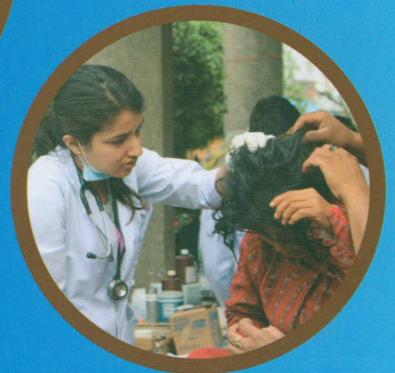
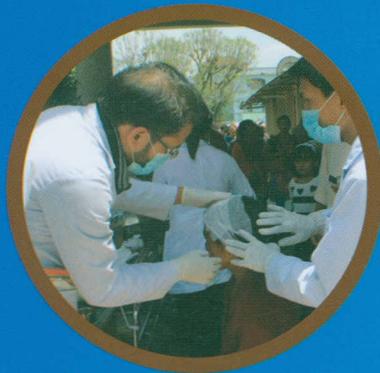


The Annual Magazine of
Patan Academy of Health Sciences - Students' Society



The SYMPHONY

Issue 1 - 2015



11:56 AM

THE KILLER

EARTHQUAKE

INTERVIEW WITH

FOUNDING V.C. & DEAN

FAREWELL

KATRINA MA'AM

CLASS POLL

2015

THE PBL TARA ?

THE FAVORITE TEACHER ?

THE MOST STYLISH ?



Patan Academy of Health Sciences

PAHS is dedicated to sustained improvement of the Health of the people in Nepal, especially those who are poor and living in rural areas, through innovation, equity, excellence and love in education, service and research.



THE SYMPHONY

For all of us love to express, here's us...

We are privileged to bring out the first issue of annual magazine of PAHS students as "The Symphony". The title symphony reflects coming together of collective effort of all the creative works that suffices the goal of this magazine. Like a soothing music is produced when different musical instruments are played together in harmony, this magazine tries to bring to you the blend of all colors of creativity.

We medical students are nurtured on being uniform, correct and universal. So it is no surprise that we tend to work mostly utilizing our part of cognitive thinking that is concerned with protocols and flowcharts and decision trees. Must be because of that, we are generally accused of not using our creative imagination.

Creativity is coming up with original ideas that have values. We have tried to the best of our abilities to bring forth the collective creative endeavor of PAHS-SOM family. Blending colors in paintings, stroking with a pencil on a piece of paper and making it seem lively, arranging words to make sense out of them be it a poem about a loved one, a recurring thought or a feeling never shared before, are some of the things we have tried to present to you.

The journey to formation of this magazine was at times enthusiastic, inspiring and filled

with joy and good vibes of the editorial team and everyone who was eagerly looking forward to completion of this magazine. But like all the journeys, it had its down sides too. Confusion, frustration and no clear view of a way forward was to be dealt with. In doing so we discovered how to work around problems, tweaks that helped us redefine writers block and ways to inspire each other in the midst of despair.

Although the amount of effort we had put in making this magazine a success is tremendous we acknowledge the fact that humans make mistakes. We recognize that creativity fosters where feedback is appreciated. We would be more than happy to convey readers feedback to the editorial team of forth coming issues. We hope you enjoy this issue. We also would take this opportunity to congratulate editorial team of coming issue in advance, owing to the culture of continuity that PAHS has planted in us.

Message From The Vice Chancellor



It is a special pleasure for me to be able to participate in the inaugural issue of the Magazine *"The Symphony"*. It is indeed a great endeavor by the students to take out time from their busy schedule and come together and put in hard work to bring out this prestigious issue. This further proves how PAHS has been successful in selecting, overall development and grooming of our students in creative fields as well, besides regular academics. With the advent of our first batch graduating from PAHS, the arrival of this prestigious magazine is timely and an exciting development, and I am very proud as a Vice Chancellor to have a message through the pages of *"The Symphony"* about the significance of this publication to the community of scholars, students, faculties and entire PAHS family. Everyone has dreams and a talent and so do all of you. Let it shine out in words through this prestigious magazine, pen them down, is all you have to do. Congratulations to the students and advisors as I already see that the magazine has the promise of being another successful innovation from the student's side.

Fortunately the launch of the magazine coincides with the passing out exams of our 1st Batch MBBS, and I would like to conclude

my foreword with these precious lines

.
Unlock your dreams
Unlock your passion
Unlock your potential
Unlock your motivation
Unlock your knowledge
Unlock your experience
Unlock your wisdom

You live life only once and to be successful, just start dreaming and let everything else follow.

I wish all the outgoing students the best in life and that all negativity and difficulties also end at this point and the future bring success and desired results for you. Never be afraid of dreaming and envisioning and striving to make your dreams come true. This magazine is one of your dreams and vision and I sincerely wish the magazine a grand success. Well done all; you make us proud. Long live PAHS and the family.

A handwritten signature in blue ink, reading "Sangita Bhandary". The signature is written in a cursive style and is positioned above a dotted line.

Prof. Dr. Sangita Bhandary
Vice Chancellor
**Patan Academy of
Health Sciences**

Message From The Rector



Prof. Dr. Kedar Prasad Baral

Rector

**Patan Academy
of Health Sciences**

Often times in our bid to become doctors we gladly forgo luxuries and creativity open for others. We become so single minded in our pursuit of medicine that there is little else we see. And although I would have to agree dedication makes for a good doctor, it certainly doesn't help one distinguish oneself from countless other doctors in the vicinity.

It is thus as important for students to express their own gnawing thoughts and problems as it is for them to be able to distinguish between stages of mitosis and meiosis. In fact, one particular task of a doctor is to venture into the unknown with hopes of finding answers to it. How is one supposed to do so by forgoing every ounce of their creativity ?

The gazette appeals on two levels. Firstly, it's name "*The Symphony*" is symbolic to what becomes when medicine and creativity synchronize with each other-harmony. Secondly, it serves as an outlet for intellectual curiosity. It instills upon students skills that will further enhance their growth and development including academic interest.

Through this endeavor I am certain students have learned how to conduct research (having no doubt spent countless days in the library with only loneliness as company), expertly organize their ideas and in the process become a miniature expert in the area they chose. Even, if they find that the topic doesn't hold the same level of appeal they hoped it would be, they are still walking away with the knowledge and satisfaction of sharing their inner countenance. I am thus pleased to be part of this effort. I hope it reaches new levels of height and success.

Thank you

Message From The Dean



It is my pleasure to write a few words in the first issue of 'The Symphony'- the magazine of PAHS student society.

Like the name, the magazine is a symphony where creativity, emotions, reflections and imagination have blended together to touch the heart and soul of the readers in a different way, the difference we always talk at PAHS about. It is all about the difference in the path we have chosen for a common mission of health of Nepali people.

The field of medicine and the life of a medical student is not as glamorous as it appears to be. It demands a lot of hard work and dedication but this does not mean that one has to have a pause in ones creativity or put a full stop to ones emotions and feelings. With each passing day you grow from within, and your growth from a new beginner in the medical school to a fresh graduate, will be seen, felt and observed by many but will be documented in your writing and will remain secured for others to read, if and only if you put them into words or sketches. These pieces of writing from students could simply be the reflections of who they are and what they have been through or could be an indication about what they would be, yet you will enjoy reading it and may relate yourself to the situation of the writer/artist.

The journey from the Anatomy Lab to the Operation room, from working with a female health worker to a specialists in the specialty clinics and from receiving a newborn in the labour room to resuscitating and declaring death in ICU, are overwhelming experiences for medical students. The stress of examination will further squeeze them out. So students need to speak out their achievements, challenges, and frustrations, and at the same time fill in the gaps and missed pieces in their lives. Writing and sketching are the very positive ways of doing so.

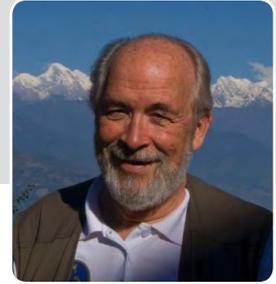
I wish all the best for the students' endeavor – '*The Symphony*'- and hope this will continue to be the voice of PAHS students- the voice to talk about- 'making a difference'.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Shrijana Shrestha', written over a dotted line.

Prof. Dr. Shrijana Shrestha
Dean

Patan Academy of Health Sciences

Message From The International Advisory Board



Dear PAHS students,

On behalf of the International Advisory Board to PAHS we would like to congratulate you on this first issue of the new student magazine. It promises to be a great forum for presenting the students' viewpoints on events at PAHS, a platform for airing and discussing your concerns, and a medium for conveying your perspective to your fellow students, faculty, and the national and international communities of PAHS supporters. We also recognize that launching a new magazine is no small task, and to have accomplished it at the same time as pursuing your medical training, and in the context of the recent natural disaster, is truly extraordinary. While we, thus, laud your initiative in doing this, we are not the least bit surprised. The IAB has long been extremely impressed with the passion as well as academic ability of the PAHS students, your commitment to being physicians and dedication to the people of Nepal.

Never were these attributes more evident than in the aftermath of the recent earthquakes. We heard many reports of the way you collectively brought yourselves into the tasks of keeping Patan Hospital functioning and treating the immediate victims. Patan Hospital has, justifiably, been acclaimed for the way it handed the crisis, and it could not have done so without the efforts of the students. Equally impressive has been your sustained efforts, in the weeks that followed, raising money, participating in health camps and distributing relief materials.

While the IAB exists to support PAHS in educating you to be superbly trained and compassionate doctors, we are also honored to be associated with such an extraordinary group of future physicians.

Good luck with this latest venture, establishing the PAHS students' magazine. We all look forward to reading this issue as well as those that will follow.

Sincerely yours,

IAB Chair **Prof. Clifford Tabin**
Chair, Dept. of Genetics,
Harvard Medical School

IAB Co-Chair **Prof. Bob Woollard**
Former Chair, Dept. of Family Practice,
University of British Columbia

FOREWORDS

I would like to congratulate all of us for coming up with the 1st issue of PAHS students' magazine. It was a collective effort of all the students, faculties and executives of PAHS. Despite of going through all the ups and downs including earthquake, we have managed to continue our sincere effort to contribute for developing a healthy nation in different ways.

PAHS has been advocating and contributing towards reducing the gap in health by addressing disparity, equality and equity in between the different geographical areas, ethnic groups and economic status as PAHS is dedicated to sustainable improvement of health status of Nepal especially poor and those who are living in rural areas. As a proud student of PAHS, we have been well prepared for the challenges and ready to serve the unserved. There are some unique elements incorporated in PAHS MBBS curriculum like community based learning and education (CBLE) which is a setting based approach to familiarize students with different levels of district health system, PBL (Problem Based Learning), CP (Clinical Presentation) based teaching in clinical years and early clinical exposure through ICM (Introduction to Clinical Medicine) and student night on calls in clinical years.

PAHS has incorporated new teaching and examination modalities in the curriculum. I would like to encourage our colleagues all around the country for interactions and symposiums so that we can appreciate and learn from each other.

Lastly, I would like to thank all the associated personnel, our national and international advisory board for helping us to bring out this magazine despite of this tough time we are going through in the country, and also would like to extend the best wishes for the future issues of "*The Symphony*".

We will rise again. Thank You.



Anil K.C.

President

PAHS Students' Society



EDITORIALS



Kishor K. Adhikari
1st Batch



Milan Malla
1st Batch



Pravakar Parajuli
1st Batch



Saroj A. Yadav
1st Batch



Ajwoni Rimal
2nd Batch



Aviskar Thapa
2nd Batch



Deep Basnet
2nd Batch



Jeetendra Bhandari
2nd Batch



Komal Shah
2nd Batch



Monisma Malla
2nd Batch



Nahakul Shahi
2nd Batch



Sajan Acharya
2nd Batch



Suman S. Karki
2nd Batch



Sweta Jha
2nd Batch



Tashi Lama
2nd Batch



Akhanda Upadhyay
3rd Batch



Apeksha Aryal
4th Batch



Avishek Gurung
4th Batch



Janak Dhungana
4th Batch



Kalpashri Khatri
4th Batch



Sanjay Rana Magar
4th Batch



Saugat Bhandari
4th Batch



Shikhar Karna
4th Batch



Sinda Karkee
4th Batch



Soniya Shrestha
4th Batch



Dilip Pd. Jha
5th Batch



Saubhagyi Singh
5th Batch





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In the loving memory of



(24th Oct, 1991)



(11th Feb, 2015)

Late : Anil Kumar Patel

The untimely demise of Anil Kumar Patel, student of 5th batch, has left us all deeply shocked and grieved. May his soul rest in eternal peace and may God give his bereaved family the strength to overcome this huge loss. He will be forever remembered and cherished by all of us.

PAHS Family

The Symphony of PAHS



A single person can never whistle a symphony alone, neither a single sort of instruments can; it takes an entire orchestra to play. And without any fraction of doubt, the final amplitude turns out to be harmonious, melodious and definitely beautiful. According to the American Heritage Dictionary, “Whenever a group of human beings unite to produce a beautiful outcome not possible with one individual, there is symphony, as symphony means a harmonious combination of elements.” In fact the term ‘symphony’ is originally derived from a Greek word ‘symphonia’ which means ‘agreement or concord of sounds’. Symphony’s recipe calls for Creativity, Vitality, Social Intelligence, Teamwork, Humility, and Appreciation-of-Beauty. Each of these ingredients, in turn, traces back to the universal root virtues of Wisdom, Courage, Humanity, Justice, Temperance, and Transcendence. At any given moment, you are manifesting Symphony in your interactions with members of your family, worksite, team, community, and even the ecosystem. And we, the editorial team of ‘The Symphony’ believe that this magazine would be an encouraging platform for PAHS-students to get united and let the world know their unsung voices, imaginations, creativity along with their social responsibilities.

The journey of this inaugural issue had started few months back with the inexperienced, a bit confused but innovative and keen faces. And finally, now it has been shaped like this with all the hard work, dedication, and creative inputs from each and every member right from the formation of the editorial team to the date of publication. So I would like to thank and congratulate all the fellows of the team, The

Symphony. We would also like to extend our words of appreciation to all those beautiful minds who had send their precious form of creativity, unfortunately all of which could not be selected. We can never forget the sponsors too, and all who were directly or indirectly connected with us. We were just at the verge of publishing the very first issue when our country was devastated by the mega-earthquake and its series of aftershocks. Thousands of people lost their lives and millions of people became homeless. Next 5-10 years will be very crucial to overcome this loss, to reconstruct our nation and to cure our people. That demands more number of qualified youths in every field, so does the medicine. And I believe the undergraduate students of present time will be the powerhouse of the nation in coming few years and undoubtedly this magazine is representing the same genera. We hope ‘The Symphony’ will be soothing to the people, to the nation. The word ‘first’ itself is as challenging as it seems glamorous and since it’s our first issue, we have tried to make it pretty different, yet more beautiful, however we do believe there always exists a room for improvement. It becomes a history someday, becomes an origin from where everything starts. And this is the theory of everything. Now with taking a long breath we can proudly yell out that we’ve created a history, we’ve set an origin, and we’ve formulated a theory! A theory for all: ‘The Symphony’.

**- Milan Malla & Team
The Symphony, 2015**

Creative Synergy

Solitude feeds creativity. Or so we have heard, although here we would like to argue for the contrary. But first the problems starts with a challenge to define creativity. Rather than looking it up in a dictionary, which we don't assume will be a creative way to do it, let us try and recognize some creative minds. First we would like to play the Einstein card, risking of course the accusation of stating a cliché. But clichés didn't become clichés for nothing, did they? Do you think Einstein was creative? We would guess you didn't stop and think there. So now the question remains is Microsoft creative, or Apple for that matter!! Are they? If the subconscious part of you, who is observing you as you are reading this, is answering "Duh does that even need an answer?" then here is the real question for you "who is more creative Einstein or Microsoft?." While you ponder upon that for a moment, after you first deny that existence of comparison of course, we would like to tell you a story that we witnessed recently. And we believe this will put forward our argument.

