

Namaste



नमस्ते



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नेपाल न्यूजिल्याण्ड मैत्री समाज क्यान्टरवरीको वार्षिक प्रकाशन
Annual Newsletter of Nepal New Zealand Friendship Society of Canterbury Inc.

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Annual Newsletter of Nepal New Zealand Friendship Society of Canterbury Inc.

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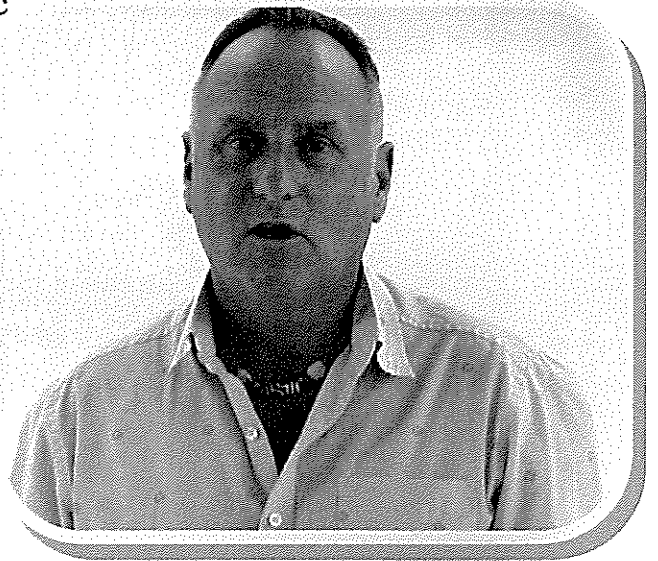
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Forward from patron Mark Inglis

Namaste,

Another year has flown by, a traumatic and hectic year for many of us and our families as we strive to rebuild the Christchurch that is home to so many. At this time of year I am always thinking of my many Sherpa friends, high on the mountains of the Himalaya, advance parties for those seeking to climb the highest mountains in the world, my thoughts go out to them and wish them safe climbing and a safe return to their families. Recently our charity Limbs4All has been able to complete a major project in Nepal, our 200 Wheelchair program, ensuring all the spinal injury patients that have been through the SIRC have access to one of the unique rough terrain wheelchairs we supply as all current patients do. \$10,104NZD was transferred recently thanks to the generosity of the Outward Bound staff and many other Kiwis - every wheelchair gives that extra bit of opportunity to people facing greater challenges than any of us.



I hope the New Year brings calmer times, the love of family and all your hard work is rewarded.

I will be thinking of you all and with you in spirit.

Happy New Year!

Mark

President's message

Namaste!

Happy New Year to you all.

It was my pleasure to serve to my Society as a president for last two years. I am grateful to the members of the Society who put their trusts on me and nominated me for the position. I would also like to express my sincere thanks to the members of the Society for their continuous support in making me successful in this position.

With great unity, we have successfully performed all the major and prioritised activities, such as celebrating major Nepalese festivals and functions, running Nepali class for our children, providing continuity in broadcasting Nepali radio program – Namaste Nepal, actively participating ethnic football tournament and Christchurch City Council's events – Cultural Galore.

The Society is forum of Christchurch and Lincoln dwelling Nepalese and Kiwis who are lovingly connected to Nepal and the people, Nepalese. I appreciate that every member has contributed their own way in the Society, whether s/he is permanently residing or students who are temporary dwellers at Christchurch and Lincoln. I would especially appreciate to the students who take part at every occasion of the Society activities. Should I further stat that the Society was initiated, fourteen years ago by students, and formally registered as Incorporated Society by the residing residents in 2002? Hence students are the founder of the society, they were parents of the Society and because of their legacy, the rest of us are enjoying and will be enjoying continuously. Therefore, I would like to see their active role in the Executive committee, and even I would appeal them to come forward for Presidential position.



Fourteen years ago, when the Society was formed, the members had similar needs and interests because they were the first arrival Nepalese to Christchurch/Lincoln. Our children were brought up in Christchurch/Lincoln. As they grew to youth and adult, their needs and interest seems to be different from their parents, the first arrival. They are more proactive in blending Kiwi and Nepalese trends together – which I personally consider as naturalisation in New Zealand, meanwhile managing keep their identity of origin. Therefore I would like to see new youths and new-adults more and more in coming years in Executive Committee. Also, the Society should conduct social activities and functions keeping their interest equally with high priority. This will provide our institution, i.e. the Society, sustainable.

I would like to appreciate Canterbury people for their supports by joining the Society. Organisations such as Christchurch City Council, COGS, The Canterbury Community trust and Rotary Club have provided financial supports to the Society. Without their financial supports we would be struggling to run social activities. On behalf of myself, as President, and from the Society, I am grateful to these organisations.

Message from the Editorial Board

Kia Ora and Namaste!

Happy New Year 2069 B.S to all of you! May this year bring everything that you hope for and more.

The editorial board would like to thank all our members for their generous help towards this publication. We have a series of thank you to hand out; firstly we'd like to thank everyone who sent an article for publishing. You all have amazing writing talents and your stories are captivating to read. It made our work super easy, and not much editing had to be done so THANK YOU! The photos were mostly taken from Facebook, and altered, so again thanks for befriending the team on Facebook. We would like to make a special thanks to all those that lent and gave permission to use their photos to highlight the events that have occurred throughout the year, your photography skills are astounding. We appreciate your feedback on any aspect of the Namaste newsletter. Best wishes and once again Happy New year!!!

Editorial Team 2012



Shriya Sharma, Salina Poudel, Bhola Pradhan and Shrawan Bhandari.

A helping hand

Alan Palmer

This story began in 2010 when I visited Nepal on a mountain bike trip to the Mustang District. Nepal offers some of the best technical single track riding in the world. But this is not a story about biking. It is a story about the power of education and the children from the remote village of Kutumsa in Nepal.

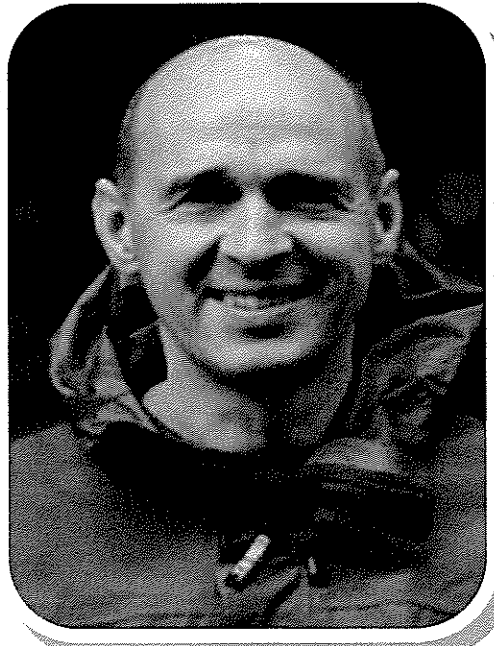
My tour organiser, Jagan, was born and educated in Kutumsa and went on to complete a Master's Degree in Public Health at Pokhara University. His story is an inspiring one, not just because of his determination to study but also because of his desire to give something back to his village and to his Country.

Jagan and I collaborated with the principal of the local school. After a year of emails and discussions Asia Pacific Partners in Education was formed and Kutumsa Village School is the first project. The work involves finishing 2 partly completed classrooms and toilets for 180 students. In 2011 I returned to visit the school and here is an account of that visit.

Four of us travelled from Pokhara on hired motorbikes. We left at 4am and travelled on the main road for an hour. Then we travelled on rough steep mountain roads for another 9 hours. Our average speed was around 15km/h as we bounced from one pothole to another. The trip included many mechanical problems and river crossings.

It was 2pm when we arrived at the Village. A well beaten track led up the hill to the school. When we arrived the entire community was waiting around the corner for us. The children formed two rows for us to walk between. As we walked down the line we were covered with red powder and decorated with floral necklaces.

In front of the crowd a small area was set



aside, where we were seated with the Headmaster and the Chairman of the Village Development Committee. We were all asked to make speeches – my friend Jagan translated for me. I thanked them for their warm heartfelt welcome and sent special greeting from the NZ Nepali Friendship Society. I promised to provide as much as I was/am able to. My German friend Lutz spoke of the beauty

of the surrounding countryside and asked the children to take special care of the environment and keep it safe for their children. After the speeches we were entertained with drumming, singing and dancing from the adults.

Then it was time to meet the men of the Community. I asked them about their plans for the community and the school and we talked about the importance of this work in the lives of the children and the community. At the end of the meeting I was offered a visitors book and asked to write a record of my visit.

After the official tour of the partly finished classrooms the four of us were treated to many courses of beautiful Nepalese food served in the Headmaster's house by the teachers. Later I danced to the sound of the drumming and singing. There was much applause, laughter and clapping.

Just 2 hours after we arrived we said goodbye and commenced our journey back to Pokhara. It was midnight when we arrived. This was truly one of the most exciting days of my life. Unforgettable!

If you want to know more about this project or would like to offer assistance our website is partnersineducation.org.nz or phone Alan on mobile 021 541 156

Tea cups

H. J. Poudel

Edith sat staring at Peter's photo propped up against the Edmond's cookery book on the small shelf. Her kitchen hadn't changed much in the thirty years they had lived at number 18 Myrtle drive. The wallpaper was a little faded, the curtains had been replaced at the tireless insistence of their only daughter, and the ever-loyal fridge, a wedding gift, had expired last month. Peter had gone only a few months before the fridge. Edith wondered whether the fridge had missed his presence standing for minutes on end to survey it's refreshing offerings? She had kept that fridge brimming with goods for their entire marriage. Peter had loved food, especially her cooking, and she had never let her family go hungry even in hard times.



She shifted her gaze from her husband's youthful face at the sound of the kettle boiling. A nice warm cup of bell tea would suppress her loneliness a little, she hoped. Unconsciously she placed two gold-rimmed china cups on the bench.

"Oh dash it all!" She sighed and clasped her lined cheek with one shaking hand.

The days had been long and quiet since Peter had gone. Even though in the final days they had hardly spoken to each other, Edith missed his tall figure standing in the lounge, one long arm picking the remote control off of the mantelpiece and flicking through the channels, grunting to her at the lack of entertainment.

They had always sat together at 10am for a cup of tea and a piece of her carrot cake, or Peter's favorite, a nice fresh Anzac biscuit. Sometimes she brought up a topic of conversation or reflected upon a moment in time from long ago, and he would respond with a slow smile or twitch one of his deeply embedded frown lines. Edith could remember him as a young man, handsome, full of vigor and passion for her. Yet with much sadness she knew he had forgotten his pretty bride, his Edi, his favorite gal, long ago.

Edith placed the extra cup back in the cupboard and slowly filled hers. The kitchen seemed darker these days, she thought, as though the sun had completely forgotten to warm her home. Edith in a bold move decided to drink her tea in the garden. Peter's dog, as she knew it only liked him, was

slouched beneath the lemon tree panting with some effort. Edith felt rather sorry for the old mongrel. He had become fixated with the lemon tree since Peter had disappeared from his loyal companion's life. Every morning the pooch had woken Peter and the two of them had wandered to the garden before breakfast to inspect the trees and pick a lemon or two. The dog had replaced Edith in

Peter's affections; she had felt it painfully when he had bought the small hairy puppy home, not long after he had moved to the spare bedroom at the end of the hall. She had endured ten years of sleeping alone, despite on occasions attempting to cajole his interest in her.

She put out her weathered hand and clicked her bony fingers. The dog, aroused from his depressive slumber, turned his head to survey her. She almost could see a smile playing on his pink drooping mouth, but he refused to move over to her.

"Silly old dog," she muttered bitterly, "you know when it's dinner time though don't you!"

Peter wasn't coming back to spend mornings with the old mutt, or lunches, or dinners, or walks, or sleeps. She and the dog were stuck together, until one of them died, or was saved by someone better. She laughed at the thought. Someone better. She had never thought anyone could compare to her Peter, her only lover, only father to her children.

Suddenly the dog raised its head and let out a loud long growl. Edith jolted, letting tea spew forth from her cup onto her faded pink frock. The dog awkwardly pushed its large frame up from the damp earth and wobbled to the gate. Edith placed her unfinished tea on the arm of the deck chair and prepared to stand up. The dog let out a sad low grumbling sound. Edith felt her skin pucker at the dog's unnerving pitch. The gate remained firmly shut.

"Silly old coot!" Bellowed Edith surprised at the tenor of her voice.

"He's not coming to walk you, not now! Not ever, by God!"

The dog avoided her angry face and resumed his melancholy position beneath the lemon tree.

Feeling a chasm of emotion starting to boil within, Edith (quite out of character) left her tea and hurried into her dimly lit hallway. The faces of her three infant children welcomed her into her bedroom, their faces beaming at her from a large picture above her quilted bed. She sat heavily upon the springy mattress and buried her face into her trembling hands.

Not way to behave, she thought. Its no use crying, crying never solves anything. Be a brave soldier, chin up, guts in, feelings down. Keep them way down, out of sight. Out of sight, out of mind. Oh for pity's sake!

The tears feel in torrents down Edith's wind cracked, time worn, and sun damaged skin. Thoughts of Peter clashed frantically in her mind. Peter the good, Peter the bad, Peter the father. She paused. Images of Peter bedecked in her apron hand on hip, pointing with the other hand to the Edmond's cookery book, instructing Anna how to make scone dough. As though he were an expert! She laughed at the memory. Her laugh crackled then settled into her stomach, where it tossed and turned in the pit's anxious depths.

Anna had always been Peter's favorite. First born child, only daughter, naturally she was Peter's sun and moon. The boys had huddled together for stability and Edith was a satellite to them all. She orbited around each of their worlds, providing nourishment, bedtime stories, first aid, taxi duty, teacher duty. Edith's life since the birth of Anna had been full of motherly duties. Peter had fallen to the outer rim of her reality until slowly he had faded into the distance. Yet now Peter was pushing at every crack and crevice in Edith's mind, vying his way back into her consciousness.

