali Engg. College, Nepal
4179	Prasansha	KU College of Engg., Kathmandu

College/University Placement 2015

4065	Bhushan	Tufts University, USA
4050	Subha	Wellesley University, USA (IB)
4003	Bibek	Tohoku University, Japan
4011	Keshar	New York University, Abu Dhabi
3017	Prabesh	Howard University, USA
3099	Ananta	Colby College, USA
3135	Aawaz	Gettysburg College, USA
5031	Prabha	Princeton UniversityUSA-Through IB
5168	Crystal	Middlebury College, USA

We would like to wish “Best Of Luck” for
their future endeavours



BNKS News - 2014

New Appointments:

- ❑ Mr. N Nepal has been appointed as the head of English Department while Mr. G P Acharya has been appointed as the head of Nepali Department. Congratulations! Best wishes to both of them!
- ❑ Mr. B K Malik, Mr. T R Dhakal and Mrs M Gurung have been assigned the responsibility of the Head of House of Dhaulagiri, Pumori and Hiunchuli House respectively. Congratulations and best of luck to all the new Heads of Houses!
- ❑ Mr. B Sharma, Mr. P D Rai, Mr. K Gurung, Mr. M Adhikari, Mr. R Kattel and Mr. R Chaudary have been appointed as the Assistant Head of House of Gaurishankar, Annapurna, Pumori, Nilgiri, Saipal and Makalu House respectively. Congratulations and all the best to them!

Welcome to the BNKS family:

- ❑ We would like to welcome Mr. N Paudel and Mr. S Bhattarai to the Mathematics Department on full time and voluntary basis respectively.
- ❑ Similarly we would like to welcome Mr. B R Lamsal and Mr. G Timilsina to the Nepali Department and Ms. N Singh to the Science Department. In the same way BNKS is happy in having Mrs. S. Koirala as our part time Dance teacher.
- ❑ We would also like to extend our warm welcome to Ms. Yi Qi as a teacher of Chinese language and Ms. D M Shrestha as a part time teacher.

Welcome back:

- ❑ Welcome back to the school Mr. S Kumar! He has returned from Norway to rejoin the Mathematics Department.

Good bye:

- ❑ We would like to wish Mr. Mukunda Prasad Sharma (Teacher of Nepali), Mr. Toyanath Lal Karna & Mr. Maheshwor Sharma (Teachers of Mathematics), Mr. Shivsaran KC (Gardener) and Mr. Buddhi Bahadur Poda (Sweeper) a happy retirement life.

Happy Moments:

- ❑ Many congratulations to Mrs M Gurung, Mr N Poudel and Mr. G Timilsina who have been gifted with a baby girl, baby boy and a baby girl respectively. We would like to wish them and their family the happiest of times.

Heartfelt Condolences:

- ❑ The BNKS family is bereaved by the demise of the fathers of Mr. R. Shrestha, Mr. R Chaudhary, Mr K Adhikari and Mr. M Adhikari. May the almighty bestow them and their family with courage to endure the loss!

Achievements:

- ❑ This year was very fruitful academically. The school was awarded the National Award for Excellence once again. This is fifth award of this kind won by the school since its establishment. The honour has left us overjoyed, once more.
- ❑ Many congratulations to the principal Mr. K Khulal for being awarded the inspirational teacher of the year by MIT.
- ❑ It delights us to inform you that the following teachers received the national honor for excellence in teaching:
 - Mr. V Adhikari
 - Mr. C Sharma
 - Mr. S Thapa
 - Mr. L N Sapkota
 - Mr. H N Acharya

We express our sincere congratulations to them!

- ❑ 5059 Ankit published "The Compact Book of Scientific Knowledge", the second edition of "The Sea of Wisdom". Congratulations to him, we hope to see similar accomplishments in the future.
- ❑ Similarly 5028 Sabin is congratulated for winning Tunza Eco-Generation Essay award this year.

Establishment:

- ❑ The school feels proud in being able to establish a field of Gene Bank at the Budhanilkantha School premises this year. It has been possible with the support of USC Canada Asia.



Editorial

We are greatly delighted to have brought out yet another edition of *Bhanjyang* on the auspicious occasion of the School Day 2015. The role this glorious magazine has played in the life of students as well as other members of the Budhanilkantha School family has really been immense. This edition of the magazine has definitely added more to the long legacy of the school magazine.

Bhanjyang is the platform from which to give an outlet to the creative talents of our students. This magazine not only gives the budding minds of the school an opportunity to reflect on their writing skills in a wide array of literary genres such as stories, essays, poems, plays, skits, humor and satire and so on, but it also provides other stakeholders glimpses of all the activities, events and programmes carried out by different clubs, houses and departments throughout the year. Flipping through the pages of the past and the present volumes of the magazines, one can also easily figure out where Budhanilkantha School was; where it stands today; and where it is heading towards in the future. One can easily have a clear history of students regarding how they grow here at this school in terms of their academic as well as extra-curricular achievements. With the publication of the success stories of individual students, teachers and other members of the school family, this magazine has added one more brick to the noble task of building the history of Budhanilkantha School magazine.

The success story of the school this year in terms of its academic attainments have really been unprecedented. The brilliant performance of our students in the SLC examination, many of our teachers' getting recognized as best teachers in their subjects, a large number of our graduates' getting placements in so many top-ranking colleges and universities especially in the US, and more importantly, Budhanilkantha School's getting awarded as the best school of Nepal in the year 2014 are evident of our outstanding achievements. We are genuinely proud to have recorded all these in this edition of the magazine this year!

On behalf of the entire editorial team, we would like to congratulate everybody who achieved success this year and also wish others better luck next year! We would also like to appreciate and congratulate all the students who immensely contributed to the magazine with a great variety of articles. At the same time we would also like to apologize for not being able to publish all the articles we received due to so many constraints.

All the members of the editorial team would also like to thank everybody who was directly or indirectly involved in the publication of this magazine. As always we are sure our readers will enjoy savoring the great variety of articles presented in the magazine. We would also like to take this opportunity to request all of you to provide us with your valuable and constructive feedback for the betterment of the magazine in the days to come.

Happy and enjoyable reading!

Chiranjivi Sharma

Nawaraj Nepal

Gaby Neuhaus' Chalmers



सम्पादकीय

निश्चल, अकल्पित अनि सुकोमल बालमस्तिष्कका तरङ्गको समष्टिका रूपमा सुबोध बालसिर्जनाको नव अङ्कुरण प्रकाशन गर्ने सन्दर्भमा विद्यालयीय वार्षिक मुखपत्र 'भन्ज्याङ' तपाईंहरूसामु पस्किएका छौं । समसामयिक सन्दर्भ एवम् गतिविधिको प्रतिबिम्ब स्वरूप निर्मित बालमानसछवि नेपाली ग्रामीण परिवेश, राजनीतिक अस्थिरता, सामाजिक एवम् सांस्कृतिक आवरणमा जकडिएका विकृति तथा विसङ्गति विरुद्ध शङ्खघोष गर्दै कथा, कविता, निबन्ध र पत्रका माध्यमबाट सशक्त रूपमा प्रवाहित हुन पुगेका छन् यस अङ्कमा ।

सुन्दर संसारको कल्पनामा किशोरवयमै घरपरिवारबाट टाढिएका बालमस्तिष्कमा नयाँ ठाउँ, परिवेश एवम् परिस्थिति मात्र होइन, राष्ट्रप्रेम तथा विश्वबन्धुत्वको भावसमेत सिञ्चित भएको अनुभव हुन्छ बालमस्तिष्कप्रसूत सिर्जनापुञ्जमा । भविष्यका कर्णधारका रूपमा हेरिने हाम्रा बालबालिकाका रचना पढ्दा उनीहरू वर्तमानका समेत सचेत, चिन्तनशील एवम् सिर्जनशील नागरिक प्रतीत हुन्छन् । विविधताको सङ्गम बनेको बूढानीलकण्ठ स्कुलको दर्शनमा हुर्केका बालबालिकाहरूले फरकपनको अनुभूति गर्न मात्र पाएका छैनन्, दूरदराजका संस्कृति, मान्यता र परम्पराको समेत स्वाभाविक परिवेशमा अध्ययन गर्न पाएका छन् साथीसङ्गातीका माध्यमबाट । जुन कुराको प्रतिच्छाया उनीहरूका सिर्जनामा झङ्कित भएका छन् । विद्यार्थीका रचनालाई उनीहरूका सुषुप्त भावनाको बाह्य प्रस्तुति तथा प्रतिभा प्रस्फुरणको अवसरका रूपमा मात्र नलिएर विविध मनोभावको विरेचनको उपयुक्त चौतारी बनाउने उद्देश्य अनुरूप अप्रौढ र स्वाभाविक प्रस्तुतिलाई बौद्धिक, स्तरीय तथा परिमार्जनका नाममा कृत्रिम बनाउने धृष्टता गरेनौं हामीहरू पनि । सायद गमलामै सजाएको गुलाबका रूपमा प्रस्तुत गर्न सकिन्थ्यो होला भन्ज्याङका कोपिलाहरूलाई तर जङ्गली गुलाबकै प्राकृत सुन्दरता स्वाभाविक ठानेर कडा छँटाइको क्रुर कैची चलाएनौं । यसले निश्चय पनि सुधारका लागि पर्याप्त ठाउँ रहेको सङ्केत गर्ने छ तथापि बालसुलभ मौलिक अभिव्यक्तिले फरक र तिखर स्वाद अवश्य दिलाउने छ ।

हाम्रा कलिला बालमस्तिष्कका उपज प्रस्तुत सिर्जनाहरूमा आंशिक रूपमा अनुकरण र अनुलेखनको छनक पाइएला, जसलाई बामे सने बेलाका सकारात्मक लक्षणका रूपमा स्वीकार गरिदिनुहुन हार्दिक अनुरोध गर्दछौं । भावनाका तन्तुमा उनिएका शब्दका माध्यमद्वारा बालबालिकाका भोगाइ र कल्पनाका अजस्रधारा नियालेर तथा अभिसिञ्चन गरी अतीतानन्दको अनुभूतिमा आह्लादित हुन समस्त पाठकवर्गलाई आमन्त्रण गर्दछौं । बालानुभूतिमा वहने बेला अपरिष्कारको ठेस लागेमा वा कहीं कतै खस्रो-मस्रो अनुभव भएमा क्षमायाचना गर्दै रचनात्मक सुभाबको अपेक्षा गर्दछौं । धन्यवाद !

सम्पादकत्रय

प्रिया पौडेल

प्रेमनारायण भुसाल

बाबुराम लम्साल



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The one

8082
Samikshya
Class:9



Prithivi Narayan Shah. What strikes your mind when you hear the name of personalities like him? It's obviously their gravity of deeds, their patriotism and contribution to make Nepal a better place.

The Nepalese need to take a leaf out of the book from exemplary personalities. Their sense of patriotism is highly appreciable. There has been an awful increment in the number of people flying out for permanent settlement, probably attracted by the luxurious lifestyle out there. But what they tend to forget is the land that brought them up is Nepal. If every productive citizen sets their mind on going abroad, who will be the future Nepal?

Undoubtedly, the colors that our ancestors have thrown and the bravery that they have reflected have become our identity. However, there has to be a change now. After all, for a true Nepali, to sit idle extolling and boasting about the glorious past of ours is unacceptable.

The fallacious leaders of today are doing nothing effective but dispersing the dreams of thousands of Nepalese. The effect of their irresponsible behavior to the country's image is rather pathetic. Moreover, the only thing that we are proud of is our past. So, the question arises, 'Why aren't we being able to stand out today?' Most of us are known for our weaknesses and mistakes. But the only difference is that few of us are trying our level best to cover the loss authorities have made while some are cowards, covering our faces, flying out of borders and forgetting their duties. How simple is that?

However, the solution is not cancelling all the flights and bringing back Nepalese because it's high time we learnt some technologies and skills from developed countries. So, every one of us must understand the objective of our education, which is to develop one's life and give back whatever we learnt to the nation. Yet again, I am not criticizing the leaders of Nepal for the condition in which our country is, because the power of changing one is within oneself. So, what Nepal needs is not only constitution, but responsive and patriotic citizens who devote themselves with sincerity to embellish the nation with their creative ideas.

We have resources; we are blessed with the happy

Himalayas and playful Terai, we have foreigners' eyes set on us. We are small yet so united. So, from each of our sides, there must be an attempt. As a teacher, teach the students about country's love before telling them how undeveloped we are. As a father, dare to discourage your children from settling out of borders. As a youth, try to make a difference. And as students, concentrate, seek as much knowledge as you can. You can make use of them later to create a stronger and happier Nepal.

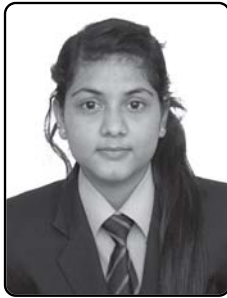
If you can serve other countries and accept whatever they provide you with, why not stay back and generate some idea on your own? If you are jealous of the technologies that other countries have, why not try and learn them and have them here? If you can die for money and tolerate humiliation at some stranger's office, why not respectfully earn some here? The questions are many, the only solution is to slacken the complaints and start working. After all, a country needs a leader, a responsive leader and you reading this might be interested to be THE ONE.





The Choice is Yours

5210
Mahima
Class: 12



Life is not just happiness and pleasure; it is also pain and despair. Unexpected things happen. Sometimes everything turns upside down. Bad things happen to good people. Some things are beyond control, such as physical disability and birth defects. We cannot choose our parents, or the circumstances of our birth.

For instance, on a clear day, there are hundreds of boats sailing in all different directions in a lake. Even though the wind is blowing in one direction, the sailboat is going in different directions. Why? It depends on the way the sail is set, and that is determined by the sailor. The same is true with our lives. We can't choose the direction of the wind, but we can choose how we set our sail. We can choose our attitude even though we cannot choose our circumstances. The choice is either to act like a victor or a victim. It is not our position but our disposition that determines our destiny.

It takes both rain and sunshine to create a rainbow. Our lives are no different. There is happiness and sorrow. There is

the good and the bad, dark spots and bright spots. We cannot control all the incidents that happen in our lives, but we know how we should deal with them.

Well, to sum up, when things go wrong, as they sometimes will, you can react responsibly or resentfully- the choice is yours.



The Prophet

7102
Ram
Class: 10



To begin with words,
And end with applause.

To carry the burden,
And lead the way out.

To stand alone, barefoot
And yet, head held so high!

To speak the truth, be bitter
Or sweeten the world, be sugar

To cure the ill, be a nun
Or drive away the ghost
Hold your gun.

To kill distrust, keep your oath,
And harness your thoughts,
Though you suffer,
Hold the hands which have been
offered.

And offer yours as well,
In return of the favor,
Be harsh, if you ever have to,
But do not be a miser!

Wait a while but use your brain,
Don't just leap at once.

For success is far beyond the
horizon,
And there's morality to take as a
stance.

Shed tears if you have to,
And bid farewell to your love.

But remember you are of a
brotherhood,

And yield love to make us
human!

Shovel your field and sow the
seed,

And water and weed it too.

For men are known for their
muscles,

So yield energy to save us all!

The world has changed ever
after,

And it keeps on changing a
while.

To learn to struggle, and
complain

To fall again, but blame no one

To make yourself a better
human,

All that is required is
determination!

Join the hands of your
fellowmen,

And create an energy field.

To electrocute sin from earth

And salvage mankind at once,

All you need is a strong heart,

Filled with total determination!





सुगा र राजाको कथा

१०६१
सुरज
कक्षा : ७



जङ्गलमा धेरै सुगाहरू बस्थे । तिनीहरूको एउटा समूह थियो र त्यो समूहको एउटा मुख्य सुगा थियो । सबै सुगाहरू त्यही सुगाले भनेको मान्थे । एकदिन त्यो जङ्गलमा एउटा सिकारी सिकार गर्न आएछ । त्यसले सिकार गर्दा त्यो सुगाहरूको मुख्य सुगालाई जालमा पारेछ । ती सुगाहरूले आफ्ना मुख्य सुगालाई बचाउन केही गर्न सकेनन् । सिकारीले त्यो मुख्य सुगालाई आफूसँग सहर लगेर बेचनका लागि आफ्नो दोकानमा राख्यो । त्यो सुगा त्यो देशको राजाको नजरमा पऱ्यो र राजाले त्यो सुगालाई किनेर आफ्नो दरवारमा लग्यो । त्यो गालाई राजाले बडो प्रेमले पाल्यो र उसको ध्यान चाहिँ आफ्ना अरू सुगाहरूतिर थियो । त्यता जङ्गलमा अब को मुख्य सुगा बन्ने त भनेर छलफल गर्न थाले र एउटा सुगाले “आफ्नो मुख्य सुगाको आदेशको पालना गरौँ र उहाँसँग नै यसको उत्तर माग्न जाऔँ” भन्यो । सबैले यो कुरा माने र आफ्नो पहिलेको मुख्य सुगाको खोजीमा निस्के ।

दुई-तीन दिनपछि उनीहरूको खोजीको अन्त्य भयो र तिनीहरूले आफ्नो मुख्य सुगालाई एउटा राजाको दरवारमा

भेटे । उनीहरूले राजालाई पहिले भेट्ने भनेर निर्णय बनाए र राजाकहाँ गए । त्यहाँ सुगाहरूले राजालाई सबै कुरा भने र अन्तिममा गएर यो अनुरोध गरे कि हाम्रो सुगालाई हाम्रो ठाउँमा लग्न दिनुहोस् । त्यहाँ हाम्रो मुख्य सुगाले, हामीमध्ये को मुख्य हुन काबिल छ, त भनेर छान्ने छनू र काम समाप्त भएपछि हामी हजुरको सुगालाई फिर्ता ल्याइदिन्छौँ । यो कुरा पहिले राजालाई पचेन, पछि उसले सोच विचार गर्‍यो र सुगाहरूलाई सोध्यो “तिमीहरूले यो सुगा फिर्ता ल्याउँछौ भने म तिमीहरूको इच्छा पूरा गर्छु ।” सुगाहरूले यो कुरा स्विकारे । यी कामहरू गर्दा एक हप्ता बितिसकेको थियो । त्यता राजा पनि अब त्यो सुगा कहिले आउँछ भनेर पर्खिरहेको थियो । त्यही दिन, त्यहाँबाट अरू सुगाहरूले त्यो पहिलेको मुख्य सुगालाई पठाउन लागेका थिए । उनीहरूले राजालाई धन्यवाद दिन त्यो सुगासँग अमर बन्ने फलको बीज पठाए ।

राजा सुगालाई कुरिरहेका थियो । र उसले त्यो सुगालाई आइरहेको देख्यो । उनले सुगाको मुखमा एउटा बीज देख्यो । उसलाई त्यो बीज

सुगाहरूले उपहारको रूपमा पठाएको जस्तो लाग्यो र बगैँचामा रोपे ।

छ महिनापछि त्यो बीज एउटा रूखमा परिणत भयो । त्यहाँ फलहरू पनि फले । यो देखेर राजाले भने “यो रूखबाट फलेर भुइँमा खसेको पहिलो फल म खान्छु र त्यसपछि जनताहरूलाई पनि खुवाउँछु ।” यो सुनेर सुगा पनि खुसी भयो । जाडो महिना आइसकेको थियो । त्यसैबेला एउटा फल रूखबाट भुइँमा खस्यो । त्यो फल एउटा सर्पको दुलो अगाडि खस्यो र सर्पले विषालु दाँतले त्यसलाई टोकेर विषालु बनाइदियो । अर्को दिन पालेले त्यो फल खसेको देख्यो र उसले त्यो फल राजालाई बुझायो । राजाले त्यस फललाई हेऱ्यो र उसलाई कालो डाम देखेर शड्का लाग्यो । त्यसैले उसले त्यो फल अलिकति टुक्रा पारी आफ्नो कुकुरलाई खान दियो । त्यो फल खाने बित्तिकै त्यो कुकुर मऱ्यो । ऊ यो कुरा देखेर छक्क पऱ्यो र त्यो सुगाले उसलाई मार्न यो फल ल्याएको

त्यसपछि राजाले त्यो रूख वरिपरि कसैलाई पनि जान दिएन । यो कुरा बिस्तारै सबै जनताहरूमा फैलियो । केही दिनपछि ती जनताहरूमध्ये दुईजना बूढाबूढीहरूले पनि यो कुरा





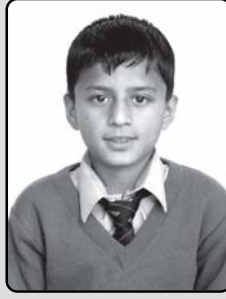
सुने । तिनीहरू चाहिँ ती जनताहरूबाट हेपिएका रहेछन् । हामीहरू मरे हुन्थ्यो भनेर उनीहरूले विचार गरे । तर उनीहरू आत्महत्या गरेर मर्न चाहदैनथे । उनीहरू कालगतिले मर्न चाहन्थे र यो फलको कुरा सुनेर उनीहरूले यही फल खाएर मर्ने विचार गरे ।

अर्को दिन तिनीहरूले राजालाई भेटे र आफ्नो इच्छा बताए । राजाले तिनीहरूलाई त्यो रूखनिर लगेर छोडिदिए र तिनीहरूले जतिसके त्यति फल खाए र राति घर गए । उनीहरू मरेका रहेनछन् परन्तु बाल्यकालमा फर्किएछन् । यो कुरा देखेर उनीहरू छक्क परे र यस कुरालाई उनीहरूले लुकाउन खोजे तर लुकाउन सकेनन् । यो कुरा बिस्तारै फैलिँदै गयो र राजाको कानमा पनि पुग्यो । यो कुरा सुनेर राजा पनि छक्क पयो । ऊ भोलिपल्ट नै ती बूढाबूढीहरूकहाँ पुग्यो । त्यहाँ उसले ती बूढाबूढीहरूलाई यो कुराको बारेमा सोध्यो र तिनीहरूले राजालाई हामीले हिजो त्यो विषालु फल खाएका थियौँ तर हामी मरेनौँ । भने राजा छक्क पयो र उसले सम्भयो कि यो रूख त सुगाले ल्याएको बीजबाट उम्रेको हो । त्यसपछि उसलाई पछुतो भयो र यस कुरालाई कहिल्यै पनि बिर्सन सकेन आफुले गरेको अपराध बोध भएपछि ऊ आफ्नो राज्य छोडेर गयो । ऊ पश्चात्तापमा पयो र कहिल्यै पनि आफूलाई माफ गर्न सकेन ।



चरी

१०४९
सालिकराम
कक्षा : ७

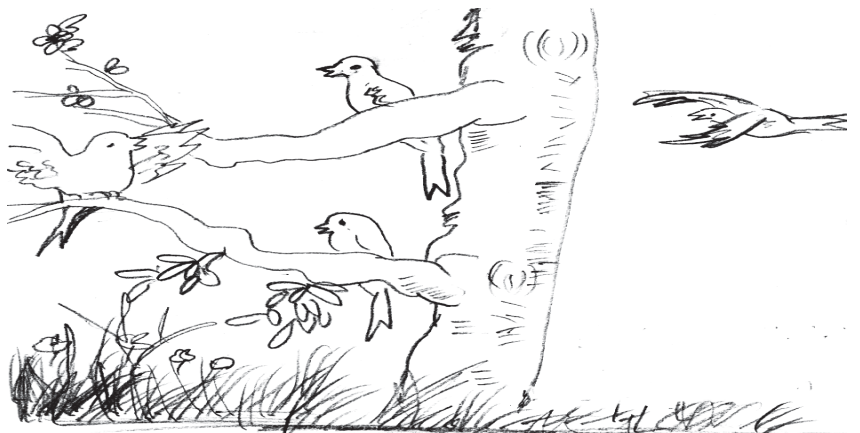


आकाशमा उड्ने चरी
सिकारीको जालमा परी
बच्चाहरू भोका परे
आमा नभएर भोकले मरे ।

सिकारीले राख्यो चरीलाई
नराम्रो पिँजडामा थुनी
बिचरी चरी पिँजडा भित्र
बस्छिन् वरिपरि घुमी ।

आफ्नो बच्चाको चिन्तामा परी
तिनैको यादमा आँखाभरि
अनि त्यो रातमा पयो ठूलो पानी
आमा चरी कराउन थाली जानी
नजानी ।

आकाशमा उड्ने चरी
पापी सिकारीको जालमा परी
रुँदै कराउँदै बचरी
पिँजडामा पीडाले मरी ।



पानी

धेरै पानी खानुपर्छ है सानी
यो कुरा सधैं सम्झी राख है नानी
पानीको महत्त्व बुझी राख है सानी
यही सधैं सम्झेर ज्ञानी बन है नानी ।

पानीलाई अर्को शब्दमा भनिन्छ, जल
पानी बिना बाँच्न सक्दैन प्राणी एक पल
पानी हो हाम्रो जिन्दगीको खाँचो
नभए हामी मर्छौँ, यो हो साँचो ।

३१०४
नितेश
कक्षा: ५



नदी, नाला र खोलामा पानी छ
नभएमा भने सबै सुख्खा नै सुख्खा हुन्छ
स्वास्थ्य राम्रो हुन्छ, भन्ने कुरा भन्छ, पानीले
हामीलाई धेरै पानी खानुपर्छ, भन्ने
कुरा भन्छ, पानीले ।

पानी पानी यो धर्तीमा दुईतिहाइ पानी
पानी खान नपाएर कति मर्छिन् नानी ।
स्वास्थ्य राम्रो बनाउन पिउनु पर्छ पानी
अमृत हो पानी, पानी हाम्रो जिन्दगानी ।



11th IMSO, 2014

1041
Pramit
Class:7



You may be wondering what IMSO is. Let me tell you, IMSO stands for the “International Math and Science Olympiad”: a competition of science and math held annually in different countries around the world. This year, the 11th IMSO was held in Indonesia’s most noted tourist place, Bali.

12 students and 2 teachers participated in the IMSO from Nepal. I was one of them. We flew for our destination on 3rd October, 2014. We stayed in Aston Denpasar Hotel and Convention Sector in Indonesia for 9 days.

On the very first day, we met the participants from various countries. There were participants from 14 different countries in IMSO. The very evening, we had the “welcome dinner”. It felt great to taste their delicacies in the beautiful set- up of the hotel.

The following day, we had the opening ceremony where we were briefed about the program. Also we got to listen to the motivational speeches of renowned personalities of the place.

The third day was the day for the real competition. As representatives of Nepal, we gave our best in the competition. In addition to that, the organizers organized a puzzle competition for all. It was fun.

Besides the formal program, we got the opportunity to exchange cultures as we learnt the Balinese dance and performed each of our own.

On the following day, we were shown around the city of Bali. We visited an amphitheatre where cultural plays were put up for us. Also, we visited the beach of Jimbara. I’d seen such a place only on the television before. It was amazing.

On the sixth day, we went shopping for souvenirs.

The next day was the day for the results. Though we could not draw many prizes home, we were satisfied as we had given our best. And so, we left for Nepal on the eighth day with a little disappointment and loads of experience and memories.

The Science Club

Turning the pages of history, one can find that since its establishment in 1979 AD, the science club has set many landmarks. And in our tenure too, the legacy continued. We organized several programs spreading streaks of scientific knowledge and involvement in BNKS.

5059
Ankit
Class:A2



·The maintenance of Micro hydropower station in BNKS

·Revival of the long-shut Metrological Station in Silver Jubilee Park

·Magic show (in association with FOCUS club)

·Held ‘Robotics Mania’, a small talk program which informed students about robotics, both practically and theoretically

·Organized “The Science Fiesta”, an inter-college competition based on Robotics, science related research and exhibition

5173
Janaradan
Class:A2



In a nutshell, with the immaculate support from the club members, the vice president, the Council of School Prefects and the coordinators, the club could have such an impeccable year. We thank everyone who supported us, and encourage everyone to be together, together for science.



Innocent Love

6138
Pappu
Class: 11



*I saw her as an innocent
maiden
And became mad at the very
moment of her sight
The daisies started blooming;
The cuckoo started singing
and
The whole world cheered.
So, there was I, with a letter of
love
For my darling
She started with a smile and
ended with anger on her face,*

*So fierce, that I vividly
remember her hand
caressing my cheek and the
letter being torn
into thousands of pieces that
fell around me one by one,
each questioning the
genuineness of my love
And at that moment,
The daisies stooped blooming;
The cuckoo stopped singing
and
The sky poured tears along
with my eyes,
putting everything to an end,
but love, love I do, and
never will stop loving her.*



Hope??

Then and there, just like that everything comes to an end... after months and years of suffering when we finally think it's over... snap... the fragile string of hope... again... there is always a rainbow to come after a hurricane, right? But what if... what if in place of the rainbow that everyone looks for, comes a death-like silence, the one that deafens you, makes you wish you had never hoped for the music... everyone knows – the problems in life don't end... you keep on fighting with every single breath... but what if the reason you were fighting for don't exist anymore... What if after all the tears you have shed and all the thorns you've walked upon give you no outcome? What if the motivation – the urge that was pushing you towards the finish line - suddenly vaporize... how do you make yourself cut the ribbon then? How will you still go on with the race?

How will you keep on living if one day you suddenly realize that the very reason of your existence doesn't itself exist...? How will you survive if you don't know what for? People might say, "Just move on – your life awaits you" but how can you move on when you've left everyone... How will you fill hole in your heart that has been chiseled, a hole that nothing can fill... how will you build your hopes again if the bricks and mortar are no longer within your reach... How will you stay

5194
Samina
Class: 12



standing when you have to carry the heavy burden as you'll live...?

The deep, dark, bottomless pit which will swallow everything that was of you and finally even your true self... That wretched hole which will digest all of you into nothingness, leaving you hollow and drained for the rest of your life... And what is the solution for all this you ask? There are two paths... Either you don't let anyone enter into the deepest core of your heart... or you push yourself forward ignoring that dark side of yours and who knows maybe one day you'll be able to make that hole to be the very reason made for you to go on and who knows you will be able to find the missing piece of the puzzle one day

(- Written after reading 'Handle with care' by Jodi Picoult)





शान्ति

२०५८
एकता
कक्षा : ६



हाम्रो पवित्र देश नेपालमा जताततै अशान्ति, अत्याचार, अन्याय, भ्रष्टाचार भइरहेछ। के बुद्धका त्यत्रा ज्ञान गुणका कुराहरू विस्त्याँ त हामी नेपालीले ? अचम्म लाग्छ, त्यस्ता महान् राजा जनकले ल्याएको शान्ति त आफै विलायो। अब कसरी ल्याउने शान्ति र संविधान ? मैले भनेको कुरा कसैले सुन्लान् त ?

हो, नेपालको विकास नभएको कारण यही त हो नि। धेरैजसो नेताहरू भ्रष्टाचार गर्छन्, असल भावका अल्पसङ्ख्यक नेताले मात्र के गर्नु र ? जनताले पनि त आफ्नो मातृभूमिको लागि केही गर्नुपर्छ। अहिलेको युगमा शान्ति नआएर र विकास नभएर जनतालाई निकै दुख भएको छ। विचरा ! ती महिलाहरूले पनि पुरुषहरूको अत्याचार र हिंसा कति सहनु, निर्दोषीले कति अन्याय भोग्नु संविधान ल्याउने भनेर माग गरेको पनि युग बित्न लागिस्क्यो। जनताहरू संविधानको लागि भिख माग्छन् तर कसले बुझलान् यिनको कुरा। मान्छेहरूले अस्पतालमा उपचार गर्न पाउँदैनन्। दिन रात महिलाहरूलाई बोक्सीको आरोपले मार्छन्। बेरोजगारीले काम नपाएपछि लागु पदार्थ सेवन गर्न थाल्छन्, एउटा

जिल्लादेखि अर्को जिल्लासम्म जाने बाटो नभएर मान्छेहरू भीरवाट भर्छन्। जलस्रोतको धनी देश भएर पनि बत्ती कहीं बलेको हुँदैन। रातदिन जाँड खाने र लागु पदार्थ सेवन नगरी तिनीहरूले कहिले देशको लागि पैसा खर्च गर्लान् ? किन मान्छेहरूले धर्मविच यस्तो भेदभाव गर्छन् ? लाटो भए पनि आफ्नो आमाको सन्तान भएर आमाबाबुको सेवा नगरी किन उहाँहरूलाई आश्रममा छोडिदिन्छन् ? विदेशिनेहरूले पनि त्यत्रो पैसा कमाएर अलिकति त देशको विकासको लागि लगानी गर्नु नि ! आफ्नो देशलाई बिसिहाल्छन्। यी मान्छेहरूले पनि आफ्नो संस्कृतिलाई बिसि, खै अब त के नै बाँकी छ र ! हाम्रो देश त शून्य भइस्क्यो। शान्तिको पर्खाइमा कोही रातदिन खट्छन् तर कोही भने हुन त हो, सरकारले केही गर्न सकेको छैन तापनि मान्छेहरूले केही त गर्न सक्छन् तर उनीहरूको यो बुद्धि भने पलाएन, सधैं सरकारलाई मात्र दोष दिन्छन्। अब फेरि बुद्धलाई फर्काउन पाए त। तर के गर्नु त्यस्ता मान्छेहरू यो दुनियाँ छाडेर गइहाले नि ! यो सपना त अब अधुरो रहने भयो। कसले नेपालमा बुद्ध जस्तै गरी जन्म लिई देशको शान्ति फिर्ता ल्याउला ? म एकलैले मात्र प्रयास गरी कसरी ल्याउने यो शान्ति र संविधान ? यदि, सबै जना



एकतामा काम गर्ने भए पो देश निर्माण गर्न सकिन्थ्यो।

यस्ता कुराहरू सोच्दा म त भावनामा डुबिसकेँ, तर अब यो कसरी साकार पार्ने हो थाहा छैन।



कलमको महत्त्व

३०३४
अमोघ
कक्षा : ५



लेख्ने काम गर्छ, नाम यसको कलम, अज्ञानीको पीडा दूर गराउने यो मलम कहिलेकाहीं लेख्न छाडे भर्नुपर्छ मसी अनि ज्ञान छर्न सक्छौँ एउटै ठाउँमा बसी।

हेर्दा खेरी काम प्रसिद्ध पर्छ नाम यसैले गर्दा विद्वान् भनी नाम सानो भए पनि गर्छ यसले मानिसमाथि असर, पाछै यसले मरिसकेको लेखकलाई पनि अमर।

भन्छन् जहाँ पुग्दैनन् रवि त्यहाँ पुग्छन् कवि,

कलमले बदलिदिन्छ मान्छेको छवि, कलम किन्न मानिस जानुपर्छ पसल,

नराम्रो मान्छेलाई पनि कलमले बनाउँछ असल।



समय कि उनी ?

५००९
योविन
कक्षा : ए २



समय निकै निष्पुत्री र कपटी हुँदो रहेछ । हर्षका पलहरू छोटो अन्तरालको लागि मात्र प्रदान गर्ने, अनि पीडाका पलहरू लम्ब्याउने । समयको खेल यस्तै रहेछ ।

उनी नजिक आउँदै थिइन् । उनको हिँडाइ रसिलो थियो । म त्यसैमा मग्न थिएँ । एकैछिनको बातचितपछि, हामी छुट्टियोँ । केही दिनसम्म यही क्रम जारी रह्यो - उनी आउँथिन्, मिठामिठा कुराले लोभ्याउँथिन् अनि जान्थिन्, भोलि भेट्ने बाचा सहित ।

हामी नजिकिँदै थियोँ । म उमङ्गित थिएँ, तर समयले मेरो खुशी देख्न सकेन । हामी टाढियोँ । उनी र मेरो बीच के-के भयो मैले चालै पाइनँ । हिजो मात्र जस्तो लाग्छ, उनी पहिलोपल्ट मेरो समीपमा आएको, हामीले खुशी साटेको । आज त्यो सबै टुङ्गिसक्यो । समयसित मेरो दुश्मनी सायद त्यतिबेला नै सुरु भएको होला ।

त्यसपछिका हरेक पल पीडादायी रहे । उनको त्यो हँसिलो मुहार, चञ्चले स्वभाव सब मबाट टाढा थिए । म कुनामा बस्थेँ अनि उनको यादमा घण्टौँसम्म डुब्थेँ । मेरो बाँच्ने इच्छा समयको आहारा भइसकेको थियो ।

तर त्यो कपटी समयले ममाथि दया गरेन । दोहोर्‍याई तेहेर्‍याई उनकै यादमा डुबाइरह्यो ।

आजकल मेरो मनमा एउटा प्रश्न छ । के ती सबै पीडाको दोषी समय नै थियो र ? म दोधारमा छु । अखिर को चाहिँ निष्पुत्री रहेछ ? समय कि उनी ? म यसैमा निमग्न छु ।



विकास ???

६०६९
चर्चित
कक्षा : ९



ऊ आउँछ, निद्राबाट बिउँभेर आउँछ । ऊ जुमुराउँदै आउँछ । प्लेटोले भनेभैँ दुईगुना टाढा भएर होइन जीवनमा ज्योति छर्दै आउँछ । मलाई विश्वास छ कि ऊ भरेभोलि नै आइपुग्छ । कताबाट आउँछ ? मलाई थाहा छैन ।

स्वागत गर्ने दिशाबोध मलाई भएको छैन ऊ चिनाजानी गर्दै आफ्नै भएर आउँछ ।

ऊ हितैषी र सहयोगी भएर आउँछ । ऊ नुतन पल्लव, मगमग बास्ना । शीतल पवनको कोसेली बोकेर आउँछ । ऊ फोहोर, मैला, बढाँदै हुँदैकिएर आउँछ ।

अश्रु ग्याँसले बाटो छेले पनि त्यसलाई उछिनेर आउँछ ।

मक्किएका साँघुरिएका ऋतुहरू विरुद्ध उत्साह र उमङ्गा थपदै आउँछ, ऊ सबैको आँसु पुछ्ने रुमाल बनेर आउँछ ।

ऊ व्यष्टिमा सीमित नभई समष्टिमा फूल बनेर फकिन आउँछ ।

जब आफन्तहरूको आग्रहमा आउँछ, ऊ महानगरीदेखि ओरालिँदै-उकालिँदै तराई र लेकसम्म आउँछ ।

ऊ विहानको सूर्यले भैँ ताजा किरणहरू छर्दै आउँछ, अनि औँसीको रातका ताराहरूले भैँ अँध्यारो चिँदै आउँछ, जसरी आए पनि ऊ चहक लिएर आउँछ । ऊ पक्कै पनि आउँछ, एक न एक दिन फर्केर आउँछ ।



Heartfelt Condolence



BNKS family is deeply saddened by the untimely demise of our plumber **Mr. Harka Rai**. We pray with the God for the eternal peace of his soul.



World Wars

1055
Sauranshu
Class:7



'The great war', World War I ended on the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month in 1918. Germany faced economic crisis and political instability and Kaiser Wilhelm was stripped off his powers. Many Germans wanted revenge. The one to exact it would be Adolf Hitler.

Adolf Hitler was born in 1889 in Austria. He later went to Germany and started working as a painter. He actively soldiered on the western front in the First World War. Upon the war's end he started taking an interest in politics and formed the NAZI party and eventually established himself as a dictator.

Huge rallies were held in support of the NAZIs as people covered their arms with bands to honour the self proclaimed Third Reich. As Hitler's popularity grew, his plans to invade Poland began to take shape. On September 1, 1939, the German army, under Hitler's orders marched into Poland. Poland was captured in two days and as a consequence, Britain declared war on Germany.

By 1941, the Germans had invaded France and Holland. It is widely accepted that these military advances were due to a brilliant war strategy called Blitzkrieg – lightning war. In late 1941, Japan attacked Pearl Harbor and killed nearly 3000 people. The very next day the United States declared war on Japan and her allies. That year the world also witnessed the first aircraft centered war. Luftwaffe raided London and the RAF retaliated by forcing them further east. The war seemed unstoppable.

Then in 1944 April, the Allies planed the invasion of Normandy. On June 6th 1944 the Americans were to attack Omaha beach while the Canadian and British forces were to take Juno and Sword beach. Gruesome and intense fighting ensured that D-Day was a success. This helped the allies reach Germany. Surrounded by the Russian army and having suffered irreparable losses, Germany continued to resist. After incessant bombings of cities like Dresden and Berlin and Hitler's suicide, the Germans finally accepted defeat. They surrendered on May 2. The war on the eastern front ended only after the city of Nagasaki and Hiroshima were bombed. World War II had ended.

