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NAMASTE

ISSUE 8



नमस्त

An Annual Publication of
Nepal New Zealand Friendship Society

of
Canterbury Inc.
Christchurch

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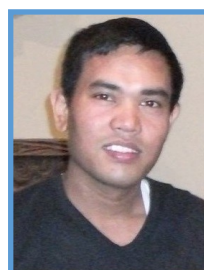
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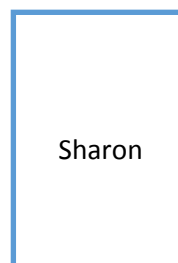
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Namaste and Kia Ora

I feel honoured to write again as the President of the Society in this issue of the Society's Newsletter. The previous time I wrote in the President's column was in the "Namaste" Newsletter's inaugural issue in 2008. Together, the launch of the Nepali weekly radio program on Plains FM, the establishment of fortnightly Nepali language classes and the launch of the annual Newsletter were the troika of key strategic initiatives taken by the Society under my Presidency in 2007-08, and it gives me immense pleasure and pride to see their sustained progress over the last 7 years.

Since the Society's establishment in 1994 (it was legally registered as an Incorporated Society in 2002), it has been working to strengthen the camaraderie between New Zealanders and migrants of Nepali origin. At the same time, the society has also served as a formal point of contact (and source of information) for new Nepalese migrants who have received direct and indirect help from the Society and its diversity of members for help during their transition from Nepal to New Zealand. This has helped new migrants feel more at home; thereby strengthening their sense of belonging to the Society, community and their newly adopted country.

In addition to the three programs mentioned above, the Society organized several programs for its members and also participated in ethnic/cultural activities run by other organizations this year. Our regular internal activities included the organization of programs to celebrate Nepalese festivals such as *Teej*, *Dashain* and *Tihar*. Our cricket and football teams represented the Society in the ethnic cricket and football tournaments organized in Christchurch early this year. Congratulations to the Nepalese Cricket Club - Rhino, who won the Runner-Up award in the ethnic cricket tournament. As usual, the *Nepalese New Year* in April will be the capstone program of the Society and I am sure the members will not leave any stones unturned to make it a grand success.

As the members may have noticed, in recent years, the Society has grown significantly in size. This growth has posed some challenges in managing and resourcing the Society's activities. Thanks to all members of the Executive Committee who have shown unconditional faith in my leadership throughout the year, all activities of the Society were planned efficiently and executed smoothly. Needless to mention, this would not have been possible without the support of many people outside the Executive Committee; so my sincere thanks go to all general members as well.

Over the last year, we have been successful in securing financial grants from COGS (Community Organization Grants Scheme), Community Support Program of the Lottery Commission, Christchurch City Council, and Canterbury Community Trust. The sustained support of these organizations over the last few years has been a tremendous help to the Society; which is very much appreciated by all members. On behalf of all members of the Society, I would like to thank these organizations for providing financial support to the Society, without which the Society would not be able to meet the expectations of its members.

Finally, if you have any comments regarding the programs organized by the Society or any suggestions to the Society's executive committee, do not hesitate to contact us. As I will be abroad on business for the majority of the rest of the year; my co-President Mr Jitendra Bothara will be donning the Presidential role for the next year. I am sure he will be glad to hear from you.

Thank you.

Sincerely yours,

Rajesh Dhakal

President, NNZFS

Editorial Note

चेतनाको सूक्ष्म मूल "दैव", जुन हामीभित्र छ,

हो त्यो, यहाँभित्र पनि छ ।

त्यसलाई झुकेर सादर प्रणाम गर्छौं हामी -
'नमस्ते'।

यहाँका भावना सृष्टि -चराचरका नवीन अभिलाषा हुन्। यहाँका अनुभव जीवनयापनमा यहाँले कुँदनुभएका खँदिला सम्पदा हुन्। यहाँका कल्पना आगामी सुन्दर बिहानीका विश्वासिला किरणहरू हुन्। अनि कहाँ हुन्छ त यहाँले नलेखी - त्यो सूक्ष्म 'दैव' को अभिव्यक्ति! तिनी अभिव्यक्तिले सजाएको क्यानभस हो -हाम्रो 'नमस्ते'।

यहाँका रोचक आलेखहरूले, सुन्दर कविताहरूले, अनुभवका सुन्दर प्रस्तुतिले सम्पन्न बनाएको छ - हाम्रो 'नमस्ते'लाई। साधुवाद -सम्पूर्ण सर्जकहरूलाई। यहाँहरूको ओजसिलो सिर्जना नै 'नमस्ते' को शोभा हो। धन्यवाद -यस समाजका सदस्यहरूलाई। यहाँहरूकै प्रेरणा, सक्रियता र सहयोगमा सम्पूर्ण लेखहरू संकलन गर्न सक्यौं। धन्यवाद सहकर्मी सम्पूर्ण साथीहरूलाई - अत्यन्त व्यस्त समयका बाबजूद पनि 'नमस्ते'लाई जीवन दिनुभएकोमा। सबै सम्पादकहरू, डिजाइनर र सहयोगी सम्पूर्णको हामी ऋणी भयौं। विज्ञापन दिई सहयोग गर्नुहुने व्यापारिक संस्थाहरूलाई हाम्रो धन्यवाद। यहाँहरू सबैको सहभागिता, योगदान र प्रेरणामा आठौं संस्करणमा उक्लेको 'नमस्ते'ले सफलता पछ्याइरहोस् - हाम्रो हार्दिक शुभकामना। यहाँहरूको सु-स्वास्थ्य, दीर्घायु तथा उत्तरोत्तर प्रगतिको लागि नव वर्ष वि.सं. २०७२ को हार्दिक मंगलमय शुभकामना।

Welcome to Issue 8 of the Namaste Magazine, an annual publication by the Nepal New Zealand Friendship Society, Christchurch (NNZFS). We are pleased to present the issue, which features creative, inspiring and opinion articles from our members. The editorial team is extremely impressed with the quality of the articles submitted, which came from members of all ages and ability. We are overwhelmed to see the breadth of topics, knowledge, interests, feeling and personal style the articles represent. Each and every contributor has put something of themselves on the page. Articles will bring laughter, contemplation, information and motivation. There is a true sense of pride in the mostly Nepali writers' origins, yet an overwhelming embracing of their new country. We are certain you will enjoy the articles.

This magazine is not just pages of text, but a window into the talent and experience within our society. It showcases the Nepalese culture, ideas and thoughts, and shows direction for the future.

The editorial team would like to thank all the members of our society. Thank you also for the submissions made from outside Christchurch. This interest shows the collectiveness and unity among the various Nepalese groups in New Zealand. Foremost, we would like to thank all the writers and members of the editorial team for a fantastic job! Last but not least, we encourage you to write for the next magazine.

Our society continues to flourish and hold true to its objectives. The success of our society is a testament to the cumulative effort and time our members continue to put towards organizing and facilitating cultural events and activities. We hope all members are proud of this and continue to engage.

Happy New Year 2072 to you all.

Namaste.

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A Visit to Nepal 2014



Pat Bodger

Professor Emeritus,
Department of Electrical & Computer Engineering,
University of Canterbury

My first week back in Nepal coincided with Tihar, the Hindu festival where brothers and sisters get together. I was staying with Shreejan Pandey's parents, Narayani and Tara, and at times many family members, from as far away as Edmonton in Canada. Settling back into Kathmandu I walked up to Swayambhu, went to see the Bouddhanath Stupa (400AD) and walked into central Kathmandu, teeming with locals, tourists, motorbikes and cars, all vying to go down streets wide enough for walking - a traffic nightmare. I found the main market for locals, at least a km of under shelter stalls. I think I was the only non-local there.

I dared to ride a motorbike, the first time for many years, up a valley into nearby rural Kathmandu, then north of the city to Kakani, on the ridge line of the hills surrounding Kathmandu. I needed to turn off the ring road at a certain place but couldn't read any signs, so as I was exiting a market area I spotted a policeman and asked if I was on the right route. He indicated yes and then quick as a flash hopped on the back of the bike. I took him 10km through a forest to a checkpoint. He gave me a big grin and a cheery wave so I must have passed my riding test. Kakani is only about 25km from Kathmandu but it took me one and a half hours as the road was so rough. There is a UN Peace Corps barracks there and from the ridge I could see the Langtang Himal bathed in sunlight, a beacon to sample more.

Then came the main day of Tihar. It was a bit like Christmas with lots of cooking the previous day and much food preparation and houses decorated with lights. The sisters give the brothers food and the brothers give money. I met a lot of the family and was made an honorary brother to Narayani.

Next day I was picked up at 8am by Basanta and family returning from their Tihar and driven out to Kathmandu University (KU) at Dhulikhel. I was shown my room in the international staff guest house, dropped my gear and gave my first lecture at 10am. No mucking around. Organised in 2013 through Diwakar, now at University of Canterbury undertaking a PhD, I had eight Masters students in the class, with a couple of the lecturers sitting in. This was to be full time for three weeks. We had sessions in the HV lab putting holes in and arcs across insulators, and tutorials in the afternoons, concentrating on the practical aspects of high voltage engineering. I had more time than I had at Canterbury and found I could cover the material more completely. I selected a lot of photos and a number of our papers on HV and went over these as well.

KU is perched on a little hill surrounded by larger hills, farmland and towns, so there are great views all around. I could see the Langtang Himal from the balcony. KU gave me vouchers for meals in their canteens - omelettes, dal bhaat and momos on Fridays. In the evenings I often walked into Banepa, a nearby village, for dinner. There were plenty of shops for buying fruit as well.

Since I lectured at 10am, I was up at 6am most mornings and out walking the hills. A Hindu temple, music from a retreat and a vantage point with a viewing tower and the Himalayas in the distance, unfortunately through the haze. Down through cedar forest. Some very misty mornings added an atmosphere to my walks, not to mention some interesting navigation exercises. A visit to Dhulikhel took me up another hillside to a Hindu temple and nearby, a large Buddha statue.

A day off, so a good opportunity to go touring again, this time as a pillion on a motorbike to the Chinese border. The first stretch from Dhulikhel is downhill, and it was very windy. There were lots of pot holes, dirt stretches, it was foggy and there were trucks and buses in convoy. We of course passed them all, on the wrong side, ducking and diving. We dropped to the Sun Koshi and turned uphill following the Bhote Koshi. The monsoon rains earlier in the year had created a huge slip. It had washed out many houses and people and dammed the river. A lake had formed. Bus passengers got out at this point and walked around the base on a track, but we turned up with the trucks on a temporary road. The dust was deep. My rider did what he could as we slithered and slid and ground to a halt. But he got further with me than anyone else. I walked the rest as he “rode” dodging the stuck trucks.

Out the other side we finally made the Chinese border at Kodari at about midday. Not much to see really, just a valley, no mountains and both sides of the river the same. Off we went to Tatopani (hotwater) and freshened up face and head (the baths were literally that, baths) and then retraced the route. Lunch of fried fish came late and then it was the continuous passing and weaving and bumping back to KU.

More walking the hills, exploring a way to Nargakot where on a good day the view is famous. Another Hindu temple out the back of Banepa and back to KU for a quick shower and breakfast before lectures and labs. Another day in Nepal.

I must have been doing OK as the masters students put on an evening meal for me. Most of them live in Kathmandu and travel each day, but they stayed over in one of the hostels for the night. A lot of fun, laughter, very good food (they were good cooks), and one of them played the guitar as well. A great evening. Then Parash (a former Canterbury Masters graduate and now KU lecturer), Nisha and Sara hosted me. It was great to catch up with them as it had been over a year since they left NZ. Sara was already one and nearly walking and had many words.



Next, David Wall, Professor of Mathematics at University of Canterbury turned up. We spent the evening catching up, walking across to Banepa, dining and walking back to KU. We kept romping around the hills. We covered the skyline from KU (well at least the small stuff) and got some good training behind us for a higher trek. On one morning we acquired a dog who followed us back to KU and came into class. The lectures must have been boring as she left before the end.

Parash, Nisha, Sara, David and I went to Namobuddha, a Buddhist monastery/university about an hour's drive from Dhulikel. Very colourful and decorated with the highest density of prayer flags I have ever seen. It's on top of a hill so of course we could look longingly at those mountains once more. We all went to an evening meal in Dhulikhel. The following morning it was another three hours' walk through farms and forest.

A test for the students was conducted. While that was on I gave my last lecture to the undergrads; lots of photos of power systems, transformer research at UC and HV flashovers. I was to give the same lecture to Nepal Engineering College students but learnt the staff were on strike. I marked in the afternoon and must say I have waited 33 years to get such a great result. These were outstanding students, some of the best in Nepal, which bodes well for the electricity industry there. Who knows, but one or two may go on to higher degrees and academia. They certainly have the talent.

The last two days were a field trip. We left early morning and drove to Kathmandu collecting people on the way and then out of the valley heading west. Then it was down and down until Naubise and then up and up through small communities and potato fields, corn, rice and many varieties of vegetable. At the top, a viewing tower gave us clear views of the Himalayas from Dhaulagiri to Sagamatha, counting off the Annapurnas, Manaslu, Langtang, Gauri Shankar and Cho Oyo in between.



Then it was heading east and down and down to Kulekhani, the only reservoir hydro power station in Nepal. We went round the lake and over the dam. The water is tunnelled through the mountains to emerge in another river so it was up and up again to go over the next range. This section of road is usually for four wheel drives only but our bus driver displayed all his skills, especially in the myriad of tight turns, narrow passes and rough tracks.



We toured the underground power station, two vertical Pelton wheel turbines used for peak generation. They started at 4pm while we were there. Then it was on to join the new main road. The police were less than amused as we emerged going the opposite way than they expected. We were supposed to have a special permit. Too late, they couldn't send us back so the permit was given and on we "sped". We arrived at Hetauda after 12 hours, to be just 80km from Kathmandu.

We had visits to the Nepal Electricity Authority (NEA) transformer repair workshop and saw many units in various states of dismantling and repair and witnessed some testing on one new unit. Then it was down to the construction site of a new substation complex where 132, 220 and 400kV lines will meet. One of our students had undertaken the design and overseen the construction. It has been idle for a year but there is hope it will continue.



Then we went to a small enterprise that made turbine runners. This was innovation at its best. Funded by the Alternative Energy Promotion Centre (AEPCC), this company made turbines out of mild steel that looked like Francis turbines made out of dinner plates. They were all cut a cold chisel and then welded in a ring. They were being used in remote areas for water wheels for grinding, and with an induction generator, making electricity.

Our final visit was to a private company which makes 11kV and 33kV distribution transformers. A really nice set up, they do everything and the finished products looked first class. They are keen (actually their name is NEEK) on KU type testing their new designs so that was part of our visit to see what was needed to be able to do that.

A late lunch and then back to Kathmandu, east across the Terai to the Chitwan NP area. Then up the gorge of the Narayani river to the junction of the Trishuli. It was well dark and a very long ride back to KU. Next day was a farewell to the students and KU.

Next morning David and I were on the first plane to Lukla to start the final episode, our trek towards Everest.

And what a trek. An easy day, then both sick. We hired a guide/porter at Monjo and shuffled on to Namche Bazar. Then short days to Kumsung and Kunde, Phortse and Pangboche, absorbing the culture and the views. We had altitude problems, so made a hasty retreat to Namche and took a day off. We found that our plane out was delayed because of SAARC and the airport closing so feeling great again and with perfect weather we moved up to Pangboche and on to Dingboche. We had one day to go high so set off up the Khumbu and by evening were at Kala Patthar with magnificent views of Sagarmatha/Chomolungma and the mountains that adorn it. A lifetime's dream come true. Overnight at Gorak Shep and then a rapid descent to Tengboche, Namche and back to Lukla. The planes weren't flying as the valley cloud hid their view of the runway, so on the last day it was a helicopter ride to Kathmandu, pick up luggage, farewell Nepalese friends and climb aboard China Southern Airlines back to New Zealand.



On behalf of the *Nepalese Association of Bay of Plenty New Zealand Incorporated*, we would like to congratulate the *Nepal New Zealand Friendship Society*, Christchurch, for their annual publication, "**Namaste Newsletter**". We would also like to extend our warmest and best wishes to all Nepalese residing within Christchurch for a joyful New Year 2072. This is an opportunity for friends and family to celebrate national unity and goodwill in Nepal, and for all Nepalese everywhere in the world to gather and exchange good wishes. We hope that many of the dreams of Nepal and the Nepalese people will be fulfilled in 2072. May the New Year inspire us all to contribute more towards our homeland! May this New Year bring joy and happiness to each Nepali household both in Nepal and abroad!

Nepalese Association of Bay of Plenty New Zealand Incorporated

Te Puke Community Hub

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कुन एक सार हुँ?

- दिवाकर भुजेल



कुन पुञ्जको झिल्का एक सार हुँ?

