

INTELLESCOPE 2017

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Message from Advisor



It was quite inspiring to watch and witness the potential of our students unfolding at various stages and situations each day. Trying and testing times during the system have elicited our students to put forth their best.

Intellescope, the annual magazine of INTEL INSTITUTE, is published to enhance student's knowledge and creativity. The main aim of this magazine is to give them lots of ideas for creative writing and their academic fields.

The intellescope team has worked really hard with dedication. We would like to thank the intellescope team for such wonderful work. They are the ones who made it all happen!

We would like this committee to continue this publication every year to provide useful information to readers for years to come.

Congratulations to the editorial team for their determined efforts in bringing out this magazine.

Best wishes,
Kanchan Sharma

Message from Co-ordinator

Dear Students,
Greeting to you!!

Everyone seems to be having unexplainable thirst for knowledge nowadays but very few of us have realized the incomprehensible importance of virtue.

Our institute "INTEL" has been striving since the last twenty two years to parch our students not only with bookish lines but also with a little wisdom towards understanding life and I am immensely pleased that you all were a part of our Intel family this year. we hope that the knowledge and morals you've acquired here help you grow and build in life.

We are overwhelmed to proudly present you the new Intellescope magazine of the year 2017. Hope it helps you to relish the moments you've spent here in INTEL. May you all do tremendously well in your journey of success and prosper in life.

Happy Reading!!
Gyanendra Kumar Mishra



A Message from the Editors

Dear Readers,

To be said, it was indeed a moment of alacrity when we seven students -Pallavi, Chetana, Kunal, Sandeep, Dikshya, Prekshya and Bishal were entitled as the editors among 3000+ students. But with the crown comes the heavy responsibilities. Having minimum time span in our hands, on the very first day we vowed to make the Intellescope 2017 worth a praise. Despite being embedded with the daunting pressure of entrance exams, we did it all. From missing countless classes to running from one Intel building to another in the rain or even be it starving ourselves till 2 in the afternoon. To our joviality, all this did was add moments after moments to our little bubble of memories.

We were enamoured by the overwhelming response generated by all of the students continuously and enthusiastically with the countless articles and arts-thank you everyone. Despite we editors being on our toes to give beyond our best, we'd humbly apologize for any unintentional blunders, if there's any.

We would also like to extend our heartfelt acknowledgement to all the teachers, co-ordinator and office bearers for their continuous effort, support and encouragement. Thank you for not doubting our abilities.

- The Editors



Pallavi Acharya



Chetana Subedi



Dikshya Aryal



Prekshya Jha



Sandeep Gautam



Kunal K. Sah



Bishal Regmi

Nano Technology

Nanotechnology is manipulation of water on an atomic, molecular and super molecular scale. Scientists currently debate the future implementation of nanotechnology. This technology may be able to create many new materials and devices with the range of applications such in new medicine, nano electronics, energy production and various other products. Various new technologies can get into new phase which can completely modernize and completely make our life efficient.

In this article, we are going to discuss about rule of nanotechnology in the sector of health and its other applications. Nanotechnology in medicine offers some exciting possibilities. The use of nanotechnology in the field of medicine could revolutionize the way we detect and treat damage to the human body and diseases in the upcoming future. Many technologies only imagined a few years ago are making remarkable progress towards turning into unexpected realities.

There are several important modern developments. The Atomic Force Microscope (AFM) and the Scanning Tunneling Microscope (STM) are two early versions of scanning probes that launched nanotechnology. As of August 21, 2008, the project on emerging nanotechnologies estimates that over 800 manufacturer-identified nanotech products are publicly available, with new ones hitting the market at a face of 3-4 per week. Nanotechnology has a prominent role in the fast developing

field of tissue engineering. Further applications allow tennis balls to last longer, golf balls to fly straighter and even bowling balls to become more durable. Trousers and socks have been infused with nanotechnology so that they will last longer and keep people cool in the summer.

The better is the particle, the better is the substance; the better the nanotech, the better is the equipment.

- Anash Ansari

Life and Success

'Life' a word of great meaning. Let's start with a question. Question to myself and question to all reading this. Is life all about waking up and rushing to school, getting into college, getting a job, getting married, having children and then death? Some people even don't get half way through. Is that all what life means to us? Have we ever asked ourselves that if we are actually living or just existing?

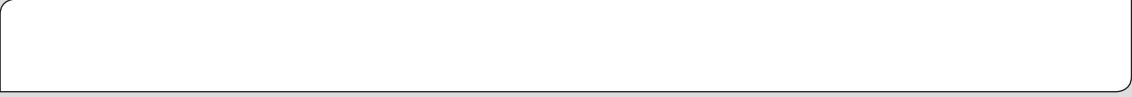
Living our life is what that cannot be explained it's what you want or anyone knows in their inner heart. Life is to be lived, not just to survive. Surviving is when we just have a basic routine to be followed and if we have no enthusiasm in what we are doing. We are doing it, just for the sake of doing it. Question yourself are you really living your life?

Living our life in our own way leads us to success and most important, we will be happy. Let's take an example, what if Bill Gates or Obama or any other successful person. We know hand chosen another fields which they don't have any enthusiasm? What if Lionel Messi had read science rather than giving his best in sports? Same goes for us. We all are gifted with talent. It is us and our heart that knows what we want, what we like to do, what we are better at and what makes us happy. If a student has an interest in writing and literature than, being a doctor, he/she lose their happiness. They lose their talent and world loses a writer which can touch hearts of people and contribute in literature.

So, let's decide what we want and how we want to live our life. Later, at the last seconds of our life, I bet that there would be a smile on our face and we will say, "Yes, I lived my life well and I don't regret it."

But, remember just choosing or deciding how we want to live our life does not make us successful. Successful are those who realize that they can do it; they must do it and never give up. Giving up is the worst thing in life. Even if we fail a thousand times in their research gave up, then we would be lagging behind. So, let's keep trying and giving our best in what our heart likes.

Discipline is what that leads us to achieve our goal and eventually success. I think we must have misunderstood the concept of discipline. Being disciplined is not just greeting teachers, following rules just for the sake of others, it's the way how we behave, how we do our things too. Being disciplined is sticking to what you say, what you plan. If we think of reading or giving our time to our fields that we like and leave doing it from the other day, does it matter? No, being disciplined is getting up in winter from the warm bed and even if it's cold, starts continuing what we planned for. Let's make us so disciplined and trained that if we say that we will do it, we will remember and continue doing it. Giving just is a minute a day in something that you like is gonna make you professional in that field in 5 years. Discipline yourself, so that you can give is a minute or even more of



your time to it every day, even if it's hot, cold or just anything, just stick to it. This is the thing that leads us to success.

The conclusion hence is, we are capable of achieving anything we want, if we really want it and need it. Need is going to get your success. When you get up in the morning, just close your eyes and imagine, imagine how you would feel if you are standing in front of millions of people, praising you, clapping for what you have done. How great would you feel? This is going to give you inspiration. So let's enjoy every moment of life, work hard, be disciplined and live our life. Let's live each and every day making memories, learning from mistakes and struggling for success.

Lives your life on your terms and in a way that makes sense to you. Step out of your comfort zone, struggle, and work hard. Make every day of your life better than yesterday. Do something different every day. It is our life to live let's live it, everyday to the fullest and "not just survive."

- Rekarna Bartaula

Who am I?

I don't know who am I?
When mine goal set with bribe
And mine parents have still faith
Haha, stillfavity I need rehabilitate

I play with pen
Still they don't know
That sometimes I have
Mine middle finger in flame

I know, I have crush
Adolency truss
And I made some of serious
These are some of mine toy
Which compress me to commit die
Still I don't know who am I?
So now I know I
For every expectations of parents try
Now, I don't wanna lay with someone else
try
Who compress me to commit die
I think, I showed believe I
Make some new steps
Deducting mistake and misstapes
I need to forget
All those pain, gain, and shouldn't repeat
again
But still I don't know, who am I?
Hoping that it shouldn't be a lie.

- Yubraj Bhandari

Perfection

Skinny legs, bigger breasts
Is all they want to see
Tiny waists and thinner arms
The opposite of me.
The pressure to be perfect
Is slowly closing in
An utter suffocation
That doesn't seem to end
Society is telling me
Beautiful is thin
And if I choose to starve myself
Perfections' what I win
Shoving something down my throat
Will get me what I want
Bring me closer to that goal
Of a body I can flaunt
Society is telling us
Beauty is a prize
Measured in the size of your breasts
In weight and clothing size
But let me tell you here and how
No good will come from that
It seems okay at first
But soon becomes a trap
A disease that clouds the mind
And believes what is untrue
Believes you're never good enough
No matter what you do
There is one beauty that I know
It's the greatest prize of all
It's learning to accept yourself
Imperfections flaws and all
The beauty that really matters
Lies in our heart, our soul, our care
Because when you love what's inside
You love what's outside even more.

- Aarushi Oli

Time is Precious

One Year : To know the value of one year, ask the student who failed in the board examination.

One Month : To know the value of one month, ask the mother who has given birth to an immature baby.

One Day : To know the value of one day, ask to those students who was not able to attain the class and failed to be 100% perfect attendance award winner.

One Hour : To know the value of one hour, ask the people who are dying to meet someone.

One Minute : To know the value of one minute, ask to those students who missed the bus to reach the college.

One Second : To know the value of one second, ask the people who survived an accident.

One Millisecond : To know the value of a millisecond, ask the athlete who failed the value of a millisecond to win gold medal in the Olympic game.

- Prerana Yadav

I won't be left behind

I run my faster
But still get beat
I land on my head
When I should be on my feet.

I try to move forward
But I am stuck in rewind
Why do I keep at it?
I won't be left behind.

The harder I am thrown
The higher I bounce
I give it my all
And that's all that counts.

In first place
Myself I seldom find
So I push to the limit
I won't be left behind.

Some people tell me you can't
Some say don't
Some simply give up
I reply I won't

My power is here
Locked away in my mind
My perseverance is my excellence
I won't be left behind.

Make the best of each moment
The future is soon the past
The more I tell myself this
The less I come it last.

Throughout my competitions

I've learned what winning is all about
A plain and clear lesson
Giving out is the easy way out.

So, every night before I go to bed
I hope in a small way, I have shined
Tomorrow is a brand new day
And I won't be left behind.

- Anusha Bhandari

Time

When asked, "What is the biggest mistake we made in life?" the Buddha replied, "The biggest mistake in that we think we have time." Time is free but priceless. We can't own it but we can use it. We can't keep it but we can spend it and once lost we can never get it back.

Time is more valuable than money. We can get more money but we can never get more time. Steve Job said, "Time is limited so don't waste it living someone else's life." There's good news and there's a bad news. The bad news is that time flies and the good news is that you are the pilot.

Imagine yourself you get \$86400 in your bank account everyday and at the end of the night all gone and another next day you get another \$86400 deposit in your account. What will you do with that money? Everyday you got 86400 seconds deposit in your life account. We don't waste it if it was money, so why do we waste it if it comes for time? Time is more powerful than those dollars. You can make more dollars but you can't make more time.

To realize the value of 1 year, ask a student who just failed a grade. To realize the value of 1 month ask the mother who missed her child in final month. To realize the value of 1 week ask the editor of online magazine. To realize the value of 1 day, ask the couple who are in long distance relationship. To realize the value of 1 minute, ask the person who missed the accident and to realize the value of 1 millisecond, ask the person who came

second in the Olympics.

Inside all of us are two voices. One voice that want us to uplift. One voice that make us to grow improve. And the other voice. The voice that holds us back, the voice that makes us lazy, the voice that restrict our potential. Everyday, every moment from the second we wake up to the last second use go to bed there's a battle between two voices. And guess who wins? The voice we listen, the voice we amplify. It our choice how to use our time.

Life and time are both two best teachers. Life teaches us how to make good use of time and times teaches us the value of life. As William Shakespeare said, "Time is slow for those who want, fast for those who are scary, long for those who are sad, short for those who celebrate and for those who love time is eternal."

- Agni Raj Shrestha

Time and tide waits for none

The proverb 'time and tide' wait for none is well known. It draws our attention to the fleeting nature of time. What is time? We measure our existence in terms of certain mathematical instants, time and eternal. It has no beginning, no end. It is like as swiftly moving steam. It moves on and on without any type of rest. It does not wait for the convenience of man. It is like a gipsy man constantly moving. Tides are caused in the river or in the seas as a result of the magnetic pull of the moon. The ebb and flow of tide is according to natural laws. It is natural process. It does not wait for man. If a boat is to sail with tidal waves the boatman must be very ready for the tide, if he fails he misses the chance.

