

# The Mind Canvas



*Nawa Raj Subba*

## The Mind Canvas

**Nawa Raj Subba**

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The Mind Canvas, Essays - Nawa Raj Subba.

Dedication

To

My Grandma Late Sancha Rani Subba Limbu  
She used to bite food  
Furthermore, Feed me  
Topped off my infant's stomach.

My Grandpa Late Ashal Bahadur Subba Limbu  
To whom I used to request gadgets consistently  
With no aggravation, he used to  
Make my equipment by which  
I used to play with winged creatures.

I expect their approval is  
Over my head constantly  
That time they saw a fantasy from me,  
as to trust was to complete it,  
I am continually attempting to.

The canvas of my mind  
continually rising Sun and without a set,  
To those godlike spirits held,  
In turn, I offer this Essays on their Feet,  
with this solemn unfulfilled address.

## PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Literature is profoundly and eternally linked with life. Literature is a dim reflection of life. Literature that has lain dormant for a long time in the mind and brain's brainstorming is good. The creator expresses the experience and experience of life in his own words and art. They see the reflection of their own life within the sufferings of the Creator they see the visual landscape. Happiness sees tears and laughter. Successful literature always ripples and influences the mind and heart of the reader.


Nawa Raj Subba is a poet, a lyricist, an artist, and a Public health worker. Vani Prakashan had published a collection of poems, 'Life in my dictionary,' a group of articles on *Janaswasthya Pata, Bata, Ra Anubhuti* public health articles a few years ago. Today, this publication has presented the memoirs of the same creator, 'The mind Canvas' (Manako Majheri), to the reader here. We are happy to have a poet/artist as an essayist.

The essayist Subba has presented the memoirs in his mind straightforwardly and artistically. Essays are close to human sympathy. Pieces have a variety of stories and themes of rural life in the articles in this collection. Writer Subba has tried to keep the vague memories of life alive inside him close to the reader. Physically, the characters of the essay have owned their words live in the article, whether they exist or not—themes linked to contextual composition. The essayist has taken these topics as inspirational topics. They have taken it as a source and credit for their success. A beautiful village covered with fog is free from the veil of moisture when it unveils its pure beauty. There is a feeling of joy in the beauty connoisseurs' eyes, minds, and hearts. We hope that the essays in this collection will have the same experience and emotion.

This publication expresses its heartfelt gratitude to the author for entrusting the task of publishing *The Mind Canvas (Nepali: Manko Majheri)* with the expectation of sticking and living in the reader's mind. Texts are just like a beautiful image caught in the eyes, mind, and heart by the memory camera flickering back into the past.

Vanni Prakashan  
Biratnagar, Morang, Koshi, Nepal.

## THE ESSAYS IN CONTEXT

 Parshu Pradhan

This writing may be my last role in *The Mind Canvas (Nepali: Manko Majheri)* by Nawa Raj Subba. But maybe it's not the last. Since Nawa Rajs are coming tomorrow to Nepali literature, I think they have to be pushed to welcome them, put on the garland, and make them heroes. I have free and independent thoughts because I am a maker. This work is why I was saved, and the confidence to live grew.

I have experienced many colleagues, collaborators, new and old designers in my 64 years of life. For 23 years - with many disciples and teachers - I belonged to the field of education. I am interested in reading, writing and writing, and teaching. I served for 24 to 26 years in *Sajha Yatayat* (a public transport department). The driver and conductor supported it. I spent time in an education market and the traffic business. The distance between heaven and earth took me 27 to 52 years, a full 25 years of government service. Then I'm on a literary ride; I'm in the making, with writers, and in discussions and meetings. I have met and learned about fifty thousand people in this long lifetime. I encountered several individuals in the collection of characters when looking for the story's plot in connection with his work. Now I can't recall any of them. Everyone, I can't forget. Now it seems that if they had not met and become acquainted, certain people would have gone away. And meetings with some people were memorable - not to be forgotten. And if life is lost on the brain's screen, it cannot be erased. I met very late, Nawa Raj Subba, in the last step of life or the latter half. At a few meetings, I wondered aloud if our history would be different if I had met Subba 20 years ago today. But as destiny will have it, that is what has happened. We first met at Vani Prakashan in Biratnagar, Morang. It brought us closer together, and today we were able to draw a few lines in history.

To sum up, he, Subba by ethnicity, disagrees with the drawing drawn in my mind. Contrary to a Limbu food habit, he does not drink alcohol and prefers a vegetarian diet. He appreciates helping others. As the son-in-law of the group of Newar, the ethnic wall was demolished. I wonder about the society and modifications I see in conduct and voice. Nawa Raj Subba, who has a gentle and straightforward attitude, a modest, sensitive, generous, and cautious personality, is praised no matter how much. I don't think praising too much is nice, but living without honoring the right individual is terrible. A flower must, I think, be called a flower, a plant, a stone. It may not be friendly and honest for those who communicate one thing on the inside and another on the outside, but I think they're dishonest. We did not allow Subba and Rais to move forward; we blocked the way for Sunar and Pariyar, we looked at Yadav and Chaudhary differently, we just made a fuss, others were frightened when they came to climb, and so on. Today the nation is miserable; the people are sad. Not only that, the sovereignty of the country is in crisis. That is why let us know many Nawa Raj Subbas in time and give them open skies, a river, and a highway.

The *Mind Canvas* seems to be his third published work, is *Manko Majheri* in Nepali. This work is an article, an arrangement, a trip, news, column, or story. Memoirs, autobiographies, poetry, tales, news, events, experiences, and thoughts are available.

Some of the traditional definitions of essays are:

"I am the subject of my essay because I know myself best." Montaigne.

"Essay is a diffused thought." Bacon.

"The essay is a short essay on a sudden expression of the mind's emotions without a chain." St. View.

"The subject of the essay, its field is vast and unlimited, and the right essay is subjective." William Hudson finds out.

Montaigne's definition emphasizes the subject of privacy and Bacon's diffused ideas and perspectives. St. View has valued privacy, while Hudson has valued it personally.

The great poet Devkota called the essay "This is a kind of cunning naughty boy, who sometimes throws stones while walking on the road, sometimes looks happy but does not turn around ...".

In this context, the well-known critic and essayist Krishna Chandra Singh Pradhan's thoughts are conceivable. The notes of life, that is, some parts of autobiography '*Jindagika Tipotharu Part-two*,' are: "Even a seemingly insignificant, secondly, useless life has meaning and significance."

"It contains some basic information about one's personal life. I've embraced it as a part of life's notes. It is a reality. One is motivated by the truth and environment of one's circle, rather than contemplating the times, days, and pasts that have passed through it."

This excerpt from *Samaya Tsunami* is also thought-provoking - "Essay is an art." Within the realm of talent, one is independent and continues to explore the dimensions of the structure of living a separate life. "

"I think the creator is a time in itself. He speaks the time, writes time, saves time." These two words of *Samaya Tsunami* are equally plausible.

Thus, by examining different definitions, the essay can be accepted as follows:

The article has individuality.

The paper contains human feelings and perceptions.

The report includes deliberations and arguments.

The piece has an abrupt beginning and an abrupt end.

The essay comprises independent thoughts and views.

It is up to the critics to compare all these essays with the essays of Nawa Raj Subba. I don't consider myself a critic or a commentator. However, I am writing something in this book by Nawa Raj Subba, I am writing an introduction, or I am going to say something more. In the article titled *Role of Preface Writer*, Dr. Jivan Namdung has highlighted the importance of forewords has become like the necessity of a book; a book cannot be imagined without a preface. He further clarified the extent and condition of the preamble as follows: "The preface should be justified to enable the reader to get a sense of the Creator's ideological commitment and loyalty to creation by taking the background of the prologue." Moreover, the book should acquaint the nectar readers with the curved expression of communication from time to time and with works that seek satire, protest, phonology, inconsistency, anomalies, contradictions, and contradictions.

But I say this is not my role. It is just a general introduction or commentary on Nawa Raj Subba's writing. There's an essay called *The Mind Canvas* here, as well as the words in the mind, the empty core of the mind-like house, and the spiritual message or presentation. In the Nepali dictionary, *Majheri* means the space between the stove, the bed, and the room left empty in the house, the ditch floor. So *Majheri* should be an original Nepali word.

At the same time, it was tempting to mention the short history of Nepali personal and memoir essays. Prithvi Narayan Shah's *Divyopadesh'* in 1831 BS should be called the first literary essay. Before this, there were prose works like *Bhaswati*, *Gaganiraj's Yatra*, *Khandakhadyaka*, *Bajpariksha*, *Fever Medication*, *Prayashchit Pradip*. In Eastern literature, the form of what we call today does not appear in the Sanskrit period. However, a good history and development of essays can be read in Hindi, Bengali, and Chinese literature.

In fact, in proportion to the format or structure of today's essay, the French writer Michel de Montaigne is credited with giving birth to it. In 1580, more than 150 years before today, a book called *Essais* was published, which contained subjective qualities. Similarly, Francis Bacon of Britain initiated the modern essay. In Bacon's essays, objectivity is found to have explanatory relevance to physics formulas. Professor Rajendra Subedi has divided the period of Nepali essay literature in the dictionary of Nepali literature as follows-period:-

- (a) Background Era- Until the publication of *Gorkhapatra* in 1958 VS.
- (B) Primary Period- Until the publication of *Chandrika* Magazine in 1974 VS.
- (C) Secondary period - From 1974 to 1991 V.S., until the publication of *Sharda* magazine.
- (D) Modern times - Beginning in 1991 VS.

*Gorkhapatra's* (1958 VS) publication has been a cornerstone in the history of Nepali essay literature. *Madhavi* (1965) and *Gorkhali* (1972), published from Varanasi, India, certainly contributed to the development of essay literature. Subjective essay writing started after publishing *Chandrika* magazine from Kurseong, India, in 1974 VS. Similarly, Nepali essay literature was further refined through magazines such as *Gorkha Sansar* (1979 VS), published from Varanasi and Literary convention in Darjeeling, India. In the modern era, which started with *Sharda* (1991 VS), the essay genre presented various aspects and topics in a balanced and refined example in its subject matter, shape, art, emotion, expression, etc. After the revolution of 2007 VS, many people came forward in essay writing. With the introduction of refinements in some of the earlier associated writers, the ancient tradition began to be broken.

In the nearly four decades since 2020 VS, essays have become stories, journeys, destinations. Moreover, it became a poem, became a memoir, became news, and moved forward with new values and beliefs. Krishnachandra Singh Pradhan, Kamal Mani Dixit, Janaklal Sharma, Ramesh Vikal, Taranath Sharma, Bhairav Aryal, Shankar Lamichhane, Madhav Pokhrel, Govinda Raj Bhattarai, Ganesh Rasik, Yuvraj Nayaghare, etc. are some of the influential essayists. They have brought Nepali literature to this open and independent international highway. And it would be unfair not to name young, strong signatories or celebrities. In a crowd of about fifty signatures, that is, on a long journey, the poet Nawa Raj Subba is standing in the row with some of his personal, memoir, travelogue, informative, sensational, and thought-provoking essays - with 'The Mind Canvas.'



The list of essayists that came to my mind seemed incomplete to me. So I wrote: I am not an official person in this regard. That is why literary magazines like *Garima*, *Madhupark*, *Rachna*, *Abhivyakti*, *Sarada*, *Sugandha*, *Mathribhumi*, *Gunjan*, *Akshar*, etc., which are published today, turned over the magazines published inside and outside the capital. So I added the list of today's famous, competent, and successful essayists in these journals: Let's call it random sampling. The favorite writers are Dr. Laxman Prasad Gautam, Tejeshwar Babu Gwang, Shriom Shrestha 'Rodan', Ramesh Gorkhali, Jivnath Dhamla, Bhishma Upreti, Dr. Tulsi Bhattarai, Dr. Khagendra Prasad Luitel, Harihar Khanal, Nimesh Nikhil, Krishna Dharavasi, Govind Giri 'Prerana' etc., etc. This list could be longer.

It is how I summarize the essays in 'The Mind Canvas.' In his anthology, Subba has welcomed his readers and writers in the following way:

"It was probably published, thinking that sharing the burden of my heart with readers would be easy."

"Although it may be a little difficult for me to introduce myself to readers directly, I am happy to be able to present myself in writing honestly and responsibly."

"Creation is not enough to satisfy the artist self. It should contribute to the happiness of the reader and society as a whole."

"How well did I become? Will judge the reader/critic. I will always accept feedback and guidance as a literature student."

Namely, this essay uses Nawa Raj Subba's mentality, meaning, and experience.

That is, these essays are full of reader sympathy and satisfaction.