कुन सिन्धुको थोपा एक भार हुँ?

पाइला अनन्तको कुन एक चाल्दछु?

श्वास गनी गनी गोटा जान कहाँ थाल्दछु?

लुछने तान्ने प्यासमा, कोतर्ने भुईँ भोक दियौ

आहत हृदयको झम्टी लम्की, शिकार गर्ने झोंक दियौ

तन्तु यो जन्तुको , चिन्तन परम मर्म दियौ

घोर समुद्रमा छालको, कस्तो तिमीले कर्म दियौ?

कुन विशाल शक्तिको धार बग्ने तार हुँ?

लाग्न बाँकी गला तिम्रो, कस्तो म पुष्पहार हुँ?

ढिक्का बरफको पग्ली, पीँध समुद्रको पुग्दछ

तिम्रै तेजस्वी किरण-कृपाले उहीं पनि पुग्दछ

हो म कटी चट्टान कति, अझै तल बग्नुछ

तान्छौ रे कैले माथि चेतना?

पल दिव्य एक कुर्नु छ

नजिक भई पनि अलग, कस्तो म तिम्रो यार हुँ?

उँघ्न अझै बाँकी, कस्तो म कुम्भे झार हुँ?

कुन सिन्धुको थोपा एक भार हुँ?

कुन पुञ्जको झिल्का एक सार हुँ?

.....झिल्का एक सार हुँ?

मन

-दिपक प्रधान



अँधेरी रात, बल्झिएको बात, सुल्झाउनु कसरी

दुखदछ मुटू, चर्किन्छ छाती, बुझाउनु के गरी

रिसले आगो भएको बेला कसैलाई सम्झिन्न मन

वितृष्णा जाग्न रातै र भरी निदाउन सकिन्न झन्

प्रीतिको फुल फुल्दैन अब मन भित्र चल्छ हुरी

आँगन रित्तै अगेना रित्तै चुहिन्छ झन मनको धुरी

डढेलो लाग्यो वन है भरी कोइली गाउँदैन

व्यथा है बढ्यो मनै र भरी मन कहाँ लाग्दैन

उर्लेर आउँछ परेलीभित्र बाढी र पहिरो

न पुछी जान्छ न धोई जान्छ छाप मनको गहिरो



**Non-Resident Nepali Association (NRNA),
New Zealand**

Wish You

**A Very Happy & Prosperous Nepali New
Year**

2072 VS

**Chakra Thapa
President**

Strive not to be a success, but rather to be of value.

—Albert Einstein

Immigration Blues

-Ravi Sanyal



Walking down Victoria Street the other day, while on my break from work, I strolled up to a nice looking café and ordered myself a decaf soy latte. I had a sip of the coffee and although I wasn't sure on the taste, something inside me kept telling me that I was on the right side of time. The gentle breeze that swept past me was wishing me well and the feeling was good. Back home in Kalimpong when I was growing up, we were not used to such drinks, all we had was standard coffee. That decaf soy latte was not just a beverage to me, it was a sign of victory and hope as I was taking in the best of what capitalism had to offer and I had to keep reminding myself that it was not a dream, but in fact a reality.

Dreams ... yes that's right ... mixed with emotions, in the abyss of the mind and reality, is what I feel people face every day, especially in the case of new immigrants. Fourteen years ago, I too was a new immigrant with dollar dreams and stars in my eyes. With no idea what I was in for, I felt everything was moving around me at a million miles an hour.

Behind every new immigrant there is a story. A collaboration of countless ideas and meticulous planning goes into travelling abroad. After my high school in Kalimpong, I got news that polytechs and universities had come to Calcutta for an education expo. I packed my bags and headed on a 2.5 hrs bus ride down to the nearest town and then boarded an overnight train to the city of joy. After countless paper work, health checks and unpleasant experiences at the passport office, I finally got my visa to come to New Zealand. After that, there was no looking back and everything had to be done carefully in a coordinated fashion.

While studying at polytechnic I was overjoyed to get my first job in New Zealand as a dish washer. I washed dishes for 8 hours a day in the weekends and was happy as Larry. It was a cash job and I got paid after every shift. With the money in my hand I felt that I had to go and celebrate and I had my first coffee at Starbucks, but quite frankly I thought it was a bit revolting and the taste was strange... again I was comparing my Starbucks cappuccino to the one from Kalimpong.

I did my schooling from St Augustine's in Kalimpong and was brought up with good moral values at home under my parents and under the teachers in school. But being away from home meant freedom from the rules and I could do whatever I wanted. It was always going to be risky ... my first experience at a bar, strip club, alcohol and crazy people who go by the name of friends ... not sure, it was all too blurry. But that's in the past and I would like to keep it that way.

Although without family, I believe the one thing that kept me grounded was my deep faith in spiritualism (not religion) and the belief my parents had in me. Nevertheless, years passed by and I finally graduated from university and worked, got my residency and did more study and got a better job and the rest is history. Part of the success was due to one of my best friends, my sister, who motivated me and helped me through many difficult phases. I feel that everyone is responsible for their own life and what they make out of it, of what they want to become and the company they keep. I guess this applies to all aspects of life, whether be it friends or relationships... hence, it's all about the choices we make and the things that influences our choices. I too have made choices, some good and some bad... but that can be debated another day.

If I had to give a message to new immigrants, it would be to hold on to your dreams and remember why you are here. People can come and go in our lives, and life can be unfair at times, but hold on to your values and stand your ground and you can overcome anything. To manage yourself in society, the simple mantra I follow is to, "Treat people the way you would like to be treated" and everything falls into place.

Cheers to life. The best is yet to come.



Camp 2015

- Aakrista Dahal

This year my friends and family went camping in Kaikoura and Nelson. It was just for three days! In the beginning we had a million thoughts about this camp, because it was pretty new to all of us, from the good ones to the bad ones, the happy ones to the scared ones. The exciting ones too, oh I think you get the point. At the end there were only two options:

OPTION 1: To be chickens and stay inside a holiday home, or

OPTION 2: To camp inside a tent and take a nibble of an outdoor and adventurous experience.



At last we made our decision and chose option 2. The next day when we arrived in Kaikoura, straight away we put up our tents. Then we had a BBQ. It was already 11am when we finished the BBQ, but the adults were still in the mood for making a campfire. It was so much fun singing and dancing around the campfire. In total, we only slept for 3 hours. In the morning, after we had breakfast and did all of our morning chores, we went to a seal watching area. The seals were interesting but the rock pools were more interesting for me. We spent some time there and took some beautiful snaps.



Straight after, we hopped in the car and headed to Nelson. On the way we saw a fire, but it wasn't just a small one it was HUGE. A whole hill was on fire. Not even a single tree was left, firefighters fire trucks and rescue helicopters were already there.

We stopped in Blenheim, chilled out for a bit, then we had some snacks and continued driving. Once we arrived in Nelson, we were all relieved. Our parents checked us into the holiday park. Then the adults started making dinner, DUMPLINGS!!! They made 500 dumplings in only 1 hour. That night we didn't have a campfire because it was too dangerous to even use a lighter. And that's how that day ended.

At 12:00 am we went to a beach called Kaiteriteri (Golden Beach). People named it Golden Beach because the sand there looks golden. While we were there some adults and I went hunting for mussels, and we filled up a whole bag with mussels. Once we got changed from our swimming togs we went to the center point of New Zealand!!! When I was standing exactly in the middle, I felt like I was about to get shocked by lightning. When we got back to the camp site, it was as boring as watching grass grow.

The last day

From 7am till 10am we were all sad because this was our last day of camp. At 10:30 everybody packed their cars full of camping equipment. Then we got in the car and went back home. On the way I saw nothing because I was asleep.



Awake

-Aakash Poudel

Just me and my sister are home alone. Our mum has gone out to work, she told me to be in bed by 10 pm. We had recently bought this house near a lake. Every time I look at the lake it gives me shivers. Mum has been acting strangely ever since we moved here. It is an old cottage; creaky wooden floors, big doors and every night I hear a tapping at my window. Our Dad has gone overseas to a work seminar. My sister has already fallen asleep on our bunk bed.

I watch a bit of TV then suddenly the phone rings, it echoes throughout the whole house. I slowly walk towards it, the floor boards are so creaky, I am worried that I will wake my sister up. I pick up the receiver and say "Hello?" I just hear breathing like someone had just run a marathon. Then they hang up. That really creeped me out as all the hairs on my neck are now standing up.

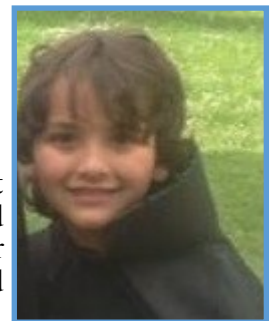
I turn off the TV and go to bed, it is 11pm at night. I pull the bed sheets over me and shut my eyes. I was just about to fall asleep when I hear a slow heavy tapping at the window. The waves on the lake seem bigger than usual, the water is pounding against the shore. The tapping eventually stops. My heart is beating so fast. The bedroom door opens. I think, "Oh thank God Mum is home!"

I squint my eyes and pretend to sleep, but through my eye lashes I can see a grey tall creature. Its eyes are big and black and deep set in its face. Its mouth is a gaping hole. Its head is bald apart from a few black strands of hair. Its legs are bent at odd angles. I am terrified, it is walking up to my sister who is sleeping on the top bunk. It is sniffing her! I cover my mouth to stop myself from screaming. The monster is making a raspy horrible sound as it moves towards me. I open my eyes, it jumps back and says, "What are you still doing up honey?"

"Mum?!"

Yeti

-Armand Poudel



Once upon a time a mountain climber was going to climb to the top of Mount Everest and so he went and bought naan, rice, daal, chickpeas and curry. Now the mountain climber got his gear. It was the start of winter when it was the mountain climber's day, so he caught a taxi on his way and got to Mount Everest in a great surprise.

He saw how big it was, he couldn't imagine before how big it was and there was a lot of snow on it and then he started climbing. He climbed and climbed till he was at the top of the mountain. He was starved, so he ate everything he had, he couldn't stand how hungry he was.

Now something white and snowy was there, he couldn't understand. Standing there was a YETI!!! His heart pounded fast, but the yeti was nice and took him to his cave. Now the yeti could not speak at all, but it let him stay there for days and he had a very nice cave, a nice view and a good spot on the mountain.

So the man was starved, he didn't know what to do. He went down to other caves on the mountain but nothing and no one came to help. Days passed and he got hungrier and hungrier. Now the yeti got angry one day and ripped up the mountain climber and he got down the mountain as fast as he could. He was weak too, but he got down the mountain as the yeti was coming. Some climbers came in a van and got the mountain climber and went to the hospital.

Dashain was the next day. The man became a rich man and had a happy life.

मेरो वर्तमान

निलन र ओकलन
नसकेको मेरो वर्तमान
बिहानै प्रकाशसित
ठक्कर खाँदै मेरो कोठाभित्र
हतार हतार पसी
मलाई ब्यूँझाउन पुन्छ
म झल्ल्याँस्स ब्यूँझन्छु
र सोच्छु
मेरो पीडा शुरु भइसकेको हुन्छ
दिन भरि म अभावहरुसित लड्छु
राती पीडाहरु अंगाली पल्टिन्छु
पीडा अभाव हो
अभाव गरिवी
गरिवी हार
पीडा, अभाव र गरिवीको
एउटा तमसुक
"वर्तमान "
जो, ऋणी भई जान्छ सधैं ।

२०५० - ३ - ३



पशुपती कर्माचार्यद्वारा प्रकाशित
“मेरो कृति” बाट दुई कविता

देश खाएर उग्र्याइरहेछन्

मुर्कडाहरु
देश खाएर उग्र्याइरहेछन्
समय लासमाथि
हिँडिरहेछ
यिनले खाई बाँकी रहेको
हाडखोर लान
कुकुरहरुको हान थाप
चलिरहेछ
यो दुःखद क्षण
रमाई हेरिरहेछन्
यहाँका अवसरवादीहरु ।

२०५९ - ७ - ११



SCARED BEARS - BY SHREYA

One day, there was a bear who liked eating beef, meat and people. She had two little cubs, one was a girl and her name was Jessica and the other one was a boy and his name was Clover.

One day, mother bear went outside to hunt for some breakfast. She walked and walked a lot. She found a girl ahead. When the girl saw mother bear, she ran away to tell her mum that she had seen a bear. Then her mother got an extra large boot that looks like a normal statue, their friend giant had given it to them, but they weren't scared.

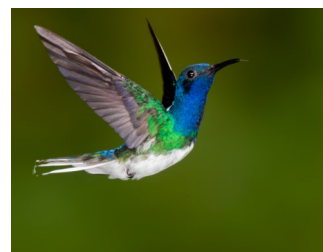
Then they brought the enormous giant. They were really scared. They ran far, far away and never came back.



Hummingbirds

-Selina Karmacharya.

Small and colourful birds. Their name comes from the fact that their wings flap so fast (about 80 times per second and 200 times in a high speed dive). Flying right, left, up, down and even upside down. Of course the birds I'm talking about are Hummingbirds.



Diet

In the tropics, Hummingbirds like to eat tree sap, insects and flower nectar. Visiting about 1,000 flowers per day, on the search for more nectar. They need lots of energy, that's why they eat every 10-15 minutes. Tree sap is also one of the things they eat. Sapsucker holes in trees are a double treat for Hummingbirds because they have insects and sap.

Habitat

Hummingbirds are only found in the Western Hemisphere from south-eastern Alaska to southern Chile. Most are found in South America and in the tropics. Flying from sea level up to 14,000 feet high. They love the wooded and forested areas because there are lots of flowers, grasslands and meadows. They live quite well in cool areas, warm areas, snow, large cities and deserts.

Predators

Flying around freely alerts their predators. The biggest danger to Hummingbirds is cats. Over 100 Hummingbirds are killed because of cats. Some cats like to kill them and eat them but some cats like to kill them and leave them there. Blue Jays, Crows, Road Runners, Chipmunks and Squirrels like them as little treats.



Black

- Marli Pradhan

Black is ink Smudged on my page like a stormy evening!

Black are Pupils staring down at me like dark voids!

Black is Despair when you hear a Creak alone at night!

Black is Nothingness like what you see after death!

Black is Black

But most of all.....

Black is the Night Sky

NOT THE LAST ONE

- Diwakar Bhujel

*Never quit loving HOPE
I like the way it sparkles
The way it caresses
The way it imposes sarcasm
And finally the way it whispers
'I'm not the last one'*

*You come with so much vigour
You raise a person up so high
You shroud the mind so white
You confide so strongly and so firmly you make us trust
It happens to be none but the one and the only last
Illusions are short term truths nobody puts the question why
And truths seem like illusions as fortune fades by*

*I know I am not so much in the maze
I hover and eagle out every craze that blaze
I know your birth
And the way you grow
I know what you do to entice
And also know how finally you may end up
Cause of every pain is expectations
Still we have it but we know not why it costs so high
How can we know unless we experience by and by?*

*Knowing nothing would be an easiest job
Still it's not a choice!
Knowing everything paralyzes you
Can't even laugh at wits or grieve at pains
Volumes one may speak or tons one may pile
But life has everything, you move like river Nile
Worry not partner! this is exactly what we call life!
There is no colour which you need not if you know art
The only thing is that you should know
What you need and what you can mart*

*That's why friend!
Never quit loving HOPE
I like the way it sparkles
The way it caresses
The way it imposes sarcasm
And finally the way it whispers
'I'm not the last one'*



On the auspicious occasion of **Nepali New Year 2072**, we, **The Nepalese Society of Wellington**, wish each and every one of you a wonderful, successful and prosperous year ahead.

“HAPPY NEW YEAR 2072”

Ranu Allardyce

President

The Nepalese Society of Wellington

Your time is limited, so don't waste it living someone else's life.

—Steve Jobs



मेरो देश

-सुनिल ढकाल

(साउथ कोरिया बसाइका क्रममा मैले देखेका र भोगेका धेरै फरक कुराहरूमध्ये कोरियनहरूको रुख बिरुवाप्रतिको माया पनि एक हो भन्दा फरक नपर्ला । कोरियनहरू मर्न लागेका रुखको पनि साह्रै स्याहार गर्छन् । कलेजभित्र सधैं हिडने बाटाहरूमा सुई र सलाईन झुण्डाइएका रुख, नढलोस भनि भर्खर रोपेर बाँधेर राखिएका रुखहरू दैनिक जसो देख्दा मनमा लागेका कुरा समेटेर यो कविता रचिएको हो।)

ठिग उभिएको उजाड रुख
कम्मरमा सुई र सलाईन झुण्डाउँदै
पालुवा पलाउने आशमा
मलाई गिज्याउँदै उभिरहेछ
वर्षोदेखि त्यहीँ त्यसरी नै ।

कहिलेकांही जम्काभेटमा लाग्छ
मलाई केही भन्न खोजिरहेछ
र बकिरहेछ

हेर !