Though time is without beginning or end, yet for our convenience we divide time into the past, the present and the future and into hours, minutes and seconds that is the mathematical division of time. The modern age is the age of action, life is short and there is much to be done. We have therefore, to make the best use of our time. Time is precious and valuable.

There is a saying that time is money. This is true, for money depends on the proper use of time. We should attend to our work punctually. We should utilize our opportunities properly. A man who wastes his opportunities spends time and can't attain success. Value of time is greater than that of money. Money lost can be recovered but the passage of time is beyond all human control. Even science cannot help us in

checking time. Time goes on its own way. It does not obey anyone. Not even the most powerful dictator or ruler can cry a halt to the passage of time.

The proverb has a lesson for man. Since time is precious we must utilize every second of it. A stitch in time saves nine as the saying goes. Timely action very often prevents great loss. Step taken in time means less labour, better success, less chance of damage or loss. The average man is easy going and lazy. He does not realize the value of time. He seldom tries to do a thing when he can put it off till tomorrow. That is why the average man is average.

Take a school boy (student), ask him which he is not learning his task, the answer always is oh! I will do it tomorrow. But tomorrow find, him as unready as yesterday and the work is never done. So, not tomorrow but today not today but just now such behavior/eagerness should be there in any student to do any task in time and to achieve great success in life.

Lesson : Time flies away so be careful
Follow the time and give the identity of punctual person.

- Umesh Pant

The Urge to Satisfaction

Home sapiens, the most blessed creatures with varieties of valuable gifts like discrimination power between wrong and right. Mental capacity which is the strongest among all the creatures, flourishing creativity and many more gifts which are aesthetically so perfect that it's even harder to imagine. Despite all of the valuable gifts, what's not there is 'satisfaction'. We reckon that getting all the valuable gifts, human beings should be the happiest among all. But they are still not satisfied with their valuable gifts. They want to open more and more. And the more they open, the more greed is instilled within them.

Humans have lots of choices in life. We get menus to choose our food, boutiques to style the choices of our dresses, get choices of shelter to live. But we still are not able to quench our thirst. We expect and desire more than our limitations we should be known to the fact that desire is the root cause of suffering.

Animals, for example a dog eats whatever is given to him. He doesn't have menus to choose but the love they give us after the food is given to them is so satisfactory. when it's raining he may or may not be able to defend himself from the rain but humans can even desire for a gold umbrella. When humans are poor they are compelled to satisfy themselves with a piece of bread but when the same human becomes rich, many slices of pizza also cannot satisfy him. That's the nature of the

human.

Humans are putting a lot of efforts to satisfy themselves with cozy life style and expensive unities. But they are getting failed in doing so. The solution of satisfaction is helping hand. For e.g. we eat delicious food to satisfy our instant hunger and sweeten our tongue. But that cannot give us satisfaction in a long run. But when we give the same food to others when they are hungry. The beautiful smile on their face beautifies our own smile with satisfaction which gives us inner bliss and peace making us so satisfied that remembering that thing always brings a beautiful smile on our face. Making others smile can brings us immense satisfaction. Our life becomes most beautiful when we beautify others life by giving our hands to the helpless, food to the empty stomach and spread smiles in all the faces. Enjoying every little things in life and changing 'I' to 'we' can bring the greatest satisfaction.

- Aakriti Khand

The Way of Success

"Honestly think it is better to be a failure at something you love than to be success at something you hate." George Burns

Do you have proven system that gives you the result you want, each and every time? Better yet, do you have a way to speed up your result and jump to the end in mind. If we look across the stories and studies of success, we find some common themes. By looking to the parents of success, we can identify a repeatable system. Let us recognize it as the way of success. The way of success is basically a method of improving your success in a systematic way. The way of success is a method for rapid result.

Well when you step in the way to success, you might fail several times. But don't lose the hope. Just remember then even "the coca-cola only sold 25 bottles the first year". So never give up.

Always think in the smart way. Take the correction decision in the correct time. Chose the options provided by the life wisely where you think you can profit. For e.g. "If you put bananas and money in front of monkey they will choose banana because they don't know money can bring more bananas."

In reality, if we offer job and business to people they will choose job because they don't know that business can bring more money than salaries.

Way to success:

Envision of future : In this step imagine

how the world be different when you accomplish your goals.

Map out goals : It is the basic step that will inspire you and help you vision turn into the reality.

Model the best : Find the best stories, keep a role model and follow their path. Have a look to the motivational videos.

Map out the possible path : Figure out your goals and explore possible strategies aside from inspiration the model you find help show the different path.

Identify the test for the success : This helps to identify tests that helps you know when you are on track and to know when you are done.

Mapping out our success plan is great way to see the journey before you start. While you don't need to know every point along the path from A to B you need to have a frame of reference and a way to keep getting back on track. Your map will be your guide.

- Aditya Mandal

I will

I will be the gladdest thing
Under the sun,
I will touch the every flowers
And not pluck one
I will look at cliffs and clouds
With my quiet eyes
Watch the wind blow down the grass
And the grass rise
When lights begins to show
Up from the town
I will mark which must be mine and then
start down

- Mamata Adhikari

Unanswered Questions

- a. How old are you before it can be said you died of old age?
- b. Why do we say we're head over heels, when we are happy? Isn't that the way we normally are?
- c. Can a school teacher give homeless child homework?
- d. How come French fries are not considered as vegetable they are just fried potatoes?
- e. Why does grape flavor smell the way it is when actual grapes don't taste or smell anything like it?
- f. Do dentists go back to other dentists or they just do it themselves?
- g. Can you plan a surprise birthday party for a psychic?
- h. Why does someone believe you when you say there are four billion stars, but check when you say the paint is wet?
- i. Why is it called people Republic of China when China is not republic?

- Barsha Devkota

Reminiscence

I was returning back to my classroom on a ten minute break. Oops! My body stopped and eyes stock. I couldn't even blink my eyes. Because I'd miss a scene. She was there. I never noticed her there before. But it was all different. I gazed at the bright eyes from around thirty meters away. She was enjoying talks with her friends. She was wearing the dress of my favourite color i.e. pink. It was perfectly pink Kurta, Sharwal. I was speechless, astonished and mostly happy. And she... she was still gossiping with her friends.

So cute cheeks triggered a feeling on my mind. I wished to touch and pinch those, like I did of my little sister on her seventh birthday. They looked so soft and spongy and guessed 'must have been cared carefully.' The scene was heavenly. I... I just didn't want to blink my eyes and spoil the joyful moment. I was smiling thinking how beautiful she was. I was swimming in the pond of joys. And... suddenly, she turned a little towards me while giggling and noticed me. Oh! Really, I didn't roll my eyes away.

Wow! It was all superlunary scenario her widened rosy lips allowing the dancing bright teeth to peep outside and glowing face with inclined charm. Just a simple smile could change her from an angel to a special ethereal and more beautiful being. At that moment, a special, unique and joyful feeling ascended and enclosed my mind. It was so tough that my memory went out to stroll. But some seconds she

looked at me. Then the wall that was closing my mind vanished. I felt as if the enclosed mind situation would have been remained for longer time. As I could get a rare opportunity to get dissolve in the next world of peace, calmness and joys for a couple of minutes more. When... when I noticed the approach of the teacher, my legs were dragged by unwilling will into the classroom.

All the supporter get to their works to increase the melody. The sun from the east spreads arms to hug all the conservants of nature. All organize together to form a place where there exists 'immortality'. A place where all delightful loving hearts exists freely is expanding the glory of life. What a place is named for 'heaven'. Heaven is an unknown place and is just believe on myth. Anyway, just imagining the picture of heaven brings the brightness and charm on every face, joy on every hearts and oneness inside core, my right brain pondered. That day, I felt as if I get a glimpse of heaven, went in and returned. On the very day, I experienced the quote "love is most amazing and brilliant teacher." And heard that words of Buddha, "If you like the flower you pluck it, if you love the flower you water it daily." I also got a proof to the words of Geothe, "We are shaped and fashioned by these we love." Lively observed the view of woody Allen, "The heart wants what it wants. There is no logic to these things. You meet someone and fall in love. And that's that."

Finally, remembered the golden quote by Morrie Schwartz, "Most important in life is to learn how to give out love and to let it come."

- Kapil Dev Nath

My time is near

At this time of the day
I'm with my single eye
I wanna see this world a man made
With a every finger in a pie

It's not about prosperous
It's not a way of factitious
I'm not a man of humanism
It's only for awakening a humanize

Begin society a well made civil
Cuts all the roots of devil and evil
Throw all your abhorrence out
Just made a world of water full of humanity

Begin the world a great humanity fond
Kill all the evildoer and cruel inside you
Made a society with great human monde
Just begin it with a few

Don't frustrated me at my last time
It's my last wish to see the world with great
news
Because I'm in close time and my time is
near
I wanna look the world with a great unity
of views

- Bibek Kumar Thakur

My apologies, dear lungs!

Research says, "A person living in Kathmandu might anytime forget to wear his pants but would never forget his mask." Well, our city completely justifies the nickname 'Dhuwamandu'.

It's difficult to conclude. 'Is it dust mixed in air or little air mixed in dust?' development here has just taken pace but there comes the darker face where roads and bridges are under construction and due to dust. Our atmosphere is under destruction. Who says, future can't be seen?

I know in future, you'd be buying oxygen and also a fresh drop of water. It sounds so much like an open invitation to cancer, asthma, bronchitis etc. management of pollutants is what we should learn and happy lungs is what we would earn. Don't just utter disgusts about the government, take local initiatives and put your best foot forward to peak them to the national level. If pollution is a trouble, 'don't mind troubling the trouble'. Pump up, if not for your place, then for yourself. Till then my apologies, dear lungs!

Caution : Turning a blind eye this issue might actually make you blind forever.

- Shayana Tiwari

Nepalese, see the bright side

Till yesterday I was in the darkness
But today a shaft of light struck my eyes
We the Nepalese say there's nothing
Neither infrastructure nor the opportunities
here

But what have we done for the country.
Our nationality is our single identity
Our identity is our country
But have we ever thought

We would have lost this identity
If Balabhadras were not in the country.
We say 'politics is a dirty game'
Yeah we say

But stability is not as easy as cutting a lime
Huge transformation is taking place
So keep calm, it takes time, it takes time.
Our Nepal, as beautiful as a bride

Buddha and Tenzing are our pride
Then why, why are you leaving this holy
land?

Unless you work for your country,
How can country's future be bright?

So Nepalese! Please see the bright side.

- Akriti Pandey

Some Riddles

1. I am tall when I'm young and short when I'm old, what am I?
2. Where will the tail of the cow facing east face?
3. What has hands but can't clap?
4. What starts with letter 't', is filled with 't' and ends with 't'?
5. In a one storey pink house, there was a pink person, a pink cat, a pink fish, a pink chair, a pink table, a pink telephone and a pink shower; everything was pink, what was the colour of the stairs?
6. Two mothers and two daughters went out to eat, everyone ate one burger, yet only three burgers were eaten in all. How is this possible?
7. A cowboy rides into town on Friday, stays for three days and leaves on Friday. How did he do so?
8. If there are 3 apples and you take away 2, how many do you have?

Answer

1. Candle
2. Down wards
3. Watch
4. Teapot
5. There is no stair at all, because the house is one storied
6. Grandmother, mother and daughter
7. His horse's name is Friday
8. You have 2 apples because you took away 2

- Akriti Pandey

Riddles

1. What gets wetter and wetter, the more it dries?
Towel
2. What has an eye but can't see?
A needle
3. The more you take out of it, the bigger it becomes. What is it?
A pit
4. I travel around the world but only stay in one corner, what am I?
A stamp
5. I have 13 hearts, yet never alive, what am I?
A pack of card
6. I have a face but no eye, hands but no arms, what am I?
A clock
7. Every evening I get my assignment and I always fulfills it. But every time I do, I always be scolded. What am I?
An alarm clock
8. I'm not alive but I have 5 fingers. What am I?
A glove
9. What can be seen once in a minute, twice in a moment and never in a thousand years?
Letter 'M'
10. We kill and we give life we are either poison or fruit, you choose. What we are?
Words

- Bishal Rimal

Journey of Life

Intellectuals solve problems, geniuses prevents them. -Albert Einstein

Opportunity is missed by most people because it is dressed in overalls and looks like hard work. -Thomas A. Edison

Many much theories have been put so far about motivations for life by philosophers who exceed the theories of origin of live. It's an interesting subject defining life. Actually if we care, our life is based on 2R cycle i.e. recycle and reduce. Recycling involves our treatment and reducing focuses on reducing the alarming population growth.