The doorbell rang. Its resonance filled her eardrums, blocking for a second Peter's image.

"Oh who could that be?" Edith questioned the shadows in the hallway.

The old dog was still under the lemon tree. She peered at him from her doorstep. He hadn't even

stood up for the courier. The man handed her the pen and asked her to sign on the line.

"Thank you." Edith always remembered her manners. Even Peter couldn't fault her on her manners. The parcel felt extraordinarily heavy in her hands as she carried it to the kitchen. Usually Peter dealt with the mail. Mail is a man's business, especially couriered mail, it must be important, thought Edith.

She boiled the jug, thirsty for tea, desperate for the reassuring feel of the fine bone china, gold rimmed, premier English variety. The parcel stared at her from its red and white shining coat. Edith glared back at the parcel, all right one cup, just allow me one cup and then I will open you, she smiled bitterly. The kettle let out a shrill whistle, declaring itself king of the kitchen, beckoning it's slave to prepare her brew; tea the addiction of the elderly and the infirm alike. The cup swayed in her hand until she steadied it upon the kitchen sink. There was no need to serve herself at the table. She would stand and drink, as she had since Peter left. Peter had always liked his tea piping hot, not like other fellas, not like other Kiwi blokes, luke warm with two sugar types. Peter didn't take sugar or saccharine. Peter wasn't sweet; no he obviously isn't, Edith thought as she rinsed her cup in the sink.

The parcel was tough to open, all sticky from the gummy seal. The documents were attached together with a pink paper clip, almost matching Edith's old faded frock. She didn't bother with her reading glasses; the words almost hit her with their intensity.

Divorce settlement: Clarkson, Peter Vs Clarkson, Edith (nee Waters)

That was all the words she needed. Peter fell from her mind and drifted slowly to the nether regions, the other part of the world where things lurk menacingly in the dark corners and shadows, beyond the past. Married for forty-three years, Edith never knew how or when Peter would leave, or that he could possibly vanish over a cup of tea.

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My Sabbatical Experience in Malaysia

Rajesh Dhakal

I was granted a sabbatical leave by my employer, University of Canterbury, from 1 July 2009 to 30 June 2010. I spent the first half of my sabbatical leave as a Visiting Professor in the Department of Civil and Structural Engineering at the National University of Malaysia (locally known as UKM). I was there from July to November 2009. The University is located in a town called Bangi, about 50km south of KL. I knew that Malaysians are of three main races: Malay, Chinese and Tamil. But, to my surprise Bangi had 99% Malays; and even in the University I could rarely notice a non-Malay staff (there were many Chinese students though). My stay there also included the Muslim fasting month; i.e. Ramadan. During this month, most of the University cafeterias were closed and in the last one week none were open. As I was being picked up and dropped off from/to my guest house by a University car, I had not rented a car and I could not go outside the university for my lunch. So, I had no other choice but to bring something (that did not deserve to be called a “lunch”) to eat so that my engine could get going throughout the day. Even in the evening, the only Restaurant within the walking distance of my guest house used to be full with dozens of local Malays gathered to *break the fast* (is that how the word “*breakfast*” started?). That one month was very tough on my stomach. Being a small town, Bangi did not have any public transport and Taxi; private vehicles were the only way to get around. I was really impressed with the prosperity of Malays in that village; almost every household had a car and a motorbike.

My guest house was reasonably good; I was provided with an air-conditioned one bedroom studio. It had a big open plan dining-living hall



furnished with a lounge set, a dining set and a TV with satellite (ASTRO) connection and a small kitchen. Everything in the room including the carving in the frame of the lounge and dining chairs, the prints on the fabric cover of the sofa and chairs, the carpet, the paintings hanging on the wall, the scripts on the big hanging cloth were all reeking of the

Landlord’s fondness of Per-
sian culture. There was also a roofed and fanned patio outside with a nice set of couch and a table; with the view of the surrounding green forest and bushes it was perfect for spending the evening with a glass of beer/wine. A week after my arrival, I decided to take advantage of the beautiful setting and requested my driver to take me to a convenient store (I did not tell him that I wanted to buy beer; I knew he would not feel good). I had guessed earlier that alcohol was easily the least traded commodity in this 99% Muslim town, but I did not know that beverages were not sold in any stores except for one licensed supermarket in Bangi.

The guest house, despite being reasonably good, was located about 5km from the town centre and was in a small village called “old Bangi village”. There was nothing interesting to pass my free time in this village. I used to be in the company of my colleagues in the office during the day, but in the evening I used to feel very lonely. With lack of transport, I felt handicapped at the guesthouse; the TV and my cell-phone were my best friends (everyday I used to talk to my family in Christchurch). Weekends posed a bigger problem because I had to take a train to go anywhere and the nearest train station was about 3km away. Walking for half an hour in the humid and hot environment (the temperature used to be in the thirties) was not

possible; I tried once and then gave up. Through the watchman of the guest house, I finally negotiated with a neighbour to drop and pick me up to/from the train station in the weekends for 20 Ringgits (Malaysian currency) per trip. I used to go to Kuala Lumpur (commonly referred as KL) every weekend through this arrangement, but the neighbour refused to continue after 3 weeks as he understandably felt the money was not worth restricting his weekend freedom. After suffocating for about 2 months, I decided to move out of the guest house and live in KL. My colleagues were surprised to hear that I was prepared to spend more than 2 hours to commute to/from the University every day. But for me the prospect of being able to go around in the city at my will, having scores of restaurants in the vicinity to go for dinner/lunch, having a swimming pool/gym at my doorstep, the majestic view of the twin towers from my window was easily worth the stretched travel time. So for the rest of my stay, I moved to a furnished apartment on the 22nd floor of the *May Tower Hotel and Apartments* in downtown KL; and then started the happier days of my Malaysian sojourn.

I explored the cultural and commercial richness of KL during those days. With an efficient subway train network throughout the city, it was very easy to move around. Without any restriction I could go to visit different tourist attractions of KL whenever I had any free time. Every evening, I used to go to a different restaurant for dinner; then I realised how rich KL was in terms of food varieties and how affordable the prices were. And every weekend, I used to join a group tour to different parts of Malaysia, which gave me the chance to savour and appreciate the cultural and geographical richness of Malaysia. I went to Putrajaya, the artificially established administrative capital of Malaysia with an impressive infrastructure. Indeed, the motorway connecting KL to Putrajaya is as good as you can find anywhere in the world, the

Prime minister's office and the square in front of it is second to none, and the artificial lake and the bridges over it are spectacular and the parliament building at the end of the main street boasts of elegance. I also went to Melaka, a city about 150km south of KL where the Malaysian independence was first declared. Melaka is the ancient capital of Malaysia full of historical monuments, including A'Famosa (the Portugese built fortress), the Sultanate palace and St Paul's Church. Then, I went to Genting Highlands, the hill resort in the vicinity (just over 1 hour drive from KL) which is famous for its casino, theme park, cable car, and the biggest hotel in the world in terms of number of rooms. I went to Penang Island (known as Pulau Pinang locally) in the North; the 6 hours bus ride from KL to Penang through Perak showed a significant variety of geological features (forests, plateaus, hills, farms) Malaysia possessed. Penang is an island city with Chinese majority connected to the mainland by an impressive and spectacular 13 km long bridge. I also went to Cameron Highlands, the agricultural capital of Malaysia full of vegetable, fruit and tea farms. Last but certainly not the least; I visited the duty free Langkawi Island, one of the main tourist destinations in Malaysia, mainly because of its amazing beaches and beautiful sceneries. The spectacular cable car going to the hilltop and the fantastic Skybridge at the hilltop, which is an engineering masterpiece, are still fresh in my memory.

After four months in Malaysia, I was glad to be back in NZ with my family again, but I brought with me very fond memories of the time I spent there amidst very friendly and helpful people. I will definitely miss the varieties of affordable foods, the majestic twin towers, the elegant motorways, the convenient public transport of KL, and the cheap travel in Air Asia. What I do not remember with fondness is my suffocating time in the Bangi Guest house.

The Blank Book

Madan Gautam

There was a small mountainous village called Muglington. In the village, there used to live Shivakhan Jackson who had never heard of God. One day, someone knocked at his door. Shivakhan opened the door to find a man on long white dress. The man introduced himself as a Reverend of a Christian church. He said, "I've come to tell you about God." Shivakhan was surprised, for he had never known such a person existed. "Who is God? Where can I meet Him?"



third visitor. He had smeared red colour on his forehead, and holy basil in his hand and was a Hindu priest. "Who is this God everyone is talking about? Where can I meet Him?" asked Shivakhan.

"Only in the Hindu temple does the real God abide, and only there you can meet Him. I'll come tomorrow to take you to Him."

The guest replied, "You have to come to the Christian church. It is the only place where the real God abides, and there you can meet Him. I'll come tomorrow to take you to Him."

Shivakhan closed the door and went about his daily tasks, eventually forgetting about the unexpected visitor. Then came another knock at the door; he noticed a man on orange-yellow gown, with beads around his neck and wreaths and shaved-head, known as Buddhist monk preached "I've come to tell you about God," he said to Shivakhan. "This is the second person today who wants to tell me about God," thought Shivakhan, given that I know nothing about God, who is God? Where can I meet Him?"

"You have to go to a Buddhist monastery. It is the only place where the real God abides, and only there you can meet Him. I'll come tomorrow to take you to Him," said the Buddhist monk.

Shivakhan was surprised but didn't pay much attention to this caller either. After some time, someone knocked at his door again. "Oh, my! This is the third person knocking at my door", Shivakhan opened the door whispering to himself.

"I've come to tell you about God," said the

After the third visit, Shivakhan really started to think about God. His desire to meet God grew, and became a longing for something so unknown, yet so closes at the same time.

Shivakhan pondered to himself, "The visitors will return tomorrow. Which one should I follow? Where can I find the real God?" He tossed and turned in his bed the whole night, trying to decide whom to believe and where to go. It was only towards the morning did he fall asleep to see a beautiful dream.

Shivakhan dreamt he was in a green meadow, the very same meadow in which he had spent many beautiful moments of his childhood playing with the butterfly, the grass and the flowers; it was a time when he had no doubt as to who he was and what he has to do. The day was sunny and warm. He was sitting in the grass cross-legged, and another man, very much like him, was sitting opposite him.

"Who are you?" Shivakhan asked. "I'm God, and you know it." "No. I know nothing about You. But I would like to meet You and get to know You. Where can I find You?"

"I'm sitting right in front of you. You can never find Me because you never lost Me."

“No, God! I only heard about You today, when three men wanted to take me to You. Please wait for me. Tomorrow, I’ll go with the Christian to the church to learn more about You.”

“I won’t be waiting for you, because I never left you. I am always with you, and you know it.”

“No, God! Please wait for me. If I won’t find You in the church, I’ll go with the Buddhist monastery. I’ll discover who You are, and come to You.”

“You can neither come to Me nor leave Me, for we are ONE.”

“No, God! How is that possible? I don’t know anything about You. Finally, I’ll go to the Hindu temple. I’ll learn everything about You, and then I’ll come to honour and worship You.”

God smiled and said, “You are like a book with blank pages. You don’t contain a single note, a word or picture.

“You can go to the Christians, and they’ll write in your book, their story about Me. “You can go to the Buddhist monastery, and they’ll write their story about Me in your book. “The Hindus will also have something about Me to pen down in your book.

“But you can be a writer too, because today you’ve noticed that you have met Me. So you can write your own story about Me in your book, which contains only blank pages at the moment. If you will let Me, I will help you start writing your book.”

Shivakhan understood that he really was talking to God. He said, “Yes, please help me start the book!”

God gave Shivakhana thick bound book with blank pages. The man turned the pages, and saw that on the top of each page, there were the same words written over and over again. God said, “Ask for My help and start each day of your life, which is like one blank page in your book, with Love, Peace, Non-violence, Truth, and Fairness/ Right-conduct. Then, every

story of yours about Me will be true!” In the morning, Shivakh and woke up in a cheerful mood. He tidied the house, put on clean clothes and waited for the guests. Lovingly, Shivakhan received the Christian. He asked him to come in, offered him coffee and cakes, and carefully listened to all that the Christian told him about God from the Holy Bible. With love and peace, the man saw the guest out, and said that he could come to his home whenever he wanted.

The Buddhist monastery was received with love too. Shivkhan offered green tea and mochi to the Buddhist monk, and carefully listened to all that the monk told him about God from the Holy Triptika (sacred book - *sutra*). With concern and patience, Shivakhan saw this guest out too, and before bidding him farewell impressed on him that he was always welcome to his humble dwelling.

When the Hindu came, Shivakhan received him with a loving smile, and offered him lassi (yogurt drink) and lalmohan (a kind of sweet). He carefully listened to everything that the Hindu told him about God from the Holy Gita and Puran. And again with peace and patience, Shivakhan saw the third guest out, and told him that he could feel free to visit him whenever he wanted.

At the end of the day, the man opened the book with the blank pages, and began to write his story of God.

“The God that I saw in my dream and the Gods that I was told about by the Christian, Buddhist, and the Hindu, have in common. That is — Love, Truth, Fairness / Right-conduct, Non-violence and Peace.”

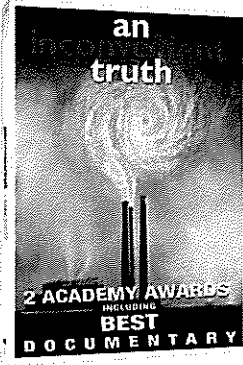
And Shivkhan finished his first story about God with the conclusion: Love is God, and is omnipresent.

The original story was written by Mrs Rita Ivanova, Latvia and was published in www.sairadio.org; and I have made some modification on it (Dr MadanGautam).

