

NAMASTE

Issue 2, April 2009

नमस्ते



Nepal New Zealand Friendship Society
Annual Newsletter

नेपाल न्यूजिल्याण्ड मैत्री संघ, वार्षिक प्रकाशन

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NNZFS
Nepal New Zealand
Friendship Society
INC

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On the occasion of New Year 2066 B.S.
NNZFS family take this opportunity to wish

A Happy New Year 2066B.S.

To all readers, members and the supporting organizations.

Supporting Organisations:

1. Christchurch City Council
2. Community Organisation Grants Scheme (COGS)
3. Canterbury Community Trust

NNZFS Family and Executive committee 2008/2009



Editorial

NAMASTE! Kia ora! Good Day!

We are very happy to present the second issue of **NAMASTE** – an annual Newsletter of Nepal New Zealand Friendship Society of Canterbury Inc (NNZFS) on this very day of Nepalese New Year celebration program. We would like to wish you a very happy and prosperous New Year 2066 B.S.

With tremendous interest and big support from the general members of our society, we are able to bring **NAMASTE** in front of you. In this issue, we have attempted to collect contributed articles, short-stories, jokes, poems, travel experiences and facts from back home.

We would like to thank Mark Inglis (patron of NNZFS) for the foreword. Thank you Mark working closely with us and helping SIRC in KATHMANDU, in particular, by providing rough terrain wheel chairs.

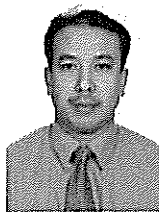
We would like to thank all the kids, the members and the guests who generously provided the articles. These articles are your brainchildren. Thanks again for your creativity and time.

In **NAMASTE**, we hope readers will find interesting materials in English and in Nepali languages with variety of flavours.

Suggestions and feedbacks are highly welcomed!

Happy reading!!!

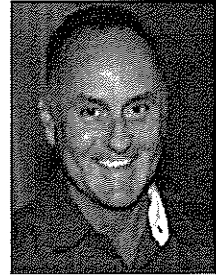
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Foreword

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Namaste, Tashi Delek, Kia Ora, Hi!

March 2009

2009 is turning out to be an exciting and challenging year already.

The tough economic times are creating new challenges not just here in New Zealand but worldwide, in fact here in New Zealand we are again privileged to be better off than most countries, especially those such as Nepal, Tibet and Cambodia, home to so many of our friends and family.

From my work in the tourist and wine industries I think that the next year will be tough for economies that rely on tourism for much of their funds. We have been insulated from the economic down turn initially due to pre booking and we are now seeing a significant decrease in forward bookings people are leaving travel until the last minute to ensure they can afford it.

This hits home if you rely on these funds to feed your family as so many of the people we know in these countries do. What can we do?

Be positive and as proactive as we can, spend as much effort as we can spare encouraging people to visit these iconic places and experience the culture, we know they will be 'richer' for the experience!

It is only a recession if we let it be!

Anne and I would like to make a special thanks to the talented dancers (Sumitra, Ashmita, Shekha and Asmita) and the Nepalese community that helped to make our evening 'A Taste of Everest' a success. We raised enough funds for the equivalent of 2 extra wheelchairs for the SIRC or 4 lower limbs for the Cambodia Trust. The funds have been deposited in the Limbs4All capital funds bringing it to almost \$100,000. This means we can continue our commitment to the SIRC in Kathmandu for the provision of at least 10 more rough terrain wheel chairs and hopefully extend it to up to 20 if they are needed. Our profound thank, every cent we donate and invest will make a difference in the lives of others, forever!

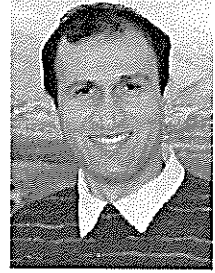
The girls at St Margarets College in Christchurch are continuing to give Ang Chutin (daughter of Dorji, my Everest climbing partner) the opportunity that the girls in New Zealand have by fully funding her education in Kathmandu.

Thanks for the opportunity to work closely with you. It will allow us to be far more focused in our support of the disabled in Nepal and Tibet.

We wish you all a happy and prosperous Nepalese new year 2066 B.S.

-Mark and Anne Inglis

President's Message



I am very pleased to mention that we have published the second issue of *Namaste*. The first issue of *Namaste* was released in April 2008 by Patron Mr Mark Inglis at the Nepali New Year 2065 B.S. Program.

Let me start with a few words about the society's recent activities. From the date of its establishment in 1998 AD and formal registration as an Incorporated Society in 2002, the Nepal New Zealand Friendship Society of Canterbury Incorporated, NNZFS, has been working to promote Nepalese culture, language, heritage and social harmony among migrants of Nepali origin residing in Canterbury region and the friends of Nepal. One of the main objectives of the society is to strengthen the camaraderie between the Nepalese and the New Zealanders that began with the conquest of Mt Everest by Sir Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Sherpa's joint effort. The society aims to further that spirit of friendship and to serve as a resource to provide information and inspiration to new Nepalese migrants and foster understanding between Nepal and New Zealand through educational, cultural and social activities.

Since the days of its inception, the NNZFS has consistently participated in numerous social events by celebrating the joys and successes of its members. The members have also shown exemplary composure during some tough situations which tested our character in the recent past. I am extremely proud of the unity, team work and strength shown by all members of the society.

It is true that the purpose of NNZFS is not only to represent and entertain New Zealander Nepali or people from Nepal but also to bring enthusiasm to those who are interested about Nepal and Nepali culture regardless of their race, gender and national origin. We also want to be informative for them who want to know more about Nepal. The society's members include people from different socio-cultural backgrounds in Nepal or New Zealand with experience and interests in Nepal. In fact, many members including the past president of the society Ms Jill Lemon are New Zealanders who are highly interested in Nepali people and their culture.

In the last few years, the NNZFS has significantly grown, not merely in its size but also in its scope and activities. In turn, the society has participated in many multi-cultural programs organised in Canterbury.

As soon as the current Executive Committee took responsibility in May 2008, we celebrated "Teej" in August 2008 with a potluck get-together and lots of other entertainment. We also organised Dashain in October 2008. Our programs have included the regular annual events such as the Lincoln Multi-Cultural Festival (organised by the Lincoln Rotary Club), the Ethnic Soccer Tournament and the Culture Galore (organised by the Christchurch City Council). The society launched in April 2007 a weekly Nepali musical program (Namaste Nepal) on Community Radio Plains FM 96.9, which is aired every Monday at 8pm for 25 minutes by our award winning anchor Roshan Rijal. The society has continued a bi-weekly Nepalese language class

for children, which was started in April 2007.

Indeed, the successful running of weekly Nepali musical programs in Plains FM, along with the Nepali language classes for kids and the lunch of society's website, have added new dimensions to the society's public relation and outreach.

We are equally active to create vibrant and lively Nepali culture in New Zealand through cultural activities such as the celebration of the Nepalese festivals (primarily: Teej, Dashain and Tihar). The Nepalese New Year 2066, which will be celebrated on Saturday 11th of April 2009, is the capstone program of the society. The members have not left any stones unturned to make these functions a grand success.

The unity, commitment and aspiration of the members have always been on display at their fullest during the planning, preparation and execution of each and every program. All aspects of our past events, including the art exhibition, the cultural program and Nepali food stalls, won accolades from visitors, guests and donors who attended the New Year program. These events would not have been possible without the help of many committed members. To this end, I wish to extend my heartfelt thanks to all members of the society for their unprecedented support.

On behalf of the society, I would also like to express my sincere thanks to the Community Organisation Grants Scheme (COGS), the Canterbury Community Trust and the Christchurch City Council for their cogent and continued financial supports to the society. Your sustained supports have been a tremendous encouragement to society, and I am sure this is very much appreciated by all our members.

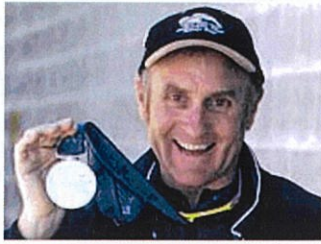
At last but not the least, I wish to express my heartfelt thanks to all members of the Executive Committee who have shown unconditional faith in my leadership and the Editorial team of this publication. I am very confident of getting continued supports and assistances from all fellow members who like to see the society on a progressive journey. I am grateful to all of the members, especially Jagannath Aryal, who helped us directly or indirectly to bring this issue to our members. This is a significant development which has taken the society's achievements to a new level and added a new dimension to its public relation and outreach.

We will keep you posted with more information in the NNZFS website. Please visit the society's website www.nepalnzfs.org.nz for more information which was recently updated with some useful links, thanks to Pramod Ghimire for his devoted work.

In closing, I would like to express my appreciation to all of you for your great support and help. The Executive Members could not have arranged many of its successful events without your support. At the same moment, I wish you all a very prosperous, healthy and happy Nepali New Year 2066 B.S. I hope that this New Year will bring a brighter future to all of us. God bless us!

Yes, together, we can bring a difference!