So, here it goes. As this guy was returning after a horrible dinner from hostel mesh, a friend stopped him and asked, "Would you like to be a member of an editorial team that is going to publish a magazine for our school in matters of 4 weeks?" That sounds interesting doesn't it? With that and a team partially formed we started our journey to create a piece of creative work. "The editorial team was naïve" is an overstatement as hard as it is now to believe it. We weren't even sure about what this group of people we just formed should be called; some suggested "editorial committee" others felt more comfortable with calling them "editorial team". Latter group's argument being calling themselves editorial team will make

it sound less formal. You don't see any problem



- Nahakul Shahi
2nd Batch



- Sajan Acharya
2nd Batch

there!! Or do you? There were articles to be edited and a magazine to be designed. Well that wasn't much of a job, it seemed. Right after people get information they will submit their articles, that is after they write something of course. We would write some, find out who among us are good at editing in English and Nepali language, figure out what sort of magazine we want to produce and



because no one had slightest hint regarding how to arrange all these materials that we supposed will be submitted we thought we should start learning that too. But "first" someone said, "Let's figure out the name of our magazine!!" "And the number of pages too" someone added. "Well we also need to figure out where the fund for the publication will come from" was the statement as far as we could remember that led to the

discussion which made some of our magazine team members clear on issues like; what a publication house is, what factors influence funding and why do we need to litter our beautiful magazine, with advertisements. Trivial issues really. Oh come on editorial team of the “TIME” magazine have that debate regularly!! Don’t they?

The more we discussed on different issues related to magazine the less that idea lost its grip on conceived reality. But here we were, doing meetings after meetings, trying to figure out how to move forward. So it seemed like a plan that would most certainly work, at least to us it did. That’s the way we plan things, don’t we? We tend to think that everything will work out for the best, that the sun will rise every morning, live its course and set every evening. We don’t stop and worry so much as to whether it would rain some day! Not that we don’t have such examples. We actually have so many examples of plans failing out because of our faulty assumption that “everyday would be a normal day”, I wonder why we don’t start planning for just the abnormal once. But we don’t! We improvise.

Let’s time travel! Move past all the painstakingly boring days of editing articles, trying to make sense of poems and what not, and you will reach the day when everything was supposed to complete. Final proof reading was the only thing left, everyone agreed it’s a one day task!! We were that good! Hey! We have been working on this magazine for like a month or so remember!! Experience counts. That was the same day on which almost everyone in our nation gave up on their plans. The devastating earthquake struck.

We don’t really know if you are reading this article in our magazine because now we are not sure if we will be able to creatively synergize after the devastating event. We improvised a lot throughout the journey that led to formation of this magazine, at least to this stage. But because not just one but a number of creative minds were working together, something substantial did happen. We realize that creative synergy is a really powerful force that pushes us in midst of despair. If you are familiar with, or were one of our companion in the circumstance that we went through and are still holding a magazine in your hand, that proves a point!! Doesn’t it?

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A cup of coffee-to recall

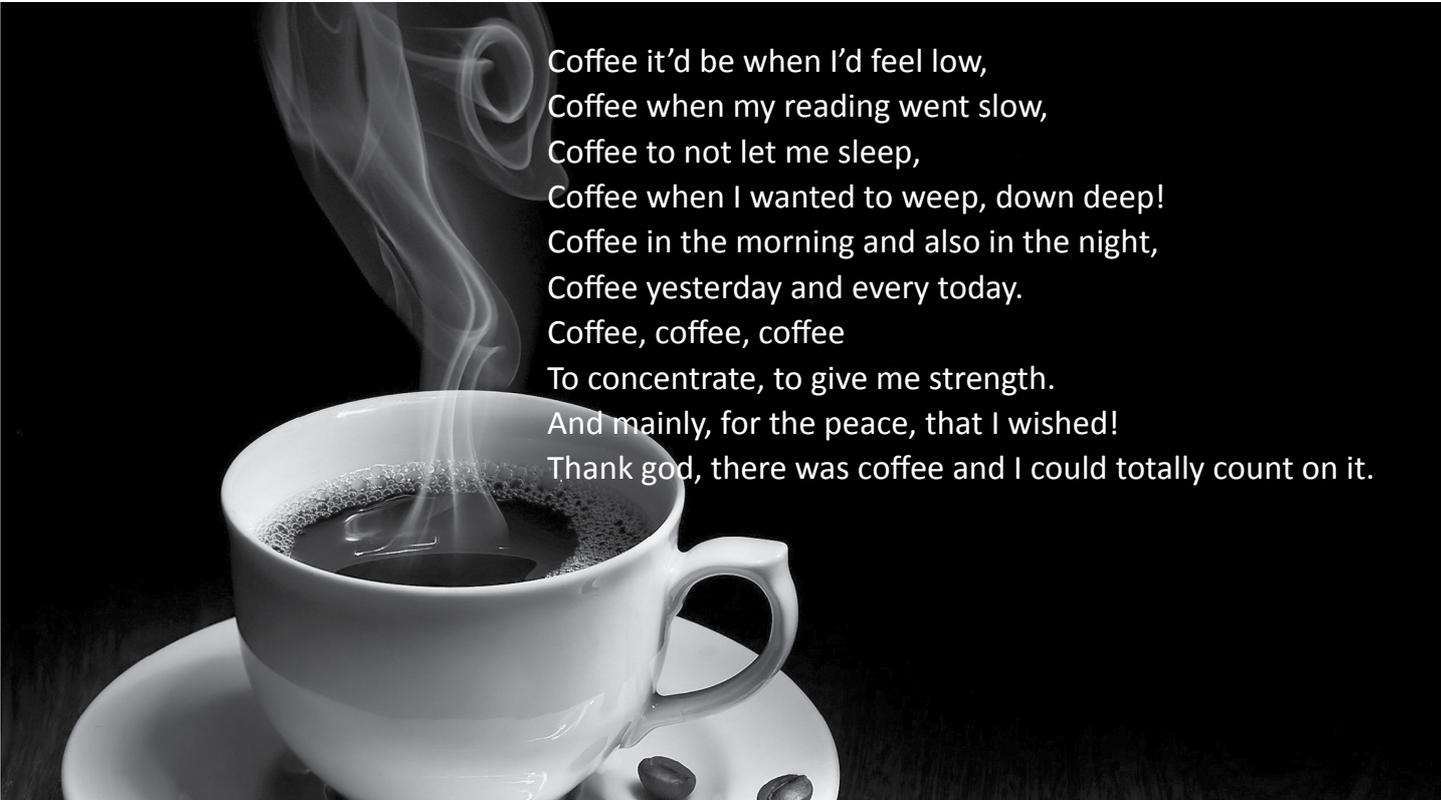
I'm back from my college and as I sit on my study table staring outside the window, my father asks, "Chori, do you want to have coffee?" He is a very loving man, he always asks me when he is about to have something. Right now, the word coffee takes me back to my old days; partly because I just got refreshed and this table, so full of books, does its job of showering me my memories and partly because I feel younger and lively this instant. It has already been 5 years; gosh! It's a long time. The most struggling, pressurized and life turning days were when I was preparing for my MBBS entrance exams. We used to go to an entrance preparation course and pretend studying 24/7. There used to be whole bunch of students and it'd amaze me to think that this many of us aspired to be doctors and the competition was too challenging. Talk of books, mock questions, mock exams and

what else! Ha-ha, we were so ambitious. And slowly our zeal went down with only so few of us being successful in the entrance exams. One exam down, two down and so on, but I didn't get my name on the list. It is this moment that I remember the most, I can still



-Elina Shrestha
1st Batch

feel the immense pressure that was on me,, that I gave to myself as my ego was being hurt, that my parents kept on me as they were worried about my future, that my friends always so positively knew that I should have got it on my 1st exam, and that of so many other things. Any Nepali student preparing for the entrance will understand this. And those moments I hold on to myself with cups of coffee.



Coffee it'd be when I'd feel low,
Coffee when my reading went slow,
Coffee to not let me sleep,
Coffee when I wanted to weep, down deep!
Coffee in the morning and also in the night,
Coffee yesterday and every today.
Coffee, coffee, coffee
To concentrate, to give me strength.
And mainly, for the peace, that I wished!
Thank god, there was coffee and I could totally count on it.

I am right now a 5th year medical student and satisfied with my choice. Sometimes, I think, had I not been able to hold on those days, had I changed my study field like many of my friends! I'd not be sitting with this ink, so content of myself and proud to be, with a cup of coffee right beside me.

UPRISING GIZMOS



- Rozi Dawadi
2nd Batch

One morning while walking to the college I saw an advertising board of a Montessori day care centre which read its name and some of the facilities provided by it. Nowadays it is not unusual to see such advertising board in every other chowk of Kathmandu. But what was unusual was a message highlighted in a big bubble box “free wi-fi”. The immediate reaction of I and my friends were a burst of laughter for highlighting the fact of getting free wi-fi to pre-school children who even struggled on alphabets. On my way back home I again passed the same advertising board. But this time I didn’t laugh at it but recalled my own childhood.

Technologically it has become a long time since we were kids when having a big desktop occupying the whole desk, using internet and having a cord less phone at home was like the coolest things to talk about at school. Kids using google, yahoo and downloading games were considered whiz kids then. Now the time has changed and so is the information technology, which has reached its zenith. So, I made a guess that the highlight to wi-fi on the advertise might be because they want to give emphasis on new technologies as a part of their teaching method. Or I might be totally wrong and it is there just to attract children to school like the free wi-fi sign is attracting passengers to buses and customer to café these days!!

The current generation has blended so well to new technology, gadgets and e-learning methods. The craze for new devices and updated system

is going viral everywhere. People have less time and more work to do so the increasing speed and decreasing size of new device have attracted everyone’s attention. The craze has not left the students behind. In fact students are the ones who are most updated to latest technology and equipments for academic, entertainment as well as a trend purpose. Medical students are among them.

Medical students without these amenities are very hard to think of these days. It may be because it has noticeably made learning easier. What would we do if we didn’t have laptops, smart phones or tablets with us or if we didn’t have internet facility in our pocket ? Our lives wouldn’t be the same without



them. Even though students without these were possible but learning would become more difficult than what it is now with these gizmos. We would have to run to libraries every time and spend most of our time in study rooms searching piles of books and article. But now studying anywhere and anytime is possible. Many students might find lectures monotonous and not productive. Plain texts in the books are dull in comparison to videos and illustrations available in web. It becomes apparent for students to get attracted to new learning methods, and more when these means are all over the place. Also buying books are not always easy. Choosing the publisher, reliable source, edition with suitable cost and size is not a simple task. Books can be of huge size and even cost thousands of rupees. It is understandable to think of buying a gadget from these thousands and choose the book we want from varieties of free e-books. Along this the headache of carrying gigantic books that bend our backs is also solved when all the information of standard medical textbooks is in our fingertips. One can always

be updated with new guidelines, research and journals within seconds and doesn't need to wait for next edition of a book.

New technologies have evident benefit of better communication and information resources. But with every pro there comes cons as well. Our younger generation is inclined more towards possessing new gadgets and becoming gadget dependent, caring less about its cost and drawbacks. There exists the risk of its problematic or addictive use. With continuous use of gadget and depending on the amount of time spent on them many health problems like eye straining, day time sleepiness and sleep disturbances, back and neck pain may arise. We tend to become lazier. With gadgets and internet there are much more things than just academic employ. Controlled use of other amusements offered by gadgets with internet may be beneficial but addictive use is always a harm. In addition one must be able to decide the reliability and authenticity of the academic database, search engine or apps; otherwise we will be developing an entirely wrong concept.

And moving back to the advertisement, no field or level of education is deprived of gadgets and same is for the preschool children. So looking on the brighter side, I determined the intention of highlighting "wifi" was for academic purpose and not merely for attraction. This is because devices and internet facility are invaluable tools for every field these days. Now it has already become a part of our way of life. When there is proper utilization of these facilities then they can be prized. For making it a prized possession we need a constructive intent and proper knowledge for its utilization. And yes, in our context we need solar backups as well!!



Top 10 non fiction books of 2014

10. The Trip to Echo Spring:
On Writers and Drinking, Olivia Laing

5. The Sixth Extinction:
An Unnatural History, Elizabeth Kolbert

9. Sous Chef:
24 Hours on the Line, Michael Gibney

4. In the Kingdom of Ice:
The Grand and Terrible Voyage of the
USS Jeannette, Hampton Sides

8. The Dogs Are Eating Them Now:
Our War in Afghanistan, Graeme Smith

3. What If ?
Serious Scientific Answers to Absurd
Hypothetical Questions, Randall
Munroe

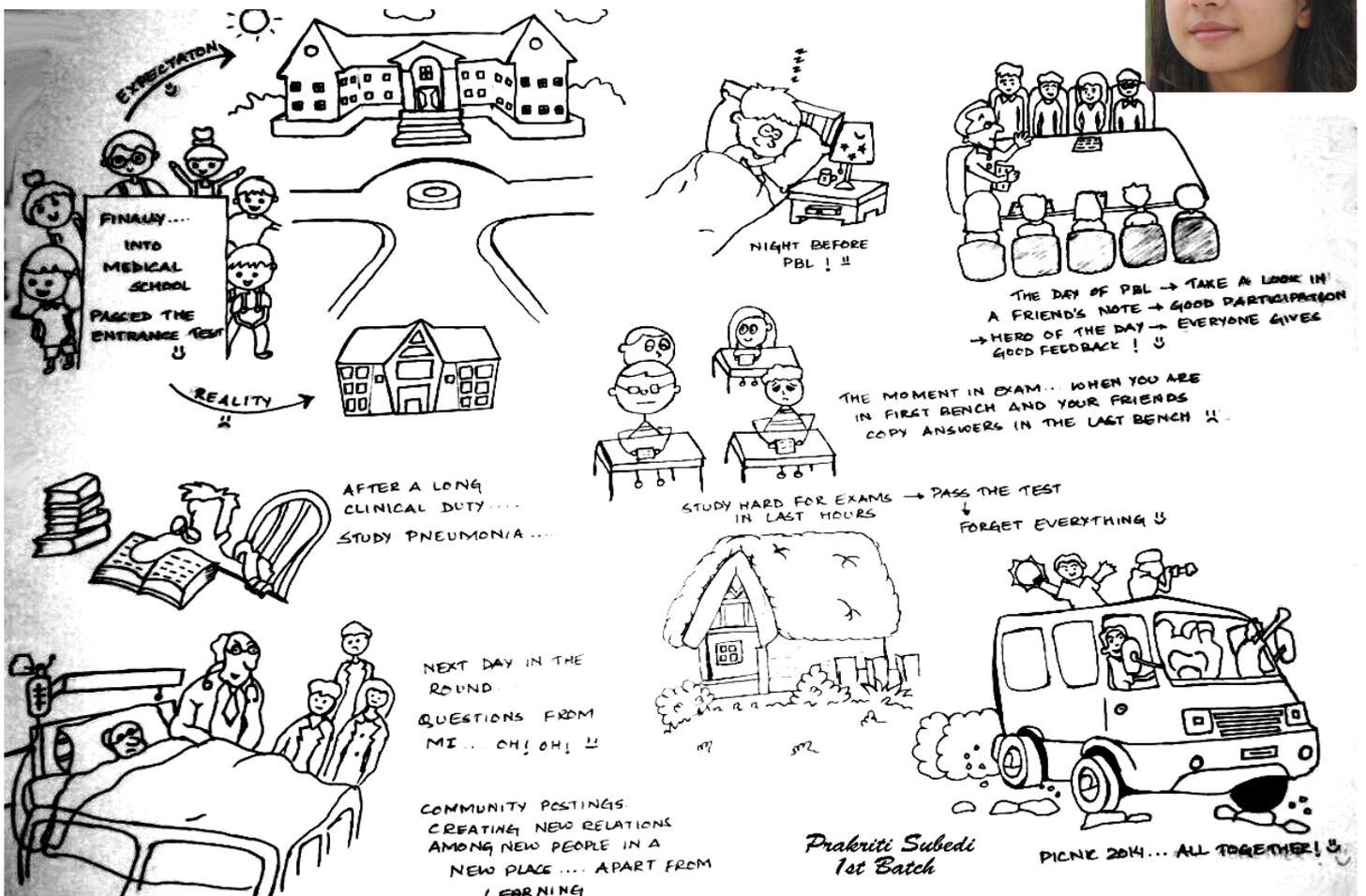
7. Just Mercy:
A Story of Justice and Redemption,
Bryan Stevenson

2. Thrown, Kerry Howley

6. Little Failure:
A Memoir, Gary Shteyngart

1. Soldier Girls:
The Battles of Three Women at Home
and at War, Helen Thorpe

-Prakriti Subedi
1st Batch



gkfn cfdl la/fdl l5g



अखण्ड उपाध्याय,
तेस्रो ब्याच

लमतन्न छिन रे,
लम्पसार, चुपचाप
एकोहोरीएकी, टोलाएकी मात्रै
बिरामी छिन् अरे यी नेपाल आमा
सायद अब सन्तानको मनपरीको पिडा सहन नसक्ने भएकी छिन ।
आफ्नै छातीमाथिको सन्तानको भगडामा
फगत उनी मात्र घाईते भएकी छिन् ।
ऐया पनि भन्न नसक्नुको पिडा उनी अहिले भोग्दै छिन
अनि त नेपाल आमा बिरामी छिन

ताण्डव पनि शिवले नाचे पो सही हुन्छ,
सहनुको पनि त एउटा सिमा हुन्छ,
पिडा परे त आखिर जो पनि रुन्छ
कस्तो पिडा होला उनी रुन पनि नसक्ने भइछन
हेर नियालेर हेर उनी कति बिरामी छिन
कहिले आगोमा होमिएका सन्तानको राप सहिन
कहिले आफ्नै सन्तानको ताण्डव नृत्य नजान्दाको लात सहिन
चिरिईन, फाटिन कैयौंपल्ट आँफैले आफैलाई सिइन
तर एकपल्ट ऐया सम्म पनि भनिनन्
मात्र सहिन्, चुपचाप बरु लाचार भइन्
हेर नेपाल आमा अब कहिल्यै विसेक नहुने गरि बिरामी भइन् ।
सायद मरिहाले पछि आफ्नो किरिया बसिदिन
लायक एक सन्तान सम्म पनि नभेटेपछि
उनी प्रत्येक पल मरी मरी बाचिरहिन्
कठै ! ! ! मेरी नेपाल आमा बिरामी छिन् ॥
न त लोकतन्त्र आउदाँ धेरै खुशी हुन पाइन्
न त गणतन्त्रनै आउदाँ,
कठै मेरी नेपाल आमा अहिले त लमतन्न पर्ने
गरि नै बिरामी भइन् ।

Reader's Club IOM द्वारा आयोजित अन्तर मेडिकल कलेज
कविता प्रतियोगिता २०७० मा तृतीय स्थान प्राप्त कविता



Jubilant PAHS team after the win against KIST medical college

PAHS cricket team qualified for the semi-final in the fourth Rudip Memorial Inter-medical College Cricket tournament which was held at the Army Residential School cricket ground in Bhaktapur.