Some tell that life is a long journey with happiness and sorrows. But it is also said to be of 2 days only. So, these philosophies have always created a dilemma for the readers. So, in order to succeed in our life, we must develop our own philosophy inspired by other thoughts. Everyone thinks opportunity is always hard. But have you ever thought human always choose hard way though they have the right and easy way. So, always to be happy and one lakhs reasons to be sad. Since, we are always focused to preserve the minor things; we must able to be happy by thinking one thousand reasons.

You know the best thing about life is life. The true utilization of each and every moment in our life leads to success. One must have clear cut idea about his/her destination. Dreams are not those which come during sleep. Dreams are those which don't let us to sleep. The way to

reach your destiny must be paved yourself. Inspiration encourages us. Actually, in order to succeed. We must solely focus on the target. As the drawing man thinks far life and breathe so, in that way, the person must treat his/her destination as his/her breathe. After this, none can stop him to reach destination. And one thing must be considered our destination must be right and fair. It mustn't aim to create inequality or treat the weaker worst. So, always fill your mind and heart with your fair destination. The opportunity knocks your door. Failure is what gives extra ideas. So, don't hesitate to fail.

We have felt that our school life is best stage of life. After that, we leave our native place and come to city to study. We must learn to adjust many students have come to urban areas for many purposes. In roman, do as roman do must be entirely practice but it doesn't mean to leave our tradition, original culture. So, life is a way filled with struggle. After struggle there definitely comes happiness. We must learn to control our emotions.

In this miraculous life, we always have to struggle. After birth, struggle to talk, walk, during childhood days struggle to read and during college and school days struggle to study. After completion of study. Struggle to have a good job. Slowly proceeding to be married. Struggle to manage happy family life and so on. So, there are a lot of reasons to be anxious. So, learn to enjoy some moments. During

study, you must study but after that you can enjoy with your friends.

So, my conclusion is life is boring for anxious people and a happy journey for the people who can have understood its meaning and focus for destination. Be serious in required matters and keep on enjoying the happy moments. But always keep in our mind your destination and success. You don't need to change yourself for world. You must be able to make the person beside you what is your ability and what you can do. Live with happiness.

- Rashmi Mishra

Where the Rainbow Ends

How do you feel when strangers stare at you? It's a mixed feeling for us girls. At first, one may be excited about the attention, but when it happens on a daily basis, it is not very exciting at all. We learn from experiences. While walking from home to school and from school to home, I have learnt a very important lesson of my life. In early days, when I figured people looking at me, I assumed that I was looking good. But when the number of people looking at me increased, I felt disconcerted, my self esteem tanked. Was I inappropriately dressed, or is there something on my face or clothes, do I look funny? The answers to all these questions were a resounding no, yet I wondered, what was there to look at?

Days passed and the same thing repeated every day. My friends tell me that I overthink, I though may be I was and therefore, started ignoring the stares. However, when men in their late 30's and 40's stare at you, it is impossible to be bold and strong.

Next day, I woke up as a brave fearless girl. Before setting out, I convinced myself not to think much on the matter and just take the whole situation light heartedly. I started accepting the stares as normal as the sun rising from the east. Earlier days were disturbing and tough, but it made me braver. Now such incidents do not bother me anymore. I am not alone, there are so many women facing the same situation every day, though no fault in their own. There is nothing wrong with the way we dress; it's a malady of a society that still

regards its women as objects. I know all men are not same but the thing is that we are living in a society where the presence of boys/men sparks fear upon girls.

So, if god asks me, 'If you want a superpower what would you choose and why?' then I will answer him, that if he could give me a superpower, I would like to transfer men into women and vice-versa for just 24 hours. Husband-wife, brother-sister, boyfriend-girlfriend, friends or simply strangers. For then each of us would know the untold, un-discussed and unheard pain, sufferings, desires and feelings of the other gender. This would be a giant leap to humanity, for after those 24 hours we would learn to respect everyone, and I guess that would be the world more beautiful than the place where the rainbow ends.

- Subiksha Poudel

Intricate Love

David Franscella, a 22 years old boy sat on his bed, unaware of the bright and piercing sunlight outside his apartment. He didn't know what emotion was within him. His mind was too troubled for such small things. As he sat there, blankly staring at the carpet on the floor. His mind began to race with memories.

It was a cold day; with flakes of snow falling lightly on the soft ground. He could still remember it. The day he proposed Sarah! The most beautiful girl in his university. They had remained as 'just friends' for more than three years. Though he had loved her all along, he couldn't muster the courage to say it. But today he did it... and she accepted!

The first person he had told this thing was Benjamin, his best friend. 'and do you know what she said, Ben?' he asked. 'she said yes! Sarah said she loves me too.' He could see the happiness in Ben's eyes. Ben had known about his feelings for Sarah.

'Why have you kept a gun in your drawer?' Sarah asked suspiciously. They were in his living room, hanging out after college; as they always did in the past 8 months. 'My father is a police officer,' said David, 'He insisted me on keeping it. I've got a license too.'

'Hah, I thought you were a serial killer,' joked Sarah.

David chuckled. It was one of the many reasons why he loved Sarah, she could always make him laugh. After some time, Ben came to pick her up as always, since

they were neighbours.

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Two weeks later, they were in the same room, the three of them. It was almost 12 o'clock and they were having a small party. All of a sudden, the doorbell rang.

'Who's that? In the middle of the night,' said Sarah, sounding irritated.

'Wait a moment, I'll just go and check it out,' said Ben.

Ben carefully peeped through the hole and came running towards them, horrorstruck.

'What happened? Did you see some ghost?' asked David.

Sarah shorted, 'No Dave. May be he's seen prof. Kaarhenord. That's why he's so pissed off.'

'Worse,' said Ben, turning towards David, 'Your mom.'

Now it was David's turn to be horrorstruck. All of them knew how strict his mom was. David thought she was the most over-caring mom in whole Canada.

He immediately opened the store room and asked them to hide there while he cleaned up the mess in his kitchen. He checked his breath, just to be sure. Unlike the other two, he hadn't drunk.

After all things were clear, he opened the door, acting as if he was too sleepy.

'What took you so long, David?' asked Emma, his mom.

'Mom! What a pleasant surprise,' said David, 'I was sleeping. Hope you didn't have to stay long.'

'No, my dear, I knew you'd be surprised,' Emma said delightedly as she entered the room. 'I had some work here in Toronto and just thought that you'd be upset if I didn't give you a quick visit here.'

The next day, while his mother was still asleep, David opened the store room and saw that Ben and Sarah were already ready. They immediately rushed out of the apartment. Thank god, thought David. My mother didn't get a slightest hint of it all.

He couldn't meet Sarah the following nine days, for she had gone to a vacation trip to Havana. She had said so herself. He hadn't seen much of Ben too. So today, he called him.

'Hello,' said Ben.

'Yeah, where are you? Could you do me a favour? Let's go to watch a movie today,' said David.

'I'm at home. But sorry Dave, I have some...'

'Sweetheart, whom are you talking to?' came a voice from behind. The call hanged up.

David was startled. That was Sarah's voice. What could she be - No, no, thought David. She can't lie to me.

He sat on his bed, unaware of the bright and piercing sunlight outside his apartment.

But now he understood it; he understood it all. How could he be such a fool? They'd shown some signs from the beginning. But since the store room incident, things had become weirder. He must have known it. His teeth clenched and he punched his bed in anger.

He knew what he had to do. He grabbed the unused gun from his drawer and drove to Ben's home. Ben, his best friend had

betrayed him. He would certainly have to pay for this. He went to Ben's home through the back door and saw him along with Sarah packing something in a bag.

When Ben saw David and the gun he was holding, he blurted out, 'It all happened so fast. I can explain, Dave. Just calm down.'

'Calm down?' shouted David, his fists clutching the gun even tighter. 'Ok, I'll calm down. But only after you're out of my life.'

Then he pointed the gun at Ben and shot. At that moment, Sarah came in front of him. The bullet hit square in her chest. 'I love him, Dave,' were her last words.

What had he done? Kill his own love? Without whom he couldn't live? He slowly moved the gun towards his head... and pulled the trigger. Everything went blank.

- Bikalpa Pandey

One Drop

I gazed at the scars in his arm. Blue marks on that Fairless skin. I gulped the lump at my throat and asked him, 'How... how did this happen?' He covered his arms under the sleeves of his shirt and smiled at me.

A cold shiver ran down my spine. His intense blue eyes suddenly appeared dark, lips looked so reddish and maybe I could sense, he was madly craving for something but trying to hide it.

'I... I gotta go. See you around,' he said and ran off. My eyes followed him till he was out of sight.

Clutching my coat tight around myself. I trotted my way, deeper into the forest. I had questions, my heart was desperate. I needed to know what was going on. My mind, I knew would not give up till I found the reason why? And maybe there was no better place than the woods to let my thoughts wander and travel a float. Wherever they liked.

He was my childhood friend, more like my buddy. It was really weird when I bumped into him back in 6th grade, right at the time when I was in trouble finding my class. It was my first day, damn it! Still, I do remember, so clearly... that he had smiled, flashing his bright white teeth.

I also know, I hadn't even waited for his sorry. Maybe I was running too late right then... but now? I had a forever to think of! Let go of my inhibitions, as much as I wanted and try knowing my life and also... which way it was heading...

After years, I had met him again, today... yeah! I know over time we had been good friends but don't know why that one mark caught my eye and why he grew so uncomfortable and awkward that he had to run away... indeed, why did he hide those marks... they were numerous but, just one? What was the connection?

'Ugh! Why is this all so confusing?' I shouted to myself.

As anticipated, no answer came, not that I had expected even.

I needed someone to answer my queries and why it was going this way?

Why in the world was I destined to meet him today? Why, the bloody heck, me had to notice his scars? And why, why was I thinking of him now? Guess, my heart still had not let go, the image of his blue eyes... that were ever so calm...

It was getting dark. I knew thinking of him was troubling me and I didn't want to hold back but still, I was in the woods. So, I thought I needed to go. But, guess my fate wanted something else.

A sudden move behind the trees, blow of wind. And out of nowhere, from the smoky shadows, emerged my flawless dreamboat, Alan.

Fascinated and shocked at the same time, I tried saying something. No words came out though, did they? Mesmerizing me with his crooked smile. He came close. Oh! But then I realized, my god! He had come way too close! 'Hey', I said and pushed him.

Once again, I discovered something even more shocking. He was freezing! Cold as ice! I had pushed him, just a slight touch in his chest but my hands were numb already... it was getting way too worse.

'Um,' I couldn't have completed if he hadn't taken a step before.

'Don't come near me,' I said.

'Really?' he twitched his eyebrows.

'Look, Alan... we can talk tomorrow okay? Its late... we should probably get going...' he didn't let me finish.

'I'm thirsty...' said he, clutching his throat.

'Huh?'

Swiftly, taking no time, he gracefully covered my hands with his own. That was weird! But oh! How hard as rock and cold as ice his hands were... gradually, I was losing warmth. I'd be freezing in no time. 'What are you doing?' I managed to say.

'Pour one drop!'

'What? What are you talking about?'

I couldn't understand until he brought his hand close and his sharp nail cut the tip of my finger. 'Ah! Shit. How dare you?' I exclaimed, covering my finger, nauseated at the sight of blood.

'Uncover,' he said in a deep tone. Never had I heard him speak like that to me. Honestly, I was scared. So, out of fear I removed my hand.

Without any notice, he come and freely... sucked my blood. I couldn't response. I couldn't figure out what was happening and what was going on. After some seconds he stopped and rubbed his lips.

He didn't look at me, instead in a matter of clock-ticks he grabbed my hand and immediately, bit my arms. It was so sudden,

I couldn't even blink. But then it started to make sense like. Some kind of virus, I could see some bluish patch forming in my arm. Where he bit me and the next patch, I suddenly remembered was where he had kissed me when we were young. Soon my vision got blurry and the pain, unbearable. I collapsed and a image kept fluttering before my eyes. That moment when I had kissed him back, in his arms back then I realized, we were destined together. I smiled at the memory and closed my eyes.

And when I woke up with a feeling of unusual strength and grace he was there. I smiled and he said, 'I told you darling! Just one drop.'

- Bhawana Khatri

Messed

Vimukti was always a quiet student in her school days. She would sit by the window and observe the world as it was. Vimukti's vocal cord functioned only during viva. During the other days, no one would even know Vimukti existed in their classroom.

It all began when she was in sixth grade. She was staring out of the window at the immense Camphor tree. The Camphor tree was one of the least things Vimukti fantasized the most about. She was gazing hard at the crevasses in the bark of the tree. She was wondering about the moss's life in the bark constantly sucking the end of her plait like it were some delicious Mohammad Chachcha's kulfi. It was the first week of her school and she had already realized that nothing would be good to her, so, she preferred sitting by the window sucking her hair as she observed the world sucking it all into her as well.