- Dr. Ishwarae Neupane
President, NNZFS



Patron Mark Inglis

NNZFS Executive Committee 2008/2009



Dr. Ishwara Neupane

President



Chandra Rai "Manab"

Vice President



Mahendra Khanal

Treasurer



Dr. Rabin Tuladhar

Secretary



Dhana Khatri

Member



Dharma Pradhan

Member



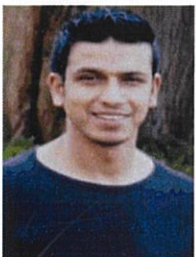
Urmila Dhakal

Member



Sulokshana Khatiwada

Member



Roshan Rijal

Member



Subodh Dhakal

Member



Pramod Ghimire

Member

Nepal New Zealand Friendship Society

Introduction

NNZFS was established in 1998 AD with active support from the New Zealanders. Since then, it has been running by Nepalese and New Zealanders living in Canterbury. The society aims to introduce and promote Nepalese cultures and traditions in New Zealand. The society keeps in contact with local government and members of different ethnic communities of Canterbury.

NNZFS was formally registered under the Incorporated Societies Act 1908 on the 19th of December 2002.

Currently, it has about 150 registered members. The society always welcomes new people, who want to be a part of it.

Objectives

- To promote mutual support and cooperation between individuals of Nepalese descendant on matters of common concerns.
- To promote social harmony and understanding among all members.
- To promote educational, sporting, arts and business activities.
- To provide community services to all society members and liaise with governmental and non-governmental organisations.
- To introduce and promote Nepalese social and cultural heritages.
- To promote friendship and contacts with other Nepalese societies within New Zealand.
- To interact with other ethnic bodies.
- To carry out other social activities.
- To keep alive Nepalese cultures by organising various programs.
- To support Nepalese people facing problems from natural calamities.

Regular Activities

- Take part in various cultural programs organised by local city councils and ethnic communities.
- Hold Nepalese language teaching classes for children.
- Organise Nepalese New year program.
- Organise programs to celebrate Nepalese festivals including Teej, Dashain and Tihar.
- Organise family get-togethers, welcome and farewell programs for new coming and out-going members.
- Take part in Global Football Festival.
- Run "Namaste Nepal" - a Nepali genre musical FM program - at Christchurch based community radio Plains FM 96.9 MHz, weekly 8:00pm on Monday.
- Publish an annual newsletter – NAMASTE on the occasion of the Nepalese New Year.

Membership

Any person of Nepalese descendant having resided in New Zealand for more than 3 months and over the age of 15 years is eligible for membership.

Any other New Zealander not of Nepalese descendant, who accepts the objectives of the society, may become a member. The application would be accepted in written. This needs to be proposed and recommended by at least two members of the society.

NNZFS Diary 2008/ 2009

The Society has taken part in different social and cultural activities organised by City Council and successfully organised various functions and get-togethers itself. The major events organized by the Society in the last year (2008/2009) can

be recalled as following.

1. The society organised a welcome program **"Bhetghat Karyakram"** to the Nepali-descendant Bhutanese migrants and its members on 23rd of August 2008 at the Hei-Hei community hall.

2. Mr. Kamal Nepali, a little boy from Nepal, who rescued a two and half years old girl from a deep gorge of Seti River, Pokhara on June 25, 2008, was awarded by the society's certificate of bravery. Mr. Sudan Panthi, on behalf of the society, awarded the certificate during his visit to Nepal.



Kamal Nepali receiving his bravery certificate.

3. His Excellency Ambassador Mr. Yogendra Dhakal has visited Christchurch on 1 October 2008. The society organised a welcome program, presented the issues presently faced by Nepali immigrants and also made recommendations for future improvements.



HE Mr. Yogendra Dhakal addressing a get-

together program at Maori Hall, Lincoln Univ.

4. The society organized on the 1st of January 2009 English New Year at Maori Hall, Lincoln University.

5. The society effectively participated in the program "Taste of Everest" organised by the society's Patron Mark Inglis on the 6th of March 2009.

A Short Story.....

Hope



I met him during one of my regular trips to "Devghat". He looked surprisingly fit for his age. In his late seventies he was walking faster than me, "almost running". 'I used to have "ek mana ghee" every day when I was adult', he said with a visible pride. Daily walk across the hanging bridge of Devghat and back was his way of getting fit and releasing the hassles of life.

"I have always been mesmerized by the serene beauty of Devghat", he said. "You know, this roaring Kali-Gandaki and that quiet Trishuli always remind me of passion and realities of life. That is why I come here every morning to contemplate life with every drop of water that flows in this river", he suddenly became poetic. "I have always been very passionate about life", he said. Born in a farming family somewhere in the hills of western Nepal, he didn't go to school. He was busy helping his father manage the everyday needs of their joint family. It

was only after he got married ("arranged marriage", of course) to a daughter of a nearby "Pundit" clan, he realized that he needed to get some education. Being a Brahmin, he could always be a "Pundit" if he could get some basic Sanskrit education. And he left home.

Devotees were bathing passionately in the spot where Kali-Gandaki and Trishuli river merged. "You know, these people really believe that they can wash-away their sins by merely bathing in this junction", he said with a painful smile. He had been living in a riverside hut of Devghat since five years. His two sons were in "Amrika" (America) and were "too educated to look after him". "You know, I did come home after getting education in Banaras", he said. After all, I had to look after my aged father and mother. If I wanted, I could have stayed in Banaras and become a politician, and who knows I could have even become a "Mantri" (Minister). And there was always "the big Ganga" to wash away my sins, he smiled. "But, I knew what my priorities were", he said. Being the only Sanskrit educated in his village he became a famous "Pundit" very quickly. At last, he could go to his sasurali ("in laws house") with pride.

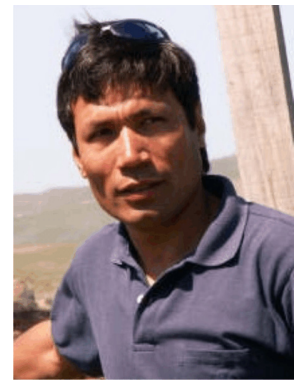
The plight of not being able to live with his children and grandchildren had saddened him deeply. "It hunts me every night, you know", he said. "I don't know what makes them forget everything", he murmured. "Is it that 'languti laauney aaimai' (that bikini clad girl)?" I saw anger in his eyes. One of his sons was living with an "Amrican" girl; he had seen them in photos. His other son was too busy eking livelihood for his family in Amrika. "You know, I miss my "nata-nati" (grandchildren)", his eyes moistened. "I too worked hard to raise my family. "Even after the death of Radhika (my wife), I never let them feel that they didn't have a mother". "I gave them the education they needed". "I never forgot my roots".

Despite the state of affairs he expressed

hopes. The bigger hope of humanity, tranquility and peace. The small hope that one day he would be able to hug his grandchildren, play with them, and take them to nearby "Mandir" (Temple). The hope that one day he does not have to use his ailing hands to prepare a meal for himself. The small hope that after his "Nitya Karma" (Brush and Toilet) every morning, there is always a hot "Chiya" (a cup of tea) ready for him. It is this hope that keeps him alive. Waiting for the day....

- Govinda Poudel

Nepali Gorkhali Football Team



This year's Global Football Festival (GFF) 2009 went pretty well. We didn't win any games but we all the players and the supporters had a great time again. It was wet start with some drizzles. But thanks to Murray – for bringing a giant gazebo that roofed us and helped to dry football gears. We are pleased to have a lot of extra players. We played 3 games on Saturday. The first one was against the Afghans it was a close game lost by 3-2. Second was with Japan we lost badly 5-0. We had beaten them 4-2 in a friendly game though. Third one was with Fiji Indian which we lost by 5-1. That was a very interesting game. We attempted a lot of shots on the goal post but missed by few inches every time. It was one of the best games of the whole festival. It was fun on Saturday games. The weather was nice & warm. We had BBQ with some nice *Aachar* and *Chiura*. Thanks to all the

volunteers who fed the players and supporters, and thank you Ashish for BBQ. Our junior team played really well. We expected them to reach to the final by lost against Afghan by 4-3 on extra time. On Sunday, the Chinese team did not turn up so we went to the Bowl final which was played against Ethiopia. We lost it by 4-2. That was another great game. We were in draw 2-2 till half time but we lost at the end. Some of us also went to play for the ethnic all star vs police team. We are growing as a team since last 5 years. We always welcome new and young players. We did not even have jerseys, football and shin-guards when it started at our first year. Now we have two different jerseys. Many thanks to EUREKA TRUST (Red Jersey 2006) and JANI KING (Black jersey set as well as football gears). We were the runner up in the last year's 5th division CSSL (Canterbury Sunday Soccer League). We also won fair play team trophy (out of 50 teams) and Ashish also won the player of the tournament trophy out of all the five division players. All the credits of a successful running of Nepali Gorkhali Football Team go to the supporters and Nepali community's continuous supports. We are all proud to be a part of it and this also gives us a very good opportunity to meet every week and also to make international friends and more importantly to keep us fit and healthy.



Nepali-Gorkhali football team 2009

We also played in the Executive Committee Trophy in December 2008. A series of Married vs Unmarried soccer games was organised. Unmarried team

won all the three games. We plan to have this event every year in December. It will be a good build up for the GFF.