PAHS beat NAIHS by four wickets in the first match. NAIHS were all out for 69 runs in 16 overs. PAHS reached its target of 70 runs in 15 overs with man of the match Ashok Kumar Yadav's all-round performance scoring 28 runs after taking 3 wickets. Rishav Sharma also bagged 3 wickets for PAHS. In the second match played against KIST Medical College, PAHS having batted first, managed to put forth a mammoth total of 158 runs in 20 overs. For the total Nahakul Shahi scored 35 runs, followed by 37 runs from Bibek KC. Rishav Sharma scored not out 33 runs in 22 balls. KIST medical college folded for just 105 runs, all thanks to the brilliant bowling skills leading to 4-for by Ashok Kumar Yadav, who was subsequently awarded with the Man of the Match award for the second time consecutive time. PAHS won the match by 53 runs.



Looking BACK

The year 2014 saw the rise of PAHS cricket team in the cricketing world of medical colleges in Nepal. With convincing wins against NAIHS, KIST and the hosts NMC, the stage was all set for PAHS to be seen as a strong contender to win the tournament. Coming into the tournament with the experience of only 2 previous tournament participations in as many years, the top and the middle order batsmen were in fluid touch with important contributions coming in from lower down the order. However, bowling has always been the primary strength providing regular breakthroughs to restrict the opponents to low scores. Although KUMS got the better of PAHS in the semi-final, the promises made by the team were, nevertheless, well appreciated. With the conclusion of this tournament PAHS cricket team has shown the prospects of becoming the campaign among the medical colleges in Nepal.



The shining moment

Ashok Kumar Yadav stole the limelight once again, cutting through KIST medical college's batting with a four-wicket haul to add to his three wickets from first match. He was adjudged the Man of the Match twice in as many matches for launching PAHS to its first ever semi-final of a major tournament with this win.

Speaking after the match he said, "It was great team effort. Everyone contributed from their part. We have been playing good cricket as a team coming in the tournament. There is a great atmosphere in the dressing room and everyone is in high spirits. I am very happy that I could play well for the team. We always had the talent but in this tournament we have converted that into performance. I hope we can maintain the momentum."

OLD MEMORIES

- Rashmi Jha, 5th Batch



Whenever I am sitting alone,
In my mind suddenly occurs cyclone,
Those old golden memories are blown,
And my face lightens up as if a bulb glown....

I miss each moment one by one,
And think how fast time has flown,
Just as if yesterday I was a little one,
And wonder how rapidly I am grown...

Time has always made its way,
To which I followed the array,
Though time pushed me far away,
But still I am a kid people say...

My eyes are beholding those old days,
Memories are written like essays,
The tunes of music plays,
Whenever old memories relays...

गोर्खे सलाम

रुँदै भौतारिदै आएकी थिएँ, हात फिँजाएर अँगालिदियौ
टुटेफुटेका मेरा ती अधुरा सपनाहरुलाई रंगाइदियौ
मेरो हृदयभरिकै शुभकामना छ PAHS तिमिलाई
म गरिबकी छोरीको यो गोर्खे सलाम PAHS तिमिलाई

त्यो हुलबाट टप्प टिपी, नयाँ जीवन र उमङ्ग दियौ
निम्न लागेको मेरो शिक्षाको ज्योतिलाई बालिदियौ
धन्यवाद मेरो सम्पूर्ण गुरुहरु र मेरा बुवा आमाहरुलाई
फेरि हृदयदेखि कै छ कोटि कोटि नमस्कार हजुरहरुलाई

पशुपतिका कुनाकन्दारामा दुखिरहेको दुखाईमा दुख्न दियौ
पालुङका सुस्केरा र चित्लाङका मर्म बुझ्ने अवसर दियौ
शुभकामना छ PAHS विश्वमा चिनिने छौँ र चिनाउने छौँ तिमिलाई
म गरिबकी छोरीको यो गोर्खे सलाम छ तिमिलाई ॥



बिनिता लामिछाने
चौथो ब्याच

Medical Student and Discipline

Discipline is doing what you know needs to be done, even though you don't want to. These are the words about discipline that I think are best fitted. We have read and heard about importance of discipline in student life. But here I'm going to put my view on the importance of discipline in student life especially medical student. Medical students are future doctors who will deal with the life and death of their patients. So gaining knowledge is the main thing in this phase. Without adequate knowledge, no person will be competent enough to handle this reputed and a responsible profession. We are taught about the importance of verbal and non verbal communication in patient counseling. Some portion of this communication will be covered by studying books but major portion is covered by experience. For

“Procrastination is one of the main characteristics of an undisciplined mind.”

experience one has to focus on practicals in basic sciences block and bedside learning in clinical years. I don't think students like to be attached with these learning processes.

They have natural tendency to evade these processes wherever it's possible. But if there is discipline, it will compel the student to focus on the experiential learning.

It is beneficial not only in the professional life but also in the student life itself. Let's imagine two students both of whom have natural tendency to escape the study. The difference is that one has disciplined mind which is mastered by himself and the other has an undisciplined mind which masters him and takes all the tasks as burden. Procrastination is one of the main characteristics of an undisciplined mind. The outcome will be that first one will continue studying day by day and the second one will continually procrastinate not only the study but also the other things. At last the exams are inevitable. The first will be fearless and will do good in exam without much stress but the second one will have huge workload at exam time and will not be able to do good. So discipline seems to be related with mental well being of the future doctors.

The schools like ours, which incorporate the adult learning



- Basanta Bhandari, 3rd Batch

process, give best opportunity to inculcate discipline. Human being has natural tendency to remain in comfort zone. Student life is not an exception. Students will try to evade the continuous learning process despite knowing the consequences. To incorporate the discipline in daily life there should be guidance from the mentors. They shouldn't leave the students to learn on their own. They should be there as reminders for the goals and objectives of the student life. They should be available for help when needed. This will make the student aware of their goals and will be focused on the objectives to achieve the goal.

As I'm not an expert in this field, I can't give the exact data. But I can simply enlighten that a disciplined mind can achieve anything it wants in the life. So let's be disciplined and make our life simple but more fulfilled with happiness.

AU'REVOIR

“Some things are more precious because they don’t last long” he whispers. She looks at him; a quizzical expression on her face. “My favorite line from the book you’re reading” he says in a low voice after a pause.



- Sinda Karkee
4th Batch

“Yes, I kind of guessed that.” she replies with a brief smile.

For a moment he says nothing. Her accent is different; firm yet soft and musical. Her auburn hair compliments her pale face and dark eyes perfectly.

“What are you reading?” she asks.

As he shows her the book whose title reads ‘*Salome*’, she gives a light laugh and says “The mystery of love is greater than the mystery of death.”

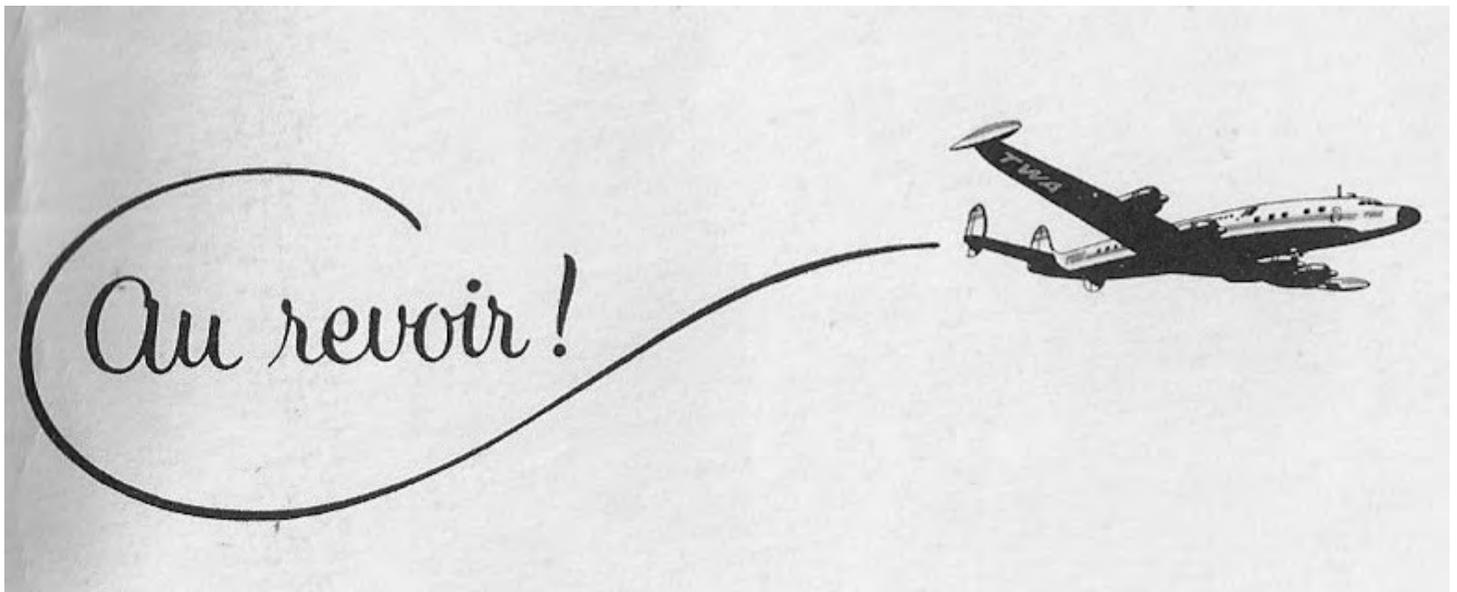
“I guess we both have a thing for Mr. Wilde.” he says with a grin and returns to his book. At least he pretends to. He wants to keep up the conversation but he also does not want to interrupt her. He

fluttering inside him to find out if Oscar Wilde was her favorite too. Some moments later, a delightful accent says, “Do you want to go and have tea? I think that’s a good way to spend your time rather than sitting here with *Salome* and not reading it. It’s actually quite an offense to Mr. Wilde. Plus, I have quite some time to kill.”

He looks at her. Her dark eyes reveal nothing. “How do you know I’m not reading it?”

She gives that laugh again. “Because, you haven’t flipped a page for the last thirty minutes.”

As they head towards their way out from the library, she puts ‘*The Picture of Dorian Gray*’ back into the bookshelf. “Aren’t you going to take it?” he asks. “No. I’m leaving for Aberdeen in about six hours. And I don’t think the librarian is going to let



steals a quick glance at her. She seems relaxed yet intently fixated upon her book. No, he was definitely not going to disturb her. But face down, he thinks of a thousand ways to talk to her. He doesn’t know why but there is a strong impulse

me take the book home with me.” She gives a wry expression.

She can sense a pint of disappointment on his face though he tries best to put his poker face on. After a moment, maybe in sheer madness, he asks

hesitantly, “Um...By any chance, can I borrow you for six hours then?”

She looks at him intently. He feels she’s not just looking *at* him. She’s looking right *through* him. Then in a playful tone, she says, “Like I said, I have quite some time to kill.” She tells him how her work had brought her here for only a couple of days.

As they walk out onto the warm sunshine of the late morning, he knows that he is going to remember this moment. She is a complete stranger to him. But a stranger who appealed to him in a way no one before ever did. He knows it is going to end in a few hours, yet he feels as if it is only the beginning. He wonders if she feels the same and somehow he already knows that the feeling is mutual.

They have tea; they talk ‘literature’. They walk through the roads; they talk ‘life’. They stroll in the park; they talk ‘love’. They talk about almost everything. He understands her. She understands him better. It feels like a fantasy parade to him and she; a delusional character. It’s the same with her. She doesn’t want this moment to end. She apprehends the fact that she wouldn’t have been able to discourse this much with anyone even in months as she did with him in a few hours. He knows they might never see each other again, yet he feels himself drawn towards her with every

passing second. Because you see, at that very moment, every second counted. Time was in a torrent; in a cascade. If only he could gamble with it.

As dusk slowly creeps over the day and their conversation only gets more intense, he realizes they’ve not just shared ‘talks’ with each other. They’ve shared emotions and feelings. They’ve shared a bond and a connection. They’ve shared history and past and if only the future didn’t look so futile.

As the place starts to light up slowly under the night sky and his burrowed six hours approaches its deadline, he says, his voice a soft whisper, “Am I ever going to see you again?”

She looks away and after a moment back to him. She doesn’t say anything. She doesn’t have to. Her dark eyes reveal everything now. They speak; he listens. And he understands.

They walk back in a comfortable silence and reach the front of the library gate once more.

“You know what; I’m going to let you burrow my book. I know you have already read it, but a true reader doesn’t get tired reading the same book over and over again right?” he gives a sheepish grin. “But you’d have to return this to me after six months. No dues. Same place. Same time.” he says softly and places *Salome* in her hands.

Now, six months later, a little less naïve and a bit more mellow, he awaits. It is still a bit chilly as winter refuses to part ways and spring hasn’t blossomed yet. Sitting on the hard wooden bench, he is amazed as to how he can still recall each and every moment from that day. He looks at his watch and then looks ahead. Silent. He tries to console himself. “Maybe it’s for the best we don’t meet.” He grows hopeless, yet he anticipates. He remembers the very first sentence he had said to her, “Some things are more precious because they don’t last long.” How perfectly it summarized his footing now. But was it really true though? He knows he would have wanted what he had that day forever, and that he would still cherish it. But maybe it was supposed to last only that moment. The only charm of the past is that it *is* the past. He gets up to leave. But he stops abruptly as he catches a glimpse of auburn hair far across the street. He isn’t sure it’s her. It’s obscure. But he can make out that she’s carrying a book in her hand, and at that moment, he says to himself, “For once... just for once Mr. Wilde, you may be quite wrong.”

Lady in Red !

- Neeti Prasai
1st Batch



Miss Bhandari is 65 years old lady from rural village of Gorkha district. When I first met her in OPD at the Ampipal hospital, she was just a usual patient for me. After talking to her, I realized she had multiple issues. We planned to admit her as she had walked almost 6 hours to reach the hospital.

After the evening round, I approached her to take history and know more about her disease. When I talked with her, I found different aspect of one's life. She is unmarried and lives all alone in a small hut. She was diagnosed to have leprosy 3 to 4 decades back. She had no fingers in both of her hands and no toes in her right foot and no left foot at all. She walks in prosthetic foot. She was admitted for increasing shortness of breath and bilateral edema of lower limbs. Besides she had multiple vague complains and she was extremely tearful. While talking to her many questions were hovering in my mind. I was trying to imagine the life she was living and it was heart wrenching. How would she had been doing all her daily chores? Was she able to cook, hold utensils, change her clothes, and clean herself up? Even if she could have done all these things, is she able to do the chores which require fine motor functions? Like opening the cork of a bottle, holding it and pouring things from it, combing her hair, putting the hook of her blouse and the list goes on.