जलवायु परिवर्तन, नेपालको बन विनाश र हाम्रो फुट प्रिन्ट

मोहन गुरुङ^१

तपाईंले “An inconvenient truth” हेर्नु भयो? यदि हेर्नु भएको छैन भने पनि ‘जलवायु परिवर्तन’, ‘हरित गृह ग्यास’, ‘ग्लोबल वार्मिङ’ जस्ता शब्दहरू त पकै पनि सुन्नु भएको छ होला? मानव सिर्जित हरित



गृह ग्यास, र जलवायु परिवर्तन को प्रभाव सम्बन्धमा यस फिल्मले उठान गरेको विषय वस्तुका साथै नोबेल पुरस्कार सह-बिजेता अमेरिकी पूर्व उपराष्ट्रपती अल गोरको प्रस्तुतिले गर्दा सन् २००६ मा रिलिज भएको यो फिल्म निकै चर्चित र विवादास्पद बन्न पुगेको थियो।



कतिपयले नबुझेको मौसम परिवर्तन (Weather change) र जलवायु परिवर्तन (Climate change) लाई पर्याय को रूप मा प्रयोग गरेको देखिन्छ जुन सहि होईन। मौसम परिवर्तन भनेको आज, भोलि वा अहिले को छोटो समय (केही मिनेट देखि महिना) को अन्तरालमा हुने वायुमण्डलिय फेरबदललाई जनाउछ भने जलवायु परिवर्तन भनेको लामो अवधी (सामान्यत ३० वर्ष) को मौसमको सरदर परिवर्तनलाई जनाउछ । दैनिक वा क्षण-क्षणमा मा हुने मौसम परिवर्तन हामी सजिलै देख्न र अनुभव गर्न सक्छौं तर जलवायु परिवर्तनयकिन गर्न लामो समयावधी को मौसमको अध्ययन गर्नुपर्ने हुन्छ। यी दुई को बिचमा पर्ने जलवायु विविधता (Climate variability) ले गतसाल भन्दा यो वर्ष बढी गर्मी हुनु, कम वा धेरै पानी पर्नु जस्ता छोटो अवधीको बिबिधतालाई जनाउछ ।

मानव सिर्जित हरित गृह ग्यास जलवायु परिवर्तनको मुख्य कारक हो भन्ने कुरामा धेरै वैज्ञानिकहरू सहमत छन् । Carbon dioxide (CO₂) एउटा प्रमुख हरित गृह ग्यास हो जसले पृथ्वी तताउन मुख्य भूमिका खेलेको हुन्छ ।

वायुमण्डलमा Carbon dioxide को वद्धी संगै पृथ्वी तात्तिने र जलवायु परिवर्तन हुने तथ्य बिभिन्न अध्ययनहरूले पुष्टि गरेका छन्। कार्बन हावामा भएको अक्सिजनसँग मिलेर Carbon dioxide बन्दछ। खनिज, इन्धन (कोइला, पेट्रोल, डिजेल आदि) संगै वन (forest) कार्बनको प्रमुख स्रोत हो। मानव सिर्जित हरित गृह ग्यास कुल



उत्सर्जन (emissions) को करिव १७ प्रतिशत वन क्षेत्र बाट हुने तथ्य जलवायु परीवर्तन सम्बन्धी संयुक्त राष्ट्र संधि अन्तर-सरकारी निकाय को रिपोर्टमा उल्लेख छ।

जलवायु परिवर्तनको सम्बन्धमा 'वन' समस्या मात्र होईन; यो एउटा समाधान को उपाय पनि हो। यसले वायुमण्डलमा भएको Carbon dioxide लाई सोसेर वायोमासको रूपमा सन्चित गरि राख्दछ। अहिले विश्वमा भैरहेको वन विनास रोकी वृक्षारोपण र संरक्षण गर्ने हो भने वन क्षेत्रले मात्र वायुमण्डल बाट ६.७ विलिवन टन Carbon dioxide सोसेर राख्ने क्षमता राख्दछ, जुन कुल उत्सर्जन को २५ प्रतिशत हो। वन विनास रोकी जलवायु परिवर्तन न्युनिकरणमा टेवा पु-याउने देशहरूलाई धेरै उत्सर्जन गर्ने देशहरूले कार्वनको पैसा दिने आर्थिक संयन्त्र (financial mechanism) निर्माण तर्फ संयुक्त राष्ट्रसंधि महा-सम्मेलनहरूमा वार्ताहरू भैरहेको छ। यसको लागि भविष्यमा कुन देशले कति जोगाउछ भन्ने थाहा पाउन अहिले कुन देशमा कति कार्वन सन्चित छ सो को जानकारी आवश्यक हुन्छ।

यसै सिलसिलामा नेपालको वनमा कति कार्वन सन्चित छ र भैरहेको वन विनास बाट कति Carbon dioxide उत्सर्जन भैरहेको छ भन्ने थाहा पाउन हालै एक अध्ययन गरिएको थियो। उक्त अध्ययन काठ उत्पादनको हिसाबले नेपालको सबभन्दा महत्वपूर्ण वन भएको तराईका १५ जिल्लाहरू (पूर्वमा रौतहटदेखि पश्चिममा कंचनपुरसम्म) मा केन्द्रित गरिएको थियो। भु-उपग्रह तस्विरहरूको विश्लेषण र अत्याधुनिक प्रविधी र सामाग्रीहरूको प्रयोग गरी वन मापन विधीहरूबाट कार्वन मापन गरिएको थियो।

अध्ययनबाट प्राप्त नतिजा अनुसार उक्त जिल्लाहरूमा रहेको वनमा हाल कम्तिमा पनि १७१.०२९ मेट्रिक टन कार्वन प्रति हेक्टर सन्चित रहेको पाइयो। यदि उक्त वन फडानी वा विनास गर्ने हो भने एक हेक्टरबाट कम्तिमा पनि ६१.६४ टन कार्वन वायुमण्डलमा उत्सर्जन हुने देखिन्छ। कार्वन (C) लाई Carbon dioxide (CO₂) मा हिसाब गर्दा ६१.६४ टन कार्वनको २२५.१९ टन Carbon dioxide हुन आउछ। यस्को सोझो अर्थ हो; एक हेक्टर वन विनास हुँदा २२५.१९ टन कार्वन वायुमण्डलमा पुग्दछ। यति Carbon dioxide भनेको कति हो त? एक पटक हाम्रो दैनिक ब्यवहारबाट हुने उत्सर्जन (Carbon foot print) सँग तुलना गरौं न त!

उदाहरणको लागि दुई जना बच्चाहरू सहित चार जनाको परिवार भएको विध्यावारिधी गर्ने एकजना नेपाली विद्यार्थीको तीन वर्ष न्यूजिल्याण्ड बस्ने क्रममा हुने मोटामोटी उत्सर्जन हेरौं;

क्र.सं.	क्रियाकलाप	प्रति महिना (युनिट)	प्रति महिना CO ₂ उत्सर्जन (के. जी.)	प्रति वर्ष CO ₂ उत्सर्जन (के. जी.)	तीन वर्षको जम्मा CO ₂ उत्सर्जन (के. जी.)
१	बिजुली	६५० किलोवाट घण्टा	७८	९३६	२८०८
२	इन्धन	६० लिटर	३८०४	४६००८	१,३८२०४
३	फोहोर मैला	१०० के जी	२४	२८८	८६४
४	पानी	५४ घन मिटर	८०६४	१०३०६८	३११००४
५	खाना तथा अन्य		५	६०	१८०
६	काठमाडौं-क्रागिस्टर्च हवाइ यात्रा	११८४२ की मी दुई तर्फि पाँच जना (फिल्ड वोर्क सहित)			१५,७७४.००
जम्मा उत्सर्जन					२६,८६४.८८

हिसाव गर्न को लागि हेर्नुहोस्: http://www.itto.int/carbon_calculator/

यसको सिधा अर्थ के हो भने नेपालबाट विध्यावारिधी गर्न परिवार सहित न्यूजिल्याण्ड आउँदा २६,८६४.८८ के. जी. वा २६.८६ मेट्रिक टन कार्बन उत्सर्जन हुने रहेछ। यो उदाहरणमा कार्बन उत्सर्जन कम गरि उक्त अध्ययन अवधीलाई कार्बन-मैत्री (Carbon neutral) बनाउने गर्ने दुई वटा उपाय छन्: या त विध्यावारिधी गर्न यति टाढा आउनु भएन; हैन भने नेपालमा हुने ३.५३ कट्टा अथवा ११९३ वर्ग मिटर वन फडानी रोक्न योगदान दिनु पर्ने हुन्छ। योगदान दिने पनि दुई तरिका छन्: पहिलो; प्रचलित बजार मुल्य अनुसार कार्बनको पैसा सो वन जोगाउने ब्यक्ति, समूह, वा सरकारलाई दिने। दोस्रो; सोही परिमाणको वन जोगाउन लाग्ने सम्पूर्ण खर्च बेहोर्ने। विकसित देशहरूले उत्सर्जन गरेको Carbon dioxide नेपालको वनले सन्चित र संरक्षण गरे वापत तिर्नु पर्ने यस्तो ब्यवस्था लागु भएमा नेपालको वन जोगाउन केही भए पनि प्रोत्साहन मिल्थ्यो कि?

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An Era of Big Change: From Physics to Facebook

Ishwaree Neupane

The first decade of the 21st century can be the best remembered for the drastic, even life-altering changes it brought in media and communication technology. Twelve years ago, in mid April 2000, when I purchased a LG Microsoft (Think Tank X1-series) laptop, I paid around 2.5 Million Korean Won, equivalent to US\$2,500. My Buwa and Ama were so surprised to know that amount I paid for this computer was almost equivalent to the price of 2 brand new Hero Hondas by then! I do not mean to simply say that a Laptop used to be very expensive a decade ago but rather that cell phones of these days are more powerful than computers were ten years ago. The laptop I bought in 2000 had just 10 gigabytes of storage space on its hard drive — less than is often found in 2-inch-long memory sticks nowadays.

Technological changes haven't affected only the computer and cell phone markets, either. From navigation systems for cars, WiFi for wireless networking, entertainment devices like the iPod, Xbox and PSPs, technology has changed rapidly since 2000 and shows no signs of slowing down. What's starting to change the world for us are also the passion for a change in features and mobility of devices such as smart phones, micro video cameras and iPads.

The year 1990 was a momentous year in the world events. In April 1990, the space shuttle discovery carried the Hubble Space Telescope into the Orbit, which by the end of 2001 started to take the picture of the entire Universe when it was just 3 minutes old (after the Big Bang). The World Wide Web (www) that we see in the beginning of an internet browser was invented in May 1990. It was October 1990, when Germany was reunified. Near to the end of 1990, a revolution took place that has significantly changed the way we live in today's world. Kids of this generation may feel that many of these technological sophistications existed for a long ago, but the generations of ours who have witnessed a time of big, big changes may have some interesting sto-

ries to tell and share!

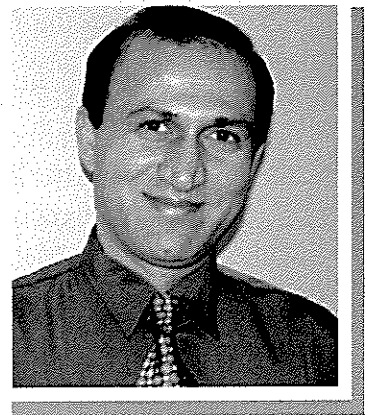
The hub of www was CERN -- the European Organization for Nuclear Research. It all began in March 1989. A physicist, Tim Berners-Lee, wrote a proposal for information management showing how information could be transferred easily over the Internet by using hypertext. I am not sure how many of us can recall how we used to type texts in DOS (disk operating system) – the initial form of what is now familiar mode of typing, that is, point-and-click system. In 1990, Robert Cailliau - first Web surfer and a system engineer, joined CERN and soon became the number one advocate of web. His idea was to connect hypertext with the Internet and personal computers, thereby having a single information network to help CERN physicists share all the computer-stored information at the laboratory.

Info.cern.ch was the address of the World's first-ever web site and web server, running on a NeXT computer at CERN. In the first web page address,

<http://info.cern.ch/hypertext/WWW/TheProject.html>, WWW was placed somewhere in the middle as to regard information as the WWW project. A website is like a telephone; if there's just one it's not much use. One is required to send out server and browser software, meaning needed many telephone-like connections.

By spring of 1991, testing was underway on a universal line mode browser, which was able to run on any terminal. The computer terminals were designed to work simply by typing commands. Of course, there was no mouse, no graphics, just plain text. In December 1991, the first server outside CERN/Europe was installed in the US at SLAC (Stanford Linear Accelerator Centre). By November 1992, there were 26 servers in the world, and by October 1993 the figure had increased to over 200 known web servers.

Although the Web's conception began as a tool to aid physicists answer tough questions about



the Universe and nuclear matters, today its usage applies to various aspects of global community and affects our daily lives, including social relationships.

Twenty years since the first lunch of web server – a time period for a new born baby to turn into legally matured adult, in Dec 2011, researchers from Canada's Advanced Research and Innovation Network (CANARIE) have been able to claim a new world record for data transfers over long distances. The team achieved two-way data rates of 186Gbps (gigabits per second), breaking their previous record of 119Gbps set in 2009. The data's fastest speed in a single direction was 98Gbps. The tests involved sending data between the University of Victoria (British Columbia) and the Washington State Convention Centre (Seattle, USA). Data was moved back and forth at a combined rate of 186Gbps fast enough to transfer 100,000 full blu-ray movies in one day. This speed is nearly a billion times faster than the data transfer speed in the mid 1990's. With this pace, in the 5-10 years time, we may witness networks with standard transfer rates of 100Gbps, roughly 1000 times faster as compared to the fastest speed of a home broadband connection nowadays in New Zealand.