Junior(Under 16) Nepali Gorkhali Football Team

This year, in the GFF 2009, we were planning to have 6 aside junior football games as well. There were only few good players but the rest of them were really young ones under the age of 10. It needed at least 9 players for a team. Till the day before the festival, I wasn't sure if I would have full set of team even 6 because 2 of the good players had been selected for Canterbury, who had to go for training. I really wanted that our young boys should gain experience of this Football Festival in order to build up for future. I knew a boy called Bikram. Just 10 years old small boy but could kick hard and accurate. He was just a gifted football player. I asked Nissan to team up all the young ones before the Festival. He gathered 4 boys (Ashok, Bikram, Asish and Bikram). They were all between 10 to 12 years old. I had also informed Shishir (14) and Asish (14). So we got 7 players that made me happy. I requested Moti to pick them up and drop to Bexley Reserve.



Nepali-Gorkhali under 16 football team 2009

They were so excited to play their first game, which they lost with Afghan by 5-0. The Afghans were double their size. The second game was perhaps the most exciting one. It was played against Tiny Cops. There were 2 girls in their team. They were taller than our team but our boys were far faster than them. They just

kept on attacking us. Our team won by 3-0. At the end of the game even Tiny Cops coach and supporter were cheering for our team. They were already famous. The third game was played against Fiji Indian which they won by 2-3. This time we had big boys Saroj (15) and Ribu (12) playing for our team – well done guys. We went through the final which was against Afghans again. We lost with the final score 4-3. We were all proud of our young players who made to the final. Definitely, there is a bright future for our Junior Nepali Gorkhali Football Team.

- Gyanendra Pradhan

Story.....

An Endless Wait



She hurriedly finished her kitchen chores and rushed to sit in front of the computer. She switched it on. It felt like the computer was taking ages to boot.

"I should have asked Binesh to get a new computer when he was here last *Dashain*," she murmured.

After making some creaking and screeching sounds, the old Pentium III computer finally got ready. She slowly followed the instructions written down on a piece of paper and logged into the messenger. She peered through her thick glasses searching for her son in the messenger (msn) list.

This has been her daily routine since her
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only son moved abroad for studies. In spite of the load shedding in the town, she always managed to steal few minutes to come online to chat with him. She was thankful to the modern technology with which she could stay in contact with her son living thousands of miles away from home. But tonight, she could not find him online.

"He did promise to come online tonight. May be he dozed off in front of the computer waiting for me. It is already past midnight there. I should have finished the cooking earlier." She always felt the time difference so annoying. When she could get free from her household chores, it would already be midnight at her son's place.

She opened her hotmail account with a hope that Binesh might have dropped her a message. But it was empty too.

"Perhaps, he is busy with his work," she tried to console herself.

She browsed through older emails in her inbox. It was her and her husbands favourite past time to read and re-read Binesh's emails. Occasional photographs that he attached to his emails would always bring smiles to their faces. She opened his latest email with his photographs attached.

"You have put on some weight," she smiled.

Time has flown so fast. It has already been 15 years since Binesh left home for his studies. Their happiness was limitless when he had announced that he got a scholarship to study abroad. It was dream come true for the whole family. She had boasted to her relatives that her son was going abroad for studies that too with a scholarship. It was not that she was not proud anymore. She was still very happy for his progress. She still never missed to exaggerate about his achievements whenever she was in a gathering. And she

secretly smiled when her relatives envied about it.

But in spite of all this, somewhere buried deep inside her heart, was her wish that her son one day returns back to live with them. Without him around, there was a kind of emptiness in the house and in her heart. Her eyes often got watered when she saw her neighbours happily enjoying dinner with their children around them.

She did mention to Binesh about settling down in Nepal during his last visit.

"It is difficult to find any job for me here anymore. I have a good job and good pay there. Besides, the country is no more like it used to be. I would love to stay with you all. But..." Binesh had simply brushed off her idea.

"He is not wrong too. The country is no longer the same. Things have changed. It is not safe as it used to be. He will not get a job that suits his qualifications. Moreover, how would he survive with fourteen hours of daily load shedding?" she had comforted herself.

She had always been a strong lady. With her husband always busy with office works, it was her who brought up Binesh single-handedly. She meticulously juggled her office and family and yet she always carried a smile in her face. But that was long time back. She had already retired now and with plenty of time in hand, she often wished that she could go back to those golden days when her family was intact.

She still hated to admit that she is getting old. But she knew it very well that she is weaker than she used to be. Her backache seemed to get worse every passing day. Doctors had no answers for her leg pain either. Years of hard work seemed to have weathered her husband as well. Even she felt that her husband had suddenly grown old in the last couple of years.

"Perhaps I should again try to convince Binesh to move back home," she thought to herself. "He sure can find a work here or even he can start a small business. After all, so many people are having a good life here as well," she started planning.

"Hey, are you again dreaming in front of the Computer?" Her husband's voice brought her crashing back to the reality.

"There has been an incident. The news says that there was another bomb blast in the centre of the city. Seven people were hurt. Thank god no one was killed. I just don't understand where this country is heading to," he lamented while walking out of the room.

The news shattered all the plans she had been weaving.

"It is good that Binesh stays abroad," she whispered with a heavy heart. Her hands hurriedly started to type him an email:

*Dear Babu
Subha Aashirbad*

I hope your work is going fine. Take care of your health. You just concentrate on your work and be happy wherever you are. You do not need to worry about us. Both of us are very fine here.

Do write emails sometimes. We love reading your emails.

Your Mom

- Rabin Tuladhar

Wish Of The Unborn



It's too dark in here, though cozy, warm and safe. I've been growing day by day, week by week and months. I'm not sure about my age and but I might be possibly 7 or 8 months old. I'm being raised with such love and tender care at the moment inside mother's womb. I get my daily feeds, daily bath and my face, my hands and legs – the whole body is growing into such a fine shape. I love my home. I'm the sole ruler right now. I can swim where I like, I can kick any time I like and nobody is here to disturb me. I have the best mother in the world.

But I'm worried too.

Soon, I'll be going out in the new world totally foreign to me. I'll have to adjust myself to it and it might be difficult. Besides, I'm a female. I'm not sure what my family might feel when they see another girl added in "an already full of female" family. I've an uncanny feeling that my grandma and my father are anxiously waiting for a small brother. Grandma has even consulted a fortune teller and she was told of the arrival of a new member in the family – finally, a male one. I can hear the strange faint sound from here perhaps they are enjoying the good news.

But, what about my mother? Is she happy too? Or is she worried more? I can sense the latter in her because I know she visits the temples daily. I can make out the bells ringing, her prayers and her

sleepless nights.

"Oh mother, please be at ease, at least, for me. It's already late for prayers and your worship. But don't you worry. I'm coming for good. God has made me a female but he has not done unjust to me and you. It's only a matter of time before you'll realise that there's no harm giving birth to a daughter".

"I want to feel your warmth and your heavenly care and compassion as soon as I'm born. I want to look right into your eyes and smile at you and see the same in you. I'm your flesh and blood. I promise you that one fine day, I'll bring happiness and pride in you and that moment will be the most important and precious one for me. Please do not hate me, when you see me, dear mother. Do hold me on your soft hands and love me".

"You'll take good care of me, won't you?"

"You'll always love me, won't you, mother?"

-Dr Shraddha Limbu-Rai

Facts and Factual About Nepal



1. Where was Ne-Muni - a Hindu sage or saint who first ruled Nepal - used to live and perform most religious ceremonies?
2. When was Nepal unified; by whom?
3. When was the first democratic constitution signed?
4. What is the total geographical area?

5. What is the highest named lake?
6. What is the total population?
7. What is the National motto?
8. What was Nepali – the first official language of Nepal – originally called?
9. Which are the lowest and highest points (from the sea level)?
10. What are the maximum geographical extensions?

ANSWERS:

1. Teku, the confluence of the Bagmati and Bishnumati rivers
2. 1768AD by Prithvi Narayan Shah
3. 9 November 1990
4. 147,181 sq. km. (land: 143,181 sq. km , water: 4000 sq. km)
5. Panch Pokhari (5,494 m from sea level)
6. 28.90 Millions (2007AD est.)
7. The Motherland is worth more than the Kingdom of heaven.
8. Khasakura
9. Lowest point: Kachanakalan 70.3 m, highest point: Mt. Everest 8848 m
10. Length: 885 km (SE–NW), Breadth: 201 km (NE–SW)

- Manju Neupane

How Good Is Your Math



1. There is a number with 10 digits. The first digit of this number tells us how many zeros are there. The second digit of this number tells us how many ones are there. The third digit of this number tells us how many twos are there. Likewise the last digit of this number tells us how many nines are there. What is this ten digits number?

2. A physicist was visiting his best friend who was a mathematician, whom he had not seen for several years. He asked his friend that how old are their children. The mathematician replied, well, we have three children and the product of their ages is 36. The physicist said: with this information I cannot tell their ages. The mathematician said that the sum of their ages is his house number. The physicist had probably known his friend's house number but still he could not give him the answer. The mathematician then said that his eldest son goes to Piano class. Now you find out their ages.