Miss Bhandari, the lady in red is unmarried. She was wrapped with different ornaments of Hindu women which are considered as a gift from her husband. She had chest long tilhari, big red tika in her forehead and good number of red bangles worn beautifully in both of her wrist. No one could have ever guessed that the lady in red is unmarried. I had no guts to ask her that why she had worn those things, hoping she might break in tear. My question may make her feel more treacherous and disheartened so I deduced reasoning myself. We all live in a society where unmarried and old ladies are undermined. She is old, alone and is suffering from the torment of Leprosy.

Beside that she must also have desired vow a marriage, have a family and feel being loved and



taken care of. I could not do anything besides talking and listening to her. I was totally helpless. I know she never wanted to leave the hospital. Each day she comes up with some new problem. The idea of going back and living all alone might frighten her. We have no option and we can't keep her always. We are bound to send her back even though we know her living condition is the stress for all her problems.

We have our family when in need. We all tend to take opinions and seek help from our loved ones in every little details of our life. But who would she turn to when she is in real need of some one. This may be what everyone calls "gods honest truth" and we all have to live with it. After meeting her I considered myself to be fortunate enough to have loved ones around and look up to them for anything. Somebody had said, we complain of not having new shoe until we see a man with no feet. It was such an irony how we all complain of not having this and that in our life when we have so much.

Community Posting: Reflections from PHCC posting

Community Based Learning and Education (CBLE), being a part of curriculum of PAHS has always been a platform to experience “The real Nepal” or sometimes actually “Worst case scenario” for some students in a way or the other where most of us are supposed to go and serve after graduation. This has been a great stage to learn new things every now and then, to experience living in a house made out of tinned roof and mud, getting to see things which were only heard before, the real pain and grief, challenges the people face every day and last but not least, treating patients, understanding the health-care system and receiving love, respect and “kudos” from them, which we might have never received here. Experiencing all of these and may be many more, the first batch students have shared their own views, feelings and some incidences in their own words which they would never forget as a part of the reflection on the Primary Health Care Centre (PHCC) and Health Post (HP) level postings in Makwanpur and Lalitpur districts at the end of 3rd year. We would like to heartily acknowledge all the students of 1st batch for reflecting their experiences through the log-books and Dr. Rolina Dhital (Department of Community Health Sciences) for providing the log-book information to share with the readers. Some of the lines flow in this way:

- Milan Malla (1st Batch)
- Abhishek Gurung (4th Batch)
- Kalpashree Khatri (4th Batch)

- “I was so impressed by a patient who walked for almost two hours and came to the health centre. She had loose motion and vomiting. There was a traditional healer nearby her place but she preferred medicines from health centre.”
- “At times I felt that the patients could have benefitted without any medicines but just proper counseling.”
- “One thing that I would always keep in my mind after this posting is that, if a patient visits to a hospital from a village or rural places, it takes a lot for him/her to take that step.”
- “The management of delivery of labour pain was different here than we had studied at our hospital. There was no partograph. There was no proper light. Delivery was conducted using torch light. There was no suction machine. There was no provision of giving Vitamin K to the baby after delivery.”
- “The government provides 35 medicines free of cost at HP level. But the patient didn't get many drugs which were provided by the government. They were bound to buy medicine from local clinics.”
- “People had to walk a lot to reach the health facility. If there had been transportation facility I think coverage would have been timely and better. There are provisions for stretcher but during the time of emergencies like delivery it is not of much help.”
- “I saw few cases of domestic violence. A woman was badly beaten by her drunkard husband who worked as an army.”
- “Prescriptions were hard to read. After reading those prescriptions I have felt the importance of clear handwriting. I will write clearly so that everyone can read it.”

- “I am fully convinced about the effort put forward by Female Community Health Volunteers (FCHVs) to improve the health status of people and the health indicators of our country.”
- “It took us two and half hours to climb uphill. It was one of the most difficult and memorable walk of my life. In Out-reach Clinic (ORC), there were more patients than in HP.”
- “Dressings were done by office helper. Overall aseptic condition was hardly maintained.”
- “We can’t infect the patients while doing even a simple dressing. If I were to do dressing on myself then I am sure I would not do at this setting. I’d rather do it at my own home.”
- “We asked the AHW, *“Tathyanka ra Mithyanka ko antar yahi ho?”* He laughed showing the HMIS 5 and said, *“Yo Tathyanka ho”* and showing HMIS 32, he said, *“Yo chahi mithyanka ho.”*
- “Recording data in HMIS 16 helped me to remember the ICD codes of common diseases like headache, viral influenza, respiratory tract infection and others.”
- “The other thing that I didn’t feel good was to ask the patients to buy the medicines that was supposed to be provided free of cost. The unavailability of those drugs was due to delayed process of government.”
- “We all know family planning is an informed choice but in real scenario, this was not practiced.”
- “I was surprised by the trend of early marriage in village that the mothers were very young, many were 16-17 years but already had 2 children.”
- “Moreover, what caught my eye was an elderly mother of 4 sons was having dreadful situation and her eyes were filled with helpless tears.”
- “Government has taken wonderful step of providing flip chart to the pregnant mothers to recognize the danger signs during pregnancy and peuperium. Everything was nicely explained and those were effective as well.”
- “Making balance between patient’s discomfort for follow up, compliance with standard treatment protocols and patient’s demands and economic status is a very difficult task to do. I think I will have to master if I am going to work in this setting.”
- “There is a sanctioned post of medical officer in this PHCC but there is no doctor. Not only here, there are other many PHCCs without doctor. Government should think about it and should try to find out and solve the reasons behind this.”
- “I had counseled an old man, soon after I had finished he told me “You people are doing good job”. He was satisfied and walked out happily. I felt if we show respect and communicate properly with our patients; people will appreciate our effort and thank us.”
- “This posting has uplifted my level of confidence.”
- “I have learned that if we have to do something good than we can do it even in resource poor setting. Being careful in tiny things can save patient from lots of hazards and infections.”

- “From this posting, I got a chance to visualize our health system from very close, which will certainly help me in my future when I will be posted in some other part of our country.”
- “Some of the community people and family members where we stayed had tears in their eyes when we were departing.”
- “I liked the place, the environment, the climate and the people there, all were amazing. I had a great time throughout the posting which has encouraged me and energized me to go and serve in such places of Nepal in future.”

Master of my mind

When situations are bad
 I can be happy or I can be sad
 I can be, what I want to be
 I know who I am, I can see me
 I can be, where I want to be
 I have the power, I am always free

I can be true, or I can even lie
 I will always live, I will never die
 I can love, or I can even hate
 You cannot force me, I write my fate
 If you take my eyes, I will not be blind
 I am always, the master of my mind
 Outside me, I can see one world
 Inside me, I find thousands more
 And I can choose, where I want to be
 And I am always free

Because who capture my body, don't capture my mind
 And who capture my mind, don't conquer me
 I am always mine
 I am always, the master of my mind



- Bikalpa Bartaula
 1st Batch



- Apurva Shrestha
5th Batch

Life in a backstage

Lights, camera, action and there goes the curtain, rolling inward, exposing the stage to the audience. Oh! the cheers, the hoots. On the stage, the performers are there. Sometimes all dressed up as their roles while the other times engaged with their instruments. The world that the audience sitting in the auditorium sees is lively and magnificent. People on the stage create a different world that revolves around them and includes only them. None of the others exist then, the response to that existence is what shows the capability of the performers. A famous quote by Kim Oheyok says “Stage is always alive. It has all your answers. If you work hard, it recognizes you and gives you praise. If you cheat, the only thing that you get is sorrow.”

This is what happens on the stage. The backstage, however, just has a different story or you can say has an addition of ‘back’ in it. Although having only a difference of a ‘back’, the world of a stage and backstage are completely different. The stage is flawless, a great example of perfection while a backstage is everything but perfect. People run, feel tensed and the temperature of the backstage never seems to drop. Life stirs early in a backstage with the adjustment of chairs, lights in makeup room, dresses of performers and the perfection of the instruments. Every action that is done

“Stage is always alive. It has all your answers. If you work hard, it recognizes you and gives you praise. If you cheat, the only thing that you get is sorrow”

-Kim Oheyok

in a backstage affects the future of the stage in some way. If you don’t prepare the dresses on time, then the stage will be threatened with the imperfection, which it can’t afford. Backstage has an allotted time for everything. What happens in the backstage is responsible for the perfectness of the stage. Everything needed to be done has to be done at the right time. Though itself imperfect, backstage is what makes the stage perfect. The impatience, excitement, tension and eagerness to do better gets built up in a backstage and gets radiated from the performers on the stage.

Backstage has many qualities but stillness is not one of them, While the whole world is mesmerized and appalled by the beauty of the stage, the

“impatience, excitement, tension and eagerness to do better get built up in backstage and gets radiated from the performers on the stage.”

backstage faces problems, fights to be as beautiful as the stage and yet fails by one thing or the other. Even then, it doesn’t give up but engages itself to solve the problems, stays ready to face new one as it knows that problems are waiting to be solved in every corner. Some that it can face, some that it can avoid and some that can always be forgotten. Though being quite different worlds, the backstage and stage work hand in hand as without the other, one would cease to exist. Life in the backstage is madly crazy while that of the stage is flawlessly perfect. I think madly crazy over flawlessly perfect anytime, right?

My Initial Days in PAHS



- Richa Baniya, 1st Batch

The beginning of this story started many years ago when, on a whim, I said that I wanted to become a doctor and my parents started beaming with happiness. This notion stuck with me and before I knew it, I was studying for my medical entrance examination. Preparing for medical entrance means learning by heart every single question and answer without actually knowing the concept. I too had to go through the same phase. But the medical entrance examination in PAHS was different. However, after the written exam, I was very sure that I would not get through it. To my surprise, I passed and got through the interview as well. There I was through going the result of entrance exam in the newspaper. I saw my symbol number in the long list that among the numbers of my soon to be colleagues let's say. This feeling of achievement was one of the most overwhelming ones of my life.

I vividly remember one of the very first days of the class. The lecture hall was very bright with the fluorescent light; I was sitting in the corner of the third bench, first row to the left, cross-legged – not very proud to admit my unprofessional behaviour. It was our physics class and in the middle of the lecture, I just took a quick look around the class, to all the new faces and a thought out of nowhere, "I am a medical student." At that moment I had already anticipated and lived the up-coming 6 years of my life. The joy I felt knowing that I was a medical student in the middle of a lecture was a realization that everything that had happened till then was not a dream, it was a reality. But I had to come out from the trance and focus on the lecture.

With every passing day, all of us were getting familiar with the routine. My first PBL group had varieties of students to co-operate and work

together. For me that was a room full of new people who were creative, enthusiastic and very smart. The discussions they could make were very critical and I, to be honest, felt that I would lag behind. I was not only impressed by them but they also became a stimulus for me to make myself better. We also had lots of group work. I think the faculties were very much eager to make us work in groups with different people all the time. This helped us to know each and every one of us. Rather than being confined to the small group, we had a chance to branch out our zone of friendship to almost with everyone in the class, of course there were always some closer than others. But I can look back and say, to most of my friends, "Yes, we've done this project together!"

Our first posting was urban posting in an urban



slum and the orientation sounded like we had to do lots of work. There were many new terminologies. The work required interviews with key informant – people with whom we would just be exchanging names a few hours back, discussions among groups of people – we did not know where to get the people from, how to make them talk to get the information and how to control the group, and a well-structured report – which, at that time,

felt very demanding. With the continuous support from our assigned faculties we did break through this first challenge. And, there it was a small victory over something which I felt was difficult to achieve.

This may have brought a spark within me that made me understand that I am able to go to a new place and learn about it, meet new people, interact with them and obtain information from them, conduct interviews with highly respected people and be able to present what I learned in front of highly esteemed faculties. Indeed, the first experience will always be the most memorable one.

This is a medical college and I initially thought that medical students would entertain themselves

with only books.

I couldn't have been more wrong. This has been a place where I have had numerous opportunities to express myself, either through writing, speaking, or even through dance. I have had a chance to discover myself and even grow as a person. Every day we learn something new from anyone and everyone. It's like there is knowledge everywhere and we just need to reach out to grasp it – even just a little reaching out is enough. There was Day 1 and this is today, about 2 days before the start of 6 months rural posting and I am excited to see what's in store for me – just as I was excited for Day 1. These 6 months will probably be the last days as my life as an undergraduate medical student in PAHS and I will be reaching out for all the knowledge that I can grasp.

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सोनिया श्रेष्ठ
चौथो ब्याच

मेरो गरिबी

मेरो गरिबी
म जन्मे देखि तिमी र म
सधैं सँगै हिँडीरह्यौ
आखिर कहिले सम्म !

मेरो गरिबी
मैले कहिले काँही तिमीलाई छोड्न खोजे पनि
तिमी सधैं म सँग टाँसिइरह्यौ
आखिर किन ?

मेरो गरिबी
तिमी म सँगै बसि रहेर
जिन्दगीमा दुःख पाइरहेछु
अझै कहिले सम्म !

मेरो गरिबी
तिमीलाई म माया त गर्दै गर्दिन
तर पनि तिमीले मेरो साथ छोडेनौ
त्यसैले अब घृणा पनि गर्न सकिदैन ।



राम प्रसाद प्रजापती
लेखा अधिकृत

MEMENTO OF LOVE

- Apeksha Aryal, 4th Batch



It is daytime. In the canopy of dark clouds it is likely to downpour anytime. A cool wind is blowing, carrying all of the dreams, hopes, prayers, warmth and love with it. Enjoying this perfect weather, they maintain prolonged silence around them. Driving away the pang of separation that is later to be confronted with, they communicate in an absolute rhythm of silence. No one utters a word, letting the time pass by.

Finally she speaks, ripping the quietness. "Do you remember the first time we met?"

"Yes, I do," he says. "The weather then was just like this. It was about to rain."

"Also coincidentally it was 14th of February that day," she recalls.

That day, she had come to the same restaurant with her girlfriends. On that auspicious day dedicated to love and a new beginning, she, on the contrary had swollen her eyes out. She had broken-up with her long-term boyfriend just two days ago. It was really hard for her to accept that his love was all a sheer lie.

"Damn, what's got into you? Serious at this age? We're meant to have fun and gather new experiences at this time. Commitment? Give me a break!!" he had said. It was as though all her love, devotion and dedication were anything but solitude to "gathering experiences". She was shattered from within and hopeless from life. Her girlfriends on the other hand, telling her to "get a life" had dragged her to that very place. And just so that they would keep quiet, she had agreed. The very moment she set her foot inside the place, she regretted her decision. How could she forget (even though it no longer mattered to her)? Having seen all those seats occupied by young love buds,

her old reminiscences came flooding back to her mind. This scene was such an eyesore for her. She wanted to escape this moment but amigos held her straight.

"So what it's Valentine's Day? You're not going anywhere. Being single is no crime. We'll enjoy ourselves."

No longer had they said it, they began to lay their eyes on a boy sitting in front of their table. The boy also happened to be staring into their table.

"... he's so cute," and so began her friends drooling comments. She continued to duck her head on her hands. What a day! What a place!! What sort of friends!!!



"Hey, looks like he's staring at you," one of her friend started giggling. She couldn't take it anymore. Getting annoyed with her friends, with that boy and with herself, she stood up and walked away. Not after sometime had she sat under the banyan tree, someone came along.

"Go away. I don't want to talk with anyone" she

warned.

A deep, clear and masculine voice answered her, "Well, miss, I found this cell phone lying on the grass. Perhaps thrown, looking at the state of it. So, in anyway, does this belong to you ?" She looked up. Without saying anything she snatched away her cell phone. Only later had she known that it was the same cute guy her friends were talking about. It was how they had first met.

"Thank you," she says coming out of the memory lane. "For saving my cell phone. Thank you for saving my sanity, my hopes, my ambition and my sole being as a whole." No matter how formal she sounded, she had to say it.

"Well....." he is amazed and searching for the right words. He thought of the time they had fought and how every time it was her apologizing even when the mistake was his. Admitting the truth he went on, "I'm sorry that I never actually apologized to you. Thank you for all the compromises you made. Thank you for accepting me the way I am. Thank you...." He could go on and on about the things he should be grateful to her. He stares at her intelligent hazel eyes. Clearly, she looks the same from the time he had first seen her; innocent and beautiful. She had it all and gave it all.

"Let's take a walk, shall we ?" he proposes. She gets up and both of them stroll on, holding their hands. Inhaling the fresh air, she remembers the day when she made him watch "*A Walk to Remember*" (he said he had never heard of it... as if!) At first he had refused but upon her insistence he had to give in. He ended up liking it.

They reach the same banyan tree where they had their first acquaintance.

"It's still the same", she says thinking of the roots of the tree that was firmly and selflessly holding the soil beneath protecting it from any kind of disaster. "I love you in that way" she says and looks in his eyes. He smiles as if he understands.