Google – widely known as the most powerful Internet search engine, has its own interesting story behind its success. Google was named after a “googol” - the name for the number 1 followed by 100 zeros - found in the book Mathematics and the Imagination by Edward Kasner and James Newman. Larry Page and Sergey Brin – two undergraduates from Stanford University -- began working on Google. Operating out of their dorm rooms, the pair built a server network using cheap, used, and borrowed PCs. They saturated their credit card limits buying a few terabytes of disks at discount prices. In 1995 they got a license for their search engine technology. However, after failing to find anyone that wanted their product at an early stage of development, Page and Brin decided to keep Google, seek more financing, improve the product, and take it to the public themselves. Three years later in September 1998, Google Inc. opened in Menlo Park, California and Google.com – already a hot commodity web page – which was able to answering 10,000 search queries every day.

Facebook – a social networking service - website was launched in February 2004. By 2008, Facebook had 100 Million users, while as of March

2012 it has more than 846 million active users, which includes over 7 million children under the age of 13. By the end of 2012 the number of active users may become over a billion, despite the fact that Facebook removes approximately 21,000 profiles from the site every day for various infractions. In May 2011, every American on an average spends 3 hours each day on Facebook – more than 16 % of their working hours.

What is perhaps most gratifying is that the modern day computers are being used by children as young as three to learn simple mathematics, by millions of companies to buy and sell their products and by scientists to unlock the secrets of the universe as well as discover how to extend human life.

I wrap up this write-up with some interesting figure facts for you geeks (enthusiastic in my polite words) who want to know more about the Internet usage and level of influences of modern day technologies:

- The human brain can hold up to 10 terabytes of data, whereas Google's internet engine alone can hold over 5 billion gigabytes data, equivalent to 250 million blu-ray discs.
- Nearly 247 billion emails are sent every day of which nearly 81 % are spam.
- By the end of 2011, there were over 235 million websites and 126 million blog sites. Nearly a third of blogger work from USA.
- There are over 2.3 billion of internet users (out of 7 billion people)! Asia tops the list of the users by continents, which contributes 44.8 % of the total world's population.
- Every second nearly 30,000 internet users are watching pornography or something that is illegal.
- YouTube turned six years old in 2012. It now gets over 30 hours of video posted every single minute and it receives over 3.1 billion views per day.
- Facebook has nearly 7 million page views per minutes and over 88 million images are uploaded to Facebook each day.

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First impressions of Nepal

Jill Lemon

As we came in over Kathmandu, approaching Tribhuvan Airport, we were alarmed to notice so many homes that appeared to have lost their upper rooms as there were only corner columns with steel rods poking out. I turned to Peter and said "Whatever has happened? It looks as though a bomb has gone off". This was



our first trip to Nepal and the sight of houses waiting for the next level to be built was the first of so many differences between what we were accustomed to and this exciting and wonderful country of Nepal.

We were met by our friends from Lincoln days, Mr Gopal Upadhaya and his wife Deba-ka Kafle and their two children, Smita and Kishor Kafle, and whisked away for our first night in Kathmandu. The drive to Narayani Hotel (now a department store) was all that we had been to expect as the driver skilfully ducked and dodged through the traffic, horn tooting constantly. Several times we were sure that a pedestrian was about to be driven into, but then, at the last moment they would take a little side step, allowing the vehicle to pass. After drinks and nibbles in our room our friends left and exhaustion took over, we were sleeping soundly.

The next morning Peter and I went for a short walk (we were afraid to go too far). I wondered why so many homes had bananas on poles on verandas and rooftops and we saw women skilfully spreading grain to dry on large mats in the streets. Everyone was busy with their daily lives – cooking food, brushing

hair, sweeping doorways, washing clothes, carting fruits and vegetables and setting up stalls to sell their wares. All the while cows wandered in and out of traffic snatching some vegetables from a stall or eating a bit of plastic. There was an old man and woman laden down with sticks and plastic

containers to the point that when we looked back at them after they had passed we saw only a huge moving bundle with legs at the bottom. There were also barbers and shoeshine boys carrying out their trades on the footpath.

At lunchtime Gopal collected us from the hotel and we started our journey to Kasara in Chitwan National Park, where Gopal was head warden. We had been told we would reach there about 7pm and with traffic jams and other stops for broken down buses and damaged roads that is about how long it took. We were amazed at how patient and accepting the children were as we waited in the hot vehicle all the while being urged to buy from roadside vendors – apples, coconuts, pineapples, melons or a wide variety of goods. We felt very bad that we did not buy anything as all the people looked so in need. We were also surprised to see groups of women crouched at the roadside, breaking up stones into small chips for road-work.

Just on dusk, we reached the last town before crossing the Rapiti River, where we stopped to make some purchases. The scene was unbelievable – crowds and crowds of people, noise, clamour, rickshaw and bicycle all without

lights and a generally festive air. I asked whether it was like this because of the festival, but no, they said it was always this way. As we drove on we encountered more and more people walking, cycling rickshaw and tractors. We wove our way through them and eventually bumped our way down the track, which I likened to a moonscape with its large potholes, until we arrived at the river. We all piled into a long punt and were pulled across the Kasara landing. After a late evening meal we were escorted to our quarters in a compound a 100meters from Gopal's park home. Next morning was our first experience of a cold shower! While at Chitwan National Park we were fortunate to have not one but two elephant rides. This was very exciting for us as we trekked through the forest trying (and succeeding) to spot the one horned rhinos amidst the tall elephant grass. We also saw deer, pigs and later a sloth bear. Though we didn't see a tiger, we did see the pug marks of a mother and a baby.

After a wonderful 3 days in Chitwan N.P. we all piled into the vehicle for the 130 km ride to Pokhara. The journey was long and hot over roads that were a mixture of good sealed ones and monsoon damaged, potholed, bone jarring ones. We eventually reached Pokhara in the afternoon and after finding the immigration office, Gopal interviewed a porter/guide for our proposed week of trekking the lower Annapurna Circuit. His name was Santa, which of course we had no trouble remembering and he was to take care of us for the next 7 days.

After finding the accommodation for us in Hotel Delauri, Gopal, Debaka and family left us for the long journey back to Chitwan. We found the night hours in Pokhara are frequently punctuated by howling dogs. First one, then another until the whole town echoed to their high pitched howling. Around 4am, their howling stopped – but then the cry of the muezzin from

the nearby mosque started!

We spent the following day arranging our trekking and entry permits and organised with Santa for a taxi to collect us the next morning. We enjoyed our short time in Pokhara with its beautiful lake and scenery. After another noisy night, our taxi arrived and we were driven to Naudanda where we started our trekking. Firstly, we headed straight down the Cliffside where we stopped for breakfast. The first day set pattern for the next 6 days. We would rise at 6, pack our gear and sleeping bags, have a quick cup of sweet tea and be away at 7. After an hour and a half to two hours we would stop for breakfast and then continue on our day journey to the next destination. From Naudanda we walked for several hours along the side of the valley and then it was up, up and up to Ulleri. I called it the 'Perpetual staircase' as we climbed the never ending steps. We were later told that there were between 3200 to 3600 steps/ I remarked that I thought it was a test to see whether we should be there- if you couldn't cope the first day, you might as well go home! From Ulleri we went onto Ghoripani, Tadapani, Chomrong, Gन्द्रuk and on the road back to Pokhara. It was a great week, spent in the company of Santa who took good care of us as we journeyed through the very beautiful Nepalese countryside. We came to know that even if we could see your next destination "Just over there on the next hill" it would still be several descents into and out of deep ravines before we made it. At any forks in the trail we would hear Santa's encouraging voice "Up way Sir!"- It always seemed to be 'up way'-especially when we were very tired. I had never done hill climbing before but I wouldn't have missed it for anything! What a fantastic and lovely country and warm and welcoming people. We have so many wonderful memories of that first trip to Nepal and of the following two trips in 2003 and 2007. *****

Year 2011-2012: A summary

Peru Dixit and Shriya Sharma



Executives Committee (2011-2012) Handover

The AGM, or the annual general meeting, brought a change in the faces of volunteers that would lead the society for the upcoming year. The annual meeting gave a chance to reflect and move forward with the excitement to see what the new group of Executive committee would bring.



The election of a new committee was followed by a handover ceremony on the 5th June 2011 at Te Whare hall Lincoln University.



Teej 2011

This was the first cultural programme organised by the new executive committee. During the program we welcomed the parents, sister and brother in law of Dr. Ish Neupane

and parents of Dr. Govinda Poudel. The society hosted Teej on the first week of August, few days before the actual ceremony. The welcome program was followed by the dinner and the floor was then opened for dance. We had some small gatherings prior



to the actual Teej program. The day of the Teej, women were encouraged to meet at Maori Hall in Lincoln, if they were free from prior commitments for dancing and socialising, hoping to reduce



the hunger pangs throughout the day. Those that were not able to travel to Lincoln had smaller gatherings, scattered around the city.

Dashain 2011

The change in season, from winter to spring brought forth one of the biggest events on a Nepali's calendar. Dashain, a festival which is often referred to being a "Christmas" for Hindus. An event that lasts 10 days, which on the 10th day rounds up with a Prasad offering from the God's through the eldest and the wisest. Dashain was fast approaching and



the sunny weather it brings allowed for members to spend a day outdoors after receiving Tikas from few respected elders. This year, Dashain was celebrated in Harvard Community Lounge in Wigram on the 29th October 2011.

There were games and prizes and there was a feast of home cooked Nepali cuisine. The event was such a success that participants were reluctant to leave, forcing the next group of hall hirers to wait for us to escape!

Tihar 2011

As soon as Dashain finishes Tihar approaches fast, occurring within a month. Also known as the festival of lights it is celebrated



with traditional food, especially sweets which are unique to Tihar. The methods of making these dishes are diminishing and it is a very good opportunity for those like us to learn what has been passed on generation after generation. This is a function celebrated at home, lighting individual houses to invite in the Goddess of Wealth and Prosperity, Laxmi. The society makes an event to celebrate such a joyous occasion, and some members travel around homes in Christchurch and Lincoln, playing Deusi and Bhailo. Though an in-house celebration, Tihar gives us all an excuse to come together and indulge our sweet tooth and attempt to eat all the varieties of sel-roti and

Nepali Calendar 2069 B.S.

वैशाख २०६९				APRIL-MAY 2012		
आइत	सोम	मङ्गल	बुध	बिही	शुक्र	शनि
३१ <small>13</small>					 <small>13</small>	२ <small>14</small>
३ <small>15</small>	४ <small>16</small>	५ <small>17</small> बनबिनी पुजादशी	६ <small>18</small> प्रदोष	७ <small>19</small>	८ <small>20</small> दशभ्रातृ	९ <small>21</small> साततालिका ओंकार
१० <small>22</small>	११ <small>23</small>	१२ <small>24</small> अक्षय पूर्णिमा	१३ <small>25</small>	१४ <small>26</small>	१५ <small>27</small>	१६ <small>28</small>
१७ <small>29</small>	१८ <small>30</small>	१९ <small>30</small> MAY 1 मे दिवस	२० <small>2</small> सोहिनी पुजादशी	२१ <small>3</small> प्रदोष	२२ <small>4</small>	२३ <small>5</small> पूर्णिमा व्रत
 २५ <small>7</small>	२६ <small>8</small>	२७ <small>8</small> कामजुन दिवस	२७ <small>9</small>	२८ <small>10</small>	२९ <small>11</small>	३० <small>12</small>

जेठ २०६९				MAY-JUN 2012		
आइत	सोम	मङ्गल	बुध	बिही	शुक्र	शनि
	१ <small>14</small>	२ <small>15</small>	३ <small>16</small> अषाढा पुजादशी	४ <small>17</small>	५ <small>18</small> प्रदोष	६ <small>19</small>
७ <small>20</small> ब्रह्मसहिष्णुता व्रत	८ <small>21</small>	९ <small>22</small>	१० <small>23</small>	११ <small>24</small>	१२ <small>25</small>	१३ <small>26</small>
१४ <small>27</small>	१५ <small>28</small> सुभाषित दिवस	१६ <small>29</small>	१७ <small>30</small> दशहरा	१८ <small>31</small>	१९ <small>31</small> JUN 1	२० <small>2</small> शनि प्रदोष
२१ <small>3</small>	२२ <small>4</small> सोह पुजा	२३ <small>5</small>	२४ <small>6</small>	२५ <small>7</small>	२६ <small>8</small>	२७ <small>9</small>
२८ <small>10</small>	२९ <small>11</small>	३० <small>12</small>	३१ <small>13</small>	३२ <small>14</small>		

असार २०६९				JUN-JUL 2012		
आइत	सोम	मङ्गल	बुध	बिही	शुक्र	शनि
३१ <small>15</small>					१ <small>15</small> पौषिनी पुजादशी	२ <small>16</small> शनि प्रदोष
३ <small>17</small>	४ <small>18</small>	५ <small>19</small> ओंकार	६ <small>20</small>	७ <small>21</small>	८ <small>22</small>	९ <small>23</small>
१० <small>24</small>	११ <small>25</small>	१२ <small>26</small>	१३ <small>27</small>	१४ <small>28</small>	१५ <small>29</small>	१६ <small>30</small> हरिभाषिनी पुजादशी
१७ <small>24</small> प्रदोष	१८ <small>25</small>	१९ <small>26</small>	२० <small>27</small>	२१ <small>28</small>	२२ <small>29</small>	२३ <small>30</small> बहुमास ब्रह्मरन्ध्र
१७ <small>JUL 1</small>	१८ <small>2</small>	१९ <small>3</small> सुद पूर्णिमा	२० <small>4</small>	२१ <small>5</small>	२२ <small>6</small>	२३ <small>7</small>
२४ <small>8</small>	२५ <small>9</small>	२६ <small>10</small>	२७ <small>11</small>	२८ <small>12</small>	२९ <small>13</small> भाद्रपदशुक्ल	३० <small>14</small> कनिका पुजादशी