Her thoughts were racing from moss to cosmos when suddenly the not so peaceful classroom roared at once, "Good morning ma'am" lengthening the vowels a little too much that annoyed Vimukti. Always. Vimukti would never greet the teacher or sing the anthem, not even stand with her head high during these events. These, Vimukti considered were only ways to waste time. Chaotically, she sat down searching her science book, ruffling her bag pack.

She ran her hand into her books. Fished out books and turned each of them, clumsily.

"Congratulations..." The standing class bellowed prolonging the vowels again. Vimukti stood up to look at the person who was being congratulated quizzically. The person was smiling upto his ears flashing his crowded teeth awkwardly.

Vimukti pushed her glasses, tucked a tuft of uncombed hair and gawked at the boy tip to toe. The tips of his hair were sharply cut and brought forward to hide his forehead. His school shirt felt hard and smooth like the blades of a bird's feather. His eyes were deep and dark like a black hole... waiting for mysteries to be uncovered... His smile was beautiful with his eyes twinkling in joy. It was as though his pituitary gland was not so capable of secreting growth hormones making him look still like a 4th grade student. The mole and the black oversized watch on his fair wrist would replicate yin and yang. The ends of his pant hid the heel cap of his shiny black well-polished shoes.

The boy gently held his watch by his other hand's index finger and thumb and attempted to twist and turn it with the hand still with a packet of Chocolairs. He then opened his lips wide enough to attain a smile and offered the teacher chocolates. The teacher dived into the packet and brought out a hand full of chocolates. Hurriedly, the teacher stuffed half a dozen toffees in her mouth and congratulated the boy gangling with a lot of saliva oozing out from her mouth making her look gross. "Congratulations Nirvana!" She exclaimed.

"Nirvana!" Vimukti smiled impulsively looking at the camphor tree.

Vimukti turned her head around. Her eyes searched for Nirvana recklessly. Alas! To her utter dismay, he was gone!

- Bibhuti Shah

LET ' S TALK

Feeling your happiness
It seems you are teasing me,
Looking at your eyes,
It seems you are trying to approach me.

Admiring your beautiful smile,
It seems you're in love with me,
When you often turn around,
It seems you are trying to ignore me.

Without talking how would things resolve?
What is in hearts?
Peace and happiness come only after we talk.

- Aayush Ghimire
LRI SCHOOL
KALANKI, KATHMANDU

Amazing facts:

- * Li Fi a new high speed internet technology uses visible light instead of the radio waves used by wifi to transmit data. It is capable of reaching speeds upto 224 gigabytes per second.
- * During pregnancy, if the mother suffers organ damage, the baby in the womb send stems cells to repair the damaged organ.
- * Cubox, a computer that is equipped with 1GHz CPU, 2GB of memory, 2 USB slots, a HDMI port, is a €100 and it fits in your hand.
- * Top five most infamous viruses/ malware
 1. Mellisa, 1999 - \$1.1 billion in damage worldwide.
 2. I love you, 2000- \$7 billion in damage and \$15 billion to remove.
 3. Mydoom, 2004- most expensive virus ever causing around \$38 billion in damage.
 4. Stuxnet, 2010- completely shut down Iranian nuclear program.
 5. WannaCry, 2017- attacked Windows XP users, shut down UK NHS computers for a whole day.

- Sumit Kumar mandal

Advance science course, 2018

Address: Janakpur-18, dhanusha- nepal

School: janaki higher secondary boarding school, janakpur-2

In a hurry...

A boy was born to a couple after eleven years of marriage. They were a loving couple and the boy was the gem of their eyes. When the boy was around two years old, one morning the husband saw a medicine bottle open. He was late for office so he asked his wife to cap the bottle and keep it in the cupboard. His wife, preoccupied in the kitchen totally forgot the matter. The boy saw the bottle and playfully went to the bottle fascinated by its color and drank it all. It happened to be a poisonous medicine meant for adults in small dosages. When the child collapsed the mother hurried him to the hospital, where he died. The mother was stunned. She was terrified how to face her husband. When the distraught father came to the hospital and saw the dead child, he looked at his wife and uttered just five words.

QUESTIONS:

1. What were the five words?
2. What is the implication of this story?

ANSWER:

The husband just said, "I am with you Darling."

The husband's totally unexpected reaction is a proactive behavior. The child is dead. He can never be brought back to life. There is no point in finding fault with the mother. Besides, if only he had taken time to keep the bottle away, this would not have happened. No one is to be blamed. She had also lost her only child. What she needed at that moment was consolation and sympathy from the husband. This is

what he gave her.

If everyone can look at life with this kind of perspective, there would be much fewer problems in the world. "A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step. Take of all your envies, jealousies, unforgiveness, selfishness, and fears. And you will find things are actually not as difficult as you think.

MORAL OF THE STORY:

This story is really worth reading... Sometimes we spend time in asking who is responsible or whom to blame, whether in a relationship, in a job or with the people we know.

This is how we miss out something called...

"LIFE"

- Aaditya Bhardwaj
Morning Shift, Room No. 401

Fragmentary Dreams

#In_the_reminiscence_of_school_life

From the wish of ten cent's pencil
to the faerie of billions,
Faces of smiles
to laughters of jillions,

- Sushil Ojha
Shree Souvenir Boarding School
Battar , Nuwakot

Like the waves created by sailing boat
we are leaving away things,
All what is left today are the sacchariferous
memoirs
and the piles of fragmentary dreams.

From teasing and poking habits as a child
to thousands of bullies and fights,
We were exhausted then but now
want to recall those moments in our lives,

Those habits of roaming
and discussions in vain,
Today; our innocently coated heart sheet
faded away,
left inside are the pages of fragmentary
moments.

Combining those fragments A, B, C with
Carbon, Bromide and Antimony,
All I am trying to do is make a pleasant
symphony.
Conclusion is that our life is in fragmentary
form,
-no worries we will walk all way long.

No worries about that lurid past,
neither for the future that hides.
We will live in present my dear,
and stay thankful for this life.

Okay! I Don't Love You

I still remember when our silly flirts were the only medium to hide our love and care. Love, that was free from selfishness, that was strengthening her, that was providing her sky to fly. After all three years of friendship was enough for her to allow me to play with her simplicity and solve her complications. And I could never ignore her, sculpted by scars, she was enough to seize my heed and heart. I never knew when did our bond get that stronger. May be since then when her diary started getting my words and my stories being completed with her contents.

I have seen her suffering. I have seen her being helpless. I have felt how unfair god has been to her. I can define her as a fallen leaf and through all of these, I just keep on praying to god to strengthen me, not to be helpless when she needs me the most.

I was rebellious child with funny and insane talks and may be I was pouring all my goodness only to her. She was familiar to all my crazy and insane stuffs and so was I, to her mental breakdowns. How can a test be so long? For how long it's only her? And literally it had been too long. The tears had started fading her beauty inside but yet my handkerchief had always been there to wipe her tears out. And I believe a day she will furnish her shine with those tears.

"Am I being attached to her? Are my feelings getting stronger? Love? No, stop. It doesn't exist in the world you live", I convinced myself. I was probably a fool,

couldn't understand that it was inevitable. Everything happens for a reason, I continued. I continued loving her, nurturing her. I continued to be the azure sky with widening horizon.

I started saving chocolates for her. I started dreaming about her. Wait, those were not wet dreams rather getting her company when I am cooking food for our children and many more romantic yet charismatic moments. Except her the whole school had started gossiping about us and even the teachers. When they used to talk about this to me, I used to pretend as if nothing such exists but deep inside I used to blush with joy and shy enough to show it. People generally get friend zoned and become so called best friend after rejection but to me, we were friends at first and then further things changed. But actually it was too difficult for me to play the role of friend and lover and still.

The level of my story was beyond attraction, beyond so called things, beyond short timed feelings. I had heard somewhere that once you make a girl smile, she will be yours but the more her lips were getting wider, the more my heart was slipping. I ensure you, if she was my course book, I would have topped the exam. She was the reason I never tried to fall in love again. She is still the reason.

I approached her. Not a single special day, rather every day, every hour. I thought even she felt the same way, I do for her. I thought may be I can be the one for her,

may be I can bring happiness in her life again. But I couldn't realize that she was still going through the trauma. She said, " I need time to figure out everything. Time to know where I'm leading to. I know I won't get a guy like you, but I can't cheat on you". And I accepted.

I never wanted to capture and bound her in a relationship, rather I wanted to be the sky where she could fly . That is what love means to me. She once told me that someday she would be mine if lord wishes.

I have moved on in life probably by meeting more girls and even she knows that . But every girl has a vague demeanor in front of her . No matter what happens and who ever comes in my life ahead, noone can get the love and feelings that I owe to her.

When career and dispute became more eminent than love, jealousy decorated me from top to bottom. May be we were still best friend but ' so called ' had found space between us. Time changed and probably our relation too.

There were some complications because of which she needed to part me away from me . It was alright till some extent but with increasing time my mind started getting occupied by random thoughts. Thoughts about her.

"She was like sand,
being slipped away from my hand.
I was like water,
Holding her together."

My situation then was like pulling a rope which was too difficult when it had already slipped for once and literally I couldn't even hold that if our relationship was not so deep. However I could move on

but what about the time we spent together the memories we created forever and addiction she was to me.

May be the story would end someday but love continues. Everything happens for a reason, so is this. It was her love that taught me the meaning of love. Above all those biological needs, daily hangouts, romantic moments there is something, I'm still indulged till the end. The end which is undetermined. The end which I wish never to come.

The time changes but not the feelings. The situation changes behavior but not the person who he/she really is. So hold on to what is left , what's your own.

Even I have sacrificed a lot. Even I have pretended a lot just to hold on to her. And although people asked me to move on saying that she wouldn't understand, I counsel my heart saying , " she doesn't understand love but I do and I will embrace her and I don't know till when . "

So with fake expressions I always say, " Okay, I don't love you “

Source: The Storyshelf

Yeah, we met some months ago. Actually, my eyes met his eyes that day but I was in no worry to talk to him. Mini-me repeatedly said to me, "Leave it." I was oblivious to what might be going through his head at that very moment. The following day we started talking and note it I was the one to begin conversation. Just few words that any person says on meeting a new person. For many days, we just shared our glance even after starting to talk as we had nothing to discuss about. He was that brilliant guy of our class who was confident enough to ask questions to teachers, express everything he should like answers and smart too. Life is always tough when you are talking to people smarter than you. Later, I talked to him more than the time and situation demanded. Never have I ever thought of love even after having a long companion with the boys. After conversations, I concluded: he can micro-analyse the beauty of girls for hours. Mini-me told me, "Why can't boys stop noticing things about girls?" Our everybody conversation ended with "good night", "Sweet dreams", "take care".

One day, the class became more silent than it used to be when the teacher was teaching. I felt like something is missing and my brain took no longer time to notice he was absent. It was during break when I was looking backward and a babler asked me if I was searching for him. This had no knee-jerk reaction. Of course! I was missing a fellow who could tolerate me chattering

and talking for hours and if crossed the limit would start ignoring me, making me realize what I said me was enough. But I had nothing to tell to that babler. I realized after a while that they had started linking my name with him. I wonder why these people can't think, there can also exist friendship only between a girl and a boy. I was quite aghast knowing about it. I texted him almost about 150 words message and let him know about the rumour. He replied, " don't let these things spoil our friendship and we don't need to prove the fact that we are good friends." My phone beeped again when he texted something that read: " Think about the ways that will help me to express my feelings to a girl I love." I thought some significant exists for me to be away from indulging in these illogical emotions. Even when people asked me about love, my answer would always be the same: "Out of my mind!" I feel suffocated when I think about such things. So, I replied: "I am sorry, but no idea." I was just concerned to what he thinks rather than what the whole world says. So, I felt relieved to have my friendship bond getting stronger than to be spoiled by any other feelings. I repeated: 'Out of my mind'.

- Neetika Paudel

THE BEGGAR

Behind the street, under the sky
There lives an old and a poor begging guy
Wanting for money to buy new to wear
Finding the coins fallen somewhere

To fulfill the stomach begging money with
other
Treating the strangers as sister and brother
Taking the street as his own home
Begging with others alone and only alone

Till the death from the born
wearing the cloth overturn
Taking the bowl on his hand
begging with other in nearby stand

Not so fine, nor very tide
Wanting a car for a ride
Cursing the god asking to kill
For those need which he can't fulfill

Asking money to all without feeling shy
Because he was a poor and a begging guy;

- Sucil Pandey

Story of succes

When your heart wakes up, then the brain,
works day and night without caring about
pain,
the story of success then starts,
started for once and never ends.