They move on for like eternity. It was the clouds that made them come back to their senses.

"Its dusk," he says in a low voice.

She looks at her watch. "Yes indeed." Unwillingly, with further hesitation, she asks, "When is your flight tomorrow ?" This was the moment she had been dreading.

"At 12:00 pm", he says tonelessly.

"Oh... Okay" she stammers.

A lump in her throat makes her unable to say anything. No matter what he said, he would be going away. There would be no one to save her cell phone. No one to fight with. No one who could sing "Always" like the way he could. No one. He would be gone. The feeling sinks deep into her heart. This was their last rendezvous before he returned. She suddenly feels cold and begins to cry helplessly.

"Hey... hey... come on" is all he can say to console her, putting his arms around her. "Listen to me. You know this is not the end of life. In fact this is a new beginning. I know it will be hard without you. But I love you no matter what and I will come back, okay ?"

"Take... this.... cell phone... as a... gift" she stammers, giving him the cell phone.

He places himself in front of her and wipes away her tears. "Tears are never the best solution. And you should promise me to move on with your life, aiming for excellence. Please", he raises her chin up. "Promise me".

It has been a week since he has gone. As she thinks about him, her eyes fill with tears. No, I won't shed any tear. I promised him, she reminds herself. Instead she takes her cell phone out that he had returned to her in the airport, saying it was "his gift". She plays the song "Hey there Delilah" sung by him as a farewell message in the end. Finally, smiling to herself she keeps the phone aside replacing it with her textbooks.

**The most important
knack in surgery is to be
able to decide not to use the knife.**

Prof. Dr. Rajesh N. Gongal

Founding Dean, PAHS
FRCS (UK), Consultant Surgeon



It's our great privilege to have an opportunity to include a concise yet inspiring interview of our own founding Dean of PAHS Prof. Dr. Rajesh Nath Gongal.

He served as a medical director of Patan Hospital from April 2007- Oct 2009. He also has possessed the titles of various other service oriented organizations and activities such as "Founding Chairman and Consultant, Hospice Nepal", "Founding Chairman, Primary Trauma Care Nepal", "Founding President, Nepal Ambulance Service", and "Chairman, Disaster Response Committee, Patan Hospital". He is a son of an eminent surgeon of Nepal, Dr Dinesh N Gongal, who Jr. Gongal takes as a source of his inspiration.

Good afternoon Sir. Can you please tell something about yourself ?

Good afternoon.

I was born in Kathmandu at Guccha tole, born at home and bred at home. Eldest of the four, three brothers and one sister. I did my schooling from St. Xaviers, was reasonable in studies, lousy at sports. Tried to learn swimming, drank too much water (had severe hyperchloaemia), tried my hand at guitar but had no ears for music. The only sports I was good at was "Guccha" probably having been born in Guccha tole. So, I read of lots of books instead.

What was your aim in life ?

I always wanted to be a surgeon since my childhood, probably a genetic abnormality. Dad took me to see surgery during my school days and I got hooked. Never in my wildest dream had I thought I will be working as a physician in palliative care. But here I am doing just that and

liking it too.

Where and when did you go medical schooling ? Could you please share your experience of medical school life ?

I did my Medical school in Darbhanga in North India, Bihar. It was an interesting place. It took us eight years to complete the course (no, no, not because I failed but that is what most people thought) because of "Bandhs". I remember one year we had classes for only three months. Initially when we had strikes, I used to go home but because people thought I was failing, I stopped going back home. We used to stay back and play cards the whole day from 9-5 pm.

We hardly had electricity and used to study with the help of kerosene lamp with mosquitoes buzzing overhead. Every year in the rainy seasons, the toilets used to be flooded and we needed a bath after each visit.

The good thing was there were many Nepalese students and we not only played cards but also produced a student magazine called *Spandan*. I was in the editorial board. I remember going to the press which was the old type where every letter had to be added separately in the block. It was interesting. I even got to write a few poems (took advantage of being the editor to publish it even if it was rubbish).

What are your hobbies ? How do you spend your free time ?

Because I was not good at sports at school, I used to read books almost one a day, starting from Enid Blyton, then progressing to Hardy Boys, Alistair Maclean, Louis L'amour, Leon Uris, Agatha Christie etc. Once in class VI, I was reading a novel in Nepali class hiding behind a nepali book. I was sent down to Principal's office. I was scared sh..! Now, I read only occasionally. Atul Gawande's books need to be read by doctors (or to be). The best book is still *Muna Madan*.

I often go to movies with my family which I enjoy very much. One of the good movies I saw was "Taare Zameen Par."

Social work/service that you do in your life ?

Perhaps starting and working in Hospice for last 15 years and starting the Nepal Ambulance Service could be counted as Social work but I see it as giving back to the society which has given me so much.

Working experience (as intern, as medical officer and as a Surgeon) ? Was it tough to be son of a renowned surgeon ?

I loved working in Surgery right from the very beginning. I worked in Bir as a resident (initially without pay as a volunteer for a year or slightly more). We used to go home just to take shower and spend most of the time in hospital, volunteering

to do as much on call as we could to get hands on training. This gave me a lot of confidence.

I thought It will be tough to get out of the shadow of my dad but as I continued to work, I started making my own identity, so it was not too bad.

Why did you choose to study surgery ?

It was too much for me to think long and hard like a physician. That is only for the clever people. There is only one of two decision to make in surgery, to do or not to do and that was easy. The most important knack in surgery is to be able to decide not to use the knife. This is the difficult part.

What are your strengths and areas of improvements in life?

I do not know about my strengths but the problem I am having is that every time I take up a book to read, I am falling asleep (almost like taking diazepam IV)

Inspiration in Life ? Any role model in life ?

My father.

What would you have become if not doctor ?

Good question ! Probably an alcoholic !

As a founding Dean of PAHS, how was your tenure/experience, expectations and results ? What can the students learn from your leadership quality ?

It was one of the greatest and a fulfilling experience. I learned so much and grew so much. The most exciting part of this was we started with a blank paper and we could write what we wanted and we did. We were not afraid to try new things. We were not afraid of failing and that is why we have such a great program. It was a team work and we had a very good team. I made so many new friends both in the country and outside.

I do not know if I am a good leader but I think it

is important in life to try, not be afraid of failing. Failure is not trying, but when you try and fail, it is an experience from which one should learn and move on.

What are the qualities that you feel a successful leader must possess?

Have a vision, share the vision and work as a team, not as a team leader but as a team member and do not be afraid of venturing into uncharted water.

What inspired you to work/study more on Palliative care at this stage? Any particular incident?

I have worked in palliative care for last fifteen years. I think our people are getting a rough deal at the end of their life. I want to put this right. I think I need to do more to really establish it solidly in the country at a national level, both in urban area and the rural area. That is my dream,

to see palliative care well established before I die.
Any messages for your colleagues and students?

I really would like to work with each one of you to establish palliative care, especially when you are working in rural area. I would like to see PAHS students be the leader in palliative care but also in other areas. I believe PAHS students can turn the tide of how society sees us as doctors.

Do not waste too much time in private practice. It is not worth it. You will miss out on many better things in life like going for movie with your family! Seriously.

When you make friends, make friends for life. They will keep you going through rough times. I have been very lucky in this area.

Anything you would like to add about yourself?

Haven't you had enough !



कोही किन मरोस्

[Based on a true story]

(महाभुकम्प २०७२ मा परी ज्यान गुमाउनुहुने सम्पूर्णमा हार्दिक श्रद्धान्जली तथा ती हरेक भरेका आँशु अनि ढलेका धरोहरप्रति समर्पित ।)



...मान्छे जन्मिन्छ, मान्छे मर्छ । मैले मान्छे जन्मेको पनि देखेको छु, मान्छे मरेको पनि । जन्मेको बच्चाको नाभि पनि काटेको छु, मरेको मान्छेको पेट पनि । मेरो कर्म यहि दुई चिजको परिधीभित्र घुम्दै छ वा भनुम घुम्नेवाला छ । यहि अन्तरालमा दुई यस्ता कुराहरु जे मैले देखें, भोगें र महशुस गरें कि- 'मान्छे जन्मिदा आँफू रुनु पर्छ, मर्दा अरू' । सायद जिन्दगी यहि नै हो वा जिन्दगीको परिभाषा यसैको सेरोफेरोमा कहिँ कतै पाइन्छ । अनि त्यहि दुई कुरोमा केहि तलमाथि भयो भने त्यसलाई कतै न कतै गडबडी पो भएछ कि भन्ने सिम्टोम (संकेत) को रूपमा लिनुपर्छ अथवा आफूले खासै र आम्रो कर्म गरिएनछ भनेर बुझ्न सकिन्छ । त्यहि बीचमा फेरी जीवन एउटा यस्तो अचम्मको पोको पनि हो जसको असली अर्थ जति बुझ्यो त्यति कम हुन्छ । अनि त्यो अचम्मको पोको खोल्लाई एउटा ठूलै शाहसको जरुरत पर्दछ, रिक्स लिनसक्ने ईच्छाशक्ति चाहिन्छ, मुटु चाहिन्छ, मुटु । जसरी सत्ययुगमा भगवान शिवले समुन्द्र मन्थन गर्दा निस्केको विष आफूले निलेका थिए त्यसरी नै यो कलियुगमा पनि एउटा यस्तै रियल कहानी त्यसैको आसपासमा सुरु हुन्छ । फरक के त भन्दा उनि पो भगवान थिए, यो बिचरा मानिस । तर पनि उ पिछ्छाडी हट्टै, अनि त्यो अचम्मको पोको खोलेर जीवन बुझ्नलाई उसले जानीनजानी रिक्स लिन्छ, विष निन्छ ।

First Half: **विषालु प्रेम**

Nuwakot, 2014-08-10; 8:27pm

(Scene: बन्द ढोका । अँध्यारो कोठा । एउटा बेड । पोखिएको सिसी । पल्टिएको पात्र । अवस्था अलपत्र ।)

... अब त सिर्फ अन्तिम सासहरु गन्न मात्रै त हो, केहि समयमै त्यो काम पनि सकिन्छ, अनि सकिनेछ ती सारा यादहरु, सकिनेछन् ती काला रातहरु अनि दर्द भुलाउनेछ दिमागले, मुक्ति पाउनेछ मनले; अनि फेरी फेरुपर्ने छैन मैले सास, गर्नुपर्ने छैन उसको आश, अनि जल्नेछ मेरो लास, म आँफै गर्दैछु आफ्नो विनाश । बस् अब यति अन्तिम ईच्छा छ कि मलाई डाक्टरकोमा नलगियोस, लगिहाले पनि मलाई बचाउने औषधि (एन्टीडोट) सकिएको होस् । यो विष भन्ने चिज पनि अचम्मको बनाएका हुन् यार, मान्छे पर्छ । न त पकाउनुपर्ने, न त उमाल्नुपर्ने, जाँ भन्यो त्यहीँ पाउने, ठाउँको ठाउँमै लाउने । न त डोरी लगेर रुखमा बान्नुपर्ने टेन्सन, न त पुलबाट खोलामा हामफालीराख्नुपर्ने टेन्सन, सिद्धै पाक्दो रैछ पेन्सन । जीवनजल जसरी घुटुघुटु लगायो अनि सिरक ओडेर सुत्यो, त्यसपछि त सक्किगो नि ! म पनि मान्छे, त हरिप नै हो नि, अरुले गम भुलाउन रमको साहरा लिन्छन्, मलाई त त्यो रमले पनि छोएन । (साला) रमले पनि धोका दियो, अनि त सिद्धै नुभान (OP) संग पो अफयर चल्थ्यो, त्यो पनि लभ एट फस्ट-वाइट । जसरी हीरा काट्न हीरा नै चाहिन्छ, फलाम काट्न फलाम नै, मैले पनि मभित्र खिल गडेर बसेको विष काट्न विषको नै साहरा लिएँ । अरुले सागपातको किरा मार्न प्रयोग गर्छन्, मैले त मनभित्रको टल्कने हीरा मार्न प्रयोग गरेँ । अरुले अरुलाई नै मार्न प्रयोग गर्छन्, मैले आफैलाई मार्न प्रयोग गरेँ । यस अर्थमा म एउटा सफल वैज्ञानिक पनि हुँ, जसको अनुसन्धान अबको केहि क्षण भरमै पूरा हुनेछ ।

यो 'याद' भन्ने कुरो पनि अचम्मैको छ । मान्छे कुन बेला फुर्सदमा हुन्छ, यसलाई सब थाहा हुन्छ । सबै कुरा पुरानो हुन्छ, हराउँदै जान्छ, तर यो नआइजभन्दा पनि आउँछ । वरु छायाले अँध्यारोमा साथ छोड्छ, यसले त मर्ने बेलामा पनि छोड्ने भएन गाँठे । कस्तो-कस्तो, कस्तो हो यो मन, जति विसू भन्छु उति सम्झने भन् । टाईम मसिन नै फिट भाछ क्या हो ? घुमिफेरी खाली त्यहिँ पुन्याउँछ त...

...त्यो दिन सुरुमा वायोलोजीको क्लास थ्यो । क्लास सुरु हुन लागेकोले म हतार हतार जाँदै थिएँ । सर क्लासमा पसिसक्नुभाको रैछ, म पनि पर्सें । तर त्यहाँ पस्तुभन्दा एकछिन अघि केहि फरक भयो, केहि स्पेशल भयो, जुन पहिला कहिल्यै भाथेन । हाम्रो क्लासमा पुग्नलाई बीचको ब्याडमिन्टन कोर्ट हुँदै आउनुपर्थ्यो । गेटबाट भित्र छिरेको मात्र के थिएँ, एउटा हातले ब्याडमिन्टनको र्याकेटलाई ब्यागमा मिलाउँदै अर्को हातले कपालको रबरब्याण्ड भिकेर टाउकोलाई साइडसाइडमा हल्लाउँदै आफ्नो पूरा ध्यान त्यै कपाल मिलाउनमा खर्चिँदै कोही आइरहेको थियो, जसलाई मैले त्योभन्दा पहिला देखेको थिइन, सायद कलेजमा नयाँ थिइ होला, मर्निङ्ग सिफ्टको इलाभेनमा पढ्ने । उसलाई राम्रो संग देख्न नभ्याउँदै यसरी ठोकिन पुगें सायद कसै ले चुम्बकको नर्थ पोललाई साउथ पोल नजिक लगिदिएको थियो ।

यो रिल लाइफ थिएन, रियल लाइफ थ्यो । त्यसैले न त मुभिजमा जस्तो व्याकग्राउण्डमा म्युजिक नै बज्यो, न त उसलाई स्लो मोसनमा नै देखियो । तर त्यसपछि जे देखियो, जसरी देखियो त्यो वर्णन गर्नलाई मेरो पुरै शब्दकोशले समेत भ्याएन । यसरी देखियो कि न त मैले पहिले त्यसरी कसैलाई देखेथेँ, न त फेरी सायदै देखुँला । बस् देखेँ, देखिनै रहेँ, आँखाको पर्दा बन्दहुनै मानेन, मुटुको गति मन्दहुनै मानेन । त्यसैले होला अचम्मसँग हेरेँ, हे रिनै रहेँ । जे गरेँ सायद राम्रै गरेँ, कथाले मागेजस्तै नै गरेँ, कथाले मागेजित्तै गरेँ ।

यस्तो त थिएन कि ऊ भन्दा सुन्दर केटी मैले कहिल्यै देखेको थिइन, तर थाहा भएन किन उसको अनुहारदेखी मेरो नजर हट्नै मानेन । उसको आँखा भुकेको थियो अनि सास दौडेको, ऊ अलिक डराको जस्तो देखिन्थी । एक त्यान्द्रो कपाल उसको दाहिने आँखालाई गिज्याइराथ्यो, ऊ त्यसलाई भट्क्याउन खोजीराथी तर हावा जोडले लागेको थ्यो अनि कपाल त्यहीँको त्यहीँ । मैले त्यो कपाल छेउतीर सार्दिन हात अघि बढाएँ, अनि उसले अत्तालिएर मतीर हेरी । हामी दुईले पहिलो पटक एक-अर्कालाई हेर्यौँ । ऊ नर्भस मुद्रामा मतीर हेरीनै राखी अनि फेरी बिस्तारै आफ्नो नजर भुकाई, म भने उसलाई हेरीनै राखेँ । माँ कसम, यस्तो लाग्थ्यो बनाउनेवालाले पनि उसलाई पूरा फुर्सदमै बनायो होला, छाड्ने बेलामा जमिनमा उसलाई छातीमा हात राखी रोयो होला ।