That is, these essays are helpful and motivating for society.

That is to say, the expert evaluator of these essays is the expert reader. His door is always open and welcome for any comments. He has these five confessions.

The first essay is the essay-reportage of the deaf children overwhelmed by their talents and emotions from the painting competition of tomorrow's Nepal, i.e., New Nepal in their thinking - *Picture of New Nepal*. Emphasizing that the disabled need rights, not mercy, the author have envisioned Nepal of tomorrow through the pursuit of peace and the pursuit of Lord Buddha.

An excellent and influential picture is literature; it is as sweet as poetry and as profound as an epic after seeing an author in an art gallery exhibition. The purpose of the collection was to show the effects of a decade of conflict. There are also very painful expressions in each picture. For example, "Oh God! You ought to take me rather than my only child. How to deal with being alone in life? Why did you punish me so much without any guilt, my God!." *Poems expressed in Pictures* contain the gruesome war scenes and Subba's poetry. These lines of the poem seem touching-

How much time and heart  
more people will pay them only after the auction  
the price of revolution.

After reading Tribute to a Limbu Woman, my eyes welled up. Limbu, who had never married, became a symbol of humanism. This text is a true homage to Subba, and a true remember

of her. The author's single sentence enables him to understand the depth of the essay, the pain - "The destiny of playing with the student was difficult," he said.

It is the inauguration of one form of the mother or one painful aspect of mother power – *Maternal forms*. Many hilly districts are inaccessible to motorists, and porters are still the means of transportation. The *Bhoteni* woman holds many merchants' goods, and her son weeps. What could be a more complex struggle to survive than to live here? She is the symbol of all Nepali women. In today's Nepal, all forms of exploitation, injustice, and oppression against women and the pain they have suffered have been presented beautifully.

Writers are susceptible to women. The *Vendor woman* selling vegetables is an example of this. The author sincerely urges us to be sympathetic to the plight of the women who come to sell vegetables from house to house.

Not only a poet, but he is also an essayist. And he is also a connoisseur of music and lyricist, and singer. Although *Hakpare music* is a mantra or song sung at the death of a Limbu, the author also has a deep connection with passion. This essay shows the opinion of the author that there should be protection and development of *Hakpare* music, which has been overshadowed in the field of Nepali music. In the author's essay *Life, the for a country and musical life*, he has expressed his faith in nation and patriotism. The author has expressed a clear idea about the song in this way: But it is not the only chariot of life. There is a need for pieces to revive life and the world.

In the fluid political situation of the nation, the author has sung the song of national sovereignty and unity. Some aspects of our national sentiments are also included in this essay-

Nepali Nepali, we are Nepali  
 Madhesi, or Janajati, we are Nepali  
 Dalit, or Tagadhari, we are Nepali.

*My first teacher* is the author's autobiography. The practice of beating the head for not giving a proper answer to the question asked was called *takkari-twak* and through this punishment, *Jantare* sir has been raised in his memoirs. In this memoir, he has made himself clear in this way. "Anyway, today I enjoy at least standing up for the poor, doing something, speaking, and writing."

*A pair of pigeons* is also a memoir. The author proposes to leave a couple of pigeons around the temple instead of offering them to the animal as his wife vows to provide a pair of pigeons to God *Budha Subba* due to the youngest son's illness during a festival. Satirizing the superstitious tradition, the author has written a symbolic blank line emphasizing the need to protect animals - "Someone took pigeons out of the sky of my imagination."

Reading an essay, *Kid lost note*, written by Dharavasi influenced him to take a vital decision in his life. There is also the philosophical aspect of losing oneself like a child one day. It also expresses that literature and the writings of writers can change one's mentality and play a revolutionary role.

Dahal Yagnanidhi and the term *Jadau* have become synonymous with each other. His eloquence and powerful voice are popular among the Nepali people. This piece is an exciting memoir of what he recited on Radio Nepal through Dahal- *Jadau Dahal Yagnanidhi*.

As the author himself is a literary man, he has presented his views on the creator and literature. Therefore, *The Honest Academic Writer* is a fair presentation of the author.

*Society expectation for authors* is also an essay related to writing. The author has presented the advice to have a positive attitude by making people aware of their talent, dedication, sadhana, and honesty.

The author has presented the Nepali proverb 'Protecting the snout and the privates' of today's mobile or telephone culture in *The telephone and muzzle*. The author's memoir essay is *The telephone and muzzle*, advising to be polite, short, and straightforward while dealing with a phone.

The author, a strong advocate of affection and sensitivity towards animals and birds, has presented the Gandhian ideals of Mahatma Gandhi and Menka Gandhi simply and effectively- in *The Sensitivity of humans to Animals*. In this essay, the author has presented the vegetarian side of not eating fish and meat, proving that animals also have neurons that cause pain, just like humans.

Presenting his thoughts on the *Lekhnath library* in Chandragadhi, Jhapa, the author has also pointed out some references to the current activities of Nepali literature. Such as the lack of female signatures, the habit of reading a book only after receiving literary gifts, and the importance of the library is presented in the *Lekhnath library*.

It is a memoir about foreign travels – *The cuckoo song in Bangkok*. This memoir is fascinating and unforgettable, along with the help given to the patient, the theme of the blind woman, pickpocketing, etc. The performance of Cuckoo's voice heard in Bangkok gives a particular shock to the place. Subba's experience looks very different from how others view and experience Bangkok.

The last work of this book is – *Realization and experience* in which he has presented himself in his subject. The author has added that some of his friends should become instructors in educational institutions, some should become journalists, and some should become writers. You don't have to go anywhere to find an example of how a talented seeker can earn fame with total efficiency in any subject; it is Nawa Raj Subba himself.

*Realization and experience* are his sufferings. In the poem, he has clarified that it is only enough if there is one way.

*Memory overflow Pradhanba* is very sweet and endearing. This memoir is written in memory of the romantic personality Durga Bahadur Khapung, who was introduced while working at the Morahang Health Post in Terhathum 20 years ago. Humanity, human rights, democracy, and sex are issues that will never be destroyed in the world. It also reflects that it is now difficult to meet the liberal and charismatic chiefs that Subba has met.

The proverb 'Potato grows in the palate' in *Baldness* seems pointless; there are sad memories of some hair losers of the scalp. This essay has a good presentation of humor and satire, and the author has given a positive message to make the destiny seekers a karmic lifestyle.

Along with these twenty essays, there are also some invaluable ideas or recent speeches of Nawa Raj Subba. Moreover, the author himself has presented some of his theories, opinions, or topical views on various topics and contexts such as life and literature, people and animals, beliefs and superstitions, hope and despair, feelings and perceptions of pain. I highlight these quotations like this:

People with disabilities need rights, not mercy. (Picture of New Nepal)

The picture is also literature. (Poems in the picture)

A picture can be as sweet as a poem and as deep as an epic. (Poems expressed in the image)

To live, people have to be tricky from time to time. (A tribute to a Limbu woman)

I also understand the meaning of the throne grown in flowers. (A tribute to a Limbu woman)

To live, one needs not only friends but also enemies. (Life, the quest for a country and musical life)

Songs are needed to revive the earth's life and save it. Today, there is a need for literature that encourages positive thought, peace, and prosperity. (Life, the quest for a country and musical life)

Anyway, today I enjoy standing up for the poor, doing something, speaking, and writing. (My first teacher Jantare sir)

Who has taken my pigeons out of my penned sky? (A pair of pigeons)

Where only the shadow of the moon calms the mind! (Thank you! Dharavasi)

Those that do not find life in the sky of desperation are hardly seen. (Jadau Dahal Yagnanidhi)

The inner world of feelings is different. (Jadau Dahal Yagnanidhi)

Only a writer can speak and write honestly for the country. (Honest literary writers are)

It is always a bit biased to use literature only as an adversary. (Honest literary writers are)

Why do authors and readers want to write and read a composition that tastes like fast food without nutrients? (Society expectation for authors)

Even at the time of death, the creator is still creating well. I believe that the reader should evaluate a creation better than the creator. (Society expectation for Authors)

If the writer's writer thinks that he is always only good or only popular works, it becomes unfair to himself and the reader. (Society expectation for Authors)

Literary creation also needs beautiful ideas, perspectives, and experiences. (Society expectation for Authors)

Animals also have neurons that cause pain, just like humans. (The sensitivity of humans to animals)

The library is also playing the role of guiding the age. (Lekhnath library)

Music has the power to touch the depths of the soul. (Song of Cuckoo bird's in Bangkok)

Cuckoo's voice of postmodern consciousness carries the possibility that other colors can be born from the seven colors. (Realization and experience)

After studying these twenty essays, these are the characteristics, qualities, or achievements of Nawa Raj Subba:

- (A) Subba's language is simple and easy. They have presented anything clearly and fearlessly.
- (B) The subjects taken up by Subba are contemporary and relevant. The topics that Nepal and the world are experiencing and seeing today have become the subjects of his essays.
- (C) All essays are somewhat diverse in some way, namely memoirs, autobiographies, reports, features, articles, poems, stories.
- (D) Each essay contains experience and experience, confession, and eternal truths.
- (E) Nepali proverbs have been used as per the need.
- (F) As the author is from a remote district of Eastern Nepal, the hill people's life, social customs, habits, etc., have been well communicated.
- (G) No essay smells artificial; everyone has naturalness, sensibility, and creative thinking.
- (H) These essays directly or indirectly break the traditional definition of an essay.
- (I) They have the flow of a mountain river, there is an open sky in thought, there is a beautiful side of humanity.
- (J) These essays are knowingly or unknowingly influenced by journalism; they are in newspaper columns or printed and printed in them. The close relationship between journalism and literature has been successfully presented.

After mentioning these ten unique qualities, I would like to give good homework to the readers of Nepali literature: Where do you place Nawa Raj Subba in the latest Nepali essay literature? At what point in history do you take him? Do you consider him a good poet or essayist? I am waiting for your answer.

Wait - there's more for me to say. Before that, I would like to quote the words of the eminent narrator, Indra Bahadur Rai: "In the same way that politics addressed inclusive development, inclusion must be considered in literature also."

And I borrow these sentences from another famous critic and narrator, Dr. Govindaraj Bhattarai. "It just occurred to us that a man cannot form the universe. Instead, his age influenced his thinking. We've all lived through the ages, some just above, below, and far away, and we've all endured."

In conclusion, I would like to say that Nawa Raj Subba is a good poet and essayist. Subba is a competent administrator. He is also a good humanitarian. He is a gifted lyricist as well as a singer. He is gifted in a variety of ways. We need to know how to recognize and appreciate that talent in time. And he should make good use of his inner energy to promote the literary practice, study, and creation because there is no work of truth understood in time (Dr. Govinda Raj Bhattarai).

That day will not be far away - his beautiful dream will come in her yard like the Nawa Raj of *Swasthani Vratkatha*. Today's Nawa Raj will have to be garlanded by a literary elephant.

Thanks!

Date: November 2007.

Biratnagar, Morang, Koshi, Nepal.

## Welcome to The Mind Canvas

 Nawa Raj Subba

I didn't think that my texts at first would ever get published as essays. It was just an attempt at expressing myself through a pen, as nostalgia compelled me to do so. I shared my deeply buried burden of emotions with readers over time. It helped me to let go of my heart's feelings that had been clinging to me. Others may value and appreciate my sensitivity to incidents. As a result, I'm willing to write essays to share my feelings.

And if I tell someone what's on my mind, my heart is lightened. I get a kind of happiness. It is said that the universe is vast, but finding a person who listens to his heart is hard. By taking it to the floor, I open my mind often to know how much I have lost in my mind. When I'm able to introduce myself to the readers while sitting on the seat woven by the letters, I feel very wet. Although it may be difficult for me to introduce myself to readers directly, I am happy to present myself in writing honestly and responsibly.

The art of expressing one's thoughts to the reader may be different. An essay is an easy genre to keep the exact details of the incident. The main character shares the experiences and experiences gained from that. I am the witness of what I have experienced and seen. I tried to write an essay by realizing I should speak honestly. Which I consider the composition. These may or may not match the traditional definition and format of the prose. However, I simply introduce an essay to the literary world.

Currently, with the essay 'I have a long sign. I participated in the essay competition at the school level in the 30s. I succeed in getting rewards at the Eastern Regional level. However, my eyes did not open up to publish the essay as bookwork. I would express my gratitude to the senior narrator, Mr. Parshu Pradhan, for his guidance on publishing in newspapers and magazines series of articles. I consider it my responsibility to thank readers for their feedback and diligence in opening my relationship with readers.

I would express my sincere gratitude for their support in publishing the book to Biwash Pokharel, Min Kumar 'Navodit', and Ramesh Poudel.