3. There are 13 balls of the same sizes, out of which 1 ball is different by weight but you don't know whether it is lighter or heavier. You are given a balance to weigh them and asked to identify this ball by weighing them in no more than 3 times. Now you find out how you are going to identify this ball.

- Dr. Ishwaree Neupane

A Joke



This has the power to make one fall for Physics, all over again!

Sir Ernest Rutherford, President of the Royal Academy, and recipient of the Nobel Prize in Physics, related the following story:

Some time ago I received a call from a colleague. He was about to give a student

a zero for his answer to a physics question, while the student claimed a perfect score. The instructor and the student agreed to an impartial arbiter, and I was selected. I read the examination question:

"Show how it is possible to determine the height of a tall building with the aid of a barometer."

The student had answered: "Take the barometer to the top of the building, attach a long rope to it, lower it to the street, and then bring it up, measuring the length of the rope. The length of the rope is the height of the building."

The student really had a strong case for full credits since he had really answered the question completely and correctly! On the other hand, if full credit was given, it could well contribute to a high grade in his physics course and certify competence in physics, but the answer did not confirm this.

I suggested that the student have another try. I gave the student six minutes to answer the question with the warning that the answer should show some knowledge of physics. At the end of five minutes, he hadn't written anything. I asked if he wished to give up, but he said he had many answers to this problem; he was just thinking of the best one.

I excused myself for interrupting him and asked him to please go on. In the next minute, he dashed off his answer, which read, "Take the barometer to the top of the building and lean over the edge of the roof. Drop the barometer, timing its fall with a stopwatch. Then, using the formula $x = 0.5at^2$, calculate the height of the building."

At this point, I asked my colleague if he would give up. He conceded, and gave the student almost full credit. While leaving my colleague's office, I recalled that the student had said that he had other

answers to the problem, so I asked him what they were.

"Well," said the student, "there are many ways of getting the height of a tall building with the aid of a barometer. For example, you could take the barometer out on a sunny day and measure the height of the barometer, the length of its shadow and the length of the shadow of the building, and by the use of simple proportion, determine the height of the building."

"Fine," I said, "and others?"

"Yes," said the student, "there is a very basic measurement method you will like. In this method, you take the barometer and begin to walk up the stairs. As you climb the stairs, you mark off the length of the barometer along the wall. You then count the number of marks, and this will give you the height of the building in barometer units. A very direct method."

"Of course. If you want a more sophisticated method, you can tie the barometer to the end of a string, swing it as a pendulum, and determine the value of g [gravity] at the street level and at the top of the building. From the difference between the two values of g , the height of the building, in principle, can be calculated."

"On this same tack, you could take the barometer to the top of the building, attach a long rope to it, lower it to just above the street, and then swing it as a pendulum. You could then calculate the height of the building by the period of the precession".

"Finally," he concluded, "there are many other ways of solving the problem. Probably the best," he said, "is to take the barometer to the basement and knock on the superintendent's door. When the superintendent answers, you speak to him as follows: 'Mr. Superintendent, here is a fine barometer. If you will tell me the

height of the building, I will give you this barometer."

At this point, I asked the student if he really did not know the conventional answer to this question. He admitted that he did, but said that he was fed up with high school and college instructors trying to teach him how to think.

The student was Niels Bohr (1885-1962), Danish Physicist, Nobel-Prize winner in 1922, best known for proposing the first 'model' of the atom with protons & neutrons, and various energy states of the surrounding electrons - the familiar icon of the small nucleus circled by three elliptical orbits ... but more significantly, an innovator in Quantum Theory.

- Dr. Rajesh Dhakal

Kids Corner.....

A Short Story



It was dark. The sun was fading towards the unknown. The rain was like mini thunder bolts and was smashing hard into our small car. It looked like we were heading nowhere. The journey so far had taken only one and half hours but it felt like one and half days. A second to me felt like a minute. I was getting impatient. "How much longer?" I asked my dad who was driving the car. "Not much longer now."

The journey had just edged past 2 hours before we reached the camp site at the mighty Waimakariri River. "Here we are.

Our home for the next two days. Come over here and help me out with the tent." This was the most difficult task we had to do. The tent! It wouldn't stay upright in the brown sticky mud. After a very hard task of putting up the tents, we decided to take a nice long sleep. For the 16th time, I woke up in the freezing night. The rain was still pouring down. The winds were roaring louder than a pack of lions. I looked at my dad. He was shivering in his weak sleep.

I opened my eyes. I saw a beam of light hitting my face. I slowly stood up. I opened the tent, when suddenly I felt like I was going blind. I couldn't see a thing. It felt like my eyes were just ripped of me. I tried opening my eyes again and this time I had a better reaction. My eyes were adjusting to the most powerful thing on the Earth. The sun!

After the brilliant breakfast that my dad made, we headed off for some canoeing. We carried the bright yellow canoe down to the river.

The river was sparkling with the sun. The reflection of the sun was just floating calmly in the blue river. We carefully put the canoe in the water. I hopped in. I could already feel the canoe trying to float out with the river. After my dad had got in, we slowly headed downstream.

We had been canoeing for just over an hour when the weather started to go ugly. The light blue sky got covered in grey clouds. The winds picked up. The river was getting stronger and stronger. It was now at the dreadful time of which we couldn't control the canoe. "Quick! Give me the radio!" I handed my dad the brick like radio. "Mayday! Mayday! We're at the Waimakariri river canoeing. We're at the point at which we can't control the canoe!" A gentle voice came back from the radio. "OK. A helicopter will be there in about 10mins." My dad put the radio down. "A helicopter will be here in 10mins but until then just hang on to the sides." I did what

I was told.

Every minute we seemed to pick up speed. About 6mins after my dad had made the mayday call, we were in a course of some rocks. "Hold on son!" my dad yelled over the roaring water. It looked we had just missed some rocks when a huge wind gust came from the south. The wind gust was too strong for the canoe. We crashed into a gigantic rock. "Dad!" I yelled in horror as I saw blood gushing down out of his head. I tried to go over to my dad's side when suddenly my head hit the side of the rock. It felt like I was running around in circles. I then fell on to the floor of the canoe.

My eyes slowly opened. I saw heaps of beds around me. I tried to sit up but my hand just pushed me back. "Mum!" I gave my mum a great big hug. "Where's dad?" Tears rolled down her eyes. "What's the matter mum? Where's dad." "Your dad... your dad didn't make it."

- Shuvam Sharma

What are Nepalese proud of?



- The highest peak in the world Mt. Everest. The top of the world and 7 other peaks above 8000m.
- Country of the brave Gurkhas. Who united and fought against the British and managed to make a golden history.
- Cultural diversity with people from 4 castes and 36 sub castes and 9 physical cultural heritages enlisted

as world's cultural heritages.

- The country of 6000 rivers, streams and rivulets making it the second richest country in water resources.
- The country of 300 species of birds. The country of 46 different languages.

- Ashmita Khanal

Difference between Nepal and New Zealand in my experience



New Zealand is cool

Nepal is beautiful

Nepal is hot

New Zealand is not

New Zealand has many pools

Nepal has many schools

New Zealand is clean

Nepal is green

New Zealand is big

Nepal looks like a wig

New Zealand has many halls

Nepal has a mountain that is very tall.

The End

- Shistata Dhakal

Funny / Jokes.....



- 1: What lies at the bottom of the sea and shivers?
 - 2: What lies on the ground 100 feet in the air?
 - 3: What goes around the forest grunting and sending the other animals to sleep?
 - 4: What do you call a fish without an eye?
 - 5: Why did the cookie cry?
 - 6: What do you call a boomerang that doesn't come back?
 - 7: What did the mosquito say the first time it saw a camel's hump?
 - 8: What did the scientist say when the astronauts came back from the moon with a bunch of bones?
- Answers: 1: A nervous wreck. 2: A centipede
3: A wild bore 4: A FSH
5: Because her mother had been a wafer so long
6: A stick
7: Did I do that?
8: Looks like the cow didn't jump over the moon

A Joke

This morning my teacher said "If there are any idiots in the class would they please stand up? So I stood up then the teacher said "Mr Imas why do you consider yourself as an idiot. Well actually I don't but I hate to see you standing up there all by yourself.