Listened to world but focused on what
heart was stuck,
worked till destiny could see in front,
to get to president start by the clerk,
obstacles came but continued to work.

Nothing comes easily believed in this fact
wrote the dream over the walls of my brain,
with an intention never to forget it,
as once it's ready, difficult to turn from it.

Somewhere had learnt,
"never turn back, don't get dishearten,
failure is a part so make it your friend,
compete with it, will certainly win."

some proudness, some happiness,
still walking as success is journey,
and through this all,
never parted his smile away.

His story in my bookshelf,
Still gives courtesy to fight when I'm right,
Redeem my mistakes at every steps,
and move ahead without being stopped.

Aditya jha
Nightingale Int'l Sec School
Kupondole, lalitpur

Scientific Love Letter

From hydrogen to helium:

1 May, 2018

Dear hydrogen,

I know you may be little bit sad with everyone because I am stable and already in duple state but you are unstable and even scientists have declared you either metal sometimes and non-metal sometimes. Today I am sharing my inner feeling with you.

My feelings for you travel faster than speed of light and gravitons. You know that the earth was originated only 4.6 billion years ago but I loved you and fell in love with you billions of billions year ago because we are found in every star of this universe. My love for you can't be measured in any multiple of 10 so, our love is beyond infinity and non-physical. Many scientists separated us in different groups and periods. But in modern periodic table by Henry Mossley, you and me are in the same period. With little bit disappointment I am obliged to say that you are in group IA but I am in group 0 or 18. You are 17 groups far from me so, we can't meet each other but I know I can feel and share my love with you even you are 1 parsec away from me. One thing I have to regret for is that we both can't react at any cost as I am inert and can't react with any element. But your isotope, deuterium can combine with each other in form of nuclear fusion to form me, your love and large amount of energy(Q). My love, what can we do for this? We are natural elements and nature

has provided such characteristics to us. You are known to be the lightest element of the periodic table. You can fly above air, being lighter than air but I can't. No matter, the biggest force (love) can attract us as it has high intensity as much as one zetta weber so, our love won't let our love to separate.

My love, I vow our love is truly pious, not false like such false arthropods, silkworm and blindworm. We can't have any kind of bond with each other but the greatest bond, our love will always bind us together.

At last, I want to say that our love will exist until the sun turns out into black hole, until light travels in this universe and until molecules stop to vibrate. Our love is eternal and I will love you until the destruction of whole universe.

Loving yours,

SHERLOCK

There is always difference between the things you like and the things you must like. Ordinary people like ordinary things whereas some peculiar people like something out of common, something that takes everyone's breathe away. If you are beyond belief then you must have watched Sherlock but don't worry if you are hearing the word "Sherlock" for first time, there is still a chance for you to be out of the crowd, for that you must watch Sherlock.

Sherlock is a TV-series created by BBC. The name BBC itself is levelheaded then Sherlock surely should be amazing. Sherlock presents the fictional work of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in a bit modified way. The series includes the brilliant, insane genius Sherlock Holmes who calls himself consulting detective as a protagonist. There is John Watson as a friend and an assistant of Sherlock. These two buddies go around London to do some adventures related to crime. Other detectives have cases, Sherlock and Watson have adventures. They do enjoy solving crime.

The thing that will mesmerize you is the ability of Sherlock to do deductions and interpret it. He really observes everything in an amazing way by predicting the results of each and every minimal details. Beside his deduction skills he is enriched with knowledge in biology, chemistry and has done masters in different types of cigar and ashes produced by them. There are other characters such as Jim Moriarty, who is an enemy of Holmes, Mary Morstan, who is

wife of Watson, Mrs. Hudson, the landlady and so on.

Sherlock is called as a "psychopath" by lot of normal people but he replies by saying,

"I'm a high functioning sociopath not a psychopath"

There are more dialogues that makes you understand value of life and love Sherlock. No longer will you be a normal average person if you just watch Sherlock. The cast includes Benedict Cumberbatch as Sherlock Holmes, Martin Freeman as Dr. John Watson and more of your charming actors.

Sherlock has an IMDb rating of 8.7, I may be wrong but not the whole world. The show is indeed an awesome one. If you want to enjoy your free time watch this show and get your head to spin around some criminal cases of the London. Don't worry Sherlock will eventually solve it.

What if beggars were the god?

And what if beggars were the god?
No, I just simply asked myself,
how would the world be,
if beggars were the only god known to us.

Might be then, the whole world would be
a temple,
might be then, every street would be sacred,
might be then each home would be as
bright as the flaming candle,
and might be then we could meet god at
every few steps.

Cause everytime I walk outside,
I find hands pleading, asking for food to
eat,
clothes to wear and above all, to be loved.

And no matter, they are children or old, no
matter they are able or unable,
no matter they are begging or working,
the bowl remains empty ,
the expectations remain unfulfilled.

So what if beggars were the only god,
What if beggars were the only, whom we
worship everyday,

might be then those foods could fill some
empty stomach ,
might be then those clothes could cover
some naked souls,
might be then those incense could cover
the stinky smell of streets,
might be then, those candles could
enlighten some house,

might be then those stuffs could be of
worth.

And might be then, the whole world would
be full of love,
a beautiful place to live.

And what if beggars are the only god,
What if they are the one, whom we should
worship everyday.

- Sandesh Pandey
Nightingale Int'l sec school
Kupondole, lalitpur

When duped by misogynist

Roaming in an isolated place
Trying to hide my tears,
Struggling to fight my fears,
When I realised I had been duped.
Not by a stranger,not by an enemy
But by someone special
Who turned out to be misogynist.
I had plaited my dreams by thread
Still waiting for time to spread
After every time I realised it was unfair
Because it was just my castle building in
air.
I was bumble like bewilders
WHY misogynist?WHY misanthrope?
Couldn't think and act like teeter
It was the great mystery for me to solve for.
Though I was duped at dark night
Hoping of sunshine at morning sight
For everyone to end misogynism
Flourish the scent of humanism
Cuz I support feminism
Eventually,feminism is for humanism.

- **Garima Rokaya**

School: Tribhuvan Secondary School
Kohalpur-10



निराकार आकाशमा

निराकार आकाशमा म आकार खोज्दै हिड्छु
निराशपूर्ण जिन्दगीमाम मिठास खोज्दै हिड्छु
नबुभ्नेर हो वा नसोचेर हो?
अज्ञानको भान्छामा म ज्ञान खोज्दै हिड्छु
दानवको आत्मामा म ईश्वर खोज्दै हिड्छु
सेतो त्यो दुथमा म श्वेत खोज्दै हिड्छु
म आफ्नामाआफू खोज्छु
मआफूमाआत्मखोज्छु
म त्यो विशालआकाशमाआफ्नै
प्रतिबिम्बखोज्छु
विशालत्यो सागरमा जब म
सगर देख्छु
सोच्छु प्रतिबिम्बहो सगर या सगर
प्रतिबिम्बै हुँकि म ?
म आफू खोज्छु तर भेट्दिन
र फेरी फर्कने बाटोमा
चर्मचक्षु खोज्दै हिड्छु
म पहाडमा आफू खोज्छु , नदीमाआफू नै
म उसमाआफू खोज्छु , म ईश्वरमापनिआफू नै
म हरेक बिम्ब, प्रतिबिम्बमाआफू खोज्छु
म समय, समयमाआफू खोज्छु
तर फगत् ,
अब त म नै रहिन

- युधिर सुवेदी

असहज सुकुल मै...

लखतरान भइ गलेका पाउहरुमा
दिनभरको यात्रा गुट्मुट्याउँदै
अर्थ बिहिन सपना च्यापेर
परालको सुकुल तान्दै पुर्लुक्क पल्टिँ म

मेरा दृस्टि केही घन्टाका लागि
बिदा बसेका बेला - अर्ध चेत मन
होस या बेहोस कसरी तय गरूँ म
शान्त तन भित्र सुस्तरि सलबलाउछन्

कोहि छेउमा आएर बोल्दै छ
ए(उठ हिड्ने बेला भयो तेरो
प्रश्न गर्छु म - कहाँ ? बाटोमा '
अनि तपाईं ? म - बाटो ..!

ओह डराए म , हात गोडा गले फेरि
सम्भे ती कठिन बाटाहरु
हिड्दा हिड्दा पाकेका मेरा पाइताला
तलि च्यात्तिका थोत्रा जुत्ता भित्र

बिचरो - विवश बाटो
कोहि सज्जन कोहि चोर फठाहा
अनि पापी , धमात्ति.. दुखि हुँदो हो मन
कु बिचारक लाई साथ दिदा अनि प्रफुल्ल
सु बिचारक लाई गन्तव्यसम्म पुर्याउन पाउँदा

कसरी परिभाषित गरूँ म जिन्दगीलाई
दुई अक्षरले छुट्याइएका दुई पाटाहरु को..
सुबिचार (कुबिचार..ले ल्याएको उतारचढाव

भित्र रुमल्ली रहने विचित्रको कहानी

ए(उट् अल्छी नग 'कठिन छ यात्रा
संसारलाई बुझ्न छ अरुलाई चिन्न छ
जगत जानेर पुग्न छ गन्तव्यमा तैले
तर्क बितर्क बाटाका - अवस्था संग

तर..

म कहाँ ' अपाहिज निकम्मा ..
संसारका अनुभुतिलाइ हृदयका ऐनाबाट हेर्दै
संवेगात्मक अनगिन्ती दृश्यहरु
आँखा भएर पनि नदेख्ने कान भएर पनि नसुन्ने
अनि मुख भएर पनि नबोल्ने

आफ्नै जीवन रक्षाका निम्ति समेत मौन यी मन
कत्तिले चाहे..म तरुनी नै भइ रहुँ सधैं
नितम्बमा भरिएको सार्हो मासु
वेलन भैँ पुक्क फुलेका वक्षस्थल

कड्वा तेलमा पकाएको मालपुवा भैँ पुटुक्क गाला
टलक्क टल्किने प्रमाणपत्र नचाहिने बैँस बोकेर
अर्धचेत म घुमिरहुँ वरपर - ईर्ष्या , दोष
र दुर्भावना , दुग्न्धित सहरहरु मा

अज्ञानता र चरम् गरिबीका बिच पनि
रासायनिक मलमा सर्लक्क मौलाएको तोरि भैँ
मेरो अल्लारे यौवन बार बार बिमोचन हुन्छ बजारमा
२४० बर्षे राजतन्त्र भैँ ढलेनन् खै तामसिहरु पृथ्वीमा

मनका तालि भित्र धमिलो चित्र कोरिएकि म
अनि मेरा जिउँदै सपना आज फेरि
हावामा धुवाँ बिलिन भए जस्तै
नजानिदो गरि बिस्तारै बिस्तारै हराउँदै छ

आ'
शान्यू बाताबरणको सत्य ब्यथामा
तीखो चिच्याहट् गुन्जयमान्
दौडदै आइ पुग्छन् मेरा दुई नयन
बिउँफिदा म उहि असहज सुकुल मै'!!!

रमेश पण्डित

राजन मेमोरियल इन्टरनेशनल स्कुल
बालाजु, १६ काठमाडौं

बालक र कलम

जीवनको युद्धभूमिमा एक सक्षम योद्धा तिमी बन,
अभ्यास गर, आफूलाई तिखार कलम चलाइकन ।

ती साना हात तिम्रो, त्यसमा भनै सानो कलम,
त्यही तिम्रो शक्ति हो, बढाऊ सफलता तर्फ कदम ।

कलिलो मन छ तिम्रो, जहाँ छन् विशाल सपना,
कलम चलाउ, सिक सिकाउ, बनाउनुछ सपनालाई
विपना ।

विद्यालय तिम्रो मन्दिर हो, ज्ञानका पूजारी तिमी बन,
शिक्षाको पूजा गर, गर ज्ञानको प्रसाद ग्रहण ।

तिमी एक योद्धा हौ , तर बन शान्तिको प्रतीक,
साहसी बन, सत्यतामा टिक, लिई गुरुको आशिक ।

आलस्यलाई पर भगाउ, समयसँगै कदम चाल,
आफूलाई ज्ञानले सवार गरी शिक्षाले मलजल ।

भविष्य के? तिमी त्यही कर्मठ बालक हौ,
विश्वसामु चिनीने जानीने तिमी नै बन्ने छौ ।

मित्रको आवत्जावत् चलिरहन्छ, यही त हो जीवन,
तर जीवनको साथी एउटै छ, त्यो हो तिम्रो कलम ।

- सायना तिवारी

म तिमी प्रेमिका होइन

सबै सम्बन्ध भन्दा अलग
सबै आफन्त भन्दा नजिक
संसार अटाउने मनको खुल्ला सिंहासनमा
तिमीलाई राख्छं ,
के यो मेरो भुल थियो र?