म एकदिन सबल बन्नेछु
हरिया पातहरूले मलाई
निर्लज्ज हुनबाट जोगाउने छन्
हाँगाहरूले मेरो अङ्गप्रत्यङ्गको काम गर्नेछन्
चराहरूले घर बनाउने छन्
म माथि खेल्ने छन्, रमाउने छन्
मलाई गुद्गुदयाउने छन्
तीनका चिरबिरमा म नि रमाउनेछु
अनि तिनका बचेरा म नि स्याहारनेछु ॥

फेरि लाग्छ त्यही रुख
उसको नाङ्गो स्वरुप देखाउँदै
गिज्याउँदै भनिरहेछ
बुद्धको सभ्यता पाएको तेरो देश
सगरमाथाको सान पाएको तेरो देश
आज म जस्तै नाङ्गिएको छ
आज म जस्तै उजाडिएको छ
म त दिनदिनै जीवन पाउँदैछु
तर तेरो देश आज जिर्ण बनेको छ
प्रत्येक बलात्कृत सतिको श्रापले
प्रत्येक बिधवा नारीको रोदनले
न कसैले त्यसमा भिटामिनको सुई हानेको छ
न कसैले त्यसमा सलाईन चढाएको छ
मानौँ प्रत्येक पल घिटिघिटि भै बाँचिरहेछ
र पर्खिरहेछ
उसलाई ब्यूँताउने एउटा युगपुरुष ।
उसलाई ब्यूँताउने एउटा युगपुरुष ॥



Why Do We Cry?

- Imas Neupane

Scientifically, crying is defined as the secretion of tears which are composed of water, oil, mucus and natural antibiotics known as lysozymes (N-acetylmuramide glycanhydrolase). Scientifically, we cry due to some emotional problem or due to irritation around and in the eyeball. Personally, I believe that there is a much deeper meaning to crying than simply the shedding of complex molecules.

We cry to cleanse our eyes whenever they become irritated, we cry whenever we are hurt as a response to the physical pain but why do we cry when emotional problems arise?

From my point of view, crying due to emotional reasons is both an act of self-pity and also our mind's way of coping with our emotional distress. For example, when a loved one dies, we cry because we must face the fact that we will never see that person again. We will never share another single moment with them in our entire lives and this is the harsh reality, so we cry as a form of compensation to make everything better.

In conclusion, I would like to end by saying that we humans are emotional creatures who use crying as a coping mechanism. We cry because it's our soul's way of healing and the only way to heal the hole in our hearts.



What Are the Odds?

- *Imas Neupane*

Have you ever gone to a mall or somewhere and randomly met with your friend, relative or even your teacher and considered what the odds of that happening were? Daily, such events that have such a small chance of happening occur on a frequent basis. For example, the chance of running into your teacher at a shopping centre is approximately: $1/2135500000$

This is considering that your teacher lives in the same region that you do, yet despite this less probable chance, I myself have run into my teacher at a mall.

Now, how would such events even occur if they are near impossible? The answer is due to small miniscule changes that shouldn't matter but when combined with other multiple events of the same nature can ultimately contribute to a large event. Confused? Well, here is an example to explain this.

Imagine a man called Sam who works in a logging company as a truck driver. Consider another man called John who suffers from severe chronic back pain and Alzheimer's due to genetic problems. Due to his back pain, John has a walking stick and one day he forgot his walking stick in the woods due to his Alzheimer's. A month later, Stacy (Sam's wife) is walking through the woods when she trips over John's lost walking stick while carrying a log of firewood and unfortunately, bangs her head on a sharp rock and dies. Sam is in shock and attends the funeral the following day. One week later, Sam is chaining up the logs for delivery but due to his emotional conflict, he does not do so properly. While driving on the highway, the logs begin rolling out and in the process three men are killed. The wife of one of these three men has no choice but to begin begging on the streets to provide money for herself and also her 3 year old son. This son henceforth vows to work hard and never make his mother work hard in her life again. Through dedication and hard work, this son becomes an extremely successful neurosurgeon and becomes the doctor who ultimately saves the life of Lewis Haddock who later grows up to become the President of the UN and successfully establishes global peace.

*Note: This example is completely, 100% fake

Here, one man's genetic disease led to world peace by an extremely long chain of small and insignificant events that ultimately led to a miracle. The odds of this happening are almost $1/\infty$ yet it happens anyway.

So, in conclusion, I would like to say that the impossible is not impossible because even if what you are trying to achieve may be almost impossible, it doesn't mean that it is not possible. So I would like to end by saying let this be a lesson in life; nothing is impossible and no matter how ridiculous something may be it simply is possible.

*Unless the idea is extremely, extremely ridiculous like trying to live without any internal organs whatsoever (might actually be possible...).

“Give me a place to stand, and I will move the Earth.”
— Archimedes

NRNA NZ through a general member's eyes

-Raj Maharjan, Auckland



This article is based on my observation of the past ten years of watching how Non-Resident Nepali Association (NRNA) NZ has operated and behaved with the Nepali community. These Nepali community members discuss NRNA NZ, its activities and its people with a lot of passion.

The passion comes from the expectations of this organisation. The passion and vigour has its roots in this organisation's potential to be the umbrella organisation that all individuals and organisations in New Zealand can aspire to be, as an entity of collective belonging, far from one's motherland. Has NRNA NZ delivered on this role? Is it meant to be doing so? Does it have this mandate as per its constitution?

Instead of dwelling on the past and digging out skeletons from the cupboard, a few solutions are proposed below that could be discussed and considered going forward. I have to stress here that these are merely my personal view and proposals.

In the upcoming NRNA NZ election, the incumbent team should ensure that the election is free and fair.

It should communicate the rules of the game on time to all members. Everyone should abide by them. No one should run away just because things start to get difficult. NRNA NZ should set up a fool proof election process that stays away from any potential rigging such as adding hundreds of new members overnight. Let's face it; this has happened in the past. NRNA NZ should take the upcoming election as an opportunity to demonstrate that it has matured in terms of institutionalising good democratic processes.

Any communication and engagement with community members must be taken seriously and handled with sensitivity and deep respect.

This includes sending emails, attending regular meetings, holding annual general meetings and talking to its members. The apparent attitude of negligence and sloppiness should be rectified. This applies to all Nepali organisations and members of our community in NZ

Our people should stop the double standard of living as a Nepali and a Kiwi. That way we are nobody.

Mr A works in a Kiwi company. He is very sincere at work, works very hard and is doing well. He is punctual at all work related appointments. He answers his work emails within an hour. He responds to his voice mail within half an hour.

Now, Mr A is also a member of the executive committee of a Nepali organisation. He acts completely opposite when it comes to attending meetings, answering emails and calls of Nepali folks. Why this double standard? Objectively looking at this split personality, it simply tells about Mr. A's attitude.

Some of the points above traverse beyond NRNA NZ and apply to us all in general. It is not my intention to single out NRNA NZ and its members. If my writing implies that, it is purely my weakness.

As stated in the beginning, these are my personal views and are proposals only. Anyone is welcome to ignore them. However, it may be worthwhile to ponder them. We all make decisions for ourselves. In the organisation situation that becomes a collective decision. The collective decisions are governed by that particular organisation's rules (constitution).

In an organisation, no matter how strong the rules are, in the end, it all comes down to the attitude and behaviour of the members of the governing body (executive committee). So when there is a criticism of a particular organisation, it should be understood that the criticism is of the role, not the person.

I am sincerely hoping my good friends of the NRNA NZ will do the right thing in the upcoming election. I am also hoping that after the election, NRNA NZ will get a committee that the majority of our people can say they belong to. This does not mean the committee has to be selected by consensus.

The rest is up to you, my good friends. The decisions you are going to make will determine the future of your organisation's credibility. During the regional meeting in February this year, some of the Australian NRNA members were asking me questions. Serious questions. The questions were asked, I guess, now that the leader of the ICC is just across the Tasman. If not for anything else, I take those questions as a hint of what is to come in case NRNA NZ spoils the party again in the next election.

(The author is a general member of NRNA and has lived in Auckland since 2005)



मरिसके आशाहरु

-वीरेन्द्र के सी

नजरभरि देख्छु जम्मै जंजिर र पासाहरु ।
कति जिउनु रूँदै यहाँ मरिसके आशाहरु ॥

खुशी माग्न मन्दिर गएँ रनु लेख्या छ रे मलाई ।
कुन पापीले छुट्याइदियो मेरा आफ्ना खासाहरु ॥

नजरभरि देख्छु जम्मै जंजिर र पासाहरु ।
कति जिउनु रूँदै यहाँ मरिसके आशाहरु ॥

गुँड बिग्रे बनाउँथे कि बस्ने हाँगेँ भाँचिएछ ।
गल्ती रैछ दैव तेरो म बनाउने साँचाहरु ॥

नजरभरि देख्छु जम्मै जंजिर र पासाहरु ।
कति जिउनु रूँदै यहाँ मरिसके आशाहरु ॥

आशा

-अनन्त प्रधान, साउथ कोरिया



बिहान सबै अनिदोँ आँखा,

हात फैलाएर अनन्त शून्यतामा

देश सुम्सुम्याउन खोज्छु ।

मेरो देशलाई दुखेको छ, पीडित छ

आफ्नो गुँड फर्केपछि

ठूला र साना कथाहरुको ध्वनि अँगाल्छु ।

म एक शव्द, उपद्रवबिना,

हल्कासित आँसु रुन्छ,

एक पटक आँधी आउँछ,

वादल तितरवितर पाउँछ,

र टाढा, निला समुद्र जोडिनेछन्,

अनि बल्ल,

मेरा हजूरवाले कोरेको सिमाना

अब फेरि एक पटक नाप्छु ।

The Playground

-Sneha Bothara



Day and night we were protected and nourished by the same people who imprisoned and restricted us, but this was our fortress, our own world, a place where we were free to roam the extents of our imagination, free to explore the vast landscape of our creativity with no limitations or restrictions. That was a place where we could fight our own battles. Somewhere where we were the commanders and generals not the meagre soldiers obeying every word of the people who controlled us. We would swerve around the corner, our pockets bulging with our supplies, with the vibration of our soft, plump lips creating the sound of a roaring plane to reach a place called Forrester Park. There was a blood red slide, a labyrinth of steel pipes coloured a magnificent array of bright colours and then there was a rope attached to a tyre which swung back and forth like a pendulum, the timekeeper of our dimension. Armed with our toy guns and lightsabres, we would toil through the monkey bars, manoeuvre through the vibrantly coloured tunnels, clamber up the spider web and barricade ourselves in what was known as the fortress, logs of all shapes and sizes strategically placed to give the defender every advantage possible. From here, we would clamber up the tower which rose majestically above the whole battlefield. We used the tower to hold out against armies three times our size from within. Here the limited supplies would be rationed out by the leader of the platoon and we would slowly savour each of our snatch of coke bottles, sour snakes and sometimes, even chocolate bars. As the battle wore on, lengthening shadows stretched out over the bodies of exhausted soldiers. Soon the battle would be over and we would once again become prisoners of war, waiting in captivity for the next campaign. As the fiery ball descended towards the western sky, the soldiers would be taken away by their masters, one by one, until the battlefield became a wasteland. The fortress a ruin. The tyre would hang motionless against the still night sky.

Soon when our years of campaigning and fighting till exhaustion had passed, mountains of tossed up dirt, gravel and cement occupied the site where a great fortress stood for over half our lifetimes. That was no longer the desolated wasteland of our battlefield when we had become prisoners of war but instead whenever the sun was visible, gigantic yellow bulldozers fouled with dirt replacing the chaotic debris of the site with oblong bricks. The site had become a living, breathing machine, slowly transforming its interior with every breath. Slowly a new network of tunnels branched out to cover the entire site, but these tunnels were much narrower and they were not the vibrant hiding places of our battlefield but dull, grey, steel pipes. These tunnels were like a system of blood vessels sprawling over the site aching to get some blood, but the heart of this place had long been removed when our fortress was snatched from our children. Our campaigns had been phased out many years before, but that feeling was still within us, a longing to escape from this cruel and menacing world into a dimension dependent only on our imagination. Emptiness, nostalgia and perhaps even grievance swept over us as we witnessed the ‘progress’.

Now all that is visible in a place where a great kingdom once stood is isolated pockets of dark bricks that provide depth to an otherwise bland, cream coloured wall. There are windows, but most of them have plain pale blinds of a colour identical to the wall sheltering whatever might be more than an inch behind the glass. Occasionally some of the blinds might be up but those are times when the sun is so bright that the glass functions as a mirror rather than a portal to what lies behind the blinds. Only a strain of your neck enables you to see the full scale of the structure. The only evidence of life within the building is the cars commuting to and from the carpark. The disappearance of the playground never bothers us anymore. We now play in a virtual playground, connected through a network of high-speed fibre optics. We are caught in the wave of technological developments and choose to ride along. It is one choice we don't regret. Looking again, I see a group of kids about a decade younger than us playing in the barren concrete quadrangle of the new flats. All morning they chase each other around, laughing, sweating, engrossed in their own world, a world of their own creation as we often used to do. By the afternoon all the children have brought a piece of furniture and begun arranging and stacking them. One of the children shouts out to answer my curious eyes “We are building a fortress, wanna help?”

Nepali New Year 2071 Celebration and Annual General Meeting (April 13, 2014)



NNZFS welcomed the New Year 2071 at Lincoln Event Centre. Dr. Bhola Pradhan, the outgoing president welcomed all the members and guests and initiated the Annual General Meeting. Reports were presented and finally the new executive committee were elected through formal procedures. Suitable amendments were proposed in the constitution of NNZFS. Professor Dr. Rajesh Dhakal and Mr. Jitendra Bothara were elected as presidents for two years to follow. It was followed by cultural shows which were obviously the

most awaited ones. To name a few, Suryanshu and Shreya performed in a folk dance 'छिटको गुन्यू ..'. Bhawana and Pramila danced in 'गाई त बाँध्यौ हुँड्रोमा मोइ छैन'. All the songs and dances reflected the true sense of Nepalese cultural delights. The joyful moments were certainly the harbinger of great happiness the New Year would bring in.

Winter Potluck (June 21, 2014)

Winter Potluck was organized on 21st June 2014 at Fendalton Community Hall. Members brought their delicious food and had a very pleasing dinner. On this occasion, the child artists who performed cultural activities in the New Year celebration were appreciated and awarded. *Antakshari* at the end was the most enjoyable part of this gathering.



Teej (August 23, 2014)

Teej was celebrated on 23rd August, Saturday at Fendalton Community Centre. It was distinct from the previous Teej programs as appreciably larger number of members participated this time. The folk melodies elated everyone and brought them to the dance floor. Awesome were the women looking as they danced in their colourful *choli* and *saris*. Believe us. If you want to see Nepalese women at their best, come and see them in Teej.



Dashain 2014



Despite being thousands of miles away from our homeland, the Nepalese community in Christchurch celebrated the longest and most auspicious festival in the Nepalese annual calendar our own way. At Wigram Hall, the annual Dashain festival was celebrated with a day long programme that began with commendations from our respected seniors Bhola and Dharma Pradhan. Tika, prasad and plenty of blessings were offered to everyone before lunch.

As the tradition stood in NNZFS dashain programmes, the day was filled with sports, mini-games and plenty of activities for everyone. The regular outdoor activities involved sports and different styles of competition, ranging from spoon races for the younglings to boot throwing contests for the more masculine crowd. Indoor activities included musical chairs and quiz contests, with the night closed off after a round of bingo. There was plenty for everyone, and participants actively took part and enjoyed the special day.

Tihar (October 26, 2014)



Tihar, the festival of lights, brings a great joy among Nepalese. It has myths and traditions behind that make it a much loved festival. It's symbolic to worship crows, dogs, cows and oxen. Crows ('Kaga') are worshipped and fed to

chase grief and sadness away. Dogs ('Kukur') get this honour as they are believed to be messenger of 'Yama'. Cows ('Gai') are worshipped as Laxmi, the Goddess of wealth. Oxen ('Goru') are recognized for their contribution in agriculture. Tihar carries importance from different perspectives. Brothers and sisters gather and exchange Tika and garland. This Tika is unique as it has seven colours. They offer sweets, fruits and gifts to each other. *Deusi* and *Bhailo* are played with songs in traditional lyrics and melodies. Oh! Five days are just not enough even in homeland. Our society organized a program for this festival on 26th October at Wigram Hall. Everyone salivated to see the sel-rotis, rejoiced swaying in deusi and bhailo, and enjoyed playing langoor-burja. You might have missed your brother, sisters and the lights but we certainly tried our best to share the festive delights.