Creation is not enough to satisfy the artist self. It should contribute to the happiness of the reader and society as a whole, I also think. How well did I become? Will judge the reader/critic. I will always accept feedback and guidance as a literature student.

Thank you.

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## Picture of New Nepal

What does New Nepal look like to deaf people who can't hear New Nepal in their minds? Biratnagar Jaycees organized a painting competition named 'New Nepal for the Handicapped' in the last week of June, during the Jaycees week. The competition included more than two dozen deaf competitors. The program created a new and fun environment. There, seeing the deaf children's abilities and feelings, I was shocked.

In the painting contest, Yashodhara Sah won the consolation prize. Her image showed the viewer with a smiling Buddha. In her picture, we can interpret Buddha's smile in several ways. Similarly, Prince Bhagat, who won the third award, has an art shaking hands of the Nepal Army and the Maoist Army. Dipendra Sahani's second painting has the face of a Buddha covering a canvas. There are mountains, hills, and lowlands in the background. But tears poured from the eyes of Buddha. The photo portrays Nepal's current condition.

The painting by Sisam Shrestha, the first, has an array of mountains at the top. There is a Nepalese flag fluttering on Everest. A green hill, a yellow valley, is the blue river. Eight flags of different parties waving together. The results of the painting contest were declared by Hari Bahadur Shrestha, the judge of the competition. In sum, all portraits seemed to be bearing the aspiration of peace and nation-building. They also conveyed a strong message of the peace process in the country.

I tried to kill the sun of May and the tiredness of work at this moment. I walked from Jhapa to Biratnagar. Kailash Khaki Shrestha, Secretary-General of Biratnagar Jaycees, called and said, "Tomorrow there is a painting competition for the disabled. Would you have been the chief guest?" I had to answer quickly on the phone. I recalled several things in a brief period. I was tired, but the initiative involving children with disabilities was also an invitation from Jaycees. I couldn't have denied it. The primary explanation for this is that I could not do something exceptional for disabled children. Still, I could only raise their confidence and morale by sitting in the program for a few hours. My presence would be invaluable. My exhaustion was secondary to the program.

I was delighted to be participating in the expected period. "As soon as Biratnagar JC President Devesh Pradhan met me said, "Unlike other initiatives, the program for the disabled does not have such a glamorous threat.

I love seeing deaf students up in the air. Teacher Sunita Ghimire stood next to him when the announcer began the program. She was gesturing in sign language to the deaf people. I recalled Nepal Television's sign language news show. I was glad to see his role as an interpreter there. The painting competition began after the program's formalities were completed. I also heard Jesse Sandipadas Shrestha, the week-long program organizer, asking the media from his cell phone to cover the painting competition.

Via gestures, Deaf participant Rajkumar Bhagat spoke. In a language we might understand, Sunita Ghimire was saying gestures - "It would be more fun to have another kind of friend with disabilities." By offering this opportunity to the deaf, Jaycees has done us a great favor.



"In the meantime, Sangeeta Chaudhary, competition organizer, confirmed that the program was affected by the Nepal band's brief details and rumors.

People with disabilities need rights, not compassion. After reading their faces, I found that they encouraged everyone to participate in the program planned for them, as in other programs. Their thoughts and imaginations are not different from others but profound. The horizon of fantasy is big. It's got the same depth. His paintings, more than that, reflect the fundamental ambitions of a modern Nepal. Somewhere in the picture, there are pigeons and the national flag. The use of Buddha as a protagonist in the artwork symbolized a desire for peace.

They have unity and empathy for the peace that all Nepalese are pursuing, including the deaf, though we consider them disabled. Of course, the new Nepal is the ideal, peaceful, and prosperous Nepal that today's deaf children want.

## Poems expressed in the Pictures

Images are literature as well. A natural explanation of life and the world is image literature. Thus, photographers are artists. In it, as if the photographer had seen the moment he chose without any metaphor or symbol or illustration, the creator conveys the truth directly to the reader. I am a witness to the extent to which an artist's camera captures a meaningful composition and portrays a touchy moment of reality to the viewer in an imaginative way.



The image can be as sweet as a poem and as deep as an epic. It is an attractive invention that does not harm anybody, no matter how hard you look at it, even if it is stuck on the wall. It was a holiday last May. I also had the opportunity at the Art Gallery in Kathmandu to see a photo exhibition titled 'People in War' The 'Nepalya' organized exhibition has chosen Nepal's war paintings captured from 2053 VS to 2063 VS.

Spectators were scaling the art gallery's ladder. The core of the ladder had a long queue. Before the show started, I felt like a line in a movie theater. The immense crowd made me shocked. I've even added myself to the queue. Mass was heading for the entrance to the gallery. There was a long queue facing

the gallery. But I was drawn away by a picture hanging in front of the corridor. In the photo, a teenager holds a bundle of grass on her head. She carries the weight and covers her face with the other hand. It is as if anyone heavier than the burden of the grass has broken the heart of the bereaved. The girl is probably shielding her heart and her face in the photo at the same time. Her shocked face is not noticeable, but it is slightly accessible in her face. The camera picks up her discomfort secretly and reveals it to the viewer. When I look at them, I step toward the art gallery, collecting in my mind bitterness and curiosity.

I wonder if, in the war, somebody has killed her parents. Or maybe they killed some of his family members and so on. "The caption reads when I enter the photo: "These teens whose schoolmates were kidnapped by terrorists. She survived the kidnap as that day she didn't go to school." I think someone asked her how she would be doing. The picture squeezed my mind like a lemon.

The line of viewers from behind is moving forward. I often automatically shift my legs, like the hands of a clock. An image of a young warrior looks drawn in the following picture. A stunning young woman in a veil, who looks like a bride, is seated. It looks like a bag with a drawstring that encloses it. She's squatting. Her right arm holds a rifle. With a grim expression, she looks like she's sinking in some thoughts. The caption reads: "These guerrilla fighters are unhealthy." I was as concerned as the audience about her potential health problems. The pictures touched the spectators' hearts in the photo exhibition. I was shocked to see a woman lying on a battlefield-scattered corpse in another photo. A policewoman with her head on the chest of her dead husband is crying. I imagined at that

moment that she could be thinking, "Dear, where have you left me? I will go with you too." Instead, the picture caption reads, "A woman bidding her last farewell to her late husband."

I was saddened to see children and goats scattered by a bomb dropped from a helicopter in another photo next to it. Maybe boys were playing with the grazing goats.

We are passing by looking at the picture display in front of the crowd. I did not feel like talking. The throats were all obstructed. A tear-filled well of an aged woman goes into my eyes in the picture. I stand for a while. An old mother tears at Pashupati Aryaghat's last farewell to her children. She said, "Today, I have to say goodbye to my only child who kissed me while I was breathing." I read on his face, "Oh God! You ought to take me rather than my only child. How to wait till death alone? Why did you punish me so much without any guilt, my God!"

It is just that they said it tasted too sad. I saw the response written by a spectator hanging on the wall. A spectator wrote on the paper - "Looking at the pictures, tears flowed. You don't have to look at images like that again. Similarly, another viewer wrote: "The leaders who run the country should see these images."

This photo exhibition gives me not only a poor taste of the facts. It offered fresh hope, too. I figured today's youth and young people were running away from the country's situation. They just liked cyber, that is, the internet. They were dreaming of a foreign country. I just imagined that, and I just went there. It seemed that tomorrow's generation would now be the same one. This hardship, however, is not an honest opinion. Teenagers and young adults were most of the visitors to the show. Having seen this, I became persuaded. I felt as if, in misery, I had found happiness. It indicates a glimmer of hope, like a circle of silver found in a cloud.

In the last room of the exhibition hall, I bought a 'Beautiful Peaceful Nepal' T-shirt for sale and walked down the ladder. There was a rising queue of spectators watching the photo exhibition. On the way back, I recalled the poem I had written some time earlier, 'The Value of Revolution' I want to place a portion of it in front of the reader.

Everyone knows how to  
 The destination's meaning  
 They know that, understand that, understand that,  
 The feeling of the wound and the pain from walking  
 Ache, but we're not sure of that, Ache.  
 Where the wound was about to heal,  
 When you forget about how to fly, the injury  
 We're all confused,  
 When it comes a time,  
 How much time, hearts, and vermilion  
 It's required to be an auction for  
 The Rebellion's Price.

## A tribute to a Limbu Woman

Many people have got respect inside the life and even after death. The children who are born pay their father's homage. But an ordinary Limbuni woman, and even a mother who today has no children in this material world, at least as far as I can recall, seems to have no human being. That is why, by going forward as a human being, I try to pay homage to her - by writing a memory.

In the Vikram Samvat of the 2030s, there was an aged single woman named Saily Budhi or Limbuni Budhi. She lives underneath the playground of Saraswati High School in Hangpang village of Taplejung district. At that time, out of fear rather than respect, I used to call her Saily Bajju (grandmother). She used to be a high school student villain like us and often hurt the students. Our hearts would pound if a football fell from the field to her field when we were playing. We used to be afraid of thinking she could pick the ball and make a hole in it with her sickle. I also remembered that the old lady picked it up and took it home to conceal it. She was chasing students like a female hen to defend chickens when she went to ask for football. She used a sickle in her hand to track the student. Students ran away in terror at the time. We used to play football almost every day, even amid such worries and anxieties.

There were two playgrounds at our school. One was large and the other small. We kids don't get to play too much on a big field. So I had to go and play on the narrow ground, where the ball would fall directly on the old lady's field. It seemed like a woman at that time was so rigid, so brutal, but I finally understand the psychology of the pain of such a cruel person today. I'm trying to learn how tough people need to be to survive. I now realized the significance of the thrones rising with the flower at this time. So I am writing those words to tribute to her, remembering her.

One day, there was a football match between the students in the school's big playground. In the middle of the game, the ball crossed the playground fence and went straight down to the lady's field. The aged woman struck the straight with a sickle, chasing the football. The football had a hole in it, and the wind was swirling and collapsing. The students got excited. Then they destroyed the millet field by dancing and jumping. There was a considerable debate between the lady and the students. She was the only one on one side and the hundreds of students on the opposite. However, nobody even touched her. But after crushing her crop, the students returned to a winning mood. The same loss she suffered all year. She was a school victim of humiliation. But she was a kind of villain for the students/teachers.

During Dashain, Lady Saily Bajju invited my mother to eat something. I used to walk over to her house with my mother in tow. She used to amuse my mother with *Yangben*, a sort of edible mushroom that grows in the upper forest on a tree cooked in the blood of a buffalo and millet liquor. With chili, it used to be hot. And in a small jug of water, she used to give me water, to wash Yangben's spice into my stomach. I liked Yangben very much, however. She used to feed her specially made pickled chicken feathers occasionally. It was bitter but tasty. I used to use water to eat it. Only during the festivals were such dishes used. She used to make onion pickles, often pickles of *Dungdunge* leaves, sometimes pickles of local tomatoes

(Rambhenda), when my mother went to see her periodically. I used to sit beside my mother and lick my mother's jam secretly. I felt yummy at that moment.

At the time, I was probably five or six years old. The taste of the *Yangben*, Onion, Dungdunge, and Tomato (Rambhenda) pickles is still on the tongue even today, forty years later. Nowadays, I remember her vividly when I see the greens of Yangben/Dungdunge somewhere. Not just that, if anywhere I see gourd, sponge gourd, I will remember the same Lady Sailybaju. She used to surround the goat's shed roof and grow gourds. I could see her developing and growing each day as I walked along the path to her yard. When did Bajju go to the garden to collect pumpkin, gourd, and sponge gourd? I was intrigued by the vegetables in her backyard. I used to be shocked when I saw the pumpkin and guard on the window display.

Until I was old, I couldn't help but speak to the rigid Lady Saily Bajju. After completing my medical certificate in Kathmandu in 2037 VS, I came to work in my village as the health post-in-charge. Lady Sailybaju was very old at that time. She was sitting on the floor of the house one day, talking to my mom. In a soft voice, she said to me, 'Nawa Raj, if there is medication, give it to me for this itchy wound.' She showed me the wound on her head. I've seen that it's Ringworm on the scalp. From the health post, I brought the medication. That went a little bit. Later on, I moved to a different district in 2040 VS.

When I came home, I found out that she had died later. In pain, she died. To find out, I was upset. The school and the playground moved, I saw. The playing field that we used to have is zero as well. Downstairs, the house of Sailybaju stands alone, stunned, like me. The door is closed; the house is locked in the building. Students don't play football there. Ironically, the students went from there after her death when the school and the playground moved away. So the destiny of playing with the student was difficult for her.