साउन २०६८				JUL-AUG 2012		
आइत	सोम	मङ्गल	बुध	बिही	शुक्र	शनि
	१ सोम प्रदोष 16	२ बुधराज्य 17	३ बुध 18	४ बिही 19	५ शुक्र 20	६ शनि 21
७ 22	८ 23	९ सोम प्रदोष 24	१० 25	११ 26	१२ 27	१३ 28
१४ पुष्या एकादशी 29	१५ सोम प्रदोष 30	१६ 31	१७ AUG 1	१८ ज्येष्ठ पूर्णिमा 2	१९ शुक्र 3	२० शनि 4
२१ 5	२२ 6	२३ 7	२४ 8	२५ शुक्र 9	२६ 10	२७ शनि 11
२८ 12	२९ अमा एकादशी 13	३० 14	३१ प्रदोष 15	३२ 16		

भदौ २०६८				AUG-SEP 2012		
आइत	सोम	मङ्गल	बुध	बिही	शुक्र	शनि
३१ अशुभकारक समाप्ति 16					१ शुक्र 17	२ शनि 18
३ 19	४ शुक्र 20	५ मङ्गल 21	६ 22	७ 23	८ 24	९ 25
१० 26	११ पुष्या एकादशी 27	१२ 28	१३ प्रदोष 29	१४ 30	१५ पुर्णिमा 31	१६ SEP 1
१७ 2	१८ 3	१९ मङ्गल 4	२० 5	२१ 6	२२ शुक्र 7	२३ शनि 8
२४ 9	२५ 10	२६ 11	२७ पुष्या एकादशी 12	२८ प्रदोष 13	२९ शुक्र 14	३० शनि 15

असोज २०६८				SEP-OCT 2012		
आइत	सोम	मङ्गल	बुध	बिही	शुक्र	शनि
	१ दशरथ 17	२ दशरथाष्टमिका 18	३ शुक्र 19	४ बिही 20	५ शुक्र 21	६ शनि 22
७ 23	८ 24	९ 25	१० दशरथाष्टमिका 26	११ प्रदोष 27	१२ 28	१३ पुर्णिमा 29
१४ पुर्णिमा 30	१५ OCT 1	१६ 2	१७ 3	१८ 4	१९ 5	२० 6
२१ 7	२२ 8	२३ 9	२४ 10	२५ पुष्या एकादशी 11	२६ 12	२७ शनि 13
२८ 14	२९ सोम 15	३० 16				

Nepali Calendar 2069 B.S.

कात्तिक २०६८				OCT-NOV 2012		
आइत	सोम	मङ्गल	बुध	बिही	शुक्र	शनि
			१ 17	२ 18	३ 19	४ 20
५ 21 पुनर्वसि	६ 22 महाशिवी	७ 23 महालक्ष्मी	८ 24 बडादेवी 	९ 25 भाद्रपदकृष्ण एकादशी	१० 26 दाशमी	११ 27 शनि प्रदोष शिवरात्री
१२ 28 चतुर्विंशति	१३ 29 कात्तिक स्वास सुप्त	१४ 30	१५ 31	१६ NOV 1	१७ 2	१८ 3
१९ 4	२० 5	२१ 6	२२ 7	२३ 8	२४ 9	२५ 10 पद्मा एकादशी
२६ 11 प्रदोष	२७ 12 कात्तिक	२८ 13 शिवी 	२९ 14 शिवरात्री			

मङ्सिर २०६८				NOV-DEC 2012		
आइत	सोम	मङ्गल	बुध	बिही	शुक्र	शनि
					१ 16	२ 17
३ 18	४ 19 शुक्र पर्व	५ 20	६ 21 शुभ सायंक जयन्ती	७ 22 कृष्णपक्ष सप्तमी	८ 23	९ 24 तुलसी विवाह
१० 25 प्रदोष	११ 26	१२ 27 कैलाश चतुर्विंशति	१३ 28 पूर्णिमा	१४ 29	१५ 30	१६ DEC 1
१७ 2	१८ 3	१९ 4	२० 5	२१ 6	२२ 7	२३ 8
२४ 9 उत्तराश्विनी एकादशी	२५ 10	२६ 11 प्रदोष	२७ 12 सप्तमी	२८ 13 अष्टमी	२९ 14	३० 15

पुस २०६८				DEC-JAN 2012/2013		
आइत	सोम	मङ्गल	बुध	बिही	शुक्र	शनि
१ 16	२ 17 द्विवाह पञ्चमी	३ 18	४ 19	५ 20	६ 21	७ 22
८ 23	९ 24 शिवरात्री	१० 25 किसलय अष्टमी	११ 26	१२ 27 पूर्णिमा	१३ 28 सप्तमी	१४ 29
१५ 30 नवमी	१६ 31	१७ JAN 1 मङ्गल शोभा	१८ 2	१९ 3	२० 4	२१ 5
२२ 6	२३ 7	२४ 8 सप्तमी	२५ 9 प्रदोष	२६ 10	२७ 11 सप्तमी	२८ 12
२९ 13						

माघ २०६८				JAN-FEB 2013		
आइत	सोम	मङ्गल	बुध	बिही	शुक्र	शनि
	१ भादी पर्व 14	२ मङ्गल खोरी 15	३ 16	४ 17	५ 18	६ 19
७ 20	८ 21	९ पुष्या एकादशी 22	१० 23	११ प्रदोष 24	१२ 25	१३ स्वस्वामी जल आरम्भ 26
१४ माघ सप्तम शुभ 27	१५ 28	१६ सोम्वर दिवस 29	१७ 30	१८ 31	१९ FEB 1	२० 2
२१ 3	२२ 4	२३ 5	२४ मङ्गल एकादशी 6	२५ प्रदोष 7	२६ 8	२७ दशैपञ्च 9
२८ औंभ 10	२९ सोमवार सोमवार 11					

फागुन २०६८				FEB-MAR 2013		
आइत	सोम	मङ्गल	बुध	बिही	शुक्र	शनि
		१ 12	२ 13	३ ध्यानेष्टान 14	४ 15	५ 16
६ 17	७ प्रजापति दिवस 18	८ 19	९ 20	१० भीमा एकादशी 21	११ 22	१२ शनि प्रदोष 23
१३ 24	१४ माघ सप्तम समाप्ति 25	१५ पुनिमा 26	१६ 27	१७ 28	१८ MAR 1	१९ 2
२० 3	२१ 4	२२ 5	२३ 6	२४ 7	२५ विजया एकादशी 8	२६ शनि प्रदोष 9
 १०	२८ सोमवार औंभ 11	२९ मङ्गल सोमवार 12	३० 13			

चैत २०६८				MAR-APR 2013		
आइत	सोम	मङ्गल	बुध	बिही	शुक्र	शनि
				१ 14	२ 15	३ 16
४ 17	५ 18	६ 19	७ कामु शुभ 20	८ 21	९ 22	१० आमलकी एकादशी 23
११ प्रदोष 24	१२ 25	१३ पुनिमा जल 26	१४ पुनिमा 27	१५ 28	१६ 29	१७ 30
१८ 31	१९ APR 1	२० 2	२१ 3	२२ 4	२३ 5	२४ पारसीकरी एकादशी 6
२५ प्रदोष 7	२६ 8	२७ 9	२८ शनि दि 10	२९ 11	३० 12	३१ 13

sweets the ladies bring. Tihar was a roaring success, with all mouths satisfied with culinary expertise that would rival any Masterchef kitchen! This year's event was held at the Harvard Community Lounge, Wigram on the 29th October 2011.

Welcome and Farewell

We bid a fond farewell to many of our members whom we missed sorely.

It was not an official society event but nonetheless featured a lot of our society members when we said "We will



see you soon" to Nir K.C and his family. Since

Naveena firmly believes she will always be a member at heart and would one day return.

On the second week of December, we have organised farewell program to our two beloved families; Dr.Govinda Poudel and family and Shiva Ranjan Poudyal and family. They are

missed but I am sure there are more than a few people who believe they will see them back here sometime in the future.



We were sad to farewell Mahendra Khanal and his family after four years with us, whom are now in Nepal. They will be missed by all. We



also waived big goodbye to Lhakpa Tenji Lama, who is headed back home.

Fortunately, March approached with a bang, bringing a large group of new friends and families amongst us in a potluck party. The party was hosted in Harvard Lounge, Wigram, to welcome, fare well and talk about the approaching New Year event. The night welcomed over 20 new Nepali's living in Christchurch to the society, including families and students.

Talks and Presentations

In December we had a visit from Gagan Thapa, constitutional assembly member in Nepal and recipient of New Zealand Leadership Award 2011, bringing news of the happenings in Nepal. He had come to New Zealand for a conference, in Queenstown., The expenses of his travel from Queenstown to Christchurch was paid for by the society. The society welcomed him for all here who were eager to hear about how things are back in Nepal.

In September, society hosted a talk program with a fellow society member and ex-president Dr. Rajesh Dhakal. He is an expert in earthquake engineering and spoke about the earthquake events occurred after 4th September 2010 and the subsequent aftershocks. It was interesting to hear about the damages caused and what is being done to prevent future damages. As mentioned above, the society aims to give platform to those that want to share their areas of interest to other members in the society. We hope to continue such functions in the future, so those of you that want to share something that may interest/benefit other members, please contact one of the Executive committee members.

Sports 2011-2012

The Nepali Gorkhali Football Team gave a good spirited performance at the Global Football Festival. There were some close games. There are some really good players in the team. We have to thank Gyanendra Pradhan's contribution in keeping this team going, not just this year, but for so many years since and we hope for many years to come.



Cultural Galore 2012

This year we took part in the Cultural Galore, which was hosted at Ray Blank Park on the 10th March 2012. There was a Nepali food stall and a wonderful performance by Alina Gurung and Yulia Gurung.

We would like to thanks, Sula Bhandari and Shalu Dhakal for helping executive committee to make this happened. It was a good time for a family

event and the weather helped in making this really memorable and fun day out.

Nepali language class

As in the previous years, Nepali language class has been running at Lincoln Events Centre from 7.00 to 9.00 pm fortnightly. Alina Gurung and Yulia Gurung have been volunteering for this since 2011. At the moment, there are nine children attending this Nepali class. This class has played a vital role to teach the students their native language.



Miscellaneous activities

Dahi Chiura

Ladies member from the society organised *dahi chiura* on the expecting arrival of her second child of Rajan and Sharada Bhattra. We wish them good luck!

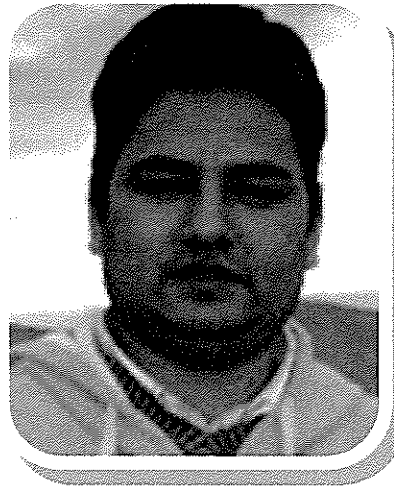
Toastmasters club: a useful way to improve your communication and leadership skill

Salil Bhattarai

“Baba, what do you do in toastmaster? Are you learning how to make a good toast?” My daughter Pramudita asked me when I joined the toastmasters club few months ago. Frankly speaking, I had the similar feeling before our friend Dr Bhuwaneshwor Dhakal wrote an article about his experience in the toastmaster in NNZFS newsletter last year. Even after reading Dr. Dhakal’s article in Namaste, I did not give a serious thought to the toastmaster. There is a saying in Nepali “don’t ask a route to the village you don’t intend to travel”. It was only after hearing our friend, Mahendra Khanal, regretting for not joining earlier, I thought why not to give a try. I attended two meetings as a guest. Thanks to the toastmaster! They welcome everyone as a guest. We can attend as a guest as many times as we like, witness the proceedings firsthand and decide if it is going to be helpful in any way. In the first meeting itself, I was fully motivated to join the club and eventually did. Let me share about the toastmaster club and its potential benefits to us.

It was initiated by an American gentle man named Ralph Smedley, when he realised that many people needed training in the art of public speaking. He decided that the training format would be like a social club, where club members can improve their speaking skill in a pleasant social atmosphere.

So what exactly is done in the toastmaster meeting? A Toastmasters meeting is a learn-by-doing workshop in which participants sharpen their speaking and leadership skills in a friend-



ly no-pressure atmosphere. The toastmasters education programme consists of two tracks- a communication track and a leadership track. We can participate in both tracks simultaneously. Communication track relates to your speaking skill while leadership track relates to conducting and presiding meetings and performing various executive roles in the club. You get different awards such as competent communicator and advance communicator (bronze/silver/gold) after completing certain number of speeches of varied competency. In leadership track, you get awards such as competent leader and advance leader (bronze and silver). You get certificate for your each award and if you wish Toastmasters International can even write a letter to your employer.

A toastmasters club meeting mainly consists of three basic parts; prepared speeches, table topics and evaluation. Generally two members are scheduled for prepared speeches and those speeches are based on competent communication and advance communication manual. Your first project will be the icebreaker where you introduce yourself or give a speech in a familiar topic such as your upbringing or education. Each speech will have its general and specific objectives, and you can set your target of completing those speeches and pace yourself accordingly. Table topics is a segment where members are challenged for one to two minute impromptu talks. Each speech is evaluated by a fellow member. The toastmaster of the day

conducts the entire meeting. Table topics master facilitates table topics session. General evaluator evaluates the role not evaluated by speech evaluators. Time keeper keeps the time and signal warning to the speaker. There could be other roles such as grammarian and ah-counter. However, any member is welcome to bring innovative sessions and roles not mentioned in the standard format. In this way, all members will get an opportunity to speak one way or other in each meeting.

It looks simple, however the benefits are tremendous. Anxiety and fear of public speaking will vanish when you start to speak in a variety of topics in front of a friendly group who are always ready to help you improve. With continuous practice, you also develop a skill to give impromptu speech. My own experience is that I

am feeling lot more confident in speaking after presenting three prepared speeches and participating in few table topics session. But why do not you test yourself? As already mentioned there is no cost in attending meeting as a guest and you can participate as many times as you like. If you are convinced, pay one time registration fee of NZ\$ 50 and monthly fee of NZ\$ 15.50. The fee I guess is only to cover the cost of educational materials and meeting cost. Once you register, you can join any toastmaster club in the world even if you choose to migrate. As Smedley's small experiment has already grown into "Toastmaster International" with more than 13,000 clubs and more than 270,000 members in 116 countries, I am sure you will find one in your neighbourhood wherever you live.