Sports Potluck Gathering (Jan 11&18, 2015)



"Sports with Potluck" program were organized for a summer gathering while adding special fun with sports. Cricket tournament was held on Sunday, 11th January from 10:00AM to 7:00 PM at Burnside Park while football tournament was held on Sunday, 18th of January from 4:00PM to 10:00PM at Wigram's football ground. Participants from all ages and genders enjoyed the sports. A potluck dinner and general members' meeting followed after the football game at Harvard Community Lounge, Corsair Dr, Wigram 8042. The event went smoothly and was a huge success.

Nepali Language Class

Nepali Language Class is running consistently and has been a very successful program in our society. It provides unique opportunity to our kids to learn Nepali language. Currently, nine kids of ages from 4 to 12 are attending this class. They participate quite enthusiastically and enjoy these classes. Mrs. Salina Dhakal had been contributing her time and effort to teach these young kids. Recently, Mrs. Angana Bajracharya has offered to conduct this class for the coming year. It is conducted every second and fourth Friday of each month at Waimari Road Community Centre.

NNZFS Sports Activities Updates

Sports have been one of the major activities of the society. Sport doesn't just help build a team but also teaches one about teamwork, increases the competitiveness in a person and has the additional benefit of keeping one fit. In the last year, we had some very interesting sports activities. A summary of them have been listed below.

1. Indian Society Cricket tournament:

The Nepalese cricket team participated in a cricket tournament organized by the Indian Society under the name 'The Nepalese Cricket Club – Rhinos'. There were 9 teams in the tournament. The Rhinos reached the final of the tournament after winning 3 league games



and one semi-final. The team beat last year's finalists "The Tigers", in the semi-finals, however, was beaten in the final by "The Canadian club". There were nine members in the team – Rishav Dhakal, Ribu Dhakal, Jalesh Devkota, Roshit Bothara, Deepak Chouhan, Ishwor Thapa, Netra Khatri, Shuvam Neupane and Aman Bajracharya. This is first time in NNZFS history that a team representing the society reached the final of a cricket tournament.

2. NNZFS Football Program

The NNZFS Football program took place in Wigram on 18 January 2015. There were women's and men's soccer matches. There were 8 participants in women's soccer and 26 in men's.



3. NNZFS Cricket Program

The first sports dedicated day was the NNZFS cricket program that was held on 11 January 2015. More than 24 NNZFS members took part in the Cricket Program at Burnside Park. There were two games held on the day between 11am and 5 pm. The game was played in an indoor cricket format where a pair of batsmen played their allocated quota of four overs but runs were deducted for getting out. The level of cricket was from advanced to beginner; however, everyone participated equally (also thanks to the format of the game) and enjoyed the day.

4. Nepali Gorkhali Bhakundo Samuha participated in the 2015 Global Football Festival on 20 February 2015 which lasted for three days. The tournament was held at Avonhead Park. The team was led by Gyanendra Pradhan. The team won the fair play award in the tournament.

Happy *Rhinos* after victory
against *Royal Tigers* in
Semi-final



Nepal New Zealand Friendship Society Christchurch

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“नमस्ते-नेपाल” आठ बर्ष पुरा

रेडियो भन्ने बित्तिकै आवाजको कुरा आउँछ। आज एउटा त्यस्तै आवाजको कुरा गर्न लागि रहेको छु यहाँ। सुनिने र बुझिने आवाजले सबैलाई रमाइलो र आनन्द महशुस गर्न सजिलो बनाउँछ। अझै आफ्नै मातृभाषा वा भनौ बोलीचालीको नेपाली भाषाले यस्तो आवाजमा सुनमा सुगन्ध थपिए जस्तै हुन्छ।

गाउँ, घर, देशदेखि नै छोटो-लामो दुवै समयदेखि टाढा रहँदा-बस्दा नेपाली भाषामा हुने सबै खाले कार्यक्रम, गतिविधि र कृयाकलापहरूले अलि फरक खालको आत्मीयता र आफ्नोपनको अनुभव बनाइ राख्न मद्दत पु-याउँछ। यी सबै कुराहरूको प्रतिनिधित्व गर्ने हाम्रो आवाज, क्राईष्टचर्चबासी नेपालीहरूको रेडियो कार्यक्रम हो- **नमस्ते-नेपाल** ।

भाषा आफैमा समुदायको प्रतिनिधि हो। धेरै भाषा बोलिने स्थानमा भाषाले नै तोकिएको समुदायलाई अन्य समुदायहरूबीच परिचित बनाउने काम गर्दछ। संख्या धेरै होस् या थोरै नै किन नहोस्, आफ्नो पहिचान र प्रतिनिधित्व होस् भन्ने सबै समुदायले चाहेको हुन्छ नै। **नमस्ते-नेपाल** पनि अन्य समुदायहरू बीच क्राईष्टचर्चबासी नेपालीहरूको पहिचान र प्रतिनिधित्व गर्ने सजिलो माध्यम बन्दै आएको छ। प्लेन्स एफ.एम. ९६.९ मेगा हर्जमा **नमस्ते-नेपाल** को प्रसारण शुरु भएको पनि आठ बर्ष पुरा भएको छ। सन् २००७ अप्रिल ९ तारिखका दिन देखि नेपाली भाषाको रेडियो कार्यक्रमको प्रसारण शुरु भएको थियो। अन्य कारणहरू बाहेक, नेपाली भाषाको रेडियो कार्यक्रम शुरु भएपछि क्राईष्टचर्चमा नेपाली समुदायको उपस्थितिले एक किसिमको औपचारिकता पाएको मान्न पनि सकिन्छ।

न्यूजिल्यान्डबासीहरूलाई सगरमाथाको बारेमा धेरै-थोर जानकारी भएकै हुन्छ। अझ सामुदायिक क्षेत्रमा सक्रिय समूह र संघ-सस्थामा आबद्ध व्यक्तिहरूलाई बुद्ध जन्मिएको देशको भाषा, कला-संस्कृति र गीत-संगीतको बारेमा जानकारीका लिन सजिलो भएको छ। नेपालको बारेमा सामान्य चासो मात्र राख्नेहरूलाई अझ थप विधा र क्षेत्रहरूको बिषयमा अध्ययन गर्ने उत्सुकता बढाएको हुन सक्ने कुरामा सजिलै विश्वास गर्न सकिन्छ। यति हुँदाहुँदै पनि **नमस्ते-नेपाल** रेडियो कार्यक्रमको निरन्तर प्रसारणले नेपाली समुदायको क्यान्टेवरी क्षेत्रमा स-गौरव उपस्थितीलाई कायम गरिरहेको छ । यो संगै प्लेन्स एफ.एम. आफैमा सामुदायिक रेडियो भएकोले न्यूजिल्यान्ड भरका सामुदायिक रेडियोहरूको सञ्जाल मार्फत नेपालीहरू सहभागी हुने कार्यक्रमहरूले देशव्यापी रूपमा स्थान पाउन सजिलो हुँदै जानेछ। सन् १९८८ फेब्रुअरीदेखि प्रसारण शुरु भएको क्यान्टेवरी क्षेत्र कै एक मात्र सामुदायिक रेडियो प्लेन्स एफ.एम.मा अहिले **नमस्ते-नेपाल** सहित १३ विभिन्न समुदायहरूका ६० वटा नियमित कार्यक्रमहरू प्रसारण हुँदै आइरहेका छन् ।

साङ्गीतिक कार्यक्रमको स्वरूप भएकाले **नमस्ते-नेपाल** मा सुमधुर नेपाली गीत-संगीतहरू मार्फत श्रोताहरूलाई मनोरञ्जन दिने प्रयास गर्दै आएका छौं। लोक, आधुनिक, पप, दोहोरी तथा नयाँ-पुराना सबै खाले गीतहरूलाई समावेश गरी श्रोताहरूका सबै खाले साङ्गीतिक स्वादलाई सम्बोधन गरिरहेका छौं। साथमा क्राईष्टचर्चबासी नेपालीहरू सहभागी हुने सबै किसिमका कार्यक्रमहरूको बारेमा जानकारी दिनु **नमस्ते-नेपाल**को प्रमुख उद्देश्य हो ।

सांसद गगन थापा, बि.बि.सी. नेपाली सेवाका प्रमुख तथा हेल्प नेपाल नेटवर्कका अध्यक्ष रविन्द्र मिश्र, राष्ट्रिय खेलकुद परिषदका सदस्य-सचिब युबराज लामा, पूर्व खेलकुदमन्त्री राम कुमार श्रेष्ठ, नेपाली क्रिकेट टिमका कप्तान पारस खड्का तथा प्रशिक्षक पुबुदु दशानायिके लगायतका व्यक्तित्वहरूलाई पनि कार्यक्रममा सहभागी गराई श्रोताहरूलाई संबन्धित बिषय र सन्दर्भका बारेमा जानकारी बनाउने कोशिसमा **नमस्ते-नेपाल** सजिलो माध्यम बन्यो ।

पछिल्लो पटक हामीले **नमस्ते-नेपाल** को फेसबुकपेज बनाएका छौं, जहाँ प्रसारण भइसकेका कार्यक्रमहरूको लिंक राख्दै आएका छौं । अन्य मुलुकमा रहेपनि त्यहाँ साथी बनेका श्रोताहरूले **नमस्ते-नेपाल** सुन्दै एकातिर रेडियो कार्यक्रमको मनोरञ्जन लिँदै त अर्कोतर्फ क्राईष्टचर्चबासी नेपालीहरू गतिविधिहरूसँग पनि अवगत रहँदै आउनु भएको छ। एउटा रेडियो कार्यक्रम मार्फत भावनात्मक रूपमै भएपनि फरक-फरक स्थानमा रहेका नेपालीहरूलाई एक आपसमा जोड्न पाउँदा सत्रहै नै आनन्द लागेर आउँछ।

अब आउँदा दिनमा **नमस्ते-नेपाल**को कार्यक्रमलाई अलि सहज र आधुनिक प्रविधिका सामग्री सम्पन्न बनाउनु पर्ने आवश्यकता महशुस हुँदैछ। त्यसैले कार्यक्रम उत्पादनका लागि चाहिने उपकरण सामग्रीहरू आफैसँग उपलब्ध हुन सकेमा रेडियो कार्यक्रम अझ सजिलो फुर्सदिलो तरिकाले संचालन गर्न सकिने कुरामा कुनै दुबिधा छैन।

अन्त्यमा, आफ्नो मेहनत, समय, क्षमता र लगावका साथ **नमस्ते-नेपाल**को रेडियो यात्रा शुरु गर्ने रोशन रिजालजीलाई धेरै-धेरै साधुवाद छ भने पछिल्लो समय यो यात्रामा सहकार्य गर्न जुट्नु भएकी यू कुमारी गुरुङजीलाई पनि धन्यवाद। त्यस्तै विभिन्न समयमा लामो-छोटो रूपमै भएपनि रेडियो यात्रामा संलग्न हुनु हुने सम्पूर्ण व्यक्तिहरूप्रति हृदयदेखि नै आभार व्यक्त गर्न चाहन्छु ।

Start by doing what's necessary; then do what's possible; and suddenly you are doing the impossible.

-Francis of Assisi



My experience with Cooking

- Manju Bothara (narrated by Sneha Bothara)

Cooking was a rather foreign concept for me when I got married, especially cooking for 20-30 people on a regular basis, but also when there were no guests! My mother rarely got me to cook meals when I was not married and if I was ever asked to do so, it was certainly not for 20 people. Instead, much of my time was spent sewing elaborate and lavish designs onto bed sheets and duvet covers which I would show in local exhibitions. And much to my luck, I, a very incompetent hand at cooking for a small family, married into a large family where my role would most certainly involve cooking for many people. However, to everybody's delight and no less to my own, my lack of cooking skills soon progressed and my cooking began to be enjoyed and relished by the tasters, although, not without many hiccups along the way.

In fact, one of my first cooking adventures, making the most simple dish of all, kitchari (a simple dish made of two grains, rice and lentils), was a disaster. Getting the ratio of water, rice, lentils, salt and turmeric powder is essential in making kitchari and estimating the exact quantities was very difficult for my untrained eye. In my haste, I put some amount of water into some other amount of rice and lentils (perhaps forgot the salt and turmeric) and without getting my mother-in-law to check it, I put it on the element and started cooking it. The result was a very watery and bland kitchari. A dish that is meant to be scooped up and eaten by your hands was instead put into cups and drunk like soup. And yet no one complained, not one of my brothers-in-law and not one of the children.

However bad my cooking may have been at the start, through the support of my family and my mother-in-law, I was able to learn the ways, tricks and secrets of feeding a family. In learning how our type of food involves the exotic use of spices and herbs from my mother-in-law, I came to realise that food, the preparation and consumption of it, is not merely a means of gaining the energy to complete life tasks, but is an art, a science, it is a fundamental part of the roots of a family, of culture and heritage. I came to appreciate how cooking is indeed both an art like my embroidery and handicraft and it is also a science with exact ratios of water and other ingredients being essential to make a successful dish. Finally, also a creative play on spices and herbs being necessary to make the food interesting, exciting and exhilarating.

I believe cooking is a wisdom that brings a great smile to people's faces and therefore ought to be shared. So, here I have provided the recipe for one of my favourite dishes. This is a dish I have prepared many times and has brought a smile to people's faces every single time (perhaps since it's made from cucumber?). I hope that you will give it a go.

Cucumber ko tarkari

- 2 cucumbers, peeled and cut into cubes
- 2 onions, peeled and cut into cubes
- 4 tsp ground coriander
- 1 ½ tsp salt
- 2 tsp turmeric powder
- 1 tsp whole cumin seeds
- 1 tsp chilli powder
- 2 tbsp oil

Heat the oil in a karahi or deep, heavy frying pan over a high heat until almost smoking. Turn down the heat to low to medium and then add the cumin seeds and allow them to sizzle for a moment. Add the onions and fry them until they become soft.

Now add in the cucumber, ground coriander, salt, turmeric powder and chilli powder and mix thoroughly. Fry the cucumbers for about 2 minutes over a medium heat and then turn down the heat to low, cover the frying pan and cook the cucumbers for about 3 minutes or until the cucumbers are half cooked.

Uncover the pan and fry the cucumbers to evaporate some of the water over a medium heat for a couple of minutes. Serve.



किन रोज्याँ हामीले क्राईष्टचर्च?