जीवनमा हर पानाहरु खुल्लै थिए तिम्रो सामु
कहाँ कहिले के लेखिएको थियो?
कोरिएका कतै मेटिएका कतै मेटाईएका मेरा अतीत,
सायद तिमीलाई भन्दा धेरै त आफैलाई
पनि थाहा छैन होला ।

आकाश लजाउदैन धर्तीलाई देखेर
धर्तीले घुम्टो हाल्दैन आकाशलाई देखेर
यस्तै यस्तै केही त थियो तिमी र म बीचमा
के यो मेरो भुल थियो र ?

आज किन बोल्दैनौ ? बोलाउदा पनि।
के भयो सोध्दैनौ टोलाउदा पनि।
कतै बिभाएको छु भने ती तिम्रा आँखामा
भारीदिनु निसङ्कोच यही जमिनमा
जहाँबाट उठेर तिम्रो आँखासम्म पुग्ने दुष्साहस गरौं
दुखाएको छु भने त्यो मुटुलाई ,
फ्याकिदिनु त्यही बगरमा जहाँबाट तिमीले टिपेका
थियौ एउटा जीवन।

म तिम्रो प्रेमिका होईन !
न त श्रीमती नै

न दिदी न बहिनी
केवल मन सँगको साईनो हो तिम्रो र मेरो ।
तर प्रेमिका भैं मायालु
श्रीमती भैं दोस्ती
दिदी बहिनी भैं शुभचिन्तक
अवश्य बन्न सक्छु ।
म नारी तिमी पुरुष फरक यति हो ।
समाजले तेसाउने अनगिन्ती प्रश्नहरु त मेरा सामु
पनि छन् ।
नियमहरु छन् । कर्तव्य अनि जिम्मेदारी पनि ।
नरी पुरुषको सम्बन्ध प्रेमी प्रेमिका र लोग्ने स्वास्नीको
मात्रै हुँदैन बुझ्नु पर्छ यो समाजले ।

सायद तिमी डरायौ होला यो समाज सँग
जीवनसँग जोडिएको हरेक नातासँग,
त्यसैले त टाढियौ साईनो बिनाको सम्बन्धसँग।
समाज हो एक दिन परिवर्तन हुनेछ
सोच हो एक दिन बदलिनेछ ।
बदलिने छौ स्वयम तिमी पनि ॥

तर थाहा छ तिमीलाई ?
यी सबै नाता सम्बन्ध भन्दा कैयौं गुणा माथि छौ
तिमी
र रहरहनेछौ जीवनभर ।
कही कतै कहिल्यै नदुख्ने नाता गाँस्न चाहेकी हुँ
तिमीसँग ,
के तिमी र म साथी बन्न सक्दैनौं?

म तिमीसँग अधिकार खोज्न आउदिन

कहाँ छौ को सँग छौ सोध्न पनि आउदिन
बुभनेछु कि अब पनि बोलेनौ भने
साथी साथी रहेनौं
मन बदलिएको छ,
विचार साघुरिएको छ,
पाईला लुलिएका छन्।

भन्नेछु यो दुनियालाई सुन्नेगरी नारी र पुरुष बीचमा
साथीको सम्बन्ध कहिल्यै दिगो रहन सक्दैन ।
नबन्नु साथी कसैको, नबनाउनु यो नाजुक सम्बन्ध
जो एक भोक्का हावाले उडाउँछ,
सानो खहरेले बगाउँछ ॥

- रमेश पण्डित

राजन मेमोरियल इन्टरनेसनल स्कुल
बालाजु, १६ काठमाडौं

संघर्ष : आत्मनिर्भर बन्नको लागि

बाबु , छिटो उठ ! ढिला भई सक्यो ! ”

करिव चार महिना अगाडि मलाई यो सुन्दा सुन्दा दिक्क लागेको जस्तो हुन्थ्यो ! ह्या उठ्ने बेला थाहा भाई हाल्छ नि मलाई , कती कराको होला !”

तर आज आएर मामु ले यती भन्दिए पनि हुन्थ्यो जस्तो लाग्छ।

सानै छदा देखी कहिल्यै एकलै बसिन , मामुबाबा जता जानु हुन्थ्यो म पनि त्यतै नै जान्थे । जब १६ बर्ष को उमेरमा उहाँहरू सङ्ग छुटिएर आएर एकलै बस्न थाले तब बुभदै गएँ, ति गाली भित्र लुकेको माया !

एक्कासी यसरी परिवार बाट छुटिएर बस्दा साच्चै नै गाह्रो हुदो रहेछ । एकलै पनि बसेको छैन, दिदी छे साथमा तर भन्छन् नि , आमा बिनाको घर घर जस्तै लाग्दैन भनेर ! साच्चै यो घर घर जस्ताइ लाग्दैन मलाई ! कजयय बाट घर फर्किदा जुन खुशी हुन्थ्यो त्यो अहिले ऋयाभिनभ बाट घर फर्किदा हुँदैन !

बेलुका कलेज बाट फर्किदा त दिदी पनि घर मै हुन्छे , त्यती सुन्यता को महसुस हुँदैन स तर हरे क बिहान जब दिदी ऋयाभिनभ जान्छे म आफुलाई चारै तिर बाट सुन्यताले घेरेको महसुस गर्छु । एकलै हुन्छु , अनेक कुरा हरु गर्छु सुन्यता मेटाउन, तुलो स्वरमा गीत बभाउछु , सङ्गसगै गीत गुनगुनाउछु तर अहँ त्यो सुन्यता केइ गरे पनि मेटिदैन ।

खाना पकाउछु, खाना डदछ अनी याद आउछ मामुको स हिँड्ने बेलामा मोजा भेटिदैन अनी याद आउछ मामुको स आफैँले राखेको आफ्नो द्ययप जब भेटिदैन अनी याद आउछ मामुको ।

जब जब याद आउछ तब एक्कासी आँखा रसाएर आउछ । म कमजोर छु त्यसैले त्यो आशु रोक्री राख्न सकिदैन , तुलो स्वर ले गीत बजाउछु ,अनी ढोका थुनेर डाको छोडेर रुन्छु ताकी कसैले थाहा न पाउन कि म यती धेरै कमजोर छु , जब जब एकलै हुन्छु तब तब आशु नै मेरो साथी बनिदिन्छ ।

मामु ढिला भइ सक्यो छिटो माम पस्किदिनु न !” भनेको पनि याद आउछ बेला बेलामा । अहिले त आफैँ पकाउछु , आफैँ खान्छु अनी आफैँ दौढिन्छु आफ्नो लक्ष पुरा गर्न । कहिले डडेको खाना यसै माकतदप्ल मा फालेर हिड्छु त कहिले आधा मात्र पाकेको भात पानी खाएर जवर्जस्ती निल्छु । कती चोटि त पस्की सकेको खाना पनि न खाइ कन हिँडे को छु , ऋयाभिनभ द्यगक छुट्छ भनेर ।

महिनाको एक चोटि जसो जब मामु भेट्न आउनु हुन्छ तब चै घर घर जस्तो लाग्न थाल्छ , केही दिन लाई नै भएनी कराउनु त हुन्छ मामुले , केही चोटिलाई भने पनि खोजिदिनु हुन्छ मेरो हर एको मोजा ।

केही दिन बस्नु हुन्छ अनी जानु हुन्छ, सरकारी जागिरबाट छुट्टी कती नै मिल्छ र !

अनी फेरी एक्लो हुन्छु म । एकान्त मा यस्तै अने कन लेख लेख्दै बस्छु रसाएको आँखा पुछ्दै !

चमत्कारिक कुर्सी

समयले नेटो काटिसकेको छैन । नेपालमा लोकतन्त्र भित्रिएको । राजा पृथ्वीनारायण शाहले एकीकरण गरे लगत्तै शासनको सुरुआत । कतिले विरोधको आवाज निकाले मुटु नै धड्किन छाड्यो । ऐनतेन गरिकन पनि विरोधका आवाज र पाइलातिर तराजु ढल्किनै पन्यो । राणा शासन त उखेलियो तर पन्यो टड्कारो राजतन्त्र । राजतन्त्रको अन्तिम चरणतिर पनि उही शिर निहुन्याई राजारानीय नमः जप्ने स्वरहरु मिहिन रूपमा विरोधका गीत ड्यारङ्ग यार गरी गुञ्जिएको सुनिए । राजतन्त्र पनि बाटो लाग्यो । कैयौं त्रासद मृत्युले लोकतन्त्र जन्मियो । सूर्यमुखी फूल फक्रिएर लोकतन्त्रलार्थ स्वागत गरिन् ।

एकल शासनपछि लोकतन्त्रमा आयो सामूहिक शासन । अरु समयमा अर्केको दैलो कुर्नु पर्ने नेपाली जनताको दैलोमा रहरु नेताहरुले ढोका ढकढकाउनु पन्यो । कतिले मासुभात र रातोपीरो भोलमा होस् गुमाए त कोही सजग भइरहे । कर्म, धर्मको चे त नराखी नेतावाला भूँडीवादको सिद्धान्त लागू गर्न अग्रसरदेखि भन्छन्- 'के गर्नु, त्यो कुर्सी यस्तै छ हजुर ।' जनताकै माफ उठी जनताका लागि जति गर्छु भनी फुडूँ लगाए पनि खै कस्तो कुर्सी रै'छ, कस्तो आशन रै'छ खोसाखोस भइ छाड्यो । कुर्सी एक रहन चाहने अनेक । एउटै कुर्सी नेताहरुका लागि देवताका अनेक रूप भै आकृति फेरि फेरि दर्शन दिन पुग्यो । इमानदारका लागि लोभ्याउँदो गरिबका लागि मन पगाल्ने धन, धनीको लागि ओहो दाको लोभ, हाँडी घोप्टेका लागि सारा जीव र अरु के के वर्णन गरी साध्य छैन । अहो ! लोकतन्त्रको

छाडातन्त्रको सुरुआत सकृय भयो । १, २, ३, ... गर्दागर्दै पार्टीको नम्बर १००औं पुगिसक्यो । सुन्दा कानैको बोभ हेर्दा आँखैको कसिङ्गर, गणना गर्दा औँलैको नाश, सम्भदा दिमागैको भार ! मपाईत्वको मादल बजाउन सकृय छन् नेताहरु । जता चाहीं ट् वाल्ट्वाल्ती हेरेर 'जति जोगी आए पनि कानै चिरे का' को मादल बजाउन विवश । साँच्चै, नेपालको सत्तामा राम्रा त टिक्दैन टिके राम्रा हुँदैनन् ।

अवस्था बिथोलिएकै छ, कति जनता जड्यौरीको जीवन व्यततीत गर्न बाध्य छन्, सारङ्गीका स्वर विना कसैको जीवन नचल्ने । समयको एउटा निष्पट्ट अन्धकार त चिरियो तर त्यो बेला गुञ्जने शान्तिका गीत सम्भावनाका पाइला सार्ने सोचहरु खै ! आज कहाँ विलिन भए । नेताहरु कुर्सीलाई आलिङ्गन गरी बस्न 'पानी विनाको मछली' भै छट्पट् छट्पट् गरिरहेछन् । अन्धविश्वासले जर्जर भएको यो नेपाल र यसलाई अप्रत्यक्ष रूपले मौलाउने ती नेताहरुको मुख्याइ कस्तो जोडी भयो । कैयौं नेपाली कुर्सी र त्यो आशनको स्वाद लिन निस्केंका, आज जोगी र रोगी भइ जीवन व्यतती गर्दै छन् ।

आधारभूत अधिकारका त के कुरा, आज रोग, भोक र शोकले नेपाली जनताको घाँटी अट्ट्याएको छ । 'बाभा खेत नालको भेष' को नारा कसरी हो कुन्नी तर राष्ट्रिय बोभ उठाउन विवश छन् । ने पाली नारी च्यातिएको धोतीले आफ्नो लाज छोप्न विवश छन् । गरिबीले प्रश्रय पाइरहेछ । साथसाथै धेरै ले भूँडीवालाको दैलो कुरे अनि नातावाद र कृपावाद को सिद्धान्त पनि मौलाउँदै गइ उही कुर्सी दौडका सहभागीको प्रतिमूर्ति बनी छाँडे । देशका सेवकलाई

पनि त्यहाँ पुगी कताबाट निष्ठुरीपनका सवालले
घेर्न पुगे । प्रश्न अनुत्तरित छ साँच्चै त्यो कस्तो
चमत्कारिक कुर्सी ?