I've seldom seen such an influential woman, no matter how hard she tried. A woman who is always steadfast in her desires and values and unwavering. Who recalls her even after her death? Even if someone remembers her, they are scattered like me today. Some students can identify her as a fun and bitter character of a landlord.

But as a struggling heroine, I remember her today. At the moment, I don't even have a snapshot of her. But I have in my mind a vivid image of her. I'm never going to be able to eat those delicious dishes I used to eat in my childhood, of course. I will not be able to eat it for health reasons, even though someone gives it to me. The taste and the memory of her will always be with me. I will always admire the heroine who survived as a determined person. My heartfelt homage to the celestial Sailybaju, the mother of the living. My tribute to the lady who, ever after, lived happily and died alone.

## Maternal forms

I am staying in Kathmandu in the month of Chaitra 2063 VS during a month-long training. On Saturday, I boarded a bus to Swayambhu stupa to spend time in a peaceful place. The bus stopped abruptly after reaching Samakhushi from Dhumbarahi. A tanker had hit a child yesterday. People blocked the road in protest today by burning tires in the street of Samakhushi. People threw stones over automobiles at those attempting to drive forward. As a result, I was unable to travel to Swayambhu. From there, I was forced to return. I figured I'd go to another Buddha's stupa instead and breathe a sigh of relief. When I got there, I climbed over the Stupa of Buddha and looked around. Tourists from different countries have seen it in abundance. When I saw the Bhotinis in their traditional clothes, I remembered when I lived in the Sankhuwasabha district for service.

Several years ago, the Sankhuwasabha Khandbari scenario began to rotate in my mind. That memory gives me a bitter-bitter sweet-sweet taste. Readers know that Bhote-Bhotini and Chauri are coming to district headquarter Khadbari from the Kimathanka Makalu Tibet border region. The only alternative to transporting goods in that mountainous area is to carry the goods on the human back.

One day, I was walking from the chowk of Khandbari Bazar to the house. A Bhotini porter was walking in front of me with a heavy load. I got to the side. A four-five-year-old boy is walking, holding the Bhoteni woman porter's Bakkhu (dress), and walking. Maybe at that time, the child is crying because of hunger, thirst, or a desire to buy something. I saw a woman carrying a heavy load and walking on the road as I got closer. That was so heavy that she couldn't speak anymore. A son is walking along with her, crying. She's on her way all the time. I looked up at his face as I came to him on the way. How much endurance she has. How much ability and how much determination she possessed. And how much love she has for her child reflects on the mother's face. I was shocked, man. Her face was not a little unhappy with the pain. Instead, I saw the line of hope and love on her face, and the redness of love shone with sweat.

That's when I was reminded of my mother. I followed my mother, putting my hands in her dress as she went to the stream to get water for the pot. When the jar was empty, my mother would pick me up and carry me. When I came back from the water stream, my mother had to lift the water pot. She would not be able to hold me. I could not understand my mother's limitations and maybe asked me to carry them as before. My mother couldn't walk with me like a porter woman with a crying child.

When I joined my mother like this, I used to jump in front of my mother, but when I came back, I often came back crying after my mother-like Bhotini's child. I looked at myself as a child once. At that time, I used to come back from the *Tindhare* stream, holding my mother's Sari and crying like this. I remembered my childhood and asked myself, "How much I hurt my mother at that time!"

I remember the Bhoteni woman was carrying heavy loads on her back on the mountainous road of Sankhuwasabha. I remember the weight of her pain. Just then, the face and memory of my mother flashed through my mind. I still can't measure how big my mother's heart is.

## Vegetables Vendor Women

We usually examine the vegetable-covered dhaki when a woman seller came to our chowk in the morning, saying 'Tarkari Leve.' If she brings our favorite vegetables, we're going to select and negotiate. If she says ten rupees, we're starting the brokerage of five rupees. We don't mind buying vegetables unless we lower the price as much as possible. It was the same thing at my house. They had as much of an idea of brokering as possible.

Today, this perception has suddenly changed in my house after I received a book containing autobiographies of female vegetable vendors in Biratnagar. After studying women's vegetable vendors, Sita Poudel, President of Bal Samaj Nepal, wrote and published the autobiography. The organization conducted a study to make autobiographies of women who go from house to house in Biratnagar and trade vegetables on the sidewalk. I was reading stories at the time. There were autobiographies of female vegetable sellers. Stories were telling their difficulties and sufferings. It was a colorful and moving autobiography. The findings of the study were convincing. That warmed my heart. I thought this book would be interesting for my wife, too. I let her read that.

One day, my wife, Chanchala, said to me, "Those who sell vegetables by calling them 'Tarkari Leve' should not be brokered so much." I asked her why. She said it a little seriously. The autobiography of the women selling vegetables has changed me. There's a lot of misery in their business. We are neglecting their work by doing unnecessary brokerage. Nowadays, I've done less to broker vegetables with them. She said she was unhappy to see others brokering them down. That made me happy. I believed that one book had the power to influence people's lives. I was astounded to observe such a difference just before my eyes. I've been told about this incident many times in public. A reporter asked, "Did you not suffer from this?" I said, "For me, the cost of a rupee or two of vegetables may not make much difference, but it will pay off for his hard work, and it will improve the business." Her children will be able to go to school. They'll be able to treat children when they're sick.

Vegetables are an essential part of our diet. Without eating it, we can't stay healthy. Not everyone in the city market can grow vegetables regularly. Vegetables are bought in the city in the morning and the evening. We are all familiar with the women of Tarai who live in the town and sell the vegetables they bring to us from house to house. We should all respect their hard work and their business.



## Hakpare music

It is hard to talk about music, but it's enjoyable to talk about it. It says that we can discuss music as a listener, not as an expert. I was watching television on June 21, International Music Day. A piece of information ached my heart. Now I am discussing music as a music-loving listener.

Two songs became popular in Nepali music in the fifties. The lyrics of Biplav 'Pratik' composed by Deep Shrestha a while ago is like this:

Every night there is a cramp in the dream  
Landslides might hit My lovely village.

I particularly enjoyed this song's music. The trio is excellent, consisting of words, music, and voice. This song's lyrics are transparent and touching. Moreover, its music composition is original. That touched my heart. I was initially perplexed by the clarification for this reason. I like Deep Shrestha, a Nepali singer and musician. I listen attentively to what he says in the media, too. He discussed something in a radio interview about that famous song. "How did you compose such special music in the presented song?" He acknowledged Hakpare music that influenced his melody to compose in the answer. Though I admired his honesty, his integrity inspired me even more.

I also have a solid link to the music of Hakpare. At the end of the annual funeral Limbu priests bid farewell to the deceased. Limbu priest Phedangba pulls the vocal to speak with the departed soul after the death of a Limbu people. The Hakpare music generates an emotional musical atmosphere at this stage. Hearing this, the family's relatives burst into tears. I was amazed, as a child, to see all this. In this way, this music from Hakpare has been living in my heart since then. That's why the melody of Deep Shrestha made us all passionate and emotional.

Similarly, the villages and cities were hit by another folk song in the Nepali music world.

Here is Jamuna, there is Jamuna,  
At the bottom of Jamuna is Manakamana.

This music is also a Hakpare based song. I listened to Khem Gurung's interviews too, who once rose to fame by singing this song. But I can't hear him mention acknowledging Hakpare anywhere when he talks about this album.

Also, Bhagat Subba and Mohan Angbo have sung the Hakpare song on Radio Nepal. Their songs are available as cassettes on the market. All sorts of listeners like these musical gifts given by Hakpare music to Nepali music. Therefore, national languages and local culture contribute to Nepali music and Nepali literature.

There is a substantial influence of Eastern classical music on contemporary Nepali music composition. Nowadays, Western singing affects Nepali music similarly. Combining these Eastern, Western, and folk songs into Nepali music has also begun post-modernism. The

task of remixing the old songs started already. Such acts have positive and negative sides. Therefore, it is difficult to interrupt such alteration or development work that has come with time today. We can promote the pros and reduce the cons.

The two songs above have verified that Hakpare music is a treasure trove of Nepali music. It is a cultural tradition of the Kirat Limbu people of the Eastern hills. Therefore, such cultural practices should be taken not only as local and ethnic funds. It is also a part of the whole Nepali culture. At the same time, there is a need for its proper protection and promotion.

## Life, the quest for a country, and musical life

Happiness is the ultimate purpose, perhaps. For almost all, art brings pleasure, so people who don't like art are rare. Music is a genre of art that both the author and the listener appreciate. It is this music specialty that makes individuals fascinated with music.

*At the Biratnagar Auditorium, Virat Kala Mandir of Biratnagar arranged a magnificent musical program on Saturday, July 8, 2008.* In the program, literary author Khem Nepali declared that the day had come in thousands of years and delighted the audience at the program's start. But, in reality, the day was a rare seven-digit coincidence - 2007/07/07/07, that is, July 7, 2007, the seven-digit coincidence day, and Saturday, the four-seven-digit coincidence day.

He called me on stage as a singer, announcing the show's beginning. In the spirit of awakening people to unity, I sang a poem. I remembered the warmth and sourness of my experience. After such a long period as a musician, somebody called me on stage. I used to sing on stage three decades ago, in the '80s, during my college days. I also sang with playing guitar and harmonium, sometimes a love song and sometimes a song to awaken people.

In art and literature today, talk of passion, assertions of glamour, slogans of ideals, etc., are coming to the fore. It is not, however, the only chariot of creation. Songs are needed to revive life and the earth and save it. Today, there is a need for literature that encourages positive thought, peace, and prosperity.

Such songs display the same significance today as we enter the slums and backward villages surrounded by darkness.

Join the Side and Join the Hand  
Rise and Toles from the villages  
To change the country's look

Today, it seems to examine the position of failure separately from the struggle and fight of other people. Conflict should have a peaceful and constructive ray in it. The rivalry is an unavoidable social phenomenon. However, it could deal. Fighting, on the other hand, is life's end. In the end, this last gun won't win anybody. It should stop. It is to run away from life to risk one's life, no matter how much one takes from the water of heroism.

Everybody knows that living alone can not be lived. Life is not only possible with mates, but with enemies as well. In his poem, the poet Manu Manjil did love the enemy in a poem. The adversary in life demonstrates the path to walk. Gopal Yonjan's lyrics sung by Kiran Pradhan urge listeners not to run away from life's battles.

Running away from your life out of fear is your mistake,  
The target is achieved by those who walk here,  
Whoever runs away is left behind.

I like to hum from time to time, too. These kinds of songs make people live forever. And he encourages people to enjoy life.

I believe that music is a means as well as a possibility. Teachers, teachers, politicians, authors, and social workers are all interested in dramatizing individuals today. To wake the sleeping person up, you have to exercise a lot. Not only is this assignment complex, but it is also challenging. Maybe it doesn't bring pleasure. The creator enjoys music and creation, not only the listener or spectator who wants. Thus music has a significant characteristic that has always intrigued me.

We should be grateful, in any case, to have survived a significant time in history today. Today, no one has to picture a country without life or a country without a life. I have heard a lot of other people's songs in life. I have been involved in writing songs for my country today, too. I made up songs for Virat Kala Kendra's composer, Sajan Rai. It was performed at the same Kala Kendra's annual festival in Biratnagar. I listened to the introduction to my composition in front of others. The joy that I am unable to express in prose. In the end, however, I pass on a portion of the song to the reader.

Nepali, Nepali, Nepali We are Nepali.  
Janajati or Madhesi We're Nepali.  
Janajati, Dalit, or Tagadhari are Nepali.

Mountain, hill, and Terai soils all have one clay color.  
Tharu, Rai, Sharma, and Sherpa have the same red blood color.

The sunrise in Mechi should melt Kali's discomfort.  
As like, Himalayan ice is melting to irrigate Teraian crops.

## My first Teacher Jantare Sir

My first teacher was *Jantare* Sir, who taught me to write letters on the dust board in my Saraswati D.S.B. School in the kindergarten class. There was a black wooden board for writing *ka Kha ga gha* (ABCD). We painted with the battery carbon mixed with mustard oil and dried it in the sun to darken the blackboard. We used to hold that little black wooden board on the armpit to school. We used to write down with chalk on the blackboard. Using a piece of paper or a hand, we delete letters. Jantare Sir taught the alphabet by holding hands in such a situation. That is why he left a profound impression on my mind.

When Jantare sir entered the school, he asked us about it. 'Tell me, are you just going to grow up to be rich or poor?' In the infant class, we were surprised to hear. Many pupils replied "Rich," but few pupils replied as "Poor people" I don't have a detailed recollection of what anyone in the class said. This question, however, suddenly made me thoughtful. To me, the rich are evil, and their land is good. They hurt many people. I had heard that they also asked the police to beat poor people. Not only that, there was a fear that they would snatch the farm by trapping.