-अशोक श्रेष्ठ

आजभन्दा करीब १४ वर्ष अगाडि न्यूजिल्यान्डको क्राईष्टचर्चमा पहिलो पटक अवतरण गर्ने बित्तिकै वाह ! यहाँको सुन्दर मनमोहक वातावरणले कस्तो मन छोईहाल्यो कि यस ठाउँमा बस्न पाए हुन्थ्यो जस्तो लागिहाल्यो। परिस्थिति र बाध्यताले गर्दा मनमा जे भएपनि कुनै दिन समयले साथ दियो भने बसौला भन्दै आफ्नो कर्मथलोतिर लागियो।

हामीहरु यहाँ आईपुग्दा यहाँ कोही नेपालीहरु हुनुहुन्छ भन्ने जानकारी केही थाहा थिएन। हामी नेपालबाट ४ जना साथीहरु आएका थियौं र २ जना साथी भने नर्थ

अइल्यान्डमा डेरी फार्ममा हुनुहुन्छ भन्ने मात्र थाहा थियो तर सम्पर्क गर्ने कुनै किसिमको माध्यम भने थिएन। दिनहरु बित्दै गयो, घर परिवारको याद, साथीभाइहरुको र नेपालको यादले सताउन थाल्यो हामीहरुलाई। नेपालीहरु कोही हुनुहुन्छ कि भनेर सोधपुछको थालनी हुनथाल्यो हामीहरुबाट। बाल कुमारजीले कताकताबाट नर्थ अइल्यान्डको टिपुकीमा हुनुभएका साथीहरुको फोन नम्बर पाउनुभएछ र पहिलो पटक हामी बाहेकका साथीहरुसंग सम्पर्क गर्न पाउँदा पनि हामीलाई कस्तो रमाइलो भएको थियो भने अहिले त्यसको बर्णन गर्न सकिदैन । उहाँहरुबाट नै यता साउथमा कोही हुनुहुन्छ की भनेर सोधपुछ गर्दै जाँदा बल्लबल्ल केहि महिना पछि पासांग शेर्पा क्राईष्टचर्च बस्नुहुन्छ भन्ने कुराको जानकारी र फोन नम्बर प्राप्त भयो। खुशीको सीमा नै भएन। तुरुन्त सम्पर्क गरिहाल्यौं। समय मिलाएर तुरुन्त भेटघाट गर्ने तय गरिहाल्यौं।

हामीसंग कार थिएन। कसैले छोडि दिनुपर्थ्यो तापनि भेटी छोड्ने निधो गर्यौं। जे पर्ला पर्ला निस्कौं भनेर शान्ताजि र म बाटोमा निस्कियो र हिड्दै थियो। एकजनाले कहाँ जाने भनेर सोध्यो र हामी क्राईष्टचर्च जाने भने पछि म रकैयासम्म छोडिदिन्छु, त्यसपछि त्यहाँबाट बस पाईन्छ अनि जाऊ भन्यो। हामी भने ६ कि मि सम्म पैदल हिडेर भए पनि गएर नेपाली भेटौं भन्ने थियो तर हामीलाई त्यस मान्छेले दया गरेर रकैयामा लगी अब यहाँबाट जाऊ भनेर देखाइदियो। हामीले उसलाई धेरै धन्यवाद दियो। हामीले त सोचेका थियो त्यही टिकट काउन्टर होला र टिकट लिएर जाने होला भनेर। तर त्यो होइन रहेछ। फोनबाट सम्पर्क गरेर लिनुपर्ने रहेछ। त्यो जानकारी पनि पेट्रोल पम्पको मान्छेले बताइदियो र त्यही अनुसार टिकट बुक गरी बसमा चढेर आयौं। पासांगजीको घरको नंबर र लिट्टिल टाउन जाने बस नंबर भने चाहिँ लिएछौं तर कहाँ झर्नुपर्छ भन्ने कुरा भन्ने चाहिँ सोध्नै भुलेछौं। क्राईष्टचर्च शुरू भयो भन्ने जानकारी त थाहा भयो तर हामीले कहाँ झर्ने भन्ने चिन्ताले सताउन थाल्यो। हामी दुई जनाले सल्लाह गरेर झर्ने निधो गर्यौं र अब रोकने ठाउँमा झर्ने भनी झर्छौं। त्यो ठाउँ चर्च कर्नर पो रहेछ। अनि हामीले जाने ठाउँ बसको ड्राइभरलाई भन्यौं। उसले बस एक्सचेन्जमा जानुपर्छ र त्यो ठाउँमा जान यो बसमा चढनु भने पछि त्यही बसमा चढेर हामी त्यस ठाउँमा पुग्यौं र अर्को बस चढी लिट्टिल टाउन पुग्यौं । जता हेन्यो त्यतै रमाइलो लाग्दै जाँदै थियो। झन् सुरुङ्गमार्ग हुँदै लिट्टिल टाउन पुग्दा त के भनौं र! त्यहाँ पुगेपछि घर खोज्नको लागि हिड्दै थियो, बाटोमा एउटा कार रोकियो अनि एकजना महिलाले “तिमीहरु नेपाली हो?” भनि प्रश्न गरिन्। हामी छक्क परेर हेरिरहौं। अनि कसरी थाहा पायो भनेर सोध्यौं । मेरो नाम जुली हो मेरो श्रीमान नेपाली हो र उसको नाम पासांग हो भनेपछि हामी धेरै खुशी हुँदै कारमा बसेर उहाँको घरमा पुगौं। घरमा पुग्ने बित्तिकै बाहिरबाट नै नेपाली परिवेश देखिन थाल्यो। नेपालको कुनै शेर्पाहरुको घरमा गएको जस्तो अनुभव भयो। आफ्नै घर र देशमा गएको जस्तो अनुभव भयो। पासांगजी त बाहिर जानुभएको रहेछ तर फ्रीसँग भेट भयो। दुःख सुखका कुराहरु गर्यौं र राती सुत्थौं । मनमा भने आहा! कति रमाइलो ठाउँ यही बस्न पाए झन् कति रमाइलो हुन्थ्यो होला भनेर कुरा गर्न थाल्यौं। तर त्यति बेला यहाँ आएर बस्ने कुरा एउटा कल्पना मात्र थियो। भोलिपल्ट उठेर लिट्टिल टाउन हार्बर तिर घुमेर अरु नेपाली पनि भेट्ने हो कि? भनी जुलीले सोध्नुभयो। हामीले तुरुन्तै “हुन्छ भन्यौं” र हामीलाई

यशोधा मल्ल आन्टीको पसलमा लैजानु भयो। उहाँलाई भेटदा आफ्नै आमालाई भेटेको जस्तो लाग्यो। उहाँसँग भेट हुँदा उहाँले देखाउनु भएको माया र ममताको बर्णन गरी साध्य नै थिएन। बिदा हुने बेलामा भएको माया र ममताको बर्णन गरी साध्य नै थिएन। बिदा हुने बेलामा आन्टीले हामीलाई अरु नेपालीहरूको फोन नम्बर पनि दिनु भयो।

हामी त्यहाँबाट रकैया आफ्नो ठाउँमा फर्कियो तर यस पटक भने जुलीले हामीलाई घर सम्म पुर्याईदिनुभयो। त्यस दिनपछि समय-समयमा यहाँ आई भेटघाट गर्ने गरिरह्यौं भने कोही साथीहरू भने त्यही भेट्न आउनुहुन्थ्यो। नेपाली नयाँ बर्षको कार्यक्रममा भने यहाँ हुनुभएका सबैजसो नेपालीहरूसँग भेटघाट गर्ने मौका मिल्यो। थोरै नेपालीहरू भएपनि मिलेर नयाँ बर्ष मनाएको देखेर साह्रै आनन्द लाग्यो। त्यति बेला भोला प्रधान, श्रीमती धर्मा प्रधान र उहाँको सम्पूर्ण परिवार, चन्द्र राई र उहाँको सम्पूर्ण परिवार, भुबनेश्वोर ढकाल र उहाँको सम्पूर्ण परिवार, यशोधा मल्ल र उहाँको सम्पूर्ण परिवार, जितेन्द्र बोथरा र उहाँको सम्पूर्ण परिवार, विनय शर्मा र उहाँको सम्पूर्ण परिवार, टेक लामा र उहाँको सम्पूर्ण परिवार, मिनाक्षी र नविना बहिनीहरू, धन बहादुर खत्री, रमेश खरेल आदिसँग भेटघाट गर्ने मौका मिल्यो। उहाँहरूले यति माया दिनु भयो कि म यहाँ होइन नेपालमा आफ्नै परिवारमा छु जस्तो वातावरण बनाइदिनुभयो। उहाँहरूले परिवार कसरी ल्याउने, चालक अनुमतिपत्रकसरी बनाउने, र यहाँको समाज र नेपाली समाज कसरी के काम गरेर बसेका छन् र के गर्न सकिन्छ भन्ने कुराहरूको धेरै जानकारी दिनुभयो। यसको लागि नेपाली समाजलाई धेरै धन्यवाद दिन चाहन्छु। यो वातावरणले मनमा एउटा कुनामा सधैं यो ठाउँमा बस्न पाए भन्ने लागि रहयो र पनि त्यो एउटा दिवा सपना जस्तो मात्र थियो। उहाँहरूको सल्लाह बमोजिम नै हामीले हाम्रो परिवार नेपालबाट ल्यायौं तर हामीले रकैया भन्दा धेरै टाढा रेन्फुरली भन्ने ठाउँमा काम गर्न पुग्यौं। धेरै समय लाग्थ्यो आउनजान तापनि हाम्रो सम्पर्क टुटेन र बर्ष दिनपछि वाइमाटि सयौं। नजिक त होइन तर पनि दर्शन र नयाँ बर्षका कार्यक्रमहरूमा निरन्तर जसो सहभागी भइरह्यौं।

वाईमाटि आइसकेपछि परिवार सहित भएर होला बढी भन्दा बढी नेपालीहरूसँग भेटघाट बढ्दै गयो। सबै साथीभाइहरूको सल्लाह हुन्थ्यो कि क्राईष्टचर्चमा घर किनेर यही बस्नुहोस भन्ने। बिशेष गरी भोला प्रधान र धर्मा प्रधानले उहाँहरूले आफ्नै छोराछोरीलाई जसरी सधैं सम्झाउनुहुन्थ्यो, जोड गर्नु हुन्थ्यो तर पनि किन किन हामीलाई नेपाल नै फर्कनुपर्छ र नेपालमा नै केही गर्नुपर्छ भन्ने कुराले पहिलो प्राथमिकता पाउँथ्यो। त्यसैले नेपालमा नै बस्ने भनी बन्दोबस्त गर्दै गयौं। सबै साथीभाइहरूको कुरालाई नकार्दै जान्थ्यौं। छोरा छोरीहरूको आग्रहलाई पनि नकार्दै जान्थ्यौं। हाम्रो दिमागमा नेपाल फर्कनुपर्दछ भन्ने बाहेक केही थिएन। किन किन जब हामी क्राईष्टचर्च आउँथ्यौं जहिले पनि हामी आफ्नै घरमा जाँदैछौं जस्तो लाग्दथ्यो। साथीभाइहरूको न्यानो माया र सदभावले होला सायद। अनि प्रत्येक पटक आउँदा छोरा छोरीदुबैजना फर्कन मनै गर्दैन थिए। जहिले पनि यही घर किनौं र यही बसौं भन्दथे। मनमा कता कता पहिलेको सपनाहरू जुर्मुराउँथे कतै यतै बसौं कि भन्ने भावनाले जरो गाड्थ्यो तर पनि यो मनलाई हामीले दरो गरी बाँधिरहन्थौं।

मेरो योजना अनुसार म ४० बर्षसम्म डेरी फार्ममा काम गर्ने र त्यसपछि नेपालमा गएर सानोतिनो भए पनि काम गर्ने र बिशेष गरी समाजसेवामा लाग्छु भन्ने ठूलो रहर थियो। कामहरू पनि त्यही अनुसार चलिरहेका थिए। अब नेपाल फर्कनुपर्छ भन्ने कुराले बढी भन्दा बढी प्राथमिकता पाउँदै पनि थियो। 'अब के गर्न सकिन्छ' भनेर एक पटक नेपाल गएर बुझेर आउँछु भनी नेपाल गएको त मैले सोचेभन्दा धेरै फरक पाएँ। हामी साह्रै इमान्दार मुलुकमा बस्ने भएकोले होला त्यहाँ प्रत्येक पाइलामा ठगिन लागेजस्तो लाग्यो। अविश्वास? एकले अर्कोलाई विश्वास नै नभएको हो कि जस्तो पाए। हरेक युवा युवती देश छोडी बाहिर हिंड्न लागेको मात्र देखें। सबैजना न्यूजिल्यान्ड कसरी जान सकिन्छ पढ्नलाई भनी आफ्नो मान्छेहरू पनि २० / २५ लाखसम्म तिरी छोराछोरी यहाँ पठाउन लागेको मात्र देखें। अनि बल्ल महशुस गरे कि हामीले छोरा छोरीलाई पढाउन नेपाल



लैजॉदै छौं भने अरु यहाँ ल्याउन मरिहते गर्दै छन्। हामीले गलत गरे जस्तो लाग्यो। मेरा मित्रहरु सबैलाई धेरै सम्झिएँ विशेष गरी राजेश ढकाल, शालु भाउजू अनि, शैलेश कर्माचार्य र अन्जुमन भाउजूलाई। जहिलेपनि शिक्षा यहाँको राम्रो छ र यहाँको राम्रो स्कूलमा पढाउनु पर्छ भनेर संधै भन्नुहुन्थ्यो। अब भने म बेठीक रहेछु बरु हामी १० वर्ष बढी दुःख गरौं तर छोराछोरीलाई भने यही पढाउँछौं, नेपाली भाषा सिकाउनको लागि क्राईष्टचर्चको नेपाली समाजले नेपाली कक्षा यही शुरू गर्नु भएको छ, त्यही राखिदिन्छौं र

समाजसेवा हामी यहीं बसेर भए पनि 'हेल्प नेपाल नेटवर्क' वा अरु नै माध्यमबाट पनि गर्नसक्छौं भनी एउटा दृढ संकल्प गरेर फर्किए। मेरो यो निर्णय प्रति हामी दुबै जनाको अभिभावकहरु पनि खुशी हुनुहुन्थ्यो।

नेपालबाट फर्कने बित्तिकै आफूले गरिरहेको काममा १३ / १४ महिना अगाडि नै अब २०१४ को मे ३१ यही मेरो अन्तिम वर्ष हो काम गर्ने भन्ने कुराको जानकारी दिएँ। अब भने घर किन्नु पर्छ भन्ने निस्कर्षमा हामी पुग्यौं। कहाँ किन्ने र कुन ठाउँ हामीलाई उपयुक्त छ भनी विचार गर्दा क्राईष्टचर्च भन्दा अरु ठाउँ रोज्नै सकेनौं किनकि यहाँ आफ्नै सन्तानहरुलाई जसरी माया गर्नेहरु, आफ्नै दाजुभाइहरु जस्तो र आत्मीय साथीहरु हुनुहुन्थ्यो भने आफ्नो सपनाको शहर पनि यही थियो। त्यही भएर यही ठाउँमा किन्ने निर्णय गर्यौं हामीले।

अब पहिला जति भन्दा पनि नसुन्ने भनी गाली गरिरहनुहुने आफ्नै अभिभावक जसरी माया गर्नुहुने र आफ्नै दाजुभाइ जसरी माया गर्नुहुने आत्मीय साथीहरुलाई सम्झियौं हामीले। हुन पनि अरु को नै हुनुहुन्थ्यो र? सहयोगको हात माग्यौं हामीले। विशेष गरी भोला प्रधान, धर्मा प्रधान, राजेश ढकाल र शालु भाउजूलाई। किनकी घरको बारेमा उहाँहरुलाई धेरै जानकारी थियो। घर मात्र भएर भएन डेरी फार्म भन्दा अरु कामको अनुभव थिएन मलाई, तसर्थ 'के गर्ने? कस्तो काम गर्न सकिन्छ?' भनी सोध्दा जहिले पनि आड भरोसा दिनुहुन्थ्यो सबै साथीभाइहरुले। विशेष गरी मेरो मामाको छोरा 'ज्ञानेन्द्र प्रधान' र धन बहादुर खत्री। जहिले पनि तपाईंहरु आउनुहोस मात्र भनी राख्नुहुन्थ्यो। सबैजना साथीहरुको सहयोग आड भरोसा पाएपछि हामीले घरहरु हेर्न थाल्यौं। वाईमाटिको बसाइ घर हेराइ क्राईष्टचर्च धेरै गाह्रो थियो र पनि कहिल्यै पनि अफ्ठारो नमानी हामीले त्यहाँ कम्प्युटरमा हेरेर यो घर हेरिदिनुस भन्दा खुरुखुरु हेरिदिनु हुने भोला अंकल र धर्मा आन्टी, राजेश ढकाल र शालु भाउजूलाई हामीले धन्यवाद मात्रै भन्यौं भने धेरै थोरै हुनेछ। उहाँहरुको सहयोगबिना हाम्रो सपना कहिलै पुरा हुने थिएन।

अन्तःमा सबैजनाको धेरै सहयोगले गर्दा आज हामीहरु खुशीसाथ क्राईष्टचर्च बस्न र बाबुनानीलाई राम्रो स्कूलमा पढाउन पाएका छौं भने मित्र धनजीको सहयोगले गर्दा काम खोज्नलाई पनि गाह्रो परेन। झन् मित्र इश्वर थापाको सहयोगले काममा पनि धेरै सजिलो वातावरण बनाईदिएको छ। यस्तो राम्रो नेपालीसमाज भएको ठाउँमा बस्न पाउँदा हामीले सौभाग्यमानी ठानेका छौं। धन्यवाद सबैजना क्राईष्टचर्चमा बस्ने सम्पूर्ण नेपालीहरुलाई !!!

जानकारी !

नेपाली समाजबाट सञ्चालित नेपाली भाषाको कक्षा हरेक महिनाको दोस्रो र चौथो शुक्रबार वाइमारी रोड कम्युनिटी सेन्टर (Waimairi Road Community Centre) मा हुने गर्दछ।



My encounter with ghosts

- Jitendra Bothara

I have some very vivid memories from my childhood. This one is about my encounter with ghosts when I was only 13 years old. Those were the days of fun, thrills and adventure. I was an adventurer and always wanted to show how courageous I was. In a way, I was trying to compensate for my small stature with confidence and courage. You may be surprised to know that I weighed merely 48kg when I was 29 years old and so at the age of 13, I must have been a lot smaller and lighter!

One day, I went to one of my friends' home in a village for a sleepover. His home was about two kilometres from my home across farms that were full of trees, bushes and a few small wild animals which with a refreshing cool breeze and fading day light created a somewhat serene and peaceful environment. A downpour from the monsoon season had flooded the farms with water, and made the farm tracks muddy and slippery. Bushes and grass which thrived in the hot, humid climate had stretched their limbs onto these paths making the paths narrow.

It was around eight o'clock in the evening when I decided to return home for a reason unknown to me. Everybody discouraged me from going in the dark as I would have to walk through farms full of large trees and bushes, which looked tranquil in the light of day, but frightening in the night.