- Imas Neupane
Age 9, Ilam School

नेपाली भाषाको लेखहरू (Nepali Language Articles)

सच्चा आनन्द



आजको समयमा मानिसहरू धेरै प्रतिस्पर्धामा लागेका छन् । यसै कारणले गर्दा मनमा कहिले पनि शान्ति पाउन सकेका छैनन् । शुरुमा पैसा नै सन्तोषको लागि आवश्यक ठानेर त्यसका पछि लाग्दछन् । तर पनि शान्ति र आनन्द पाउन सक्दैनन् । पहिले पहिलेका मानिसहरूले पनि मन्दिर, गुफा तथा जंगलमा गएर शान्तिको खोजी गर्ने प्रयास नगरेका होइनन् । तर पनि शान्ति र आनन्द पाउन बिरलैले मात्र सकेका छन् ।

एउटा ब्यापारी साहु थिए । उनले धेरै ठाउँमा गएर तिर्थब्रतहरू गरेका थिए । तर मनमा आनन्द आउन सकेको थिएन । त्यसै समयमा नजिकको गाउँमा एउटा महात्माको सत्संग छ भन्ने थाहा पाएर उनी पनि त्यहाँ गए । त्यहाँ धेरै मानिसहरू जम्मा भएका थिए । सानो एउटा मन्दिर पनि थियो । महात्माको जात्रा निस्क्ररहेको थियो । मंदिर तर्फ जाँदै गर्दा एउटा फूलको ब्यापार गरेर बसिरहेको मान्छे देखेर महात्माले फूल किन्ने विचार गरे । गाउँमा पुरै फूलको अभाव भएको रहेछ । त्यो दिन एउटा मात्रै फूल बेचेर उसलाई छाक टार्नु परेको थियो । उसले भन्यो गुरुवर "यो एउटा फूलको दाम ५० रुपैया हो ।" महात्माले "यत्रो महंगो फूल त म चढाउन सक्दिन" भनेर छाडिदिए ।

ब्यापारी साहु पनि सबै कुरा हेरिरहेका थिए । उनले त्यो फूल किनेर महात्मालाई दिने विचार गरे र महात्मा केहि पर पुगेपछि फूलवाला कहाँ गएर मलाई त्यो फूल देउ भनेर मागे । तर त्यो फूलवालाले विचार गर्न लागेछ, यो ठूलो ब्यापारीलाई फूल दिएर के हुन्छ र ? उसँग त धेरै पैसा छ, जहाँबाट पनि किनेर ल्याउन सक्छ । तर, ती महात्माले पैसाको अभावमा मन्दिरमा फूल चढाउन पाएनन् । बरु तिनै महात्मालाई यो फूल दिँदा मलाई पनि आनन्द आउला, अब यो फूल म तिनैलाई दिन्छु भन्ने अठोट गरेर यो फूल म बेच्दिन भन्यो । ब्यापारी साहुले विचार गरे की यो

फूलवालालाई लोभ बढेछ । अब म १०० रुपैया दिन्छु भनेछ । फूलवालाले फेरि पनि बेचदिन भने । यो सुनेर साहूलाई पनि रिस चढ्न थाल्यो । अब उनी पैसा बढाउँदै गए र अन्तमा ५००० रुपैया सम्म दिन्छु भने । फूलवालाले अब त तिमीलाई ५० हजार दिए पनि दिन्न भनेछ र एउटा भएको फूल पनि म आफै चढाउँछु भनेर हिडेछ । मंदिरको छेउमा महात्मालाई भेटेर नमस्कार गरेर भनेछ, “हे गुरुवर, यो फूल हजूरले मंदिरमा चढाउनु होस । मलाई केहि पनि चाहिँदैन, फूल लिनु होस ।” महात्माले सोध्नु भयो, “किन ? तिमी त यो फूल बेचेर राम्रो पैसा पाउन सक्थ्यौ । ५ हजार त निकै ठूलो रकम हो, होइन र ?” महात्माको यस्तो कुरा सुनेर उसले भन्यो, “पैसा कमाउनु, सौखसंग वस्नु भन्ने कुरा भावना मात्रै हो । यी सबै शरिरसंग मात्रै सम्बन्धित छन् । मलाई त आत्मादेखि नै शान्ति र सन्तोष चाहिएको छ । यो फूल प्रभुमा चढाउनु नै मेरो आनन्द हो र म शान्ति र आनन्द अनुभव गर्न चाहन्छु ।”

महात्माले उसको कुरा सुनेर भन्नुभयो, “धन्य छौ बाबु, तिम्रो विचार उच्च छ । तिम्रो कुराले मलाई अति नै प्रसन्न तुल्यायो । तिमीलाई सधैं शान्ति र आनन्द प्राप्त होला । तिम्रो मनोकामना पुरा गर्न म प्रभुसंग प्रार्थना गर्दछु । यो फूल यहाँ राखेर जाउ ।” यस्तो कुराले प्रसन्न भएर फूलवाला गुरुलाई प्रणाम गरेर त्यहाँबाट गयो । यी सबै कुरा व्यापारी साहूले हेरिरहेका थिए । छक्क परेर सोचे, “यो फूलवालाले एउटा मात्र भएको फूल पनि प्रभुलाई अर्पण गरेर आनन्दित भयो । मसंग त धेरै सम्पति छ, तापनि मैले त केही गर्न सकेको छैन । मलाई धिक्कार छ” भन्दै महात्माको चरणमा परेर भन्न लागे, “हे महात्मा, मलाई क्षमा गरिदिनु होला । मैले जीवनमा केही गर्न सकिरहेको छैन । अब म मेरो सबै सम्पति हजूरमा अर्पण गर्दछु, मलाई शरणमा लिनुहोस ।” गुरुले भन्नु भयो “जस्ले आफुलाई चिन्छ, त्यसले नै सच्चा आनन्द प्राप्त गर्न सक्छ । जाउ, त्यो सम्पति गरीबहरुको सेवामा लगाउ र शान्तिको मार्गमा लाग ।”

कुनै कविले भनेका छन् कि,

“खोज्छन सबै सुख भनी सुख त्यो कहाँ छ ?

आफु मिटाई अरुलाई दिनु जहाँ छ ॥”

अस्तु

– राम प्रसाद ढकाल

न्यूजिल्याण्डको यात्रा संस्मरण



पाठकबृन्दहरुलाई आज म काठमाण्डौबाट न्यूजिल्याण्ड यात्रा गर्दा गरेको केही अनुभव सुनाउन लागि रहेको छु । पहिले कहिल्यै लामो परदेश यात्रा गरेको थिईन, पढेको भने थिएँ । अध्ययनको लागि यात्राको टुंगो लागेपछि शुरुभएको अलि अलि खुशी, कौतुहलता, चिन्ता र तयारीसंगै सुशिला (मेरी श्रीमती) र म न्यूजिल्याण्डको लागि उड्ने दिन आयो सन १९९९ जुलाई ३ तारिख । हाम्रा साना नानीहरु अस्मिता र विपिन, आफन्त अनि साथीभाइलाई पछि छाडेर फूलमाला, सगुन र भोला अधि लगाएर दिउँसो २ बजे उड्यौ सिंगापुर तर्फ काठमाण्डौबाट ।

सिंगापुरबाट क्राइस्टचर्च उड्ने जहाज त्यसै सांभ्र समाउनु थियो र त्यो समय १ घन्टा मात्रै छ भनिएको थियो । सिंगापुरको विमानस्थलमा उत्रिएपछि थाहा भयो कि हामीले समाउनु पर्ने जहाज उड्न करिब आधा घन्टा मात्रै बाँकि रहेछ, किनकी काठमाण्डौमै ढिला भएछ, आधा घन्टा । सिंगापुर विमानस्थलमा आतुरी र दौडादौड गर्दा भण्डै बाउको विहे देखियो । यो नै हाम्रो पहिलो पाठ थियो विदेशमा समयनिष्ठाको महत्वको । जे होस, हतार हतार जहाजको पास लिएर जहाज चढ्दा उतै नेपालमा पहिलोचोटी इटहरीबाट काठमाण्डौ जाने अन्तिम बसको टिकट काटेको तर समयको राम्रो ख्याल नगर्दा बस छुट्नै लाग्दा र दौड्दै गएर बसमा चढेको याद आयो ।

यात्राको कौतुहलता र दौडधुपको कारणले शरिर थाकेको थियो तै पनि, निद्रा भने लागेन रातभर जहाजमा । बरु, चिन्ता थपिँदै गयो, टाउको दुखे जस्तो भयो । जति जति रात छिप्पिँदै गयो त्यति त्यति छोरा छोरी, आफन्त र गाउँघरको माया बढ्न थाल्यो । अनि, नयाँ ठाउँ र नयाँ दिनले ल्याउने चुनौतिहरुको चिन्ता ।

पोर्टेहिल र नेपाली समाजको आत्मियता

विहान भईसकेको थियो, काठमाण्डौबाट उडेको समयमात्रै गन्दा पनि १४-१५ घन्टा बितिसकेको थियो । क्राइस्टचर्च

कस्तो होला भन्ने खुलदुली मनमा थियो । त्यस्तै, विमानस्थलमा कोही चिनेको साथीभाइ आउलान न आउलान र भावी दिनमा के कस्ता चुनौतिहरु आउने हुन जस्ता कुराले चिन्ता बढिरहेको थियो । यसो भ्यालबाट बाहिर हेर्यो उहि नीलो आकाश अनि कहिलेकाहीं देखिने नीलो सागर । सागर देख्दा त मन भन आत्तिने ।

यस्तै यस्तै चिन्ताले सताइरहेको बेला अकस्मात एउटा सुन्दर, लमतन्न पहाड, तल हरियो फाँट र राता राता घरहरुको वस्ती देखियो । यो देखेर मलाई एक चिर परिचित र आत्मीय ठाउँ आए जस्तो लाग्यो । एक प्रकारको खुशी छाियो मन र तन दुबैमा । क्राइस्टचर्च आइपुगेछ, त्यो आत्मीय पहाड, पछि पत्ता लगाए, अरु केही नभएर “पोर्टहिल” रहेछ ।