I was only four or five years of age. The picture of the poor was not clear in my mind. Still, thinking that the poor are better than the wealthy, I added to the voices of my friends: "Poor sir." Without knowing how unhappy the poor is, I gave a random response.

Even today, whether I speak of the poor or argue in my heart about the poor, I remember Jantare sir vividly, and the question he was asking at that time, and the answer I was giving at that time. I think to myself, and then at that moment, the mind says, 'I replied without knowing what I meant.' There's another mind saying 'Yes' Anyway, at least I enjoy standing up for the poor today, doing something, chatting, and writing for them.

At that time, I didn't like the punishment of hitting on the head with a dorsal side of a finger called *Takkari*. If we could not answer the question, he'd hit our heads with a fist. If his finger hit him on the head, it would hurt us for two days.

Even now, when I place my hands on my head and comb my hair, I still remember the same collision when I cut my hair. Fantastic! The beating (*Takkari*) was painful to recall, but it brings great joy today.

If he hadn't taught us the alphabet at that moment, I wouldn't have been able to cultivate the alphabet like this today. In prose, I could not articulate my feelings. I occasionally ask my kids and wife to beat me like history's Jantare, sir, when I get headaches. That feels like a massage and also provides me with relief.

Jantare, sir, correctly, Bir Bahadur Angbuhang is not in this universe, but his memory and collision revolve around my brain from time to time. And I'm meeting him. The clash with Jantare Sir taught me to spell. For reading and writing, he laid the foundation. So it has a significant hand in it, no matter how high my task is.

## A pair of pigeons

Do you consider one thing?

What?

I look curiously at my wife. She is talking about something serious all of a sudden. When a festival comes, the youngest son often gets sick. She draws my attention towards the youngest son. He often gets ill when a festival comes.

She added I am afraid because you are not around. In my heart, I have already pledged Lord Budha Subba. The son would get relief from the illness if pigeons were offered as promised. When I come home from my remote office, I go to Budha Subba Temple Dharan. I also confirmed her vow to bid a pair of pigeons.

When my youngest son, Nischhal, was born, I got my job transferred to a remote district of Khotang at the same time. Nischhal is almost a year and a half old today. I began constructing a house for my family's shelter in Biratnagar. I had to abandon my family though the building was incomplete. One day, on leave, I returned home to Biratnagar. While drinking tea one morning, I was surprised when my wife told me to go to Dharan.

She had offered chickens twice in Budha Subba Temple while my young child was in his mother's womb. I used to count that often. Several chickens were slaughtered in the name of a promise. We left heads of slaughtered animals to the priest and consumed the meat in the sign of God. Thus, I did not find it appropriate to take the self-satisfaction of achieving perfection by sacrificing those innocent creatures, seeing the pile of slaughtered animals in every puja. From now on, when I come here, bring a pair of pigeons, and in the name of God, that is, of old age, with good health and release a couple of innocent pigeons from Nischhal's own hands. Freeing the bird in the blue open sky in this way can be the best way to meet Dharma. I determined another way to sacrifice animals. I proposed a new idea to my wife at that time. "Look, Chanchala, I would rather bring a couple of pigeons and leave them free around the temple." She did support it at that moment while approving my proposal. Such a practice still exists. That's okay.

Yes, I imagined at that time that the pigeons left by that priest would fly around Dantkali, Pindeshwari in the sky of the beautiful forest and look at the forest, river, and grass. Perhaps they're going to sing love and begin a new world. When will they see Dharan Bazar's beauty? When do they go to play hide and seek in the rivers, sands, trees, creeks and enjoy the bright blue skies? Maybe one day we'll see the same pigeon peeking down from the floor and say, "Hey ... that couple of white pigeons ... we left ... that's all." It's going to offer me great pleasure, I think.

We get off the bus from Biratnagar to Dharan. We bought a pair of pigeons near the bus stand with aspiration and self-confidence. Then we climb up Vijaypur Hill. I told the priest of the temple in detail. I enter the temple and get permission to release the pigeon from Nischal's hands in the nearby forest in the name of Budha Subba.

A community of 4,5 priests is there. Within the temple, a priest sprinkles water on the statue of a god. Then, by taking the idol, placing color on the heads of the pigeons. This rite took

place outside the temple, on the south side. The priests ordered us to let pigeons fly after coloring the offered pigeons. Just below the temple, we made pigeons fly in the sky. We have Chautara open space located to the south. We touched the hands of Nischal and freed the pigeons. But they couldn't, as we assumed, go up in the sky. It flew away, but the pigeons were suddenly trying to get back to us. I raced towards them to catch the pigeons again and push them higher.

One of the priests subsequently took charge of the pigeons that refused to fly. He placed them under the sack and wrapped them in linen. I look amazing. Chanchala reminded me, 'Don't say anything; we shouldn't say something after offering like this,' seeing the lines of disappointment on my face. We've done our job. I'm always frustrated. That is, I'm astonished. Chanchala called me to relax and said, "Look, even if we had flown, one of those pigeons could drop by shotgunner." The hawk could feed.

I'm looking at the priest's expression in the sack covering the pigeon. I saw a picture of the hunters on the faces of those priests at that time. In their palms, I saw an eagle's claw. The incredible scene melted my limbs. Thus, I've taken a deep breath. And I turned my eyes away.

We returned with disappointment and dissatisfaction from the Budha Subba temple. In my legs, I felt discomfort. I don't even like downhill walking. We stepped into Vijaypur's Chowk and drank tea. And I went back to Budha Subba once before moving to Dharan. The forest has covered the temple, and the sky is foggy. Today not a single bird is seen flying in the sky. Maybe somebody took a pigeon out of my imaginary sky!

Suddenly, Nischal cries. I shook the boy. I noticed that it's hot today. I'm giving water to Nischal. I also drink from the water bottle I'm bringing with me. Still, it doesn't quench my thirst.

## Thank you! Dharavasi, thank you!

I witness the far-reaching effect on human life of any literary work. In the Soviet Union, I was preparing to study medicine. Yet, I was in a dilemma. Chanchala, my wife, had a parrot-speaking lovely kid. Our marriage was interethnic love. I didn't want to go away from the house. The desire to study, however, did not permit me to stay. So, I arrived in Kathmandu to arrange trips and study abroad. My two brothers Kamal and Dipak, used to study in Kathmandu. I stayed in their Patandhoka quarter, too - between travel and dilemma.

It's the year VS 2045. An earthquake occurred unexpectedly. *Sauni*, the householder, came to us chattering in Newari, crying for help. We picked and took the old lady out of the house, and we went out, too. The earthquake stopped when we went outside. In a rush, other people also came out. There were no unpleasant accidents seen anywhere around. We were puzzled at the beginning, when the earthquake struck, about what the earthquake was. Sitting in the room later, all three of us grinned, recalling that initially. Any of the three didn't know at the beginning about the quake. We had a certain kind of fun at that time.

Early morning had arrived. To have tea, we went to Patandhoka. We noticed people were gathering and talking with a frightening voice about the recent earthquake. After being struck by a house, people discovered that many people had died in Dharan. The relatives found out immediately by telephone about the incident in Dharan. At 7 o'clock in the tea shop, we all heard the news from Radio Nepal. And it shocked us. Later, on the 9 o'clock radio, a man was crushed to death when a building collapsed in Tehrathum. A lot of property was destroyed in Udaipur, Taplejung, and Nepal's Eastern region.

A crowd of students visited Tripureshwor Kathmandu Central Office of Nepal Telecommunications to learn about district news. All are willing to understand their village's situation. Telephony services in the districts were not available. We had to rely on the wireless network for the news at the district headquarters. The condition of remote localities was unknown to their relatives living in Kathmandu. The gatekeeper stopped the crowd for a moment, but he could not handle the students' overcrowding and frustration at the gate. The mass went directly to the operators of the wireless telecommunications section. Operators have been busy calling districts as well. The Hon'ble Vishnu Maden of Taplejung himself was sitting in the Taplejung Telecommunications Office and telling the Taplejung district news. I discovered that my village's Tanki sister, who was recently married and went to Terhathum, died after the house collapsed. Many others have passed away. The then Nepal Telecommunication Company or wireless operators in the earthquake-affected district did a tremendous service to the people at that time, in any case.

I purchased a new issue of 'Garima from the market.' I read Krishna Dharavasi's article, "Kid lost note" The article touched my heart. That eventually changed the course of my journey through life. How can I lose, like the lost Dharavasi child? A father who, when required, cannot provide guardianship. When he runs away for seven years, a husband can not give love. But, we can view it from a different perspective. It looks like a father who has abandoned his child—a disoriented husband for a wife. I've been moving elsewhere with their aspirations, dreams, listening ears, and chests to block issues for quite a long time.



They are all staring at the wind-blown horse of my scream. They will be looking back at the moon, like the setting star in the sky.

Just the moon's shadow cools the mind  
When I return after seven years, my son will have no idea who I am. My wife would not find me out as her previous husband did. In the Dharavasi post, I realized no difference between a lost child and a lost parent. So I decided to do a U-turn and cancel my plans to fly to Russia.

During the Dobhan earthquake, Taplejung Change VDC, my family felt wide awake afterward. They confirmed a brick was falling near my son's head on the bedside. It was a disturbing scene for the family. Wouldn't I see him again if anything happened? If a brick had dropped close to six inches, I would have lost everything. They would have missed me, as the boy in the essay had lost. In this way, the article by Dharavasi brought a great deal of turmoil and chaos into my mind. That forced me to the edge of my family finally.

It's been more than two decades now. The same Dharavasi that I loved in one corner of my heart, but that I had not yet met and brought into being. I met him today at a literary event in Urlabari Morang for the first time. As I got the introduction, I recalled the past. My throat and chest were heavy by reminding me of the past. I was also given the opportunity in the program to say two words. I spoke about the turning point that his "Lost kid note" brought to my life. I've uncovered a secret I've kept to myself until today—today. It finally came to light today by exposing a hidden secret in my mind.

Today, the virtues worn by Dharavasi have certainly benefited me. In a way, my son Kaushal and my wife Chanchala, along with me, have served. But what is ironic is that, except for me, the beneficiaries do not know what caused me to transform. Krishna Dharavasi, the author of the article, also does not notice the effect of writing. However, I know that it was an effect of literature.

I wrote as an archive for today. After reading this, what will my son, Kaushal, currently living abroad, imagine? How open had my heart been in my 24 years of married life, but how would my wife Chanchala feel when I had concealed this thing for so long and kept it alone?

Anyway! I opened my mind today, twenty years later, and wrote. My family will be grateful to you for reading this now. So accept from me, - Thank you! Dharabasi!

## Jadau Dahal Yagya Nidhi!

There is hardly a person in the world of life who does not see the cloud of desperation. I still see black clouds in the sky occasionally. But, in the clouds that cover the horizon, I still see the silver circle on the horizon. I get the power to live by looking at it. General people, poets, artists whose works have always given me strength and inspiration in life. There are among those who shine like a silver lining on the horizon of my mind. My chest swells while listening to his thoughts, reading his compositions. My head is filled with tears gazing at his photographs. Dahal Yagnanidhi is an author who has made a place for himself in my heart.

Radio Nepal had some powerful and successful programs in the thirties. The first is 'Event and Thinking' (*Ghatana Ra Bichar*), and the other is 'Literary Program.' Dahal Yagnanidhi was running a program on the literature on Radio Nepal at that time. The audience was captivated by his presentation. We all talked of his new rhetorical style. There were a couple of explanations that made this happen. The first clarification of engagement was his Jadau Address. His sharp eloquence was the second reason. His strong voice and courage made radio listeners enthusiastic. I was a regular listener with interest in these series. One day, I submitted a poem to the Radio Nepal literature program in 2038 VS. He recited my poem without a title and a name on Radio Nepal in a series. I was surprised at the point. Without writing it, I hastily sent in the title of the poem. I have recently published that poem with the topic "Offer to You" in my first anthology of poetry, "Life in My Dictionary." Whatever I recall, today I enjoyed it. The poem was just like that.

In the warm chest,  
 My illusions broken  
 There are no flowers to bloom in the spring.  
 Let the fall of the winter  
 Love is not Poinsettia or Babri  
 Which could be selected year after year  
 To take part in the annual fair  
 To wear a love necklace  
 The planet was looking loving  
 Come on, man! Let's plant peepal in loving Chautari,  
 Let's add two stones to the height of passion.

A sort of emotional connection emerged after reading and listening to Dahal Yagnanidhi's radio and newspaper series. So many times, political power has changed in the country. When did he come from Nepal Radio, and when did he fade away? I discovered one day that he was suffering from kidney incompetence. My mind became so depressed at that time. I wasn't able to help but just wished him all the best.