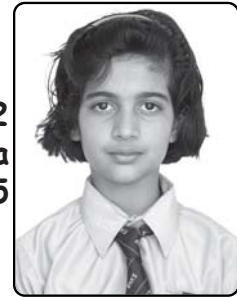


A total of 60 million lives were taken and countless more were physically scarred for life. The losses can never be estimated. History was rewritten as Europe stood divided by philosophy. The price of the war was devastating. We can only pay tribute to those brave people who fought for their country.



True Friend

3012
Anugya
Class:5



You smile at me,
I smile at you,
Oh! My friend,
It's just for you,
When you are sad,
It really feels bad.

When I see your face,
I remember the confusing maze,
When I am stuck in a cage,
You come to help me filled with
rage.

You are the best among all,
You have a lovely Barbie doll,
You are beautiful just like her,
You are the best among all.

You smile at me,
I smile at you,
Oh! My friend I love you,
This is what friends do!





Acknowledgements

5048
Cindy
Class: A2



He stood there cold and frozen. I thought it was my duty to warm him, to melt his anger and build his blocks of happiness. I tried my best. Yet every time, he denied. I gave him my time, he kept it reserved. He kept my heart, to be deceived one day. I was told, I was being fooled. I chose to ignore, after all they said ignorance is bliss. Believe me, it isn't. I had been warned, for the future that stood before me. I chose not to see, after all they said love is blind. Believe me, it is. His eyes were so full of love when I looked through him, I forgot to mind for whom those eyes shone. His words were so soothing, it made me felt cared for, I forgot to ask myself "were those true?" His warmth gave me strength, I forgot ,it made me weaker too, it drove my strength to live without his shadow. Not that his shadows followed me everywhere and supported my every deed, but instead I was a fool, I followed his tracks as he took the wrong turns and when I turned back I realised it was a long way backwards. Above all, I realised I was lonely, like I always had been. I cursed myself every day for loving, yet failing to be loved.

Maybe it was my fault, to let my imperfections block his

expectations from me. After all it was my fault, I couldn't mend my flaws even after he expressed his disapproval thousands of times. My walk, he said I needed to walk straight. I tried. My talk, he said I needed to filter my words. I tried. My visions, he just laughed at them. I stopped expressing. My dreams, he said, were just too mainstream to be achieved. I almost gave up. Almost. However, I do not blame myself for failing to change because it was my limits I was to reach, not his fancy imaginations. I see today where I am, I see I am alone on my journey backwards, but slowly I drive my strength from my loneliness and hug my fears while I search for solace. It was my life I aimed to colour not his fantasies. I am proud to represent my faults, which broke me; yet set me free. Happiness is to live my life, strive for those goals I set for myself, unlike his, trying to shape everything to unattainable perfection.

I find an unexpected ease in the broken connection between him and me. I find extreme comfort to address him as him and not "us" anymore. I feel free to break-free with a lesson learnt of trust and betrayal. I feel happy to recognize the truth after I have lived with the lie. I feel positive, finally I do. I thank him, for this journey of a million emotions, this journey which started with colours and succeeded to trick me into believing that there are happy endings although I doubt them again. Throughout this way I've

learnt a lesson that to be a choice would hurt when you aimed to be a priority in someone's life. I would however, still like to acknowledge his presence in my life, at least at some point in the past, because not all experiences can be good. If it could be so, then life wouldn't be fair, would it? I understand that goodness is balanced by bitterness. I understand that when we start to fly, we need bitterness in our lives to pull us down and lay our feet back on the ground. So, I acknowledge him and all those bitter memories he left behind. And finally, I'd like to tell; I don't exactly hate him; no, I don't, but if he was on fire and I had water, I'd rather drink it.



My Cat

3003
Samata
Class:5



I have a cat,
Which is very fat,
He likes to wear a hat,
He likes to sit on the mat.

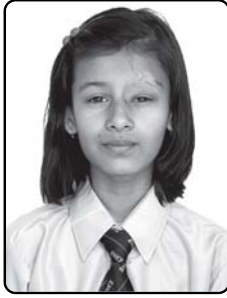
His height is so tall,
He sleeps in a big hall,
He likes to play with woolen
balls,
But mostly he falls.

He is always happy,
Because he is really healthy,
He looks very lovely,
Oh! My dear sweet fatty.



पछुतो

३००५
जेनिसा
कक्षा :५



एकादेशमा दुई जना दिदीबहिनी बस्दथे । दिदी निकै सोभी थिइन् तर बहिनी निकै चलाख थिइन् । उमेर बढ्दै गर्दा एक दिन दुवै दिदीबहिनीको विवाह गरियो । दुवै राम्रै गरी खाएका थिए तर एकदिन अचानक दिदीको खुशीमा कालो बादल छायो । उनको बुढाको देहान्त भयो । उनले अरूको घरमा भाँडा माफेर आएको पैसाले पेट पाल्न थालिन् । बुढाले कमाएको सम्पत्ति कति रहन्थ्यो र दुई दिनमै सकियो । उनी बेहाल भइन् । उनका दुई छोरा थिए । खान लाउन नपाएर होला हाडमा छाला बेरिएको जस्तो देखिन्थ्यो । एक दिन उनलाई मालिकले कामबाट निकालिदियो । उनी कामको खोजीमा भौँतारिँदै घर-घर डुल्न थालिन् । उनी घुम्दा घुम्दै आफ्नै बहिनीको घर आइपुगिन् । दिदी रुँदै डुल्दै आएको देखेर बहिनीले उनलाई बोलाइन् । दिदीले पनि बहिनीसँग आएर सबै कुरा बताइन् । यस्तो हालतमा उनलाई दिदीको माया लाग्नुको साटो भन् बिचल्ली पार्न मन लाग्यो । त्यसैले उनले दिदीलाई भनिन् “चिन्ता नगरीकन मेरो घरमा काम गर मैले तिमीलाई पैसा दिन्छु” दिदी खुशी हुँदै आज मेरा छोराको टन्न खान पाउने भए भन्दै काम गर्न सुरु गरिन् । बहिनीले दिदीलाई गोबर

सोर्न लगाइन् । त्यसपछि आफ्ना छोरीका जुम्मा सबै निखार्ने गरेर जुम्मा थुत्न लगाइन् । दिदीले जुम्मा हेरिरहेको बेला उनले गोबर उठाएर लगेर फेरि गोठभरि छरपस्ट बनाइन् । दिदीले जुम्मा हेरिरहेको बेलामा उनले एउटा जुम्मा चकटी मुनी हालिन् र जब दिदीले जुम्मा हेरेर सकिन्, उनले आफ्नी बहिनीसँग आम्दानी माग्दा बहिनीले गोठ फोहोर भएको देखाउँदै उनलाई पैसा दिइन् र दिदीले जुम्मा हेरेको पैसा माग्दा चकटीमुनीको जुम्मा भिकेर दिदीलाई देखाइन् र पैसा पनि दिइन् । दिदी रुँदै जङ्गलको बाटो हिँड्दा एउटी परी आएर उनलाई केही भनिन् । उनी खुशी हुँदै घरतिर लागिन् । उनी घर पुग्दा उनका छोराहरू भोकै निदाइसकेका थिए । उनलाई परीले जसरी भए पनि एक भिखारीलाई सोह्र धुप, सोह्र अन्न र पानी दिनु भनेकी थिइन् । यसो गर्नाले उनको घरमा धन ओइरो लाग्यो । बहिनीको भने सबै धन सम्पत्ति हराउँदै जान थाल्यो र उनको घरको ढैलो अगाडि गोबर र जुम्माको ठूलो बाढी आए जसरी आयो र उनले पूरा जिन्दगी गोबर र जुम्मा सोर्दै बिताउनु पर्‍यो भने दिदी चाहिँ ऐस र आरामले जिन्दगी बिताउन थालिन् । बहिनीलाई भने दिदीलाई दुःख दिएकोमा पछुतो लाग्यो ।



मन

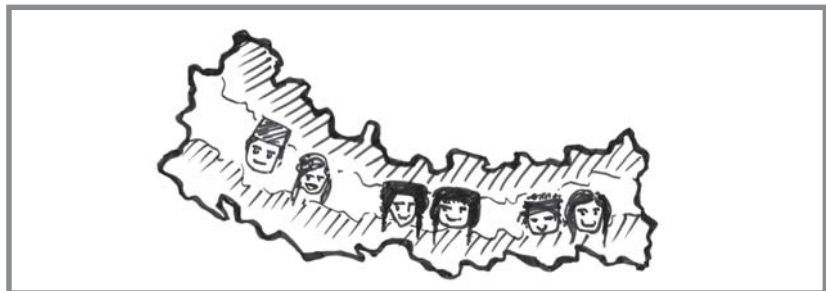
७१०४
दिल बहादुर
कक्षा :१०



मन त अदृश्य भए पनि अनौठो छ ।
मन त अमर भए पनि अचम्मको छ ।
मन एकातिर दुटे पनि अर्कातिर जोडिने वस्तु हो
एकातिर ढलेर एकातिर उठ्ने वस्तु हो
कतिखेर भत्किन्छ, कतिखेर निर्माण हुन्छ थाहा नपाए पनि
एकातिर विरोध गरी अर्कातिर शान्ति खोज्ने वस्तु हो ।

शरद आए वसन्त चाहिन्छ,
वर्षा आए हेमन्त चाहिन्छ,
कोपिला पाए फूल चाहिन्छ,
फूल पाए बगैँचा चाहिन्छ,
कतिबेला के चाहिन्छ,
आफैलाई थाहा हुँदैन
कति बेला मन फेरिन्छ,
पत्तै पाइँदैन ।

मन एकातिर खुम्चिएर, एकातिर फुक्ने वस्तु हो
युद्धको समयमा किन नहोस्
प्रेममा बस्ने वस्तु हो
अन्तिम सासमा पनि पानीको
आस गर्ने वस्तु हो
हातमा बन्दुक किन नहोस्
शान्त ठाउँमा बास गर्ने वस्तु हो ।





गुरुलाई लाखौं नमस्कार

७०११
विकास
कक्षा : १०



अज्ञान अन्धकार हटाई ज्ञानको
ज्योति छरिदिने
भविष्यका कर्णधार हामीलाई
सत्मार्ग पहिल्याइ दिने
बाटो बिराएका हामीलाई
मार्गदर्शन गराइ दिने
आफ्नो सबै स्वार्थ त्यागी हाम्रो
निमित्त मरिमेट्ने

त्यस्ता महान् गुरुलाई लाखौं लाख
नमस्कार ।

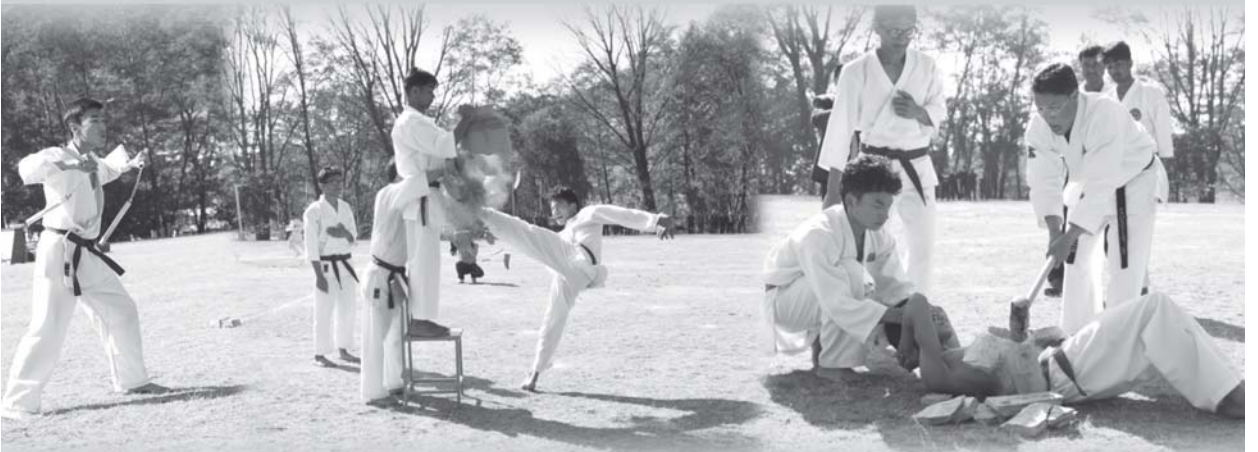
अन्धालाई आँखा दिने लाटालाई
बोली दिने
अज्ञानीलाई ज्ञान दिने मरणवाट
अमर बनाउने
मृदुभाषी वाणीद्वारा चुम्बकले
जस्तो आकर्षण गर्ने
भगवान् जस्ता गुरुलाई कोटीकोटी
नमस्कार ।

प्रतिभाशाली, लगनशील र
कर्तव्यनिष्ठ बनाइदिने
सादा जीवन उच्च विचारको पाठ
सिकाइ दिने

आफू बत्तीभैँ जलेर हामीमा
प्रकाश छर्ने
त्यस्ता महान् गुरुलाई लाखौंलाख
नमस्कार ।



WITH BEST COMPLIMENTS FROM
J. N. CENTRE SUPPLIERS



Budhanilkantha, Kathmandu
Phone : 01-4370592



Fear of a Man-

5173
Janardhan
Class: A2



A man does not fear the dark,
But the unknown that cradles
within
The monsters that crawl under
his bed
It's naught but the doubt of sin

A man does not fear hereafter
But the unpredictability it brings
The future his oracle holds
The fate his angel sings

And henceforth,
He doesn't fear death
But the doubt of what lies
beyond
A drought of sin or a flood of
blood
Or the sight of the devils hell
hound

A man does not fear his past
But the fast pace at which he
forgets
The rain of the mistakes he
carries
The choices he regrets

A man does not fear a test
But the chance that he might lose
And the shame of being a man
who makes
Mistakes he did not choose

And alas,
He doesn't fear 'fear' itself
But he does fear not having a
fear himself



Hoping to See.....

*I hope one day I will see,
How beautiful this world is
and can be,
It will be like Eden's garden
Without any fruits forbidden*

*It will be as colourful as a
rainbow,
And as bizzaire as a castle of
snow,
No people will jibe,
The world be free of bribe,*

*There won't be any swords and
explosions
No one will die;
Everyone will live up to their
own fantasies.*

*There won't be any greed,
There will be enough to give a
treat,*

*People will have lots to wear
and hear,
Everyone will smile and there
remain no tears.
There will be no black and
white race,*

8115
Jagruti
Class:9



*Everyone will have
cooperative face,*

*People will unite, there will be
unity*

*There occurs a merciful treaty.
No one dies for a piece of land
Everyone will work holding
each other's hand,*

*No one will wish to go to
heaven*

*Because it won't be as
beautiful as our own land,
And of course;*

*People will forget ludicrous
things and worries
People will only have friends
and no enemies.*



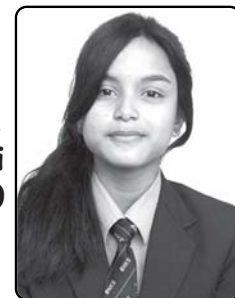
Nature's Ballad

A bull frog serenades his mate
With a booming baritone in
anticipation to conjugate.

Whilst the wind hums softly,
dry leaves rustle incessantly
Within the vicinity, the bees buzz
Why do you think it's because?



7111
Anubhooti
Class:10



The melodious chirpings from
birds

Visiting colorful flower and buds
The wind croons in harmony
A bearable monotony

Of sorts
All these exclusive happenings
In exotic resorts.





How My Sister Died

5050
Shristi
Class: A2



I was six years old when my little sister murdered my dog Frisbee.

She was four years old at that time. I remember that year especially because that was the year my grandfather died. I remember that year not because my grandfather was an amazing old man and used to tell us stories and give us rides on his back, but because he snarled at me all the time and hit me when I asked for extra chocolates. He loved my little sister though. Sometimes I think the cruel streak that my grandfather had skipped a generation and passed on to my baby sister.

And so, on her fourth birthday, she cut her cake, made a wish, got her hands and face smeared with vanilla. And then when mom and dad went out to see all the guests off, she took my puppy and drowned him in a bucket full of water. She told me all about that the next day, as if we were having a conversation about the weather. I cried and cried and cried because I loved Frisbee more than I loved my sister, or my best friend Isaac. Mom and dad scolded her like mad, locked her in the bathroom for one whole night and she yelled from behind the bathroom door for the entire night, "If grandpa had to die, then Frisbee had to die too, so I'm not sorry at all!" To this day I have not understood how that made sense.

Ten years later, on her fourteenth birthday, she had saved enough to buy herself a pet cat. She named her Frisbee. It was not just the dog she had a problem with. Over the years, she destroyed dozens of sweaters; a bracelet mom had brought me for my graduation, shoes, books, countless other unimportant things. And she bought exactly the same things for herself after she had destroyed mine. I was remembering all these things because Lucy, that's my sister, had called me an hour ago to ask me where I'd bought the white sweater I'd worn two weeks ago at a party.

"Say, Cynthia," She said after I'd picked up. "Where'd you buy that white sweater you wore at mom's a couple of years ago? By the way I'm so sorry I ruined it in the wash the other day. I had no idea I'd put the red cardigan in with the whites."

I gave her the address of the shop. "Don't go today, Lucy," I said. You

know there are protestors all over the streets today, and the police are shooting." "You don't tell me what I should or shouldn't do, Cynthia. I'm not a little kid anymore." She sneered. Then she hung up on me.

It is now two days later that I'm standing at her funeral.

My little sister murdered my dog Frisbee when I was six and she was four. She threw my bracelet into the lake when I was twenty one. I am twenty eight years old now, and my sister is dead. She is dead because she didn't listen to me and a stray bullet caught her, right in her chest. She is dead because she was jealous of me, my belongings - shallow, futile useless things.

My sister died at twenty six and her old cat Frisbee is still probably waiting for her to come back home.

Heartfelt Condolence

Mr. J B Tyson
(Former Head Master)



To Late John Tyson:

Dear Mr. Tyson, you fathered Budhanilkantha School, shaped it and nurtured it. As envisioned by you, it has become the icon of quality in the field of education in Nepal. You planted the seed of

Boarding School in Nepal and gave the world the best model for the eradication of social discriminations in the society.

Budhanilkantha School, its students and the nation at large will remain indebted to you forever. You were a great man. We promise you that Budhanilkantha School will always embrace your vision, follow the ideals you have set and continue to be the leader. Your mission of coming to the Earth was a grand success for you made difference in the lives of so many.

May your soul rest in eternal peace!

मेरो विरोध ; मेरो उद्देश्य

५१९६

ऋचु

कक्षा : १२



समय एकदमै संवेदनशील छ । आजका मानिस सधैं अधि दौड्न चाहन्छन् । सबैलाई पछि पारेर जितको भयाली पिट्न चाहन्छन् । सबैको चाहना सफलताको शिखरमा पुगनु हो । जितको आकाङ्क्षा र हारको दूरदूरपना दिनदिनै बढ्दै गइरहेको छ । अनि अरूलाई किचेर, मिचेर, सफलताको ढ्वाङ फुक्ने पनि करोडौं भेटिन्छन् । अरूलाई प्रयोग गरी निच देखाएर अधि बढ्नेको सङ्ख्या पनि अरबौं छ । समयले बढाउँदै गरेको मानव मनमा ती अनेकौं तृष्णाहरूले मानिसलाई खोस्टाउँदै गएको छ । मानिसको मुटुबाट मानवता नामको भावनालाई खोसिदिएको छ ।

साना साना बच्चा सडकमा बसेर दुई सिता भातको आशा गरिरहेका छन् । छोराछोरीद्वारा बृद्धाश्रममा होमिएकी बुढी आमा आँसु पुछ्दै आफ्नो मर्ने दिन पर्खिरहेकी छिन् । ती अनाथ बच्चाहरू गल्ली गल्लीमा मेरा आमाबुवा कता छन् भन्दै ढुकिरहेका छन् । एक छाकसम्म पनि गाँस नपाउने मानिस सडकमा माग्न विवश छन् । आफ्नो बुढा मरेर विधुवा भएकी ती दिदी आज पलपलमा बलात्कृत भइरहेकी छिन् । आफ्नो गाउँघरलाई

सम्हालेर राख्ने ती छोरी आज बम्बई, दिल्लीमा बेचिइरहेकी छिन् । भर्खर नव दुलही बनेर भित्रिएकी ती भाउजू दाइजो नल्याएको आरोपमा जिउँदै जलाईदै छिन् ।

यो कुरा सामान्य घर गाउँको मात्र नभएर, पुरै राष्ट्रको हो । धनी आज भनै धनी बन्दै गइरहेका छन् र गरिब भनै गरिब बन्दै गइरहेका छन् । शोषितहरूको जनसङ्ख्या भनभन बढ्दै गइरहेको छ । भ्रुप्रोमा दिनचर्या कटाउनेको सङ्ख्या बढिरहेछ । मानिसले मानिसलाई मार्ने हक कहिले दिइयो र ? आज अरूलाई मार्ने काण्डहरू बढ्दै गएका छन् । अन्याय र कुरीतिलाई जरैबाट उखेलेर फाल्छु भनेर शपथ लिएका ती विद्वानहरू आफैं शोषण गरिरहेका छन् । न्याय घरमा न्याय पाइन्छ कि भनेर भिनो आशा बोकी गएका मानिस आफैं त्यो जेलको कालकोठरीमा थुनिएका छन् ।

इमानदार र सोभा नागरिकको त आज घाँटी निमोठिएको छ । यी सब विसङ्गतिको विरुद्ध आवाज उठाउनेलाई जिउँदै जलाएका घटना पनि धेरै छन् । न्यायालयमा अन्यायको, सरकारी कार्यालयमा भ्रष्टाचारको सञ्जाल बढ्दै गयो भने त कसरी परिवर्तन हुन सक्छ र यो समाज वर्षौंदेखि संविधान निर्माण गर्न जुटेका भनाउँदा ती नेता घुस खाँदै, कुर्सीमा सुतेर घुरिरहेका छन् । गरिवी, अन्याय, अपराध हटाउँछु भन्दै घन्टौं भाषण छाड्दै हिड्ने ती नेताहरू, कुर्सी पाएको दुई महिनामै सेलाउँछन् । देशको निर्माणको लागि विदेशी मुलुकबाट

आउने डलर जनताको हातमा कहिल्यै पुग्दैन । सडक निर्माणको लागि भनेर छुट्याएको बजेट कान्छीको भट्टीमा उडिरहेको हुन्छ । विकासतिर बढ्दै गरेको समय आज फेरि ढुङ्गे युगतिर बढ्दै छ । मन्त्रीहरूको बैठकमा योजना पारित हुन्छ तर कार्यान्वयनको युग कट्छ । अब मानिसहरू यी विसङ्गतिको विरोध गर्न पनि गल्ती सम्भन थालेका छन् । गल्ती पनि कसरी नहोस् ? यस्तो कुरा अलिक दिन फैलिने बित्तिकै ज्यान जोखिममा पर्छ अनि मानिसलाई आफ्नो ज्यानको भन्दा कसको माया लाग्छ र !

आज त्यस्तै एउटा मानिसको जरूरत छ, जो यस्ता विसङ्गतिको विरोधमा लड्छ, त्यो मान्छे म बन्न चाहन्छु । आफ्नो स्वार्थको लागि ती निमुखा दिदी बहिनीलाई कोठीमा कोच्याउने ती स्वार्थीको म विरोध गर्छु । ती गरिबहरूलाई सहानुभूति हैन तिरस्कारको भावनाले हेर्ने ती मानिसको मुखमा थुकेर भन्न चाहन्छु “तँ पनि एक मानिस होस्, मानवताको भावना राख् एकदिन तँलाई पनि सहयोगको खाँचो हुनेछ । ती भ्रष्ट र स्वार्थी कुपुत्रहरूलाई जेलमा होम्न चाहन्छु । वनजङ्गल संरक्षणका लागि चुनिएका कर्मचारी रूख काट्दै हिड्नेप्रति मेरो विरोध छ । मिहेनत र पसिना चुहाउनेले उसको पारिश्रमिक पाउनुपर्छ । अनि अरूको शोषण गर्नेले सजाय पाउनु पर्छ ।

मेरो विरोध त्यो कालो जिरिङ्ग पार्ने अन्धकार हटाउनका लागि हुने छ । इमानदार मानिसलाई सम्मान दिलाउने हरेक कार्यमा मेरो अग्रसरता



हुने छ । कतै अन्तिम सास फेरिरहेको शान्ति बचाउन हुने छ मेरो प्रयास । सदा मानवता, नैतिकताप्रति बढेछन मेरा हरेक पाइला । मेरो जीवन समर्पित छ ती दीनदुःखी र गरिबीमा पि्लिएकाको लागि । मेरो जीवन अङ्कित छ ती अनाथ पारिएका बालबच्चाको लागि । मेरो जीवन ती सब मानिसको लागि हो जो मद्दतका लागि हात फैलाइरहेका छन् ।

देशको विकास

१०९०
विवेक
कक्षा : ७



हाम्रो देश नेपाल एक सानो मुलुक हो । नेपाल एक विकास भइरहेको राष्ट्रहरूमध्येको एक राष्ट्र हो । प्राकृतिक दृष्टिले नेपाल एक रमणीय ठाउँ बन्न पुगे पनि अरू क्षेत्रहरू जस्तै: उद्योग, कलकारखानामा भने नेपाल पूर्ण रूपमा विकसित हुन सकेको छैन । हामी नेपालीहरूले अहिलेको यो २१ औं शताब्दीमा पनि देशको विकासमा ध्यान दिएनौं भने हामीपछि आउने पुस्ताले देशको विकासमा कसरी ध्यान दिन सक्छन् र त्यसमा कसरी टेवा पुऱ्याउन सक्छन् ?

नेपालमा भएको कम दक्ष जनशक्ति, प्राकृतिक स्रोतहरूको कमी र कम साक्षरता नै देशको विकासलाई हानि पुऱ्याउने मुख्य तत्वहरू हुन् । देशको

विकास गर्नका लागि हामीले साना-साना कुरादेखि लिएर सबै कुरामा ध्यान पुऱ्याउनु जरूरी छ । यसका लागि हामीले विभिन्न जिल्लाका ग्रामीण क्षेत्रहरूमा गएर अनेक थरीका अभियान र कार्यक्रम सञ्चालन गर्नुपर्छ । हामीले हाम्रो समाजमा सबै जातजाति, धर्मसंस्कृति र रीतिरिवाज भएका मानिसहरूसँग आपसमा विभिन्न किसिमका मित्रतालाई बढी ध्यान दियो भने मात्र हामीले समाजमा विभिन्न किसिमका सामाजिक क्रियाकलाप जस्तै: सरसफाइ, बाटो, खानेपानीमा जोड दिन सक्छौं र समाजको विकास गर्न सक्छौं । यसै गरी हामीले हाम्रो समाजमा अनेक थरीका कुरीति, नराम्रा संस्कार, छुवाछुत, भेदभावको भावनालाई अन्त्य गर्न थाल्यौं भने समाजको समृद्धि र विकासमा मद्दत गर्छ ।

त्यसैले देशको विकासका लागि हामीले खानेपानी, बाटोघाटो सरसफाइ मात्र नभएर दक्ष जनशक्ति निर्माण गर्न सक्नुपर्छ । यसका लागि हामीले सबै नेपाली बिच हामी एक हौं भन्ने भावना जगाउनु आवश्यक मानिन्छ । तब मात्र हामी देशको विकासका लागि अग्रसर हुन सक्छौं । देशको विकासका लागि हामी सबै नौजवान युवाहरू साथसाथै सम्पूर्ण नेपालीहरूको महत्त्वपूर्ण भूमिका रहेको पाइन्छ । त्यसकारण, हामी नेपालीहरू साथसाथै हामी बालबालिकाहरू (भोलिका कर्णधार) नेपालको दिगो विकास र समृद्धिमा एकाग्र भई अधि जुट्नु पर्छ र नेपाललाई विश्वव्यापी रूपमा एक विकसित मुलुकको रूपमा चिनाउन सक्नु पर्छ ।

◆◆◆

सानी सानी नानी

२०५८
एकता
कक्षा : ६



सानी सानी नानी म त वरपर डुल्छु दुःख सुख जे भए नि फूलजस्तै फुल्छु । सधैंभरि सुख दिने मेरा बाबा आमा सबै कुरा छडी अरु गर्छन् राम्रो काम ।

जून बनी शीतलता छरौं छरौं लाग्छ घाम बनी शत्रुजति भगाऊँ भगाऊँ लाग्छ । हिमालको छायामुनि सानो मेरो गाउँ यही गाउँको सेवा गरी राख्छु ठूलो नाउँ ।

हिमाल, पहाड र तराईको

सुन्दर मेरो देश

साह्रै राम्रो लाग्छ मलाई

आफ्नो भाषा भेष ।

चाडवाड रमाइलो आफ्नै गीत राम्रो राम्रो देश पायौं साथी ठूलो भाग्य हाम्रो ।

आफूभन्दा ठूलालाई ढोग गर्नुपर्छ सानालाई माया गर्न अधि सर्नुपर्छ । साना साना मिली हामी धेरै धेरै पढौं पछि हट्ट हुन कहिल्यै अझै अधि बढौं ।

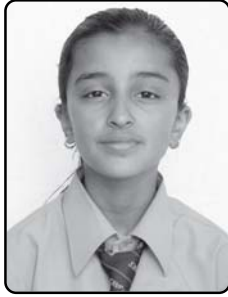
□□□





OMG It's....

**2079
Suvasini
Class:6**



It was a cold rainy morning. The room was dark when I woke up at 4 o'clock. I held the blanket and covered my entire body, only my eyes were peeping out. I looked around the room. Suddenly, my eyes saw the self. I ran to my sister, Annie and said, "Can you see that doll?" I think there is an evil spirit inside it. But my sister didn't reply. I kept on staring at the doll. It had started raining and thundering. I was so scared that I jumped on to my feet. I tried to wake Annie, but when I pulled off the cover, Annie was not there but instead of her, there was a dummy. I screamed, 'Help! Help! 'Sorry, I will never try to hunt for ghosts now, so please don't hunt me! I searched in every corner of the house but couldn't find Annie. The room was silent. I could hear my heart pounding. I pinched myself hoping that all this was a dream.

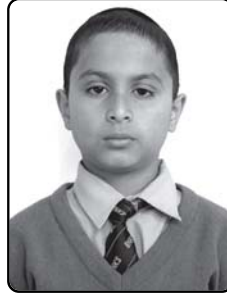
But it was not. I tried to call my parents but the line was busy. How worse could it get? I was locked alone inside my house, the phone line was busy, electricity was cut off and all these paranormal things were happening to me.

I thought that I had to be strong. I could feel someone behind me. I was frightened. I turned behind.

I could see a girl in a white dress with her hair covering her face. In a trembling voice, I asked, 'Is that you Annie?' Then she started giggling and said, 'Happy Halloween! Sister. 'And I was like "Oh My God, it's Halloween! And this all was a prank.'

Plants

**1051
Sampanna
Class:7**



Hello guys, we are the beautiful green plants
We need you all to join your hands,
For we will make a request, a simple thing,
Do it and you will be a true human being
You may think we are just little things
But you are wrong; we're not weaklings,
We are very important for you all
Even more than the world cup football
We always fulfill your requirements
And fill your gardens with good scents,
But do a simple thing and water us,
And we will make you all really healthy
Our world will be better and so will be yours,
And we can live our life without any fears
So please listen to us make simple request

She

**7065
Avash
Class:10**



Sounds of the little memory,
She passed upon to the generations;
That stories and ballads of glory,
She passed without exaggerations.

From wrath and whims of nature,
She barred all of them;
For every single creature,
nature's love she passed, all the same.

She gave away her fingers,
to burn fires, to grow warm;
And the jolly bringers,
Were protected from harm.

When the devil sun rose up
And hot, he made,
She freed her hair up
And let out the shade.

Then she grew weak and old,
Grounded wrinkles upon her face;

She was cut down and sold,
And, yet she showed no solace.

First the axe puts its mark,
Upon strong thighs held low;
Then she was skinned of bark,
She was graced down, slow.

She was caught by her hair,
When the thigh was almost out;
Then came the wispy air,
She then fell all about.

INDEX

- 🏠 Home District
- ✉ E-mail
- Achievements
- ☆ Aspirations
- 🕒 That BNKS Moment
- 💬 Parting Words

PROFILE OF A2 (5000 'D' BATCH)



5001 YOBIN

- 🏠 Kailali
- ✉ yobin_timilsena@yahoo.com
- 💬 Brush twice daily.



5007 UTSAB

- 🏠 Nawalparasi
- ✉ utsab.pathak@yahoo.com
- Set more than half a dozen school records in various sports
- ☆ To link every corner of Nepal with a railway network
- 🕒 Singing national anthem on stage in assemblies
- 💬 Life is like photography, you need negatives to develop.



5008 BIKASH

- 🏠 Rupandehi
- ☆ Good son, Good father.
- 🕒 30th Feb.
- 💬 Happy Dashain, Tihar and Chhath!



5009 KSHITIJ

- 🏠 Lamjung
- ✉ gurungkshitij09@yahoo.com
- Given the title of 'The Captain' 'Hakim', 'नाइके' and 'Naike'.
- ☆ Watch Cristiano Ronaldo live in Santiago Bernabeu.
- 🕒 BUDHANILKANTHA SCHOOL-ATTENTIONNNNN!!!!!!
- 💬 Utilize the resources of BNKS to the fullest.



5011 BIJAY

- 🏠 Dhading
- ✉ bj.karakheti@gmail.com
- Deputy School Captain
- ☆ To become a hybrid of Messi and C. Ronaldo.
- 🕒 That goal against Saipal Academy and many more...



5018 ABHISEK

- 🏠 Saptari
- ✉ yadav_abhishek@outlook.com
- Learnt to dance
- ☆ To work at Wall Street and still live up to 90 years.
- 🕒 Too many to list
- 💬 Never ever miss any opportunity to perform on the stage of BNKS.



5019 SHREEBI

- 🏠 Khotang
- Leader
- ☆ To build castles in the air.
- 🎯 Scoring Bicycle goal in the Football Tournament.
- 💬 Hustle, Loyalty, Respect



5026 PRASHANTA

- 🏠 Morang
- 📧 prashanta.526@gmail.com
- ✉ Set record in Physics, 2013
- To go where the winds take me.
- ☆ Gauri Picnic 2014
- 🎯 Believe in your future: when everything in your life is finished, you still have your future remaining.



5028 PRATIKSHYA

- 🏠 Syangja
- A social worker
- ☆ To be a good daughter
- 🎯 27th June
- 💬 Be happy with what you have



5029 SAMIKSHYA

- 🏠 Kaski
- Nine years of wonderful memories at BNKS.
- ☆ To bring a smile on my dad's face.
- 🎯 Every BNKS Moment is 'That BNKS moment'
- 💬 Don't Judge me when you don't know me well enough.



5032 SHRUTI

- 🏠 Parsa
- 📧 mishraleo32@gmail.com
- School Prefect, 2x Cultural captain.
- ☆ Running a business where money used will have my own signature!
- 🎯 29th July, 2013 and RHCP-2014.
- 💬 Some drops of water on your work will turn it into an abstract art!



5033 NISHA

- 🏠 Solukhumbu
- Academic Prefect, Deputy House Captain, School Prefect and House Captain all in the same year.
- ☆ V-I-C-T-O-R-Y!
- 🎯 Winning the bet on the night of the 3rd of August.
- 💬 In the end it's not what you have but who you have that really counts.



5037 ASHU

- 🏠 Rupandehi
- Sometimes I'm so smart I scare myself.
- ☆ Travelling the world on my own.
- 🎯 May 7th 2006 (Baishak 24)
- 💬 Real travel is the journey, not the destination.



5038 BINIKA

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- Being a BNKS product and BFF of 5034.
- ☆ To step up into the infinity
- 🎯 22nd April 2014
- 💬 If you want breakfast in bed, sleep in the kitchen



5042 KRITIKA

- 🏠 Nawalparasi
- Being able to run with the flaming torch on Sports Day.
- ☆ Scuba diving
- 🎯 Controlling laughter during class ten's Physics lesson.
- 💬 Keep Calm and support Manchester United



5043 GRISHMA

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- House Captain of R/H and H/H.
- ☆ Under Construction.
- ⦿ Every pico-second spent in BNKS is special.
- 💬 Do not wait to strike till the iron is hot but make it hot by striking.



5047 REEYA

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- Sometimes I felt so smart, I scared myself
- ☆ Dora
- ⦿ All BNKS moments
- 💬 Breathe and bathe



5048 CINDY

- 🏠 Lalitpur
- A BNKS legacy. Thank you Papa.
- ☆ For my last words to be, "I left a billion rupees under the..."
- ⦿ Last chances with '36 and '46
- 💬 Money can't buy you happiness but it is much more comfortable to cry in a Mercedes than on a bicycle.

WISHING ALL THE
A2 STUDENTS
BEST OF LUCK FOR
THE UPCOMING
TRIALS AND
CAMBRIDGE
INTERNATIONAL
EXAMINATIONS



5050 SHRUTI

- 🏠 Syangja
- Lifelong friends, and a better perspective.
- ☆ To earn a ridiculous amount of money and spend it all on a world tour
- ⦿ Too many to write.
- 💬 If you can't beat 'em; join 'em.



5054 TULASHA

- 🏠 Lalitpur
- A dream come true - "The School Band"
- ☆ To be a real Chitrakar
- 💬 Only if you're crazy enough to think you can, you can!



5055 UTSHAHA

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- Part of BNKS.
- ☆ Around the moon in a bus!
(Because, going on a rocket will be too mainstream.)
- ⦿ From the day I joined till the day I leave.
- 💬 We don't lack qualities, some of us just need more time.



5056 AAYAM

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- From Makalu to Byashrishi.
- ☆ To discover me.
- ⦿ Too many.
- 💬 Don't be late for breakfast.



5057 AAKASH

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- Extremely good handwriting up to class 10
- ☆ To find the cure for Ebola
- ⦿ Chicken Days with 5086 Samriddha
- 💬 The only way to win bingo in picnic is to use toothpick to mark numbers



5059 ANKIT

- 🏠 Saptari
- ✉ Anka5059@gmail.com
- Main Dancer of Bhojpuri in GHCP, Explored kunakapcha of BNKS.
- ☆ To be wild and free (Anka V/S Wild) and make a dream recording machine.
- ⊗ When I was stuck in cave of BNKS; Exploring every attic of BNKS houses Making caves out of bushes.
- 💬 "Kabhi Alvida Naa Kehena"



5061 ANURAG

- 🏠 Dhanusha
- ✉ anuragyadav5061@gmail.com
- Scored 113 in Flappy Bird
- ☆ To score more than 113 in
- ⊗ Flappy Bird When I scored 113 in Flappy Bird
- 💬 Life is not as short as they say



5062 ARMAN

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- ✉ arman.bajra@gmail.com
- Designed this page
- Learned to play Keyboard, Guitar, Congo Ghungroo, Madal, Baggpipe, Harmonium, Flute, Tambourine, Violin and Ukulele
- ☆ To finally be able to sing "Gurilo"
- ⊗ Finding the number of moles
- 💬 Psychic type pokemon are weak to bug, dark and ghost type attacks because those types are psychological fears that people have



5063 ASHISH

- 🏠 Dhanusha
- ✉ ashishsharma_63@live.com
- Meeting His Excellency, the first President of Nepal, Dr. Ram Baran
- ☆ To play for the Nepali Cricket team in The World Cup 2019 hosted by England and Wales.
- ⊗ In Janakpur with 5007, 5009, 5140, 5185 and सोन्दा 5186 (final day ko MAACHHAA).
- 💬 Never miss Chicken Days at BNKS!



5064 AVINASH

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- ✉ avinasgmall64@gmail.com
- Activated Mangekyo [don't ask who ;)]
- ☆ To become the Hokage.
- ⊗ Late night Okin Stories.
- 💬 Don't cry because it's over, smile because it happened



5069 DINESH

- 🏠 Dhangadhi
- ✉ 5069dinesh@gmail.com
- Stopped crying
- ☆ To practice alchemy
- ⊗ "स हैत दिनेश!!!"
- 💬 All you need is love. But a little chocolate now and then doesn't hurt.



5071 KUSHAL

- 🏠 Gorkha
- Conditionally promoted to A-levels.
- ☆ To be a good husband.