ठूलाठूला कहानिहरुमा वर्णन गरेभन्दा ठीक विपरित, न त मृगकोभैँ आँखा थियो, न त हरिणकोभैँ चाल । न त पिपलपाते ओठनै थियो, न त रेशमको भैँ कपाल । खासमा पशुपंछी वा वनस्पतिभैँ तेस्तो क्यै पनि थिएन, जे थ्यो सबै मान्छेको जस्तै थ्यो । तर पनि अलिकति नेचुरल, अलिकति सुपरने चुरल । ऊ त मन्दिरमा बलिरहेको दियो जस्तो थिई, शान्त, शालिन अनि शितल । एकछिन त जीउ पूरा सिरिङ्ग नै भयो नि, करेन्ट लागे जसरी । तर पनि त्यो करेन्ट त्यसरीनै लागिराखोस् भन्ने मन गर्यो । उसलाई देखा यो आभाष भयो कि प्रेम दिवाना पनि हुँदो रैछ, मस्ताना पनि । यदि प्रेम पानी हुँदो हो त संसारमा जमिनलाई कुनै ठाउँ नै रहन दिन्नथिएँ होला । हरपल, हरक्षण उसैको महासागरमा डुबीरहन्थेँ, उसैमा हराइरहन्थेँ, कसैले भेट्न नसक्नेगरी हराएको ब्लायाकवक्स जसरी ।

उसलाई हेर्दैँनै थेँ, त्यसपछि एककासी मेरो सपना टुट्यो, पछाडी बजेको कलेजको बेल मेरै कानको ड्रममा आएर बजाको जस्तो भयो । त्यसपछि उठ्न कर लाग्यो, मनमनै अलिबढी खुसि, अलिअलि डर लाग्यो । उठेर उसको ब्याग अनि त्यो ब्याडमिन्टनको र्याकेट थमाएपछि बगैँचाको वाटो हुँदै क्लासतीर यसरी लागेँ जसरी कुनै ठूलो युध्द जितेर आको थिएँ, आफ्नो हराको सामान धेरै पछि पाको थिएँ ।

व्याकग्राउण्डमा त म्युजिक साँच्चिनी बजेन तर भित्रभित्रै भने अलि फरक किसिमको परिवर्तन मैले महशुस गर्दैँथेँ । बाहिरको मौसमको त त्यति ख्याल भएन, भित्रको मौसम भने परिवर्तन हुने संकेत दिँदै थ्यो । यस्तो लाग्दैथ्यो कि—किन आज हावाले पनि गीत गाइराछ, पानीले संगीत भरिराछ, बादल यसै नाचिराछ अनि घाम मज्जासँग हाँसीराछ । त्यो को थ्यो जसलाई मैले हरेक फूलहरुमा देखिराछु, त्यो को थ्यो जसको आवाज नसुनेर पनि सुनिराछु, त्यो को थ्यो खै को थ्यो जसलाई मैले नदेखेर पनि देखिराछु, आँखा बन्द गरेर पनि लेखिराछु । त्यसैले होला सायद आज हावाले पनि गीत गाइराछ, संगीतको जिम्मा पानीले ल्याछ, ईन्द्रदेवले नि मोबाइलको फ्ल्यास बाल्दैछन्, इन्द्रेणीहरु कम्पनि रित्तिनेगरी रंग फाल्दैछन् । बाहिरको मौसम कस्तो थ्यो त यकिन गर्न सकिदैन तर भित्रको मौसम चाँही यस्तै थियो, मस्तै थियो, पूरा व्यस्तै थियो, ऊ जस्तै थियो, यस्तै-यस्तै थ्यो । मेरो क्यालेण्डरमा अब एउटा अर्को मौसम पनि थपिएको थियो, जुन केहि समय त्यसरीनै चलिरह्यो अनि अर्को लामो समय चलिरहन्छ भन्ने संकेत दिँदैथ्यो ।

तर जेसुकै होस् यता भने त्यसले काम गरिरहेकै संकेत हुनुपर्छ यो । क्या गज्जबको रैछ यो नुभान भन्ने चिज पनि, मनकै कुरो बुभ्यो । उसलाई सम्झदा चल्ने मेसिनलाई नै उल्टो घुमाइदियो, मुटुलाई आराम गर्न पठाइदियो अनि थुनिएको बाँध खोलिदियो मुख र त्यो भन्दा तलका पाइपहरुमा । सायद त्यसले काम गर्दैछ भन्ने प्रमाण हुनुपर्छ यो । उसलाई सम्झदा सधैँ के गरम, कसो गरम मात्रै हुन्थ्यो, मुटुले १०० मिटर रेसमा भाग लिन्थ्यो अनि मुख बैशाख-जेठमा पानी नपरेको खडेरी जस्तो हुन्थ्यो । तर अहिले उसलाई बिसाउन मुटुको गतिलाई लगाम लगाइदिँदै छ ट्राफिक बनेर, शरीर लाई सिंचाई गर्दैछ अनि शितल पाउँदैछ पसिना बनेर । तर एउटा साइड-इफेक्ट पनि रैछ यसको, अर्कोपट्टिको पाइप भने फुट्लाजसरी निस्कन खोज्दैछ, ट्यांकी फुल भएर ।

त्यसबेलाको बदलिँदो मौसम अनि त्यसले दिएको परिवर्तनका संकेतहरु, कति बुभ्यो होला, कति बुभनै बाँकी थिए होला मेरो अपरिपक्क मस्तिष्कले । जे होस् केहि न केहि त पक्कै पनि थियो यार तर त्यो कुनै ठूलो प्रेमको ग्रन्थ वा कुनै छाडा फिल्मको मन्त्र जस्तो भने होइन । जे थ्यो अरुभन्दा फरक, अलिकति नेचुरल, अलिकति सुपरनेचुरल । नत्र भने किन उसको शरीरको फिजिक्सले मेरो केमिस्ट्रीलाई आफूतिर तानिराथ्यो अनि बायोलीजीको क्लासमा मेरो ध्यान जान छाडिराथ्यो । अब अरुले यसलाई चाहे माया भनुन या मोह, चाहे भोक भनुन वा कुनै रोग भनेर डायग्नोज नै किन नगरुन, त्यो मेरो टाउको दुःखाइको विषय थिएन, मेरो अन्तर्मनको विज्ञानले त त्यो अड्डुराउँदै गरेको जीवलाई माया भनेर प्रमाणित गरिसक्याथ्यो । त्यो लगभग चार-पाँच-छ महिना त्यसरी नै चलिरहयो । त्यो मौसम मेरै अनुकुलमा रहयो । मलाई पौडी सिक्नु मन परेन, डुबनमै मज्जा लाग्यो, म

उसैमा डुब्दै गएँ, हराउँदै गएँ । मेरा साथीहरुको समेत छलफल गर्ने फ्रन्टपेज बनेको थियो त्यो टपिक, कसैले बधाई दिएर छाप्ये, कसैले वर्णन गरेर, कसैले दंग परेर छाप्ये, कसैले अचम्म परेर । कोही भन्छन् कि ऊ मेरो कोहि पनि थिइन, फेरी किन आफ्नो जस्तै ढिपी ऊ गर्दथी । कोही यो भन्छन् कि म ऊ जस्तो थिइन, फेरी किन म जस्तै ऊ लाग्दथी । उसको हरेक कसम-वाचाहरुले केही गर्न मन लाग्छ, उसको सिउँदो अब खुसीहरुले भर्न मन लाग्छ । उसैको लागि अर्को-अर्को जुनी पनि जीउन मन लाग्छ ।

कहिलेकाँही मेरो दिलमा यो खयाल आउँछ कि-
 उसलाई बनाएको हो मेरै लागि,
 ऊ आजभन्दा पहिले ताराहरुमा बस्थी कहीं
 उसलाई जमिनमा बोलाएको हो मेरै लागि ।
 कहिलेकाँही मेरो दिलमा यो खयाल आउँछ कि-
 फूल त्यसरी फूल्येन होला, उसको सुगन्ध नपसेको भए
 माया त्यति मायालु हुन्थेन होला, त्यसमा ऊ नबसेको भए
 सुन्दरता पनि यति सुन्दर हुन्थेन होला,
 यदि मेरो आँखाको क्यामेराले उसलाई कैद नगरेको भए
 साँच्चै सुन्दरता पनि यति सुन्दर हुन्थेन होला, यदि ऊ नभएको भए ।
 कहिलेकाँही मेरो दिलमा यो पनि खयाल आउँछ कि-
 ऊ नभएको भए सायद प्रेम भन्ने चिज नै हुन्थेन होला,
 कल्पनाको जहाजमा बसेर सपनाको संसार सायदै घुमिन्थ्यो होला
 अनि के समयको पोल्तामा यत्तिका यादहरु अटाउँथे होलान् ?
 मेरो खयालै-खयालको स्वप्नबगैँचामा फेरी अर्को खयाल फकिन्छ-
 किन कहिलेकाँही रातभर आँखा खुल्दै बस्न मन गर्छ ?
 किन कहिलेकाँही उसैको रागमा डुल्दै बस्न मन गर्छ ?
 अनि केही नहुँदो हो त- किन कहिलेकाँही त्यही अनुहार बारम्बार देखिन्छ ?
 अनि केही नहुँदो हो त- किन कहिलेकाँही एउटै नाम लगातार लेखिन्छ ?
 मेरो सब तन-मनलाई उसँग प्रेम थियो । खुद प्रेमलाई पनि उसँग प्रेम थियो ।
 भगवान माफ गरुन्, तर दिलमा हात राखेर भनै भने, कसम प्रेमको, मलाई उसमा भगवान देखिन्छ ।
 कहिलेकाँही मेरो दिलमा यस्तै यस्तै खयाल आउँछ,
 कहिलेकाँही कहिलेकाँही...।

मैले आफ्नो तयारी राम्रोसँगै गरेको थिएँ । जसरी वर्ल्डकप खेलनुअघि हरेक खेलाडीले गर्ने तयारी जस्तै ज्यान लगाएर । जसरी कुनै मास्टर-माइण्डले ठूलो बैङ्क लुटनुअघि गर्ने जस्तै ध्यान लगाएर । कसैले थाहा नपाउनु भनेर सुत्नु अघि खाने योजना बनाथेँ । बुवा अर्को कोठामा टि. भी. हेर्दै हुनुहुन्थ्यो, आमा भान्साको काम सक्दै हुनुहुन्थ्यो, बहिनी आफ्नो कोठामा पढ्दै थिई भोलिको अप्सनल म्याथको इक्जामको लागि । तत्तिकैमा मेरो ढोका बज्यो अनि आवाज आयो- “दाई, दाई मलाई एउटा इक्वेसन सल्व गर्न आएन, सिकाइदिनुन ।” तिहारमा तेलले घेरेर राखेकी मेरी बहिनीले मलाई यति सजिलै उम्कन कहाँ दिन्थी र ! तर उसलाई के था यतिबेलासम्म उसको दाईको केहि इन्द्रियहरु बाहेकको बाँकी स्नायु प्रणालीले काम गर्न छाडिसक्याथ्यो । जो यसबेला न त अरुसँग सहयोग माग्ने अवस्थामै थ्यो, न त अरुलाई सहयोग गर्ने अवस्थामा नै । धेरै बेर ढोकामा हान्दा पनि केही प्रतिक्रिया नआएपछि ऊ कराई । भान्सामा सायद कराई खसेको आवाज आयो, अघिसम्म कराइरहेको टि.भी. एक्कासी शान्त भयो । अनि ढोका टुट्यो, आमाको आँखाबाट मुहान फुट्यो, सबै रुन थाले, कराउन थाले, क्षणभरमै सारा गाउँ जुट्यो ।

यो सबै भएर जसोतसो जिल्ला अस्पतालसम्म पुऱ्याउँदा १०-११ बजेको हुँदो हो । नयाँ नयाँ टेष्ट गर्न पल्केको मेरो पेटले, त्यो बीचमा साबुनपानीको समेत टेष्ट गर्न भ्यायो । कहाँबाट आइडिया चाँही पल्लाघरे माइलाबाले ल्याए । खासै ठूलो होस त छैन मेरो, तर कुनै कतै बचेको मसिनो चेतनाले सालाखाला यि कुराहरु थाहा पाउँदै छ । भित्रभित्रै गाह्रो भएतापनि मेरो अर्धचेतन अवस्थाले ति सबलाई सकेसम्म बाहिर उजागर नगर्न खोजिरहेको छ । अचानक मेरो कानको ध्यान भर्खर ट्युन गरेको एम्बुलेन्सको एफ. एम. मा पुग्यो जहाँ उस्ताद राहत फतेह अलि खान आफ्नो स्वरले राहत दिने प्रयास गर्दैछन्- तु कि जाने प्यार मेरा, मे करूँ इन्तजार तेरा.....

--- INTERMISSION (*Click & Play page: 110*) ---

What's my life

My life has been a mixture
Of sorrows and happiness,
Sometimes I have to face defeat
Sometimes I get to taste success.

Just when my life is about to look so bright
A dark shadow seems to fall on it,
When darkness is all around my life
A ray of light seems to crawl on it....

Someday I feel like a coward
There are times when I feel so brave,
At a moment I feel I'm a master
The other I feel I'm a slave.

I really can't understand it
Someone I really need to tell,
Oh!!! What actually is my life?
Is it HEAVEN or is it HELL...



- Saurav Adhikari
5th Batch

Petification of Your Extinct Innerself

*Existence is relative
It depends on what you call is dead,
You are lost in finding clue
Escapade of specimen that never existed.*

*Knowledge is primitive
You can't chose between mistakes,
Destiny is fraud
Emptiness is the beauty of creation.*

*Look at the sky and tell when it'll stop raining
What you don't want you to know is what you want
Which you still don't know*

*What is real? Tears are fake
Why can't you just cry forever?
Your wound is your disgust
There's no pain that last forever*



- Anand Shakya
1st Batch

FIND YOUR FACE!!!

1. Attentive faces:

They see, hear and follow everything that the teachers say and are able to answer all the questions.

2. Helmeted faces:

They are those who don't even know what the topic is being discussed in the class. Everything goes above their heads.

3. Inattentive faces:

They are also called absent-minded. They neither see nor hear anything.

4. Needy faces:

Their job is to look for irrelevant activities and pass comments on others.

5. Talkative faces:

They only talk and disturb others. They generally do nothing.

6. Nodding faces:

They see and have the habit of nodding their heads every now and then but they do not understand what is happening due to lack of concentration.

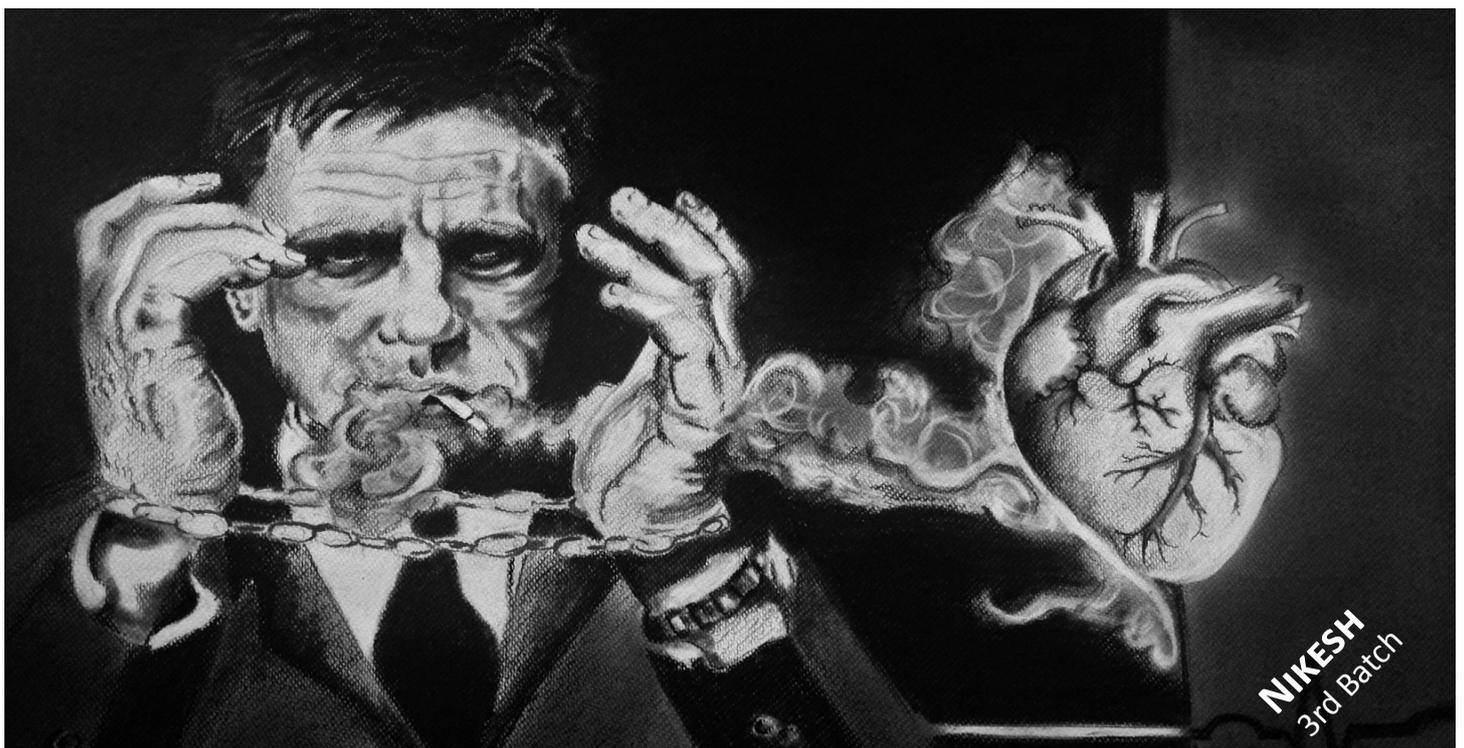
7. Pretending faces:

They constantly smile when the teacher smiles and project that sort of image before the teacher.