उहिल्यै, सानो छँदा, शिव कुमार राईको एउटा उपन्यास पढेको थिएँ (अहिले नाम भूलें) एउटा नेपालीलाई परदेशमा पहाड र फाँटमा धान भूलेको देख्दा आफ्नै गाउँ घर पुगे भै लाग्छ रे भन्ने । मलाई त्यस्तै भयो । पहिलो दिन मात्रै हैन पछि पछि सम्म र अहिले पनि जब नेपालको याद आउँछ यही पोर्टहिललाई हेर्छु । समय मिल्नासाथ पोर्टहिलको डाँडामा चढ्छु अनि भिक्टोरिया पार्कमा टहलिन्छु ।

विमानस्थलमा अध्यागमन र भन्सारको सामान्य भन्कट पछि यात्रु आगन्तुक कक्षमा पुगियो । त्यहाँ मेरा मित्रहरु बोधराज, पोपुलर जेन्टल, कृष्णहरि दाइ लगायत हामीलाई कुरेर बस्नुभएको रहेछ । बोधराजजीले क्राइस्टचर्च शहरको परिक्रमा गराउँदै मुरारी दाइ र इश्वरी दिदीकहाँ पुऱ्याउनु भयो जहाँ दिउँसोको खाना र बस्ने बासको प्रबन्ध मिलाउनु भएको रहेछ, भुवनेश्वर जी र उर्मिला भाउजूले । त्यसपछि, एक पछि अर्को नेपाली र किवी मित्रहरु आसा र उमेद, जील र पिटर, तारा र बसन्त, नबिना लगायत धेरै जनासँग भेटघाट भयो, खानाको निम्तो पाइँदै गईयो । रहदाँ बस्दा वहाँहरुको मायाले धेरै भरथेग गर्‍यो, हामीलाई यतै रमाइलो लाग्न थाल्यो ।

निचोड: परदेशमा आफन्त, मातृभूमी र हुर्केको गाँऊघरको माया भन बढि हुँदोरहेछ । एउटा नेपालीलाई सागर देख्दा अत्यास लाग्दो रहेछ भने पहाड र हरिया फाँट देख्दा आनन्द । चुनौतीहरु परदेशमा बढि हुने हुनाले साथीभाइको भरथेग र मायाको खाँचो भन बढि महसुस हुँदोरहेछ ।

– चन्द्र राई “मानव”
लिनकन, क्राइस्टचर्च

आइ लभ यूत्यो पनि अफगानिस्तानमा ?



आज मौसम अलि चिसो नै छ, बादल पनि कालो देख्छु आकाशमा । पानी पो पर्ने हो कि ? नोभेम्बर महिनामा अलि ठण्डा नै हुन्छ रे अधिल्लो महिनाहरुको दाँजोमा । अफिस बाहिर बसेर म यिनै कुराहरु मनमा खेलाएर कालो कफीको मज्जा लिँदै थिएँ ।

दिन बित्त के नै पो छ र, गन्दा गन्दै महिना दिन भएछ नेपाल छोडेर काबूल पुगेको पनि । घर परिवारको याद आउँदा नजिकैको नाङ्गो पहाड र आकाश हेरेर मन बहलाउने गर्छु । बाहिर निस्कन पनि डर मर्दो छ, अस्ति मात्रै बम पड्केर ३५ जनाको ज्यान एक चिहान भएको थियो । समय अलि अफ्ठ्यारो नै छ । विदा आयो कि त्यो दिन कसरी बिताउने भन्ने समस्याले पिरोल्छ । यसपालि त खालिद हुसैनीको नयाँ उपन्यास “Kite Runner” किनेर ल्याउनु पर्ला जस्तो छ । मार्मिक र हृदयविदारक छ रे कथाबस्तु र फेरि अफगानिस्तानको पृष्ठभूमीमा नै आधारित, तसर्थ यो देशको रहन सहनलाई अलि नजिकबाट बुझ्न मद्दत गर्छ कि ? म विश्वको यस्तो ठाउँमा छुँ, जहाँ हरेक दिन केही होला कि भन्ने पीरले कहिले छोड्दैन । देश र परिवेश जस्तो भए पनि अफिसका साथिहरु मिलनसार र रमाइला छन् ।

“के गर्दै छौ ?” अचानक जावेदको आवाजले भस्कायो मलाई । उसले यो अफिसमा काम गरेको पनि एक वर्ष भैसक्यो रे ।

“यति कै, कफी पिउँदै ।” मेरो छोटो जवाफ । मलाई थाहा छ उ मेहनतिलो र जाँगरिलो छ । यो देशलाई उ जस्तै यूवाहरुको आवश्यकता छ । “तिम्रो के छ त खबर ?”

“हेर न यार, आज लैलालाई संचो भएन रे, अफिस नै आउन सकिन्न ।”

“ए”

लैलाले यो अफिसमा सरसफाई र विदेशी हाकिमहरूलाई विहानीको नास्ता र दिउँसोको खाना तयार गरिदिन्छे । यो घरको तल्लो तल्लामा अफिस छ भने माथिल्लो तल्लामा विदेशीहरूको रहने बन्दोबस्त । तीन चार जनालाई प्रशस्तै पुगेको छ । टिम लिडरको श्रीमती समेत गरेर चार जना छन् । टिम लिडर जर्मनीको भए तापनि श्रीमती भने इजिप्टकी हुन । उताको प्रोजेक्टमा काम गर्दा विहे भएको रे । उनीसंग विहे गर्नका लागि भनेर हाम्रा टिम लिडरले धर्म पनि परिवर्तन गरेका रे । प्रेममा-मायामा ठूलो शक्ति हुन्छ भन्थे, हो नै । अहिले दुबैले इस्लाम धर्म मान्छन् र श्रीमतीको धार्मिक चाडपर्वमा उसले पनि राम्रो सहभागिता जनाएको देख्छु । रमाइलोसँग बसेका छन् । गहिरो माया छ दुवैमा ।

“लैला न आएर के भो त ? अरु केटाहरू छँदै छन् नि, सरसफाई र विदेशीहरूका खाना तयार गर्नलाई ।”

“त्यो त हो यार । तर पनि”

मीठो मुस्कान छाएको छ जावेदको अनुहारमा । कफीको घुङ्कोसँगै मैले सोधे, “लैला राम्री छिन है ?”

“अरे यार, कहाँबाट कुन कुरा गर्दैछौ ?”

“हेर जावेद, मलाई उनको मुस्कान साह्रै राम्रो लाग्छ ।” म कुरा कोट्याउने मूडमा छुँ । “तिमीसंग त मस्किन्छे पनि । इशारै इशारामा कुरा गरेको पनि देखेको छुँ मैले ।”

“अरे यार, तिम्रो यही बानी मलाई गाह्रो लाग्छ । बडो बाठो छौ यार, कुरा कोट्याउन ।”

“लौ, देखेको कुरा पनि भन्न नपाउनु त?”

“पाइन्छ यार पाइन्छ । तर अरुलाई नभन्नु है, गडबड हुन्छ नि ।”

“किन र ? मैले राम्ररी याद गरेको छु कि उनले तिम्रीलाई र तिम्रीले उनलाई मन पराउँछौ । जब एक अर्कालाई मन पराउँछौ नै भने बिस्तारै भने त भैहाल्यो नि । फेरि अर्कैले लग्ला नि जावेद मियाँ । मनको कुरा भनिहाल्नु पर्छ, बुझ्यौ ?”

“अरे यार ...” मलाई उसको अरे यार भन्ने बानी खूब मनपर्छ, पुरै फिल्मी स्टाइलले भन्छन हाम्रो जावेदले । यता उता हेरेर बिस्तारै मेरो नजिक आएर मसिनो स्वरले भन्यो , “हेर, यो अफगानिस्तान हो, तिम्रो देश होइन । तिम्रोमा यो सम्भव छ होला तर यहाँ असम्भव साथि असम्भव !”

म रनभुल्लमा परें । “किन र ?” म यहाँ आएर काम गरेको पनि खासै लामो समय भएको त छैन, फेरि खासै यताका साथिहरू पनि बनिसकेका थिएनन् । भन्नु पर्दा म अझै पनि यहाँको लागि नयाँ नै छु । र बुझ्नु पर्ने कुराहरू थूप्रै छन् । जावेद चाहीं नजिकैको साथि भै भैसकेको थियो, मात्र जावेद । तसर्थ मैले अझै बुझ्ने प्रयास गरेर सोधें, “किन र ?”

“हेर यार, यतातिर आइ लभ यू भन्न त्यति सजिलो छैन ।

लैला मेरो नजिकैको आफन्त भएकी भए, म मेरो घरमा कुरा गरेर यो सम्बन्धलाई अगाडि बढाउन सक्थे, तर उनको र मेरो बिचमा केही पनि नाता छैन तसर्थ हाम्रा मनका कुरा मनमा नै रहन्छ यार ।”

“तर तिम्रीहरू त एक अर्कालाई मन पराउँछौ फेरि?”

“अरे यार भने नि मैले, हामीले एक अर्कालाई मन पराउनुको केही अर्थ छैन यहाँ । उनको आफ्नै नजिकैकोसंग निकाह हुन्छ, मेरो पनि उस्तै हो, मेरो नजिकैको आफन्त केटीसंग निकाह हुन्छ, बुझ्यौ ?”