5072 OKIN

- 🏠 Lalitpur
- ✉ okn.joshi@gmail.com
- Learned wall climbing.
- ☆ To be a special someone, or simply rich
- ⊗ Snowing (class 4), broken leg (class 6), midnight ghost hunting (Class 10), ghost stories (A1 & A2) and counting...
- 💬 Not yet



5073 LUNJA

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- ✉ lunja_73@live.com
- Everything till now
- ☆ To become a famous travel journalist
- ⊗ A2 Business visit.
- 💬 Be a good person from zero to infinity --- That's your Range!



5077 PRASANNA

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- Survived Gaurishankar picnic with Sarans. Was never 'captured' while playing 'capturing'.
- ☆ London.
- ⊗ When it was confirmed that ghosts were haunting Dhaulagiri House.
- 💬 All you need is Dinesh's parting words. But a little bit of Sarans's now and then doesn't hurt.



5078 PRATYUSH

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- ☆ To catch all 150 Pokemons.
- 💬 मानिस दुलो दिलले हुन्छ जातले हुँदैन।



5079 PRAVES

- 🏠 Chitwan
- ☆ Further Visit



5081 RIHEN

- 🏠 Bhaktapur
- Survived Gaurishankar Picnic 2014.
- ☆ To become the Pirate King.
- ⊗ Classic with 5070 Samip.



5082 SABIN

- 🏠 Syangja
- ✉ Sapkotasabin@outlook.com
- Nothing yet.
- ☆ To be in Time magazine's front cover within 15 years from now.
- ⊗ Tiresome thirty minutes chase.
- 💬 The sky is the limit.



5083 SAFAL

- 🏠 Gulmi



5085 SAKET

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- ✉ karkisaket@gmail.com
- Survived Gaurishankar picnic, grew 19 inches
- ☆ To finally manage to complete Further homework
- ⊗ School Play "Fences"
- 💬 He who cannot draw on three thousand years of learning is living hard to mouth.



5086 SAMRIDDHA

- 🏠 Lalitpur
- *Survived Gauri Picnic with Sarans and company.
- *Played truth and dare in SIMC.
- *Chicken Table with Prassana, Saugat, Saket and company.
- *Coach of 'Chicken Day'
- ☆ To return to BNKS with my friends once again.
- ⊗ 'Khaseko Tara'
- 💬 'To see the rainbow, one must endure the rain.'



5087 SAROJ

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- Improvement and Improvement
- ☆ To improve
- ⊗ Speaking words of wisdom
- 💬 Let it be



5089 SARANS

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- ✉ Guide bhai of 4069
- ☆ To walk with the kings yet not lose the common touch.
- 💬 साम र सिस्नेो खानु नै बेस आनन्दी मनले



5091 SAUGAT

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- ✉ twitter @saugat91
- Survived Gaurishankar Picnic 2014, Watched World Cup 2014 Final in Bremen, Germany.
- ☆ To have my own chapter in Hamro Nepali book.
- 🎯 Further Maths Visit, CL Final 2014
- 🗨 Start Procrastinating Now!!!



5097 UTSAV

- 🏠 Gorkha
- ✉ neupane.utsav03@yahoo.com
- School's tallest since class 10. Named myself 'Penalty King' of Basketball court football.
- ☆ Good handwriting like that of 5057 Aakash
- 🎯 "Hum Kis Galli" ...
- 🗨 Class Jaada Eraser Pani Lanu Parcha



5121 ANISH

- 🏠 Nawalparasi.
- ✉ kafle_anishji@outlook.com
- Striving to achieve.
- ☆ To make my parents proud of me.
- 🎯 Sharing one packet of noodle with 5 or more friends.
- 🗨 Respect other's suggestions but make your own decision and be confident about it.



5123 NISCHAL

- 🏠 Syangja
- May/June 2015
- ☆ Dr. Nischal (Medical Hail!)
- 🎯 Out of the window and into the night.
- 🗨 Live Limitless



5124 PRASIDDHA

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- ✉ prasiddhashakya@gmail.com
- None to my knowledge
- ☆ To own a horse and ride it.
- 🎯 Class 10-SLC times, dayroom football, bla bla and many more.
- 🗨 Watch One Piece and remember to renew your identity card.



5126 ROHIT

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- ✉ rohittamang5126@yahoo.com
- Completed Naruto
- ☆ To be happy, to complete One Piece (PS - it never ends)
- 🎯 Okin le bhoot ko katha sunaunda
- 🗨 Life is a book and those who do not travel read only one page.



5130 UTKARSH

- 🏠 Illam
- ☆ Being the President of Nepal
- 🎯 Sports Captain of Dhaulagiri House.
- 🗨 Life is not a bed of roses; It is a bed of jasmine.



5132 SAMBHRANT

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- ✉ 5132.dhakal@gmail.com
- Education.
- ☆ To be a big boy.
- 🎯 Okin!
- 🗨 If you trust in yourself, and believe in your dreams and follow your star, you'll still get beaten by people who spend their time working hard and learning things and weren't so lazy.



5133 UTSAV

- 🏠 Dhanusha
- Everything till now.
- 💬 You will win, not immediately but definitely.



5134 PALISTHA

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- Lifetime of friendship.
- ⊗ PCB entertainments, SLC times, class 10 'D'.
- 💬 Learn from the mistake of others, because life is too short to be satisfied with our own.



5139 SHISHIR

- 🏠 Tanahun
- 2013- 3rd in cross country
- 2014- 2nd in cross country
- ☆ Not set yet
- ⊗ Magic Show for the first time
- 💬 Live without rules if you can



5140 ISHAN

- 🏠 Hetauda
- ✉ ishandhakal@yahoo.com
- Completed education up to A-Level first year.
- ☆ Be a man of value rather than being a man of success.
- ⊗ When you are hungry and you get two pieces of chicken on chicken day.
- 💬 The only thing you should possess is the faith in yourself.



5142 DIPTI

- 🏠 Chitwan
- Friends and memories
- ☆ I don't say it, I do it
- ⊗ Recalling the old times while writing for this profile



5143 LIRONA

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- Back to back 3-Pointers
- ☆ Read.Write.Travel.
- ⊗ "आइ सेती १० बज्यो ?"
- 💬 Die with MEMORIES Not with DREAMS



5144 SURAJ

- 🏠 Nawalparasi
- ✉ surajbhandari5144@gmail.com
- "The composer of "Pragya Anthem" Table Captain
- ☆ To grab the biggest piece of Britannia's "Little* Hearts"
- ⊗ Lip syncing to the School Prayer on Monday Assemblies.
- 💬 Ciao!
- And remember - the Partition Coefficient may or may not be equal to 1!



5145 NIKISUN

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- ✉ shresthanikisun@hotmail.com
- Won 'THE' Race.
- 💬 Don't waste words on people who deserve your silence. Sometimes the most powerful thing you can say is nothing at all.



5146 PRIYANKA

- 🏠 Kaski
- ✉ pparajuli22@gmail.com
- Part of mini Nepal :)
- ⊗ 7th September, 2014



5147 BHARGAVI

- 🏠 Lalitpur
- ✉ bhargavi5147karna@gmail.com
- I made myself, a new identity that I'll take with me wherever I go, always!
- ☆ To live in a world where the "M" of "ME" will turn upside down.
- 📍 Parelima
- 💬 Horizon is only the end of your viewing capacity' not the end of the world. Keep going-create your own new horizons.



5148 JIJEEBISHA

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- Almost pursued a full-science course
- ☆ Prove Newton wrong!
- 📍 Blackbirds fly!
- 💬 Pay attention when vector is being taught



5149 PALISTHA

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- ✉ palisthatuladhar@hotmail.com
- Memories; experiences that I'll never forget; love that I'll always treasure and also Bio Visit 2014.
- ☆ Always to be ME.
- 📍 Dining table talks and the times spent with five most crazy people.
- 💬 Try out everything. Don't fear. Every experience will be a memory.



5150 SAMITA

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- ✉ emmalia96@gmail.com
- National Anthem, Nepali dances, Nepali songs, Band Leader, BNKS student.
- ☆ To be known as Dr. Samita Gurung.
- 📍 Too many that I can't think of any at this moment.
- 💬 Look back and always smile because two years were worthwhile: #OooPCB!!



5151 SHWETA

- 🏠 Chitwan
- ✉ shweta.sapkota5151@gmail.com
- Made memories worth cherishing for this lifetime
- ☆ To become someone worth giving a speech in BNKS.
- 📍 14th June, 2014.
- 💬 I'll be back here on 14th June, 2018



5152 ANAMIKA

- 🏠 Chitwan
- "First bench campaign" with Pandey!
- Some good friends to count on...
- ☆ First lady Prime minister of Nepal.
- 📍 Holi 2014... Reminds me of my young days.
- 💬 The person who knows 'How' will have a job. The person who knows 'Why' will be his boss.



5153 OJASWI

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- Being able to say that I look as scared in the picture above as I haven't ever been before.
- ☆ Be happy, whoever I am, as I am, no regrets.
- 📍 Spending time in the dining hall, with five awesome, crazy weirdoes. And 'FENCES' the play, a time I will never forget.
- 💬 Don't ever forget to dream.



5154 SWEACHHYA

- ✉ Sweachhya_154@gmail.com
- Last bencher forever, made bubble from chewing gum for the first time.
- ☆ To catch the world of peace with a smile when I'm completely broken up so that there can be nothing that can break me next time.
- 📍 Waiting for the sky to fall upon me as we lay down on R/H terrace.
- 💬 100 words from a teacher in the class won't give you pain but a true friend's silence in the exam hall will.



5157 SADIKSHYA

- 🏠 Syangja
- ✉ sadikshya.pandey@gmail.com
- Last bencher forever with 5154.
- ☆ I aspire to inspire.
- 📍 First Bench Campaign with Anamika.
- 💬 BNKS is not a resort! You need to work hard.



5158 SAYARIKA

- 🏠 Kalikot
- 📍 Ratnachuli House
- 📖 Overflowing memories
- ⭐ To write an 'everlasting' constitution for Nepal
- 📍 Can't think of any (there are just too many)
- 🗣️ Start thinking what you'll write on your profile from today



5159 ASHISH

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- ✉️ a_shish@hotmail.com
- 🚫 Explicit content.
- 📍 When (sometimes) you cannot figure out what you're having for lunch.
- 🗣️ Painful though parting be, I bow to you as I see you off to distant clouds.
(Source - quotegarden.com)



5160 JIVAN

- 🏠 Gulmi
- ✉️ jivan.kharel@outlook.com
- 📍 Yet to achieve.
- ⭐ The tiger of Wall Street.
- 📍 When you lie in your bed for a 5 minute nap and wake up after 10 hours.
- 🗣️ We still love BNKS.



5162 ADITYA

- 🏠 Nawalparasi
- 📍 Being cubicle mate of 5171 Anish
- ⭐ To live a happy life. That's it
- 📍 Bio Visit
- 🗣️ Be yourself!



5163 RAMESH

- 🏠 Dang
- ✉️ rameshbista.rb@gmail.com
- 🚫 There were many but memory card unexpectedly unmounted!
- ⭐ To be nearly as successful as Anwaysak and Dipen.
- 📍 Class 4 orientation of BNKS.
- 🗣️ Who says I'm parting, huh??



5164 ANUPAM

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- 📍 Woke up before 7 o'clock
- ⭐ To actually pick up a phone call
- 📍 If you dig a hole
- 🗣️ Team Rocket is blasting off again



5165 SHRUTI

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- 📍 BIO SET 2013/14/15.
- ⭐ Doctor
- 🗣️ Take a chance...



5166 PRAGYA

- 🏠 Nawalparasi
- ✉️ subedi.pragyasagar@gmail.com
- 📍 Learned to play Guitar, Keyboard, Congo, Cajon, Madal, Harmonium, Bagpipe, Dholak, Tambourine, Tabla, and Ukulele
- ⭐ To finally be able to sing Surilo
- 📍 Being the word in the mouth of the class
- 🗣️ Don't die with your song unsung inside you



5167 BINAY

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- ✉️ olibinay7@gmail.com
- 📍 Being able to stand on my own feet and take decisions on my own.
- ⭐ Want to be a role model for everyone, leaving my footsteps behind.
- 📍 When I stood before the BNKS family and stared at them taking a deep breath, plus my best memory; 14th June 2014
- 🗣️ I'll be back; and not alone.
God bless us all!!



5168 CRYSTAL

- 🏠 Kaski
- ✉️ paudyalcrystal@gmail.com
- After years of contemplating, I finally found what my aspirations are
- ☆ Not yet discovered
- ⊗ When I speak a thousand words and a thousand men listening to me can't discern a single
- 💬 Life's handing you lemons? Make lemonade then!



5169 ZENITH

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- Rapped, sang and played the guitar, violin and keyboard on stage
- ☆ Unlock all the achievements that life has in store for me.
- ⊗ When the teachers are a thousand times more worried about the exams than all the students put together.
- 💬 "Life isn't about surviving the storm, it's about learning how to dance in the rain."



5171 ANISH

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- ✉️ anishkhatiwada25@yahoo.com
- Being the cubicle mate of 5162 Aditya
- ☆ To become a successful son, husband and a father
- ⊗ Chilling out in the middle pitch
- 💬 Stay cool, calm and confident haita boys!



5173 JANARDHAN

- 🏠 Chitwan
- ✉️ janardhansilwal@outlook.com
- BIO VISTIT!! Learned programming in C. Participated in QUANTA.
- ☆ To build the first ARC-reactor
- ⊗ GHCP 2014
- 💬 BYE BYE.



5174 PRAJWAL

- 🏠 Gorkha
- Nothing significant yet.
- ☆ Travelling a lot.
- ⊗ BHCP, A level exams, lifelong friends.
- 💬 Live and let live.



5175 SIDDHANT

- 🏠 Siraha
- ✉️ siddhantagrawal5175@yahoo.com
- First honors merit list without taking most tests
- ☆ Work for Khan Academy
- ⊗ Zuzuzu...hahaha...
- 💬 You were not born with a rule book in your hand. Create and plan the creation.



5176 KRISHANT

- 🏠 Makwanpur
- "Tuesdays"
- ☆ Partying lifetime.
- 💬 Everybody is damaged in their own way so keep calm and enjoy.



5177 SUBAN

- 🏠 Chitwan.
- ✉️ suban.shrestha98@gmail.com
- None.
- ☆ To return from the Bermuda Triangle.
- 💬 When teachers stopped checking my homework. Perfection comes from patience, practice and persistence.



5179 ABHISEK

- 🏠 Bara
- Wires, Chips and Sensors.
- ☆ To conquer the unconquerable.
- ⊗ Finally the simplified form, $n\sum xy - \sum x \cdot \sum y = b[\sum x^2 - n\sum x^2]$
- 💬 Do what you love and your world will be the way you love it.



5180 ASHLESH

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- ☆ To see the real face of Hatake Kakashi
- 🕒 Leave Weekend!
- 💬 See you in _____! Well, it's for you to decide: hell or heaven



5181 JEETENDRA

- 🏠 Nawalparasi
- ✉ jeetendra.gupta.5602@gmail.com
- 🏅 BNKS- 2 silver medal bin IYMC 2014
- 🕒 Reciting "Aek bewafaa ki zakhme par..." LBR sir's classes, research work, discussions with teachers.
- 💬 Though uncertainty may govern the world, don't let it happen with your aim and your life. Enjoy every moment. And remember- "You are somebody in this world".



5182 NOVEL

- 🏠 Chitwan
- 🕒 Blue tie!
- ☆ To join the Justice League
- 🕒 "Now move the wall there. Can you see it?" "Yes sir!"
- 💬 La Hasta!



5183 NISCHAL

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- ✉ 5183nischal@bnks.edu.np
- 🏅 Survived Gaurishankar Picnic 2014
- ☆ To live in a pineapple under the sea .
- 🕒 Upcoming Further Visit
- 💬 You are unique, just like everyone else



5184 RONAST

- 🏠 Morang
- ✉ rronast@gmail.com
- 🕒 Yet to achieve.
- ☆ To be a wise man.
- 🕒 Upcoming F. Maths Visit.
- 💬 Make impossible possible.



5185 SHOWROOP

- 🏠 Morang
- ✉ pokhrelshowroop5185@gmail.com
- 🕒 Learned the most stress relieving words "CHILL" and "BAAL"
- ☆ To drain the ocean and build a mansion
- 🕒 Cold showers before supper and "So , be precise" during Physics Practical
- 💬 "Keep Calm and follow the Marking Scheme."



5186 SUJAN

- 🏠 Kaski
- 🕒 Learnt to persevere.
- 🕒 2014, Tuesday at around 7:10- Broke into pieces, never will forget .
- 💬 Do whatever you like.



5187 SURAJ

- 🏠 Illam
- ✉ shresthasuraj187@gmail.com
- 🕒 learned to study, to dance and to play football
- 🕒 "To play for Man U wearing #7 shirt
- 🕒 "To be able to speak in front of the whole school.
- 🕒 There are infinite and still counting...
- 💬 If you trust yourself and believe in your dreams and follow your star, you'll still get beaten by people who spent their time working hard and learning things and weren't lazy.



5188 UTSAL

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- ✉ utsal.shres@gmail.com
- 🕒 Caressed a firefly and saw a meteor 'shower'
- ☆ To see a real meteor shower
- 🕒 Yo computer khaali chha?
- 💬 I am bad, and that's good. I will never be good and that's not bad, 'cause there's no one I'd rather be, than me. -Wreck it Ralph



5189 SUPRAV

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- ✉️ supravg@gmail.com
- Survived Gauri picnic 2014.
- ☆ To Travel The World.
- 📍 The A2 Business visit.
- 🗣️ Everybody wants to go to heaven but nobody is ready to die.

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5190 AAKRITI

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- Learned how to solve the 4X4 Rubik's cube.
- ☆ To be richer than the rich.
- 📍 Which one? I have a bag full of them.
- 🗣️ Ever loved someone so much, you'd do anything for them? Yeah, make that 'someone' yourself and do whatever you want



VISITING PLACES IN OUR VISITS



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PROFILE OF 12 (5000 'D' BATCH)



5012 DIPEN

- 🏠 Chitwan
- ✉ notroshanfewa2@hotmail.com
- Ascended Makalu, Kanchenjunga Nilgiri and Gaurishankar
- ☆ To ascend the remaining mountains
- 🎯 Singing 'Sara Jagat' in music room
- 💬 It's not easy to climb mountains



5013 BIJAY

- 🏠 Nuwakot
- ✉ khanal_bijay@yahoo.com
- ☆ To be what my parents named me to be.
- 💬 Many but not worth mentioning. Forget and Forgive



5014 ROSHAN

- 🏠 Ramechhap
- ✉ roshanfewa2@hotmail.com



5016 SHREEJAN

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- Ascended Kanchenjunga, Nilgiri & Gaurishankar.
- ☆ To ascend the remaining ones
- 💬 To climb so many mountains is easier said than done. But impossible is nothing



5020 LOKENDRA

- 🏠 Surkhet
- ✉ lokendrasnr0@gmail.com
- Chilled a lot.
- ☆ To chill all my life.
- 🎯 Chilling...
- 💬 Just Chill.



5021 RAJAN

- 🏠 Baglung
- Red tie without a badge without even applying.
- ☆ To become the Chief of Army Staff of Nepal.
- 🎯 My first prize in BNKS.
- 💬 Determination, Pride and patriotism will make you achieve anything.



5049 ROJINA

- 🏠 Gorkha
- ✉ rojinaisagoodgirl@gmail.com
- 🕒 5:49
- ☆ To be the happiest person
- 📍 MD-1, MD-2, SD-4, SD-6, SD-8, R-6, R-9, R-10, R-20
- 💬 You don't cross the street without risk. So, what're you gonna do? Stay home?



5096 UMANGA

- 🏠 Chitwan
- 💬 किमकिम सानु नकिमकाउ परेती, भुलुके हन्छु मा



5120 AASHISH

- 🏠 Lalitpur
- Became a student of Budhanilkantha School.
- ☆ To become an artist.
- 📍 When everyone was excited to have first Rara in tiffin.
- 💬 Stay calm....whatever the situation.



5141 POOJA

- 🏠 Arghakhanchi
- ✉ pooja.45girl@hotmail.com
- School Prefect
- ☆ To make my dreams come true.
- 📍 That one!!! Maybe.
- 💬 If you don't want it then FLUSH it



5191 MANSI

- 🏠 Morang
- ✉ manshidahal@gmail.com
- Experiences
- ☆ Self-satisfaction
- 📍 Prefects Presentation-2013
- 💬 A man's got to do what a man's got to do. A woman must do what he can't.



5192 MUNA

- 🏠 Rupandehi
- Became a better person than I was yesterday
- ☆ To own a million chocolate factories
- 📍 Every moment!
- 💬 No decision is good or bad, it's what you make out of it



5193 PUSPALATA

- 🏠 Okhaldhunga
- To have had made many friends.
- ☆ To be rich and successful.
- 📍 Cat fights.
- 💬 Even the best fall down sometimes.



5194 SAMINA

- 🏠 Sankhawa-Sava
- ✉ basnet_samina@yahoo.com
- Survived the winter of BNKS QUANTA-2014, Infinite memories & countless friends to share them with
- ☆ To make the world recognize my mom by name.
- 📍 Thermos party @ RC-9&21 Holi-2070, Class-11 practical exams: Top pitch vs. garden pitch.
- 💬 If you can't be the best in something try not to be the worst.



5195 SOFIA

- 🏠 Ramechhap
- Academic Prefect
- ☆ To make people fathom my puzzle like thoughts into a complete jigsaw.
- 📍 1st January, 2014.
- 💬 Dreams are reality waiting to happen.



5196 RICHU

- 🏠 Dolakha
- ✉ richuthapa@yahoo.com
- Learned to be independent.
- ☆ To get to know who I actually am and want to be in life.
- 🕒 Class 11 Board Exams, Thermos party, RHCP, Looking at the stars from the terrace.
- 💬 Always love the way you are and cherish every moment you go through.



5197 SUSHMITA

- 🏠 Gulmi
- ✉ sushmitakarki5197@gmail.com
- ☆ To smile forever, no matter what..
- 🕒 10th and 11th May, CC-23.
- 💬 Be yourself because originals are worth more than copies.



5198 SHRISTI

- 🏠 Baglung
- ✉ Shristi198@gmail.com
- Learned to live with small scrapes of chocolate.
- ☆ Turn my dreams into reality.
- 🕒 21st November, Christmas day & CP time.
- 💬 The less you care the happier you will be.



5199 ANWAYSAK

- 🏠 Chitwan.
- ☆ To be as successful as Dipen and Shreejan.
- 🕒 Class 11 Trial Exam ko tyo PLAN!
- 💬 When you were born, only you were crying and everyone was laughing. Live your life in such a way that when you die, you are the only one to laugh and everyone cries for you.



5201 ABHIMANYU

- 🏠 Siraha
- ✉ jhaabhimanyu9@gmail.com
- Many sorts of uncountable experiences!
- ☆ *To clear three debts of my life. and to be of some use to the world.
- 🕒 Almost all of the times spent here.
- 💬 Home is where heart is. So, do things from the heart!



5202 SHISHIR

- 🏠 Dang.
- ✉ shishir.budhashrestha@gmail.com
- Found out what I have to do for the rest of my life
- ☆ To be the master of my fate and captain of my soul.
- 🕒 Every week lying in the top pitch and looking at stars.
- 💬 If you don't stand for something, you'll fall for anything.



5203 GAURAV

- 🏠 Makwanpur
- ✉ gkhadka@gmail.com
- Carom till 2a.m
- ☆ To read 500 Novels in a year.
- 🕒 Entrance Day



5204 SANJEEB

- 🏠 Gulmi
- ✉ sanjiv_Panther@yahoo.com
- -BNKS Student - being Sanjeeb.
- ☆ To be a good doctor, a good son and a good citizen and a good human as a whole.
- 🕒 Each and every second spent in BNKS.
- 💬 Be yourself, accept yourself and live your realities.



5205 AANAND

- 🏠 Rupandehi
- Won BINGO in the House Picnic.
- ☆ To play cricket at Lords.
- 🕒 CMS visit for IYMC 2014, Physics visit to Jhimruk.
- 💬 Elegance is an attitude.



5206 PRABIN

- 🏠 Gorkha
- ✉ lamichanepabin@gmail.com
- Getting placement in BNKS.
- ☆ To get placement in PEA.
- ⊗ Grade 11 trial exam time.
- 💬 Be the person better than you were yesterday.



5207 RONAL

- 🏠 Kathmandu
- ✉ ronallama14@gmail.com
- Singing with the best singers of 5000'D batch
- ☆ To have a private island, house and all kinds of technology ever made. (A perfect family too.)
- ⊗ Playing football in the garden pitch and playing Holi before board Exams
- 💬 Don't miss any opportunities that come in your life



5208 PRAVIN

- 🏠 Surkhet
- ☆ To be the best entrepreneur of all time and be on the cover of the Fortune magazine.
- ⊗ Annual School Play 2071
- 💬 Dare to dream, Dare to try
No goal is too distant, No star too far



5209 PAWAN

- 🏠 Nawalparasi
- ✉ pawan72891@gmail.com



5210 MAHIMA

- 🏠 Rupandehi
- ✉ acharyamahima12@gmail.com
- Living hostel life for the first time
- ☆ To be the best of me.
- ⊗ September 16- best birthday
- 💬 Your big opportunity may be right where you are now.



5211 SURENDRA

- 🏠 Terhathum
- ✉ surenkarki5211@yahoo.com
- Ascended Gaurishankar
- ☆ To reach my destiny
- ⊗ Every moment that I shared with my batchmates, especially Gorkha visit, QUANTA and moments at GC 28 and 17
- 💬 Forgive, try it. Forget, avoid it.



5212 PANASA

- 🏠 Kathmandu.
- Third position in first try.
- ☆ To be the perfect role model for my brother.
- ⊗ 11th May
- 💬 Live and let live.



5213 SUCHANA

- 🏠 Sunsari
- Found best of best friends
- ☆ To be the best daughter and sister
- ⊗ 10th May and mid night parties
- 💬 Don't fear the shadow, it only means that there is light out there somewhere

WISHING ALL
THE CLASS 12
STUDENTS
BEST OF LUCK
FOR THEIR
UPCOMING
EXAMINATIONS



Battle with Chemistry

5124
Prassidha
Class: A2



My battle with chemistry began the moment I realized it was a separate entity of science. The modern graded science book of grade 5 had four major headings in its contents- Physics, Chemistry, Biology and Astronomy. I scanned through the different categories and instantly realized that Chemistry contained the topics I found most difficult. The toughest words- 'homogenous', 'heterogeneous', 'super saturation', etc were all related to chemistry. I, however, managed to overcome these difficulties. The difficulty increased as year after year and I started despising chemistry more and more. But still, I managed to score good marks.

Grade 10 was particularly annoying. The chapter 'Materials used in daily life' was just impossible to memorize. But, luckily, chemistry carried only 15 marks in the finals. Hence, through strong dedication and a tiny bit of luck, I managed to overcome my battle with chemistry. Until now!

The moment I stepped into A-levels, chemistry took its game to a next level. From 'naming hydrocarbons' to 'electrochemistry'.

I've found chemistry a big obstacle to overcome. Even then, I tried to evoke an interest in this subject. I was doing quite well with this until my A₁'s midyear report came. I'd barely passed the subject. Hence, my hatred increased....multiplied actually. I no longer wanted to study chemistry and found no hopes of ever liking this subject. I mean who enjoys titrating and finding out how many moles of iron reacts with chlorine? I did try to be enthusiastic about learning chemistry though. Despite my best efforts the poor grades that I continue to receive discouraged me further. As a result, despising chemistry was the only option I had. Today, I've found solace by assuming that I and 'chemistry' were not made for each other. We share nothing in common and I doubt we ever will.

All in all, chemistry – I really hate you. Unfortunately, you're needed if I want to continue biology. And that makes you only more annoying. I devote most of my time revising you and still get the lowest marks in your paper. How much more annoying can you actually get? But mind you chemistry, I've still not given up. I am not going to lose that easily. That's why I'm challenging you. And I declare my challenge through this article. The final battle is scheduled in May and there's a lot of time for me to train. I hate you but I am still going to defeat you. It's going to be tough but you may have heard 'when the going gets

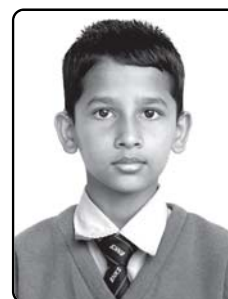
tough, the tough gets going'. And, believe me chemistry, I'm one tough guy!

P.S: This article intends to criticize only the subject 'chemistry' and not the wonderful, supportive chemistry department of our school. I personally thank the department for trying to evoke an interest towards this in me.



I'm Nature

1079
Kiran
Class: 7



As you know, I am green
Everywhere I am seen
In the light, in the shade
As you know I'm not made
Hating me, very bad
He is just like a mad
Loving me, very good
Everyone should
Nowadays everyone destroys
me
Trying to ignore me
How bad are you
That I must have already known
What have I done to you?
That you are killing me
Have I ever harmed you?
If not why are you?
I am very sad now
Hating emotions coming to me, I
don't know how
Now I don't like you
I loved your past, which never
did last!



मेरो सुखी परिवारमा कसले लगायो होला आँखा ?

८००३
आलोक
कक्षा : ९



सधैं भैं बुबा घरमा ढिलो आउनु भयो । के खानु भएको बुबा मःम हो ? भाइले प्याच्च सोध्यो ।

नकरा न, कति चल्छ यसको थुतुनो । बुबाले हारेको स्वरमा भन्नु भयो ।

आज बुबाको रूप फरक थियो । उहाँ हल्लिँदै आउनु भयो र सास पनि गन्हाएको थियो । यो कुराले पुष्टि हुन्छ कि उहाँले रक्सी खानु भएको थियो तर यो सत्य हुन सक्दैन । मेरो बुबा यति विग्रिएको हुनुहुन्न । म आफैँसँग बर्बराउँदै थिएँ । आमा फेरि कराउँदै बुबालाई भात पस्कँदै हुनुहुन्थ्यो त्यसै बखत भाइले “आमा, आमा बुबाले मःम खानु भयो रे भात नखाने रे !”

“सुन्नुहोस् त । हजुरले के खानुभयो ? खाना नखाने हो ? आमाले शङ्कालु स्वरमा सोध्नुभयो । “केही खा’ छैन, भात ले” बुबाले थर्काउनु भयो ।

आमा दगुँदै बुबाको नजिक जानुभयो र सुघ्न थाल्नु भयो । “अब त अति भयो । म अब सहन सक्दिनँ हरे शिव ! मलाई कति दुःख दिएको होला यो मान्छेले” भन्दै आमा रुन थाल्नु भयो । त्यसै बखत बुबाले हात छोड्नु भयो । भाइ कुद्दै “नहान मेरो आमालाई” भनेर

कराउन थाल्यो ? मैले भाइलाई समातेर अर्को कोठामा लगें र चुप लागेर सुत्न लगाएँ । शान्त वातावरणमा बुबा र आमाको भगडा प्रस्ट सुनिन्थ्यो । छिमेकीले पनि के भन्लान् । मैले अभै पनि बुबाले त्यस्तो गर्नुहुन्छ भन्ने सोचेको थिइँनँ । मैले आफ्नो घरमा यस्तो समय आउला भन्ने सोचेको थिइँनँ । एक शिक्षित परिवारको घरमा कुटपिट तथा भै-भगडा होला भन्ने समेत सोचेको थिइँनँ । यस्तै कुरा सोच्दा सोच्दै म निदाएँ ।

कुखुरा वासेको आवाज सुनेर म उठें । भाइ मेरो छेउमा थिएन । आमाको शरीरभरि घाउ थियो । हिजो नराम्रो कुटपिट भयो होला । मैले घरभरि भाइलाई खोजें तर बुबा र भाइ दुवैलाई देखिनँ । मैले आमालाई उठाएर सोधें उहाँ चुप लाग्नु भयो । केही दिनपछि मात्र मलाई आमाले सारा कुरा सविस्तार बुझाउनु भयो । मेरा बुबा र आमा छुट्टिनु भयो । म आमाको भागमा र भाइ बुबाको भागमा पयौँ रे । “के हाम्रो भेट हुने छैन आमा ?” मैले आमालाई सोधें “केही दिनपछि हामी त्यहाँबाट सछौँ रे” आमाले भन्नुभयो ।

केही दिनपछि हाम्रो घर तयार भयो । बुबा र आमाको घर एकै ठाउँमा तर अर्कै अर्कै दिशामा फर्किएको । म खुसी थिएँ कि मैले भाइलाई भेट्न पाउने भएँ । तर हाम्रो मिलनमा रोक लगाइएको थियो । हामी लुकिछिपी सुटुक्क भेट्दथ्यौँ । पानी भर्ने बेलामा र विद्यालय जाने बेलामाको मौका छोप्दै हामी एकअर्कालाई भेट्थ्यौँ । बुबाआमा छुट्टिएको कारण मलाई भाइले

बतायो । बुबाको विद्यालयमा एउटा शिक्षिकासँग प्रेम रहेछ । त्यसैले बुबा घर ढिलो आउनु हुँदोरहेछ । अब केही दिनमा उहाँहरूको विवाह हुन्छ रे । म र मेरा भाइ कहिले रुन्थ्यौँ त कहिले बितेका पल सम्झिएर हाँस्थ्यौँ ।

आमा के काम गर्नुहुन्थ्यो मलाई थाहा थिएन । तर पैसा पाएपछि पैसा च्यापेर आँसु भार्नु हुन्थ्यो । हरेक रूपियाँ खर्च गर्न डराउनु हुन्थ्यो । एक दिन म बिहान उठें तर आमालाई साथमा भेटिनँ । म छटपटाएँ । मेरो मनमा डर थियो । आमा ढोकामा लडिरहनु भएको थियो । म आत्तिँ । आमाको श्वास प्रश्वास बन्द थियो । मैले जसो तसो गरी लास बाहिर ल्याएँ । पल्लो घरको भ्यालमा बुबा देखिनु भएको थियो । वहाँ केही लेख्दै हुनुहुन्थ्यो । देखीदेखी पनि उहाँले आमा र मलाई वास्ता गर्नु भएन ।

“बुबा ! यो अन्तिम क्षणमा त सहयोग गर्नुस् । आमाको लास कहाँ लाने, के गर्ने त भन्नु होस् न बुबा” मैले गुहार मागें । तर उहाँ आफ्नै काममा व्यस्त भएजस्तो गर्नुभयो । मैले कति कराए पनि बुबाले आफ्ना आँखा यता फर्काउन कष्ट गर्नु भएन । आफ्नी श्रीमतीको लासलाई थुक्ने यी कस्ता बाउ होलान् । आखिर मेरी आमा नराम्री थिइन् र ?

गाउँलेहरू आए र लासको टुङ्गो लगाए । म त्यस दिनदेखि फर्केर त्यो गाउँ गइँनँ । सुन्ने गर्थे मेरा बाउ त मातेर सिनु भएको छन् रे । मेरो भाइ कता छ भनेर थाहा पाउन जति कोसिस गरे तापनि मैले थाहा पाइँनँ ।

❖❖❖



हामी नेपाली, हाम्रो नेपाल

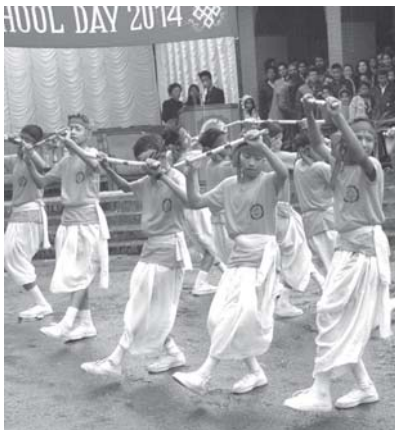
७००९
परीक्षित
कक्षा : १०



..... मर्कामा
स्कूल गएकी फुच्चीको बाटोमा
.....जनजीवन अस्तव्यस्त
..... छैनन्
आदि
इत्यादि ।

सबेरै
हातमा पर्ने ती प्रिन्टेड शब्दहरू
कथित सभ्य समाजका
गरिब जनताका
ती प्रिन्टेड यथार्थता ।

मुलुकको एक कुनामा -
अनेक युवती गोठमा छन्
पुरुष भट्टीमा छन् ।
तिनका बालबच्चा
कतै गुच्चा खेलिरहेका छन्,
कचेराका कत्राले आँखा छोपेको छ,
सिँगानले गाला लिपिएको छ,



मैला लुगाले मैलो आड लुकाएको
छ ।
सारा हालबेहाल छ ।

यसै राष्ट्रको अर्को कुनामा -
कोही कक्टेले पार्टीमा मच्चिइरहेका
छन्,
कोही बालबच्चा लिएर फनपार्क
निस्केका छन्
कसैले चुरोट सल्काउँदै गफ
छाँटिरहेका छन् ।
अनि कतै -
ठिटाठिटीहरू सेल्फी खिचिरहेका
छन्,
फुच्चाफुच्चीहरू पनि
ड्याडीले भर्खरै ल्याइदिएको रिमोट

कन्ट्रोल प्लेन
फनन्न घुमाउँदै छन् ।
त्यहाँ जे जे हुन्छ,
राम्रै हुन्छ ।

यस्तै, यस्तै
अनेकताको यो भूमिमा
महल र छाप्रो
सुट र कात्रो
डिनर र फाँडो
अनि
केके केकेको सङ्गम पनि छ ।
त्यहाँ के नै छैन र ?

यहाँ,
विरामीको विमारी भनै पिल्साइ
दिनसक्ने

व्यक्ति नै सभ्य कहलिएका छन्
ती पनि राष्ट्रका धब्बा बनेका छन् ।
परिस्थितिका दास
भाग्यका कमारा
हामी नेपाली, हाम्रो नेपाल ।
जय नेपाल ।



नेता र संविधान

३०२८
विकल्प
कक्षा : ५



थोरै नेता हुन्छन् छोटो
धेरै चाहिँ मोटा ।

पाउने रे यिनीहरूले नै धेरै धेरै
भत्ता
तर छाड्न भने नछाड्ने त्यो प्यारो
सत्ता

कोही भने रामेश्वर कोही भने राम
कुनै नेता गर्दै नन् आवश्यक काम ।

संविधान लेख्नु पर्ने दिनको भएको
थियो साँभ
आउन चाहिँ सकेन तर हाम्रो माभ ।

नेताले संविधान बनाउन नसक्ने नै
भए
छलकपट गर्ने व्यस्त भई असफल
नै रहे ।

संविधान निर्माणको बाह्रै महिना
काट्ने मात्र भयो हेरी मात्र ऐना ।



Cleopatra

5019
Shreebi
Class: A2

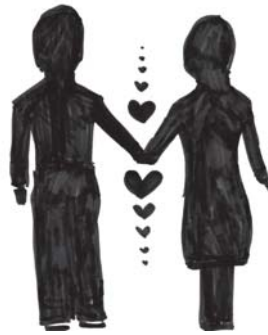


"I don't know how beautiful Cleopatra was..."

I stood still and stationary, when someone mentioned that there used to be a maiden; in fact, a queen of ancient Egypt, standing for the paragon of ever resplendent beauty. Known for her swindled blackberry eyes, wide and without mascara, her beautiful face was like a new charming moon – snowy and pure white. Cheeks like that of an apple and hair like that of Rapungel, her dazzling beauty could even penetrate diamond.

The paragon of beauty she was, she appeared in my dream; her eyes bejewelled with love and sympathy. Only a thin layer of air separated the touch between us. She wore a soft velvety cloth; spick and span. Above all, her adorned jewellerys of pearl, sapphire and emeralds resembled the flower in gladiolus and she, herself a carnation. My overwhelming desire to break her chastity would then suddenly plunge into darkness, leaving me behind thereafter, perhaps wanting my demeanor to be salutary.

My spasm would then disappear nowhere but along with the mascot of beauty in the dark. And I would bellow the demand of her captivating presence again. The ecstasy that nourished my body before would be gone and would make me poignant like a newlywed bridegroom separated from his bride. Occasionally, I would quiver for she was my dignity and my passion. But, never will I confer her and will not demean myself for I don't know how vivaciously beautiful Cleopatra was.



Sweet Family

2078
Spriha
Class: 6



Dear Mom,
You are so sweet such a darling,
You are so loving and caring,
Mom,
The one who helped me a lot is
you,
And who corrected my mistakes
too.
Dear Dad,
You are so handsome
and tall,



And I am your sweet and loving
girl,

Dad,

Only sometimes at home
you stay,

Why are you always
away?