8. Sleeping faces:

Last but not the least, they are the pride of the class. Sleeping in the class is an act of courage and needs good practice. They just come to school to day dream.

- Saubhagyi Singh, 5th batch



NIKESH
3rd Batch

The Power of Human Beings

- Shivaneer Kumari
2nd Batch



There are many situations in life when we might have found ourselves helpless and in despair. Be it a broken relationship, failure on an exam, loss of money or property, or even the bereavement of a loved one; we all have undergone misery, anger, betrayal, and desolation at some point in time. We feel as if our current situation were the end of the world and that there's no way out of it. Many of us give up hope, take to solitude, blame ourselves and some even take impulsive actions out of acute grief. The truth that we still have to realize is that there is no adverse situation that we don't have the power to overcome. The human mind has the strength to withstand just about anything.

Steve Jobs, who was once sacked from his own



company, later went on to build another venture that turned out to be so huge that he bought back his original corporation and became the CEO of the world renowned Apple Inc. Imagine how things would have turned out in his life, had he abandoned hope after the setback or if he had blamed his friends for backstabbing him. Our experiences with pain and grief actually make us tenacious and mature. There's never an end to anything; everyday can be a new beginning if we are just strong enough to take up the gauntlet. There are no good or bad situations in life, no favorable or unfavorable circumstances. It's all about how we react to a friendly or hostile stimulus that crop up the way. Time itself heals

every wound. It turns pain into memories and leads the way for a brighter new beginning. We need to be persistent and keep on trying. We all may be familiar with the name of J.K. Rowling, one of the world's most well-known authors. But what we may not know is that she started her journey as a divorced single mother, with no money, no home and only grief over the loss of her mother, who had recently died of multiple sclerosis. She started writing her stories on a tissue paper which turned out to be one of the highest grossing books in the world that we now know as the Harry Potter series.

Michael Jordan, two time Olympic gold medalist, was not allowed to join the basketball team in his sophomore year. All his friends were accepted onto the team whereas he was rejected. But he kept practicing with perseverance and is now regarded as one of the best basketball players of all times. It doesn't matter how many failures we might face. Failures are just a process of learning; success is always waiting on the other side. There are times when we may feel that others have it better off than us. The grass may seem greener on the other side. But the truth is that every person has his or her own set of hardships. We should never look at others and judge our situation. Instead, we should always strive to make ourselves a better person than we were yesterday.

The only limitations that human beings have are the ones that they self-impose upon themselves. Scientifically, it is said that a bumblebee is too heavy to fly. But the insect doesn't know it's too heavy so it keeps on flying. It doesn't have any limitations. We all have talent within ourselves. We just need to reach in for it, dig it out, nurture it and let it bloom. There are many obstacles on the path, but there is always a way to overcome each and every one of them as long as we are determined, motivated and effortful. It is our intensity for dealing with ordeals of life, which makes us stand out.

औपन्यासिक पात्र : जीवनको पृष्ठभूमिमा

● ladn bj f8l, चौथो व्याच



“छोरा वृषबहादुरलाई हामी माता पिताको तर्फबाट शुभ आशीर्वाद छ। यहाँ सब परिवारमा आराम छ। त्यहाँ तिमीलाई सदा ईश्वरले आराम राखुन्। यहाँको परिस्थिति हाललाई ठीकै छ। परिस्थिति राम्रो भएको खण्डमा दर्शन बिदा ताकमा घर आउनु। पढ्ने काममा मन लगाउनु अरु खबर अहिलेसम्म ठीकै छ। पत्र प्राप्त हुनासाथ सम्पूर्ण जानकारी खुलाई पत्र पठाउनु। व्यापार सामान्य छ। सुर्खेततिरको समाचार केही पाइँदैन, फोन बिग्रिरहेको छ। नयाँ समाचार केही छैन।” हर्षबहादुर पिता कर्णाली ब्लुज उपन्यास, जसमा लेखकले छोराको आँखाबाट बाबुको सङ्घर्ष देखाउन खोजेका छन्। यो पत्रांश बाबुले काठमाडौँ पढ्न बसेको छोरोलाई कालिकोटबाट लेखेको हृदयको दस्तावेज हो। यो पत्र पठाएको दुई महिनापछि बाबुको मृत्यु हुन्छ। बाबुको मृत्युसँगै यस उपन्यासलाई लेखकले अन्त्य गरेका छन्। त्यसपछिको पाटो पाठक स्वयम्लाई कल्पना गर्न छाडिएको छ। उपन्यासमा उल्लिखित यो पत्रमा सामान्य नै कुरा लेखिएको छ। तर, त्यसको भित्री मर्म वास्तवमै अनुभूतिगम्य छ। मुटु हल्लाउने र आडे सिरिङ पार्ने खालको छ। त्यसपछिको प्रसङ्ग, जसमा लेखकको बाबुको मृत्युलाई लिपीबद्ध गरिएको त्यस्तो परिस्थिति छ, जसलाई कल्पना गर्दा नि शरीरका रौं खडा हुन्छन्। खासगरी मजस्तै ती पाठकका लागि जसले परिवारसँग टाढा रहेर आफ्नो भविष्यको निर्माण गरिरहेको होस् अथवा आफ्ना वात्सल्यमयी माता पिता र तिनका सपनाहरूको संवेदनामा हरपल डुबिरहेको होस्। हामी पाटन स्वास्थ्य विज्ञान प्रतिष्ठानमा अध्ययनरत अधिकांशतः यही र यस्तै सपनाहरूका अनुयायी छौं।

बीस एक्काइस वर्षको अल्लारे केटो जसको जागिर छैन, बसाइ दुर्गममा छ, भौतिक सम्पति पनि बाबुको उपचारमा सबै सकिएको छ। बाँकी छ त केवल रिन मात्र बाँकी छ। उसैको जिम्मामा बुढी आमालाई छाडेर लेखकले उपन्यासको बिट मारेका छन्। उपन्यास त उपन्यास भयो। तर उपन्यासले दिने प्रभाव हाम्रो जीवनको भोगाइका सापेक्ष भएकाले त्यसले हाम्रो मथिङ्गल हल्लाउँदो रहेछ। ती सबै पात्रहरू औपन्यासिक भएर पनि किन फेरि तिनले हामीलाई आफैँभित्र रूपान्तरित गर्छन्? यही चिन्तनमा सायद विसङ्गतिवादी जीवन दर्शनका निबन्धकार शङ्कर लामिछानेले आफ्नो एउटा निबन्धको शीर्षक नै राखेका छन्— ‘औपन्यासिक पात्र जीवनको पृष्ठभूमिमा’।

उपन्यासकारको मानसपटलमा खेलेका विषयलाई सुन्दर रूपमा प्रस्तुत गरिन्छ। मीठो लामे शैलीले दुःख पनि मीठैगरि पढिन्छ तर यस्ता

बुद्धिसागर कर्णाली ब्लुज



परिस्थितिहरू दुखद घटनाको रूपमा हाम्रो जीवनमा पनि आइरहेका हुन्छन्। र, त लेखकको सिर्जनामा तिनै दुःखको पुनर्सिर्जन हुन्छ, तिनका रोजाइमा यस्तै विषयलाई प्राथमिकतामा राखिन्छ। आखिर मनका भावहरू मध्ये हाम्रो पूर्वीय रस सिद्धान्तका व्याख्याताहरूले करुण रस अर्थात् शोकलाई सबैभन्दा बढी महत्व दिएका पनि छन्। हामी माधव घिमिरेको गौरी शोक काव्यलाई होस् वा देवकोटाको मुनामदनलाई नै, वियोग र आँसुको दह जान्दाजान्दै पनि रूँदै रूँदै त्यो पढिरहेका हुन्छौं। सायद दुःखले मानिसलाई ज्यादा छुन्छ। यो सत्य हो।

म फुर्सदमा अथवा फुर्सद मिलाएर पनि जीवन पढ्छु कहिलेकाहीँ। उपन्यासले जीवनको तस्बिर देखाउँछ। कर्णाली ब्लुज उपन्यास पढिसकेको दुई दिन मात्र भएको थियो। शनिबार बिहान निन्द्राबाट बिउँभिएर खाटमा पल्टिरहेको थिएँ। फोन आयो। सानो छँदादेखिको साथी रहेछ। उठाएँ, “हेलो कहाँ छौं?” “होस्टेल”, मैले उत्तर दिएँ। उसले सिधै भन्यो, “सबिनको ड्याडी बित्तुभएछ। पशुपति लगेको छ रे। पशुपति जाऊँ।” आँखे तिर भयो। छटपटी भयो। पसिना आउन थाल्यो। एकछिन खाटमै तेर्सिरहेँ। नरमाइलो मान्दै उठेर पशुपतितिर लागेँ। गाडीमा चढेपछि अर्को

साथीले फोन गर्यो । ऊ पनि पशुपति नै जान निस्केको रहेछ । गौशाला प्रहरी बिट अगाडि भेटौं भन्यो । मैले हुन्छ भनेर फोन राखें ।

पाँच कक्षामा पहिलो पल्ट सबिनको र मेरो भेट भएको थियो । पोखर बाट बाबुको जागिर गोरखामा सरेपछि ऊ गोरखा आयो । वातावरण पढाउने सरले करिब बीस मिनेट जति पढाउन्जेल उसको बाबु पनि त्यहीँ बस्नुभएको थियो । त्यसपछि उसलाई हाम्रै कक्षामा छाडेर जानुभएको थियो । त्यसै दिनबाट हामी मिल्ने साथी भयौं । घर पनि नजिक नजिक थियो । आउने जाने बढ्दै गयो । उसको र मेरो मात्र मित्रता अब घर परिवारमा पनि जोडिन थाल्यो । एस. एल. सी. सम्म सँगै पढेका हामी त्यसपछि भने छुट्टिएका थियौं । तर चाडपर्व र बिदामा घर जाँदा हामी सँगै नै हुन्थ्यौं । आज यही साथी टुहुरो भएको छ !!!

पशुपति पुग्दा चितामा आगो बलिरहेको थियो । एकापट्टि छेउमा सबिनका आमा, बहिनी अनि अरू आफन्तहरू बसेका थिए । पीडा आँसुमा देखिएको थियो । चिताको ठीक अगाडि सबिन र उसको भाइ खाली खुट्टा, गहभरि आँसु लिएर जल्दै गरेको आफ्नो जन्मदाताको शरीरलाई नियाल्दै थिए । दुवै एकोहोरो बलिरहेको आगोलाई चिहाइरहेका थिए । के सोचिरेथे होलान् ? सबिनको बाबुको चिताको दाँयाबाया दुवैतिर दुई अरू चिताहरू पनि त्यसरी नै जल्दै थिए ।

साथीको बाबुको चिताको अगाडि उसको छेउमै गएर उभिएँ । उसैले सोध्यो, “कति खेर आ’को ?” “भर्खर ।” अरू केही बोल्न सकिनँ । चुपचाप बल्दै गरेको शरीरको टाउको बाट चुहिएको थोपा थोपा रगत हेरी रहँ । सग्लो अनि नछोपिएको खुट्टाहरू चिताबाट बाहिर निस्किएका थिए, जसलाई दाह गर्नेले हरियो बाँसले आगोतिर ठेल्दै थियो । उसको लागि यो पेशा थियो । यस्ता कैयौं शवहरू खरानी बनाएर उसको गुजार चल्थ्यो । तर सबिनका लागि ? यो त मेरो बुबाको शव मात्र हो भनी उसले मन बुझाउन सक्थ्यो ? व्यवहारतः देह र आत्माका चिन्तन गर्ने ठाउँ होइन यो । आँखा अगाडि साथीको बाबुको जल्दै गरेको शरीरमा घिऊ कपुर थपिँदै थियो । म भने पुराना यादहरूलाई सम्झिरहेको थिएँ ...।

अन्तिम पल्ट मैले उहाँलाई वीर हस्पिटलको शैयामा भेटेको थिएँ । छेवै मा साथीको आमा हुनुहुन्थ्यो । “कस्तो छ अडकललाई अँले ?” मैले सोधें । “विलुक्विन ४६ छ, सुई औषधी के के हो के के, दिनको १५ देखि २० हजारको दरले खर्च हुन्छ । साह्रै सकस छ बाबु ।” एकै सासमा सुनाउनु भो । मैले डाक्टर पढ्दै गरेको उहाँलाई थाहा थियो । त्यसैले केही गर्छ कि ? केही भन्छ कि ? भन्ने आश पनि लागेको थियो होला तर मैले सान्त्वना दिनु सिवाय केही गर्न सकिनँ । भनँ “बिस्तारै घट्ट छ आन्टी ! नआत्तिनुस् ।” एकछिन अरू गनथन गरेर साथीसँग बाहिर निस्किएँ र चिया खाएँ । “अप्ट्यारो पन्यो भने बोलाउनु, जति खेर भए पनि म आइहाल्छु”

यति भनेर म त्यहाँबाट छुटिएको थिएँ । तर त्यो भेट नै सबिनको पिता जीवित रहनु हुँदाको अन्तिम भेट भयो । त्यसपछि पशुपतिमा चितामाथि नै मैले उहाँलाई देखें । जल्दै गरेको शरीर बिस्तारै धुवाँ र खरानी हुँदै अनन्तमा विलिन भयो । खरानी समेत वाग्मतीको जलमा बगाइयो । बच्चो त सम्भ्रना मात्र । त्यही अन्तिम सम्झना नै सबैभन्दा मुटु खाने भनेर रह्यो ! आज मेरो साथी टुहुरो भएको छ । जेठो छोरा भएकाले घरको सबै जिम्मेवारी उसैमा थुप्रिँरहेको छ । भाइ बहिनी आमा सबैलाई समालेर आफू समालिनु पर्ने वाध्यता आएको छ उसलाई । घरको मुख्य मियो नै भाँचिएपछि समालिन त गाह्रो हुन्छ नै, यद्यपि नसमालिँ कुनै विकल्प पनि त छैन परिस्थितिको ! आज मैले यी हरफहरूमा उसको जीवन कथा मिलाइरहँदा उसको जीवनको हरफ चाहिँ म बाङ्गोटिङ्गो देखिरहेछु । आज ऊ आफ्नो बाबुको किरिया बसिरहेको छ, बाह्रौँ दिनमा । सम्भ्रन्छु मुत्यु टार्न सकिन्न । ढिलो चाँडो सबैले मर्न नै पर्छ । मर्ने त मरेर जान्छ नै, उसको अभावमा परिवारले सम्भ्रना गर्न पर्ने परिस्थितिको पाटो दर्दनाक हुन सक्छ । सम्हालिएर अगाडि बढ्नुपर्छ, जिम्मेवारीलाई बहन गर्न पर्छ । पहाडजस्तो हुन्छ जीवन भनिएको पनि यस्तै पर्ने भएर नै त होला !