- कुसुम खड्का

लोकतन्त्रको हत्या

राष्ट्रप्रेमीमा भ्रष्टाचारको सौख छ ।
दलाल नेताहरुमा पैसाको भोक छ ।
सत्ताधारीमा लोभ लालचको रोग छ ।
संविधानको लोकतन्त्रबाट वियोग छ ।

मेरो मृत्युको संवाद सुन
हृदय पीडाको अनुवाद सुन
देशमा विकासको सिधा योग खोज
संविधानको लोकतन्त्रबाट वियोग छ ।

राष्ट्र धर्मलिपिको हो देशको संविधान
देशबासीको शील, सम्मान र स्वाभीमान
घामलाई अँध्यारो बनाइ नगर अभिमान
लोकतन्त्रको हत्याबाट होऔं सावधान ।

अन्त संघर्ष कथा लोकतन्त्रको सोचौं
अब न्याय व्यवस्थाको नयाँ आयाम राखौं
दिव्य दीप हृदयमा जलाऔं
नयाँ स्वर्णीम विहानी सजाऔं ।

सहीदको सम्झना गरी एक संकल्प उठाऔं
आफ्नो सारा शक्ति देशको विकासमा लगाऔं
बुद्धको शान्ति सन्देश जगतमा फैलाऔं
जय नेपाल नारा लगाई गुञ्जायमान गराऔं ।

- प्रशान्त कुमार पाण्डे

अनुष्टुप छन्द

नभमा जून तारा भैँ प्रकाश सबमा छरी
गुरु सुवास आभा भैँ पराग ज्ञानको भरी ॥
गुरु उषा बिहानीका ज्ञान भण्डारका धनी
गुरु प्रतीक शोभाका, करुणा ज्ञानका ध्वनी
॥
गुरु विना न संसार न ज्ञान नव सुन्दर
संसार मात्र पीडाको, काँडा दानवका सुर ॥
गुरुका शब्दमा छन् रे, सुधा काव्य गीता
सब
गुरुको धन माथा रे, उनै हुन् देव केशव ॥
उनी हुन् शील्य रोप्ने रे, सत्कर्म अनुवादन
गुरु दिवा दिने अंशु, रोपेर नव जीवन ॥
गरी आर्जन आफूले, छर्ने सर्वत्र रे किरण
अस्मिता हुन् उनै बाग, पराग शिष्यको
अर्पण ।
शिष्य हे नदिनू दाग, गुरुको मान ज्ञानमा
फुटेर जान्छ नाता त्यो, काँडा हो सब हालमा ॥

- पूर्णिमा भट्टराई

मुक्तक

गरीबको बस्तीमा क्रान्ति पठाइ दिन्छु
भ्रष्ट अनि सामन्तिको अनुहार जलाइ दिन्छु
तिमीले मलाई के सम्झिएका छौ महासय
म मुक्तक लेखेर सरकार ढलाइ दिन्छु ।
गरीबको बस्तीमा नुनतेल भारेर देखा
गाउँ-गाउँका कुना-कुनामा बजेट पारेर दे
खा
कि जागिर दे कि भत्ता दे
सक्दैन सरकार जनतालाई मारेर देखा ।
बरोजगारी भई खर्च गर्ने कसलाई मन छ र
खल्ती टक्क्याइ बाढी नजिक सर्ने कसलाई मन
छ र
गाउँ अनि सहरको त कुरा पनि बेग्लै छ
स्वाभिमान बेची सिमानामा मर्ने कसलाई मन छ र ।
घाम लागे नि ठिकै छ जून लागे नि ठिकै
छ
यही गुन कसैलाई वैगुन लागे नि ठिकै छ
अदालतको इजलासमा उभिएर भन्छु
चोर्न मैले दिन चोरे कानुन लागे नि ठिकै
छ ।

- महेन्द्र विक्रम लामिछाने

आघात

उदास नहोस् यो मन
संहार भएर गइहाल्नेछ
सभ्यतामा रहोस् यो तन
नत्र संकटले धवस्त भइहाल्नेछ ।

विषादमाथि खिल्ली उडाइन्छ
सबैले क्लेश बुभन नचाहने
अहो ! कसरी उद्धार गरिन्छ
जब मदत गर्न नचाहने ।

मानिसको चक्षुले सम्पूर्ण स्थान अलग
अजय पनि धृष्टता छुपेको
परचक्री त सदा भँ हुन्छ गलत
बकसमा जफत लुकेको ।

अभिमानमा तुल्याइ देखाउने
अन्तर्चिन्तनले पोलि नै रहने
सभ्यतामा बडाइ भेटाइने
वेदनाले घोची नै रहने ।

उत्कण्ठामा बाँचिरहेको सबै
तापनि केही नपाउने
मूक भएर नै बसिरहेको सबै
व्यथा बताउन नसक्ने

- अभिनिश सिंह

स्मी पारसको प्रकाशन हुन लागेको नोबेल

प्रेम कि करियर ?

हामी जस्ता सम्पूर्ण प्रार्थीहरू प्रायःजसो अड्किने र अलमलिने एउटै विन्दु हो प्रेम कि करियर ? असंख्य ऊर्जारूपी जोश र जाँगरका साथ आफ्ना सम्पूर्ण सपनाहरू पूरा गर्ने अठोटका साथ सुरु हुन्छ हाम्रो बाल्यकालरूपी जीवन । कति अद्वितीय हुन्छ है, त्यो निष्कपट आचरण, मोहरहीत सोच र चञ्चले, चुलबुले बानी ।

सारा संसारलाई आफ्नो क्षमता देखाउने एउटा मात्र संकल्प हुन्छ हाम्रो शैशवकालमा तर हामीलाई पहिलो फट्का लाग्छ तब जब हामी आफ्नो १६औं त के भनौं अहिले १४औं वा १५औं जन्मदिनको मोमबत्ती निभाउँछौं । तयसबाट निस्किएका धुवाँभैँँ अलमलिएको जीवन भइदिन्छ हाम्रो । किशोरावस्थामा छिर्ने बित्तिकै हाम्रा सम्पूर्ण पुराना र महत्वपूर्ण विचारहरू, संसार सुधार्ने सपनाहरू त्यही सेतो धुवाँमा कता विलिन हुन्छ, कता ?

अनि मनमा एउटै प्यास जाग्छ, शरीर अस्फूर्त हुन्छ र बेलाबेलामा त ज्वरो पनि आउँछ, प्रेमको । जति छोटो छ नि यो दुई अक्षरे 'प्रेम' त्यति नै गहन छ यसको भाव जसलाई बुभन्दाबुभदै चार पाँच वर्ष बित्छ र त्यतिबेला करियरको मोल शून्य बर ।बर भइदिन्छ । संसारै केटीमात्र (केटाको लागि) र कटामात्र (केटीको लागि) भए जस्तो महसुस हुन्छ ।

जति नै बच्न खोजे पनि चुम्बकले फलाम तानेभैँँ जस्तोसुकै महान योगी पनि यसमा अल्किन्छन् । सबै लाई थाहा हुन्छ कि यो बाटो हिँड्नाले अवश्य पनि क्षणिक आनन्द त आउँछ तर स्थिर कहिल्यै पनि हुन सक्दैन । पछि करियर नबनेपछि फेरि अर्को फट्का

लाग्छ जब तिम्री प्रेमी वा प्रेमिकाले तिमीलाई आफ्नो विवाहको निम्तो दिन आउँछन् ।

हो, सत्य यही हो र जीवनोपयोगी कदम के हुन सक्छ भने हामी आफ्नो करियरलाई पहिलो प्राथमिकता दिऔं । करियर बनिसकेपछि त प्रेम गर्ने समय हामीसँग थुप्रो बाँकी रहन्छ ।

यस्तै एउटा कथालाई मैले एउटा नोबेलको रूप दिएको छु । युवावस्थाभन्दा पूर्वको किशोर किशोरीको कथा उल्लेख गरिएको छ त्यसमा, करियर र प्रेमका बारेमा अल्भिएका सम्पूर्ण साथहरूका लागि एउटा सही मार्ग हुन सक्ने अनुमान छ मेरो ।

- स्मी पारस

गजल

काठमाडौंमा जीवन धान्ने काम खोज्दैछु
मानवविहीन सहरमा नाम खोज्दैछु ।

यहाँ त ईश्वरहरु दुंगामात्र छन् रे
त्यसैले त साँचो मनको धाम खोज्दैनु
मानवविहीन सहरमा नाम खोज्दैछु
त्यसैले त साँचो मनको धाम खोज्दैछु ।

कति मान्छे भोकभोकै लडिरहेछन्
मीठो भोजन पेट भर्ने मामा खोज्दैछु
काठमाडौंमा जीवन धान्ने काम खोज्दैछु
मानवविहीन सहरमा नाम खोज्दैछु ।

सीताको इज्जतहरु लुट्ने रावणहरु मार्ने
पतिभक्ति, सत्यवादी राम खोज्दैछु
काठमाडौंमा जीवन धान्ने काम खोज्दैछु
मानवविहीन सहरमा नाम खोज्दैछु ।

- आयुष राय

मर्न कति गाह्रो

धेरै बाँचे उमेरहरु जीवन अभै प्यारो
बाँच्ने रहर हुँदाहुँदै मर्न कति गाह्रो ।

आँखाभरि सपनाभरि खुल्छन् आशा-ज्योति
छातीभरि मुटुभरि खस्छन् आँसु-मोति
आँखाभित्र आँसु लुकाई हाँसुन कति गाह्रो
बाँच्ने रहर हुँदाहुँदै मर्न कति गाह्रो ।

पानी बनी बगैँ म त कुलो खनी-खनी
मुटुभित्र नि बगैँ हजुर रगत बनी-बनी
छहराभैँ बग्दाबग्दै सुक्न कति गाह्रो ।

पहाडको तरेलीमा कति शितल छाँया
सम्भनाको परेलीमा कति मीठो माया
मायाको अमरतामा जल्न कति गाह्रो
बाँच्ने रहर हुँदाहुँदै मर्न कति गाह्रो ।

कति फूलैँ गुराँस बनी लाली छरी-छरी
मायाप्रति पनि लाएँ हृदय भरी-भरी
हाँगाभरि फूल्दाफूल्दै भर्न कति गाह्रो
बाँच्ने रहर हुँदाहुँदै मर्न कति गाह्रो ।

एउटा कृति रचि छाड्छु मर्ने परे पनि
जीवन पराग छरि जान्छु भर्ने परे पनि
पहाड-तराईसम्मै बगछु सुक्नै परे पनि
जूनकिरी भैँ बलि जान्छु जल्नै परे पनि ।

धेरै बाँचे उमेरहरु जीवन अभै प्यारो
बाँच्ने रहर हुँदाहुँदै मर्न कति गाह्रो ।

- स्मिथ नेपाल

आमाको माया

कुनै गाउँमा एउटा सानो परिवार बस्थ्यो । त्यस परिवारमा आमा, बुबा र छोरा थिए । उनीहरूको जीवन सामान्य तरीकाले बितिरहेको थियो । छोरालाई आमाले असाध्यै माया गर्थिन् । छोराले पनि आमालाई आफ्नो प्राणभन्दा बढी माया गर्दथ्यो । यो देखेर सारा गाउँलेहरू उनीहरूको प्रशंसा गर्थे । जहिल्यै जसरी त्यो दिन पनि छोरा आमा एकअर्कासँग कुरा गरिरहे का थिए । त्यति नै बेला छोराले आमालाई प्रश्न गर्‍यो- 'आमा तपाईं मलाई मेरो अठारौं जन्मदिनमा के दिनु हुन्छ ?'