But the main motive to dissuade me from going home was different. There was a strong belief among the villagers that there were many blood-sucking ghosts in the bushes and trees, and even that some of these trees and bushes would turn into ghosts in the night. The lore went that if the ghosts caught you, they would suck your blood until you die. A grim belief indeed.

Of course, I was a little afraid and nervous, however I was determined not to take their advice and decided to return home. This was an opportunity for me to show that I could return home alone through the farms strewn with ghosts. It was a chance to meet the ghosts, an exciting proposition which I could not afford to miss. So in the end, the thrill of meeting ghosts took over my nervousness and I set off on my way.

By the time I left my friend's home it was already pitch dark. I did not have a torch with me, but somehow I was able to navigate my way through the slippery paths. I could hear the howls of the jackals just a small distance away from me. The sound of insects was everywhere and it provided me with company which comforted me. The moon and the clouds were playing hide and seek. The mixture of all these and the lovely cool breeze against the stuffy air made the atmosphere mystical and enjoyable. However, the fact that I was alone in the wild with nobody in foreseeable sight to help me if something went wrong was a daunting prospect which sent chills down my spine. My vision had begun to blur due to the darkness, but I pushed on ahead, nonetheless. I walked as fast as I could, whilst trying to make as little noise as possible to avoid the ghosts' attention.

I may have been halfway when the lovely breeze changed into a storm. The sky became dark and low with ominous black clouds and the wind picked up howling like a wolf into the night. The first crack of lightning rent the air and soon afterwards the rolling boom of thunder reverberated overhead. All the trees started to shake wildly. Slowly, the trees turned into ghosts. Their large limbs were stretched out and shaking violently as if to catch something. The tar-black insides of the ghosts were showing through their hazy, cloud-like cloaks as they swayed side to side. There were adult ghosts, there were child ghosts. I had heard that the child ghosts sucked blood more ferociously than the adult ones. A few of the ghosts were really big, others were small, a few were stocky but others were skinny but tall. The skinny but tall ones looked more frightening than the others as they were shaking very wildly. A few were calling for me in their eerie rasping voice. They looked and behaved exactly like the ghosts I had heard about.

I feared for my life. I tried to use my rational thoughts that these were in fact the trees that I had seen many times before. But now my rationale also started to blur. My heart beat went up but I felt static and stuck. My throat became dry. I realised my mistake, but it was too late to turn back. I feared that this was to be the last day of my life. I knew that once these ghosts caught me, they would suck my blood. This was a matter of life and death. My only instinct was to survive. It was time to beat the ghosts. I shouted prayers as loud as I could for god Hanuman to keep the ghosts away as I knew ghosts were scared of god Hanuman. I started to run but fell into a ditch just after a few strides. I tried to get out of the ditch but realised that something was holding my leg. I looked back and saw a ghost clutching my leg. I was horrified, but I had to beat the ghost. I fought hard and somehow managed to escape and ran again towards my home. I ran as fast as possible. I fell many times on the way and many ghosts tried to catch me but somehow I managed to escape and ran faster every time. I ran so fast that day that I now think, had I participated in a 1500m hurdle race, I would have easily won the race. Anyway, I managed to get to the safety of my home where the ghosts could not come. There were Gods here who would keep them away.

I was drenched in muddy water by the time I arrived at home. My heart was racing. My face and arms were badly bruised. My confidence was shattered. I had no thrill left to meet any more ghosts. I had seen enough. I felt like I was half dead. I fell at the entrance of my home with complete exhaustion and fear.

Once my family members saw me that way, they became very concerned. They took me inside and comforted me. However, once they knew where I was coming from, they became even more worried. They thanked the Gods, particularly the god Hanuman for keeping me alive. However, they immediately called a shaman who did some rituals and declared I was free of ghosts and evil spirits, and out of any danger. He also professed that I was fortunate to survive and had I delayed by a few minutes, the ghosts would have taken over me.

That night I had very bad dreams. In all the dreams there were ghosts everywhere and they were all trying to catch me. But, luckily I escaped each time. The shaman's prophecy turned out to be right, that I was lucky!

On the morning of the following day, I was totally confused and disoriented. I could not work out what had happened to me in the night - was that delusion or fact? However, by noon, I had recovered and my rationality had returned. I decided to investigate the facts behind the school of ghosts, however, I did not tell my family members that. Had they known my plans, they may have thought that I had become insane and that my soul was being controlled by ghosts. It was customary to go through the healing of shamans in such cases.

In the afternoon, I sneaked out of my home alone. I collected enough courage and went back to the fields to find the ghosts. I wanted to rationalise what had happened to me in the night. I followed the same track which I had walked the previous night. I found a rope where I fell the first time and realised that those were not a ghosts' hands holding my leg, but actually a rope that had caught my leg. The ghosts that I saw behind me were small bushes. I had actually fought with the bushes which bruised my face and arms. The bright white gowns that the ghost were wearing were just silhouettes around the trees due to the moving clouds and reflection of light around them. The violent shaking of the ghosts was actually shaking of the trees due to the storm. The stocky ghosts were bushes and the skinny ghosts were tall trees.

Every child is an artist. The problem is how to remain an artist once he grows up.
—Pablo Picasso

म अछूत



शैलेश कुमार कर्माचार्य

म जिमखानामा थिएँ, मोबाइल बज्ज थाल्यो। मेरो नियमित कामभित्र पथर्यो - बिहान जिमखाना जानु, कसरत गर्नु, समयमा सुत्नु र मन बिचलित नगर्नु। यी सबै कुराहरूको परिणाम थियो मेरो चिटिक्क मिलेको शरीर। ब्राहमण परिवारमा जन्मे तापनि मेरो शरीर परिवारका अरु सदस्यहरूका भन्दा गठिलो र मिलेको थियो। कलेजमा मेरो मिल्ने साथीहरूमा शंकर, जीवा थियो भने तिर्थ मेरो स्कूलदेखिको साथी। जीवाले फोन गरेका रहेछन। चितवन हुँदै पोखरा घुम्न जाने कुरा भएको रहेछ। पर्यटन क्षेत्रमा संलग्न तिर्थ पर्यटकहरूलाई घुमाउन देशका बिभिन्न शहरहरूमा गैडरहन्थ्यो। मिलेको बेलामा साथीहरूलाई पनि घुमाउन लिएर जानु उनको सौख जस्तै थियो ।

जीवाले भनेका कुराहरू प्रायः जसो म टाढिन्थेँ, मैले "हुन्छ" भने। दिउँसोको बसबाट नारायणघाट अनि सौराह भएर पर्सी पल्ट पोखरा जाने कुरा भयो।

जिमखानाबाट आएर मैले घरमा खबर गरें। आफूलाई चाहिने सामानहरू एउटा ब्याकप्याकमा राखें अनि जीवा र शंकरलाई फोन गरें। १२:३० बजेको बस वा माइक्रोबसमा जाने सल्लाह भयो। तिर्थ भने आफ्नो पर्टकहरूलाई लिएर छुट्टै गाडीमा जाने अनि साथीहरूलाई नारायणघाटमा भेट्ने कुरा भयो।

करीव पाँच बजेतिर सबै जनाको नारायणघाटमा भेट भयो। तिर्थ खुशी थिए साथीहरू सबैलाई देखेर। साँझको बेला नारायणघाट बजार रमाइलो देखिएको थियो। तिर्थले भने उनको ड्राइभर लामा करीब एक घण्टा पछि पर्यटकहरूलाई छोडेर खाना खान उनीहरूकोमा आउनेछ। जम्मा पाँच जना हुने भयो, झन रमाइलो हुने भयो - तिर्थ भन्दै थिए। "लौ अब तल्लो बजारको एउटा होटेलमा जाऔं है, खाएर यसो रमाइलो त गर्ने पर्यो।"

मतिर हेरेर भने, "रमेश, तँ त यसरी हामीसंग पहिलो पल्ट घुम्न आउन्दै छस्, रमाइलो गर्नुपर्छ यार। तैले जिम - सिम गरेर जिउ त खतरै बना'छस्। के छ यार तेरो खबर ? गर्लफ्रेंड छ कि छैन?" स्कूलदेखिको साथीले यो सोध्नु स्वभाविक थियो।

मैले हाँसेर भने, "छैन यार। तँ पो घुम्छस्, घुमेर मजैसित पैसा कमाछस्, म अहिलेसम्म सेट हुन पाएको छैन यार।"

तिर्थले भने, "ल ल जे होस् ठीक छ यार। कमाउने भन्या त्यस्तै हो। मैले पढाइ पहिले नै छोडे, काम र बिजनेसतिर लागे। तिमीहरूको पनि त भै हाल्छ नि। मैले सोधेको पो त यार। माइन्ड नगर यार। हेर, अरु भन्या त्यस्तै हो, आज रमाइलो भने गर्नुपर्छ। लौ लागौं।"

सबै जना बिस्तारै हिड्दै, हावा खाँदै तल्लो बजारमा पुग्यौं। तिर्थको जहिले पनि जाने रेष्टुरान्ट रहेछ, सबैजना भित्र छियौं। तिर्थलाई देखेर साहुनी खुशी भईन। मस्केर सोधिन, "ओहो सर! तपाईं त धेरै दिनपछि देखापर्नु भो त? महिना दिन पो भो कि भन्छु म त।"

तिर्थले हाँसेर भने, "हो। धेरै भो। त्यसैले एकलै नआइकन साथीहरूलाई पनि लिएर आएको छु। लामा पनि आउन्छ। पाँच जनालाई खानेको बन्दोबस्त गर्नु है। अहिले भने यसो डिन्क्स र सितनको बन्दोबस्तो गर्नु। त्यो अस्तिनैको जस्तो छोयला पनि है।"

साहुनीले हाँसेर सोधिन, "कचिला नि ? मायाले सरलाई सम्झेकी थिएन अस्ति नै .."

तिर्थले भने, "ए ए हुन्छ। त्यो बिस्तारै हुँदै गह्रोस् अहिले भने पहिले खाउ।"

साहुनीले मतिर हेरेर सोधिन्, "उहाँ सरलाई त ठूलो खसी चल्दैन की?"

त्यतिजेलसम्ममा हामीहरू आफ्नो आफ्नो मेच टेबुलमा बसिसकेका थियौं। म बाहुन भनेर निधारमा लेखेको त थिएन तर अनुहारले प्रष्टै थियो। तिर्थले भने, "यो हाम्रो साथी सब चल्ने बाहुन हो। ल्याए हुन्छ।"

जीवाले थपे, "होइन हो साहुनी, हाम्रो साथीको जिउ देख्नु भएन, यतिकै बन्या हो र? सब चल्छ हो।"

म हास्टै थिएँ, साहुनीले मतिर हेर्दै भनिन्, "सरको जिउ त साच्चिकै लोभ लाग्दोरहेछ।" उनी अब भुटन टार्न तिर तल्लिन भईन।

शंकरले मलाई खुसुक्क भने, "साहुनीले तेरो जिउ ताक्या जस्तो छ है। विचार गर है विचार गर।"

मलाई अलि अप्ठ्यारो लाग्यो। खासमा म यी साथीहरूसित काठमाण्डौमा हुँदा घुम्न र अलि अलि पिउनेसम्म गर्थे तर तिर्थ बिना। तिर्थसँग मेरो यस्तो खानपीन लामो समयपछीको थियो। उनमा धेरै नै परिवर्तन आइसकेको जस्तो लाग्यो - उनको खानपीन भन्दा पनि उठबसमा। जे जस्तो भए पनि म बाहुन परिवारको केटो, घुमघाम र थोरैसम्मको मदिरापानलाई घरमा खासै कचमच हुन्न तर आज अलि सिमाभन्दा बाहिर पुग्ने पो हो कि भन्ने जस्तो लाग्यो।

मलाई थाहा छ मैले मेरो शरीर गठिलो बनाउने क्रममा मन र शरीरलाई धेरै नै संमयत बनाएको छु। ब्रम्हचर्यलाई आफ्नो बसमा राखेको छु। धेरैले गार्हो हुन्छ भन्थे तर मैले त्यस्तो खासै महसुस गरिन। आफ्नो यो ध्यैर्यतालाई मैले गर्वका साथ लिने गरेको छु।

ड्रिन्क्स र खाने कुरा आइपुग्यो। व्हिस्की र मासुको समिश्रण साथमा अलि पीरो पीरो स्वाद, चुरोटको धूवाँ अनि फरासिलो गफ! सुस्त सुस्त गफ सहित हाम्रो खाने कुरा पनि घट्टै थियो तर साहुनीले अर्को थप्न ल्याईन्।

"माया आएकी छिन्। आज सरहरूसित नै है?" साहुनीले मस्किएर सोधिन्।

तिर्थ, जीवा अनि शंकरले आँखा घुमाए। मैले पनि हेरेँ। सलक्क परेकी, ठूलूला आँखा भएकी चिटिक्क परेकी एक महिला केही पर उभिएकी थिइन्। तिर्थलाई हेरेर उनको अनुहार साह्रै उज्यालो देखिन्थ्यो। "ए ए हुन्छ हुन्छ।" तिर्थले जवाफ दिए। साहुनीले ईशारा गरिन्। माया हामीहरू भएतिर आइन्। उनको लुगाबाट अत्तरको वासना आइरहेको थियो।

नजिकैको कुर्सी तानेर हामीछेउ बसिन्। तिर्थलाई हेरेर मस्केर भनिन्, "सर त धेरै भो त नआउनु भएको? मैले त बिर्सि की भन्ठानेकी थिए।"

तिर्थले उनको तिघामा आफ्नो हात घुमाउन्दै भने, "यस्तै हो कामले गर्दा। के गर्नु? तर माया अब त हामी संगै छौं, अब यी सबै कुराहरू छोडौं। आजको नाम तिम्रो नाम माया, तिम्रो नाम। हेर न आज त साथीहरू पनि छन्।"

म घर फर्के तीन दिनको यात्रापछि। बितेका तीन दिन मेरो जीवनको त्यो क्षण थियो जस्तै मलाई यथार्थको धरातलमा पुर्यायो। एक यस्तो यथार्थ जसलाई मैले जीवनभर बोक्नुपर्नेछ। बितेका घटनाक्रमहरू एक एक गर्दै मेरो आँखा सामु आए। नारायणघाटको तल्लो बजारपछि राती सौराहामा गएर बिताइयो। माया सबैसित लहसिन्दै थियो, समय बित्दै थियो। समयका हरेक क्षणलाई तिर्थ, जीवा र शंकरले जीवनत्व दिन्दै थिए। माया त्यो अत्रिप्त आत्मा बनेकी थिइन् जो यो सारा दुनियाँलाई निल्न सक्थिन्, लाग्दथ्यो माया त्यो शक्तिकी प्रतीक बनेकी थिइन् जसका सामु सारा दुनियाँ शक्तिहीन देखिन्थो। रातभर सौराहाको दुई तीन वटा कोठामा माया पूर्णरूपले छाएकी थिइन्। तर... तर म यो सारा दुनियाँको भाग बन्न सकिन। लाग्दथ्यो म त्यो रात अनि पछि पोखरामा बिताएको

रात कहीं पनि थिइँन। म कुनै चलचित्रको मूकदर्शक जस्तो मात्रै थिए।

यात्रामा अनि रातमा मलाई जिस्काएर शंकरले भनेका कुराहरु मेरो दिमागमा अझै गुंजिरहेका छन् - "त मूला रमेश यार जिउँ बनाउने जोसमा यत्रो बलिदान दिन सक्ने? माने यार तँलाई, माने। म त सक्दिनँ यार। तलाई चाहिँ माने।" शंकरका कुरा अनि बिगत तीन दिनका घटनाहरु - मैले बाथरूमको ठूलो सिसामा आफूलाई हेरेँ, बिगतका एक एक घटनाहरुलाई केलाएँ। जिमखानामा जिम प्रशिक्षकले भनेका कुराहरुलाई सम्झें - "शरीरमा दुर्बलता ल्याउने काम नगर्नु। संयमता अपनाउनु।" मलाई लागेको थियो म जिम गर्दा यी कुराहरुबाट टाढा बसेकोले वा भनी मनमा ती कुराहरु नल्याइ मेहनत गरी कसरत गर्ने गरेको कारणले नै मेरो शरीर गठीलो र चिट्ठीक परेको। ब्राम्हण परिवारमा जन्मेकोले म यी सबै रासलीलाबाट आफूलाई टाढा राखेर ब्रम्हचर्यमा बसे झैं मानेको थिएँ। तर होइन रहेछ! होइन रहेछ, हे भगवान म .. म त अपूर्ण पो रहेछु, म त एक अछूत पो रहेछु। मलाई थाहा छैन मेरो यो अछूतोपनले मलाई कहाँ पुर्याउने हो। आँखा रातो भयो, मनभित्र तीखो छिनोले गहिरो घोचे जस्तो भयो। ममाथि ठूलो आकाश झरे झैं लाग्यो। आकाशको बोझले थिचिँदै बिलिन हुँदै गए झैं लाग्यो। हे भगवान म त अछूत पो रहेछु! म त अछूत पो रहेछु! बाथरूमको कोठामा रहेको त्यो सिसामा देखिएको मेरो छायाँ जसलाई हेरेर म जहिले पनि गर्व गर्थे आज त्यही छायाँप्रति घृणा जागेको छ।



White Tiger !!!