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

a very happy and prosperous Nepali New Year 2069 BS



Term 2011-13 national co-ordination committee:

Chakra Bahadur Thapa	President
Lok Nath Poudel	Vice President
Shrawan Bhandari	Vice President
Rebat Basnet	National Coordinator
Pradip Babu Bista	Joint Coordinator
Uttam Pradhan	Treasurer
Abilash Thapa	Member
Bikash P. Koirala	Member
Binu Karmacharya	Member
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Ghanashyam Sapkota	Member
Lakhman Rai	Member
Lekh Nath Bhandari	Member
Ramesh Ghurung	Member
Tejendra Bhattarai	Member

Time to ignite young minds and use emerging talents

Ishwara Neupane

In a scenario that a large number of young graduates leaving Nepal in general or working overseas after their Masters and/or PhD degrees, many feel that the Govt of Nepal really need to think about this yet growing brain drainage problem and plan for friendly research environments for Nepalese young minds and the emerging talents.

The question I am raising here is: Like the Asian Institute of Technology in Thailand, IITs in India and the likes, can we open technically sound and quality institutions in Nepal, where our highly motivated young scientists, teachers, and students coordinate with researchers from the first-rated universities and crowned research institutes around the globe? To materialize an ambitious plan as this the country needs a long term plan and will power, together with a strong academic circle working in the frontiers of respective research fields.

Many Nepalese talents are willing to be back to mother nation and use their knowledge, expertise and skills in the places where they were born and raised. But many see lack of proper environment, lack of basic facilities (gas, water and electricity) and also, to some extent, lack of culture of mutual support and promotion. To improve this, in an intermediate to long terms, the education ministry, with a strong backing of all leading political parties and govt entities, must plan to develop and run within the premises of each big institution a well facilitated primary to high-school plus a modern health centre -- pretty much in a way how IITs have been running such facilities. This will certainly help to bring back lost Nepalese talents and retains many more inside the country. This is possible to be done only if there is interest and institutional support and, most importantly, commitments from our leaders. It is generally true that fundamental science is after all the backbone of a knowledge economy and driving force of a prosperous country. The Govt must not delay to recognise the importance of science and innovation as an economic driver.

If the standards of scientific education and innovation are maintained high, it ultimately pays off in making a nation globally competitive. Modern scientific problems, especially, those with socio-

economic components, such as, health care, modern education, infrastructure development and energy crisis have been multidisciplinary in character. To address such problems, there is no alternative other than that the government organisations, intellectual communities and academic institutions cooperate more by complementing other pursuits that help promote and embrace each of them.

Every act of regeneration involves inventions, innovations and educational progress. Inventions and discoveries are the products of constant endeavour by creative minds. Innovation is the product of brightest individuals as well as quality institutions. This needs more than anything generation and sustenance of human capitals. The country needs a new generation of creative minds to materialise the slogan of a "New Nepal". For that, the country needs an environment for research and challenging missions. Only brightest scholars with full of new ideas and expertise can lead and energize an academic community, changing the landscape of the scientific culture and innovative teaching.

Important factors for a good start and future success are international linkages and institutional supports, but the most powerful weapon for a change is our own *desire, commitment and passion for change*.

It is perfectly reasonable to seek intellectual support from Non-Resident Nepali Association, who could be an integral part of a big academic move. It may also be important to bring both funders and users of academic institutions together in a collaborative manner. One way to accomplish this collaborative approach is to invite investments from local community. This step will not only enhance our ability to deal with multidisciplinary problems, but it will also enable us to attract more students and teachers of greater quality. The possibility that one's intellectual ideas



can be transformed into money and at least some of which can be used for oneself is a strong incentive for scientific innovation. This arrangement is absolutely required for building a country that is prosperous, lively and internationally competitive.

In order to bring a visible change within the current set up of education system seems to be difficult, at least, in the next few years. The government needs to make some essential changes to its education system. For instance, each university should adopt a system where a PHD in the respective field and plus some experience of teaching or research should be made a prerequisite for an assistant professorship or lecturer position. Not just the selection of students should be made through a qualifying exam of highest standard, but the selection procedure of academic staffs to be appointed should follow international standards.

Unless a country becomes a thriving enterprise with expanding commerce and opportunities for innovation and wealth creation, it would be difficult to go to the next level of desirability. We can propel forward the country into greater prominence through a combination of scientific leadership and infusion of talents. The question as where we want to go in the next 10-20 years is worth asking. There is perhaps no single or simple recipe for achieving a difficult goal such as this, especially, in view of the ever increasing commercialization of schooling system, and nearly two decades of a political turmoil in the country.

The potential of our country is enormous. We should not be bogged down by our current limitations and political difficulties, both in terms of investments and opportunity for creating new jobs in science and technology, such as, in bio-engineering, bioinformatics, civil and natural resource engineering, medical physics, bio-medical, chemical engineering and food technology. In fact, between the vision and the reality there sometimes exist some disconnect, and this is more pronounced in a country like ours where the brain drainage has been already an important issue.

If we are to regain parity with other developed or even emerging nations, including our nearest neighbours, China and India, increased investments in science and emerging technologies from private sectors, on top of Govt's support for the

infrastructure set up, become extremely important. We would need to be particularly concerned about the opportunities and the careers of young graduates.

The public value of basic science is not being fully recognised or realised in Nepal yet, whereas India has already made a significant jump in the last few decades. Our education policy over the past decade has resulted in a gradual disempowerment of basic/applied sciences and potential scientists. We need a science and technology system that is a visible contributor to the nation's scientific capital or knowledge economy; one that is practised with energy and passion; one that attracts the best and brightest students and teachers to its universities and crown research institutions.

A new generation of scientific leaders has emerged in Nepal. But the questions of significance are: Have we been able to retain excellent people and build critical mass? Do we resource them adequately? Have we made any attempts to invite good people? Do we really want them to take leadership roles? These issues are well known. We need to rise up and work with positive attitude.

In our institutes, we need to at least double the number of PhD graduates in order to provide the human capital needed to drive an internationally competitive modern education. It means assisting scientists' development, particularly early in their careers. It is impossible to achieve these goals without a proper investment in fundamental science and income generating methods. The current set up in our universities which allows us to hire Master degree holder graduate to teach at the same level, with almost no research background and/or international exposure should be phased out.

Science in particular and education in general cannot prosper without the involvement of leading researchers, education experts and brightest students and teachers at a university or college level. What we must now demonstrate is a determined commitment to fundamental changes to be made to make our place prosperous and lively.

Ishwaree P. Neupane (PhD) , Senior Research Associate
Department of Physics & Astronomy University of Canterbury, New Zealand, Tel: +64 3 348 02, 021 2152569

OUR TRIP TO THE WEST COAST Vivek Adhikary

In the morning of the 24th of December 2011 we were all excited to go to the West Coast. We had a long drive ahead and started getting hungry. We headed for Castle Hill, when we approached Castle Hill, Arin, Ashmit and I were bored so I thought we could have some fun. We decided to actually climb the hill of Castle Hill. The next thing I knew Arin, Ashmit, my Dad, Mahendra Uncle and I were climbing to the top. While we were climbing Ashmit commented "it's so hard climbing this hill how hard would it be climbing Mount Everest." Finally, we reached the top I don't know why but Prajual didn't seem to be climbing with us. I guess that's why Ashmit was saying "peace out suckers" and Arin said "everyone looks like ants". We took lots of photos and had a refreshing can of Sprite. We were so hungry that we stopped to have lunch at Lake Burnham we had burgers and chips for lunch, I had two burgers and a lot of chips. After that we headed for the actual lake to take some photos. Ashmit made some friends who had a puppy and it liked sticks so Ashmit threw some out to lake, I threw some too but the dog didn't fetch any of the ones I threw.

Next we headed for a place called Hari Hari I thought we were going swimming because Bhoj uncle said we were going Beach walking. But we were actually walking on a hill near the beach were they made a footpath. My mum said we were actually going to look at Pancakes I want to eat Pancakes but then I noticed that it was the rocks staked like pancakes. As usual we took photos again. Ashmit and I ran trying to find Prajual, who was always missing. I thought the next time we see him we should put a tracking device on him Ashmit said it was a great idea! We acted like Secret Agents and our mission, to find Prajual. After a long walk around the hill and lots of photos it was getting dark so we decided to go shopping for dinner. So we went to the local New World in Greymouth. It was getting late and we were supposed to get to the motel we booked at 7pm and it was already 6:30pm and the motel we booked was in a small place called Ross 200km away from Greymouth. So we quickly done our shopping and Salil uncle luckily phoned them and said we are running a little late so I think we will arrive at 8pm. It was a long, long drive but we arrived there just in time.

After arriving, the parents were cooking and the

kids were playing outside. First we played with Ashmit's Nerf gun everyone got four shots each there was supposed to be 6 bullets but Ashmit had lost two. Then we watched a little bit of TV because Santa Claus 3, the movie was on TV. While the movie was on Prajual, Ashish dada and I were playing a game of football. Next I asked Arin if we could play with his badminton set and he said yes. So we played badminton and everybody else played too. Then it was my favourite part of the day eating time! There were lots of drumsticks to eat and I ate 4! Next Ashmit and I sneaked into a room and we played with the Nerf gun. Then everybody else came too and everyone wanted to play with the Nerf gun except Prajual he was too busy playing on his iPod touch. After all he is very mature to play with toy guns. After everyone had eaten dinner and had fun, then we went to sleep on our assigned units.

The next day we headed for Franz Josef Glacier 150-200km away from Ross. First we had to go up the mountain then down and the road was crazy we have to go right then left then right then left and again and again and again. Finally, we approached Franz Josef Glacier. We decided to go for a quick toilet break. The toilet was amazing, you just have to press a button and the toilet seat opens and push another button and the door opens push another button and the toilet paper comes out and so does the water from the tap. There was also a voice that tells you the instructions. We didn't go to the glacier in Franz Josef glacier but we went to Fox glacier. We also met one Nepali who works at the Glacier. We were going to walk from Fox glacier township to Fox glacier but the Nepali person said we have to drive to the car park they built a path so people can walk. We had to walk twenty minutes to see a close view of the glacier. In addition, there were a lot of sceneries between the car park and the final point of the glacier including the water fall that made a small stream leading to the glacier. The foot path that we walked on had very thin streams on the hill so they have put some rocks for us to walk on to get to the other side of the stream.

Arin and I were in front because we really wanted



to get a closer view of the glacier. Then Ashmit came too and we wanted to run away from Arin. It was a game, if Arin saw us we had to let him in front of us. So we ran as fast as we could but then we saw a sign that indicated do not cross; we crossed it. We didn't see the other path that was faster than the path that Ashmit and I took. But then by the time we finished the long path and saw the path that leads on from the short path Arin was already just in front us luckily when he was just

Next we were finding a place to eat our lunch but instead we had to have lunch on private property. Now we were going home more than 500km away. First we stopped for a toilet break and some snacks but the main point was that Salil uncle's car got lost and we had to wait till they would come and stop. Then we went back to Ross, the town of gold to see the goldfields where Arin found a cube greenstone. We had forgotten dinner so by the time we reached Author's Pass we were hungry and had



behind us we hid behind a big rock so he would not see us. Once everybody reached the end of the path we had seen a very big white frozen ice rock that was known as Fox Glacier. We took a lot photographs with the glacier. The Nepalese Pasang Sherpa brought a small frozen piece of a rock from the glacier. The rock was very cold and we took some photographs with it.

dinner there. Afterwards we followed a gravel road, my Dad said it was really short but it felt like it would never end. We finally, arrived home at 10:20pm. I had a shower and went to sleep, tired from our trip.

	<p>Radio program Namaste Nepal Every Mondays at 8.00 PM on Canterbury's Plains FM 96.9 MHz RJ: Roshan Rijal</p>
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Codes

Imas Neupane

How to encrypt and decrypt

Today I will show you how to encrypt codes and decrypt codes so that you could secretly pass notes, messages etc. In just a few minutes I will show you how to write codes that would take crackers a decade. But first let's start of easy



A very simple code is an alphabetic code:

This is what it looks like:

1=A, 2=B, 3=C, 4=D, 5=E, 6=F, 7=G, 8=H, 9=I, 10=J, 11=K, 12=L, 13=M, 14=N, 15=O, 16=P, 17=Q, 18=R, 19=S, 20=T, 21=U, 22=V, 23=W, 24=X, 25=Y, 26=Z.

You could also add 0 into you messages to throw of the crackers.

So: (8, 5, 12, 12, 15) would mean Hello.

Now that we've covered the basic stuff let's move on.

This is also a very common code and I call it the letter substitution code.

This is what it looks like:

A=B, B=C, C=D, D=E, E=F, F=G, G=H, H=I, I=J, J=K, K=L, L=M, M=N, N=O, O=P, P=Q, Q=R, R=S, S=T, T=U, U=V, V=W, W=X, X=Y, Y=Z, Z=A

So: (Gnv zqd xnt) would mean How are you

To make it more confusing you may start at (A=W) and keep going

To make it even more confusing you could star at a different letter (W=C) in fact there are up to 676 possibilities from which you could start with

Now let's do a bit of a recap

I call it a reversal code.

This is what it is:

You take the last 3 letters/number of a word and put them at the front. If there are 3 or less letters/numbers than you flip the whole word.

So: (lohel) would mean Hello. And (Woh) would mean How.

Now if you think that the codes above are easy to crack than bi-encrypt them.

In other words encrypt them twice.