आमाले त्यति बेला उत्तर दिइन्- 'जब तिम्रो जन्मदिन आउँछ त्यो दिन तिमी दराजमाथि हेर्नु त्यही तिम्रो उपहार हुनेछ ।'

त्यसपछि छोरा स्कूल गयो र आमा आफ्नो काम गर्न थालिन् । उनीहरूको जीवन यसरी नै बित्दै थियो तर एक दिनको कुरा हो छोरालाई एक्कासी ज्वरो आयो उनीहरूले नजिकको वैद्यलाई देखाए तर निको भएन । त्यसपछि उनीहरूले छोरालाई सहरको डाक्टर कहाँ लग्यो । अनि त्यहाँ डाक्टरले भन्यो कि उसको छोराको मुटुमा प्वाल छ भनेर तब उनलाई धेरै डर लाग्यो । उनले यसको उपाय पनि सोधे तर डाक्टरले भने कि तपाईंको छोरा बीस दिन मात्र बाँच्छ । त्यति नै बेला उसले आफ्नो मुटु छोरालाई दिने निर्णय गरिन् ।

एक वर्षपछि छोरा घर फर्कदा उसकी आमाको मृत्यु भइसकेको थियो । त्यतिबेला ऊ १८ वर्ष पुगिसकेको थियो । उसले आफ्नी आमाको कुरा सम्भयो र दराजमाथि हेन्यो त्यहाँ एउटा बाकसमा चिठी राखिएको थियो । त्यस चिठीमा उसकी आमाले

भनेकी थिइन् कि मैले तिम्रो जन्मदिनको उपहार मेरो मुटु दिए र तिमीलाई एउटा नयाँ जीवन दिएँ । यो कुरा पढेपछि छोराको आँखाबाट आँसु खस्यो र आफ्नी आमालाई सम्झियो ।

अतः यो संसारमा आमा जतिको माया कसैले पनि गर्दैन भन्ने सन्देश यस कथाबाट हामीले लिन सक्छौ ।

- सफलताश्री आले

सिरिया

आकास अँध्यारो, आयो आवाज चर्को
जब बारुदका गोला घर-घरमा दक्यो ।
सक्कियो मानवता, सकिए मानव
दैवलाई पछाडि पार्दछ दानव ।
रक्ताम्य शरीर, आफू नचिनिने हालत
मेरो के दोष भनी सोच्दा हुन् बालक ।
के हो आतंकवाद के हो साम्राज्यवाद
क कसले थाम्ने क कसको काँध ।
खस्यो आँसुका ढिका, बग्यो रगतका धारा
धुलोमा मिसियो सिरिया सारा ।
सक्दैन केही यो उदासिन मन लेख्छ
खै कहाँ छ ईश्वर, के उसले देख्छ ?

- ममता अधिकारी

जीवन कला

जीवन नै कला हो । कसैको सिर्जना अनेक मञ्चमा मञ्चित नाटकभँ पृथ्वीका छेउकुनामा आफ्नो भावभंगिमा सहित प्रस्तुत गर्ने प्राणीमध्ये मानिस पनि एक हो । यो प्रस्तुती समयको लामो अन्तरालमा एउटा अंशको रूपमा बिताउने मानिसको भोगाइ नै जीवन हो । अर्थात् प्रकृतिको एउटा कला नै मानव जीवन हो । मानवको क्रियाकलाप उसको सिर्जनाहरू कलाभित्र कला हुन् ।

अविरल, अनिश्चित र अनुभावत्मक यात्राको रूपमा मानिने जीवन, कला जीवन जीउने एक माध्यम हो । जीवनलाई रंगाउने कार्य कलाले नै गर्ने हुनाले जीवनलाई कर्कलाको पातमा अडिने पानीसँग तुलना गर्दा खासै फरक नपर्ला । त्यो पानी जतिबेरसम्म अडिन्छ त्यस्तै नै हाम्रो जिन्दगी कतिबेर कहाँ गएर टुङ्गिन्छ पत्तो हुँदैन । सबै मानिसमा कला अन्तर्मुखी वा आर्जित भएका हुन्छन् तर उसको सिकाइ र भोगाइमा पनि भर पर्छ । जिन्दगी अनन्त यात्रा हामी सबैले भोग्ने पर्छ तर यदि हामी कलात्मक छौं भने त्यो भोगाइ पनि अर्थपूर्ण हुन्छ । यदि चित्रकारले उसँग भएको कला चित्र स्वरूप प्रस्तुत गर्न सके न भने उसँग भएको कलाको महत्व हुँदैन । त्यसै गरी जीवन सोचे भन्दा छोटो छ । जीवनको भोगाइबाट प्राप्त भएका ती अमूल्य कलालाई दराजमा लुगा सरह पोको पारेर राख्नुभन्दा बाहिर त्यसलाई प्रस्तुत गरेर उपयोग गर्न सकियो भने आर्जनमुखी र लाभदायी हुन्छ । जीवन र जीवनको परिभाषालाई सार्थक पार्न सोचे जस्तो सजिलो त छैन ।

सबैको जीवनमा उतारचढाव हुन्छ नै जसरी नेपाली साहित्य समाजमा उदाहरणीय बन्न पुगेका

अविरल प्रतिभा भ्रमक घिमिरे र पारिजात सबै नारिहरुको लागि उदाहरण बन्दै सफलताको शिखर चुमेका छन् । भ्रमक घिमिरेले आफ्नो जीवनका भोगाइहरूलाई समेटि आफ्नै खुट्टाका औंलाहरूले 'जीवन काँडा कि फूल' नामक किताब रुपान्तरण गरेकी छिन् । जीवनको सुरुवातमा कालो बादल लागेभँ उनको जीवनमा अन्धकार लाग्यो । सूर्यको किरणसँगसँगै उनको जीवनमा पनि फूलहरू फूल्न थाले । जीवनमा भाग्यलाई होइन कर्मलाई विश्वास गरी कर्म गर्नुपर्छ अनि कर्म गरे जस्तो फल पाइन्छ ।

यदि भ्रमक घिमिरेले आफ्नो भाग्यमा विश्वास गरी ती पाउहरूले लेखन सुरु नगरेको भए के उनी अहिले यो मञ्चमा हुन्थिन् त ? अवश्य नै हुन्थिन् । उनले सकीनसकी आफ्ना खुट्टाका औंलाहरूले अक्षर कोर्ने कोसिस गरिन् र उनको त्यही कोसिसले आज उनलाई नेपाली साहित्यमा ऐनाको रूप भनेर चिनिन्छ । जीवनमाामीले सही धारणा र निर्देशन प्राप्त गरेर कुनै एउटा निश्चित लक्ष्य लिएर त्यसका पछि लागि पर्नु भने त्यो लक्ष्य प्राप्त गर्नमा कठिन हुँदैन ।

निष्कर्षमा जीवन नै कला र कला नै जीवन हो । मानव जीवनको भोगाइ सहज, असहज हुन सक्छ । दुःख वा सुखमय जेहोस् यी कलाका प्रारूपहरू हुन् । कसैका लागि तीतो हुन्छ भने कसैका लागि मीठो, नमिठो, दुःखान्त र सुखान्त बन्छ । अनि पुष्टिन्छ कथा, कविता, उपन्यास आदि विधा भएर बस त्यसैले जीवन कला हो । कला नै जीवनको अर्को नाम हो ।

- विभूति के.सी.

अधुरो...

त्यो छानो चुइयो, देखाइ भनिन् आमाले मलाई
त्यो आँगन भक्त्यो, देखाइ भने, बुबाले मलाई
घरको जेठो छोरो है थिएँ कर्तव्य ममा थियो
खुसीको साथ जहान पाल्ने त्यो ठूलो धोको थियो ।

एकदिनको कुरो, अल्लारे ठिटो, आयो है गाउँमा
पैसाको लालच देखाइ भन्यो, हिँड जौ विदेशमा
फर्केर आए आमालाई भने, म विदेश जादैछु
धन है कमाई, चुहिएको छानो छिट्टै म टाल्नेछु ।

बहिनीको पढाई, नरोक्नुस् बुबा, पैसा म पढाम्ला
डाक्टर बन्ने, त्यो त्यसको ईच्छा, पूरा म गरौला
पैसा है कमाई, खुसीको साथ घरमा नै बसौला
अहिलेका लागि विदा है दिएस् घर चाँडै फर्कम्ला ।

लगाई टिको माला त्यो सिउरी विदा है दिए नि
आँगालो हाली चाँडै घर फर्केस् आमाले भनिन् नि
भोला र भ्रम्टा उठाई आफ्नो बाटो म लागे नि
पछाडि फर्की इशारा गरी विदा भै हिँडे नि ।

सोचेको जस्तो थिएन सहज विदेशको जीवन
हरपल याद गाउँ कै आउँथ्यो त्यो पाखा त्यो वन
के गर्दै होलिन् ती आमा मेरी घरमा अहिले
कस्तो चैँ व्यवहार गर्दै पो होला घरको भाइले ।

छोरोको याद हरपल आउला, त्यो गाउँको घरमा
पिँढीमा बसी आउला कि छोरो हेर्छन् है बाटोमा
मेरो नै लागि भनेर दियो बालेका होलान् नि
मनमा ठूलो सपना सजाइ बसेका होलान् नि ।

एक वर्ष बित्यो, आएन छोरो त्यो गाउँ फर्केर
आमाको मन मानेन अनि हिँडिन् है भनेर
पल्ला त्यो घरको रामेलाई बोलाइ, प्रश्न सोधिन् है
हे रामे बाबु, भन् न कान्छा खै मेरो छोरो है ?

नयनबाट आँसु त्यो भारी रामेले भन्यो नि
हे बजै अब आउदैँन छोरो यो गाउँ कहिल्यै नि
विदेश गई छोड्यो है सास त्यो तिम्रो छोरोले
बाकसमा अब आउदैँछ छोरो, भन्छ है रामेले ।

एक्कासी भूइँमा लडिन् है आमा त्यो कुरा सुनेर
घरकी लष्मी ती मेरी बनी आई है कुदेर
एक छिनपछि बाकसमा आयो त्यो मेरो लास है
साथमा आयो सम्पत्ति टन्नै अभाव मेरै भो ।

हे नानी मेरी दाजुको यादमा नभारेस् आँसु है
डाक्टर बनी बुबाको सपना पूरा त्यो गरेस् है
चुहिएको छानो छिट्टै है टाल्नु यो दाजु भन्दछ
दाजुको सट्टा तँ छोरो बन्नु त्यो घरलाई सुहाउँछ ।

अब्बल वर तेरो नै लागि खोज्न है पाइन्न
त्यसका है लागि माफी दे नानी म असल भइन्
घरमा बुबा-आमालाई भन्नु, छैन यो छोरो है
मेरो पो सट्टा असल छोरो नानी तँ बन्नु है ।

सधैँको जस्तै मेरा नै लागि बत्ती त्यो बाल्नु है
साथमा राख्नु तस्वीर त्यो मेरो माला नि लगाई है
दशैँको दिन त्यो गाउँमा अब पिड हाल्न पाउन्न
तिहारको दिन नरोएस् नानी म अब आउन्न ।

आँखा ती फैलाई नभारेस् आँसु म पुछ्न पाउन्न
त्यो घरमा अब हर्षको बहार लिई म आउन्न
मैले त हैन दैवले रोजे मृत्युको बाटो है
लासलाई उठाई चाँडै पो लानु घाटको बाटो भई ।

चितामा सुनाई जलाउनु लास नभारी ती आँसु
हर्षका साथ विदाई दिनु पुछेर ती आँसु
कर्तव्य पूरा सकिन गर्न अधुरो भो धोको
राम्ररी पढेस् ए मेरी बहिनी पन्छाई त्यो डोको ।

सहारा तिम्रो सकिन बन्न हे आमा माफी देऊ
दुःख र चोट धेरै पो दिए हे बाबा माफी देऊ
सल्काई दाउरा जलाई चिता खरानी म भएँ
विदा दे नानी जीवनमा अब वायु भँ म उडँ
नानी वायु भँ म उडँ ।

- सोनिका न्यौपाने

मैले देश सुधार्न सकिन् आमा

मैले देश सुधार्न सकिन् आमा

मैले विश्वास जित्न सकिन् आमा

मैले भ्रष्टलाई हराउन सकिन् आमा

मैले देश सुधार्न सकिन् आमा ।

मैले देश सुधार्न जानिन् आमा ।

- दिवाकर उप्रेती

मैले लाखौं विदेशिने दाइदिदी रोक्न सकिन् आमा

मैले तिनलाई यही रोजगार छ भन्न सकिन् आमा

मैले रोजगारी सिर्जना गर्न सकिन् आमा

मैले देश सुधार्न सकिन् आमा

मैले असल नेतृत्व चयन गर्न सकिन् आमा

मैले भोट असललाई हाल्न सकिन् आमा

मैले विवेकशीललाई जिताउन सकिन् आमा

मैले देश सुधार्न सकिन् आमा

मैले नीति बनाउन त जाने आमा

मैले नैतिक विकास गर्न जानिन् आमा

मैले व्यक्तित्व विकास त गरे आमा

तर मैले देश सुधार्न सकिन् आमा

मैले भूठो राष्ट्रियताको खेती गर्न जानिन् आमा

मैले पहाडी, मधेशी भन्न जानिन् आमा

मैले हामी नेपाली हौं भन्न जानिन् आमा

मैले देश सुधार्न सकिन् आमा

मैले चिया दोकानमा बसेर नागरिकता बेच्न जानिन्

आमा

मैले देशको ढुकुटी रित्याउन जानिन् आमा

मैले आफ्नै चेलीलाई बेच्न जानिन् आमा























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