“मन र मायाको केही मूल्य छैन त ?”

“छ यार छ, तर त्यो हुन पनि नजिकैको आफन्त हुनु पर्छ यहाँ । यसरी आफन्त भन्दा बाहिरकासंग मन लगाएर निकाह गर्ने भनेको त बालुवाको महल बनाए जस्तै हो ।”

“तर फिल्ममा त देखाउँछ त । हेर न धर्मात्मामा अनि खुदा गवाहमा त देखाएको छ नि ।”

“अरे यार, म कसरी सम्झाऊ तिम्रीलाई । ती त फिल्म हुन फिल्म ।”

“अनि हाम्रो टिम लिडरको कहानी नि ? त्यो त फिल्म होइन नि । कहाँ जर्मनीको मान्छेले इजिप्टमा बसेकी केटीसंग निकाह गरेर विहे गरेको होइन त ?”

“हो, तर यो देशमा होइन । आइ लभ यूत्यो पनि अफगानिस्तानमा असम्भव यार असम्भव !”

“लौ त्यसो भए फेरि किन मन पराएको त तिम्रीहरूले एक अर्कालाई ?”

“मन हो यार मन । यो मनलाई सम्भाल्न कहाँ सकिन्छ र यार । तर यो कुरा हाम्रै बिचमा मात्रै राख्नु अरुलाई नभन्नु । हामीलाई समस्या पर्छ । लौ पानी भर्न थालेछ, भित्र जाने होइन र ?”

मसंग केही जवाफ थिएन सिवाय “हुन्छ” भन्नु बाहेक ।

हाम्रो नजिकैको मासु पसलबाट नयाँ हिन्दी फिल्मको गीत बज्दै थियो,

“बेरंग सी जिन्दगी है, ईक यार चाहिए”

भने अर्को मिठाई पसलमा पुरानो गीत घन्किदै थियो, लैला मज्नु फिल्मको,

“कोही पत्थर से ना मारो मेरे दीवाने को”

– शैलेश कुमार कर्माचार्य

जापानमा जापानिज भाषा नजान्दा



बिहे गरेर पहिलो पल्ट जापान गएकी थिएँ म । सुनेकी त धेरै थिएँ जापानको बारेमा, तर आफ्नै आँखाले देख्नु धेरै फरक हुनेरहेछ । टोकियोका टुलुलुला घरहरु, बुलेट ट्रेन, सफा चिल्लो सडकहरु, चिटिक्क परेका बगैचाहरु देखा म त साह्रै नै प्रभावित भएँ । जापान पुगेको शुरु शुरुका दिनहरुमा म निकै उत्साहित थिएँ, सबै कुरा नयाँ नौलो लाग्थ्यो ।

जापानमा जापानिज बोल्न आएन भने गाह्रो त हुने नै भयो, तर कति गाह्रो हुन्छ भनेर चाँहि त्यही बस्दै गए पछि थाहापाइयो । भवाट्ट हेर्दा म अलि जापानिज जस्तो देखिंदो हो कि खै, मान्छेहरु प्रायः म सँग जापानिजमै कुरा गर्न आउँथे । आफूलाई भने जापानिज बोल्नु पऱ्यो कि दाँतवाट पसिना आउने । त्यहाँ पुगेको २-३ दिनपछि म एकलै म्याकडोनल्डमा खान गएँकी थिएँ । म्याकडोनल्डमा खान नि किन जापानिज आउनु पऱ्यो र जस्तो लागेको थियो । तर गएपछि देखेँ त्यहाँ त अंग्रेजीको नामोनिसान थिएन, सबै कुरा जापानिजमा । हुनत म नेपालमै १-२ महिना जति जापानिज भाषा सिकेर गएकी थिएँ । त्यही टुटे-फुटेको जापानिजको भरमा मैले बोर्डको ५ नंबर बर्गर सेट तर्फ ईशारा गर्दै पाँच औला देखाउँदै अर्डर दिएँ । त्यो अर्डर लिने केटी केहि अकमकक परेको जस्तो लाग्यो । मेरो राम्रो जापानिज देखेर अचम्म मानेकी होली भन्ठानेँ । उस्ले फेरि सोधि । मैले पूनः पाँच औला देखाउँदै आएको जति जापानिज शब्द प्रयोग गरेर बुझाएँ । एकैछिन पछि मेरो अर्डर आइपुग्दा त मलाई रुनु कि हाँस्नु भयो । ठूला साइजका ५ वटा बर्गरहरु मेरो अगाडिको टेम्मा लहरै राखेर यहाँ खाने कि घर लाने पो भन्छिन् वा । मैले ५ नंबरको सेट भनेको, आउने बेलामा ५ वटा बडेमानका बर्गरहरु पो आएछन् । बल्लतल्ल पोका पार्न लगाएँ । दुई दिनसम्म बुढा-बुढी बर्गर मात्रै खाएर बस्नु पऱ्यो । धन्य मैले ८-९ नंबरको सेट अर्डर गरिनछु ।

घुम्नलाई त निकै रमाईलो छ जापान । तर बाटोका साईन बोर्ड अनि होर्डिङ्ग बोर्डहरुमा लेखेका कुराहरु चाँहि केहि पढ्न नसकिने । कालो अक्षर भैसी बराबर भने भैं हुन्थ्यो

मलाई । कहिले काहिँ त आफू अनपढ जस्तो लाग्थ्यो । फेरि घुम्दा घुम्दै भोक लाग्यो कि त अर्को आपत कुन चाँहि रेस्टुरेन्टको मेनुमा खानाको फोटो छ भनेर हेर्नु पर्ने । नत्र के खाना आउँछ अनुमान नै लगाउन नसकिने ।

एकदिन म साँभ खाना पकाउने तयारी गर्दै थिएँ, प्याज सकिएको रहेछ । रविन, मेरो श्रीमान, अफिसबाट आएको थिएन । प्याज किन्न जान मात्र पनि किन उसलाई दुखः दिने भनेर म आफ्नो साइकल चढेर नजिकैको डिपार्टमेन्टल स्टोरमा पुगेँ । प्याज खोज्दा खोज्दै कतै नि भेटिएन । जापानिजहरु बढो भलादमी हुन्छन, जे सोधे पनि हात समाती लगेर देखाइदिन्छन भन्थे । त्यहि सम्भेर एकजना सेल्सम्यानलाई प्याज कता छ (onion ga doko desuka?) भनेर सोधेँ । उसले ट्वाल्ल परेर मेरो अनुहार हेरिराख्यो । एकछिन पछि उल्टै मलाई प्याजलाई जापानिजमा के भन्छ भनेर पो सोध्छ ! त्यति आफूलाई थाहा भएको भए त भैहाल्थ्यो नि । फेरि मलाई जापानिजमा के भन्छ त थाहा छैन तर पनि यस्तो यस्तो हुन्छ भनेर प्याजको बयान गरेँ, चित्र कोरेर देखाएँ । अहँ, कसै गरे पनि बुझाउन सकिन । उसलाई पनि गाह्रो भएछ क्यारे, वरिपरिका सबै सहयोगीहरुलाई गुहारन पो थाल्यो । अरुले पनि के बुझ्थे र, wakaranai , wakaranai (थाहा छैन, थाहा छैन) भन्दै टाउको हल्लाउँन थाले । एकछिन त नाटक नै भयो । तैपनि आखिर प्याज भेटाउनै सकिन र खालि हात फर्किनु पऱ्यो । त्यो दिन प्याज बिना नै मासु बनाउनु पऱ्यो । त्यसपछि म पसल जाँदा सधै अंग्रेजी-जापानिज शब्दकोष बोक्न थालेँ ।



बस्दै जाँदा म विस्तारै जापानमा भिज्दैगएँ । जापानिज भाषाको कक्षामा पनि जान थालेँ, अलि अलि काम चलाऊ बोल्न आयो । ५-६ महिना पछि कामको लागि थुप्रै ठाउँमा अन्तर्वार्ता पनि दिएँ । तर अफसोच ! कामको जापानिज र चलनचलितमा बोल्ने जापानिज भाषा त बिल्कुलै फरक पो हुँदो रहेछ । अन्तर्वार्तामा सोधेका कुराहरु बुझ्ने गाह्रो हुने । कहिले काहिँ त म सबै कण्ठ पारेर जान्थेँ, अनि उसले सोधोस नसोधोस, आफुले कण्ठ पारेको जति सबै भनेर फर्कन्थेँ । बल्लबल्ल एक ठाउँमा Web development को काम पाइयो । काम त पाइयो, तर फेरि उही ताल । मिटिङ्गहरुमा आफुलाई गाली गरेको हो की प्रशंसा गरेको हो

छुट्टयाउनै नसकिने । १-२ घण्टा लामो मिटिङ्गको अंग्रेजीमा अनुवाद गर्दा २-३ मिनेटमा नै सकिन्थ्यो । त्यसैले होला "Lost in Translation" भन्ने फिल्म मलाई त्यो बेला साच्चै घत लागेको थियो ।