-Anmol Shrestha

Hello! My name is Anmol and I'm here to talk about the White Bengal Tiger *aka* the White Tiger. Did you know that the white tiger's skin is priceless? I have chosen this topic because the White Tiger is a very interesting creature. My three ideas will be

- ◆ why it is endangered
- ◆ how it became endangered, and
- ◆ what its diet is.

Why it is endangered: The scientific name for the White Tiger is *Panthera tigris tigris*. The White Tiger is endangered because of its thin and soft fur. There are only 200 white tigers left in the world. It is estimated that there are none in the wild. The White Tiger is also endangered because some people use its body parts to make traditional healing medicine. I think that is disgusting. It is very illegal to hunt for their fur because there are not many left in the world.

How the White Tiger nearly became extinct: Firstly, the White Tiger had lost their habitat because people kept on ruining the forests. Secondly, tigers are critically endangered species. For decades, man has hunted down tigers for sports and its skin and body parts. This has reduced the tiger number from several hundred thousand to a few thousand worldwide. Though they were widespread in many countries in Asia, they are now present only in isolated pockets of jungles in India, Tibet and Russia. Poaching is the biggest threat to Bengal Tiger populations. Ancient Chinese Medicine believes that Tigers body parts have medicinal properties. Because of this, tigers were killed extensively and indiscriminately. They were pushed to near extinction. India, China and all neighbouring countries, where the Bengal Tiger lives, have banned hunting. So, the tiger population is slowly recovering.

What its diet and habits are: White Bengal tigers in the wild eat water buffalo, goat, deer, and wild boar. In the zoo, they eat chicken meat, horse meat or kangaroo meat 5 days a week and fast on bones 3 days a week.

Let's protect these magnificent creatures.

My Little Boy

-Archana Thapa Chettri

Never seen so enchanting
Like an angel from heaven
Bestow with blessing
A precious gift given to us
From heaven far above
Can't take my eyes off of you
Because you are so beautiful, my sweet baby.



Those beautiful eyes,
Looking at me in wonder.
The first glimpse at the women
Who just became your mum.
You touched our soul
Filled our life with happiness
and you made our life whole.

As time flies by,
Watching you grow is so much fun
Filled our heart with joy and laughter.
With that curious mind of yours,
Wishing to explore and carrying millions of questions
When you learned to do things for the first time on your own,
You make us feel so proud and contented..

Now you have grown to be a three year old boy,
Our heart swells with pride,
When you step into kindergarten,
Ready to face and explore the world on your own.
Being a mum, it wasn't easy to leave you,
I was more nervous than you.
My heart cries as you wave me bye, seeing your tearful eyes..

My sweet adorable boy,
Your charming looks and a mystical powerful gaze,
Like an angel so divine,
We are spellbound like we have been cast a magical spell
Your laughter and smiles which remain echoing in our ears.
Warm our heart and soul,
You are growing up so fast,
I wish to cherish this moment and preserve it in my memory to make it last forever.

“नेपाली युवाको विचलन”- एक संवाद

- भुबनेश्वर ढकाल (संकलक)



(नेपालमा अहिले भैरहेको सामाजिक आर्थिक परिवर्तन र राजनैतिक समस्यासँग गाँसिएको खस्कंदो सामाजिक आचरणको प्रभावले गर्दा नयाँ पुस्ताको सोचाइ र व्यवहारमा व्यापक असर परेको छ। नयाँ परिस्थितिमा सही ढंगले बदलिँदो परिवेश अनुकूल हुने वातावरण नभएकोले उनीहरू कुन सही र कुन गलत हो भन्ने छुट्टयाउन पनि नसक्ने जटिल स्थितिमा पुगेका छन्। यो जटिल अवस्थामा हुर्केका काठमाडौँ शहरमा बस्ने युवाले गरेका प्रायः सुन्ने गरेको संवाद एक जना मित्रले मलाई सुनाउनुभएको थियो। सो निकै मर्मस्पर्शी र अरुलाई पनि सुनाउन योग्य लाग्यो। उहाँसँगको कुराकानीको आधारमा ती युवाको गफलाई संवादको रूपमा यहाँ प्रस्तुत गरेको छु।)

महेश: ए दीपक ब्रो! रितेश त अमेरिका जाने भयो रे नि! हामी मात्रै भुक्का भएर सधैं यहीं बस्ने भयौं । क्या बोर हुन्छ यार। यता घरमा पैसा माग्यो कि ड्याडले कालो मुख लगाउने। उता डार्लिंग रेष्टुरेन्टमा नै भेट्ने भन्छे। अरु ठाउँमा कुरा गर्न पनि डिस्टर्ब हुन्छ। त्यहाँ जाँदा भुक्का पकेट लिएर जानुभएन।

दीपक: मेरो त कन्सिरीको रौं नै तात्छ यार 'अरु विदेश गए' भनेको सुन्दा। जसरी भएपनि म विदेश जान्छु भनेको भन्थे थिएँ । बल्ल मेरो मम्ले हुन्छ भनिसेको छ। मम्लाई पनि बोरिङ्ग भएको छ रे । अरु आन्टीहरुसँग कुरा गर्न पनि लाज लाग्छ रे आफ्नो घरका कोही पनि विदेश नगएकोले । जोनिले च्याटमा भन्थ्यो कलेजमा भर्ना भयो भने भिसा पाउन सजिलो हुन्छ रे। ठूला युनिहरुमा पढ्न टेन्सन पनि हुन्छ रे। मेरो ड्याडले अफिसमा भ्याटको कागज पत्र मिलाइदिएबापत एउटा कम्पनीको मेनेजरले दिएको २० लाख पैसा फुपूको नाममा बैंकमा एउटा लकर लिएर राखेको छ। त्यही पैसाले कलेजको फीस तिरेर भिसा लिनुपन्थो यार।

शेखर: जा जा मस्ती गर् यार। हामीलाई त नबिर्सौं नि। बरु मलाई एउटा आइफोन पठाइदे है यार?

महेश: उता हेर्त । सोम ब्रो आइपुग्यो। आज त उसले कसैलाई नफसाए पनि तलब बुझेको होला। डान्स रेष्टुरेन्टमा लगेर ठराँ खुवाउँछ कि?

सोम: के छ यार हो? के को बारेमा भव्य डिस्कसन हुँदैछ?

महेश: एम्प्टी पकेट एण्ड बोर यार। रितेशको पनि भिसा आयो रे। दीपकको पनि ड्याडले पैसा मिलाइस्यो रे अष्ट्रेलिया जान।

सोम: राम्रो नि त। धेरै मान्छे बाहिर गए यहाँ बस्नेहरुको लागि मौका बढ्छ। पढैया बाहिर जान्छन् र उतै बस्छन्। तब पो तँ हामीले जस्ताले मौका पाउँछौं यार।

दीपक: हो त्यो त यार। खुरापाती गर्न सक्ने भएर नै मात्र विदेश जान सकेका हुन् नि । उनीहरू यहाँ हुन्थे भने त सोम! खै तँले त्यो डेली पकेट भर्ने ठाउँमा काम पाउँथिस् भन्ने शकै लाग्छ। तेरो ड्याडको पावरलाई उनीहरूको सुपरपावरले हुत्याइदिन्थ्यो।

महेश: ती विदेश जाने त देशमारा हुन्। यो गरीब देशको खर्च र नाउँमा पढे। अहिले विदेशमा गएर बसे। बसाइसराइ भनेर अझ अरबमा रगत र पसिना पोखेर सिधा-सादा मान्छेले नेपाल ल्याएको डलर पनि लैजान्छन्। अनि नेपालको समाज र राजनीति दुबै बिग्रियो भनेर कुरा पनि काट्छन् रे। अझ दोहोरो नागरिकता चाहियो भनेर वकालत गर्छन् रे। नेपालको लागि भने झिंंगा पनि मार्दैनन्।

सोम: एकाधमा भएपनि त्यो हदसम्म त अलि होइन हो ब्रो। बुझेका, सक्ने र मन भएका केहीले प्रत्यक्ष वा अप्रत्यक्षरूपमा नेपालको फाइदाको लागि केही गरेका छन्। स्वार्थी मान्छेहरुले केही गर्ने क्षमता र पैसा दुबै भएपनि आफ्नो परिवारको लागि बाहेक अरु बेला आँखा चिम्लिएका छन्। डलरको विषयमा त तिनीहरूले लगेको र विभिन्नरूपमा ल्याएको उस्तै उस्तै होला। तर मैले बुझे अनुसार त अरबबाट आएको डलर त नेपालमा नै बस्ने धनाड्यहरुले प्रयोग गर्ने विलासिताका समान आयात गर्दा र तिनका नै छोराछोरीहरुलाई पढाउँदा पढाउँदै नै सकिएको छ जस्तो लाग्छ।

शेखर: हाम्रा झुर नेताले २५ पेजको एउटा संविधान १० वर्षमा पनि लेखेर नसक्ने भए। यो झुर देशमा बसेर के नै गर्न सकिन्छ र यार? एम्प्टी पकेटले केको देशभक्ति देखाउने ब्रो?

दीपक: हो शेखर, यहाँको पढाइ झुर भएर कसैले केही गर्न सक्दैन। त्यसैले म बाहिर जाने विचार गरेको। पढ्न भनेर विदेशमा त इन्टरनेट फ्री हुन्छ रे। ठूलो इन्टरप्राइजेज गर्न सक्ने सीप सिकिन्छ रे।

शेखर: जोनि बेलामै बाहिर हानियो। मस्ती गरेको छ। उसले भन्थ्यो त्यहाँ त लेबोर पनि आफ्नै कार चढेर काम गर्न जान्छन् रे। यहाँ हामी सधैं मोटरबाइकको भरमा। विदेशमा त एक पटक जानै प्यो नि यार!

महेश: हावा कुरामा विश्वास नगर। ती विदेशमा जानेहरु त डिग्रीको सर्टिफिकेट लिएर पनि अरुकोमा गएर लेबोर काम गर्छन् रे नि। म यदि गएँ भने त त्यो लेबोर काम त ज्यान गए गर्दिन । इयाडले सरकारी जागिर खाएर राष्ट्रको सेवा गरेर एउटा छोरालाई विदेशमा जसरी पनि पढाउनुप्यो नि। भिसा लागे त ती जोडेका घडेरीहरु बेचेर भए नि पैसा पठाइसिन्थ्यो मेरो इयाडले।

सोम: मेरो विचारमा त नेपालको पढाइ पनि नराम्रो होइन। नेपालका प्रायः जसो सफल व्यवसायी नेपालमै पढेका हुन्। पढ्ने समय हडताल गर्ने र टाएर बाल्नेमा खर्च गरेपछि कसरी सिकिन्छ त? ठिटीसँग च्याट गर्न इन्टरनेटको पैसा तिर्न सक्छन्, अनलाइनमा पढ्ने कुरा खोज्न तिर्न नपुग्ने, कस्तो अचम्म?

महेश: सोम ब्रो त्यस्तो फिलोसोफी नछाँट न। मेरो काकाले भनिसिन्थ्यो - मौकामा चौका हानेर अखितयारबाट उम्केका फटाहाहरुले आजकल समाजमा नैतिक आचरण र मेहनतको संकट बढ्यो भनेर दर्शन छाँट्छन् रे। तँले पनि सरकारी जागिर खाएर तिनको नक्कल गरिस् कि के हो?

शेखर: टाएर नबालेर हडताल नगरे त कसैको माग कसैले सुन्दै सुन्दैन यो देशमा। डाक्टर के. सी. ले मान्छे मारन सिकाउने कलेज खोल्न हुँदैन भनेर भोकै बसेर हडताल गर्दा हाम्रा प्रधानमन्त्रीले समस्या हल गर्न नलागेर 'ऊ मर्न भोकै बस्छ त म के गरौं?' भने रे।

महेश: हतेरिका टाएर त आफ्नो पार्टीको 'मोब्स एण्ड मसल्स' देखाउन पनि त बाल्न प्यो नि? 'मोब्स एण्ड मसल्स' नदेखाए अर्को पार्टीले नेतालाई गन्दैन। पार्टीको ब्याकअप नभए आफूलाई झारपातले पनि गन्दैन।

दीपक: हो त नि ब्रो। ए सोम! तँ बौ-बाजेको पालाको कुरा गरेर आफ्नो दर्शन नछाँट। यो एक्काइसौं शताब्दीमा सफल बन्न विदेशमा नपढी कसरी सफल हुन्छन्? विदेशको ठाउँ देख्न नि त प्यो।

शेखर:- हो नि ब्रो। सोमले नेपालको हावापानी सुहाउँदो बिजिनेस स्किल सिक्न भन्न खोजेको। उसको कुरा पनि ठीकै हो। बाहिरको गुडविल र लड्ग टर्म स्ट्राटेजीको आधारमा बिजिनेस चलाउने स्किल सिकेर यहाँ के काम? यहाँ त तिकडम र पोलिटिकल पार्टीको पावरको भरमा बिजिनेस चलाएर एकै वर्षमा पजेरो चढ्ने र अरबपति हुने सीप चाहियो।

शेखर: यार! भो छोड्दे यी गफ। अब भन् आज अफिसमा कति हात पारिस्? भरे हामीलाई पार्टी फ्री गराउन पुग्छ, हैन?

सोम: नयाँ राजनीतिको हावा लागेर आजकलका क्लाइण्ट हामीलाई पेल्न खोज्छन यार। सरकारी जागिर खानेले उनीहरुको काम सितैमा गरिदिनुपर्छ भन्ने ठान्छन्। कति दुःख र पैसा खर्च गरेर लोक सेवा पास गरेको, त्यसको मतलबै छैन यार । मुन्द्रे र दलाल नभिडाए त केही झर्दै नझर्ने नि यार।

महेश: ती गफ छोड्दे यार। कुन रेष्टुरेन्ट जाने यार? त्यो भन्न पहिले । भोक पनि लागेको छ।

दीपक: हो यार। बरु २-३ सय त म पनि शेयर गर्छु। मेरो पकेटमा त्यति छ।

सोम: ब्रो! तिमीहरुले त मलाई साह्रै गाह्रो बनायो यार। करै गर्छौं भने सबैभन्दा सस्तो ठाउँमा जाँ न त।

महेश: थ्याँक्स सोम ब्रो। मेरो त एम्प्टी पकेट हो है यार।



The Tale of a Falling Leaf

- Dr. Salil Pradhan (UK)

On a pebbled path, as I trudge past,
I see a heap of fallen leaves, the autumn rose fast,
Brown and beige, lying on the pave,
Lifeless and flat, I know - once it was brave

When it was spring, the bud grew up,
Soon formed into a leaf, green with the crop,
As the youth of the wind with a mighty flow,
Swept across the fields as all of us know

Pride and vanity made the leaf swell,
For it thought, youth stays with the alluring smell,
Such is the rule the omnipresent has made,
Each one of us shall age, till one reaches the grave

When one grows, and the grip is in your hand,
While eyes remain bright and can see a single grain of sand,
Treat people with flair, no hate and disdain,
Easy to fall into hatred's trap, fetches nothing more but only pain

The lesson that the falling leaf learnt,
Fall one will, the question remains who takes the brunt?
Love you share - the fall shall be soft,
Spread the doom, no body cares to keep you aloft

The noble one teaches the path of love,
One to be shared, here flies the dove,
Time to begin anew, afresh and wise,
The new year shall fetch you joy, should you wipe others' cries



Inner Peace

-Bishal Subedi, Wellington



To experience inner peace, we require freedom. Freedom from within. One of the main obstacles to internal freedom is our attachment to the outside world such as desire for money, fame, beauty, respect, popularity, fancy cars and so on. By its virtue, desire never satisfies you. If you are earning \$50,000, you want to earn \$100,000. When you earn \$100,000, it gives you happiness. But it may last for only three months, then you want to earn more. This is a never ending process.

Ego drives us to remain attached to the outside world. Ego comes from our false identification. False identification comes from conditioning our mind - like you are an engineer, you are from a noble family, you are a good person socially, you are physically strong, your parents are influential people, you are male or female, you are from a certain country, you are from a specific race, etc. To satisfy our ego, we seek happiness in the outside world. But that is the problem.