So you could change (ABC) into (BCD) and then change that into (CDE)

So (HELLO) would become (IFMMP) and that would become (JGNNQ)

To make it even harder you could combine it with two different codes (Beware: Some codes will not work together so always test before you use it)

Now here is a code that requires 2 people.

First both people need to both know a different code each and not the other persons.

First Person: 1 will write something and code it with his code. Then Person: 2 will code the coded message with his code. After that Person on will then decode the bi-encrypted code with his own and then pass it to Person: 2. Person: 2 will then decrypt the message with his code and instead of a bunch of random numbers/letters there will be the original code.

Now for the piece de resistance of codes (in this article that is)

Firstly this code works in the same way as the letter substitution code and you have to choose where to start. Say we start at (A=B).

So if we were writing the word (cheese) we would change it (C=D) but for the second letter we would Change the beginner code to (A=C) therefore (H=J) and you would keep changing it going one down. This way even though there are 3 e's in the word cheese each of them would be a different letter. And in total the word (CHEESE) would become (DJHIXK)!!!

There is still one more code but this one is for you to decrypt.

Here it is: (Ps. This is the official last paragraph) I mean the code.

.....

8 4 3 1 4 6 8 3 7 3 7 8 4 6 4 1 6 3 9 7

.....

3 6 9 6 5 6 2 3 1 4 2 7 1 2 7 2 2 5 3 7 1 3 7 6 6 1 2 9 3 4 2

.....

4 8 1 9 4 5 5 1 5 3 8 1 9 6 8 1 6 2 5 3 1 3 7 3 3 1 4 6 1 2 7 7 1

.....

7 8 7 2 4 2 7 3 7

.....

6 4 6 5 2 1 7 2 4 2 1 4 2 2 5

.....

8 4 3 7 3 1 4 7 1 6 6 6 3

If you manage to decode it with no help then you might become the new Blaise de Vigenere

Search him on Google if you don't know who he is

If you want more codes and want to become a professional coder and cracker than look on the internet or just find a good book.

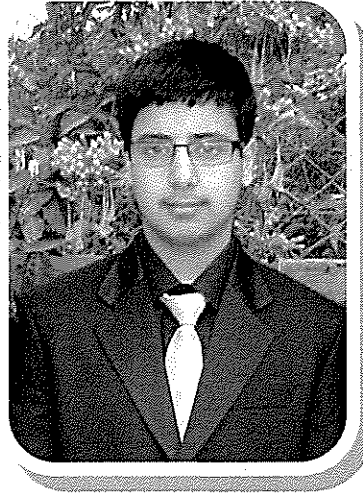
I recommend The secret life of code By Kjartan Poskitt

Nepal trip

Shuvam S Neupane

Nepal, the country of my origin, the country in which I finally step foot in after 8 long years. The country hadn't changed a lot since my previous visit; it still stood tall with majestic mountains bordering a valley which I call motherland, Kathmandu. The city, home to numerous world heritage sites, was where the majority of stay took place. Kathmandu contains many cultural monumental structures that I was proud to visit. These included famous sites like Hanuman Dhoka, Patan, Bhaktapur, the former Royal Palace, and the Buddhist stupas of Boudhanath and the Hindu temples of Pashupatinath. The numerous buildings and places allowed me to fill my curiosity and understand the history of Nepal. The purpose of my trip was to visit, and re-familiarise myself with family members but also to explore my native country.

Nepal is known for its glorious mountain ranges and I was lucky enough to experience the breath-taking scenery as we endeavoured in a 10 day journey across the country. Our first stop was near the boarder with India, Bhairawa. Our 4 nights here allowed me to try something all young boys nowadays dream off; hunting and shooting. After a short lesson, I was able to shoot and hit cans which were placed 40meters away. This was a very exciting experience as holding an item so powerful pumped adren-



aline through my veins. Staying in Bhairawa also allowed us to visit a place which is currently one off the top tourist destinations in the country, Lumbini. Lumbini is the birthplace of Gautama Buddha and is scattered with monasteries built by various international governments. My personal favourite was the German

monastery, which surrounded itself with a peaceful and serene garden.

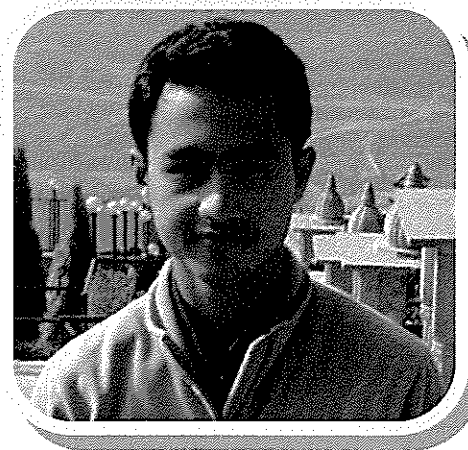
Our next stop led us to the Chitwan National Park. Chitwan was my favourite experience off the trip as we were able to witness many different activities which would be unheard off here in New Zealand. Some of the items we watched or participated in were the jungle safari, riding the Tanga; horse drawn, and being a part of the annual elephant festival which featured elephants football, elephant beauty contest and race to name a few.

Our final stop was Pokhara. Pokhara was an amazing spectacle with the lakes, caves and the famous fish tail mountain. Pokhara capped of a very memorable journey around my native country. A journey which was filled with excitement and new experiences. A journey that I will never forget.

Highlights of our summer holiday

Ribu Dhakal

My family and I went to Nepal for the summer holiday. It was a long trip (10 weeks in total); we left Christchurch in the last week of November (school holidays hadn't even started) and returned back in the first week of February (just in time for school). On the way to Nepal, we stayed in Delhi for 5 days and stopped over in Malaysia for 4 days on the way back. Like all trips, we had some good and some bad moments, but the good moments easily outweighed the bad moments which were very few and far between. It was nice meeting grandparents and many other relatives who were eagerly waiting for our arrival. We also went to several places in Nepal and India; Chitwan, Lumbini, Pokhara, Kathmandu, Darjeeling to name a few. Here, I am identifying three places from the trip which have left fond memories that'll never leave me.



park for a night to experience the wildlife. We arrived at the resort in late afternoon after watching the elephant race, elephant soccer and elephant beauty-contest (won by the gorgeous Anarkali). In the evening, there was a presentation on the history and general features of the national park. We were

told that the national park is home to more than 700 species and has been granted the status of being a world heritage site. At 7am in the morning, we had overcome our sleepiness and got ourselves on the back of an elephant to wonder through the forest. Although we were unfortunate not to see the Bengal Tiger, we managed to have a close encounter with some rhinos and witnessed the natural beauty of the pristine jungle. It is one of the best experiences of my trip, and if you haven't been there before, I would strongly recommend you to visit it.

Taj Mahal – Agra, India

Built in 1653 by the Mughal emperor Shah Jahan in memory of his wife, the Taj Mahal is a magnificent piece of work that shines in beauty. It is a UNESCO world heritage site and one of the 7 wonders of the world, making it a must-visit complex. The beauty of the simple shape with a mystic pearl-like shine surrounded by a colourful garden definitely makes it a highlight of my trip. The moment I walked through the gate and marvelled at the Taj Mahal is a memory I will never forget. There are no words to describe it. It is just simply gorgeous!

Royal Chitwan National Park – Nepal

Located on the foot of the Himalayas, the Chitwan National Park is the first national park in Nepal. We stayed at a resort inside the

Genting Highlands, Malaysia

This hill station doesn't only have the biggest hotel in the world, but it also offers many entertainment and leisure activities. It has an indoor and outdoor theme park and has hosted several high-profile international events; including the IIFA awards back in 2007. Our family were tight on time so we only had time to spend half a day at this wonderful resort. The enjoyment and thrills I had in the theme parks and the atmosphere surrounding the resort made it a wonderful day full of fun and enjoyment. If you manage to find spare time in Malaysia, do consider visiting this place.

TIGERS

The tiger is an extraordinary animal. They can run 35 miles only on short distances (10m is about right). They also have a very hard tongue that can lick paint off a building. All tigers have different stripes and none is the same. People say tigers are the queen of the beasts because lions are stronger but I think that tiger are stronger because they have sharper claws more stamina and longer fangs but the lions are better at physical strength. Tigers are endangered species because people hunt them because they kill farm animals. Bengal tigers are found in Bangladesh, Bhutan, Myanmar, Nepal and India so I'll be seeing tigers when I go to Nepal. There are also white tigers but I'm talking about normal tigers. So I hope you have found this interesting.

Iros Neupane

Age:9



The Wizard and

His Wand

Once upon a time there was a wizard. He had a magic wand. The wizard's name was Jack. His wand's name was Max. Jack loved his magic wand. He was Jack's best friend. Jack used Max to do heaps of magic. They had lots of fun together. But they had to watch out for Ben the burglar. He tries to steal Jack's wand. Ben was really jealous of and max having fun together. Ben goes to Boy's High School. His friends did not like him because he bullied them too. Ben was really a bad boy. One day Jack and Max went for a walk. While they were walking they met Ben. Ben tried to snatch Max off Jack's pocket. But Max burned Ben's finger. So Ben ran away crying. Jack and Max cried out with laughter. "Ouch"

shouted Ben running home. Then Ben got angry.

He ran to a toy shop and looked around for the wand. "Yes" he said "I found it". Then he bought it for \$28 dollars. After that he ran to Jack and Max. Ben shouted "Abracadabra turn Jack and Max in to a potato." Whoosh. But it did not work. The wand was just a toy. Ben wanted a real wand that could do magic tricks. On Wednesday night Ben wanted to steal Jack's wand. So Ben crept up to Jack and Max's Castle. He climbed up the castle and slowly walked into Jack's room. Max was there too. Jack and Max were asleep. So Ben picked up Max and ran home. Max did not feel anything. When Ben got home Max woke up and said "Where am I".

"You're in Ben's house" said Ben.

"How did I get here?" shouted Max.

"I kidnapped you" said Ben.

"Why did you kidnap me?" said Max.

"Because I want a magic wand"

Shouted Ben.

"Then you're not going to get one" said Max. He flew fast to the window. BUMP! "Ouch" shouted Max. "Ha Ha Ha" "you can't get out" said Ben. Meanwhile in Jack's castle, Jack woke up and said "morning all ready" Jack slowly walked to Max's bed to see if he was awake. Then suddenly he realised that Max was not there. He ran outside to see if he was there but no he wasn't. In Ben's house Max was annoyed. He shouted "Let me go". "Nope" said Ben. Now max was getting really angry. Max smashed the window and got out. "Bye Bye" said Max happily. Jack was looking for Max and Max was looking for Jack. After that Max saw Jack and shouted "Jack". Jack saw Max and Max flew to Jack then they lived happily ever after!!

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By Selina Karmacharya



म भित्रको म

श्रीधर बस्न्यात

म भित्र एउटा म छ जुन कुनै न कुनै रूपमा सवैमा हुन्छ तर मलाई थाहा छैन । त्यो म मन होइन, मन भन्दा कडा छ तर मलाई धेरै माया पनि गर्छ । मनले त कता कता उडाउंछ कहिले वादल भित्र त कहिले हावा बनाएर शून्य आकाशमा ब्रम्हाण्डकै कुना कुना भ्रमण गराउंछ । मन चाहिँ बहुत चलायमान र अस्थिर हुन्छ । म भित्रको म मन जस्तो उडदैन वरु मनलाई बाधेर राख्ने कोशिश गर्छ । मेरो स्वच्छन्दतालाई नियन्त्रण गर्छ र एउटा घेरा भित्र बाधेर राख्न खोज्दछ ।



उस्ले खिचेको लक्ष्मण रेखामा सीमित गरेर जहिले पनि मेरो संरक्षण मात्र गर्ने कोशिश गर्छ । मान्छे न हुँ के के गर्न मन लाग्छ अरुले नगरेका काम त कहिले उत्पटयाड गर्न । कहां कहां जान मन लाग्छ के के गर्ने लहड पनि चल्छ कहिले स्वच्छन्द भएर कहिले लुकेर त कहिले छलेर पनि । रमाइलो गरौं आ मरेर लानु के छ र भन्यो यो म भित्रको मले समाइहाल्छ अनि ए जालास त्याहा तेरो खैरियत छैन, तं त स्वाभिमानी त्यो भिडमा जान्छस भनेर रोकिहाल्छ । के के खान मन लाग्छ के के पिउन मन लाग्छ आफैँलाई विसैर । खालास, यो खाइस भने तंलाइ ठूलो रोग लाग्छ, तं चाँडै मर्छस् भनेर तसाउंछ र खाने आँटलाई नै मारिदिन्छ । कहिले पिउंदा पिउंदा बीचैमा हात समाई दिन्छ र नशा असिमित चढाइदिन्छ र मनभरी पिउनै नपाई होस नै उडाई दिन्छ । दोहोरो सम्बाद पनि उति गर्दै कठोर निर्देशन मात्र धेरै दिने गर्छ । यो म भित्रको मले मनले चाहेको गर्ने दिदैन, इच्छा लागेको ठाउँमा जानै दिदैन, तीर्खा लागेको खानै दिदैन । मैले चाहेर नचाहेर मेरो सवै क्रियाकलाप माथि यस्ले सेन्सर गरिरहेको जस्तो लाग्दछ र मलाई हितलरी पारामा यो गर यो नगर भनेर

अह्लाउंछ । आज यस्ले मलाई कडासंग अह्लायो मेरो वारे लेख भनेर । मैले अवज्ञा गर्ने त कुरै आएन ।

यस्को कडा निगरानी हुंदा हुंदै म भाग्न खोज्छु कहिले छल्ने कोशिश गर्छु । तर सवै व्यर्थ हुन्छन । समाई हाल्छ । मनको चोरी यस्ले बुझि हाल्छ । कहिले त लाग्छ मेरो मन एउटा चोर हो र यो चाहिँ पुलिस हो । जहिले पनि पहरा गरिराख्ने र आफ्नो दायरा भन्दा एक ईन्च तल माथि गर्न नदिने । यादि केही गरी यस्को आंखा छलेर केही गर्यां भने यस्ले नै त्यो काम बिगारी दिन्छ र पश्चाताप