How can I forget,

My dear sweet bro,

Uttering words like a
sparrow,

Always loves to watch
T.V and play,

Never goes from me far
away.

And,

Oh, my old, old granny,

Keeping a little sweet
bunny,

Believe in God is what
you always say,

Though from diseases
you suffer every day.

Oh yes, my old grandpa,

Your old face is so
wrinkled,

And you water the
garden with sprinkles,

You have got a pair of
glasses,

Which protects your
eyes, brows and lashes.

Oh, dear me, I forget myself,

I am here sound and
safe,

You can see it yourself,

I look like an elf.

That was all about my short and
sweet family,

They are all living happily.





The Clown

5056
Aayam
Class:A2



There is something different in the way he walks. His back is ram-rod straight while his hands swing freely beside him, as if they have a spirit of their own. His head is held high and his eyes focus straight ahead, not caring to look down on the path below.

His puffed up chest combines with these attributes to a curious effect. It appears as if his body is slightly bent backwards above his hip. It actually looks like his chest is proving to be too much of a burden to the rest of his body.

He is walking right in the middle of the narrow path. A boy is approaching towards him and there isn't enough space on either side for the boy to pass easily. This fact goes completely unnoticed by him. The boy has to twist his body to squeeze past the available space and in the process, a swinging hand lands on his stomach.

The boy's look of annoyance is not acknowledged. Our man walks on, ignorant of the inconvenience he has caused. His hands innocently continue their previous motion and

immersed on his own thoughts, he marches on.

He sees his friends grouped together. However, he has no intention of joining them. He does not consider them worthy of his valuable time. Of course, if they were to invite him and ask his opinions, it would be a different matter.

Coincidentally, he happens to have a brief eye contact with one among the group. In response, his friend raises his eyebrows. The gesture could have been passed as an act of mere courtesy, but to our man it becomes the invitation to enter the conversation. Some of the boys roll their eyes right in front of him, but somehow he fails to notice. He wastes no time in pouring out whatever knowledge he has about the subject of discussion. His friends remain unimpressed but that does not damp his enthusiasm. He laughs heartily at his own jokes. He does not sense the discomfort in the forced laughter of his friends.

A friend mentions about having to go somewhere. Others echo him. Our man also remembers that he has some chores to attend to. Reluctantly, he takes their leave. After he has left, the group of boys suffers from fits of laughter. This time the laughter is genuine. They are not laughing at our man's jokes. Rather, they are laughing at the one who delivered the jokes, the joker, the clown. □□□

My Sweet Brother

2123
Dipashma
Class:6



My dear brother I'll always
love you,
Your voice is sweet and soft like
dove.

You are quiet and small,
Like a cute, sweet doll.

Sometimes you make a real
mess,
But I know that you are the
best.

Oh my dear honey,
You are like a sweet bunny.

My dear bro,
I wonder how tall you will grow.
I always thank my mother,
She gave me such a lovely
brother.

The sweet words you say,
Always make my day.
Healthy and fit,
You are God's gift.

Your face makes me happy,
Oh your smile is so pretty.
My dear sweet brother,
There is just no other.



हिम्मत: ठूलो हतियार

६०२५

सृजना

कक्षा : ए १



भिसमिसेमै हर्के हतार-हतार गर्दै उठ्छ। आफ्ना लुगा र खेतको कामका लागि चाहिने सामग्री भोलामा हालेर हर्के काममा जानको लागि तयारी गर्दै हुन्छ। हर्केकी एउटी सानी छोरी पनि छिन्। उसको बाँच्ने सहारा भनेको नै उनकी छोरी रीता हुन्। रीताकी आमाको देहावसान केही वर्षअघि मात्र भएको हो, जसको गहिरो चोटले उनीहरू दुवैको घाउलाई भुन ताजा पारिरहन्छ। आफ्नी कलिली छोरीको इच्छा आकाङ्खालाई साकार पार्न र उसका मनमा रहेका सपनालाई पूरा गर्ने प्रयासमा हर्के मेहेनत गरि नै रहन्छ। छोरी मस्त निन्द्रामा निदाइरहेकी हुन्छे, आफ्नी छोरीलाई ढोकाबाट मायाको दृष्टिले पुलुकक हेरी ऊ खेततिर लाग्छ। खेतमा गएर सब अधुरा काम पूरा गर्छ र खेतको राम्रो हेरविचार गर्छ। बस्नको लागि सानो भुपडी र आफ्नो पेट पाल्नका लागि हर्केले गाउँको मुखियाको खेतमा काम गरी आफ्नो जीविकोपार्जन गर्दै आएको थियो। जति मेहेनत गरी काम गर्दा पनि मालिकको चित्त भने उसले कहिल्यै बुझाउन सकेको थिएन।

हर्केले आफ्नी छोरीलाई निकै नै माया गर्थ्यो। उसका स-साना इच्छालाई पनि पूरा गरेर नै छोड्थ्यो। रीतालाई उसले कहिल्यै पनि आमाको मायाको

कमी महसुस हुन दिएन। हर्केले जुन मुखियाको खेतमा काम गर्थ्यो, त्यो मुखियाको व्यहोरा भने त्यति राम्रो थिएन। उसलाई राम्रो नियत र असल आचरणको मानिस भन्न सुहाउँदैन थियो। तर यो कुरालाई हर्केले बुझ्न भने सकेन, हर्केलाई केवल आफ्नी छोरीलाई कुनै कुराको पनि अभावको अनुभव नहोस् भन्ने थियो। सधैं भैँ हर्के खेतमा काम गर्न भनेर आफ्ना सरसामान लिएर खेततर्फ लाग्यो। खेतमा गएर हेर्दा त त्यहाँको अवस्था देखेर छक्क पर्‍यो। त्यहाँ त मालिकले अर्कै खेतलो खोजी काम लगाएको देख्दा उसलाई निकै नरमाइलो लाग्यो। आँखा रसाएर आए। उनको मन भारी भयो। आफ्नै काम र मेहेनतको अपमान उसलाई असह्य भयो। उसले आवाज भने उठाउन सकेन। उसले केवल यति भन्यो, “मालिक ! यस्तो अन्याय नगर्नुहोस्। मेरी एउटी सानी छोरी छे। उसलाई सुखी जीवन प्रदान गर्नु एक बाबुको कर्तव्य हो। यो कामबाट बञ्चित गरी मेरी छोरीको भाग्य र सपनालाई तहसनहस नपार्नुहोस्”। मालिकको आँखा पहिलेदेखि नै उसकी छोरीप्रति थियो। त्यसैले उसले सहानुभूति देखाउँदै भन्यो “हेर हर्के ! म तिमीलाई यही काम त फेरि दिलाउन सकिदैन तर म तिमी छोरीलाई राम्रो शिक्षादीक्षाको लागि राम्रो अवसर दिन

सक्छु। तिमी पनि छोरीको भविष्य उज्यालो देख्न चाहन्छौ नि, होइन र ?” आँखामा भरिएका आँसुलाई आशाको भावनाले पुछ्दै हर्केले भन्यो, “हो मालिक, मेरी छोरीलाई पढ्ने राम्रो व्यवस्था मिलाइदिनुहोस्। म हजुरको जस्तोसुकै कठिन काम पनि गर्न तयार छु।” यति भने पछि त मुखियालाई अरू के पो चाहिन्थो र, उसले मौकाको ठूलो फाइदा उठायो। आफ्नो अर्कै गाउँमा गाईवस्तुको राम्रो काम छ, त्यसलाई सम्हाल्ने कोही पनि छैन हर्के, तिमी धेरै विश्वासिला छौ भनी उसलाई त्यो काममा पठाइदियो।

यसरी मन नहुँदा नहुँदै पनि हर्के आफ्नी छोरीको जीवनलाई खुशी नै खुशीले भरिदिनको लागि छोरीको रेखदेख, बसाइ र पढाइको सब जिम्मा मुखियालाई सुम्पेर काम गर्नका लागि अर्कै ठाउँमा बसाइ सय्यो। हर्के गएको केही दिन त मुखियाले रीताको राम्रो हेरविचार गर्‍यो। उसलाई आफ्नै परिवारको सदस्य भैँ व्यवहार गर्‍यो। रीता भरखर १३ पुगेर १४ वर्ष लागेकी थिइन्। शिक्षादीक्षाको अवसर नपाएको हुनाले उनीमा त्यति ज्ञान भने थिएन त्यसैले राम्रो-नराम्रोमा भिन्नता भने देख्न सकिदथिन्। मुखियाले रीतालाई एकदमै नराम्रो नजरले हेर्थ्यो। समय बित्दै जाँदा रीतालाई घरका सबै कामको भारी बोकाउन थालियो। रीतालाई आफ्नो पढाइमा ध्यान दिन निकै नै गाह्रो हुँदै गयो। उसको जीवन भुन कठिन हुँदै गयो। उसलाई खाना पनि समयमा दिन छाडियो। यसरी उसमाथि अनेक किसिमका कठिन कार्य थपिँदै गए र हुँदाहुँदा उसको पढ्ने लेख्ने भावनालाई





दिन प्रतिदिन कूलचँदै गइयो । मुखियाले पनि नराम्रो आचरण देखाउन थाल्यो । रीतालाई ऊ सधैं आफ्नो खुट्टा मिच्च लगाउन थाल्यो । रीतालाई यो सब असह्य भयो तर उनीसँग मुखियाको कुकर्मको भण्डाफोर गर्नको लागि हिम्मत थिएन । जुन आवाज मुखियाले गरेको अपमानको ठाउँमा निकाल्नु पर्ने त्यो आवाजलाई रीताले आफू भित्रै दबाएर राखेकी थिई ।

रीताले एकदिन गहिरिएर सोची-“यदि मैले यसरी साहु मालिकको अपमानलाई सहै बसिरहँ भने, मैले त भोलि यो गाउँका सबै महिलाको अस्तित्वको केही अर्थ रहने छैन । केटा मानिसले जुन नराम्रो व्यवहार गरी महिलालाई दबाएका छन्, त्यो निरन्तर रूपमा भइ नै रहन्छ । त्यसो भयो भने त म एक केटी मानिस हुनुको के अर्थ रह्यो र ? मैले के मुखियाका यी नराम्रा कर्तुत सबैको अगाडि प्रस्तुत गर्न सकिदैन र ? के म त्यति कमजोर छु र ?” रीताले अनेकौं प्रश्नहरू आफैँलाई राखिन् र त्यसको उत्तरमा उसले मुखियाको विरोधमा आवाज उठाई । नपढेकै भए पनि उसमा रहेको आत्मसम्मानको विचार र भावनाले आफूमा भएको अज्ञानको कालो दाग हटाएरै छाडी ।



उसले गाउँका सबै महिला जातिलाई मुखियाको विरोधमा आवाज उठाउन उक्साई । किनभने मुखियाको शोषणको सिकार नबनेका महिला त्यस गाउँमा औँलामा मात्र गन्न सकिन्थे । यसरी रीताले मुखियाजस्ता मानिसलाई उनीहरूकै काम गरे बापतको सजाय दिलाएर आफूलाई मात्र नभई त्यस समाजमा सारा महिलाको इज्जत बढाई ।

उसको यस्तो साहसी कामबाट सबै प्रसन्न थिए । आज उनी आफ्ना बाबुसँग सुखले सम्पन्न जीवन बिताउन सफल भएकी छ । विद्यालय जाने विद्यार्थी मात्र जीवनमा सफल हुँदैनन्, घरकै भाँडा माभेर, चुलोमा आगो फुक्नेले पनि जीवन के हो र यसलाई सफल तुल्याउन के गर्नुपर्छ भनेर बुझ्न सक्छन् भन्ने कुरा उसले प्रमाणित गरी । आज त्यस गाउँमा सब महिला विकासका काममा अघि बढेका छन् । धेरै वर्ष भयो त्यस गाउँमा कोही माथि अन्याय भयो भनेर सुन्नु परेको छैन । यसरी हामी पनि रीताले जस्तै हिम्मतले काम गरी आफूलाई मात्र नभई घर र समाजका सारा मानिसको अस्तित्वको रक्षा गरौं र आत्मसम्मान बढाऔं ।

मेरो लक्ष्य

११२१
आर्जवी
कक्षा :७



एउटा लक्ष्य लिएर म हिड्दै छु
त्यसमा सफल हुने आशा जागाउँदै छु
जति मेरो मन अगाडि बढ्न चाहन्छ
ती आशाहरू टुटेर,
मेरो मन दुःखी भइदिन्छ ।

जति अगाडि बढ्ने कोसिस गर्छु मैले
बाटो रोकिएको जस्तो लाग्छ, कसैले
मेरो मनले त हिम्मत हारेको छैन
जस्तो लाग्छ
त्यही पनि मेरो मन दुःखी भइदिन्छ ।

अब बाधाहरूले मेरा लक्ष्य रोक्ने छैनन्
ती अडचलहरूले मेरो आशा
टुट्ने छैनन्
म हिम्मत जुटाएर अगाडि बढ्ने छु
ती टुटेका आशाहरूलाई फेरि
जगाउने छु ।

कोसिस गर्दा गर्दै सफल हुन्छ
भन्ने विश्वास राख्छु
आफ्नो मिहिनेतले आफ्नो खुट्टामा
आफैँ उभिनेछु
एक न एक दिन आफ्नो लक्ष्य
पूरा गर्ने छु
परिवारजन सबैलाई खुसी
बनाउने छु ।

◆◆◆



The First Day

6062
Anup
Class: A1



Dear Best Friend,

First things first: I MISS YOU!

I really didn't have the slightest of the thoughts of addressing you as a best friend, after knowing how you've been behaving for the past few months. No calls, no texts, you don't even receive my calls. I always wonder what changed you. The thought of you gives me a ZING that flows within me with glass edges to it, practically cutting the stitches of my clothes and gradually into my skin. Drops of tears fight their way down all along my cheeks every time I think of you. I miss you.

Pages of memories flip in front of my eyes, those days of innocence when laughing, playing and smiling was all we had to do. I do remember the days when I had to console you as you cried when you lost a game. Those were the days when you laughed – I laughed: problem solved. We really have been such great friends from Kindergarten. And every single moment I thanked god for blessing me with such a wonderful best friend. Sadly, the only thing I have of you is

memory. WHO KNEW? I had to lose my best friend who meant everything to me, was everything to me. I miss you.

I'm extremely appreciative of you, not just because you have been my best friend but also because you were honest and supportive to me. I always wondered what I would do if I lost you as a best friend. You know, even a thought of this would send shivers down my spine. And I have always consoled myself saying "If there is anything impossible, then that's us being separated." I really miss you.

You, my best friend, were like the sister one can never imagine to have- the only girl to whom you can be totally yourself, the only girl to whom you can completely reveal yourself knowing she will never let a word slip out of her mouth. You were that girl. You were the sister I never had and probably will never have. I smile at myself as I recall calling each other with mean derogatory names, knowing we were joking. Those have now been days of past. I miss you. Times were there when you condoned me for my deeds and I did the same.

It's just hard to believe that I will be living this life without you to comfort me, be a shoulder for me to cry and be the person I share everything with and be totally myself. Bidding farewell to a friend is not an easy thing to do, but it

is something most people go through countless times. I have done it too, but saying goodbye to you has smacked me hard deep down beneath my chest and it hurts a lot.

You are the most amazing, wonderful and oddest best friend ever. Sometimes we both easily got mad but you dealt with me. Thanks for that. Thanks for being there for me. I just have to convey my thankfulness for being my best friend. I never cared about what people thought about us, but all I've ever known is that you are a true friend and I can always count on you.

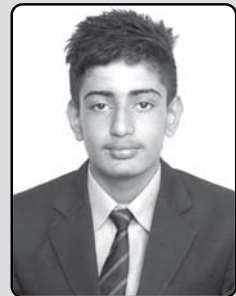
I miss you.

You know me, don't you?



The Titanic

6058
Ayusyh
Class: A1



The night looked down upon
The Titanic as it stood still,
Calm, upon the harsh wave hill
For days and nights, until

The storm came as a drill
Drilling past, waiting for the kill
And make the ship its meal.
Shall the pain caused to the
families ever heal?
Will the wounds ever seal?
Never will they again have the
zeal...





Chhaupadi-My Story

7005
Tilak
Class:10



I am a boy from a place called Bharta, a remote village in Kalikot district. I have been studying in Budhanilkantha School as a scholarship student for seven years. I gave my background in order to make you clear that the story that I am about to tell you really happened.

I remember my father strictly restricting my sister from entering our house for a week. At the time, I wondered why my father, who loved my sister more than anything else in the world, did not let his own daughter enter his house for a week. Later I came to realize that it was not only my father who did not let his daughter enter his house but all the fathers of my village did so. I was amazed and at the same time shocked to see my own sister going to sleep where my family's goats and buffalo's stayed, but I did not know why.

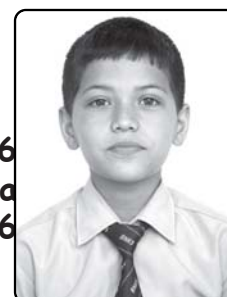
At the time this event occurred, I was nine and my sister was about thirteen. Being a young inquisitive boy, I didn't hesitate to ask her why she was going there. Instead of answering my question, she simply ignored me and walked away. I did not know that she was in the menstrual phase, and she had not answered my question; so I followed her to the cowshed where she was

sleeping .My mother saw me following her from afar and called me back with a scolding tone . I was always afraid of my mother so I returned as soon as I heard her call me but I was still frustrated with my sister for ignoring me, so I asked my mother aggressively, "Why do you send my sister to stay with the cows? Is she turning into a cow herself?" I had pity for my sister and anger for my parents and I sulked the whole day that day. Then, to appease me, my mother said, "I don't know son. Every woman does like this when her time comes." I asked her once again, "Why don't I have to go and sleep in the cowshed?" She again told me; that is so because you are a boy." From that day, I started to think of women as inferior to me. It was amazing to feel superior to women and my attitude towards women became cold. Can you imagine a boy of nine years starting to take the whole race of women as inferior ones? My supposed superiority was not a result of my ignorance but was the result of the mistake of my society where I lived and introduced me to that line of thought.

After coming to Budhanilkantha only did I know about my mistaken thought. Today I am an advocate of gender equality and against all the discrimination that the females face because of their supposed inferiority. I don't ever want to see my sister going to the cowshed again. I know it is difficult to abolish the system of 'chhaupadi' from my society ,but we must do the best we can to stop sending sisters all over Nepal to the 'Chhaupadi'.

My Small Home

2036
Saharsha
Class:6



I have a small home
And my family
I live with them
And enjoy my life.

Sometimes, we face problems
But we work together to solve
them.

I also have a cat in my house
He catches mouse after mouse

We've been working together for
many days
And helping each other in many
ways

We all appreciate each other
To help, my brother

When relatives come to our
house

We welcome them like our God
They are very kind
And gentle on the mind

My hobby is to learn Chinese
So that I could be perfect in it
But in my home only
Because in other places I'd feel
lonely

I know my home is small
But that's not all
Cause I love my home
And dad and my mom.



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MEMBER OF





Mother Teresa

2037
Sabin
Class:6



In the field of social service, she is one of the most significant personalities. Being a European and moreover, being a woman, she devoted her life to helping the poor and the needy in Calcutta, India. She led the Missionaries of charity, an international order of nun dedicated to helping the ones in urge of help.

Her full name was Agnes Gonsha Boja Icthus. She was born in 1910 to a prosperous family of Albanian descendent. When she was nine, her father, a well-going businessman, expired and that left the family facing financial difficulties. The experience of poverty left her with the conviction to serve the poor of the country.

At the age of eighteen, Agnes joined a Roman Latabolu order of ruins, the sisters of Loreto in India. She served as a novice for nine long years and in 1937, she took the name Teresa.

In addition, she was given the Nobel Peace Prize in 1979, because of her contributions to maintain peace in the world by helping the needy. She used the prize amount to expand her work for the world's helpless.

In August 1997, she died in Calcutta and the world lost the lady of peace. Although she is not among us, her good deeds shall always keep her alive.



My Loving Brother

1094
Pankaj
Class:7



Oh! Brother, do you remember those days,
When we used to play in those sunny days?
We used to run here and there,
Even without taking our own care.

We used to be on computer all the day,
Sat on the soft beds and just lay,
You used to go top floor and see the city,
With your small cute pet, the Kitty.

Now you have gone somewhere to make your mind,
And leave the rest of the world behind,
You don't need to think about me all the time,
Because I am always same, fine, fine and fine.

You will come here after many years,
But you don't need to be full of tears,
When you come, you will be better than all,
And if you miss me, give me a call.



Wishing for Freedom

9020
Pratistha
Class:8



Scared and terrified every moment

The moment I get any utterance
Longing for the delightful sunlight
And wonderful flight with mom and dad.

Entrapped in a colossal cage
A frightening feeling running into my heart
My heart filled with fright and terror.

The terror of this world
With the presence of such creatures

Taking me to the end of my life
I try to meander from turn
But it seems the almighty has obstructed my path

The path which was enlightened for me

And after the destruction
It has become extinguished
Just like the moonless sky

It's like I've lost all my cherished feathers.

Still in this dark

I'm here with my soul, wishing
Wishing for something I really need

Wishing for freedom !





E-Sports

6150
Ishan
Class: A1



Who doesn't love to play games? In this era of computers, very few could be here, if any, who don't know about computer games. Some of you might have spent hours and hours of weekends playing a game or another, and might as well be very good in the game you play. Even then, some of you have never heard of E-Sports.

In simple words, E-Sports is a competitive play of video games; however, the term is usually used to describe games that are set up with clear, and decisive rules that determine a winner or a loser and have a professional scene. Nowadays, games must be playable over a network connection (usually over LAN or WAN) and should be skill based. These games might seem somewhat straightforward and simple at first glance, but are almost always have incredible depth to their gameplay.

Most games which are successful and have a professional scene are generally complex on how they are played, but are simple to watch. Skills necessary in these games aren't exactly normal skills. Most of these skills consist of quick reaction time

and the ability to control the mouse and press correct keys precisely and accurately.

Some leading games in E-Sports are Counter-Strike, Defense of the Ancients (DotA), and League of Legends (LoL). Such games have prize pools more \$500,000 in the International scene. "The Internationals", which is the major tournament of DotA 2 started in 2011 with prize pool of \$1.6 million out of which the winner got \$1 million. In 2014, this prize pool for DotA 2 was increased to \$10 million by selling an in-game item of \$10 (limited to one per person) out of which \$2 was added to the prize pool per purchase. This will probably give you a general idea about how big the spectators of E-Sports are.

In Nepal, Counter-Strike, DotA and FIFA are the more common E-Sports. The major steps in Nepal for the development of E-Sports began when companies like Samsung and MSI started sponsoring for E-Sports tournaments. The tournaments which used to have a prize pool of Rs.20,000 are now seen with prize pools of more than Rs.1,00,000.

With the advancement of technology E-Sports has grown very popular today- it has been predicted that it shall race ahead of Football and Cricket some day. Nevertheless, E-Sports too boosts skills and hence is to make its space in the growing world of technology.

Sweet Sixteen

9016
Nupur
Class: 8



It was a lively night,
I was alone and still not asleep;
When suddenly I was stunned,
By a lady with a fair complexion
and eyes quite deep.

Her eyes hypnotized me,
Her soft voice called me;
I didn't deny,
She took my hands and led me
out of the house.

It was a horrendous situation,
But her face could melt anyone's
heart;
She took me to a cottage, my
eyes were on her face,
She left my hand and moved
forward and entered the
darkness.

I searched for her for hours and
hours,
My heart was racing, panicking
when suddenly,
Her voice "Lilly" gave me
comfort and made me calm.

And when she came I was
astonished to see that
She was my mother, who had
given me the
Greatest adventure on my sweet
sixteenth birthday.





Act of Inspiration

5169
Zenith
Class: A2



They are the hands that reach
out

Without a face they assist
To all those that cry out loud
But expect no prize, no gift..

They are the voices that shout
When the weak have fallen
down

They say that there is no doubt
That we are the same all around

They are the ones behind the
stage
That can teach us our lesson
I want to learn and follow
Their act of inspiration

They are the ones that plant
seeds
To grow what were ones cut
down
To build a nation of helping
deeds
Instead of ignorant frowns

I want to be one of them
One of those who spread the
grains
Not the ones who cut crop
farms
And with lack of good cent
complaint

So come on folks lets go and
dance
And move to the tune of Dawn
A deed of good is as strong a
stance
As of those acts of inspiration.

Walking with an Open Zipper

Waking up early has always
been hard for me. That day was
no exception. So, I woke up and
found myself getting late for
school. Morning coffee was
served to me right away. I took
bread and biscuits for breakfast
then I dressed up in a rush and
headed outside.

1025
Amulya
Class: 7



As I walked a few paces from my
home, it just felt ... ODD. Every
eye had turned towards me in
THAT place. Had I not dressed
properly? Or was my hygiene
questionable? All these sorts of
questions started pestering my
sluggish mind. I was feeling as if
I were an assassin and everyone
was gazing at me as if I were a
villain. I looked around and yes!!

People were really gazing at me.
In that situation, I started running
as fast as I could. I ran non-stop
for around 3 minutes and
suddenly, I saw heaven in front
of me-school. As I entered the
school gate I saw one of my good
friends nearby and ran to him. To
my shock, he also laughed at me.
Then, a thought hit my mind. Was
it true? I checked my zipper and
NO!! How could I forget to zip my
trousers? Yes, throughout the
morning, I had walked with an
open zipper.

◇◇◇

Neither Ahimsa nor Vegan

7099
Satyam
Class: 10



Animals have always been
subject to cruelty. For centuries,
animals have always been
disdained and victimized by the
tyrannical practices of us,
humans. These poor creatures
are always duped and are
always the means of enjoyment
for human beings. In Nepal,
large number of goats, chickens,
pigs and buffaloes are sacrificed
to please the "blood thirsty
goddess".

No goddess would ever be
pleased by the blood of their
own creation. Have humans
completely forgotten what
humanity is? Likewise, thousand
of sacrifices we Nepali perform
to please the Goddess Durga or
Goddess Gadimai is an
unjustifiable belief that infests the
Nepalese mind.

Nepal has always boasted that
Buddha was born here & , we
practise a grotesque behaviour.
We Nepalese are completely
unaware of the fact that
slaughter doesn't ensure spiritual
gain or the like.

However, I'm in no way
suggesting that we be vegans
because our nutritional needs
require us to consume proteins
and vitamins obtained from
animals. If we are to kill animals
for meat, we should do so in a
more humanly manner.

◆◆◆



स्वागत: नयाँ युग

१०५४

जनक

कक्षा : ८



“संसार सुन्दा सानो, देख्दा ठूलो लाग्छ मलाई । आजकल यो अनौठो भूगोलमा मानिसले त्यो युगलाई कथा सम्भन्छ । सबैलाई सपना बनाउने स्वागत छ, यो नयाँ युगलाई.... ।

म एउटा साधारण छाक टार्ने परिवारको केटो ! एउटा नयाँ सपना बोकेर यो युगको अनौठो अनुभव पाउन काठमाडौँ आएको थिएँ । सुन्दा रमाइलो लाग्थ्यो मलाई नेपालको राजधानी काठमाडौँको बारेमा आफ्नो पाइलाको पहिलो स्पर्शले चाहनाको धर्तीमा टेक्न पाउँदा मलाई अनौठो महसुस भयो ।

मैले आफ्नो गाउँको सम्भैं । आफ्नो गाउँ र आफ्नो समाजको नाम राख्न आएको म केटो नौलो संसारमा रमाइ रहेको थिएँ । गाउँमा पैदल र कहिलेकाँही रहर लाग्दा म रिक्सामा चढ्थेँ तर यहाँ त गाडीमै चढ्नु पर्ने रहेछ । म आफ्नो अन्तरको खुसी पाइरहेको थिएँ । कहाँ जाने, के गर्ने र कस्तो हो यो सहर मलाई केही थाहा थिएन, तैपनि म भित्रभित्रै रमाइ रहेको थिएँ । अचानक गाडी रोकियो । ड्राइभर मुनि झुन्डियो र अतालियो । गाडीका सबै मानिसहरू पनि ओर्लिए । म पनि आफ्ना भोला भ्याम्टा बोकेर तल झरेँ । रातो अबिर र पानी छरे भैं खललल रगत बग्दै थियो ।

यो कुरा र दृश्यले मलाई काठमाडौँको असली झलक दियो । म आफ्नो डेरामा पुगें । साँझको बेला मेरो मनमा दिनको दुर्घटनाको सम्झना आयो । भोलि नयाँ स्कुल जानु थियो । म थकित थिएँ । विहानीको किरणले मेरो निन्द्रा खोल्थ्यो । म सधैं भैं आफ्नो नित्यकर्म सकेर स्कुलतिर जान थालें । दाइले “आफ्नो विचार गर्नु र चाँडै फर्कनु” भनेको मलाई अबै याद छ ।

साँझपख घर फर्कदा बाटोमा ठूलो भिड लागेको थियो । दाइले विहान विचार राख्न भने पनि म आफैँसँग माफी मागेर भिडमा छिरेँ । मेरो आँखाबाट भलभली आँसु आयो । मुटुको ढुकढुकी बढ्यो । मलाई आफ्ना सबै आशा टुटेको अनुभव भयो । म बेहोस भएँछु ।

पाँच दिनपछि मैले मलाई गाउँकै अस्पतालमा पाएँ । मलाई केही याद आएन । म बिस्तारै ढोकाबाट निस्किएँ । आमा, दिदी, बुवा सबैलाई भोक्राएको देखेँ । त्यहाँ दाइको अनुपस्थितिले मलाई त्यो झलकको एक चस्का पयो । बिस्तारै सबै कुरा याद आयो । मेरो कलेजको सपना र मेरो मनको रचित दाइप्रतिको प्रेम उनकै चितामा कागजका पाना भैं जल्यो । उनको पेटमा रोपिएको चक्कु मलाई अबै याद छ । त्यो जलनको निशानी ।

आज पनि त्यो पीडा मेरो कलेजोमा विस्फोट हुन पखिरहेको ज्वालामुखी बनेर बसेको छ । यो युगमा आफ्ना कोही नहुने रैछन् । स्वागत छ, यो नयाँ युगलाई ।



तिमी आशामा म

११११

समीर

कक्षा : ७



कति एकलै बसूँ म
तिमी आउँछौँ भनेर
कति पीडा सहेर बसूँ म ?
तिमीले खुशी पाउँछौँ भनेर
कति जिन्दगीलाई मोडूँ म ?
तिमीले साथ दिन्छौँ भनेर
कतिन्जेल बसूँ तिमी आउँछौँ भनेर ?

कति काँडा बनेर बसूँ ? तिमी
फूलभैं फुलाउँछौँ भनेर
कति हार खाएर बसूँ म ? तिमीले
जिताउँछौँ भनेर
कति अँध्यारो बनुँ म ? तिमीले
उज्यालो बनाउँछौँ भनेर
कतिन्जेल बसूँ तिमी आउँछौँ भनेर ?

कति सपना मात्र देखूँ म ? तिमीले
बिपना देखाउँछौँ भनेर
कति रोइ रहूँ म ? तिमीले अघि
लाउँछौँ भनेर
कतिन्जेल बसूँ तिमी आउँछौँ भनेर ।

कति आशामा डुबूँ म ? तिमीले
पूरा गर्छौँ भनेर
कति नर्कमा बसूँ म ? तिमीले
स्वर्गमा लान्छौँ भनेर
कति मायामा डुबूँ म ? तिमीले
गर्छौँ भनेर
कतिन्जेल बसूँ तिमी आउँछौँ भनेर ?





Those Days

2065
Omisa
Class: 6



When I close my eyes,
I can see my family,
Everybody staying together,
With smiling faces,
Enjoying moments together.
Oh! What wonderful days they
were,
I still remember them when I
close my eyes.

I remember all those happy
moments,
That I enjoyed with my family,
And all those sad moments,
When we all helped each other.
Oh! What wonderful days they
were,
I still remember them when I
close my eyes.

Nowadays, I am away from my
home and family,
This makes me quite lonely,
The memories I have,
Make me want to go to the past.
If there were a time-machine,
To take me back to the past,
I would simply go there,
And enjoy all those days again.

I want to be small again,
To enjoy all those loving days,
When everyone loved me,
And I got everybody's care,
Oh how happy I was...

I remember it all,
How everyone played with me,
But now I am away from my
family,
It makes me quite sad.
Oh! What cheerful days they
were....

Hope I'll Get a Ticket to Heaven

That day, it was at Aaron's coffee shop. I mentioned 'that day' for those kinds of incidents happened to me every day. And it happened only because I was a man of so called lower class of the society and I was among the few who were always struggling against discrimination. I was 20 and that hot blood and adrenaline rush inside my body always led to trouble. I always ended up fighting with those who dared to talk about my wrongfully tagged class inferiority. Consequently, I was led to prison every time and furiously beaten until my consciousness could stand it no longer.

I returned to that day now. At that coffee shop, I was sitting on a chair with my coffee. About 5 people, staggering, arrived and started pushing me. "Why are these animals allowed here!", one of the hotheaded ones shouted, "Do animals drink coffee?!" They shared a laugh. Though these dialogues were not uncommon, I was furious and wanted to teach them a lesson. "I'll show you how powerful animals are",

I said and gave one strong punch on the face of that ne'er-do-well; the only son of chief administrator of the city. What happened next was disastrous. All five of them came upon me. I whisked a small pocket-knife

6077
Pradhyumna
Class: A1



from my pocket. I failed to hear the cries from the onlookers, my rage had deafened me. Next thing I knew was four of them were lying on the floor, bleeding profusely. One of them had died. The fifth one, the son of the chief, was still standing. Without thinking, I pierced his body with my knife. Had it not been for its small size, the weapon would have reemerged from the other side of that beast. Red liquid of pain and anguish oozed out of him. That's when the cops arrived.

Though the remainder of my life is restricted to these prison walls, I cannot help but take pride in my deeds. I was the one, the fearless one, who, being a man from an unprivileged background was able to shake the ones who thought they are superior beings. That incident at the shop gave my people courage; a much needed courage to fight for a cause. Often it feels like I've done a justifiable crime. My crime may be considered petty by many but it's a significant thing for my people. In a world of 7 billion, at least 150 of them will remember me.

Hope the God will take me to heaven.



The Dreamer Boy

9077
Sushan
Class:8



I opened my eyes and I saw a different world like Japan. But no, it was more advanced than that; America? No it was more powerful than that; Switzerland? But then it was more beautiful than that. Even after much thinking, I could not know where I was. I tried to get a clue but instead, I got my answer in an advertisement. It said, "Welcome to Nepal-The heaven of imagination." It was indeed a heaven. People were civilized. T

here were many people on the street but it was not crowded. The roads were clean. No one was travelling on the roofs of minibuses or hanging by the door. Everyone was wearing decent and respectable clothes. There was no difference of caste. Everyone believed that he/she was from Nepal and was Nepali. Everyone held his head high and thought about the nation. They asked themselves what they could give to the country, not what they could get from the country. The facilities of education, health and communication were free. Everyone was employed. Everyone followed the rules. Everyone spoke the truth. Everyone respected each other.

BANG. Then suddenly I heard a sound like someone was banging a table. I heard the sound again and opened my eyes. I was sleeping in my mathematics class. My teacher was standing furiously in front of me. "The dreamer boy," he called me. My mind told me to stop dreaming because it was not going to come true. But my heart said it might become true after some time.



Your Love

8091
Paras
Class:9



My heart was filled with the warmth of your love,
Your love was true like life
Your caring arms made me glow
You encouraged when I was slow.

You gave me a push whenever I stopped
You were the only one in the core of my heart
Your song was like a flowing stream
How could I ever forget your loving name?

When I declared my love it was heart shaking
I never thought your answer would be heart breaking
I can't forget you – I can't ever
Let's be together forever.



Trip to Shivapuri Stupa

2001
Aaditya
Class:6



On Thursday November 27, 2014, we, the students of BNKS, who had stayed back during the leave-weekend, went to Shivapuri Stupa. We all had a lot of fun there.

After having our breakfast at 7:30 AM, we all returned to houses. We all got ready for the exciting trip to Shivapuri Stupa. We all assembled in front of the dining hall, packed our lunch, filled our bottles with squash, had our attendance registered by, and headed outside.

After about an hour's walk, we arrived at our destination. We took a look at the beautiful Stupa. Due to the long and tiring walk, almost all of us had grown hungry. Thank God! We had our lunch packed in our bags. We all started eating and surprisingly, we suddenly found the school lunch tasty. After we all had filled our stomachs, we decided to see the famous Shivapuri waterfall. We had fun there. The water was clear and some of us, including me, played in the water.

It was getting late, so we packed our belongings and returned to the meeting point. The duty teacher registered us once again and all of us returned to the school.



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International Mathematics Competition

2014 제15회 국제수학경시대회

July ~ 26, July 2014



Students from classes 6-12 participated in the Korean International Mathematics Competition 2014. Anweshan, 1065 bagged a bronze medal in the junior individual category.



Eureka International 2014



Students from classes 5-8 participated in the Eureka International Art, Dance, Song and etc competition 2014 at Lucknow, India. BNKS group bagged a third prize in the junior category.



नेपाली नाटक 'मृत्यु: एक प्रश्न'



नाटककार श्री सत्यमोहन जोशीद्वारा लिखित
नेपाली नाटक 'मृत्यु: एक प्रश्न'का भूलकहरू



नेपाली नाटक 'मृत्यु: एक प्रश्न'



प्राचार्य श्री केशरबहादुर खुलालद्वारा नाटककार श्री सत्यमोहन जोशी अभिनन्दित हुँदै



School Day 2014



The Principal welcomes the chief guest Education Minister Mrs. Chitralekha Yadav.



Various exhibitions and presentations being observed.



School Day 2014



Swim Fest 2014





Swim Fest 2014



**Swimmers
competing
in the
annual
swimming
fest 2014**



Sangam Fest 14, Rajasthan, India



Students from post SLC participated in the Sangam Fest 2014 International Art, Dance, Literature and Sports meet in Rajasthan, India. They were able to bag 7 prizes in various categories



RUKUM VISIT 2014



Creativity Club visits Rukum to donate educational materials and conduct an art workshop.





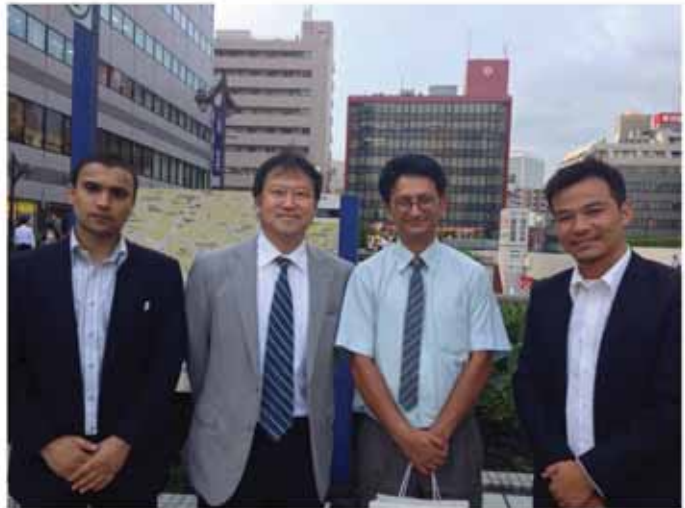
Principal's Japan visit 2014



At Nepali School in Tokyo



You-Me Nepal wins ¥6,000,000



With the Admission officer of Asia Pacific University



Reunion of SEBS-Japan



Enjoying the variety of foods

White Gumba visit: 2014.