I served in the district of Sankhuwasabha. One day, I saw one of his poems, 'Magarni Maiya,' on a literary calendar in a friend's room. I read a great deal about it. After the end of the calendar year, I decided to get it. As a present, he gave it to me. I kept cutting through his "Magarni Maiya" poem. Apart from this, I had nothing to do with it. I recall that it was just an emotion. To become a fan is just like the love of one-sidedness. I like Bachchu Kailash, the beloved singer and music composer. He might not know me if I meet him anywhere.

Perhaps he doesn't like me at all. The world of inner emotions is distinct. That is hard to demonstrate and communicate as well. It reveals, however, the way to walk consciously or unknowingly and also generates a world view.

I was going to release an album of new music. One day in Kathmandu, I met Khagendra Yakso, my village brother. He lives in Kathmandu now. The folk song album "Chungwa Dobhan" earned him fame. He talked about my "Life in My Dictionary" poem. He suggested getting in touch with the radio talk program by Dahal Yagninidhi. I felt ashamed. I've had an emotional friendship with him already. But, I told him, there were no meetings ever. I told Khagendra that I should send him my poems to read. That will be a meaningful meeting if he considers interacting with me. Khagendra delivered Dahal Yagya Nidhi with my poetry. One day, Khagendra told me that a positive signal for a radio conversation came from Dahal. He said, "Brother, Dahal Yagnanidhi has liked your collection of poems. You have to go to Radio Nepal to arrange a suitable time for you and him. He invited you."

Within a couple of days, I met Dahal. We had tea and took pictures. He was very conscious about food because of the health condition of the kidneys. He said, "Nawa Raj Ji, I'm going to speak to you about a literature matter and another Limbu culture issue." I was glad to hear that.

I was informed to arrive at the east gate of Singha Durbar at two o'clock the next day. Half an hour before that, I reached the entrance. I saw the elegance of the people coming in and out of the gate. In my imagination, I dreamed of different things. Before, the gate was not there. We used to pass in and out through the main door to reach Radio Nepal without any hesitation. Today people coming to Singha Durbar have to go through security check-ups. The duty guards were checking all visitors suspiciously at the entrance. Dahal Yagya Nidhi met me at the East Gate of the Singha Durbar at two o'clock sharp. I followed him, remembering the past.

The two of us sat for an interview in a studio. Meanwhile, the technical recording was done by Sulochana Bajracharya. Dahal said, of course, that we would record two programs for two days. However, speaking, the matter did not end on two points. He said, "I have one more point to talk with you." I also said, "Yes," and in about two hours, we recorded three points.

The interview took place. I reached the hill in my poem. I did remind myself of my mother and my place of birth. In the program, I recited poems about my mother. I felt a little uncomfortable in the middle while reciting the poem in the studio, and my throat got blocked while reciting. When reciting poetry, I get a little emotional. With amazement, Dahal Yagnanidhi stared at me. He was surprised and assumed that the audience might not know to find out. I met ghazal singer Khem Nepali later one day in Biratnagar. He had noticed how emotional I was while reciting the poem and how my throat constricted. I discovered that the audience is paying close attention to the presentation.

I informed my friends of the upcoming broadcast of Radio Nepal through mobile SMS. My best friends and authors were most of them. I was delighted to see the first issue of the 'Samaj ko Majheri ma' program from Radio Nepal. I recited a poem about a mother's love and childhood nostalgia. A call came from an unidentified person on my mobile phone from Kathmandu right after the show. "Uncle, your lyrics appeal to me. I like your poem." I thought

she was talking with a slightly sore throat and the unknown teenage girl thanked me. I learned later that I had submitted an SMS already. She is the daughter of Hira Sharma, my good friend. So I thanked her as well.

Many people thanked and congratulated me over the phone for the interview that aired that day. But from Biratnagar, Yehang Lawatiji said with a smile, "No, I shed tears while listening to your poem." I have also forgotten some of your poem's customs that recalled culture and tradition. The expressions expressed by these two people touched my heart.



Then again, I recalled, 'Dahal Yagnanidhi. I hoped before today that someone in the world would address my poem 'Before Committing Suicide.' But other poems have been mentioned a lot, but seldom. I was shocked that I was alone for real. Dahal Yagnanidhi asked me a lot about the creation of the poem. He probed me not only on the show but also when Singha Durbar came out. He said, "This poem of yours has brought a new form and style in Nepali literature that I

understood well because my sister also committed suicide due to army rape." I realized that on the earth, I was not alone. A part of the poem "Before committing suicide" is here.

Oh, Mum!  
 The archetype of birth and suffering,  
 I'm your child,  
 Constantly dead and dying  
 I'm close to suicide today  
 At that point, to liberate 'Sita.'  
 The World breaks in front of me today  
 Mother, even though I don't feel Love of my own  
 Oh, I love you!

An account in Chaitra 2063 VS mentioned a trip to Biratnagar-Kathmandu. It looks just like a radio interview, but it's worth it in my life. Numerous people cheered. I also thanked Dahal Yagnanidhi for interviewing me on the radio. He was equally pleased and said, "You have been hiding for so long. It is a pleasure to be in front of everyone." Thus, the Dahal Yagnanidhi, I imagined, and the Dahal Yagnanidhi I encountered were the same. His simplicity and uniqueness, I noted.

## The Honest Academic Writer

Only authors have the time to talk frankly to the community. He is a writer who thinks and shares his thoughts on all facets of life and the universe. Opponents of influence are often literary authors. These claims came out in the Badri Palikhe's of Dharan's conversation. During the talk, on a sixth of Push, Badri Palikhe, Vijay Kattel 'Chhahra' and I were sitting at the residence of Palikhe's Putli Bazaar Dharan.

I do not entirely agree with the assertion that the writer should always oppose the government, although I agree with the above statement. But I don't think this is appropriate for the Palikhe, who are here today, to propose that concept. "Because about time and circumstances, it is a bit biased for a writer to always use literature only as an adversary. The notion that power always does unacceptable things or that power is a bad thing, or that power can not do good does not seem to believe in the opinion of democracy. Therefore, I think that a writer can respond without discrimination to any function or person, or community that has done goes.

During the meeting, Palikhe said he had taken a range of initiatives to find land for the Sajha Prakashan building construction site. He also complained that Prakashan was stingy to thank him at the inauguration ceremony despite playing such a role in seeking land as a construction site. All his brothers are in business. They have made sophisticated buildings. He said he lived in an old wooden house and spent his life pursuing literature. His three daughters and his wife are accompanying him. His wife was my first listener to listen to a poem. But, with his literary wealth, his wife and three daughters are not pleased. That's what I was sorry to say. After their death, he was worried about preserving and publishing his works. He made me very emotional with his words.

Vijay 'Chhahra' mentioned that a writer should become a journalist to move forward during the conversation. I felt outraged. Journalism and literary practice purposes are distinct. Journalism pays more attention to professionalism in journalism, but literature goes towards life and the world. The Journalism and Literature priority lists can vary. In the presentation, art and target groups can differ. Society has a distinct impression of authors and journalists as well. Palikhe supported my view. In support of my point, he gave some examples. He said that good writers in Dharan lost their literary beauty by participating in journalism. The expectation of society towards the maker is distinct from that of a reporter.

Thus, the tea-talk stopped. Then, after a meaningful chat, we said our goodbyes to Palikhe. Then, with food for thinking, Vijay Chhahra and I returned to Biratnagar.

## Society Expectation for Authors

A comedy artist won a prize in a cultural program in my primary school days. The award's cover was appealing, and it was the size of a football. I was a little boy. I also thought that the prize would be an expensive thing. I RECALL THE INCIDENT when I was in school almost four decades ago.

Principal Ganesh Bahadur Rai set a criterion for the award winner after distributing the award. The comedian asked to open the prize and perform in front of everyone. As the comedy winner opened the award cover, we were clapping. It took him at least five minutes to open it. He opened the award package like an onion layer. Students were laughing, recalling the show. It seemed like a show to all of us of another comedy. It was exciting at that moment. He noticed something inside and showed it to everyone - there was a little rubber ball inside. We had more fun, and all of us smiled heartily. Meanwhile, towards the goal post, he hit the ball. At that time, we children tried to pick up the rubber ball.

I like reading and listening to many compositions today. Listening to the content is also applauded in the assembly voice. There's also entertainment. But I asked myself on the way back, "What did I find in it?" What did society get? What was the point of perspective in this? Etc. Etc. etc. Why do we want to write and read a composition which does not touch something when we open onion layers? But always, it tastes like an onion when eaten?

After kissing the top of Mt. Everest, everyone knows that you will not stand on the hill for long. After witnessing the kiss once, some writers are intentionally inactive in creating. They become conscious of being able to fall or fight and be embarrassed. In self-sacrifice, they spend their days recalling the fame and riches they have got. But the brave son of Nepal, who was never satisfied even by kissing the top of Mt. Everest once and set a world record by kissing the peak several times, doesn't care about those makers.

I would also like to provide an example of an incident taking place in Bollywood at the moment. According to a survey, actor Shah Rukh Khan is currently at the apex of his popularity. Amitabh Bachchan, on the other hand, in his 60s, is the second most famous actor. So today, Shah Rukh Khan is also known as the king of the film world. In this sense, Amitabh Bachchan said in an interview, "It would be better to make a real assessment of Shah Rukh 35 years from now."

According to Amitabh, an individual's talent should be measured by including his entire life's energy, accomplishment, and dedication. The difference between a creator and a player is that age has a significant role in success. But in the creator's creation, old age does not have much meaning. The creator is performing well even at the time of death. Amitabh has become an instance that being afraid that one's development would be weak is not pleasant.

Even at an old age, Amitabh Bachchan shows his talent. But, of course, he can't play a role like Shah Rukh Khan. But Amitabh is doing a tremendous job according to his age. If he had thought of himself as old, I would not have been able to behave as he would not have been able, as a young man, to become an Amitabh for life. Shah Rukh is king today, maybe

anyone tomorrow, but for such a long span of his life, the audience has taken Amitabh and will take it as a sign of devoted and diligent talent.

In some creators, there is a kind of consciousness. They are warned not to regret it later by publishing the work in a hurry. The composition should release with great complexity and patience. Otherwise, the lame job should carry out for the rest of his life. There is such a conviction on the one hand, and the existing writers, on the other hand, are afraid to keep writing so that their norms can decrease. Compositions there are torn apart. In literature, this awareness has earned a lot of coverage. People are born; they learn, know, write, learn, and author. Writing is a lifetime-long practice. Within a single era, the show of human resources and creativity can reach a high level. Without uniformity, which is normal, his energy and talent will fluctuate. It's a natural rule here. There is always space for development, and the production or writing of man can never be perfect.

A writer can not always create the same degree of imagination: his age, experience, time, environment, weather, and health influence his writing. We can not expect that a great poet can not always compose simultaneously. Again, tearing the last work down by self-assessing that his work is inferior to the previous famous work is not justice for the artist. I assume that the reader should judge a creation larger than the author.

It becomes unfair to himself and the reader if the author still feels that he writes only good or famous works. Readers know that authors are often human beings with human weaknesses. The author must note that all creations would be equally beloved. Children may like childhood works. Youthful may fascinate works published by adolescence. Similarly, if they fit the same age demographic and ideas and perceptions, works published in youth, adulthood, and old age are more likely to appeal to the reader.

It is not prudent to stop the pen from arguing that the junior author would not meet the standard. It destroys creativity and destroys the fetus of creation. Another thing is that the maker is not a merchant who sells colorful sweets by covering the production with art for the festival. Beautiful concepts, insights, and experience are essential for creative writing.

Society gives birth to a maker, and he builds a culture again by being born. Let the reader know that there is only so much of the universe as the Maker reveals the darkness today. The time for the Author to explain the taste of light to the reader has come. Writers deserve to be responsible. Importantly, our culture today often expects a positive attitude and language from the field of literature.

## The Telephone and Tongue

There's no limit to studying at university. Real education starts in real life after graduating from university. A well-known figure in the field of health education is Dr. Yogendraman Pradhanang. He is a professor of health education at the Institute of Medicine, Tribhuvan University. He has written relevant student health education books. These books are currently read as textbooks for health education by public health students at universities. I was Professor Pradhanin's student in the 1930s, too. He taught me health education as well. He showed them how to communicate on the phone when interacting with others. We studied soft subjects like physics, chemistry, and mathematics in those days. We thought that teaching child little courtesy was a good idea. We had a lot of fun studying such basic stuff in college. Will we be able to teach each other these skills? As a result, it was a pre-existing idea.