काम गर्दै जाँदा एउटा कुरा चाहिँ थाहा भयो की जापानिजहरु धेरै नै नरम मिजासका हुँदोरहेछन् । जापानिजहरु त कुरा कुरामा भुईँ नै छोला जस्तो गरी आरिगातो (धन्यवाद) भनिहाल्ने । हामी नेपालीहरु धन्यवाद भन्न अलि कन्जुस्याईँ गछौँ कि जस्तो लाग्यो मलाई । मलाई पनि बिस्तारै जापानिजहरुको त्यही बानी लाग्न थाल्यो । कहिले काहिँ त भुलेर Vending Machine बाट पेय पदार्थ निकाले पछि Machine लाई नै आरिगातो भनेर भुक्न आउँने ।

आज जापान छोडेर न्यूजिल्याण्ड आएको पनि एक वर्ष भयो । जापानबाट यता आउँदा आफू फेरि शिक्षित भएको जस्तो लागेको छ मलाई, सबै कुरा बुझ्न सकिने, पढ्न सकिने । तर जापानका ती दिनहरुमा जतिसुकै अप्ठ्याराहरु परे तापनि अहिले सम्झदा भने रमाईलो अनुभूति हुन्छ ।

– श्रीती तुलाधर

नेपालका मेरा सम्झनाहरु



म नेपालमा जन्मेकी थिएँ । सानी बहिनी बाहेक मेरो पुरै परिवार नेपालमा जन्मेका हुन् । अझ त्यहाँ मेरो हजुरबुवा, हजुरआमा र अरु धेरै आफन्तहरु हुनुहुन्छ । न्यूजिल्याण्ड आउँदा म दुई वर्षकी थिएँ । पछि पनि म नेपाल दुई पटक गएकी थिएँ । त्यतिबेलाका धेरै मनपरेका कुराहरु म सम्झन्छु । ती कुरा म यहाँ आएर पाउन सकेकी छैन । त्यसो भएर मैले नेपालका धेरै कुरा गुमाएकी छु ।

म नेपाल नगएको ५ वर्ष भयो । पछिल्लो पटक नेपाल जाँदा म, आमा, दिदी र बहिनी थियौं । दर्शौं मनाउने बेलामा धेरै मज्जा भएको थियो किनभने सबै परिवार सँगै भएर टिका लगाई मीठो मीठो खाना खाएका थियौं। गाउँका अरु पनि टिका लगाउन आएका थिए । त्यहा पिड पनि थियो । तिहारमा मामाघर गएका थियौं । दाजुहरु र भाइलाई टिका

लगाइदिएका थियौं ।

नेपालमा मीठो मीठो खानेकुराहरु खान पाइन्थ्यो । मलाई त्यहाँको मन पर्ने खानेकुराहरु जस्तो कि चाउचाउ, मः मः, सुन्तला, अनि हजुरआमाले पकाउनु भएका खानेकुराहरु यहाँ गुमाएकी छु ।

नेपालमा हिमालहरु छन । न्यूजिल्याण्डमा हिमाल धेरै छैनन् । नेपालमा ठूला ठूला नदीहरु हेर्न पाइन्थ्यो तर यहाँ ती चिजहरु हेर्न पाइदैन ।

ती नेपालका कुराहरु यही पनि भईदिए हुन्थ्यो भन्ने लाग्छ । तर ती कुराहरु यहाँ पाइदैन र त्यति बेला नेपालका धेरै कुरा गुमाएको जस्तो लागेर आउँछ र फेरि त्यहाँ जान मन लागेर आउँछ ।

– जिज्ञासा ढकाल
लिंकन, क्राइष्टचर्च

शुभ सन्देश



सपना भैं संसार छ, भूल्लु नै बेकार छ
मानवताको रक्षा गरौं, यही यौटा सार छ ।

यति भए यसो गर्छु, तृष्णा नै आधार छ
राग द्वेषको भूमरीमा, संसारै लाचार छ ।

अनित्य छ चोला याहाँ, बाच्नु दिन चार छ
अज्ञानी भई बस्नु चाहीं, पृथ्वीलाई भार छ ।

पाप ठूलो भनी जान्नु, जो अर्काको बिगार्छ
धर्म ठूलो भनी जान्नु, पर उपकार छ ।

घमण्ड र अहंकारको, कत्रो हाहाकार छ
प्रभूमा नै शरणागत, मात्र एक आधार छ ।

– सरस्वती ढकाल

शान्ति



शान्ति,
म तिम्रो सहपाठी
तिमीलाई स्वतन्त्र बनाउन
मेरो तर्फबाट सहयोग गर्न सकिन
धिक्कार छ मलाई
मेरो कलम,
किन लेख्दैन
शायद मसी,
रगत बनेर बगेछ,

तिम्रो नाममा
म रुन सकिदैन
शायद इन्द्रावती
सुकेछ क्यारे
होईन,
इन्द्रावती
रगतको भेलसंगै,
टाढा टाढा क्षितिजसम्म
ओहो ! बाढी आउँछकी शायद,

तिम्रा ती परिचित
आकांक्षाहरु,
तिम्रा ती हावामा उडने
रहरहरु
कति निश्चल तिम्री
कति सुन्दर तिम्री
तर वर्तमान होईन,
तिम्रो भूत

शान्ति,
म तिम्रो सहपाठी
मैले कलमले
तिम्रो भविष्य कोर्न सकिन
धिक्कार छ म आफूलाई
मेरो शब्दको भण्डार रित्तिएछ क्यारे

मेरो कलम खोसिएछ क्यारे

शान्ति,
एकदिन अवश्य आउँछ
तिम्रो पिंजडाको ढोका खुल्छ
मेरो शब्दको भण्डार खुल्छ
अनि,
हातेमालो गर्दै,
तिम्रो साथ मलाई
मेरो साथ तिम्रीलाई
कस्तो रोमांचक त्यो दिन ।

– ज्योति पौडेल

चाहना



हावाको भोंकाले भस्केर
जब वर्तमानमा आउँन खोज्छु
तब भ्रमको पर्दा च्यातेर
अतितले गिज्याईरहेको हुन्छ
र उब्जिरहेको भावनालाई कुल्चेर
जब कठोर बन्न खोज्छु
तब मनका भावनाहरु
आँसु बनेर बगिरहेको हुन्छ
धेरै कुराहरु संगालेर राख्न खोज्छु
तर सुस्त सुस्त थाहै नदिई
त्यो हराइरहेको हुन्छ
कहिल्यै नमेटिने धमिलो छाप छोडी
आफ्नो अस्तित्वबोध गराइरहेको हुन्छ ।

– डा. श्रद्धा लिम्बु – राई

आँधिखोला र प्रशान्त महासागर



चण्डीमाई र मनकामना माईको काखमा,
नागबेली परेर आफ्नो नियात्रामा छ आँधिखोला
अन्धा-अन्धीको आँसु अनि श्रवणकुमारलाई साक्षी राखेर,
कालीगण्डकीलाई भेटाउन निःशान्त बहिरहेछ आँधिखोला ।
धेरै स-साना सहयात्रीहरूलाई आफूमा समाहित गर्दै
पवित्र काली, नारायणी हुँदै गंगासम्मको यात्रामा छ
आँधिखोला ।

सुदूर गन्तव्यमा निश्चिन्त हुँदा हुँदै
अस्थायी बाटाहरू परिवर्तन गरिरहन्छ आँधिखोला
यस्तै यस्तै यात्रा अनि नियात्राहरूमा
मेरो सम्झनामा आइदिन्छ आँधिखोला ।
१५ औं बसन्तसम्म म दिनको २ पल्ट चुम्थे यसलाई
तर आज स्मृतिमा छ आँधिखोला
आज बेजोड सम्झना आएको छ यस्को
जुठे रह, बोक्सी रह, अनि आँधिखोला
जस्ले मलाई पौडन सिकायो, अप्ठ्यारोमा बाँच्न सिकायो
आज स्मृतिमा छ आँधिखोला ।
मेरो मन, यसको सामिप्यताको खोजी प्रशान्त महासागरमा
भेटाउने प्रयास गर्छ तर,
त्यो सरलता, निश्चलता यत्रो महासागरमा पाउँदैन
निशब्द हुन्छ
आँधिको खोजीमा उद्वेलित हुन्छ ।

– जगन्नाथ अर्याल

म र मेरो गाउँ



माया, हरि अनि अरु थुप्रै मेरा साथी
याद आउँछ उनीहरूका नाउँ
घुम्तीका पसल, त्यो माछा पोखरी
अरु थुप्रै खेलेका आउँछन् याद ती ठाउँ
हरियो बाँस, बाखाको घाँस
काट्ने त्यो गद्दा दाँज
याद आउँछ आमाले अन्हाएको,
बाबु काटी लिएर आउ
पाकेका लिची ती काँचा, अनि
त्यो पल्लोघरे आँगनछेउको साहू
छक्याई छली टिपिखाएको,
रोशन हो मेरो नाउँ
यस्तै यादहरूले सधैं याद गराइदिन्छ मेरो ठाउँ
यिनै कथा हुन छोड्करीमा भन्नुपर्दा
म र मेरो गाउँ ।

– रोशन रिजाल
प्रस्तोता नमस्ते नेपाल कार्यक्रम



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