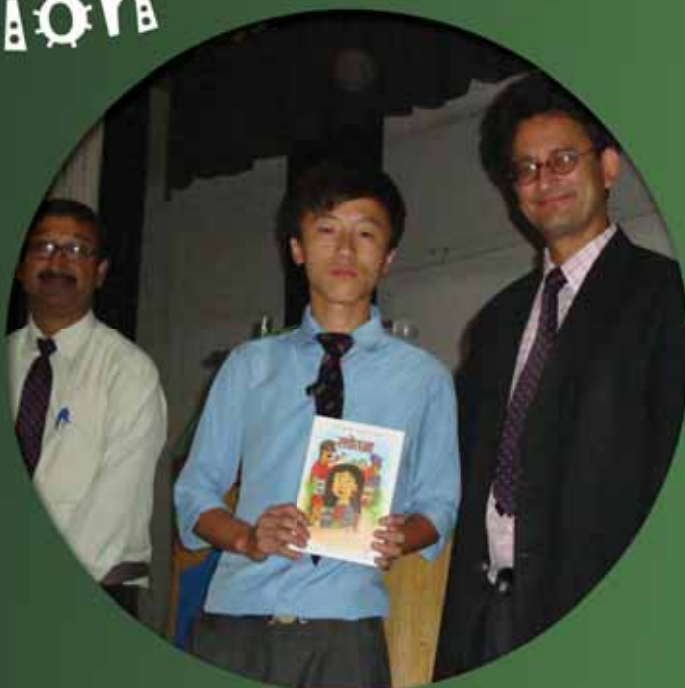
Budhanilkantha
Scouts trek to the White
Gumba.



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FIRST AMONG GIRLS

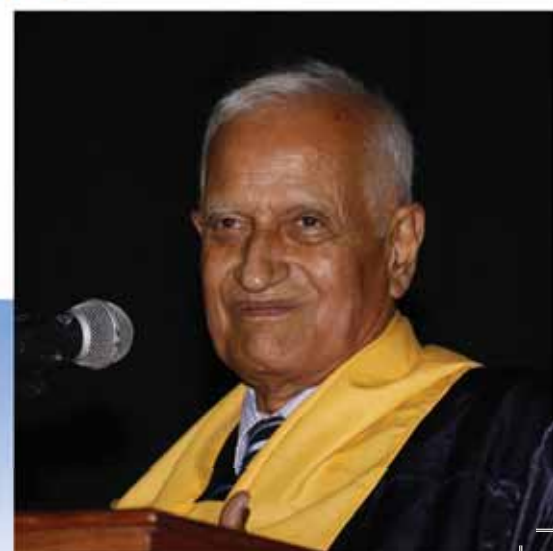
6039 ARJU



GRADUATION 2014



Graduates with Professor Suresh Raj Sharma, former VC (KU)





BNKS ACTIVITIES

RED CROSS Blood Donation Programme



SFON & AWARENESS CAMPAIGN VISIT TO PALPA





Teachers awarded for their excellence.



Junior
Nepal
at
Palpa





A-Level Convention 2014 Interact Club

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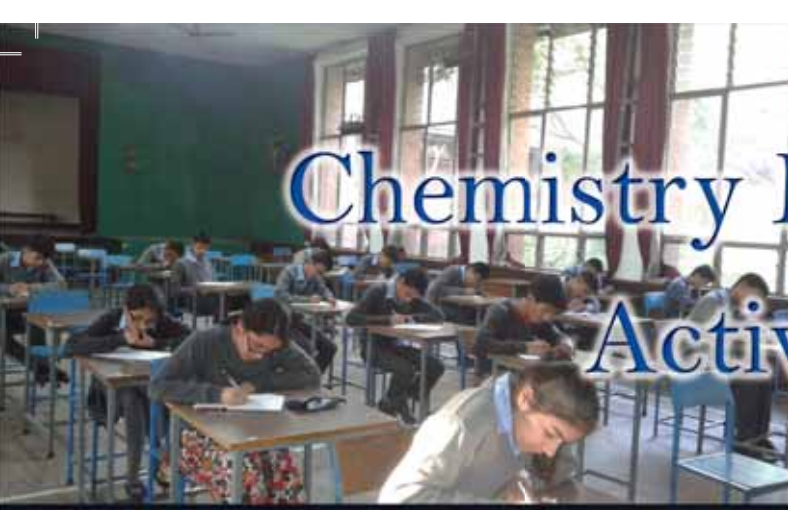


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SOCIAL SCIENCES DEPARTMENT ACTIVITIES





What is Love?

6150
Ishan
Class: A1



My teacher asked me "What is love?"
I was perplexed for it was not a question to ask,
Friends giggled at me and made me red,
But then I said, "Tomorrow I will tell".

I went to my mother and asked "What is love?"

She smiled and said, "Making you smile is love".
I couldn't understand and went to Dad,
He just said, "Bringing home food for the family is love".

Amazed at this reply, wanting to know more,
I asked my big bro, "What was love's intro?"
"Despite my work, I play with you,
That is called love my dear bro".
I asked my sister for her opinion
She started everything with ease
"Helping you with your stupid homework;
Is the simplest form of love".

I then asked my friend, "What is love?"

He simply laughed and said, "Letting others eat your tiffin is love".

The teacher asked me again the next day,
I stood proud and tall and said, "Ma'am!! Love is a colour that is different to everyone;
But it is also a colour that is different to none."



Adieu Note

We would like to wish you best of luck for your retired life. Budhanilkantha School would like to remember your long services.



**Mr. Maheshwor
Sharma**
(Mathematics Teacher)



**Mr. Mukunda Prasad
Sharma**
(Nepali Teacher)



**Mr. Toya Nath Lal
Karna**
(Mathematics Teacher)



मान्छे हुनुको अर्थ

८०११
आभाष
कक्षा : ९



रूप रडले मात्र चिनिने
बोलेपछि बल्ल छुट्टिने भई बाँचेर
मानव हुनुको अर्थ के नै रह्यो र ?

विज्ञान युगको साम्राज्यमा
सभ्यताको कुरुक्षेत्रमा
आफैलाई त्यो अन्धविश्वासको कालकोठरीमा धकेल्छ र
त्यो मानिस छुत र अछुत छुट्याउँदै बस्छ भने
भने, त्यो मानव हो र ?

शिक्षाको भोला बोकेर उद्देश्य प्राप्तिका लागि
हिँडेको जीवन, किशोर जीवन,
बिच बाटोमा हेरोइन र कोकेनको नास्तापछि
चरेस र ब्राउन सुगरमा मोजमज्जा देख्छ
र "ठूलो" उद्देश्य बोकेको जीवनलाई
बर्मुडाको यात्रामा धकेल्छ भने
हे युवा !

मान्छे हुनुको अर्थ के नै रह्यो र ?

मानव,
विवेकी मानव
मानिस बाँच्नुमा, मर्नुमा हरेक कुरामा
पैसाको भोगपछि
घुसमा भ्रष्टाचारमा सहज आय देख्छ
पैसाको आकर्षणमा, पैसाकै सुखमा, किनेको
मोजमस्तीमा
दुई दिनको मोजलाई जीवनभरको सुख देख्छ भने
हे मानव हो !
मान्छे हुनुको अर्थ के नै रह्यो र ?

संसारलाई स्वर्ग बनाउने
मान्छेमध्येका हे मान्छे हो !

ज्ञानको विस्फोट भइरहेको युगमा
युग-यात्रालाई छाड्न हुन्न,
आफ्नै अस्तित्वमा दाग लगाउन हुन्न
नत्र,
मान्छे हुनुको अर्थ के नै रह्यो र ?

मान्छे आफैँ,
आफ्नै सभ्यतामा, विकासमा
तगारो बनेर उठ्दै छ
यस्तो आफैँले आफैँलाई उँभो लाग्न नदिने भए
आफैँलाई सोधौँ मानव,
मान्छे हुनुको अर्थ के नै रह्यो र ?

मेरो संसार

११०६
निरन्जन
कक्षा : ७



उत्साह र उमङ्ग मनमा छैन किन आज
पहिला जस्तो रमाइलो संसार छैन किन आज ?

शिशिरले वसन्तमा पालुवा फेरे पनि
परिवर्तन र उज्यालो जीवनमा छैन किन आज ?

पतकर थियो सबै हुरिले बढारी लग्यो
तर पनि घामको प्रकाश मनमा छैन किन आज ?

कोसिस थियो मेरो सफलता चुम्ने
रहर र आकाङ्क्षा यो मनमा छैन किन आज ?

बिहानीको प्रभातलाई किरणले स्पर्श गरे पनि
गुलाफ फकिन्न रातो लाली छैन किन आज ?

सागरका ताराहरू अँध्यारोमा हाँसे पनि
खुसी हृदयभरि छैन किन आज ?



दयालु आमा

२११६
सूचना
कक्षा : ६



धेरै वर्ष अघिको कुरा हो । एउटी बुढी आमा थिइन् । उनको एउटा छोरा थियो । आमा साह्रै दयालु थिइन् । आमा र छोरा साह्रै मिल्थे । एकदिन छोराको विहे गर्ने कुरा भयो । उनीहरू केटी खोज्न हिँडे । उनीहरू एउटा घरमा गए । त्यस घरकी केटी विहे गर्ने निर्णय भयो । केही दिन पछि उनीहरूले धुमधामसँग विहे गरिदिए । त्यस दिन त केटी राम्रै जस्ती थिइन् तर आखिर केटी असाध्यै नराम्री रहिछिन् । तापनि त्यस केटालाई केटी मन पच्यो । त्यसदिनदेखि छोरोले आमालाई माया गर्न छोड्यो र आफ्नै बुढीतर्फ लाग्यो । उनीहरू कसैले आमालाई माया गरेनन् । विचरा ! ती बुढी कति रुन्थिन् । आफूले यति माया गरेर हुर्कायो आखिर अर्काकै छोरी तर्फ लाग्ने रहेछ, भन्थिन् । उनीहरूले आमालाई माया नगरे पनि आमाले

भने उनीहरूलाई खुशी पार्नका लागि धेरै कुरा गर्थिन् । उनीहरूले मिठो पकाएर खान्थे । तर विचरा ! ती आमालाई नमिठो दिन्थे । एकदिन आमा घरमा रुँदै बसिरहेकी थिइन् । गाउँको एउटा दयालु मानिस आयो र सोध्यो -“आमा के भयो ? किन यसरी रुनुभएको ?” आमाले भन्नु भयो -“हेर बाबु ! म मेरा छोरा र बुहारीलाई खुशी बनाउनलाई धेरै कुरा गर्छु तर उनीहरू मलाई हेला गर्छन् राम्रो खान दिँदैनन्” । त्यसपछि दयालु मानिसले भने, “आमा तपाईं रुनु पढैन, म तिनीहरूलाई सम्झाउँछु ।” अर्को दिन बिहानै त्यही मानिस आयो र भन्यो “तिमीहरूले आमालाई गाली गर्छौं रे, आमालाई राम्रो खान दिँदैनौं रे । तिमीहरू आमालाई माया गर नत्र समाज बोलाएर हामी तिमीहरूलाई गाउँबाट निकाल्छौं ।” उनीहरूले माया गरेनन् । उनीहरूलाई समाजका सबै मानिस मिलेर सजाय दिए । त्यसपछि मात्र उनीहरूले सोचे हामीले आमालाई माया गर्नुपर्दो रहेछ, हामीले माया गरेको भए यसरी सजाय पाउने थिएनौं । त्यसपछि आमालाई माया गरेर उनीहरू मिलेर बसे ।



मेरो अठोट

३००२
पल्लवी
कक्षा : ५



मेरो बाल मानसपटलमा थुप्रै प्रश्नहरू खेलिरहन्छन् किन दुर्गम बस्तीहरूमा मानिसले औषधी खान नपाएर अकालमै ज्यान गुमाएका होलान् ? अँ, म डाक्टर बन्छु ।

फेरि अर्को प्रश्न तेर्सिन्छ ! म जस्तै साना भाइबहिनीहरू घाँस दाउरा गर्न जङ्गल गएका होलान् ? नाइँ, म शिक्षक बन्छु ।

अनि महिला हिंसा अपराध अत्याचारका दृष्यहरू आँखा अगाडि देखिन्छन् लाग्छ, म वकिल बन्छु ।

भोकमरी र दरिद्रता अभाव र लोडसेडिङ तब मेरो मनले निर्णय गर्छ म नेता बन्छु ।

अहो ! मेरो मस्तिष्कमा कति प्रश्न तेर्सिएका होलान् ? डाक्टर, शिक्षक, वकिल नेता सबै बन्ने मेरो रहर मेरो अठोट मेरा सबै प्रश्नहरूको एउटै उत्तर अब सङ्कल्प गर्दछु म बन्नुपर्छ, निष्काम समाजसेवी ।



Thrice a Week and Math Olympiad

5077
Prasanna
Class:A2



'Oe, telle daant maajna thalechha, aaja chicken day vayera', Samriddha points a finger towards me.

'Tanta jhan exercise garna thalis re ta, bihana kudna ni gais re, belka badi vok lagchha vaner', I fire back. Thus begins another adventurous chicken day.

The miniature 'grandfather' clock in the dining hall strikes seven and the floodgates open. Torrents of hungry souls rush forward to have their share. Out of the first 10 people entering the hall- I assure you- 7 will be my table mates.

I eye a delicious-looking bowl from far off but to no one's surprise, Saket gets it first. A war cry escapes my throat and I close in on my next target. Puff!! That, too, slipped away. This time it was Saugat. I cannot give up now- not yet, third is still a good rank. Samriddha- the exerciser- was trailing right behind eyeing the same bowl. No, not this time. I lurch forward and grab my prize before anyone else does. Ah! Success at the last, or rather success at third trial. The swiftness of my act spills half of

the soup but it's a small price to pay for bigger rewards. The first round of the struggle is finally over.

Next, comes the rice battle. If you're not lined up second, don't ever make the mistake of being third; you'll have to raise the rice bowl for sure. After two fierce battles in a row, the show finally begins- and so do our performances. All seven of us bury ourselves under the pile stacked in our plates and start dumping- "gulping" is too mild a word- the contents in our mouths. Even gamma radiation would have been impressed by the frequency of our hands' motion.

Suddenly, Akash looks up. No! Not again- The bearer is doing the rounds- the final struggle has begun! Saugat- with remarkable agility for his size jumps forward with an empty chicken bowl in his hand and hope in his heart. Akash, on the other hand, forces the bearer to search for any stray piece of meat amidst the soup. Hoping against hope, 14 eyes look intently at the ocean of broth. Finally, a fragile piece is fished out of the tank of capsicum and tomatoes. Without a moment's hesitation, I whisk my bowl forward before Pawan does and the piece safely lands in my bowl. Yes!! A celebration is in order. It doesn't matter if I lost a battle or two, for I have won the war. Samriddha pushes me as if he is outraged and throws an insult or two in my direction. I return the favour.

Amidst all this laughter and gaiety, I find myself at peace with the world. My problems fade into the back of my mind. It feels refreshing, in a foolish way, when you act as if your very existence dependent upon that chicken piece. Whenever life pitches a ball of troubles in my direction, I am ready to swing the rice ladle and send it into the stands- until the next inning.



Joy of a Nature

1122
Sushma
Class:7



*In vacant or pensive mood
The bliss of solitude
Makes me feel sprightly
Tossing my life brightly*

*I wandered up lonely
But I am not alone
I see the glee
Made by the colors*

*A host of golden colors
Represents the daffodils
A shade of blue
Reflecting peace*

*Continuous as the stars
That shine and twinkle
They filled my heart with pleasure
I wanna mingle among them*

*Where clouds float through
Sailing happily in the night
Growing happily and beautifully
What else it could be !*





35 & 29

**5183
Nischal
Class: A2**



I have seen walls float across the room, mammothian-cakes cut themselves to unfair pieces, elephants fly and grow and shrink, basketballs to wrecking balls astray all over the floor, trucks collide and bounce away without single injury, large non-existent pendulums swing against ducked heads, lions jump through fiery loops, spiders web their way in the space, planes take-off and javelins land, and edifices build themselves up. I have witnessed castles built in the air and learned why they still float. I have seen numbers come alive and dance a merry miraculous dance. I have been an audience of a magnificent play of numbers. I have feasted on infallible testimony of numbers.

I have locked up these fond memories in arbitrary rooms 35 and 29. I have been a PCF.

And again, for the sake of late-comers, I have been a PCF!



Not Every Story Ends Well...

Once upon a time there lived two friends. They both were girls. Their names were Rani and Sita. They were very good friends. They helped each other through problems. They shared their joys and their sorrows.

They studied in the same school and were both very successful students so that they always stood first in their respective classes. When they grew up they were admitted to the same college.

**2020
Jishan
Class: 6**



They continued getting good grades. After some years one boy, whose name was Raja, got admitted to that college. He was very handsome, helpful and also very good in his studies. Both girls fell in love with him.

One day when Sita was coming from college, she saw Raja and Rani sitting together and talking. Sita was shocked and jealous. In the evening she called Rani and asked her, "Do you love Raja?" Rani said, "Yes, I love him, why do you ask? Do you love him as well?" Sita said, "Yes, of course." Rani said, "Ok. I will ask him tomorrow." Rani agreed.

The next day Sita asked Raja, "Who do you love, me or Rani?" Raja said, "I am so sorry Sita, I love Rani." From that day on they became enemies. They started hating each other. Love had made them blind. All those childhood memories they used to share turned into ashes in the fire of their rage.

After some years, Raja and Rani finished their studies and got married. Sita also got married but couldn't forget Raja. Rani and Sita both gave birth to one child each. The Raja-Rani family was living happily and comfortably. Who would have guessed that life would bring a cruel twist in their story?

One day the whole family went shopping. The child was sleeping quietly in the car. They left him in the car, with the driver. As they got out of the car to go for shopping, their car exploded. Their child and the driver were both dead on the spot. They cried a lot for their beloved child. Later, it was discovered that the bomb blast was Sita's misdeed, that same old friend of Rani.



Innocent

6075
Oscar
Class: A1



The evening had got me into power; every minute seemed like an hour. The insect noise of the ticking of a wall clock dully resonated inside the room, the wind howled outside, a mouse scratched the floor at the corner. The room smelt of boiled cabbage mingled up with the putrid stench of dead mice. The only source of light that erased the intermediate darkness that reigned in the room was a lonely candle that could go out any minute, standing alone on a dilapidated table weakened due to 20 years of termite biting and its uselessness. The fragile piece of furniture on which I was sitting against my own creaked sharply as it rocked gently. I could feel the blood in me throb inside the veins that irrigated the flesh in my hands; being tied to an armchair for hours had made my hand feel strangely uncomfortable. The world outside was rejoicing, and there I was, like a snug bug on a rug, pitying my own helplessness. Actually, it made me laugh.

The door creaked, and a chill ran down my spine because of that

godforsaken noise. A man in his late sixties strutted inside the room, and dropped a heavy briefcase on the wooden floor, making it shudder.

“The police people are comin’,” the man quacked taking his dirty looking overcoat off.

“Do I get somethin’ like a bonus minute to live if I tend to care?” I replied abruptly, as the sides of my mouth quirked to form a strange smile.

“Yes I thought you might,” he said in an uncanny tone, as he pulled a sidearm from the holster that was crazily hanging on his belt.

“Talking about killing the only man who can pull you out of the doldrums tormenting you... that makes no sense at all,” I said in a surprisingly serene tone.

He looked like an actor of an Western movie preparing himself for a voyage to save his damsel in distress. He had a moustache like that of Theodore Roosevelt, and wore spectacles like that of John Lennon, which portrayed two candles each in its circular frame at the present. He had deliberately pulled his pants up to his belly, and his shirt looked like a canvas ready to get painted. Overall, he looked ridiculous.

“There is a million dollars...” the man started nervously.

“Shut up!” I interrupted in a rude tone.

The man hurriedly raised the pistol, trying his best to make himself look as if he were going to shoot.

“In that briefcase,” he continued.

“Cool,” I said, “but that doesn’t change the situation, right?”

“The police will be here in a minute, aren’t you concerned about that?” he hollered, his gesticulations extraordinarily incongruous with the words he spoke.

“The briefcase is by your side, and you’re the one who’s panicking unnecessarily. Sherlock Holmes and the police would conclude that straightaway ...”

“Shut up!” it was him who said it now, “You’re an idiot,” he faintly added.

I burst into laughter. Literally, I couldn’t help it. That made the face of the fellow standing in front of me go expressionless like that of a goat.

“Let’s say I am vain, envious, malicious, base, vindictive, stupid, idiotic... and all those



other synonyms... and well, perhaps even peppered with a hint of insanity. But does that change the situation?" I said, as the times of laughter that tailed my voice ended.

The man retook his aim at my forehead.

"All right, calm down..." I breathed, "Let's talk of something else. Where did you get that huge amount of money from? And yes... you haven't even told me why you're keeping me here like a..."

"SHUT UP!"

"Why should I!" I remonstrated.

"Look, if the police come here we'll both be in trouble. My boys had stolen this briefcase from the mansion of Dr. Friedrich Wohler, and now the police have found about it. What I want you to do is take this bunch of crap, go to the north far end of this city where you'll find a street named St Oliver's street. Go to house no 21, and hand this briefcase to the owner, savvy?"

For a second, I was speechless.

"Then why did you tie me up here for an entire hour?", I asked

"To stop you from running away like a crybaby!" he shouted. His voice seemed to stick into my brain like jagged splinters of glass.

"Why did you choose me to do this?"

"Because ... I had no choice! I needed a guinea pig to complete this task! My choice was purely arbitrary. I chose you because I found you..."

"Why did you have to steal the money... in this age of yours?"

"Listen boy... now you'll have to answer my question first," he said as he grabbed his pistol harder, "do you fear death?"

"Prior to the present and looking at things from a pragmatic point of view... no, I don't. Cause you ain't gonna shoot me here."

The door banged open a myriad of policemen flooded inside. Within a few moments, the room was no different than my pocket; stuffed with nonsense.

The next thing I saw was a world class drama which even Shakespeare wouldn't have imagined of. The senile donkey standing in front of me collapsed on the wooden floor, crying. In a few seconds he was pointing at me stubbornly and complaining, "This man blackmailed me! He's the one who told me to do this! I'm innocent! May the merciful lord forgive my misdeeds! Oh God..."

Without uttering a single word, two of the policemen marched towards me, dashed their hands into my pockets and started taking things out; a stuffed tie, a pocketknife, a

cigar lighter, a pen, a confetti of theatre tickets...

"Would you mind untying me first?" I interrupted politely.

They did, and grasped my shoulders as they continued fishing into my pockets.

"You're arrested for breaking the laws of the society, and harming and torturing the innocent!" one of them announced in a formal, dignified tone.

I kept quiet. The last thing they pulled out of my pocket was my ID card. The police looked at it as if it was a crafted piece of gold. And that was it. They humbly apologized to me, rushed towards the mustached man and handcuffed him immediately.

"What... what have I done? I'm innocent!" he cried like a lunatic. For that, it was a blow on the back for him.

Finally, my turn to speak had come.

"My dear... whoever you are... before you forced me to do hideous things that I didn't expect from an old man like you, you forgot a very important thing, buddy."

Silence.

"I'm Dr. Friedrich Wohler."





The Bus Ride

5167
Binay
Class:A2



A bus ride has always been massive curiosity in me. People who have travelled with me know that I prefer to sit on the back seat from where I can watch different people getting on and off the bus. Their expressions sometimes amaze me. It feels as though there is a secret message encrypted on the expressions inviting me to decrypt them. I also prefer to sit at the back because I can look at all the people seated and standing in the gap between the columns of seats without being noticed.

Bus rides were a regular chore for me when I was in grade 10; I had to board a bus to reach school every morning. It was one of those mornings when I had a peculiar encounter with someone.

It was already 5:30 AM. Usually by this time I would have already been seated on my cozy seat comfortably but today my routine was disrupted. It was mainly because it was pouring and I could find neither my umbrella nor my rain coat. So, I hurried towards the bus stop at twenty past five. Already half drenched in cold water I tried my best to keep my nerve. I stood in front of a closed coffee shop shutter at dawn looking through the rain for the headlights of the bus which would take me to Baneshwor. That waiting was

getting tedious and tiresome. I only wished the downpour would stop by the time I reached Baneshwor.

After another 5 minutes of desperation, which felt like an eternity to my cold body, I climbed into the bus. I had been taking the same bus at the same time regularly for nearly six months then and I was always amazed to realize that I could not recognize even a single passenger. They, too, didn't seem to recognize me or may be they just preferred denying recognition. After all, I was just a student rushing to school.

Usually the passengers in the bus would be men with occasional woman. Today was different—there was a girl, a student like me. I had never seen her before and when I saw her for the first time, she was sitting on my seat the one that I loved to sit on. I hid my frustration of losing my seat and started to ignore everyone in the bus, but the same cannot be said of the other passengers. After all, being the only person half drenched in rain and the only person standing, I was easily noticeable. Everyone looking at me made everything exceptionally awkward. But I didn't pay much attention to it much because sooner or later someone would give me company standing, or I would get a seat. So, I just kept by looking out of the window. The rain was still pouring down and some droplets entered the bus through the broken window. It was really cold outside.

At the next stop an old woman climbed onto the bus. I was happy that I was not a lone sufferer anymore but it angered me to see that none of the

people sitting offered her a seat. When I turned back thinking I would have sacrificed my treasured seat for her, I noticed that the girl had left her seat and was coming up to me. The old woman took the seat happily without a word. Maybe she was overwhelmed by the generosity. Initially I thought she wanted to get off, so I gave way to her but she just stood beside me holding on to the ceiling bar for support.. I think I would never have talked to her or known her had she not said those words. I was never talkative and never someone to start a conversation. Smiling she said to me—"It seems your seat is serving a good purpose."

I was taken aback at such an approach. Still trying to process what she had said, I felt that my face was growing redder. Adrenaline rushed through my veins. I looked at her, then towards my seat, then again towards her. I was still speechless.

After a few seconds I realized that I was staring at her. So, I turned away regaining control of myself. I still didn't speak. I was still wondering how she had known that it was my seat. When I turned towards her she was looking at me. I felt like she could sense what was going on in my head. I tried to smile and she smiled back at me. The bus came suddenly to a halt and I found that the old woman got off. Two of the back seats were empty. Actually half the bus was empty but I did not care about other seats. I just wanted one seat, my best one. I was considering where I should sit when I was again interrupted. "Let's sit there, I don't mind if you sit on your seat, which originally belonged to me," she mocked.



She was practically mocking me. However, that didn't make me furious. I was simply amazed how she could be so frank with a stranger.

Once seated, I felt it my duty to start a conversation. I thought that if I didn't talk about something, she was probably going to make jokes about me and my seat again. I asked where she was headed. She said that she studied at grade eleven at some college (I don't exactly remember the name of the college). She was studying science, she informed me. I was really amazed. I had thought that she must have been studying in grade 8 or 9 because of her childish look. That was one of the reasons I was trying to act mature but now I realize she was well my senior. Today, indeed, was full of surprises, I thought to myself. She told me that she was from outside the valley and was staying with her brother who was currently doing his Master's degree. She revealed that her brother's bike was not in good condition, so she had taken the bus. However, she never told how she had known which my seat was.

She had so many questions and I patiently answered them all one by one. She also managed to ask me what I wanted to do in life. I answered with full confidence that I wanted to study science after SLC and then study on to become a doctor. She didn't speak for a while just looked at me as if thinking what to say. A few moments later, she revealed that her plans matched with mine but mocked at me again stating that I would be her junior. The very feelings being with her again someday made me smile. She smiled, too, but I don't think she saw the deep affection in my smile.

Time was my greatest enemy that day. My watch indicated that I had only five minutes before I had to get off. She told me that she would be getting off at the same stop where her friends were waiting. Looking at her, I realized how young she looked. She resembled my mother when she was in school herself. At that moment, I could not distinguish between her and my mother because both were similar in almost every aspect.

Hoping that she will not take it inappropriately, I asked her, her age. She took an expression that in beyond words to describe and said she was born in the year 1997. She didn't state the exact day and I didn't ask her either. We didn't talk further, just sat silently. We got off at our stop. I paid the

bus fare. I had thought she would insist on paying or try to pay her own fare but she just smiled at me and said, "Thank you. Have a great day."

I have never seen her again. We don't know each other's name. We didn't share each other's number. We had no way to keep in touch. However, a feeling persisted that some day our paths would cross once again, and I certainly hope it will.


The last thing I remember about her is watching her hug her friends under their umbrellas. Her auburn, long, black hair danced in the gentle breeze. Her simplicity and clarity of thought really inspired me.

That day after I reached home I went through my mother's photo album once again and looked at it for a while. My heart was light as if something heavy had been lifted from it.

We never know what lies ahead on our path but still we choose to walk on it. Sometimes, we spend years and have nothing to remember it for and sometimes a few moments are worth a lifetime. Truly Magical Moments.

**WITH BEST
COMPLIMENTS
FROM**

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वेदनाको सागर

८०३३
रौनक
कक्षा : ९



“खुशी धेरै दिन टिक्दैन रहेछ। मैले यो कुराको अनुभव गरें। खुशी त केवल एकैछिनको लागि मात्र रहेछ। दुःखले त्यसलाई भ्रमिहाल्दो रहेछ। बल्ल मेरा दुःखका दिन सकिए र खुशी मेरो जीवनमा अब चिरस्थायी भयो भनेको त होइन रहेछ! दुई चार पैसा जम्मा गरेर आए आँप गए भटारो भन्दै जग्गा किनेको थिएँ। अस्ति भर्खरै गएको पहिरोले सबै बगाएर लग्यो। मेरो वर्षौंको मिहेनत बालुवामा पानी खन्याएभैं भयो। यो दुःख त मैले सहें तर त्यहीँ काम गरिरहेको मेरो छोरो, एकमात्र सन्तानको वियोग.....।

एक हप्ता भइसक्यो अझै पनि मेरा आँसुका धारा रोकिने प्रयास गर्दैनन्। आँखा सुन्निसके, ओठ सुके तर पनि त्यो वियोगको व्यथा मबाट भाग्न

चाहँदैन। डेढ वर्ष जति मात्रै भयो मेरी श्रीमतीले मलाई छोडेको, सायद छोराको राम्रो स्याहार गर्न नसकेर हो कि भगवान्ले छोरोलाई पनि लगेको। कस्तो कठोर हृदय त्यो ईश्वरको? ईश्वरप्रतिको निकटता पनि मबाट भाग्न खोजिरहेको छ। पहिलेको जति बल अब ममा रहेन आलस्यताले खाइसक्यो, जीवनको सुवास र आलोक हराइसक्यो, शिखर प्रतिभा खिइसक्यो, वेदनाले मनलाई खाइसक्यो। यस्तो जीवन म चाहन्नँ। व्यथा विसाऊँ भने न त छोरो छ, श्रीमती नै छ। भगवान्लाई म प्रश्न गर्छु “अब म के गरूँ?” वर्तमानको परिस्थिति देखेर खिन्न छु म, संसारलाई धिक्काछु म, यो नियतिमाथि थुक्छु र ईश्वरलाई घृणा गर्छु। अब म कालदेखि डराउन्नँ किनभने म आफैँ काललाई पुकाछु। आफ्नो वियोगको गाथा भन्दै भगवान् समक्ष उपस्थित हुन चाहन्छु।”

लासको नजिकैको टेबलमा रहेको यो चिठी प्रहरीले पढेर सुनाए। विचरा! त्यो डम्बर बहादुरको जीवन देखेर मलाई डर लाग्न थाल्यो। हुन त हो अचानाको पीर खुकुरीले जान्दैन। हामी त बटुवा थियौँ हल्ला मच्चिएको हुनाले के भएछ भनेर हेर्न आएका!



गुटमुटु

५१४४
सुरज
कक्षा : ए २



वसुन्धरा घुमिरहेछ। समय चलिरहेछ। अनि त्यो समयको भुमरीमा म पनि। जब त्यसको सुरुवात हुन्छ अनि त्यसको तीररूपी किरणले मेरो देहमा स्पर्श गर्दा म आत्तिन्छु - टन्टलापुर घाम पो हो त। खुला आकाशमा रमाई म स्वयम्लाई पोख्न खोज्छु अनि म अड्किन्छु। मेरा पाइला रोकिन्छन्। केही कुरा बाधक बन्छ र मेरा प्रयास व्यर्थ ठहरिन्छन्। लाग्छ, मेरा गालामा क्रूर थपुड परेको छ। लाग्छ, मेरा पाउमा ठेस लागेको छ। मेरो बोली फुट्न पाइरहेको छैन। लाग्छ, म म नै होइन।

त्यस पश्चात्...

त्यो आउँछ। मेरो हृदयमा खुसी छाउँछ। म रमाइलोपनको सागरमा डुबुल्की मार्न पुग्छु। मेरा कन्दन सबै हराउँछन्। हण्डर र ठक्कर मबाट टाढा भइसके। मेरो बाँच्ने आकाङ्क्षाले अझै चुली चढ्छ। विचारको क्षितिज भनै फराकिलो बन्न पुग्छ। चौतर्फी हिसाबले म लाभान्वित हुन्छु। म स्वयम्लाई प्रस्तुत गर्न लायक पाउँछु। म स्वतन्त्र हुन्छु। आखिर योसँग गहिरो लगाव पो छ त।

ए! म त यसैमा पो छु त। न्यानो स्वप्न बुन्दै गुटमुटु परी विस्तारामा।



Adieu Note

On behalf of

Budhanilkantha School

family, we would like to bid farewell to

Mr. Shiva Sharan KC (Gardener) and

Mr. Buddhi Poda (Sweeper).





हाम्रो कर्तव्य

५२०४
सञ्जीव
कक्षा : १२



रामायणमा एउटा श्लोक छ, “जननी जन्म भूमिश्च स्वर्गादपि गरीयसी”, अर्थात् जन्म दिने आमा तथा जन्मभूमि स्वर्गभन्दा पनि प्यारा हुन्छन्। यस संसारकी सृष्टिकर्ता, आमाको गुणगान गर्न त सायद असम्भव नै छ। एउटा व्यक्तिका लागि आफूलाई जन्म दिने बाबुआमाजस्ता महान् सायद कोही पनि हुन सक्दैनन्। आमा एउटी मात्रै त्यस्ती जीवन्त पात्र हुन्, जसले अरू सबैको अभाव पूरा गर्न सकिन्छन् तर यस धर्तीमा अर्को त्यस्तो कुनै चिज छैन, जसले आमाको अभाव पूरा गर्न सकोस्। एउटा रोटीको चार टुक्रा होस्, खाने व्यक्ति पाँचजना, त्यतिबेला पनि (मलाई भोक लागेको छैन, तिमीहरू खाओ) भनेर आफ्ना छोराछोरीको पेट भर्न सक्ने व्यक्ति केवल आमा हुन्।

अथाह सम्पत्तिको मालिक हुँदा कसैलाई धनवान् भनिँदैन। वास्तविक धनवान् त्यो हो जोसँग आफ्ना आमाबाबुको सेवा गर्ने समय छ। सानो हुँदा आमाबुवाले आफ्नो सन्तानलाई खाना खुवाउन कति करगर्नुहुन्छ। धेरै पढेन ठूलो भएपछि त्यसको एक प्रतिशत मात्र उहाँहरूलाई खुवाउन कोसिस जसले गर्छ उसको जीवन अवश्य धन्य

हुन्छ। यदि जन्म दिने आमाबुवालाई कसैले कुनै सर्वश्रेष्ठ उपहार दिन चाहन्छ भने धनसम्पत्ति र हिरामोती हैन, सत्चरित्र र सत्कर्मरूपी महान्तम उपहार दिने प्रयत्न गर्नुपर्छ। जीवनमा एउटा व्यक्तिले जे जति हासिल गर्छ, त्यो सब आमाको ममता र बुबाको शुभाशीषको प्रतिफल हो। तसर्थ आमाबाबुप्रति सदैव कृतज्ञ बन्नु सबैको कर्तव्य हो।

हाम्रो समाजमा यस्ता धेरै मानिसहरू भेटिन्छन्, जो सानो छँदा चाहिँ आमाबुवाबाट एक पल पनि टाढा बस्न सक्दैनन् तर जब आमाबुवाको देनले उनीहरू आफ्नो खुट्टामा उभिन सकिन्छन् तब उनीहरूलाई बाबुआमा कोही चाहिँदैन। सानो हुन्जेल जुन बाबुआमाले बोल्न र शब्द उच्चारण गर्न सिकाए, ठूलो भएपछि तिनै आमाबुवालाई चुप लाग्न बाध्य बनाउने छोराछोरी यो धर्तीका कलङ्कित सन्तान हुन्। एउटी आमा अर्काको भाँडा माफेर पनि तीन चार छोराछोरी पाल्न सकिन्छन् तर कस्तो बिडम्बना! तीन चार छोराछोरीकी एकली आमाको बुढेसकालमा पालिने ठाउँ हुँदैन। सानो छँदा छोराछोरीबीच भगडा हुने गर्दछ, “आमा मेरी हुनुहुन्छ। होइन मेरी हुनुहुन्छ,” भन्दै, तर ठूलो भएपछि भगडा सुरु हुन्छ, “आमा तेरी हुन्, आमा मेरी मात्रै हुन् र ?” यसरी आफ्नी आमालाई भार सम्भन्ने मूर्खता विसेर पनि कहिल्यै गर्नुहुँदैन। अनि अर्को कुरा, आमाबुवालाई आदर नगर्ने व्यक्तिलाई भुलेर पनि साथी बनाउनु हुँदैन। जो व्यक्ति जन्म दिने मातापिताको हुन सकेन, ऊ कसरी तिम्रो हुन सक्ला र ?

मन परेपछि मात्र कसैलाई जीवनसाथी (पति-पत्नी) बनाइन्छ जब कि आमाबुवा जन्मसिद्ध उपहार हुन्। पछि गएर जोडिने नाताका कारण आमाबुवासँगको जन्मजात पवित्र नातालाई अपमानित र तिरष्कृत गर्ने दुष्प्रयास कहिल्यै गर्नुहुँदैन। यो संसारमा आमाले आफ्ना सन्ततिलाई गर्ने माया मात्रै साच्चै निःस्वार्थ र निष्कपट हुन्छ। बाँकी अरूको मायामा त कतै न कतै स्वार्थ र खोट जोडिएकै हुन्छ। थाहा छ, प्रेम किन अन्धो हुन्छ ? किनकि आफ्ना बच्चाको अनुहार देख्नु भन्दा अगाडिदेखि नै आमाले आफ्नो बच्चासँग प्रेम गर्न थालिसक्नुभएको हुन्छ।

अरूले जस्तै हामी पनि धनसम्पत्ति कमाउने, सफलता प्राप्त गर्ने र मानप्रतिष्ठा आर्जित गर्ने इच्छा राख्ने गर्दछौं, तर याद गर्नुपर्ने कुरो, यो अन्तहीन भूलभुलैयामा आफूलाई जन्म दिने आमाबुवाको प्रेम र त्यागलाई विसर्ने गल्ती कदापि गर्नुहुँदैन। सदासर्वदा आमाबुवाको हृदय जित्ने प्रयास गर्नुपर्छ अन्यथा संसार जिते पनि हामी विजेता होइन, पराजित व्यक्तिमा गनिने छौं। वृद्ध हुन् वा कमजोर मातापितालाई कहिल्यै पनि भार सम्भन्नु हुँदैन, ती भार होइनन्, भाग्य हुन् एउटा बुढो रूखले फल नदेला, तर शीतल छाया अवश्य दिन्छ।

“मातृदेवो भव, पितृदेवो भव, आचार्यदेवो भव !”





Who Am I?

6065
Binam
Class: A1



Who Am I?

For some of us this question might sound like a silly one. Who am I? I'm Binam, 6065. Well not really. Binam is my name and 6065 is my roll number. Yes, of course, it's my identity-since it differentiates me from other people. However, it is not who I am. So, who am I? A better answer would be: I am a human being. Well, that's only one of the possible answers. What that means is that we are essentially what our body is; a biological system. It means that we are the product of trillions of cells that work inside us to make us who we are and to keep us alive. We are not individual beings, but rather an integrated system.

Yet, the boy could just be a system that keeps us alive-but not necessarily who we are. What I mean from that is that I could replace my legs with bionic limbs. I could remove my heart and replace it with a mechanical one. Even if I do those things, neither would I change my perception of who I am. I would essentially be the same person.

So what could be the thing that uniquely identifies me, and

defines who I really am? My genes, of course! My genes uniquely define. This contains nearly all information, about the functioning of my body from my height to the color of my hair to the hormones that generate emotions in me. Moreover, my genes are spread through my body, contained in every cell of mine. However, it would be foolish to say that I am my genes. Although my genes contain information about my physiological functioning and structure, it's not my genes that give the perception of consciousness in me. Moreover, my genes do not contain all the information about my behavioral characteristics and my psychological being.