A phone call comes home in the morning occasionally. "Hello, "Hello. With a rude sound, someone asks, 'Who spoke there? ' I've many times listed my name already. Later, I find him a familiar guy. Why are people talking differently nowadays to make us so nervous? I was asking myself. Yes, someone is calling my home. A caller knows I'm in the home with my wife and young son. The caller has a general idea that one of these would be the pick-up. The first question, however, is, 'Who has spoken? 'Asking, like an anonymous person. In a meeting, the same individual talks politely but is impolite while talking on the phone. So I also counter his question nowadays, 'Who are you looking for now? '.

I vividly recall the lesson taught by Professor Pradhanang at this time. He suggested that one speak in a humble voice while speaking on the telephone. When someone picked up the call, he had been taught to say "Hello, I am..." and ask, "What can I do here?" Similarly, I wake up when I call someone and try to speak to them by greeting them with the receiver's name. It seems like I've taught everybody, including me. In the book which he wrote, the same thing he taught. But I find myself and others to be very different in practice. I see signs of such ideal conversations in some non-governmental or international organizations. But nowhere have I found such idealistic goodwill in reality, nor have I formed such a habit. In any event, it is so important that I recall the information taught by my teacher when I call, but it has not been put into effect. Perhaps within me, pride and prejudice don't allow that to happen.

I'm going to pick up my cell phone and start talking. The caller does not pay much attention to the person receiving the call's state. The caller calls at leisure and assumes the person who picks up the phone is like himself in a relaxed state. The caller considers that he is like himself in a romantic mood, and the person who wakes him might be in the same condition. That is to say, just like himself, the caller is in a sad mood, and he expects the same from the person picking up the phone. In calling even such acquaintances, often even issues and misunderstandings may arise.

The phone has become an efficient instrument nowadays. You don't have to go from house to house, like before, to meet busy people. People don't even expect to come here to visit their homes nowadays. And they're all distracted. They're all in a hurry. In meetings, people don't want to waste time chatting politely. The primary variables in creating this condition are



telephone facilities and occupancy. Nowadays, those who work do not have to meet and represent you. Helper work is conducted on the phone as well. Nowadays, people only complete when a meeting is needed. Today, nearly everything is possible to do by phone, email, fax, etc. The time has therefore come to learn the art of telephone communication. Thus, it is an essential part and also teaches it to kids.

Both friends and foes are said to be won by word of mouth. And you have to learn how to talk well on the phone and teach it. The necessary point is that what we have learned should also be put into practice, not just through teaching in this way. I still try. I note that this telephone is a tool and a weapon. For old age, this is not the case. The caller may find life more convenient if one uses the phone properly; otherwise, it will cause a problem in the relationship between people and the organization.

## The sensitivity of humans to animals

Mahatma Gandhi said, "The state of the livestock also shows the level of development of a country." Human development also considers the living conditions of the animals and birds in the region. Therefore, handling animals and birds is an indicator of human sensitivity. That is also an indicator of the level of development of that place. That is why Gandhi made the rights of animals and birds known to everyone.



Latest studies worldwide have shown that killing and abuse are more prevalent in places where animal cruelty is higher. Scientific research has shown that animals have the same pain-provoking nerves as humans. Language or movements that

make people feel discomfort are the only distinction.

After all, this scene of a man carrying a chicken thinking that chickens indeed were taken for slaughter. That's why he is exhibiting brutality from holding. He's hanging the chicken upside down on his motorcycle like grass. It's not a new scene, either. The scenery around us is a picture taken on the highway. Everywhere, be it highways or city markets, we can see such kinds of scenes. If you look at the buffalo-carrying truck going to Kathmandu, the vehicle jerking causes bleeding wounds around their legs. Without being able to feed, some animals die in the middle of the road. When will the ray of human sensitivity fall on these birds and animals?

Looking at the image or the scene as seen in the picture, it seems that the person who buys these animals and birds thinks I'm carrying just meat, not any living creature. I purchased both an animate object and an inanimate one. Neither do animals protect nor communicate? Buyers believed he still had animal rights. The importance of money has overshadowed the value of rights to animals. Perhaps we treat animals and birds more as inanimate objects with this in mind.

On the lane, bull pullers go running. The weighted machine causes an injury, and blood spills from the wound. However, they bear a heavy load without recovering, which is the fate of oxen and donkeys. Some owners think they have no right to do anything after feeding the grass or purchasing it for money. This act will be a loss of sensitivity to living beings. That's a pattern of meanness.

Animal rights activists were born against such violence against animals and birds in today's world. There have also been several attempts to protect animal rights in our neighboring country, India. Menka Gandhi's name comes to the fore in this movement, too. Many who care for animals know very well that, for their efforts, no animal will ever praise or thank them. They are still involved in this movement, however. In reality, a beautiful illustration of human sensitivity is this initiative.

Veterinarians are very susceptible to this problem as well. A few months ago, at a technical meeting of the District Planning Committee, Jhapa, an Action Plan for the Prevention of Bird Flu was planned. Poultry farmers and meat traders from Jhapa attended a meeting. The veterinarian addressed the atrocities being carried out on poultry at the session and made everyone aware of the effect on the meat we consume.

A hormone called adrenaline generates in the body of abused animals in the above harsh environments. This hormone is similar to humans secreted when a person is frightened. It boosts the heart rate and the flow of blood. Veterinarians have advised that the hormone adrenaline produced decreases meat quality and harms human health when consuming such meat.

Let's be sensitive, at least until you kill poultry and farm animals. But, then, let's protect the rights of animals and value souls.

## Lekhnath Library Chandragadhi Jhapa

The library is a temple of learning for civilized people. Over time, the significance of something might diminish. But the importance of a library designed by civilized society has never diminished. On the contrary, the need for reading even grows more day by day. I got a chance to enter the library in the district of Jhapa—the library in Chandragadhi—in the Lekhnath library. On 19 June 2008, the library hosted the anniversary of Lekhnath Poudel's birth in Chandragadhi, Jhapa. The library unveiled a souvenir on this day. The published souvenir was reviewed by Mechi Campus professors, writers, and other scholars. Nepali writers Chudamani Regmi and Krishna Dharavasi also spoke at the event.

Tejraj Khatiwada, a literary writer, outlined the history of the Jhapa library. Two libraries in Jhapa are, according to him, old. Bhadrapur library was established first in 2007 VS in Bhadrapur. Second, People found the Gauriganj library in VS 2011. Third, the Chandragadhi Lekhnath Library, Jhapa, was established in VS in 2037. Under the leadership of Bhavani Ghimire, Chudamani Regmi, Dilli Prasad Bhattarai, Pramesh Neupane, Ghanshyam Lamsal, Mohan Neupane, Vasudev Rajbanshi, Buddhiman Pradhan, Chandraman Pradhan, Pushpa Pokhrel, and Krishna Raj Tuladhar, the library was established two and a half decades ago.

Chairman Krishna Subedi "Nirakar" Secretary Devicharan Bhandari "Saroj" and Treasurer Laxmi Poudel are its current office bearers. In addition, Chudamani Regmi, Dr. Rishikesh Upadhyay, and Dr. Drona Kumar Upadhyay are consultants. This organization, headquartered in Jhapa, is very involved in Nepali literary activities. The organization has held frequent monthly workshops for poets, literary gatherings. It also published quarterly and annual periodicals and held programs for honors.

During the unveiling ceremonies, there were discussions about the Library's history. Lekhnath and modern poetry, ghazals, tales, and interviews appear. The speakers brought up the issue of missing women's signatures. Other speakers who spoke at the gathering, on the other hand, have raised the question about gender balance. The number of women signatories or authors in the book declined. The editorial board responded to the issue. The editorial board clarified that they had requested the women writers for articles. But they failed to obtain the reports as necessary from the female writers.

In the program, Krishna Dharavasi raised crucial issues. The first item he addressed was the assault on the authors' statues. He actively supported Leela's writing in Nepali literature. He raised his voice against the demolition of the icons. The participating writers seemed extreme. He also pointed out the habit of reading. Reading books after receiving a gift is not genuine. He stressed the practice of buying and reading literary books works. He has distributed a dozen of his books already and says, "I have distributed 12 books. How much should I distribute now?" I'm not going to share the last two books. 'And he added.

The new declaration has shed light on the literature of Nepal. It represents a writer's challenges. It calls on readers to improve their reading habits. His request gave a clear-cut message to both the author and the reader.

As a general rule, a library is a house, a table, a chair, a book, a magazine, and a reader. As compared to only reading it, the library does more valuable work. Such libraries are an efficient tool for getting academics together. They are commenting on the country's burning issues or showcasing creators' views on contemporary concerns. The library also plays the role of age-guiding. I am excited to see the library's contribution to Jhapa's settlement. Yesterday, today, and will continue to do so, the country needed such outstanding positive efforts by the library.

## Cuckoo's Song in Bangkok

Bangkok invited us to participate in the seminar for a week as a guest. The program took place at the Hotel Millennium Hilton. The meeting examined global efforts on how to minimize maternal and child mortality. Another five-star Orchid Sheraton Hotel close to the hotel houses a team of five Nepalis. The Chao Phraya River lies between the two hotels. The hotel arranged for a ship to work 10 minutes apart for transportation.

One morning, we waited for a boat to cross the river towards the Hilton Hotel. Two men led an ill elderly gentleman to the station where we stood. I recalled and compared the patients from my own country in my mind. No matter how many facilities there are, there are additional transport facilities, whether a health facility or a ferry. Suddenly, a small boat floating on the river stopped at the station. With great difficulty, the patient attempted to reach the raft. Despite his best attempts, the patient was unable to board the ship. We were yelling out the scenario while gripping our hearts in our hands. There was a powerful wave in the river as another big boat came a little farther downstream. And it left the craft unbalanced.

Even there, getting on the boat was becoming increasingly difficult for the ailing elderly sick man. Two of the patient's assistants, a woman, and a male, tried to lift the patient many times but were unable. Meanwhile, for support, they shouted suddenly. I hurried toward it, grabbing one of the patients. My friend Bhanu Yengden came after me and grabbed the other side of it. Now the two of them were boarding the boat, catching both of the patient's legs and pulling him into the ferryboat. We stopped the patient's body and took him inside the ship. The two Thais thanked us then. Not two, but three times, he did his usual bow salutation. The wave of their appreciation for us and their gratitude was like a sudden wave in the water. I felt joyful as well as embarrassed. We waved farewell and left the ships. Just then came another boat to pick us up.

We went shopping in Bangkok the next day, which was called Shyam. I was walking on the Bridge of the Sky. I came across the pillar of a bridge. I saw a piano played by an elderly blind man there. With the assistance of an average citizen, he was begging in an empty cup. I stepped to the side and stood, listening to his music. For a while, I stood near him and read to him. I felt as if he had talked to God, leaning against the wall. The sound and vibration of coins dropping from his pocket gave passengers passing by him more and more chances to live.

Another blind woman was singing in harmony on a captured microphone somewhat far away. She is holding in one hand a microphone and in the other a mug. This song and voice vary significantly from the television portrayal for a singing or dancing star or idol. These voices are not the voices that attempt to win a singing contest. Instead, there is an urge to live in her songs with a hunger to live. That's why this song can penetrate the depths of the inner soul.

I had a bitter experience the next day when walking around Chatuchang Bazaar. They were walking around the market with bags of plastic in their hands. In my pocket, I've got a small purse. I carried a plane ticket and a passport in the same bag, along with cash. I felt as if

someone had touched my body in the crowd and often in my bag as I walked along the road, but I did not doubt that the pickpocket was following me. I felt my backpack being pulled too hard at one point. I looked at the bag, and the bag chain was half open. I opened the whole chain in a panic and looked at my wallet. Turning around, I saw the man's face turning blue behind the pickpocket running away from me and me. The picking attempt on the road to Bangkok was a disturbing one.

Anyway, the voice of cuckoo birds is what I love most about Bangkok. At 5 a.m. in the hotel room, I enjoyed the sound of the Cuckoos and the chirping of birds. I was both pleased and shocked this time. So many towns and so many houses remain, but the green atmosphere is lovely. The city of Bangkok is clean. Do not take an unwanted look at the car. It's all calm. I haven't heard the engine's vibration. Bangkok, in truth, taught me a lot.

## Memory Overflow Pradhanaba

I recall Pradhan Ba, Mr. Durga Bahadur Khapung, when I saw the full fruit diospyros ripe somewhere. He was the head of the Morahang village Tehrathum for an extended period. In the village, he was referred to as Pardhan or Pradhanba rather than calling Ex-Pradhan Panch. So I used to name him 'Pradhanba' at that age.