गर्न बाध्य बनाई दिन्छ अनि भन्छ देखिस मैले नगर भन्दा भन्दै गरेको थिइस् नि, खुचिड ।

मानिसहरु के के बोल्छन के के भन्छन गाली गलौचका शब्दहरु फलाक छन् । मलाई पनि धक फुकाएर म माथि आइलागे माथि यस्ता शब्दहरुका परा छर्न मन लाग्छ । केही त मलाई पनि आउंछ नि । तर यो म भित्रको म भन्छ तँलाई यस्ता फोहोरी शब्द बोल्न सुहाउंदैन नबोल, धेरै नबोल भन्छ र कहिले उच्चारण गर्ने लाग्दा मुखै थुनि दिन्छ । कहिले त मुखमै आउंछ प्याच्च बोलुं बोलुं हुन्छ तर यो भित्री मले जिभ्रो समाईदिन्छ । के गर्ने ? बाहिरीले भित्रीलाई गाली पनि गर्छ । किन भन्न नदिएको, किन बोल्न नदिएको ? केही भन्नु पर्ने बेलामा पनि रोक्ने ? तर । म भन्छ संयम हो, धैर्य राख । तँले बोल्ने उपयुक्त समय होइन, बढि नहो, जिद्दी नगर । म हुंदा हुंदै जान्ने सुत्रे न हो । मैले भनेको मानिनस भने पछुताउनु पर्ला । अनि चूप लाग्न बाध्य हुनु पर्छ । के गर्ने ? नसोधिकननै उसले जवाफ दिन्छ । अनि समय समयमा आफुलाई बोल्न नपाएको र आफने भित्री मर्म नवुझेकोमा झोंक पनि चल्छ ।

कहिले त विद्रोह गर्न मन लाग्दछ तैले भनेको अब म मान्दै
मान्दिन , ल जा । जहाँ गएर जस्ताई भन्न मन लाग्छ भन्
जस्ताई उजुर गर्न सक्छस गर । मेरो स्वच्छदतामाथि अंकुश
लगाएको, मलाई संकुचित बनाएको, मेरो अस्तित्वमा
खेलवाड गरेको, मेरो व्यक्तित्वलाई फैलन नदिएको, मलाई
एउटा सीमा भित्र थुनेर कैद गरेको अभियोग पनि त म
लगाउन सक्छु । तर कस्ताई भन्ने ? कसैलाई भनू तँ भित्र को
छ अर्को भनेर पागल बनाईदिन्छन । मेरो मात्र वाध्यता हो कि
अरुको पनि हो बुझन पनि गाह्रो को संग सोध्ने ? डाक्टर कहाँ
जाउं बेथा साह्रो भन्न गाह्रो ।

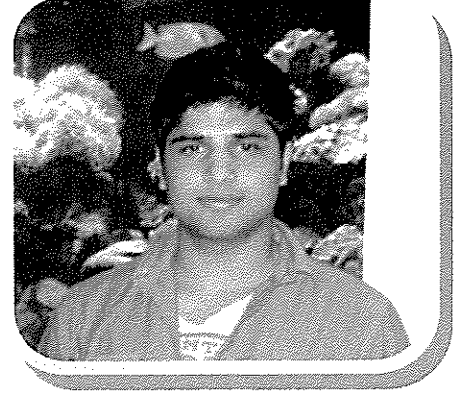
म पनि स्वभावले विद्रोही मान्छे । विद्रोही भावना उर्लेर
आउंछ र कहिले पृथ्वी नै फोडिदिने झोक चल्छ त कहिले झन
ब्रम्हाण्ड नै उचालेर फयांकिदिने झोक पनि चल्छ । कहीं कतै
चौतारामा उभिएर सवैलाइ सामू राखेर संसारकै भण्डाफोर
गरिदिन उक्साहट चल्छ । दिमाग भरी भए नभएका शब्द
फलाकेर आफ्नो पेटको तीतो फ्याक्ने झोक पनि मडारिन्छ ।
फेरि लाग्छ बोलेर के हुन्छ र ? दुई चार जनाले सुन्ने न हो ।
मनले वहकाउंछ बरु लेखन लेख । कसैले नलेखेको भित्री कुरा,
चालबाजी, षडयन्त्र अनि मान्छेका बाहिरी आडम्बरको
पर्दाफास गरिदिन कलम समाउन हात अघि बढ्छ । विद्रोही
शब्दहरू मडारिएर लेखिनका लागि तछाड मछाड गरेर
आउंछन् । कलम चल्छ बेजोडसंग । अरुबेला कनिकुथि सोच्नु
पर्ने कुराहरू यो बेला फरर उत्रिन आउंछन् खाली पानाहरूमा ।
बिरोधका शब्दहरू सकिंदै गएपछि म भित्रको म चनाखो हुँदै
आउंछ र मेरो हात च्याप्प समाउंछ र भन्छ के लेखेको बहुला
जस्तो ? मन लाग्यो झोक चल्थो भन्दैमा जे पनि लेख्ने, धत ?
यस्तो विद्रोही भावना भएका तं जस्ता कति छन कति के
लछारपाटो लाको छ तिनले लेखेर ? घोक्रा सुकुन्जेल कराका
छन्, जे मन लाग्यो लेखेकै छन् कस्ले सुनेको छ ? तैले के के
न लेखेर सवले पढ्छन र वाह वाह गर्छन भन्ठानेको होलास
केही हुने वाला छैन । तं जस्ता विद्रोही कति छन् कति
नभाका हुन र ? तिनले अहिले सम्म के लछारपाटो लाए ?
अनि त्यो मले आदेश दिन्छ यस्ता नाथे घुर्की फाल्दै च्यातेर ।

अनि मेरा अनाथ हातहरू लाचार भएर कागजका दुई किनारा
समाएर ध्वार ध्वार पार्न वाध्य हुन्छन ।

यो म भित्रको मलाई कसैले विवेक भन्छन कसैले आत्मा । मेरो
विवेकले यसो भन्यो वा त्यसो गर्न आत्माले मानेन भन्छन् । तर
म भन्छु यो विवेक र आत्मा भित्र पनि वेरिएर रहेको विशुद्ध
तत्व हो कसैले शिव अर्थात सत्य पनि भन्छन् । मेरो
ढुकढुकीलाई चलाई रहने पनि यही हो जस्तो लाग्छ । यो
जहिले पनि निस्कलंक रहन खोज्छ र हुन्छ पनि । कहिले
कुत्सित र अवान्छित कार्य गरेपछि पछुताउनु पर्ने गराउने पनि
यही हो । प्रेममा डुब्दा आँसुको धारा वहाउंछ, दया गर्दा आफू
भन्दैन, रिसाउंदा ज्यानको माया गर्दैन । कसैले अन्तरआत्मा त
कसैले स्वविवेक पनि भन्छन् कसैले संस्कार तर म भन्छु म
भित्रको मको चरीत्र अन्तरआत्मा र स्वविवेक भन्दा पनि
अनौठो छ अझ भन्नु पर्दा कठोर पनि छ । आफुलाई मेरो
आभिभावक ठान्छ । जता पनि अंकुश लाएको जस्तो लाग्छ
मलाई । निद्रामा र सपनामा पनि म माथि कब्जा जमाएको
जस्तो लाग्छ । आफुले आफैलाई सोध्न मन लाग्छ के यस्ले
मेरो सर्वोपरि हित हेरेको छ त ? तर मेरो वाध्यता यस्ले
राप्ररी बुझेको छ चाहेर पनि मैले यस्ताई मवाट फाल्न सकिदैन
किनकि यस्ले मेरो थोत्रो शरीरमा जरा गाढि सक्यो अझ भनौ
भौतिक अस्तित्वसंग टांसिई सक्यो । यस्ताई उखेलेर फाल्नु
भनेको आत्महत्या गर्नु हो । आत्महत्या गर्नेहरूको कमजोरी
यस्को थिचोमिचो सहन नसक्नु पनि हुन सक्छ । तैपनि म भने
खुसी नै छु मैले यस्को हैकम मानेको हुंदा अचाक्की थिचोमिचो
चाहीं गरेको छैन । मेरो मानसिक स्वतन्त्रता माथि पटक पटक
बलात्कार गरेपनि शारीरीक हानी भने गरेको छैन । लाग्छ
मेरो र यस्को लडाई प्राण रहेसम्म चलिरहन्छ र यस्ले मेरो
जीतलाई कहिल्यै स्वीकार्ने छैन । यस्ले हारेको दिन मैले मेरो
जीत भएको अनुभूति गर्न पाउंछु जस्तो लाग्दैन ।

बिदेश को पीडा

अशोक काफले



न आमा को काख यहाँ, न बाबा कै साथ छ
न त दिन आफ्नो यहाँ, न त आफ्नै रात छ
ज्यानै माया मार्नु पर्ने कमाउने दाउ मा
म बिकिन्छु घण्टा घण्टा डलर को भाउ मा ।

'Competition' भन्दै यहाँ खुट्टा तान्ने 'रेस' छ
अघि बड्न खोज्ने लाई नै पाइला पिच्छे ठेस छ
आफ्नो देश को सभ्यता को जुस घोल्दै पिउनु पर्ने
मदारी को बाँदर भई ईशारा मा जिउनु पर्ने ।

यहाँ रक्सी को पोखरी मा पौडिने को भिड छ
संसार नङ्ग्याइ आफू नाङ्गै दौडिने को भिड छ
फेसबुक को इस्ट्याटस को सब लाई चिन्ता पर्छ यहाँ
आफ्नै बुढा बा को तर कसले ख्याल गर्छ यहाँ ।

मन का इच्छा चाहना लाई टोस्ट गरी खानु बाहेक
बिकल्प क्यै छैनन् मेरा रुंदै काम मा जानु बाहेक
तर हाइ हेल्लो भन्दै हाँस्न मैले जानिसकेँ
बिदेश मा स्वदेशी भई बाँचन मैले जानिसके ।

2011/08/21

मनथ्यो मेरो आज एउटा

श्रीधर वस्न्यात

मनथ्यो मेरो आज एउटा
भित्री कुरा खोलिदिने
चाहना र आकांक्षाको
भाव सवै पोखी दिने ।

मनथ्यो मेरो आज एउटा
पन्छी बनी उडी हिड्ने ।
आकाशको परिधीलाई
भुवा वनी छोई दिने ।



मनथ्यो मेरो आज एउटा
जून बनी छाईदिने
चन्द्र सूर्य घेरा बनी
ब्रम्हाण्डलाई घुमी दिने ।

मनथ्यो मेरो आज एउटा
हिमालको चोटी पुग्ने
खोला नाला खहरे बनी
आफु खुसी नाची हिड्ने ।

मनथ्यो मेरो आज एउटा
ताराहरूलाई चुमी छाईने
समुद्रको पानीलाई
अंजुलीमा भरी राख्ने ।

मनथ्यो मेरो आज एउटा
आफूलाई उडाई दिने
मानव निर्मित संसारवाट
आफूलाई छुटाई दिने ।

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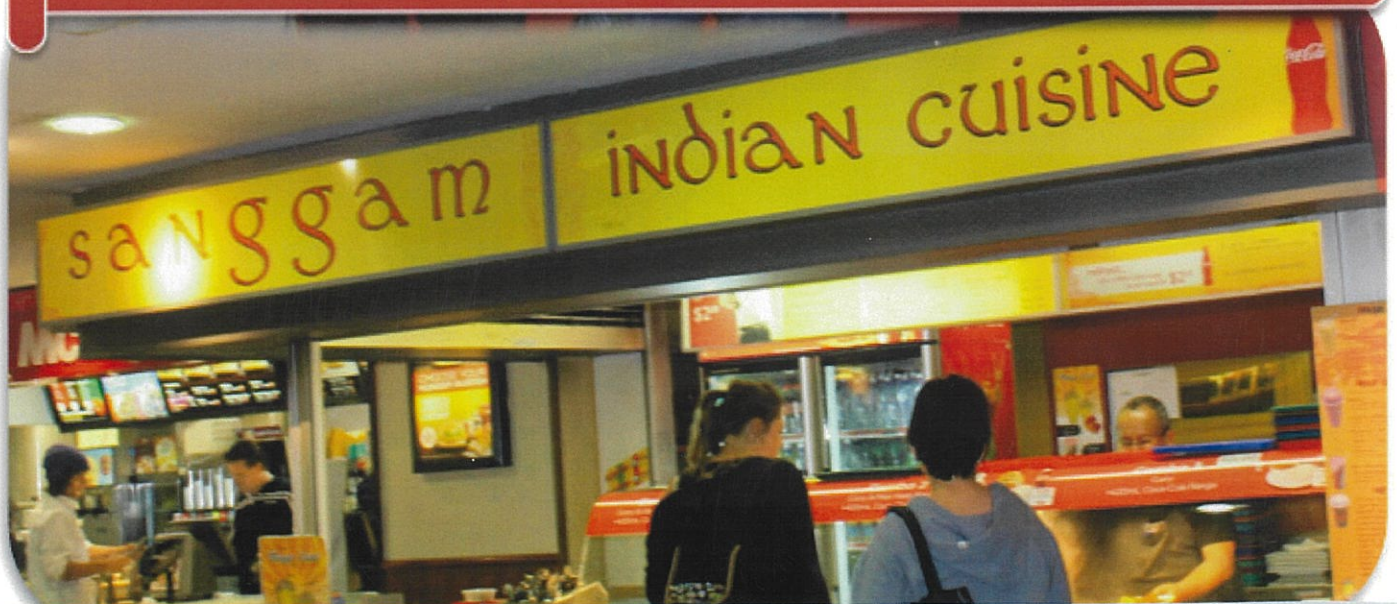
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With best regards:

Chakra Thapa, Lalita Thapa, Smriti Thapa and Bidhata Thapa

Gyaney