Its all in the brain; that's what modern day scientists believe. Indeed, it's our brain that creates the perception of things which surround us. It's our brain that stores memories-events that so deeply transpire feelings in us and create unique responses in individuals when faced with a similar situation in the future. Our brains are the center for our movement control, logical thinking and analysis and also for the acts we do unconsciously. In essence, our brain is the center of our reality and the way we react to this reality as modeled by our brain.

So indeed, my brain must be the thing that gives the feeling of "I" in me. It must be the root of my consciousness. In fact, most neuroscientists now

believe that this feeling of consciousness stems from a particular region of the brain called the thalamus. However, many still believe that generating consciousness is not limited to a particular part of the brain but is spread throughout- just like memories.

So are we just the mere feelings generated by billions of neurons working together in a complex mechanism and, our existence a mere illusion? It is hard to agree, especially

" My genes are spread through my body, contained in every cell of mine. However, it would be foolish to say that I am my genes. "

looking at the haunting implications it has on the other issues related to life. It would mean that we have no free will. It would also mean that we cease to exist once our brain ceases to function. But it does have positive implications as well. For instance, this would mean that with a highly skilled level of programming, we can induce this feeling of "me" even in the robots. Moreover, it would also mean that our consciousness can be altered and even possibly, in the distant future- transplanted from one body to another. It's hard to imagine what its implications would be or if it's even possible



or not. After all, nothing that we have known so far is conclusive. In fact, many people believe that we will never really know who we are.

It's not a new question, after all. The question of "who am I?" has been one of the major issues of discussion in almost every religion. We need not look further than the Bhagvad Gita, in which the self has been described as a part of the

supreme spirit or the God. The Gita describes the self as a form of energy, soul or something which is immortal and whose existence is independent of the very body in which it resides.

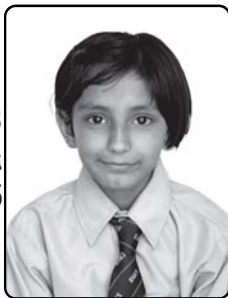
Isn't it ironic that we know so much about the world around us and yet so little about who we are? To me, it sounds funny. But that's the harsh reality-its so easy to study something that's out there and so utterly

difficult to comprehend what's inside of us. Still, what I believe is that we must not give up and sooner rather than later be able to discover who we are. We must continually search for the answers, because it matters to us. We might well be on our way towards opening a new chapter in human history, who knows?

So Who am I? As for now, I really don't KNOW!

A True Friend

3013
Ashma
Class:5



Oh my sweet friend, where
are you?

When I find you, what will
you do?

Oh my sweet friend, you are
the best.

When you are tired, I'll let
you rest.

Oh my sweet friend, you are
a kind mate.

Your value in my life is
great.

To have you as my friend is
my luck,

Because together, we rock!

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“मृत्यु: एक प्रश्न ?” पर्दा अगाडि र पछाडि

५२११
सुरेन्द्र
कक्षा : १२



भनिन्छ, अभिनय अन्तर आत्माको दर्पण हो । भित्री सतहको एउटै बिन्दुमा साँघुरिएर बसेको यथार्थपरक र कल्पनातीत अनुभूतिलाई प्रस्फुटन् गराउने ज्वालामुखी हो रे । जहाँसम्म मलाई लाग्छ, अभिनय कल्पनाको सागरमा डुबुल्की मारेर मोतीरूपी हाउभाउलाई मूर्त रूप दिने कला हो । उक्त मोतीलाई बजारै सुनचाँदीभै नापतौल गरेर उचित मूल्य दिने काम दर्शकको भएकाले अभिनय अवश्य नै एउटा चुनौती पनि हो ।

यो चुनौती हाम्रो अगाडि पहाड भएर खडा भयो जब नेपाली विभागले वार्षिक स्कुल नाटक स्वरूप “मृत्यु एक प्रश्न ?” शीर्षकको नाटक मञ्चन गर्ने जिम्मेवारी हाम्रो काँधमाथि थमाइदियो । त्यो हाम्रो सौभाग्य पनि थियो । व्यक्तिगत जीवनमा सायदै मृत्युको आभास नगरेका अस्मित भाइले मृत्युञ्जय बनेर यसको रहस्यलाई प्रकाश गर्दै मृत्युमाथि विजय गर्ने जमर्को गरेको हिजै जस्तो मात्र लाग्छ । कुशल, महिमा र सुजन भाइको यमराजरूपी परिवारले यमलोकमा जमाएको प्रभुत्वको स्मरण अझै पनि यो मन-मस्तिष्कमा ताजै छ । अझ दिप्रेक्षा, रेनी, लुना, आकृति र अक्षता बहिनीहरूले यमलोकमा गरेको नृत्यमा आल्हादित नहुने कोही थिएनन् । सभासदको भूमिका निर्वाह गरेका सृजन र लोकेन्द्रसमेत नृत्यको तालमा मन्त्रमुग्ध भएको अनुभूति हुन्थ्यो । चुनौती, हाँसो, रोदन र अन्योलको कुशल सम्मिश्रण भएको त्यो नाटक स्मरणीय छ । पालेको भूमिका गरेका योविन र प्रबिनले भुइँमा बजार्ने लठ्ठीको तालमा भय र मनोरञ्जनको मिश्रित अनुहार लिएर विवेक भाइले सबैलाई हँसाएको कुरा कसरी भुल्न सकिन्छ ? दर्शकको मन-मन्दिरमा प्रवेश गर्ने साझा लक्ष्य बोकेका हामी चारित्रिक संसारमा रुभेका थियौं । लाग्थ्यो, चरित्रको तरङ्ग चौतर्फी प्रवाहित भइरहेको छ ।

अहिले सम्भन्धु, त्यो यात्रा त्यत्ति सजिलो थिएन । दर्शकलाई मर्त्यलोकदेखि यमलोकसम्म डोच्याउनु निश्चय नै ठूलो चुनौती थियो । हामी त रङ्गमञ्चका पात्र न थियौं, त्यस यात्रालाई सही

गन्तव्यसम्म पुऱ्याउने कारक त नेपाली विभाग थियो, हाम्रा आदरणीय गुरु-गुरुआमा हुनुहुन्थ्यो । हाम्रो अभिनयलाई मूर्त रूप दिलाउन भुक्ते कर्दलाई रेती लगाउनजस्तो सजिलो मात्र पनि कहाँ थियो र ? हामी त कुनै ठोस आकार नभएका तरल वस्तु जस्तो न थियौं । त्यस तरलपनालाई ठोस रूप दिन गुरु-गुरुआमाहरूले कम सङ्घर्ष गर्नु परेको थिएन । उहाँहरूको वाणी अझै पनि मन मस्तिष्कमा गुन्जिरहन्छ, “आफूलाई बिर्सेर चरित्रमा प्रवेश गर्न सक्नुपर्छ, अनि मात्र तिम्रो अभिनयले सार्थकता पाउने छ ।” पहिले त लाग्थ्यो, आफ्नो अस्तित्व नै मेटाएर अर्काको अनुकरण गर्न पनि सम्भव छ र ? केही अप्ठ्यारो महसुस हुन थालेको थियो । आखिरमा त्यही मूल-मन्त्रलाई शिरोपर गर्नाले नै नाटकले सबैको मन जित्न सफल भएको थियो ।

पूर्वतयारीका दिनहरू सम्भन्धु, शरीरको हाउभाउ एउटा हुन्थ्यो अनि बोलीको लवज अर्कै । हामी आजित हुन्थ्यौं, आत्मविश्वासको स्तम्भ कमजोर हुन थाल्थ्यो । धन्य हाम्रा गुरु-गुरुआमा, त्यो स्तम्भलाई ढलिहाल्न दिनुहुँदैन थियो । उहाँहरूको प्रेरणाले त ओइलाएको पात पनि हरियो हुन्छ जस्तै लाग्थ्यो । समय यसरी नै बित्दै जाँदै थियो । शिशिरको तलतलीलाई मेटाएर वसन्तको आगमन भएको पनि पत्तै भएन । त्यो वातावरणमा भिज्दै गर्दा एउटा उद्देश्यमूलक परिवारले पनि जन्म लिन पुगेको रहेछ । सायद दुनियाँको नजरमा त्यो केवल नाटक परिवार मात्र थियो, तर यथार्थमा त्यो सामिप्यता र एकताको संसार पनि थियो । अनि बल्ल महसुस हुन थाल्यो, त्यो उद्देश्य सँगसँगै अर्को एउटा चुनौती पनि थपिन पुगेको रहेछ, गुरु-गुरुआमाहरूले अहोरात्र मिहिनेत गरेर हामी मार्फत् देख्नुभएको सपनालाई साकार पार्नुपर्ने चुनौती । हामीप्रतिको विश्वास देख्दा



आत्मविश्वास बढेर आयो, अब त म आफू होइन, हँसाउने चातुर्य हाउभाउ र अन्य सबैको फरक-फरक चित्रगुप्त नै पो हुँ कि जस्तो लाग्न थाल्यो । यो मेरो मात्र रहनसहन देख्दा लाग्थ्यो, कतै म साँच्चै आफ्नो संसारबाट नभई सबैको अनुभूति थियो । चञ्चले लिरोनाको मातृत्व, हराएर अर्कै संसारमा त आइने ? सायद नाटकलाई मिजासिलो प्रविनको कठोरता, कलिली प्रतीक्षा बहिनीको समृद्ध बनाउन यो भावनाले पनि पक्कै ठूलो भूमिका बुद्ध्यौलीपना, सज्जन सञ्जवको पेट मिचाई-मिचाई खेलेको हुनुपर्छ ।

जीवन के हो ?

७०३१
प्रशंसा
कक्षा : १०



जीवन आखिर मृत्युतर्फको निरन्तर यात्रा हो । जीवनमा आफूले चाहेको, आफ्नो मनले चिताएको हुने भए सायद जीवनको सार्थकता नहुने थियो । जीवनरूपी यात्राले हामीलाई कहिले सफलताको शिखरतर्फ अग्रसर गराउँछ त कहिले कहालीलाग्दो सागरमा डुबाइदिन्छ । परिश्रमीहरूको लागि जीवन वरदान हो । तर धेरै मानिसहरूका लागि जीवन दुःखको भोली भएको छ । दुर्घटनामा परी सास फेर्न समेत गाह्रो भइरहेको मानिसलाई त सुनौलो जीवन पनि ठूलो भार बनेको छ । जीवनले कहिले खुसीको प्रकाशतर्फ फर्काउँछ, हामीलाई त कहिले निराशामय बादल ल्याइदिन्छ । प्रेमी-प्रेमिकाहरूले जीवनलाई प्रेमरूपी सागर भने पनि जीवनले सदैव हामीलाई प्रेम तथा ममता प्रदान नगर्दो रहेछ ।

ठूला-ठूला महलमा बस्ने स्वार्थीहरूले त जीवनलाई सुखको पहाड भन्छन्

र विचरा ! गरिबीमा थिचिएका र पि्लिएका मानिसहरूले त काल्पनिक महल समेत तयार गर्न सकेका छैनन् । मानिसको दृष्टि दोषी छ भने सारा सृष्टिमा दोष देखिन्छ, भन्थे, तर प्रकृतिकै सृष्टि पो दोष देख्छ मन ।

हामी सबैलाई उत्तिकै सशक्त र सक्षम बनाइदिएको भए पनि हुन्थ्यो होला नि । जीवन गुलाबको ओछ्यान रहेछ, जसमा सौन्दर्यभन्दा बढी काँडा रहेछन् । जीवन त पीडादायी यात्रा रहेछ । सास फेर्नका लागि मात्र हो जस्तो छ जीवन । जीवनसँग समानता, समता, न्याय, प्रेम र आदर्शको भावनासमेत छैन । यही जीवनले कसैलाई बस, जहाज दुर्घटनाबाट मारेको छ, त कसैलाई नेपाल जस्तो अलौकिक, सुन्दर र स्वर्गजस्तो स्थलमा जन्म दिएको छ । यही जीवनले कसैलाई रत्नाकर जस्तो कुख्यात बनाएको छ । जीवन आफैमा नराम्रो-राम्रो रहेनछ । विचरा ! भोकमरीले मृत्युको मुखमा परेकाहरूका लागि त जीवन शून्यता हो ।

जीवनले कसैलाई खुसी दिन्छ, त कसैबाट भएको खुसी पनि लुटिदिन्छ । नेताहरूका लागि त जीवन

कुर्सी र पदमा सीमित छ, तर हामी नेपालीहरूका लागि त जीवन संविधानको पर्खाई बनेको छ । मेरो जीवनले मलाई अवसरको वर्षाद गराइदिएको छ । बूढानीलकण्ठ जस्तो

राष्ट्रिय स्कुलमा अध्ययन गर्ने सुवर्ण अवसर प्रदान गरेको छ । मलाई जीवनले विद्यालयीय, सर्वस्व सुख एकैसाथ प्रदान गरिरहेको छ । मलाई यही जीवनले नै वीर गोर्खाली भई शिर ठाडो बनाएर बाँच्ने हक प्रदान गरेको छ । भगवान् सरह अभिभावक दिने पनि यही जीवन नै हो । जीवनमा

उतारचढाव त भइरहन्छ । दिनपछि रात र रातपछि दिन भनेभै मेरो जीवनले पनि मलाई कहिले खुशी त कहिले रोदन दिन्छ । मलाई महामानव र शान्तिका अग्रदूतको भूमिमा बाँच्ने मौका पनि आखिर जीवनले नै दिएको हो । मैले पनि जीवनलाई माना-मुरी दिने प्रयास गरेको छु । आखिर जीवनको महिमाको बारेमा जति व्याख्या गर्दा पनि कम नै हुन्छ, किनभने जीवन हाम्रो सृष्टिकर्ता, सुख-सम्बृद्धिकर्ता, गुरु, अभिभावक सबै थोक हो, जीवन हाम्रो सर्वस्व हो ।

❖❖❖



साथीको सङ्गत

३०८५
विभूषण
कक्षा : ५



एकदेशमा एउटी विद्यार्थी थिइन् । उनी जहिले इन्टरनेटमा फेसबुक चलाउँथिन् । उनको फेसबुकमा एउटा केटा साथी थियो । उनी ठूली भइन् । ठूली भएपछि पनि त्यही केटासँग सधैं फेसबुकमै कुरा गर्थिन् । त्यसो गर्दा गर्दा उनको पढाइ पनि बिग्रियो । उनको बुवाआमालाई पनि थाहा थिएन कि उनको एउटा नराम्रो केटासँग सङ्गत छ र उनी जहिले आमाबुबालाई पढ्छु भनेर कोठाको ढोका बन्द गरेर ल्यापटपमा फेसबुक चलाउँछिन् । एक दिन त्यो केटाले उनलाई फेसबुकमा “भोलि बिहान चौतारामा मलाई भेट्न आऊ” भनेर लेखेको रहेछ । उनी बिहानै लुगा लगाएर बाबुआमालाई कलेज जान्छु भनेर चौतारातिर गइन् । उनी चौतारामा त्यो केटालाई पर्खदै थिइन् । एकछिनपछि त्यो केटा लुकी लुकी आएर उनलाई बाँसले ड्याड हान्यो । उनी एकैछिन बेहोस् भइन् । एकछिनपछि उनको होस् खुलेपछि हेर्दा उनलाई कसले डोरीले बाँधेको रहेछ । त्यसपछि त्यो केटो आएर भन्यो “तेरो बुबालाई छिटो फोन गर । उनले डराउँदै फोन गरिन् र केटाले उनका बुबालाई भन्यो “आफ्नो छोरीलाई माया गर्छस् भने चौतारामा लिन आइज तर हातमा दुई करोड

रुपियाँ हुनुपर्छ ।” बुबा डराउँदै चौतारामा जानुभयो र दुई करोड दिएर छोरीलाई लिनुभयो । छोरीले रुदै भनिन् “बुबा अब म त्यस्तो काम कहिल्यै गर्दिनँ म नराम्रोसँग फसेँ” ।



म र प्रतिबिम्ब

८१२६
बबिता
कक्षा : ९



अटुट यात्राहरू जब निरन्तर बन्छन् पाउहरू विश्राम खोज्दै सुस्ताउँछन् तिम्रो स्वरूप यही हो जस्तो लाग्छ ।

अनि मन्द गतिका कदमहरू पुनः स्वचालित यन्त्रभैँ अघि बढ्न थाल्छन् क्रमबद्धता पाएजस्तै, मभिन्न पनि कताकता चञ्चलता जाग्छ ।

अस्थिर मनस्थिति आज भौँतारिन्छन् शरीरबाट आत्मा छुट्टिएभैँ शून्यमा टोलाएका नयनहरूमा सेतो बादल लाग्छ ।

अनि तिम्रा सारा डढेलो लागेका बस्तीहरू भिजाइदिऊँ जस्तो लाग्छ मेरा आँखावरिपरि वसन्त आए जस्तो लाग्छ ।

तिमी हुनुको सार्थकता, मभिन्न कता-कता विवेकशील प्रतिबिम्बभैँ लाग्छ । हृदयको गहिराइभरि

एउटा छाया हरपल निहित भए जस्तो

तिम्रो आकृति, मेरो आँखाबाट जब धमिलिँदै जान्छ, आफ्नोपन आफैँसँग भाग्छ पट्यार लाग्दो जीवन निस्तब्ध भैँ लाग्छ ।

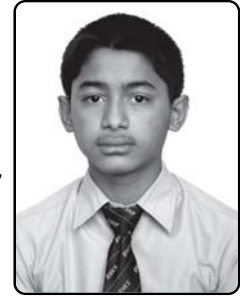
परन्तु

तिम्रो उपस्थितिमा हौसला र प्रेरणाहरूले पछ्याइराखे जस्तो लाग्छ ।



मैले सकिन्नँ

९०९३
आर्जव
कक्षा : ८



आकाशभरि तारा थिए गन्न मैले सकिन्नँ । मुटुभरि व्यथा थिए पोख्न मैले सकिन्नँ । म जन्मेको भूमिलाई त्याग्न मैले सकिन्नँ । पल-पलको सुख दुःख भुल्न मैले सकिन्नँ । खोलाभरि पानी थियो पिउन मैले सकिन्नँ । आँखाभरि आँसु थियो पुछ्न मैले सकिन्नँ । आमाको धेरै माया थियो महत्त्व बुझ्न सकिन्नँ ।



THE SLC EXAMINEES 2071 7000 D BATCH



7001 Anish
Morang



7002 Amritbabu
Kavre



7003 Yogeshwor
Kathmandu



7004 Tikaram
Okhaldunga



7005 Tilak
Kalikot



7006 Dipak
Baglung



7007 Niroj
Sarlahi



7009 Parikshit
Chitawan



7010 Premraj
Bajura



7011 Bikash
Dolakha



7012 Binod
Baitadi



7013 Samyam
Kathmandu



7014 Milan
Bhaktapur



7016 Bikash
Khotang



7017 Bijay
Jajarkot



7018 Birendra
Dadeldhura



7019 Saroj
Nawalparasi



7020 Suraj
Parbat



7021 Uma
Manang



7023 Anita
Jumla



7024 Komal Salyan



7025 Kranti D Panchthar



7026 Kranti R Rolpa



7027 Kristeena Dhahing



7028 Charu Bara



7029 Nina Mahottari



7030 Pragati Taplejung



7031 Prashmsha Gorkha



7032 Mukta Siraha



7033 Sushmita Kanchanpur



7034 Aabha Chitwan



7035 Aakriti A Kathmandu



7036 Akriti G Kathmandu



7037 Akriti S Kathmandu



7038 Diksha Kathmandu



7039 Era Kathmandu



7040 Ishani Kathmandu



7041 Swornim Kathmandu



7042 Samita Morang



7043 Puja T Kathmandu



7044 Laxmi Okhaldhunga



7045 Susham Kathmandu



7046 Kaushal Tanahu



7047 Lina Kathmandu



7048 Nusha Kathmandu



7050 Puja S Siraha



7052 Rajani Dhanusha



7053 Shubheksha Lalitpur



7054 Sarita Kathmandu



7055 Shraddha Kathmandu



7056 Simran Kathmandu



7058 Aayush Lamjung



7059 Aman Kaski



7061 Anup Kathmandu



7062 Arakshan Kathmandu



7064 Ashutosh Kathmandu



7065 Avash Kathmandu



7066 Akrit Kathmandu



7067 Bijaya Dhading



7068 Bishwas Chitawan



7069 Chandra Dhanusha



7071 Digdarsan Morang



7072 Jatin Kathmandu



7073 Jonsai Dang



7074 Kuber Dhanusha



7075 Kaushal Kathmandu



7076 Nabin Gulmi



7077 Nayan Kathmandu



7078 Nikesh Kathmandu



7079 Nikhil Kathmandu



7080 Nirakar
Kathmandu



7081 Prabuddha
Kathmandu



7082 Abhinav
Arghakhanchi



7083 Pramit
Lamjung



7084 Prashant
Kathmandu



7085 Priyash
Kathmandu



7086 Raj
Lalitpur



7087 Sahil R
Kathmandu



7088 Sakcham
Jhapa



7089 Sakti
Parbat



7090 Sandesh
Kathmandu



7091 Sanjeev
Kathmandu



7093 Seejan
Lalitpur



7094 Shashant
Kathmandu



7096 Sudip
Kathmandu



7097 Ujwal
Kathmandu



7098 Salil
Kathmandu



7099 Satyam
Kathmandu



7101 Sandeep
Terathum



7102 Ram
Udaypur



7103 Santosh
Bara



7104 Dil Bdr
Myagdi



7105 Shreyanshu
Lalitpur



7106 Abhishek
Saptari



7107 Hemraj
Mugu



7108 Praju
Kanchanpur



7109 Puja
Bajhang



7110 Archana
Gulmi



7111 Anubhooti
Kathmandu



7112 Larisha
Kathmandu



7113 Prashansa
Kathmandu



7114 Sneha
Kathmandu



7115 Anubhav
Kathmandu



7116 Biken
Sarlahi



7118 Robin
Bhaktapur



7119 Sameep
Kathmandu



7120 Sujan
Kathmandu



7121 Sujit
Kathmandu



7122 Utkrist
Kathmandu



7124 Rajat
Kathmandu



7126 Apurba
Kathmandu



7127 Pratik
Kathmandu



7128 Diwas
Bara



7129 Aarohan
Kathmandu



7130 Manish
Kathmandu



7131 Chandani
Kathmandu



7132 Raj
Bhaktapur



7133 Sambridha
Kaski



7134 Subarna
Kathmandu



7135 Aayush
Kathmandu



7136 Prashant Mahottari



7137 Sundar Rukum



7138 Pradip Bajhang

We wish you all the best for the SLG Exams!!!



COLLAGE 2014



Track & Field 2071



The Chief Guest C.G.S. Nepal Army Gen. Pawan Bdr. Pandey felicitated by the Principal

A Glimpse of the opening ceremony of our annual Sporting Event.



Sports Day 2014



The Chief Guest
Honour Minister for Sports
Mr. Purusottam Paudel



Sports Day 2014



ITYM 2014, Germany



Seven students of 40000 and 50000 batches, accompanied by Mr. R. Kattel represented Budhanilkantha School and Nepal in the International Tournament of Young Mathematicians (ITYM) 2014 in Bremen, Germany. In a competition dominated by European teams, the team from Nepal stood out among the crowd.

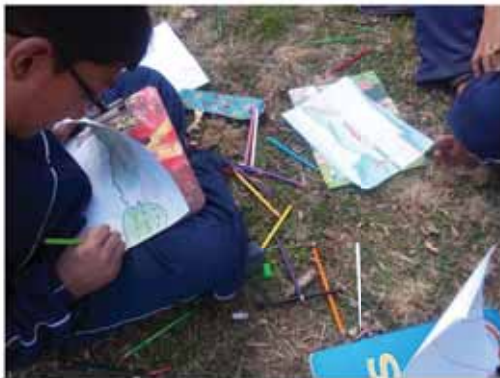
The team narrowly missed out on the prizes but won the hearts of the audience with their reasoning and problem solving skills.





Creativity week & Winter

Art workshop 2014



On January 31st, Creativity Club organised its Annual Winter Camp in the middle pitch on the school itself, where students expressed their creativity with the help of art and colours. More than 500 students participated in the workshop



MIX MAX 2014



भानुजयन्ती



विद्यालयमा हरेक वर्ष
भैँ यस वर्ष पनि आदि
कवि भानुजयन्ती
साहित्यकार श्री
कमलमणि दीक्षितज्यूको
विशेष आतिथ्यमा
सम्पन्न गरियो ।



ASHOKA UNIVERSITY VISIT



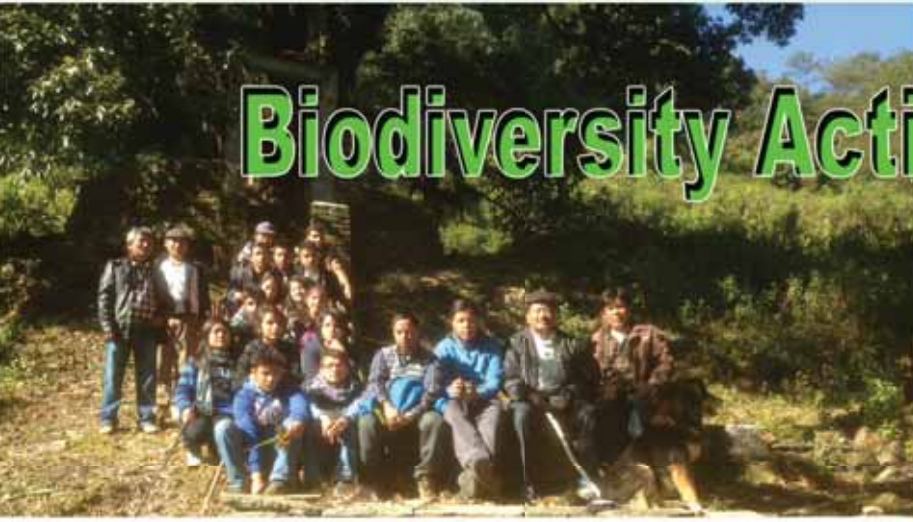
At the invitation of Ashoka University, two Guidance Counselors, Mr. Bijay Ram Maharjan and Mr. Chiranjivi Sharma attended the Guidance Counselor's conference in December 2014.



Mrs. C. Dolma's Visit to Israel



Biodiversity Activities 2014



Activities of Budhanilkantha School Biodiversity Programmes with the support of USC Canada Asia 2014-15





जागिर

१९०५
निरूपमा
कक्षा : ८



“तपाईंको प्रमाण-पत्र हेर्दा त तपाईंको स्तर हाकिमभन्दा कम छैन ।” त्यहाँको कर्मचारीले भन्यो । त्यसपछि फेरि म तर्फ फर्केर सोध्यो, “तपाईंको नाम चाँहि के प्यो ?” “विजया ।” मैले विनम्रताका साथ भने । उसले खुशी हुँदै भन्यो, “तपाईंलाई हाम्रो कार्यालयमा स्वागत छ ।” म खुशी हुँदै आफ्नो सपना साकार हुने कुरामा यति भित्र पुगिसकेकी थिएँ कि त्यहाँको मान्छेले फेरि बोलाएको पनि सुनेन छु । पछि फेरि मैले कार्यालयमा फर्केर आफ्नो गल्तीको माफी माग्दै बोलाउनुको कारण सोधेँ । उसले भन्यो, “तपाईंको थर चाहिँ के प्यो नि ? “नेपाली” मैले भनेँ । “छि, छि, यस्तो मान्छे पनि हाम्रो कार्यालयमा आउँदो रहेछ, यसको पहिल्यै थर सोध्नु पर्ने, छिटो जा ?” उसले घृणा र आक्रोशपूर्ण भावले भन्यो । त्यसपछि म आफ्नो विशिष्ट श्रेणीमा पास गरेको प्रमाणपत्र च्याप्दै लुरुलुरु घर फर्किएँ । मेरो जातले गर्दा नै मैले जागिर नपाएको कारण म आमाको बिथोलिएको सपना सम्झदै रुँदै घर गएँ । ममा छुवाछुतले पारेको कठोर घाउ असह्य दुख्यो । जातभातले पारेको खाडलमा म पनि पुरिएँ ।

आखिर किन मलाई जातकै कारण जागिर दिइएन । मेरो योग्यताको कदर

नगरी किन अपहेलित गरे ? के जागिर पनि ठूला जात भएका मान्छेलाई मात्र हो ? जागिर भनेको एक प्रकारको दुःख बनेको छ । जनताले आफ्नो जीवन सुखी पार्न जागिर खोजेका हुन्छन् तर धनी गरिव, जातभातको निहुँमा उनीहरूलाई यस कुराबाट बञ्चित गराइन्छ । उनीहरूको भनै विचल्ली पारिन्छ । सायद, उपल्ल जातहरूले आफू मात्र सुख लिन खोजेका होलान् ।

अब मलाई भन्नु त केही पनि छैन । मेरो जीवन त अब फेरि खेतबारीबाटै सुरु हुने छ । तैपनि लाखौँ नेपालीहरू म जस्तै हालतमा पुगेको हेर्न चाहन्छु । म उनीहरू सुखी र खुसी भएको हेर्न चाहन्छु । तसर्थ म आज आम नेपाली समाजलाई समक्ष व्यक्तिलाई जात नहेरी जागिर दिन अनुरोध गर्दछु । यससँगै सुखी, सम्पन्न र समृद्ध नेपालको कामना गर्दछु ।



जिन्दगीको यात्रा

जिन्दगी हिमाल जस्तै सधैं शिर

उठाउन खोज्ने

बगिजाने खोला जस्तै कहिल्यै
नफर्किने ।

मौरी जस्तै मिलेर सधैं काम गर्न
खोज्ने

तर म भन्छु जिन्दगी सृष्टिको
अमूल्य उपहार हो भन्ने ।

यहाँ जिन्दगीलाई गर्न सक्नु पर्छ
नियन्त्रण ।

नत्र भए ज्वालामुखी जस्तै फुट्छ मन

२०६४
नोमिका
कक्षा : ६



जताजतै मिलेर बस्नु पर्छ यहाँ ।

अरुलाई दुःख नदिई सुखसँग
राख्नुपर्छ यहाँ ।

जिन्दगी एउटा यात्रा हो जसको
निश्चित सीमा छैन

लाग्नुपर्छ, जुध्नुपर्छ पाउन यहाँ चैन
जिन्दगीमा दुःख आउँछ, रुन पर्छ
कहिले

हिम्मतलाई साथ दिई लाग्नुपर्छ
जहिले ।

जिन्दगीको पाइला पाइलामा
सफलता खोज्नुपर्छ,

जिन्दगीमा सुख ल्याउन सङ्घर्ष
गर्नुपर्छ

सफलताको पछि लाग्दै हिड्ने
मानिसको यो जिन्दगी

कर्तव्यदेखि सधैं पर भाग्ने यो
जिन्दगी ।





मेरो विद्यालय

२१०५
मन्जिल
कक्षा : ६



काँडै काँडाको जिन्दगी यो
पन्छाउँदा पन्छाउँदै समय गयो
सङ्घर्षशील विद्यार्थी जीवन यो
सङ्घर्ष गर्दागर्दै समय बित्यो ।

बच्चादेखि पढ्न थालें
विद्यालय नै मेरो घर भयो
साथीहरूसँग खेल थालें
गुरुहरू नै मेरा माता पिता
हुनुभयो ।

विद्या सिकाउने गुरुलाई
सधैं आदर गर्ने छु
बूढानीलकण्ठ स्कूलमा पढेर
देशको सेवक बन्ने छु ।

सबैले गर्दछन् माया
ज्ञानी सज्जन नानीलाई
नराम्रो बानी सुधारी दिने
स्वागत छ यस विद्या मन्दिरलाई ।



साथीको महत्त्व

१०६८
सदीप
कक्षा : ८



जो हरेक दुःख र सुखमा साथ दिन्छ,
गलत काम गर्दा रोक्छ र असल
काम गर्दा प्रोत्साहन गर्छ ऊ नै असल
साथी हो । विद्यार्थी जीवनमा साथी
अत्यन्त जरुरी हुन्छ । साथी बिनाको
जीवन भनेको त पानी बिनाको माछा
जस्तै हो । जसरी धान उम्रिन पानी
चाहिन्छ, त्यसरी नै आवासीय जीवनमा
साथी नभई नहुने कुरा हो ।

हामीलाई खेलको लागि होस् वा पढ्नको
लागि होस् साथीको नै आवश्यकता
पर्छ । जुन कुरा हामी आफ्नो
आमाबाबुसँग व्यक्त गर्न सक्दैनौं त्यो
कुरा साथीसँग व्यक्त गर्न सजिलो
हुन्छ । असल साथीले दुवै सुख र
दुःखमा साथ दिन्छ । जुन साथीले दुःखमा
साथ दिँदैन उसलाई असल साथीको
रूपमा लिन मिल्दैन ।

कोही साथीहरू आफ्नो स्वार्थको लागि
मात्र साथी बन्ने प्रयास गर्दछन् र
स्वार्थ पूरा भएपछि छोडिदिन्छन् । त्यस्ता
साथीले कुनै दुःखमा साथ नदिने भएकोले
उनीहरूबाट हामी सचेत हुनुपर्छ ।
सच्चा साथीले त जस्तै सुख र दुःखमा
पनि साथ दिन्छ । गलत काम गर्दा
रोक्छ र असल काम गर्नका लागि
प्रोत्साहन गर्छ । असल साथीको कर्तव्य
भनेको कुलतमा फस्न नदिनु हो र
असल बाटोतिर डोच्याउनु हो । अन्त्यमा

बाहिरी देखावटीपनले मात्र हुन्न उसको
मन असल भए मात्र असल मित्र बन्न
सक्छ । जसरी विद्यार्थी जीवनमा
अनुशासनको महत्त्व हुन्छ त्यसैगरी
आवासीय जीवनमा साथीको महत्त्व
हुन्छ ।



देशमा शान्ति आउँछ कि अब त ?

१११८
अनुज
कक्षा : ८



बाह्रौं वर्षदेखि मडारिएको कालो
बादल आकाशबाट
हट्छ कि अब त !
ईर्ष्या र अहङ्कारले भरिएको मुटु
प्रेमले सिञ्चित
हुन्छ कि अब त !

दशकौंदेखि सुतिरहेको कुम्भकर्णको
निद्रा कोही
आई जगाउँछ कि अब त
बन्दुक फाली देशमा शान्ति
ल्याउँछ कि अब त ।

बाह्रौं वर्षदेखि रोइरहेका
विधवाहरूको मुहारमा
खुशी आउँछ कि अब त
सहिदहरूका सपना
पूरा गरी देशमा
खुशी आउँछ कि अब त ।

हे नेपाली निद्राबाट बिउँभौं अति
भो अब त
देशलाई अधि लम्काई आमालाई
खुशी पारौं अब त ।





The Game of Fate

6117
Nirvik
Class: A1



The cold was unbearable. The month would soon come to an end and pay-day would arrive for Rishav. It was one of the few things in life that he cherished. Twenty six, single, with the dreams that pushed him forward in life, Rishav worked as a labourer in the construction of the mall where Ranjana Hall had stood proud, attracting every single passerby, until one day, when it burned to the ground.

The woman at the tea shop, where he was having talks with his fellow construction worker and friend, brought two steaming glasses of tea on an old aluminium tray with visible dents. She quietly put the two glasses on the wobbly table. Bishal, his companion cut abrupt the talk they were having and remarked sharply, "Baini! Is it true that the rate has gone up?" the woman clad in dirty kurta and an old woolen sweater gave a shy smile, "Dai, what I am charging is still less compared to what the Ghumti is charging. See dai, the price of milk has increased by two rupees so this seemed necessary. Besides, we were planning to do so as nothing

comes cheap these days." She went back to the small stall to attend to the needs of her other customers in the cold December morning.

"Oh Rishav, what foes fate has left for us now? Even this small cup of tea has become dearer. This used to be a luxury on such chilly days and soon it will be unaffordable." He took a sip and let out a breath, forming a small vapour that vanished a second later. Rishav sipped his own tea and yes indeed, it was a luxury he thought.

"So Bishal, how are your parents back home? And did your sister find a husband fit for her?" He asked his friend who, by now had finished half of his drink. Bishal looked at the sky above, its dull grey reflected in the brown of his irises. Rishav thought his friend was a handsome lad and believed he would find a beautiful wife for himself who would bestow him with valuables. He had styled his hair similar to a Bollywood heart-throb's famous pompadour which enhanced his facial features.

"My father's been bed ridden with pneumonia since the seventeenth and today, it's already been five days. He shows no sign of improvement. my sister has decided not to marry now. She is eighteen already and cannot understand the value of it. How much trouble she would save my ailing father and ever lamenting mother. And not to forget, me too."

He pulled out a pack of Pilot cigarettes and held one lightly between his nicotine-stained fingers offering another one to Rishav. Rishav declined, for he thought it was too early to light up one.

"Oh is it? Then why don't you bring him here and take him to the Bir? You know the cost there is comparatively cheap!", Rishav heard himself say. Something like "sorry to hear that" would have been too obvious to say, he thought. Bishal blew out smoke and laughed. His face changed from sad to aggressive. "The Bir you say has cheap services huh? See Rishav, that's where I say that I hate you at times. My entire month's salary would be eaten up in a single day. And who am I to believe a man dressed up in white, claiming to work wonders with mere pieces of metal swung by palms covered with rubber gloves? The village man is far more reliable with his mantras and powder herbs. My mother says she has been healed from severe headaches twice by that man."

Rishav could slowly feel his jaws tighten. He could not keep his eyes fixed at Bishal's determined glare. He shook his head lightly after a minute's pause.

"And *you* talk about what fate has for us?" He shouted sarcastically. "Man! Hats off to your audacity! ... Look at what



the world has become now, how the times have changed. And yet, you have your feet fixed in history.”

Rishav tried to make Bishal see what he needed to know but utterly failed at every attempt. Bishal was blinded by what his family followed, what his village believed in.

The woman at the shop came towards their table, hurrying. She had a panicked expression glued in her dark face. Her chinky eyes slanting on either sides, reflected the fear she felt inside. “Bishal dai, there’s someone on the phone and he’s asking for you. He says it’s from the village!”

“Oh Baini! Okay.” Bishal went to the stall, his pace was calm. A few minutes later, he hurried back to Rishav. He didn’t sit. He just laughed hysterically attracting the attention of people around them.

“What’s the matter?” Rishav asked in an inquiring tone this time.

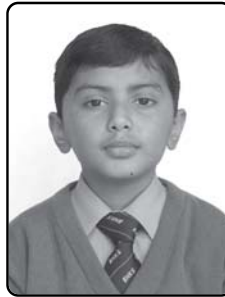
Bishal replied, tears welling in his eyes, “My father’s dead, my sister’s committed suicide and my mother has been in a deep state of shock for the last two days....” his voice croaked, “.....fate... fate has done it again my friend.”

Rishav was shocked to hear about the state of Bishal’s family. At a loss for words, he heard his friend mutter. As soon as I reach the village, I am going to ask that village man to make me a pendant that will surely protect me from these evil games of fate.”



The Royal Shoemaker

1035
Krishal
Class:7



There was once a shoemaker who was very honest. He always worked hard to make shoes and he made very fine shoes. He never lied to his customers. If a shoe was of good quality, he told them that it was good and if a shoe was of bad quality, he told them that it was bad. He mostly earned enough for himself but time came when he had no money to buy leather for making shoes.

One day, the King announced “Whoever makes the best shoes for me will be rewarded. The person will also be made the royal shoemaker.” The honest shoemaker wanted to make shoes for the king but because he had no leather, he couldn’t do so.

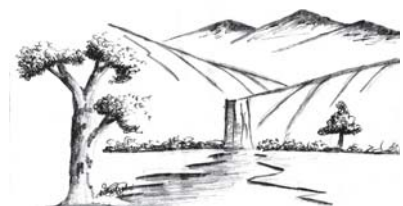
God was watching all of this from heaven, and came in

secretly in the form of an old man. The old man left fine leather and other materials in the workshop of the shoemaker.

The following day, when the shoemaker woke up, he was surprised to find leather in his workshop. On top of the leather, he found a note saying “Do your best and leave the rest” After looking closely at the leather, he found that it was genuine and really fine.

He immediately started making the leather into a shoe. He worked very hard and made a pair of very fine shoes, and gave it to the king’s men. The king tried on the shoes and was put them to the test by setting them on fire, soaking them on water and wearing them to feel how comfortable they were. The king tried on shoes after shoes but all the other shoes failed the test.