Pradhanba, 67, was very comfortable and polite, whether talking or joking. If he sees a boy, a young man, or a young woman, an aged person, they're all making jokes, whether by cheering, laughing, or teasing. I was surprised when I saw his art. I've never really seen such a far-sighted person. Via remembering his art, I am still trying to learn.

There is a long and wide hilltop in the middle of Morahang Bazar. Pradhanba used to spend most of the day chatting with the gentlemen of his generation. From time to time, by adding others' hands to his hand, the hilltop of Morahang was raised in a way. People seated inside the house were yelling from the window, like a gambler shouting while gambling at the festival. Seeing this, for a moment, the passengers stopped, looked back at them, and left. With his presence, I found the village bright and happy.

As an in-charge, I have been transferred to the health post in Morahang village. The year 1988 is about it. My acquaintance with Pradhan happened unusually as well. I'd never seen him before, but I'd heard his name before. I did not know there was a former Pradhan Panch. I stood in front of the Health Post House compound. In the field near the health post house, a gentleman wearing a white Kurta-Suruwal is grazing cattle. Again and again, he seemed to smile at me. And the first to open his mouth and introduce himself was himself. Then, in his spare time, he came to the health post and started talking all day long. He will arrive at the health post one or two days a week and return after checking his blood pressure. It was later discovered that he was suffering from high blood pressure.

Yes, he had a blood pressure problem once during the rain. I handled him and regulated his blood pressure. I advised him to go for further treatment at Biratnagar or Dharan. It was possibly in the winter of 1990 that he went to Dharan for treatment. About a year and after this procedure, he became ill again. He was frustrated this time. I had him healed, and I got well one more time. He showed a great deal of gratitude for my treatment. He said this time that he'd lost his passion for life. If you weren't here, he said, this time, I would have died.

There were diospyros and orange trees at Pradhanba's estate. He welcomed me with an orange basket during the month of Mangsir, Poush, when I went to his house. He used to bring oranges in his bag for my son when he came to the health post. "He said, "One day I'm going to feed you diospyros with my hand, you're not going to say no," I said, "Of Course.

Without saying a word, Pradhanba came to the health post quarters with a bamboo basket on a Saturday. There was a box of 50-60 Diospyros. He invited me to sit down beside him. He chose a location where the sunlight was plentiful. Then, he called my entire family to take the fruit out of the basket. But before he took that one, he asked for a few plates.



I find it hard to eat eggs, oranges, and bananas peeled off by others. We live on a carpet (*Gundry*) together. He releases diospyros and puts them to feed me on my plate. I look at his elongated, black nails on his side from time to time. The peeled diospyros had left him with great enthusiasm. But I couldn't stop him and force him to go over. How he treated me with an open heart, but I could not eat quickly. I tried to peel diospyros in between, but he stopped me over and over again.

Probably, at that time, Pradhanba did not even encourage me to speak a single word. Pradhabba continued to peel off diospyros on his way, without listening to me, as if he were feeding a boy. Seeing that nail and that side, I decided whether or not to eat it. On the one hand, the hesitation, and on the other hand, Pradhanba has so much love and appreciation for me. I felt embarrassed!

In this way, Pradhanba had left 9-10 grains of diospyros on my plate when I was kneeling here and there. It is sweet but also gross to eat one and another. I feel embarrassed, and I can't tell you to feed at all. He just asked me, "How do you feel about eating fruit?" without letting me talk. I replied, "I'm eating slowly, saying, 'Sweet!' I said many times in the meantime, "I'm going to leave the diospyros and eat it myself." But he said, "Yes, I'm going to feed you with my own hands. It's just sweet. You need to eat it."

Similarly, after eating 3-4 diospyros, my son Kaushal and wife Chanchala came to my side, too. My breath has finally arrived now. He transferred my diospyros plate to them and said, "Come and eat!"

I eat diospyros, but I have a lot of fun when I think about feeding Pradhanba. Pradhanba's smiling face comes in front of me from time to time.

I almost forgot about the confusion I was feeling then. But when I see diospyros, the love and reverence that has arisen for me in the face of Pradhanba continue to shine. I was afraid to see his nails then, but I'm falling in love with him right now. So today, I pay homage to his lively hands that, for my sake, have moved so spontaneously.

I wonder today if anyone will demonstrate a willingness to feed me like this again. Ah, just once in my life did such a moment come to me.

Pradhanba passed away today. The plant of diospyros in his house may or may not be the same. But in my mind, those paws, those peeled diospyros, the love, and respect will always remain. I am overwhelmed even today when I think of Pradhanba. I'm even happier than a happy reader like that.

Sometimes this mind tries to become a child and thinks that I will see Pradhanba somewhere in the crowd. May I meet him somewhere! Ah, it's not possible, but I still remember him in my heart. Sometimes I get the impression that the Pradhanba was teasing somebody at Morahang hilltop at that time, and in the same way, I like to laugh openly, but what about hilltop, Pradhanba, and colleagues!

## Realization and experience

People try to measure people according to their metrics. In postmodern times, this task is almost impossible. We have a habit of gazing through the eyes of yesterday, the eyes of today, and the eyes of tomorrow. In addition to black and white, there are other colors in life and the cosmos. The postmodern consciousness holds the possibility of more than the seven colors.

Five years ago today, when I was active in public health research and research, my colleagues, health workers, and development workers used to say to me, "You should open a consultancy to do such research. The research field is suitable for you." Similarly, about seven years ago today, I used to train health workers and other social workers on public health issues from time to time. Some people used to tell me privately at that time - "You have to become an instructor or a teacher in an educational institution, though you are a public health worker ..."

Shiva Bahadur Karki, Chairman of Journalist Federation Morang, repeatedly said, "You were a journalist, our friend," about three years ago when I began writing and publishing articles on public health in newspapers. Bikram Niraula, editor of the *Udghosh* news, Koshi F.M. "We don't have to edit the press releases and notes that you have sent. Even if you don't have training in journalism, your writing is like that of a journalist."

A year ago, as the first literary publication, I unveiled a collection of poems written over three decades, the *Jeevan Mero Shabdakoshma*. Senior narrator Parshu Pradhan told me one day after looking at the job, "You have been employed for long by the Government so far. We have finally known you in Nepali literature. Now, don't give up writing and cooperation." In this way, they all found me or wanted to see me in their field.

"How did you become a government official when you had to go to a foreign army as my ethnic do?" A journalist asked me during an interview taken in my office. This question, which is the interest of many people, was genuinely natural. I immediately took the query that the journalist had asked and answered it. When shopping in a market, the shopkeepers treat me as a shoulder based on my physical condition. Some people are asking me if you are from the military. New people, unknowingly treating me somewhere like a shoulder. Shopkeepers charge a high rate for overseas military personnel because they are ignorant of the market price. When shopping, I have been a victim many times. Instead of brokering deals, I became fooled. In this way, the broker deceived me in business transactions. The opinions and hopes of those who look at me are distinct and personal in this way.

I am facing a very different situation at the moment. Nowadays, I am starting to discover that certain people who look at me have changed their attitude and touch. Yesterday, those who called me a writer might have seen me more of a journalist. Those who called me a journalist yesterday believe that I have become more an author today. Those who wanted me to be an investigator yesterday look at me as a writer today. Those who hoped to be a teacher yesterday look at me as a research-interested individual today. This observation is their perspective. I can't say if this is accurate or false.

And what am I? If I were to ask my son this question, he would surely answer 'Dad.' It is because I am his only father to him. As a health worker, I'm just a colleague. "Most of them don't know I'm writing poetry, either. If it's at the Symposium of Poets, they are called poets. I am recognized as a health worker whenever I go to the health sector. Elsewhere, as artists, they sing songs too. It is possible to perceive all these sufferings as either pleasure or pain. But I do enjoy it. In a way, the joy of childhood is like playing "Ku-Ku." It seems like no one sees you for a while when you hide if you don't see. It is like you're playing a game of smiling and laughing in front of your friends by making a 'ha-ha' sound.

My experience of this experience is, in any event, my achievement of wealth and character. I don't think I deserve all the names addressed to me. That is why I am genuinely humiliated from the inside when specific nouns or adjectives name me. What is the name given to a person who does not fulfill any criteria? In English, there is a phrase, "Jack for all master of none" I don't know.

What is a person named who tries to understand everything but does not understand any topic at all? I have also looked for an exact term in the vocabulary but have not yet found them.

Let's put my name on it now, no matter how much you gossip. While on leave, let's have a look at "Donkey Tend to Agree," a short poem.

You told me that I am someone else,  
 He's calling me Your's  
 I used to say yes to everyone, all of them,  
 After all, after all,  
 There's no one's  
 Have embraced me.

Ok  
 I agreed to be an ass  
 I don't need a house to have a  
 I don't even need a ferry from here.  
 Only being heavy is enough.  
 I'm a talking donkey.  
 A walking path is appropriate.  
 Between Home and Ferry, Me  
 Only one way is necessary.  
 It is enough to walk.

## Baldness

A proverb in Nepal says, 'Lucky people produce potatoes on their scalp.' It sounds odd yet meaningful. If one's fortune is lucky enough, a potato is said to grow on the head. Families are said to have potatoes on their scalp if members earn well. Often, this potato term does not always give the sense of good fortune. Let's see how good it is when this potato grows on the palate, but when it grows on the test, what a disaster it is!

It is, therefore, that an item's name adds to the case. We've been having tea with friends together. "Hi, Ved Prasadji, where did you read the Veda?" Ved Prasadji answered, "No, man, I have not read the Vedas, but I have got my name by my family." It was funny, which made it hard for me to keep my hand while drinking tea sitting next to me. It suggests that there are distinct meanings of the name and character.

Fruits on the palate would also be healthy, such as potatoes. It is the only fruit that is enough. And it seemed to me that the palate's shape would decide matters. Bhanuji photographed Rishiji with a digital camera he had just acquired. He said to Rishiji after taking the photo and showing the picture, "Your forehead is exactly like that of Devkota." Let's compose a little poem. With the palm of this photo, the future looks bright."The future looks good with the palm of this photo." After sitting next to them and listening to their good deeds, I started laughing, or not.

I saw people with bald scalps; I thought they might have learned a lot about that guy in my childhood. People who lost their hair at that time were either teachers or nobles. The palate of a small individual was not noticeable at that time. There was a Bhuvan Singh in my village whose palate was exactly like Mao Tsetung's. Many thought he would become a great leader someday. Yet he had to wear, for the rest of his life, a heavy burden on his forehead and back. The palate did not help him grow or step forward in his life. That is, the destiny of life does not make a difference to one's palate.

When do I see the scalp of someone? As I play different stuff in my head, a smile comes from inside. There is only one explanation for this way of smiling at the loss of the palate. The kinds of palate bruises are also bizarre, that is to say.

A Tiwariji is there. Looking at him from the front, no one can tell that he's a bald one. But when he's been talking for a while, everyone is surprised if any eye lands on his head. 'Hey, you've lost so much of your hairs,' people ask. The same thing I asked him. 'No, man, I have never seen a palate like yours,' I said jokingly. It looked like a round meadow or an island in the middle of the sea. All I could tell was, "He became serious." He saw me laughing after a while, and he smiled as well. I felt terrible later - that I teased him in vain.

Currently, when I see his palate, I do not want to smile. On its head, it has a full-sized circle. He cannot cover it absolutely, no matter how hard he tries to cap his hair. But his palate, even at a glance, is curiously invisible. I recalled my area when I saw its palate. Looking at his palate closely, it looked like a hollow created to close the hook by digging around the slab into the green grass. It also seems as if someone yanked out with a lot of force, too. But all this was unknown to me.

A friend Chapagain, whose palate cleaned up so rapidly that his palate opened just like the deforestation when there was some political unrest. He's only 35-40 years of age. But we were all shocked at the pace of the hair swatting away. I even touched my head once without realizing it when I saw my friend's hair falling out so swiftly.

One morning, I asked him when having tea, 'This palate of yours is like beating Gorbachev's palate, man. What do you believe is so critical about a bald head?' And I asked. He responded rather casually. The easiest thing is that I don't have to cut my hair. I only cut it with scissors around my neck. The issue is that he responded, I should always wash my head when washing my face. I was glad to hear him say it. When the same friend approached the door, his bare head was knocked down one day. He got hurt on the scalp. To hide it, he had to wear a hat. I felt pity for his palate at that point.

The potato on the scalp is only a matter of texture and type. The palate has nothing to do with the fruit. I concluded that the potato of fortune is hard to develop. It requires hard work to cultivate the potato. Nowadays, I started ignoring the palate. I am researching someone's handwork and hard-working lifestyle.

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