To achieve inner freedom, we need to recognise our true self by dropping our false identification, which then helps dissolve our ego. After that we won't feel any need to be attached with the outside world, and then the journey to inner peace begins.

Here a question can arise, what exactly is the true self? True self is not describable because it is something to experience. Because of the limitations of words and language it is not possible to comprehend and explain what exactly it is. But it can be described by identifying what true self is not. For example being impacted by success and failure and losing peace is not true self. Desire for success in the outside world is not true self. These are all associated with false identifications. It may initially sound strange and wrong, but anything that disturbs your inner peace will be associated with the outside world and desire. If you look closely and contemplate, you will find that attachment (even a minor one) to the outside world is associated with your ego.

We do not need to leave our day to day duties or work to develop inner peace. Actually our work place, society, our interaction with friends, relatives, and the other numerous things we do daily, combined, make a laboratory for our evolution and self-realisation. How many thoughts and emotions come to your mind in a typical day? The sources of emotions can be your past (anything that makes you feel good, or somebody hurting you, or some failures and so on) or your future (fear of job security, financial situations, your family, your health etc.). When somebody appreciates you, you feel good. When somebody is angry at you or does things that you were not expecting, you feel bad and down. Within a one day period, you experience such emotions thousands of times. Emotions are impurities of mind covering our true self.

When events happen, they generally happen outside of us. It is actually your mind that forces you to feel good, bad, angry, humiliated, sad, and frustrated from the events depending upon the conditioning of your mind. The important thing here is to develop an ability to take events as they come: neither positive nor negative. Over time we master being free of emotions.

To develop a non-judgemental state, books say that you need to observe the thoughts that come to your mind. Do not judge them as good or bad. If they come, just let them come and let them go immediately. Do not dwell upon them. The next step is to widen the gap between any two consecutive thoughts. That gap is a thoughtless state which is also known as a meditative state or simply meditation. That thoughtless state connects you with your true self. Your false identification, ego and attachment to the outside world no longer exist and you attain inner peace or self-realisation which eventually takes you to enlightenment. The ancient Rishis were able to have that gap for a very long period of time.

Enlightenment is the most important thing any human should try to attain. It is our choice whether we want to attain this or live a miserable life by being attached to the outside materialistic world.

Enlightened people are in the state of the “gap” discussed above. That “gap” makes their mind very powerful because they are emotion (impurity) free and always connected to their true self (but their objective is not to be “successful” in the materialistic world. They are beyond the realm of success and failure. The whole point here is non-attachment. Attachment is the cause of misery). They are undisturbed by all the ups and downs that happen in the materialistic world. They are able to take things as they come. They develop unconditional love and compassion to everything living or non-living in the universe.

There are several texts that can help us to understand and practice inner peace. Some of the books that I read most recently are *Power of Now* by Eckhart Tolle, *Art of Happiness* by Dalai Lama and Howard Cutler, *Getting in the Gap: Making Conscious with God through Meditation* by Wayne Dyer and *Authentic Happiness* by Martin Seligman.

Buddha: God or Teacher?

- Iros Neupane



As most of you know, I am currently staying in Nepal. Shailesh uncle asked me to send an article for Namaste Nepal. So, without further delay here it is.

When I first came to Nepal, many Nepali people were saying "Bhagwan Gautam Buddha" (God Buddha). It made me wonder whether he was a God or a Teacher. The word 'Buddha' is a title, which means 'one who is awake'. I instantly decided that he was a teacher instead of a God because of the following reasons.

He was a man who walked on the Earth, so he can't be a God.

He was born as Siddhartha Gautama in 480 BC (2,495 years ago).

He was born into the royal family of a small kingdom (Lumbini).

He taught people about Buddhism, so he was a type of teacher.

He even told people that he wasn't a God or a Prophet.

He was a human being who became enlightened, understanding life in the deepest way possible.

There are no "Gods" in Buddhism.

He didn't deny the existence of God or Gods, but he said that the worship of Gods obstructs one's quest for "Nirvana" (you should Google that!).

The various collections of teachings delivered by Buddha were passed down by oral tradition which came in writing nearly 400 years after his death in 400 BC.

I also don't believe in God, but my parents do and I'm pretty sure that most of you believe in God, or Gods.

Well, this is all the proof that I think I need to write to clarify that Buddha was a Teacher.

यात्रा अनुभव: सिंगापुर, अष्ट्रेलिया र न्यूजिल्यान्ड

-भरत ढकाल



मकवानपुर जिल्लाको पालुङ्ग उपत्यकामा जन्मेको म उच्चशिक्षा अध्ययनको लागि काठमाडौंमा ठोक्किन पुगें। तीन दशकभन्दा बढी समय बिताएको काठमाडौंको अनुभवसंग यो यात्राको अनुभव भिन्न छ। यो यात्रा अनुभवलाई छ भागमा समेट्ने प्रयास गरेको छु।

उडान प्रारम्भ: सन् २०१३ को डिसेम्बरमा हामीलाई न्यूजिल्यान्ड भ्रमण गर्ने अवसर प्राप्त भयो। श्रीमती शान्ती ढकाल र म, यो भ्रमणमा ४ डिसेम्बरमा काठमाडौंबाट प्रस्थान गर्-यौं। बोइङ्ग यात्राको अनुभव मलाई भएतापनि शान्तीलाई थिएन। यो बोइङ्ग यात्रा मलाईभन्दा उनलाई अझ बढी रोचक भएको मैले महशुस गरेको थिएँ।

उडानमा: त्रिभुवन अन्तराष्ट्रिय विमानस्थलमा आवश्यक चेकजाँच तथा अध्यागमन घोषणा पश्चात् हामीहरु बोर्डिंगको प्रतीक्षामा रह्यौं। सिल्क सेयरको बोइङ्ग जहाज यात्रु लिएर दिउँसो २:५५ बजे नेपालको धर्तीबाट चांगी विमानस्थलको लागि उड्यो। यात्रारत विमानका परिचारिकाहरुको व्यवहार साह्रै नै नम्र र मीठासपूर्ण थियो। यात्रुको सुविधाको लागि उनीहरु हरबखत लागि रहेका थिए। यो विमानमा कुनै प्रकारको अप्ठ्यारो महशुस गर्नुपरेन। यात्रुको सजिलोको लागि पेय पदार्थ, खानेकुरा तथा मनोरञ्जन र सूचनाको साधन सुव्यवस्थित देखेर धेरै खुशी लाग्यो।

सिंगापुर भ्रमण: दिवा उडान भरेको जहाज सिंगापुरको भूमिमाथि उड्दै गर्दा रात परिसकेको थियो। विमानको झ्यालबाट देखिएको सिंगापुर बत्ती नै बत्तीले झलमल्ल देखियो। मैले महशुस गरे सिंगापुरको प्रत्येक रात त्यसै गरी झलमल्ल भएको हुनुपर्छ। दैनिक १४ घण्टाको लोडशेडिंग हुने काठमाडौंबाट आएको मेरो मनले सिंगापुरको विद्युत व्यवस्थापनसँग आफ्नो देशको विद्युत व्यवस्थापनको तुलना गर्दै थियो। अनि मनमनै सोचें जलस्रोतको दोस्रो धनी देशमा हामीहरु यस्तो नियति भोग गर्दैछौं किन? यिनै कुराहरु सोचदै म मनमनै हराइरहेको थिएँ। केही समयपछि मलाई महशुस भयो कि विमान जमीनमा अवतरण हुँदैछ। मैले आँखा उघारें। मेरी श्रीमती म सँगैको सिटमा थिइन्। विमानको झ्यालबाट बाहिर हेरें, सुविधा सम्पन्न चांगी विमानस्थलमा धेरै जहाजहरु उडान भरिरहेका र अवतरण गरिरहेका देखिन्थे।

अन्य यात्रुहरूसँगै हामीहरु प्लेनबाट बाहिरियो, सबै आफ्नो आफ्नो गन्तव्यको लागि लम्कँदै थिए। हाम्रो न्यूजिल्यान्ड उडान भोलिपल्टको बेलुका मात्रै थियो। पूर्वयोजना अनुसार २२ घण्टा लामो ट्रान्जिट विमानस्थलमा नै बिताउनुपर्ने थियो। फराकिलो स्थान, सुविधासम्पन्न, सुरक्षित र सुन्दर चांगी विमानस्थलमा रात बिताउँदा कुनै अप्ठ्यारो भएन। जब जब उज्यालो हुँदै गयो, त्यस दिनको समय व्यवस्थापन गर्न मेरो अन्तरमनले मलाई भन्यो।

यात्रुहरुको सुविधाको लागि व्यवस्था गरिएको विमानस्थल "Free Shuttle Bus Service" बाट २ घण्टा अवधिको सिंगापुरभ्रमण मेरो अर्को रमाइलो क्षणको रूपमा रहेको छ। सफा सडक, व्यवस्थित ट्राफिकव्यवस्था, गगनचुम्बी महलहरु, भद्र महिला तथा सज्जनवृन्द, स्वच्छ वातावरण सिंगापुरमा जस्तै हाम्रो देश नेपालमा पनि भइदिए कति राम्रो हुन्थ्यो होला भन्ने मनमनै गम्दै हाम्रो देशको अवस्था सम्झेर गह भरिएर आयो।

यात्रुहरुको सुविधाको लागि खोलिएका Duty free shop को व्यवस्थापन र तिनका कर्मचारीकोव्यवहार नमूना योग्य रहेछन्। Singapore Airlines बाट यात्रा गर्ने यात्रुहरुको लागि उपलब्ध गरिएको Cash Voucher को प्रयोगबाट बिहान, दिउँसोको खानाको लागि यथेष्ट भयो। Singapore Airlines को बोइङ्ग विमान सोही दिन बेलुका २०० भन्दा बढी यात्रु लिएर क्राईष्टचर्चतर्फ १० घण्टा उडानको लागि प्रस्थान गर्‍यो। यो विमानमा यात्रुको जानकारीको लागि जहाजको गति, उचाइ, बाहिरको तापक्रम, सिंगापुर र क्राईष्टचर्चको स्थानीय समय, क्राईष्टचर्च

पुगन लाग्ने समय निरन्तर डिस्प्ले गरिरहेको पाइयो। यो ब्यवस्थाबाट यात्रुले आफूलाई उडान अवधिभर सहज बनाउन सहयोग गरेको महशुस भयो। रातभरको उडानपश्चात् ६ डिसेम्बरको बिहानको उज्यालो सँगसँगै बोइङ्ग जहाज क्राईष्टचर्चतर्फ अघि बढ्दै बिहान १०:३५ बजे विमानस्थलमा अवतरण भयो।

न्यूजिल्यान्ड अनुभव: क्राईष्टचर्च विमानस्थलबाट बाहिरिएपछि हाम्रो प्रतीक्षामा रहेकी बुहारी सलिना र नातिनी यशस्वीसँगै हामी घरतिर लाग्यौं। लामो समयको विमानयात्राको थकावटपछि हामीले क्राईष्टचर्चका विभिन्न स्थानको भ्रमण ग-यौं | न्यूजिल्यान्डको New Brighton, Summner, Lyttleton, Governor Bay, Okains Bay, Milford Sound, Akaroa आदि सुन्दर स्थानहरूको भ्रमण गरियो। त्यसका साथै Hagley Park, Monavale Garden, Lake Te Anau, Waimate, Worlds Most Steepest Road, Sharplin fall, Lake Wanaka, Riccarton Bush आदिको भ्रमणको क्रममा सुन्दर अनुभूतिहरू रह्यो। भ्रमणको क्रममा विभिन्न Shopping Mall, Warehouse, Countdown, New World मा सामग्रीको डिस्प्ले, मूल्यभुक्तानीप्रक्रिया, बिल्लिंग सिस्टम, ट्याक्स कलेक्सन आदिको व्यवस्था सहज र पारदर्शी भएको हुँदा हाम्रो देशमा पनि त्यस्तै पारदर्शी व्यवस्था भएमा कर चुहावटको समस्या धेरै हदसम्म नियन्त्रण हुने महशुस भयो।

न्यूजिल्यान्डमा जस्तो फोहोरको प्रकार अनुसार कलेक्सन, उठान र विसर्जनको मोडेल हाम्रो देशमा लागू गर्नसके हाम्रो देशलाई सफा र सुन्दर बनाउन त्यति कठिन नहोला। यहाँको फोहोर कलेक्सन गर्ने Green, Yellow र Red Automated Vehicle र सडक बढार्ने गाडीहरू व्यवस्थित र अनुकरण गर्न योग्य लाग्यो।

अष्ट्रेलिया अनुभव: यो यात्राको क्रममा हामीलाई अष्ट्रेलियाभ्रमणको अवसर पनि मिल्यो। ८ फेब्रुअरीदेखि १४ फेब्रुअरीसम्मको एक हप्ताको यो भ्रमणमा हामीले सिड्नीको मुख्य-मुख्य स्थानहरूको भ्रमण ग-यौं। Sydney Tower, Opera House, Harbour Bridge, Olympic Park, Nan Tien Temple, Laparoose Sea Beach, Helensberg Temple, Stanwell Park आदिको भ्रमण गरियो। Sydney बाट Canberra हामीहरूले Murrays Express Bus बाट यात्रा ग-यौं। Sydney देखि Canberra को ४ घण्टाको बसयात्राको समयमा हामीले अष्ट्रेलियाको सडक, यातायात व्यवस्थापन राम्रैसँग अनुभव ग-यौं। नयाँ र नौलो ठाउँ क्यानबेराको छोरी र ज्वाईं हाम्रो प्रतीक्षामा हुनुहुन्थ्यो । क्यानबेरा बसाइको दोस्रो दिन हामीले मुख्य-मुख्य स्थानहरूको भ्रमण ग-यौं जसमा Parliament House, War Memorial Museum, Australian National University (ANU), National Arboretum, Ansley Mountain र Burley Lake रहेका छन्। Parliament House मा सर्वसाधारणको पहुँच, War Memorial मा सहादत योद्धाहरूको सम्मान, ANU मा ज्ञानको पूजा, National Arboretum मा रुखबिरुवाहरूको संरक्षण, मानवनिर्मित Burley Lake अनि पानीको फोहोरा, Ansley Mountain बाट सम्पूर्ण Canberra को अवलोकन गर्दा नेपालमा पनि यस्तै योजनाबद्ध शहरको स्थापना गर्न कति समय लाग्ला भनेर मनमनै गर्मै।

अन्तिममा यो यात्रा अवधिमा यात्राअनुभव सँगाल्न पाएका ३ वटै मुलुकहरूले आफूलाई विकसित राष्ट्रको रूपमा स्थापित गरिसकेका छन्। सबैमा सफा सुन्दर र उच्च Traffic Light र आवाजसहितको व्यवस्थापन भएको सडक देख्दा लोभ लाग्यो। हाम्रो देश नेपालमा पनि त्यस्तै भए सुन्दर हुने थियो। व्यवस्थित यी सडकमा गुड्ने हलूका तथा भारी सवारीसाधन, चिटिक्क परेका घर, खुशी देखिने मानवमुहारहरू लोभलाग्दा र प्रशंसनीय छन्। दुःख देखिने, सुख सम्पन्नता नदेखिने नेपालबाट आएको मलाई सुख-सम्पन्नता देखिने परिवेश, दुःख जति नदेखिने अवस्था भएका यी देशहरूको भ्रमण नयाँ र नौलो भएको महशुस गरेको छु। यहाँ घुम्न आउने पर्यटक आफ्नो देशमा पनि त्यस्तै भए हुन्थ्यो भन्ने महशुस नगर्ने सायदै कोही होला। यो यात्राको धेरै अवधि क्राईष्टचर्चमा बित्यो। यस अवधिमा नेपाली क्रिकेट टिमका खेलाडी र अन्य पदाधिकारीहरूसँगको भेट, उनीहरूलाई नेपाली समाजले देखाएको आतिथ्यता मेरो मानसपटलमा रहिरहने छ। नेपाली समाजका सदस्यहरूबाट पाएको माया र सदभावले हाम्रो यो बसाइ छोटो भएको महशुस भयो। समय समयमा आयोजना हुने Pot Luck मेरो लागि नौलो भयो, यसरी नै नेपालमा पनि यस्तै भेटघाट गर्ने कार्यक्रम गर्ने सोच बनाएको छु। आफ्नो मातृभूमि छोडेर विभिन्न पेशा र व्यवसायमा संलग्न रहनुभएका न्यूजिल्यान्डवासी नेपाली साथीभाइहरूले हाम्रो आफ्नै संस्कृति र सदाचारलाई नासोको रूपमा आउने पुस्तालाई हस्तान्तरण गर्न सक्नुहुनेछ भन्ने आशा गर्दै यो यात्रा संस्मरण यहीं बिट माछु।




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