Finally, it was the turn of the shoemaker’s shoe. The king also set them on fire and soaked it on water but to his surprise, they survived all the tests. The king was very happy with the shoemaker and gave him various gifts. He was also made the royal shoemaker and always received fine leather to make many shoes for the king and his subjects. The shoemaker lived happily ever after.





The Road: A Silent Teacher

5177
Suban
Class: A2



Roads beckon travellers; the east-west highway even more to me for, it runs to my hometown. But even without my hometown at the end of it, that road is magnificent. So and so, I got on the bus once again, heading home to relaxation, to old acquaintances and, to whatever the road has to offer.

The road is a somnolent, calm and inviting stretch. It is passively involved in the lives of those who tread it; always silent yet always speaking. The highway only shows us the way, it doesn't tell how to travel. It lies there in its flattened existence, perhaps looking skywards, studying the beautiful monotony of the sun.

Inside the bus, my mental capacities are stretched as I try over and again to concoct simple answers to the complex questions of a child. Innocence and curiosity are a dangerous mix, and I learn that in a couple of hours from a child next to me. I keep the window ajar, for the wind to flow in, and for catching glimpses of the fleeting scenery. The child directs irresistibly innocent questions to me as the bus attains a silence that comes together with great speed. The child fears that a dinosaur might at any time overturn our bus. He confesses this to me, with a look in his eyes that is neither of fear, nor of comfort. I assure him that nothing of that sort will happen. The answer fails to satisfy him, but it gets him thinking, probably of another round of questions. For me, it is a rare despite. The bus speeds forward, swallowing long stretches of the road.

The glow of the sun begins to wane, with the red orb descending slowly in the space between two hills. The sun seems like a large coin, tucked by some invisible hand in the slit between the hills,

which looks like a piggy bank. The picture depicts the action of giving. Nature has just pushed down another precious coin into the piggy bank for us to savor. And, nature will give again tomorrow. Maybe that is what makes sunsets so beautiful, the promise of a new day in the moment of another's death.

The bus seems to be chasing the road, the road the sinking sun, the sun the horizon, the horizon the falling sky, the sky the darkness to flaunt its celestial jewels. I chase in the thoughts, letting them wander in one direction, then another, and then returning to where I started. We are all chasing something. And, that, my friend says, is the best part. Our bus stops at a roadside eatery, with torrential showers usurping the silent reign of the night. The journey resumes.

I am woken up by the bus conductor, who is rallying the drowsy passengers, exhorting them to unite in opening the road block. Ahead on the road, a vehicle had hit a girl- fatalities, financial compensation demanded, demands not met and thus, logs placed across the highway, with hundreds of passengers stranded.

As I walk towards the road block from our bus, I can see silhouettes of people, scattered in small groups. Small fires are burning on the road. It offers a scant light, but enough to see the anguish in the people's faces- the anguish of not having what one wants. The passengers want the block to be cleared so that they can move on, the blockers, the villagers, desired to keep the road blocked so that the authorities take notice. Conflict is brewing.

There were small groups around the roadblock. Groups of rationalists trying to find an amicable solution; groups of cynics, despising the blockers as well as the passengers; petulant groups, restless and threatening to turn violent any minute. The night passes without any result. In the morning, we stormed the police station, shouting slogans, someone abruptly kicks down the fence, and the signpost is turned down. I remember my friend remark about how we are quick to unite for destruction. The roadblock is cleared soon thereafter, and we move on.



After a few kilometres, comes by another blockade. This time it is a rainwater-swollen stream. The water, undulating, lies in front of us, a fluid testimony of nature's strength. It takes two hours to abate. And we are on our way again. The road certainly teaches you one thing- patience. It is not merely an object but a picture of patience. Lying there, motionless, yet always providing for motion to take place; it is educative. The road taught me to take things like it does, like a mirror, which the poet Chuang Tzu says: neither welcomes, nor refuses anything.

They Say...

Wish for tranquility when I awake
Wish for prosperity with no need to fake
Instead open my eyes to wires all around me
A wounded bird, never once to be free.

I do not remember that fateful day
But the hurt that I clearly do
Enough not to believe my creator's say
For I had not just caught the flu.

My bed is strangely very soft
But then
I do not know the hardest of hard
For I never ventured, outside of these taunting
walls.

They say you have to work hard outside
Care for yourself; the young and the old
Struggle to take a single step in the stairs of life
For that, you have to be oh-so-bold

They say you should take care of humanity
Help someone whenever you can
Be honest even when it comes to paying cash on
the lorry
Do not do drugs, they should be banned

They say you need to make improvement in every
facet of life
Even to save a creature in distress
Walk ahead, let no- one no longer digress

8068
Sakshi
Class:9



They say your time should not be wasted
You are god's most beloved
Use this privilege to your advantage
Force yourself out of fear's dreadful cage

They say you should complete your assignments
on time
Listen to what you elders experienced: their
valuable words
You will need them all, eventually over time,
For words are meant to soften even the meanest
of lords

They say you must be a responsible citizen
Living with also a purpose to serve the law
Open to all different sorts of criticisms
Saving innocents from the corrupted hateful claws

But for me,
These words these warnings,
Mean nothing at all
But total non-sense in my sight

How ironic is my cycle of life!
How ironic that I'll be lost in one of these days
How ironic of cancer to cradle me now
When that all I did from thee awakening

This leaving me at a critical situation
Where I do not understand
A single word 'They say'.



Death Wish

The first thing he saw after coming back to his senses was a dark space ahead that seemed to extend to eternity. He didn't know where he was. His mind was still floating in subconsciousness and he didn't have any recollection of the events that had gone by.

After some time, he realized that two huge figures were escorting him somewhere unknown. But where?; he couldn't fathom. He couldn't muster enough courage to enquire about it to the two ruthless gentlemen, who seemed to him more like robots than humans, even in his subconscious state.

They had tightly grabbed him with their powerful hands right by his hands and the place where they had grabbed him radiated steadily increasing pain. Uncertain of what was to come ahead, he tried to remember how he got stuck in such a daunting situation. He slipped into unconsciousness again.

He could see a towering building, where on one of the floors, he could see himself sitting on a lavish and large chair. As he tripped even deeper into his thoughts, he could see a picture right on the wall, at the far end of the room, in which he could recognize himself; the other two were aliens to him. Just when he thought that he could finally

understand something, the creepy sound of the water droplets splashing against the floor distracted him. He was again brought back to his senses.

**5086
Samriddha
Class: A2**



When he woke-up from his subconscious this time, he could see a dim light shining from above. He could feel the presence of other formidable figures pressing him from every side, no less daunting than the figures right by his side. As he tried to regain his lost senses, he could see a blur figure ahead. Right below the light coming from the heavens, the figure seemed to be seated in a chair, two larger figures in attention by his side. It struck him, they might be bodyguards.

As the unknown figure stood up from his seat and signaled something with his hands, the two gentlemen by his side, left him. Slowly as his senses came to life, he could make out the figure clearly. The figure seemed tall and well-built although the brightness seemed to blur his face.

He started 'Saito, you do remember me?'. He was bewildered as to whom the figure was referring to. After a

while, he realized, as some of his memory came to life, that the figure was referring to him. He stammered 'Y-Yes, I do' even though he didn't. 'You look tired from the journey. Didn't the guard treat you well?' he added with a sardonic grin that was visible even in the dark. A huge laughter burst all around. The unknown figure scowled, 'Silent!, you idiots. Major John is on his way to rescue poor Saito.' Another burst of laughter came along. He remarked 'Welcome to the realm of Don Vento'.

He had heard the name before. But where? Was he related in some way to Don Vento? He couldn't remember anything. Worst of all, he was freaking out because of the demeanor of the place. He wanted to escape, but he could see that there was no way out.

Then the unknown figure shouted 'Do you plead guilty for the offense to Don Vento?' 'How should I know?', he thought. 'I don't even remember myself' he mumbled. 'Saito!' he raised his voice again. 'I am speaking to you! Don't you feel guilty for what you've committed?' Out of fear, he popped out: '-Y-Y-Yes





sir'. 'Then you must be punished'. He added.

Before he was able to protest, it was all black again. He felt pain in his shoulders and his back. It was piercing. Then pain seemed to grow even more and more. After a while, he thought he was dead. But when he saw the face of the unknown figure in front of him again, he plunged back to reality. For the first time, he wanted to die.



My Pet Tom

3030
Reason
Class:5



I have a pet in my home,
A naughty guy
He is small and naughty
But bites people on their thighs

He is a dog
But I call him a friend rather
He brings the newspaper from
the front door
To my beloved father

He guards my home
With real care
Not only in the night
But also during the town fair

He is loved by everyone
He is a really good pet
Love and food from his master
Is what a good pet should get



Family

2069
Reeja
Class:6



Once there was a family,
The members of which were
rich.
The father was kind and lovely,
All mother did was stitch.
The two children were Mary
and James,
Mary like her father, very
friendly
James was naughty but fond of
games.

One day the parents started a
fight,
Then James and Mary were in
worry.
They began to think , so that
they could make it right,
James being more worried
asked Mary to think in a hurry.
But no idea was striking their
minds.

The couple had not finished their
qarrel,
And with anger they were blind.

Then an idea came to Mary
She told James and he liked it
too,

They ran down in a hurry.
James took the photo album of
his mom and dad,
That was the memory of their
marriage.

Full of cherishable moments, not
the bad,
With the couple sitting in a
beautiful carriage.
Mary looked at the photo
And took it away,

left it on their parent's room
And the time was passing away
its way.

The night came,
And it was time to go to bed.

When the couple saw the photo,
They felt like crying.
"Sorry for that!" they told each
other

Now happy, they remembered a
saying,
"Everything happens for your
own good"

Oh! How lovely those moments
were

Now the family lives happily,
Happily as they should



GodSpeed!

8040
Sajeet
Class:9



Tears trickle down my face,
As I crash into the blood tainted
soil
I feel naked and weak
As if I'm crumbling into oblivion.

Havoc has been gifted
And wars have been waged
We have won the battle
But we've lost the war.

So now I muster enough
strength
One last time for the sake of the
dead

I whisper into the moist earth's
soul
"Godspeed!"





खुशी

५१६०
जीवन
कक्षा : ए २



यो संसारमा खुशी नचाहने मानिस को होला ? कहिले काहीं यो प्रश्न मेरो मनमस्तिष्कमा खेलिरहन्छ। खुशी नचाहने त अवश्य कोही छैन तर खुशीको परिभाषा के हो त ? सुख, धन, सौख वा सम्पत्ति यी सबै कुराको खोजीमा लुब्ध छ यो २१ औं शताब्दी अनि २१ औं शताब्दीका सभ्य भनाउंदाहरू। खुशी चाहनु गलत त कहाँ हो र ! तर आफ्नो खुशीको लागि अरूलाई दुःखमा पार्नु पनि त सही होइन नि, होइन र ? खुशीको सागरमा पौडी खेलन चाहने मानिस अरू आँसुको भयङ्कर समुन्द्रमा डुबेको किन देख्दैन ? मानिस भन्छन्, जीवन सुखदुःख बिसाउने चौतारी हो रे। तर बिडम्बना कसैलाई जीवन दुःख बिसाउने चौतारी होइन सुख बटुलेर राख्ने भकारी बन्न पुग्छ भने, कसैको जीवन पूरा जीवन त्यहीँ एक चौतारीको खोजीमा बित्दछ। समानताका गाथा खोकदै हिँड्ने मानिसहरूले समानताको परिभाषा बुझेका छैनन् यहाँ। तिनीहरूलाई के थाहा, असमानतामा पिल्सिएर बाँच्नुको पीडा।

महाकवि लक्ष्मीप्रसाद देवकोटा भन्छन् “सबै खोज्छन् सुख, सुख त्यो कहाँ छ, आफू मिटाई अरूलाई दिनु जहाँ छ।” म कुनै बखत सोच्दछु

महाकविले भनेका यी कुरा मनन गरेर सोही अनुरूप संसार चल्थो भने स्वर्ग धर्तीमै बन्न पुग्थ्यो होला। तर मानिसहरू त आफ्नो खुशीको लागि अरूलाई मेट्न मेटाउन पछि पर्दैनन्। अङ्ग्रेजीमा “टनेल भिजन” भनेभैँ मानिस आफ्ना दुई आँखाले आफ्नो खुशी मात्र देख्न चाहन्छ। उसले मनमस्तिष्कमा आफ्नो खुशीको बारेमा मात्र सोच्दछ।

सत्य तितो हुन्छ रे, तर सबै तितो सत्यलाई अस्वीकार गर्न पनि मिल्दैन। आजको संसारको एक तितो सत्य यो हो कि मानिस खुशीको खोजमा, भन दुःखी हुँदै गएको छ। धन सम्पत्ति मोज अनि मस्तीको खोजीमा मानिसले आफ्नो जीवनलाई सन्त्रासको गुफामा लगेर राखिदिन्छ। हरबखत खुशीको नाममा ऊ अरुभन्दा अगाडि कसरी बढ्ने मात्र सोच्दछ। त्यस्तै कुबुद्धिले गर्दा मानिस त्यही सन्त्रासको गुफामा हराउँदछ। यही सत्यलाई स्वीकार गर्न नसक्नु मानिसको मूर्खता भन्ने कि भूल ? हुनसक्छ, त्यही सन्त्रासले गर्दा मानिसले आफ्नो जीवनका हर उमङ्गित क्षणहरूसँगै आफ्नो जीवन पनि गुमाउँछ। मानिसहरूले आत्महत्या क्षणिक दुःखले गर्दा नभएर सुख पाउन नसकेको दुःखमा गर्छन् रे ! कोही आफूले खोजेको कुरा पाएर जीवनमा खुशी हुन्छन्। उनीहरूको लागि जीवन खुशी प्राप्त गर्ने एउटा मौका हो भने कोहीका लागि जीवन खुशी प्राप्त गर्न नसक्नुको विडम्बना पनि हो।

आखिरमा जीवनमा खुशी पाउने चाहना त सबैलाई हुन्छ नि। होइन र ?



जिन्दगी का आशाहरू

१०५९
सुजय
कक्षा : ७



अब म डराउँदिन, असफलतासँग
सफलता पाउने आशैआशामा
मिहिनेत पनि गरेकै हो।

तर हार खान्न म अबै पनि
जिन्दगीको त्यो लामो यात्रामा
एकलै यात्रा गर्छु
हार खान्न म।

एकलै छु म
न म कसैको छु
न त मसँग कोही छन्
छ त मेरो यात्रा अनि
मेरो उद्देश्य।

सङ्घर्षको त्यो यात्रामा धेरै
आए धेरै अवरोध पुऱ्याउनेहरू
तर अब म डराउने छैन।
किन किन अबै छन् आशाहरू
जीवनको अन्त्यसम्म पनि
प्राप्त गर्न खोज्ने आशाहरू
अबै मरेको छैन र
मर्न दिने पनि छैन।

त्यसैले त हाँसोहरू ओठमै सीमित
छन्

आँखा मिलन र अनुहार पनि
तर पनि आशा छ, निर्मल र निश्चल
एक दिन बन्न चाहन्छु हिलोमा
कमल





यो देश हाम्रो

२०१६
दानिश
कक्षा : ६



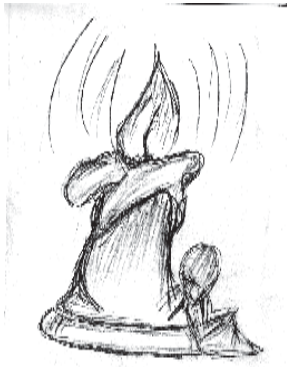
हरियालीले भरिएको
यो देश हाम्रो
सफा, सुन्दर गरी
बनाऔं यसलाई राम्रो ।

मेचीदेखि महाकाली कति छन्
राम्राराम्रा ठाउँ ।
गर्व गर्छु म यो विशाल
गोर्खालीको गाउँ ।

बसोबास छ धेरै
जातजातिहरूको यहाँ
यस्तो सुन्दर देश
पाउँछौं हामीले कहाँ ।

सुन्दरताले भरिएको
यो देश हाम्रो
प्यारो लाग्छ मलाई
यही मेरो लागि राम्रो ।

बुद्धको शान्ति फैलिएको
यो मेरो ठाउँ
हिमाल, पहाड, तराई, जोडिएर
बनेको
यो मेरो गाउँ ।



दलित भन्ने नगर

सबै जना पुज्छन् मूर्ति
मैले पुजन सकिनँ
दलित भन्छन् मलाई
मैले बुझ्न सकिनँ ।
बोली चाली उस्तै हो
काटे आउँछ रगत
व्यवहार पनि उस्तै हो
केमा देख्यौं फरक ?

कसले बनायो ठूलाबडा
कसले बनायो तल्लो जाति
थिचोमिचो गर्छन् यहाँ

२०२१
कविन
कक्षा : ६



व्यक्तिले नै व्यक्तिमाथि ।
हामीले पाउँछौं अधिकार
सहँदैनाँ अन्याय र अत्याचार
सानो ठूलो नगर
हामीलाई दलित भन्ने नगर ।



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Love: A Disease

**7014
Milan
Class:10**



I saw, I tried and I loved but she never came to me. Time changed and with it, people. I thought I needed to change myself too. Love is malignant; an incurable disease. After it gets in you, it slowly intoxicates you and ultimately turns you mad. It then starts killing you, bit-by-bit.

I was madly in love with her. She was the sweetest thing I ever knew. She was the most precious, the most invaluable treasure of my life. She was everything for me. I stopped playing and stayed locked up sullen. I started to detest studies and my grades plummeted. My interest in everything shrunk and the only thing I did was to lie down and think of her.

She continued to mesmerize me. As soon as I closed my eyes, I could see her face tantalising me. She had rosy-red cheeks on her a chocolaty complexion, and fascinating little eyes. Her cheekbones were a fraction higher than those of other girls. Her mouth was a little larger; not a big mouth but a playful one. It could stretch into a grimace at will. Sometimes it

flew open in a great laughter and rocked her whole body. She was eloquent and I loved it. I loved the short soft hair that sprang over her forehead even more.

Coming back from school on Friday on a bitter day, I saw her slip and fall; her belongings strewn all over the puddle. No one else was around so I decided to go for her rescue. She had already begun to hoist herself up and was rubbing her wrist by the time I reached her. She got up clumsily, soaked in mud but still she looked as beautiful as ever. I helped her with her belongings and unconsciously blurted out that I loved her. My plan to reveal her was grander but folly was

done. I tried to squeeze out as much love, as much intensity, as I could. But I suddenly became aware that she was speaking. And the mouth I had dreamed so fondly said that she hated me.

The words fell on me like a catastrophe. Tears trickled down my eyes and even the sky couldn't hold itself and it started raining. I stood there open, broken and vulnerable. The rain slipped into my hair, through my collar, inside the lace holes of shoes but the only thing I felt was a resonating ache. I once loved a beautiful girl but alas! She loves me not. I can do nothing but change and change I shall.



Villanelle: When Their Sons Return Home in Bloody Red

**7116
Biken
Class:10**



Never noticed how pious tears are shed,
Nor watched how sorrowful their mothers cry,
When their sons return home in bloody red.

Once heads held high and chests youthfully raised,
Never sees their father proud but sadly lie,
Never noticed how pious tears are shed.

In moments their parents' happiness fade,
Never noticed, to smile, how hard they try,
When their sons return home in a bloody red.

Never noticed how lonely their graves are laid,
Nor seen how quickly eyes turn moist from dry,
Never noticed how pious tears are shed.

As their kins pronounce them," immortal dead "
None noticed; within their parents do die,
When their sons return home in bloody red.

When their parents mourn deeply at their bed,
All day and night, people turn around all high,
Never noticed how pious tears are shed,
Till their sons return home in bloody red.

The Man in The Bus

9072
Samip
Class:8



It was getting dark. There was no time to waste. I quickly put all my files in my briefcase and rushed out of my office. I walked briskly down 'Cape Lane' to the main road and finally to the bus stop. I was happy to know that the last bus was yet to arrive. I waited... patiently.

It had been a long busy day. As it was the end of the month, there was a lot to be done in the office. I, too, was very busy the whole day. I had been to the Electricity Office to pay the bills. I had deposited ten vouchers in the bank. I had been to the "Everest Hotel" to book two rooms for our upcoming guests. Like a taxi cab, I had been all around Kathmandu the whole day. But it was over now. I felt victorious and moreover relieved.

There are much fewer buses in Kathmandu compared to the number of people living here. After the electricity and water problems comes the problem of public vehicles. Moreover, the public vehicles halt after dark. Thus I call Kathmandu 'the city of shortages'.

Fortunately, a bus stopped. I scrambled inside. There wasn't

a seat except for the one at the very back. I quickly moved through the crowd and sat on the seat. I was wondering why the seat had been left unoccupied. Was it simple luck or was it that I had eaten more green vegetables than a bus full of people? But it didn't matter. I was more than happy.

"Are you going to Narayansthan too?" said a voice suddenly. I looked towards my side. My companion was a peculiar looking man; he looked pretty old but was wearing a T-shirt and a pair of shorts. His hair had already grown white. Yet he had a very clear voice. He was staring out of the window. "Are you going to Narayansthan too?" he repeated. "No. I'm going further up to Muhanpokhari", I said.

For about ten minutes, we stayed silent. "There is a real scarcity of buses in Kathmandu, isn't there?" he said then. "The buses don't run at night. It is very difficult to get a bus. Moreover, they are always packed. I wish there were more public vehicles."

"Me too", I said. "The government doesn't give importance to small things nor complete its big plans. But that's Nepal government, always the same."

"Yeah!" said my companion. "What do you do for a living?" he asked.

I work for DHL. I am an officer there. We are a private postal service provider. We transport letters and goods all around the world." I said. I detected a sudden change in his expression. He looked relieved. "What do you do for a living?" I asked. "I'm an old man. I've already retired. I live on my pension from the Army. ", he said with some hesitation.

We had a pretty long conversation about our lives. He seemed quite humorous. He was a good man to talk to. After half an hour, we reached Narayansthan. He got off the bus. I waved him a hand and the bus moved on. The bus was quite empty now. Muhanpokhari was the last stop. I looked around. Suddenly, I saw a mysterious box on the stranger's seat. "It must be the stranger's", I thought and took it with myself.

On the way home, I passed a police station. There was an officer sipping his coffee outside. When he saw the beautiful box in my hand, he jumped on his feet, grabbed me by my shoulders and said. "Sorry sir! But you're under arrest. You're in possession of a very precious stolen property."





सरकारलाई मेरो पत्र

८००८

अमृत

कक्षा : ९



मिति: २०७० मङ्सिर ४

आदरणीय,

सरकार

यो विशाल संसारमा सूक्ष्म म, सानै भए पनि खुशी छु । खुशी छु किनभने मेरा नशा-नशामा कालीगण्डकी, कोसी, महाकाली बग्दछन् । म खुशी छु किनभने मेरो अङ्ग अङ्गमा ती सधैं मुस्कुराइरहने सेता हिमाल उभिएका छन् । चार कोसे भाडी भएको म कहिल्यै रुन परेन । रुन परेन जबसम्म सरकार तिमी यो शरीरमा आएनौ ।

तिमी यो शरीरमा आएर मलाई सधैं पीडा दिइरहेका छौ । कहिले काहीं यस्तो लाग्छ कि तिमी मलाई पीडा दिन नै आएका हो, मलाई सिंगारेर यो संसारलाई चिनाउन होइन । तिमी आयौ, मलाई सुख दिन भनेर तर तिमिले दिन खोजेको सुख मैले कहिल्यै महसुस गरिनँ । तिमी आयौ मेरा छोराछोरीहरूको ओठमा हाँसो ल्याउन भनेर तर मैले हाँसो त के एउटा मुस्कानसमेत देखेको छैन ।

तिमीलाई हुकुम गर्ने ती मन्त्री र नेताहरूलाई म घरी-घरी आँखा तन्काई-तन्काई हेर्छु । भन्न त भन्छन् "सुन्नुहोस् नेपाली दाजुभाइ तथा दिदीबहिनीहरू । तपाईंहरूको पीडा भन्नु मेरो आफ्नै पीडा हो जस्तो लाग्छ । मलाई हाम्रो समाजको यो

दुर्गति हेर्न पटककै मन छैन । मलाई यो ठाउँ विकास गर्न मन लागेको छ र यो मेरो सपना पनि हो । यो हाम्रो ठाउँ विकास गर्ने सपनाले मलाई बेलाबेलामा भस्काइ रहन्छ तर मैले यो ठाउँ विकास गर्ने मौका पाएको थिइनँ । अब पाएँ मौका दाजुभाइहरू, यो चुनावबाट । मात्र एक भोट खसाल्नुहोस्, म तपाईंहरूको सेवा गर्ने एक असल नेता बन्ने छु ।" तर कहाँ छन् ती नेता सरकार ? कहाँ छन् ? जसले मेरा छोराछोरीहरूलाई विकासको नाममा ठगे ।

तिम्मा नेताहरूलाई भनिदेऊ कि तिम्री आमा रोइरहेकी छिन् भनेर । एक न एक दिन त्यो आँसुले तिम्रीहरूलाई चुर्लुम्म डुबाउँछ र तिम्रीहरू तड्पिदै मर्ने छौ भनेर अनि ठूलो स्वरमा भनिदेऊ । तिम्मा नेताहरूलाई यो पनि भनिदेऊ कि चिल्लो कारमा हिँडेर मात्र समाज बन्दैन । सयौँ सिपाहीको सलाममा कोही महान् हुँदैन ।

घुस लिन होइन सरकार, ती नेताहरूलाई माया दिन सिकाइ देऊ । भाषण दिन होइन सरकार ती मन्त्रीहरूलाई भावना बुझ्न सिकाइ देऊ । यही छ मेरो बिन्ती सरकार तिम्रीलाई ।

धन्यवाद !

तिम्री
नेपाल आमा

आमा

२०३०

निशान

कक्षा : ६



आमा तिम्री संसार मेरो
प्राण दियौ मलाई
नौ महिना गर्भमा राखी
जन्म दियौ मलाई ।

आमा तिम्री भगवान् मेरो
हाँस सिकायौ मलाई
घाउ भए यदि मलाई
दुख्यो हजुरलाई ।

आमा तिम्री शिक्षक मेरो
बोल्न सिकायौ मलाई
ताते ताते भनीकन गाई
ठूलो बनायौ मलाई ।

आमा तिम्री नयन मेरो
संसार देखायौ मलाई
वरिपरि सबै ठाउँ घुमाई
ठूलो बनायौ मलाई ।

आमा तिम्री सेवक मेरो
सेवा गयौ मलाई
जति टाढा गए पनि म त
सम्भरहन्छु तिम्रीलाई ।





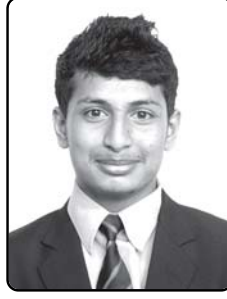
That BNKS Moment!

Which is my “That BNKS moment”?

Upon facing the overwhelming task of filling the lines of “My Profile” in Bhanjyang, my mind went into complete overdrive. Which moment should I choose to immortalize in a copy of Bhanjyang, and look back upon with fondness even after 30 years? Surely, I could single out the greatest moment of my stay in BNKS, couldn't I? Yep, I thought, I could list everything out and shortlist the best moment to be included in the fateful entry. I started making the list, but to my dismay, I filled out a full notebook and wasn't even close to marking out THAT moment. Nonetheless, I toiled on and 43 hours and 11 thick notebooks later, I finally completed the list of my BNKS moments. Then came the task of short listing everything. Even after trying as hard as I could, I could not find out my BNKS moment. I started worrying about it; I started missing meals and maybe even shed a few pounds and a handful of hair.

Finally, I experienced an epiphany (or an Archimedes moment where he leaped out of his bath and ran around the city naked). I could immortalize all of my BNKS moments in Bhanjyang, and it didn't have to be only in the profile. I could write an article where I could explicitly state the instances that meant the most to me. It was truly my Eureka moment.

**5091
Saugat
Class: A2**



So, here we are: me writing about the times that meant the most to me and all of you reading about them. The first and the best moment of my 17 years (Yes! 17 years!) in BNKS must be the day I first set foot in BNKS. No, it was not in 2006, when I started my schooling in BNKS but in 1998, when I was just a year old. I can be forgiven for not remembering the moment clearly but I can never be forgiven for not stating this in the article.

For a BNKS student, the best days of the week are the chicken days. Every chicken day with my tablemates was a pious affair for me. A chicken day was special for me not because of the quality chicken, but because of the friends whom I shared the chicken with. The banter that I shared with them on the course of a meal is the best banter that I will ever share. The chicken days of BNKS deserve to be my other “That BNKS moment”.

The Bhojpuri dances of the cultural programs have always held a fascination for the students of BNKS. I was no stranger to the notion and will always cherish every minute that I spent shaking and wriggling every organ of my

body. I could never understand the meaning of the words nor the reason why the singers sang such songs but memorized every lyric of the songs. I won't be surprised if I hum the tune of *Lollipop Lagere* for the rest of my life.

Being a School Prefect is another highlight of my time in BNKS. The day the prefects for 2014-2015 were announced, and the Principal announced my name in the assembly hall, I got a spine tingling sensation. It was nothing like anything that I had ever experienced before and will be nothing like anything I will ever experience later. You might think I am just advertising for Micromax mobiles, but the time when my name was announced was another great feeling for me.

I have many more moments and anecdotes to share but because of laziness and the word limit, I need to sign out. Budhanilkantha School is the best thing that has ever happened to me and the best thing that will ever happen to me. The 11 thick notebooks will remain with me forever, always reminding me of the wonderful and at times crazy stuff I did in my school days. When I look at this article after 30 years, I will truly know what my “That BNKS moment” was. For now, I will have to manage with “Those BNKS Moments”.

P.S: For those of you who are wondering what happened in Gaurishankar Picnic 2014, stay tuned for my blog which will come out in July 2015.





Nepal Looks to Make Case as Neutral Venue

5063
Ashish
Class: A2



With pleasant weather, enthusiastic public and a brand new ground on its way, Nepal could make a serious case to become the next neutral venue for international cricket.

Home to eight of the ten tallest peaks in the world, it is only apt that Nepal is called 'the Home of the Gods'. It seems appropriate, therefore, that Nepal's newest cricket stadium, the half-complete Mulpani Cricket Ground in Kathmandu, is located atop a hill, a little bit closer to the heavens. The ground shares its acronym with a more celebrated stadium from the southern hemisphere, but the Mulpani ground possesses its own charm, with panoramic views of the Himalayas and the growing metropolis of Kathmandu.

Part of the romance associated with cricket revolves around the arena where all the action unfolds, whether it is the ocean-side Arnos Vale Stadium in St Vincent, or the grass banks of the Queenstown Events Centre surrounded by the remarkable mountain range in New Zealand. With Nepal

unlikely to receive Test or ODI status in the near future, there is a reason why the half-built stadium at Mulpani and the other existing grounds in Nepal could be on their way to becoming one of the most picturesque locations for world cricket. This is because Nepal's Mulpani stadium has a chance of becoming a neutral venue, open to year-long cricket due to a climate that makes play possible even during the height of the sub-continental summer. Now, if only the stadium could get ready in time.

Once this picturesque ground is ready, Kathmandu could at least hope to give itself a chance to take the stage as the world's next neutral venue on the lines of Sharjah, Singapore and Toronto. There is no reason why Nepal cannot become a popular neutral venue since the country has good weather for almost nine months in a year and the locals love the sport.

Apart from the Mulpani stadium, Nepal does have a few grounds such as the Tribhuvan University International Cricket Ground (TU Ground) and the Pulchowk Cricket Ground in Kathmandu, which have hosted ICC and ACC events in the past. Outside Kathmandu, there are a few cricket grounds, the best known in Pokhara, Nepal's third-largest city. The TU Ground can accommodate about 20,000 spectators but the others don't have sophisticated seating facilities and are limited to hosting around 5000 fans.

Yet there is a strong case to be made for cricket in Kathmandu - its climate. Temperatures rarely climb above 30 degrees Celsius during the year. June is the hottest time of the year and it can be safely said that most people wouldn't consider it anything short of pleasant. The average rainfall is highest during July-August, but it is rarely more than 400 inches (approx 10,000mm). Between April and September, when the heat and the monsoon restrict South Asia's cricket season, the temperate climate of Kathmandu offers a tempting window for cricket in the region.

Another reason that makes Nepal a promising neutral venue is the local support for the game. Unlike, other smaller cricketing nations, such as UAE and Hong Kong, where teams are largely made up of expatriates, Nepal's national team, comprises indigenous players who have usually come through the ranks playing age-group cricket. Walk into a sports shop in Kathmandu, and one can see that cricket has its place. A quick chat with taxi drivers, security guards and hawkers on the street will tell you that football is still the country's number one sport, but the growing appetite for cricket among Nepal's public is unquestionable, something that national and global administrators of the sport would do well to capitalize on.

◇◇◇



My first art workshop in Leprosy Mission Hospital in Lele, Lalitpur

2028
Lujin
Class:6



I am happy to take part in art workshop for leprosy affected people. This workshop was done to encourage the people who were affected by the leprosy disease. Even though the affected people can do better than normal people. Yet they don't get appreciation or job in the society they are much discriminated. So, leprosy hospital can help leprosy affected people by teaching them some basic skills.

I am also very proud because I got chance to stay and to take part in this huge art workshop with great artists from Nepal and France. Even those reputed artists appreciated my work in the canvas and I was awarded with the cash prize. It was a very wonderful workshop. In this art workshop the greatest artists also helped the leprosy affected people to paint and they also told they should work hard and do much better than that. It was an enjoyable and inspirational workshop for me.



Pokali Waterfall

Nepal is a beautiful country full of places oozing with natural beauty. The numerous rivers, hills and mountains have always played a vital role in increasing the name and fame of Nepal. One waterfall which, for me, stands out among the many natural beauties in Nepal is a waterfall, "Pokali Jharana". It is located in Leti village, on the southern parts of Okhaldhunga district of Nepal and is one of the most famous tourist destinations of the area.

9123
Sampada
Class:8



The waterfall has definitely helped in increasing the reputation of Okhaldhunga and Nepal as a whole and is one of the most peaceful locations one can find in the country. So next time, when you're in a dilemma of choosing new places for travelling, don't forget to consider Pokali Jharana of Leti village as a possible destination.



Determination

7078
Nikesh
Class:10



Determination, I'm determined to see
See its strength and where it could take me
"Success, that is where it gets us free"
Said my teachers and family

Determination, I'm determined to feel
To feel and to witness is what I believe in
Feel its assistance and respectful command
Up there to success I want you to direct me

Determination, I'm determined to find
Cause I'm pointed at for not being determined
But "I'm determined to find it",
I appeal
"You'll never find it pouring over anything" they shout at me

I never understood what determination is
But I work hard and aim too high,
Too high, although successful is what I really want to be



मिठो सपना

१०२४

रूपा

कक्षा : ८



बिहानीको घामको सुनौलो किरणसँगै मैले आफ्नो घरको आँगनमा पाइला टेकेँ। आज कताकता सबै अनौठो महसुस भइरहेको थियो। मलाई त्यो सानो भुपडी आज महल जस्तै लागिरेको थियो। करिब एक दशकपछि आफ्नो जन्मभूमिमा पाइला चाल्न पाउँदा, मलाई स्वर्गको अनुभूति भइरहेको थियो। ती बूढी आमाको हँसिलो अनुहार अनि वरपरको शान्त वातावरण मलाई नौलो लागिरेको थियो। घरको पल्लोपट्टि रहेको त्यो नाङ्गो पाखामा आज घना जङ्गल देखा पर्‍यो। सोचेँ, गाउँलेले रूख रोपेछन् क्यार ! दिउँसोतिर घरबाट बाहिर पाइला चाल्दै थिए, परतिर सङ्गीतको मधुर धुन सुनेँ। अचम्म लाग्यो। मनमा अनेकौँ प्रश्नहरू जागे।

म त्यतैतिर लागेँ। सबै बाटा सफा देखिन्थे। ती फोहोरले भरिएका खाली ठाउँमा समेत रङ्गीचङ्गी फूलहरू फुलेका थिए। ती फूलमा भमरा र माहुरीको हुल देखिन्थ्यो। मानौँ त्यहाँ कुनै मेला लागिरेको छ। हिँड्दै थिएँ, मैले सडकका पेटिमा भोका र नाङ्गा बच्चा पनि देखिनँ, पछि थाहा पाएँ आजकाल त ती बच्चालाई त सरकारले पढ्ने, खाने र बस्ने व्यवस्था मिलाइदिएको रहेछ। वरपर हेरेँ, त्यो मधुर आवाज मबाट अलि टाढा हुँदै थियो। मैले अझ छिटो पाइला चालेँ।

“संविधानले हाम्रो देशमा शान्ति ल्यायो।” चौतारोमा बसेर बूढापाकाहरू गफ गर्दै थिए। ठूलाठूला साइनबोर्डहरू ठूलाठूला घरमा टाँसिएका थिए। ती साइनबोर्डमा लेखिएका शब्द देखेर सोचेँ “सायद मेरी सानीभैँ अकालमा कसैको ज्यान जाँदैन होला।” मेरो अगाडिबाट साना साना विद्यार्थीहरू विद्यालय गइरहेको दृश्य देखियो। खुसी लाग्यो, छोरीलाई पनि स्कुल पठाउन थालेछन् भनी।

सयौँ दूरी टाढा सुनिने त्यो स्वर विस्तारै आफूतिर नजिकिँदै आइरहेको महसुस भयो। बाटामुनि सधैं रक्सी बेच्ने भट्टी भएको मलाई अझ पनि याद थियो। तर आज अचम्म लाग्यो त्यहाँ त रक्सी होइन किताब, कापी बेच्न राखिएको थियो। अचानक त्यो मिठो ध्वनि एक कडा अनि बेसुर स्वरमा परिणत भयो। यस्तो लागिरेको थियो मानौँ बम नै पड्केको थियो। अचानक मन भारी भयो। त्यो डर लाग्दो आवाज मेरो कानमा नराम्रोसँग गुञ्जिन थाल्यो। दुवै हातले दुवै कानलाई छोपेँ अनि अकस्मात मेरा आँखा खुले। म भसङ्ग भएँ। मेरा वरपरका दृश्य विश्वास गर्न गाह्रो थियो। मेरो छातीबाट रगत बग्दै थियो। वरपर हेरेँ, मेरा सबै साथीहरू रगतमा पौडिँदै थिए।

म त सपनाको संसारमा पो डुबेँछु। हुन पनि सपना यति राम्रो थियो कि दुस्मनले गोली लाग्दा पत्तै भएन तर आमालाई दर्शौँमा जसरी पनि घर आउँछु भनी, सधैंका लागि घर नफकिने गरी जाँदैछु भन्ने कुरा थाहा पाएर मुटु दुख्यो। ती रङ्गीन सपना अनि बूढी आमाको अनुहारसमेत

विस्तारै धमिलो हुँदै गयो। “के मेरा ती सपना साँचा थिए त?” आफैलाई प्रश्न गर्दै थिएँ तर अचानक मलाई निन्द्राले आफूतिर तान्यो, अनि म पनि आँखा चिम्लिँदै सधैंका लागि निन्द्रामा परेँ।



हाम्रो देश नेपाल

२०१२

अनिल

कक्षा : ६



हाम्रो देश नेपाल
सुन्दर, शान्त, विशाल
प्यारो लाग्छ, मलाई
अनि बन्नु छ म असल।

मेचीदेखि महाकाली
फैलिएको मेरो ठाउँ
प्यारो लाग्छ, मलाई
यहीं हो मेरो गाउँ।

प्यारो लाग्छ, मलाई
यहाँको विशाल संस्कृति
प्यारो लाग्छ, मलाई
यहाँको सुन्दर प्रकृति।

यहीं हो म जन्मेको
यहीं हो म हुर्केको
गर्व गर्छु म नेपालीहरूको
र यिनै वीर गोर्खालीको।



कहाँ हरायो शान्ति ?

११०१
रिवाज
कक्षा : ८

५६३ वि.सी. मा जन्मेका शुद्धोधनका पुत्र गौतम बुद्धले नेपालमा शान्तिको विउ छरे र वृक्ष पनि उब्ज्यो । तर खै आज त त्यो वृक्ष छ कि छैन शङ्कै लाग्छ । शान्तिको दीप बुद्धको जन्मस्थल नेपालमा अहिले शान्तिको कमी भइ रहेको छ । सबैको मनमा एकैचोटी प्रश्न उठ्छ, “कहाँ हरायो शान्ति” ?

भन्डै २७,००० मन्दिर तथा स्तुपा भएको हाम्रो देशमा यसो सोच्दा त शान्ति त चारैतिर छ, जस्तो लाग्छ । मन्दिर, स्तुपाजस्ता पवित्र स्थल त शान्तिको संरचना हुन् । तर यति धेरै पवित्र हुँदा हुँदै पनि किन छैन त नेपालमा शान्ति ?

हाम्रा पुर्खाले कायम गर्दै आएको शान्ति आखिर हामीले किन कायम गर्न सकिरहेका छैनौं । यो हाम्रो कमजोरी भन्ने कि व्यक्तिगत स्वार्थ ? नेपालमा शान्ति नहुनुको मुख्य कारण कानूनको पालना नगर्नु हो । पृथ्वीनारायण शाहले नेपाली भूमि त एकीकरण गरे तर नेपालको यो हालत देख्दा नेपालीमा एकता ल्याउन भने भुसुकै विसेछन् जस्तो लाग्छ । विश्वको जलस्रोतमा धनी देश नेपालमा आखिर किन विद्युत् कटौती हुन्छ । वीर गोर्खाली बनी जन्मेका हामी नेपालीले सारा

संसारलाई त जित्यौं तर भारतले यति धेरै सिमाना मिचिसक्दा पनि हामी किन चुप लागेर बस्छौं ।

शान्ति त नेपालमै छ तर लुकेर बस्न बाध्य छ; यो सबै हाम्रो अराजकताको कारण हो । समाजको सर्वश्रेष्ठ प्राणी त बन्यौं तर खै हामी भन्दा अरु प्राणी अभै बुद्धिमान् छन् जस्तो लाग्छ । मानव सर्वश्रेष्ठ भएको भए त किन शान्ति लुक्थ्यो होला र ? किन चोरी डकैती, हत्या, हिंसा हुन्थे होला र ? शान्तिको प्रतीक मानिने परेवाको दिनहुँ मासु खाने हामीलाई शान्तिको महत्त्व के थाहा । शान्तिको महत्त्व थाहा भएको भए नेपालको हालत यस्तो हुँदैनथ्यो होला ।

अब त नेपालमा फेरि शान्ति ल्याउन कि त अर्को बुद्धले जन्म लिनुपर्छ कि त हामी नेपालीले हाम्रो बानी र आचरण सुधार्नु पर्छ । नत्र कहिल्यै भित्रिन्न नेपालमा शान्ति । हामी नेपालीकै हातमा छ, नेपालको भविष्य, अहिल्यै हामीले हाम्रा नकारात्मक सोचलाई बदल्यौं भने नेपाल अवश्य शान्त र विकसित देश हुन्छ । वर्षौंदेखि संविधानको पर्खाइमा बसेका नेपालीको सपना, पूरा हुनु, वर्षे पिच्छे कयौं नेपाली दाजुभाइको हुने मृत्युको सङ्ख्या घट्नु, विद्युत् निकाली नेपालमा विद्युत् कटौती नहुनु, यी सबै नेपालमा शान्ति भित्रिए पछि मात्र सम्भव छन् ।

त्यसैले हामी सबै अब एकताबद्ध हुनु पर्छ । “एक थुकी सुकी, सय थुकी नदी” भनेभै हामी मिल्यौं भने नेपाल अवश्य विकसित हुन्छ र नेपालमा अवश्य शान्ति आउँछ ।

**मन लाग्यो मलाई**

१११५
दिपेन
कक्षा : ८

पहिलो पाइला चालिसकेँ,
गन्न मन लाग्यो मलाई
गन्दा गन्दै सय पुग्यो
भन्न मन लाग्यो मलाई ।

वसन्त ऋतुको आगमनसँगै
फुल्ने फूलहरू
नयाँ पालुवा बनेर भुल्न
मन लाग्यो मलाई
गन्दा गन्दै सय पुग्यो
भन्न मन लाग्यो मलाई ।

नयाँ वर्षको समयमा कोकिलले
बोलिदिँदा
यस्तै यस्तै खुशीयाली सुन्न
मन लाग्यो मलाई
गन्दा गन्दै सय पुग्यो
भन्न मन लाग्यो मलाई ।

च्यातिएको गजल लिई
आई दिँदा तिमी
सियो र धागो लिई
उन्न मन लाग्यो मलाई
गन्दा गन्दै सय पुग्यो
भन्न मन लाग्यो मलाई ।

पहिलो पाइला चालिसकेँ
गन्न मन लाग्यो मलाई
गन्दा गन्दै सय पुग्यो
भन्न मन लाग्यो मलाई ।





A Journey to Excellence

5191
Mansi
Class:12



The fine attachments of my emotional strings with my family members is no less than the perfect blend of colours by an artist to create a masterpiece. That became the chief reason to turn this not so big deal called "adjustment" into my greatest nightmare.

I knew the way a larvae has to emerge out of its cocoon to become a butterfly ! I too had to come out of my comfort zone to become a better and stronger version of myself, but the step of mine into a hostel life was similar to the day when I was thrown into a swimming pool without a life jacket. This time the condition was more pathetic because my dad was not there to provide me a helping hand.

Even today observing the sky, the bright diamonds that looks like mystic troops above me makes me remember that clear horizon, the deep purple sky on my very first day to Budhanilkantha School. Not grown up in many ways I did not know how life looked in its magnified form. After I came out of my shell only then I realized I had overestimated my

capabilities. I know I was a mess but the worst thing I did was letting the thought of running away overshadow myself. As they say, you can see stars only when its dark enough.

My parents trust in me that I had the capacities to turn situations upside down was the only sparkle of light left. First ten days almost killed me but yes, what did not kill me made me stronger. Slowly I turned my weaknesses into my strengths. I still remember replacing homesickness + nervousness = tears into confidence+ hope = smile in my life diary.

It is not always the strongest or wisest who is commendable but it is the one who is most adoptable to this unchanging phenomenon called change. Being back to the happy soul had brought the smile back into my face, again observing the things people missed and moments some ignore. 'Smiling from within is the prettiest thing' was what I believed, but this journey enlightened me with the warmth that the most beautiful thing is to see others smiling and even beautiful is knowing that you are the reason behind it. Stepping into a milestone called BNKS taught me it was just a driving desire to do something that could make miracles happen.

This is how my first chapter, a journey to excellence at Budhanilkantha school started.

When You Ignored Me

7124
Rajat
Class:10



It was a lovely day of July,
Rain was pouring all about,
I was with the one on whom I
relied
But in heart, love was a rout.

The dance fest had come to an
end
And the trophy brought you
pride,
Our hearts left unclaimed
But still you didn't come to my
side.

And then you passed by,
I mumbled your name;
When you were nearby
You were drowned in fame... I
caressed the shame!

I addressed my fear,
You ignored me, I lost my voice;
I lost my mind, my dear,
I dived into the sorrow in joy.

And then I thought it over,
I analyzed at least you had the
fame;
And my heart will forever remain
unclaimed.





My Pets

3124
Urvi
Class:6



I have one pet that is a dog,
He always chews the same old
log;
He is huge but only one year
old,
His name is bold.

I have another pet that is a cat,
Who always sits in a pink mat;
She is cute and beautiful,
When she is angry, she acts like
a bull.

I have other pets that are fishes;
I give them food from green
dishes;
There are many fishes in my jar;
I take the jar when I travel in the
car.

See, how friendly my pets are
with each other,
They never ever fight with each
other;
Like the dog doesn't chase the
cat and the cat doesn't eat the
fish,
See! There's no unity amiss.



Adventure is Fun!

Across the sea, forests and
towns
Meeting different people;
celebrations with gowns
Meeting new faces and tasty
talks
Horrible riding with painful
walks
Seeing people sad and people
who cry,
Making them smile with a few
tries

9009
Brinda
Class:8



To face all the difficulties, here I
come
Bringing the memories,
experiences and fame
Going through the lighting, rain
and sun
Here I conclude, Adventure is
fun!



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Siblings; Love or Rivalry

8014
Bardan
Class:9



In most societies siblings often grow up together, thereby facilitating the development of strong emotional bonds. After growing up with one younger brother, I have found that the eldest child becomes an authoritative figure and more dominating in nature, but at the same time holds a sense of responsibility towards the younger siblings.

The eldest acts as a teacher and model, and in doing so, enjoys a better status, power and position in relation to the younger ones. I have also noticed that the younger ones tend to feel insecure and inferior and believe that they are always second in line, like when it comes to getting a new bike or a car. This tendency of the younger ones to have insecurity fuels feelings of discomfort which, in turn results into intense jealousy towards the elder sibling.

Sibling rivalry seems to be a feature of siblings who are close to each other in age or of the same gender. Even though the siblings love each other, it

is not uncommon of them to bicker about something and have malice towards the other at times.

The rivalry increases when a child feels that he or she is receiving less attention from his or her parents. The silent competition going on between the siblings is not always negative because the each of the siblings can teach the other new things. Along the road, there might be some conflicts but in the end, the conflicts serve to teach each of the

siblings to be more mature and make sacrifices to be more compatible with each other in the future.

Our relationship with our siblings, for better or for worse, is until death so it is in our own best interests to make the most out of it. The bond among the siblings is among the most special and intimate bonds that one can experience in his/her life. But the true nature of this bond is unknown; is it love or is it rivalry?



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The First Day

6163
Aarshika
Class: A1



I opened my eyes. My head hurt and I was feeling really dizzy. I was staring at an unfamiliar white-washed ceiling. The air was filled with the smell of medicine and a constant beep; only to be broken occasionally by distant shuffling of feet.

It did not take me long to realize that I was in a hospital bed. I was confused. Everything felt wrong. My body ached and as I tried to sit up, a nurse rushed to me and made me lie back onto the bed again.

Moments later, my mom walked into the room and sat beside me. She held my hand. Her hands felt soft and warm against my cold ones. She gave a flickering smile; tears held back. She said, "You're okay honey." I was puzzled and wondering what had happened to me when my mind suddenly clicked on. The gunshot...

That day began with the somber songs of the birds. In the morning we had heard about the demise of our friend, Fred. He was always at the top of his class and was the favorite of all the teachers. So naturally, we were all shocked when we

heard that he had killed himself with a handful of sleeping pills.

Rest of the day went normal... Up until the break. Friends and I were walking through the corridor; the normal blabber of gossip and giggles. That's when it happened. Bang... The gunshot cut through the whole school, the chatter all dead in its wake. The next thing I knew, the hallway was a blur of motion, and my feet carried me behind the running students.

I found myself inside a crowded library; Students talking in hushed tones and crouching low. The librarian slowly opened the window and motioned us to get out. The students slowly and silently started jumping out the window, as we were in the ground floor.

There was a man in the corridor with a gun. Everyone was scared and some of my friends had even started crying. The man suddenly shouted in a shrill voice that sent chills down our spines. He said, "Come out, my son was killed yesterday and someone here killed him." Our principal arrived as we heard her voice saying, "Mr. Charlie please calm down. No one killed your son... He committed suicide. None of us are to blame for it."

"No... All of you are guilty. He has written to us in his last letter, all of you are guilty." Mr. Charlie screamed, now sobbing.

"He didn't have friends. He was alone. Every day, he excelled in his studies but didn't have

people to talk to... My beautiful son.... So come out. Nobody goes anywhere until I find the culprit."

Suddenly we heard the police sirens. By that time only some of my friends and I were left in the library. As soon as he heard the sirens the man panicked. He shouted, "You called the police? How dare you?" and he shot our principal.

Hearing the principal shout as the bullet penetrated her belly, I rushed out of the library in utter confusion. The man saw me and aimed. I could see him pointing at my heart and BAM. He shot me.

It was all silence for me after that. When I woke up in the hospital bed, my mom told me that the principal was going to be alright and the man was arrested. She also told me that I had been lying there for eight days now without any response.

Now I realize I am given a new birth. This is my first day on earth and I am with my mother. She is the first person I saw and I am getting the chance to be a renewed person who does not let anybody be an outcast. I have a chance to be the person who helps everyone in need and it is my rebirth.

I have a chance to enjoy my new life and live it to the fullest until death comes to take me away. There's a new optimism in life and I am ready to face the world. I also realize that I have become invincible. I beat death now and I am not scared of anything.

* * *



Friends

3008
Sneha
Class:5



Friends are those who can be
trusted
Without friends the life is not
counted.

Make friends who have good
manners,
Do not forget that they are
God's showers.

Make many friends, not few
They are like God, watching
over you

Learn to love, not make wars
Then you will become the future
stars

They are friends who cannot be
sold.
Can you recognize who they are
and what they hold?



The Joker

His eyes were gray, they had a
mysterious dot,
His brows were hidden, he had
lashes of invisible sort.
There were black dots
splattered around his eye socket
He had razors up his sleeve and
a gun in his pocket.

His hair had green of lime and
yellow of shine,
He was a mastermind but hadn't
earned a dime.

The cheeks had red, stitched
cuts on both ends of the lips,
Smiling icily, the head off his
rival, he rips.

6047
Prakriti
Class: A1



The white colour had chipped
off from the wrinkles on his skin,
No beliefs, values or norm, did
he have a kin?

His hideous teeth were
yellowed, his breath smelled
foul;

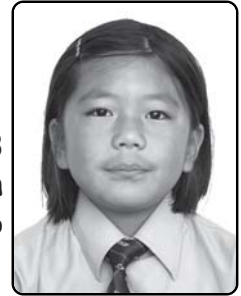
That noise he made, was it a
bark, a roar or a howl?

He wore a tacky purple coat
with striped trousers in black,
He had no affection or kindness,
and common sense he did lack.

He said humans are selfish in
everything they do,
Near him, a palpable feeling of
creepiness gripped you.
He talked of destructive ideas
and always had a pessimistic
thought,
Perhaps, he needed a friend or
feared becoming naught.

Penalty

2073
Senchen
Class:6



The phone rang. As Ram picked
it up, he heard his mother's
voice. It said, "Son, Hari is dead."

Childhood memories flashed
through his mind. Hari was
Ram's cousin and back in their
childhood days, they had
attended a marriage ceremony
together.

The marriage was a great affair
and a competition of sorts was
organized for the kids. They had
to search for some cards that
were hidden and the first one
would get a reward.

As the competition started, no
kid was left standing. Soon
enough, a little kid found the
card and was just going to
return it when someone
snatched it from her hands.

The boy submitted the card and
won the gift. All that time, Hari
had witnessed everything and
yet, he remained standing. As
the little girl went away, grief
could be seen clearly in her face
and she started crying. Later, I
went searching for Hari. When
I found him, he was sitting
crouched in the corner, crying,
just like the little girl.



Pages from History

(1978-80)



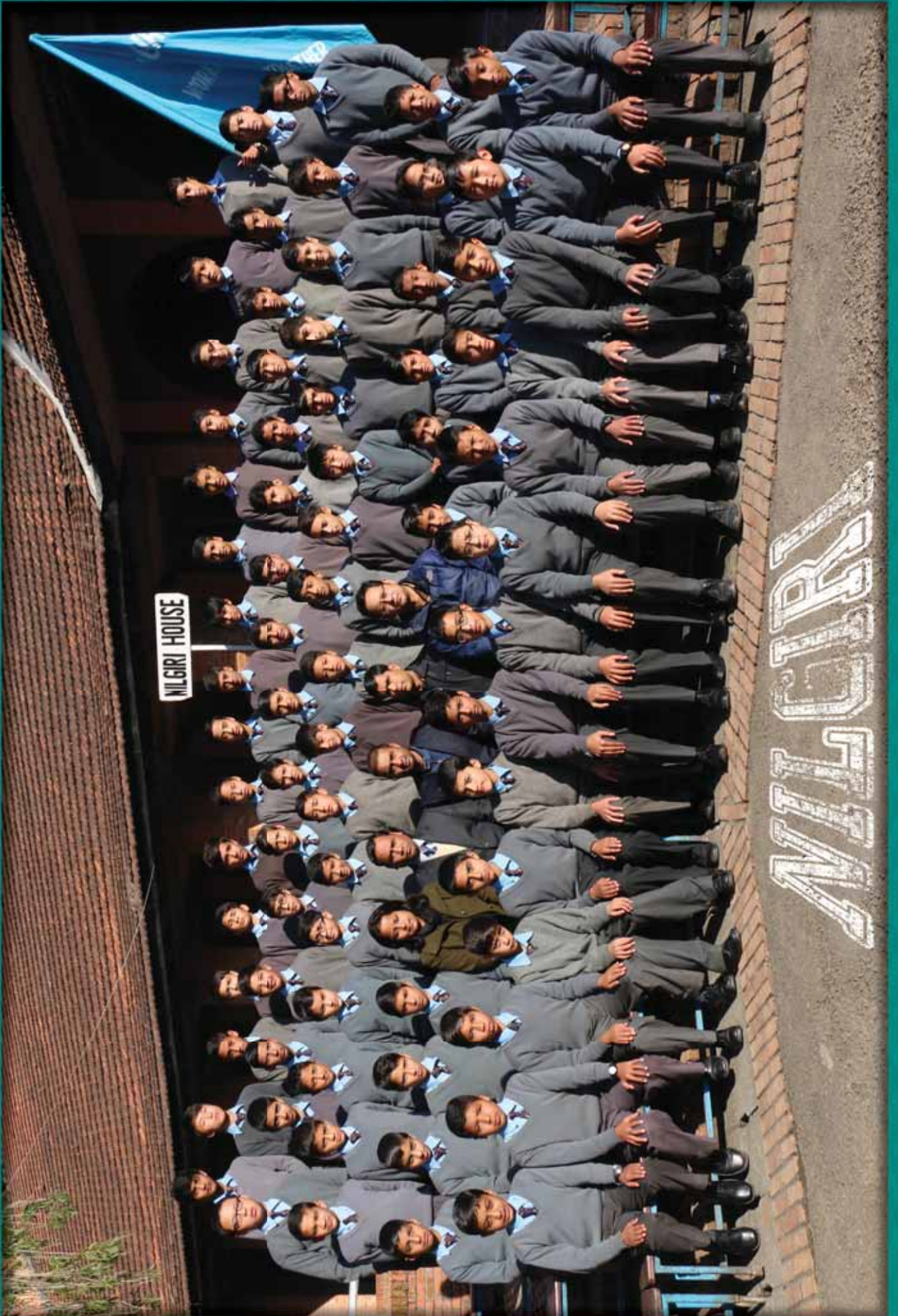
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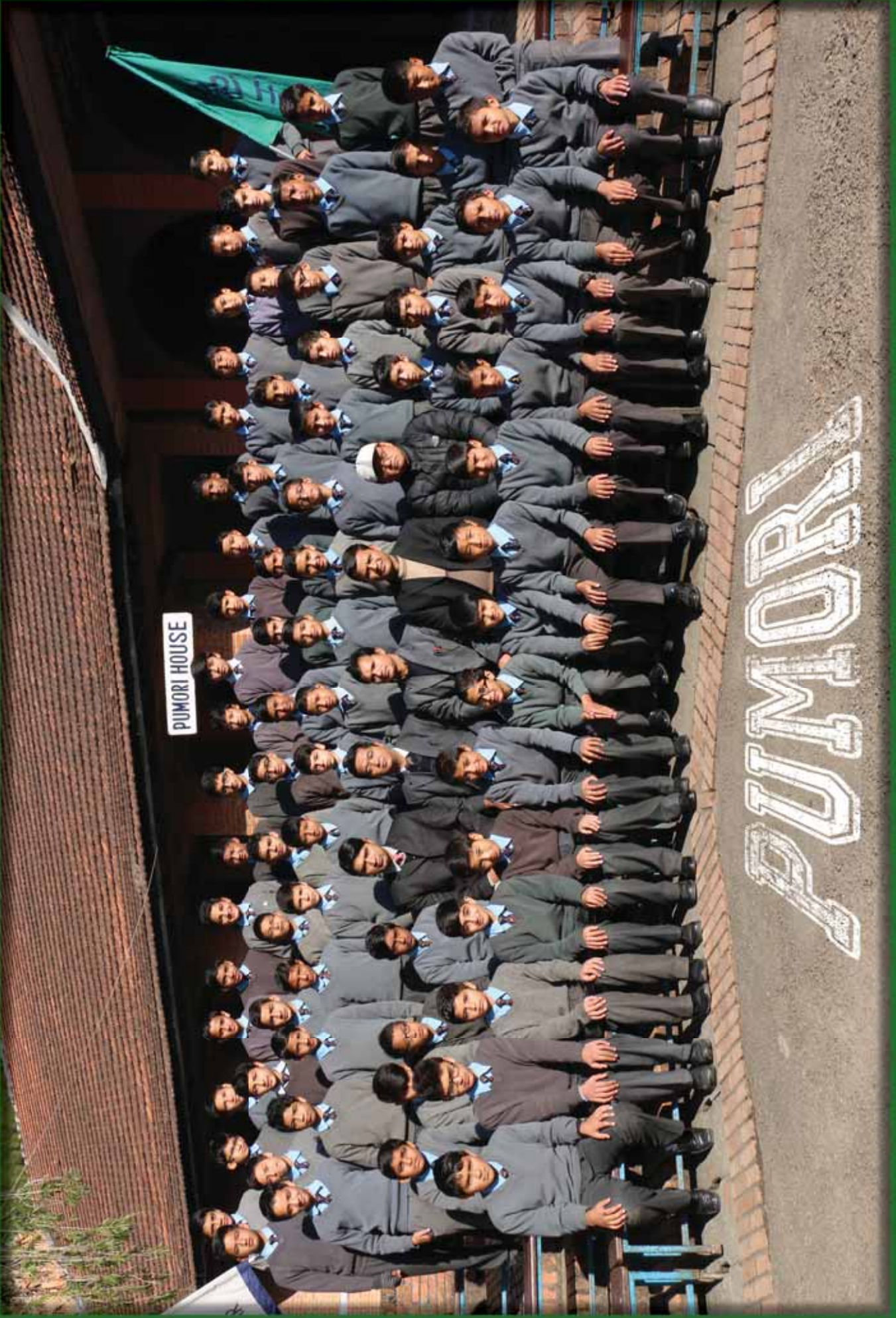
DHAULAGIRI

DHAULAGIRI HOUSE









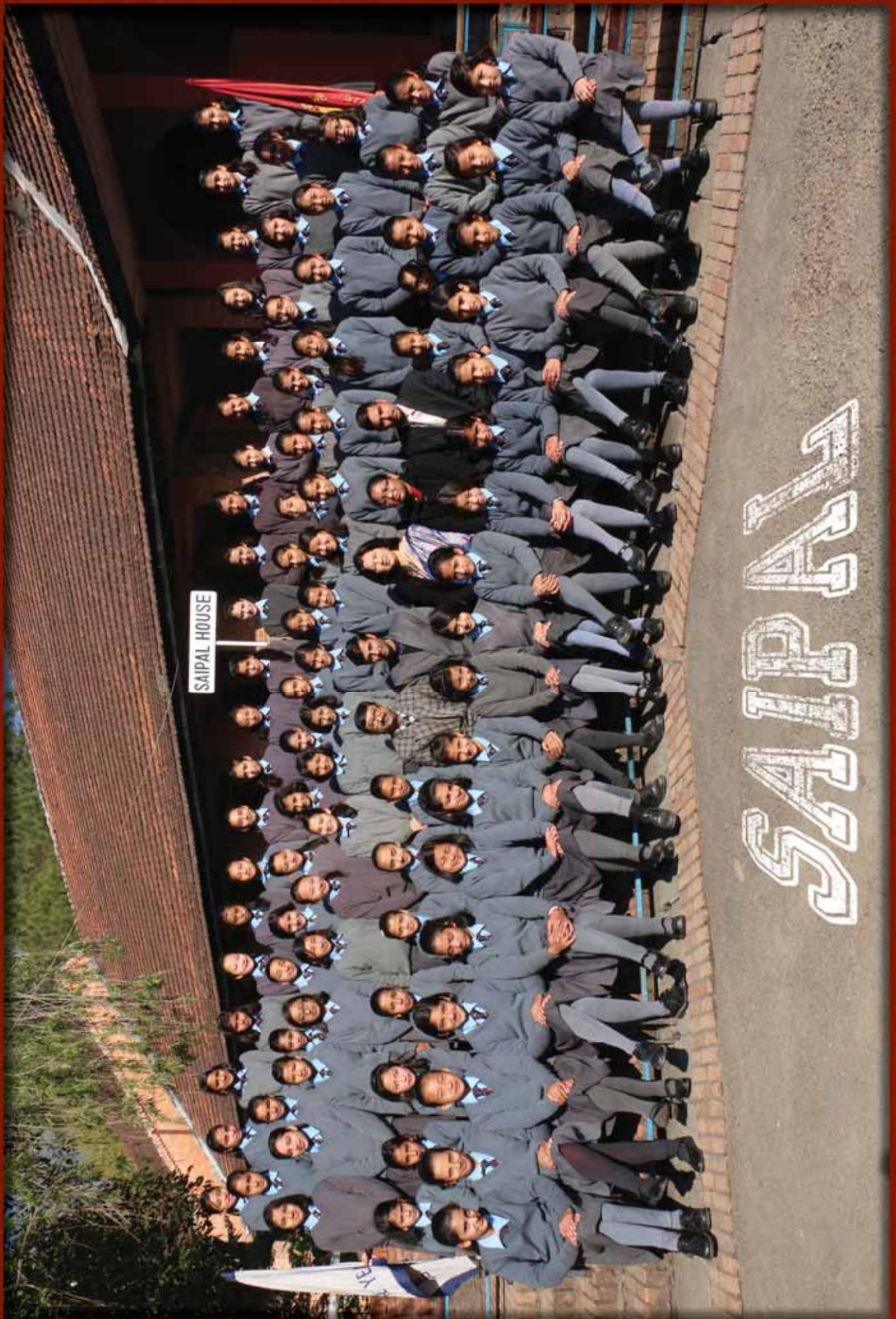
PUMORI HOUSE

PUMORI

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RATNACHULI HOUSE

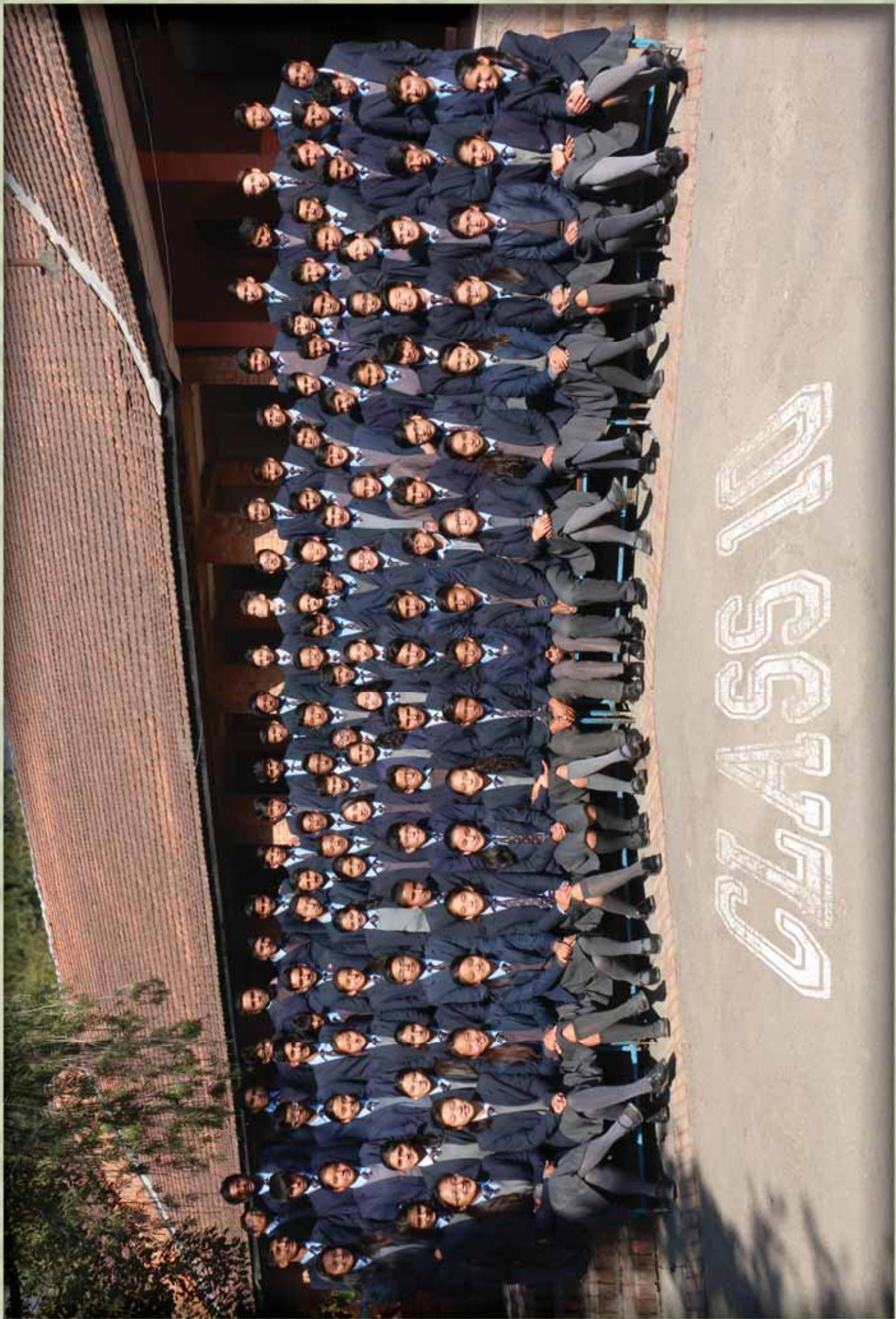


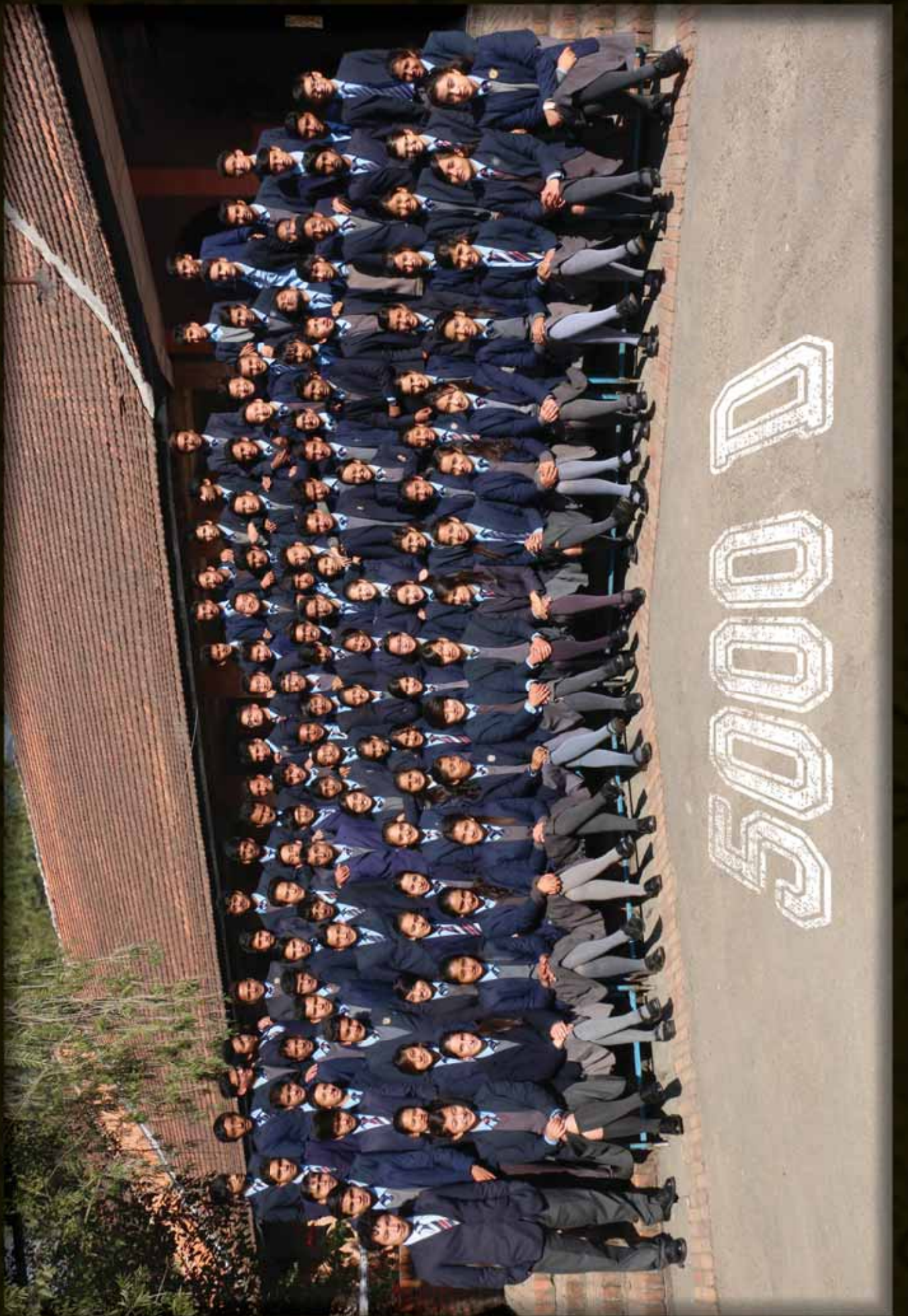




GAURISHANKAR HOUSE

GAURISHANKAR



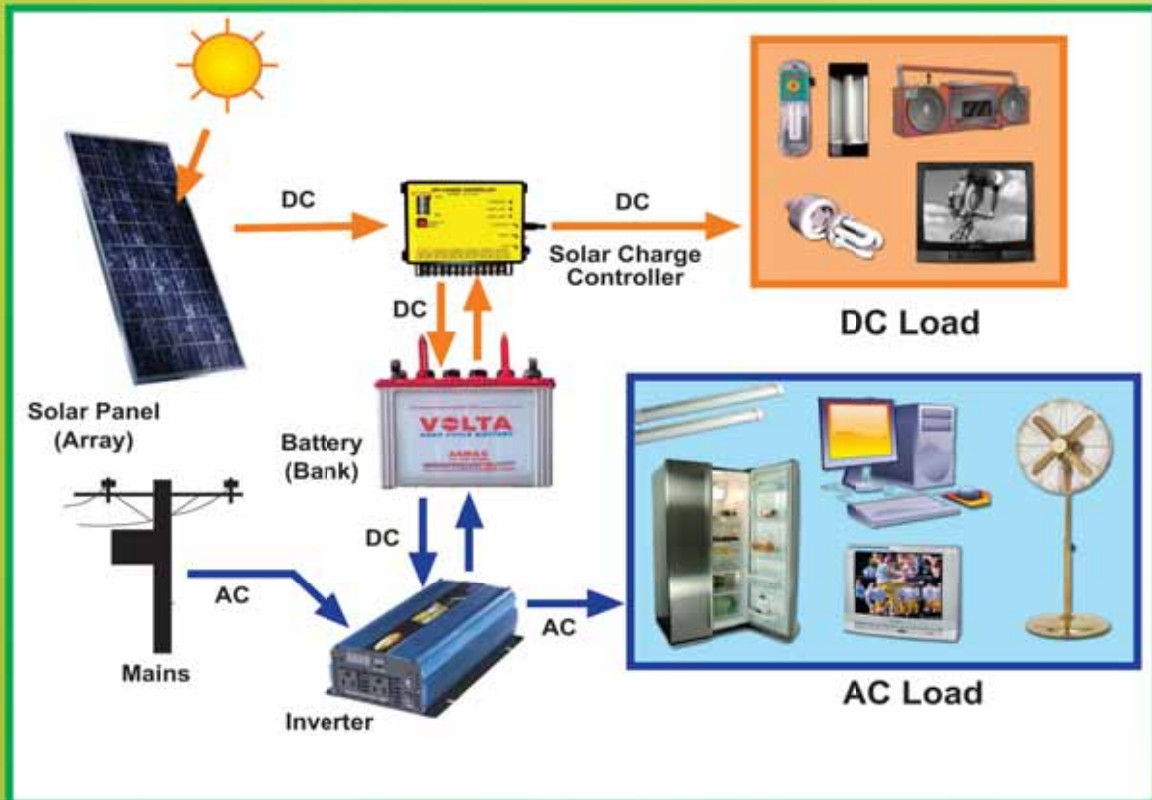




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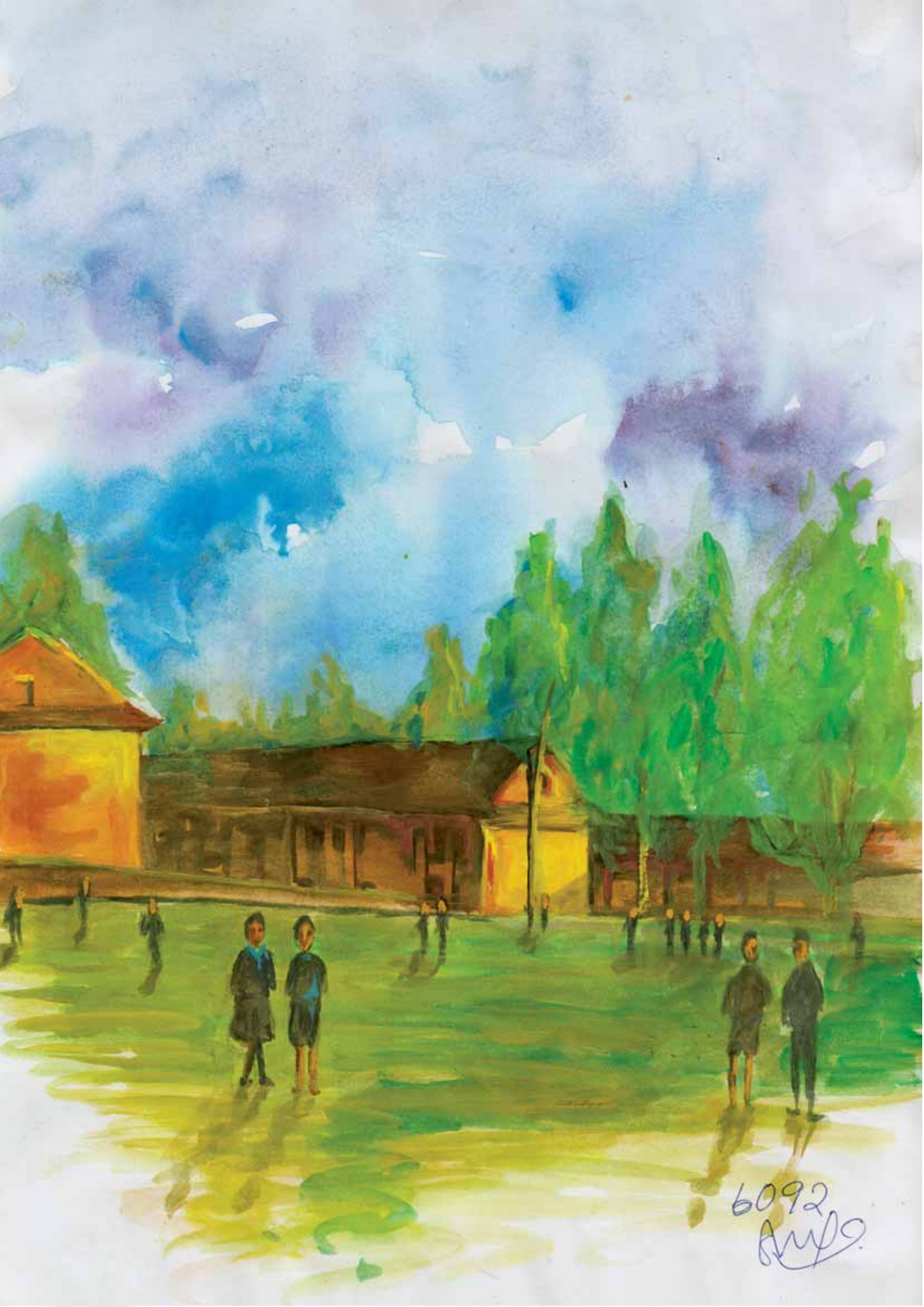


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