मेरो साथीको बाबुको मुत्यु एउटा दुःखद घटना हो । उहाँको मुत्युपछि परिवारले भेल्लुपर्ने सास्तीको पाटो एकातिर छँदैछ । तर मेरो मस्तिष्कमा भने यो घटनाले केही छापहरू छाडेका छन् । अनि केही पाठ पढाएका छन् । सुख र दुःख दुवै जीवनका पाटाहरू हुन् । थाहा हुँदैन कुनै पनि समय जस्तोसुकै घटना घट्न सक्छ । यस्ता घटनाहरू, जसले एउटा लयमा बगिरहेको जीवनको लहर र तरङ्ग नै परिवर्तन गर्नसक्छ । तर समालिनु पर्छ, हेरस खान हुँदैन । संयमित भएर समस्याको निकास निकाल्नु पर्छ । मुत्युलाई यति नजिकबाट मैले पहिले कहिल्यै नियालेको रहेनछु । चितामाथि पटपट आवाज निकाल्दै जलिरहेको शरीरलाई देख्दा १५ वर्षे बालकको मस्तिष्कमा के चलिराको थियो होला ! म डाक्टर पढ्दै गरेको विद्यार्थी, दैनिकजसो मृत शरीरहरूलाई देखिरहेको मान्छे, म त त्यस घटनाबाट त्यति विक्षिप्त भएँ भने त्यो कलिलो भाइको मानसपटलमा कस्तो भुक्कम्प गयो होला ? सम्भ्रिएँ पुनः उपन्यासको पात्रलाई पनि, जो यसरी नै टुहुरो भएको थियो । अनि सम्भ्रिएँ अरू अरूलाई । ती धेरै अरू अरू र अरूको बीचमा उभिएको म नै त थिएँ प्रकारान्तरले ! जस जसका आफ्नाहरू अल्पायुमै संसार छोडेर गएका छन्, ती सबैप्रति मेरो सवेदनाको नदी यतिबेला खहरेजस्तै बगेको छ । म डाक्टर बन्दै गरेको मानिस ! यतिबेला धेरै धेरै मृत्युका आँखाहरूले घेरिँएझैं लागिरहेछ । म मृत्युविहीन समयको जन्ती हिँड्न चाहेर पनि कता कता मलामी यात्राले आहत छु ...।

हृदयभरिको श्रद्धाञ्जली ती ज्ञात अज्ञात आत्माहरूलाई, जसले धर्तीलाई जीवनमय बनाएर आफू भने जीवनदेखि पलायन भएका छन् !!!

Skin Bank and Problem of Burn Injuries in Nepal



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Background:

Every year, eleven million people sustain burn injuries globally. There is a great disparity in the distribution of these injuries. Ninety five percent of these burn injuries occur in the low and middle-income countries. Fire related burn injuries alone cause 320,000 deaths every year. More than 50% of these deaths occur in South East Asia alone¹. This is why WHO considers South East Asia as the epicenter of burn injuries.

More women worldwide suffer a severe burn injury (3.8 million) from fire each year than women diagnosed with HIV (2.3 million). More women sustain burn injuries than they are diagnosed with Tuberculosis (2.7 million)². More children die of fires (34180) each year than of tuberculosis (33182) or malaria (15633). More school-aged girls in South East Asia region die of fires (9700) than die of tuberculosis (6337), HIV/AIDS (2105) and malaria (352) combined³. People who survive the burn injuries live with disabilities and deformities. Fire related burns alone contribute 10 million Disability Adjusted Life Years⁴. This is why burn is considered a “Forgotten Global Health Crisis”.

In Nepal, someone sustains moderate to severe burn injuries in every ten minutes. Almost 55902 people sustain burn injuries every year⁵. Thus According to World Health Organization, 2100 people die of burn injuries in Nepal each year⁶. Anybody sustaining burn injuries involving more than 40% of Total Body Surface Area (TBSA) in Nepal is almost sure to die⁷.

According to an unpublished data from the Department of Burns, Plastic & Reconstructive Surgery, Kathmandu Model Hospital, 88% of burn injuries are due to open fire. Data from the same source also showed that in an average, Nepalese burn patients wait for 18 years in average from the time of burn injury to the time of reconstructive surgeries.

Burns is not just a health problem but also a human rights issue. It is also an economic problem because it has been estimated that over 80 Billion dollars have been used due to the burn injuries and its consequences.

Need and Usefulness of Skin Bank:

Due to the lack of adequate burn care at present in Nepal, half of the patients who sustain deep burn injury of more than 20 % TBSA die. When the extent of deep burn approaches 40% TBSA, mortality is 100%. This scenario could be changed with an access to ‘Skin Bank’.

When the burn injury damages only the superficial layer of skin, it heals within two weeks if it does not get infected. When the injury damages deeper layer of skin, then the damaged skin needs to be removed and the wound needs skin transplantation from another part of the body. When the deep burn injury involves more than 30% TBSA, then patient’s own skin is not enough to be transplanted since skin cannot be harvested from many parts of the body eg. face, neck, axilla, groin, hands, feet, etc. In this case, skin from a dead person can be used as temporary skin coverage to save life.

The skin used will prevent infection, decrease pain, decrease plasma oozing and will require less frequent dressing changes and promotes wound healing. This will thus improve the general outcome of the burn injury treatment.

Public Health Concern Trust-Nepal (pfect-NEPAL)/Kathmandu Model Hospital through its Department of Burns, Plastic & Reconstructive Surgery has been providing surgical and rehabilitative assistance to patients with disabilities and deformities due to burn contractures for many years in collaboration with ReSurge International, formerly known as Interplast Inc.

When a patient comes to us with a burn contracture deformity/disability, two very unfortunate things have already happened- that the burn injury was not primarily prevented and that the deformity/disability was not prevented by providing adequate and proper acute burn care. The department has been performing over 600 free reconstructive surgeries every year for the correction of deformities and disabilities but more and more patients are pouring in for such surgery.

To address this issue, pfect-NEPAL has started "pfect Burn Initiative" to work in the field of prevention of burn injuries, provision of adequate acute burn care while continuing the program of reconstructive surgery for correction of disabilities and deformities. Thus, establishment of a skin bank is a natural progression of its activities. A dedicated team of 9 surgeons supported by nurses, therapist, and anesthetist provide the service at the new burn unit.

Skin Donation and Banking

Eye donation has been common in Kathmandu now. Skin can be donated similarly after death. It can be harvested up to six hours after death and if the body is kept refrigerated, it can be harvested up to 24 hours. Only a thin layer of skin is harvested so that there will be no disfigurement. There will be no bleeding either since there is no blood circulation. A dressing will be applied after the harvest. It can be harvested in hospital, morgue, or even in house but it has to be harvested in a similar sterile fashion as performing any surgical operation.

The family members need to give the consent for skin donation even if the deceased person has given prior written permission. A blood sample is also collected to test for HIV, Hepatitis B and C. Skin cannot be harvested in case of any skin conditions, infection and cancer. A toll free telephone number (16 60 01 51000) is made available for the public to call the team for skin donation. A team of doctors and nurses will reach the site for skin harvesting. A donor ID card will be issued to persons who have filled up the pledge form for skin donation after death. Coordination with the Cornea (Eye) harvesting team is already in place.

Due to our religious beliefs, it will require a lot of efforts in the awareness program for skin banking. Social organizations like Rotary Clubs and Lions Clubs have already been collaborating with us. Health professionals also need to be aware of this effort. Media will also need to play a big positive role.

1. Murray CJL. The global burden of diseases. Vol I, WHO: 1996
2. WHO's Estimated annual incidence ('000s) for selected causes: by sex, age and WHO subregion 2002
3. Annual Report 2008-9. Ministry of Health and Population, Department of Health Services, Government of Nepal.
4. WHO. Global burden of disease, 2002
5. EH Liu et al. A 3 year prospective audit of Burns patients treated at WRH of Nepal. Burns, 24(1998), 129-133.
6. WHO. Global burden of disease, 2002.
7. EH Liu et al. A 3 year prospective audit of Burns patients treated at WRH of Nepal. Burns, 24(1998), 129-133.

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क्षितिजपारीको कन्दराबाट
सहरले नचिन्ने पहराबाट
म बिरामी
वेदना र पीडाको भारी बोकी
रोग र व्यथाको पगरी गुथी
कैयौं व्यवधानहरू छिचोल्दै
कैयौं अङ्चनहरू चिर्दै
तिमी डाक्टर
तिमी प्रभु,
तिमी जीवनदाताको खोजीमा
तिमी विराजमान हुने
यस सहरमा आएँ ।

तिम्रो खोजीमा भौतारिँदै
तिम्रो नाम रहेको
तिम्रो प्रतिष्ठा लुकेको
सरकारी अस्पतालका
क्याबिन क्याबिन चहारैँ
तल्ला तल्ला दुकैँ
अहँ

फिटिक्कै देखिन तिमीलाई
कहिल्यै भेट्टाईन तिमीलाई
त्यही पनि म बिरामी
तिमीलाई भेट्ने आशामा
तिमीलाई देख्ने आशामा
कैयौं दिन भोकै टारैँ
कैयौं रात छिडीमा काटैँ ।

एकदिन
तिम्रो प्रतिक्षामा
अस्पतालको कुनामा कुरिरहँदा
अकस्मात एउटा लिखुरे
तिम्रो नाम को प्रचार प्रसार गर्दै
तिमी बस्ने क्लिनिक को पर्चा बाँड्दै
सच्चा व्यापारिक प्रतिनिधि जस्तै
व्यापारिक रूपमा प्रकट भयो
बिकाउने रूपमा प्रकट भयो
पर्चा मैले पनि लिएँ
तिम्रो क्लिनिक धाएँ
रोग र व्यथा पार लगाउने आशामा
घाउमा मलम लगाउने आशामा ।



भूपेन गैरब
प्रथम ब्याच

बिज्ञापन



/fh'u?Eँ
प्रथम ब्याच

बिक्रिमा छ मानवता किन्ने हो ?
मुल्य घट्यो देवताको किन्ने हो ?

बुद्ध हराए देशमा न्याय गोरखामा
छुटमा शान्तिदाता किन्ने हो ?

साधुलाई सुली यहा भ्रस्ट भोजमा
निशुल्कमा कानुन यता किन्ने हो ?

काम गर्ने भोकै मर्ने बिना भकारिमा
प्रदर्शनिमा छ अन्नदाता किन्ने हो ?

गरिब मिचिउ माटोमा अगुवा सिहासन्मा
छ्याप्यापि सस्ता नेता किन्ने हो ?

कोहि दुब्ला नाखाएर कोहि नपाएर
मन बिनाको ममता किन्ने हो ?

Your eyes

- Rashmi Karki
4th Batch



Thinking of you! About your eyes, reminds me of the time. From the time we met for the first, till now. Your eyes still remind me of the circumstance that lay there and the emotions that ran through me when we met.

Your eyes try to explain me something, all the time. They were with lot of questions, confusions and fear. And in midst of those overwhelming emotions they managed to ask me "Do you know me?" we have met for the first time!! But that somehow made sense. That subtle request for the friendship added some value to my being.. Oh! For these irresistible eyes, my heart couldn't stop, they agreed to the invitation of the friendship. Again those crafty artful eyes, not content only with just a friendship were projecting somewhere. A strong feeling clearly showed by those eyes painted in color of love. The color from which I couldn't escape left me painted in the same color. Then it was our eyes showering color of love upon each other. No words were needed but language of our eyes, more than words, a poetry as beautiful piece of music and worth talking. A dream, a part, a destiny and those eyes.

But who knows, the changing time, it only felt like yesterday when those eyes were with full of love now were sharing a sour taste. There was no more any color but rather a complaint, hatred, pain and irritation. Then I hear dream crushing, see path disappearing and destiny blurring. So our eyes stopped talking. Once again there were some changes in those eyes. This time regretting for what had happened and again wanting to shower the color. Whenever our eyes met now, I could see those eyes inviting me again and waiting for invitation to be accepted. EYES, Your eyes.....

Ij nf; L ; /sf/

पागल भने नेताले तिमिलार्इ, प्रेरणाले होइन
तिमी हाम्रा निष्ठावान डाक्टर, पलायन भएर होइन
जान्छौ नेता भारत, अमेरिका खोकी लागेपनि
छैन तिमिलार्इ प्रवाह, कुनै जनता मरेपनि

जिउछौ तिमि विलासी बनि, जान्छौ टाढा-टाढा
बेवास्ता गछौ स्वास्थ्य नीतिमा, बिछ्याउछौ काँडे काँडा

देश हुँदै छ विकराल, छैन समर्थन तिम्रो
रुँदैछन् जनता, हाँसैछौ नेता, छैन सहायता तिम्रो

लोसे भएछौ सरकार तिमि, बेकार लागेछ तिमिलार्इ
यस्तो लापरवाही गन्यौ तिमिले, धिक्कार छ तिमिलार्इ

गन्यौ तिमि जाजरकोट र कोशी कर्तव्य पुरा गर्न
दृढ भयो, मान्दैन सरकार, समर्थन गर्न

सहयोग गन्यौ बाढी पिडितलार्इ, स्वार्थको निम्ती होइन
सलाम छ महापुरुष तिमिलार्इ, निरासपनले होइन



कमल हमाल
पाँचौ ब्याच

Why I want to be a doctor ?

- Seema Bhandari
2nd Batch



When people asked me my aim and my swift reply was “Doctor”, nobody asked me “Why?”, and now when I have to face that question, I am perplexed myself. Entering the medical field is one thing, it requires guts, and running within this field is the other thing, it requires humanity. Moreover, there is no retirement from it. Your retiring would mean more people dying, more people suffering. This is what a doctor means for me. Your mistake would not only mean someone’s death, it could also mean someone losing his/her parents, brother or sister, son or daughter or some beloved.

I wanted to do and be so many things as a child; of all those “so many” desires, all faded with time, but only one grew stronger and stronger. The fact that the next time you lie on your bed, you will have saved someone’s life is sure to breeze your life. When I sit beside my senior or my teachers

who are doctors, it amazes me to realize that the person sitting just a couple of feet beside me has that immense power to distance death from us. Death and detachment are two things that we cannot deny; they are encroached within us since our birth, but medicine has proved that they can be chased, and we can accept them when we want. I want to know that strong science which enables us to do so.

I don’t have much expectations, but someday, when I contemplate on my life, I just want to smile by realizing the fact that a person, in a distant village, who has just lightened his lantern, and is sitting on a wooden plank and watching his children studying in the dim light of the lantern, and smiling with his little family . His smile, his heartbeat or his happiness have something to do with my hands, my skills and my knowledge.



People say doctors are the insights of god, I don't believe this neither do I want anyone telling me this. I just want a farmer at a country side live a healthy life when I go to serve at his country side. I don't want the children of my nation to die just because of not getting minimum medical service. Yes, it is true just one doctor cannot change the whole scenario of the nation but it will surely be an additional drop for forming a sea as THE JOURNEY OF THOUSAND MILES STARTS WITH ONE STEP. I want a woman who is just going to deliver a child be able to easily provide warmth of her chest to her child rather than fighting for the life of her child and herself.



Somewhere far at Bargaun of Humla district when Hariram (a farmer) is fighting for his life and finally gives off his life without seeing a medical professional, it certainly hurts if not as a doctor but as a human. Later, being a doctor I cannot assure that I will surely save his life but if any I or any health personnel were there in that place then by utilizing the locally available resources and tools, we could surely elongate his life which would enable him to remain safe until he receives further health facilities in developed places. So, I want to reach that place to see such Harirams enjoying their life again with their families. May be that is why I am here to study medicine, may be my destiny has defined this for me to reach those places and serve my people, serve my nation.

हे कृष्ण तिमी एकपल्ट फेरी आउ यहाँ



तिम्रा ती उत्कर्षकृत सृजना
आज फेरी धलमलिएको छ ।
जातिय भेदभाव र छुवाछुत मुक्त भनेर नारा लगाउनेहरू...
घरमै दासत्व बनाई अल्फाई रहेछ । अनि,
ठूलो ओहोदाका भ्रष्टचार र घुसखोरीहरू...
नातावाद र कृपावादलाई प्रोत्साहन दिदैछन ।

अनि, अन्याय-अत्याचार शोषितनहोस भनेर...
मजदुरको नाममा
आवाज उठाउनेहरू... आजतिनै
मै ईश्वर हुँ भनि पूजा गराउनेहरू
किरा जस्तै सलबलाउन थालेका छन ।
अनि, प्रतिकार गर्न खोजे

नजर बन्द किङ्न्याप
मानवताको नाममा,
जालसाजी गर्ने ती नै भेलाहरू...
पुजनीय हुदैछन । त्यसैले हे कृष्ण,
तिमी एकपल्ट फेरी आउ यहाँ ।
धन्नोधर अर्जुनको खाचो परेको छ ।
नारी अस्मीता संग खेलवाड गर्ने दुसासन अनि
दुर्योधनहरू ...
वलवान हुदैनन् । त्यसैले
हे कृष्ण ,कृष्ण ,तिमी एकपल्ट फेरी आउ यहाँ ।

/fh@b|vTjo

तेस्रो ब्याच

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सञ्जय राना मगर
 चौथो ब्याच

The Eyes

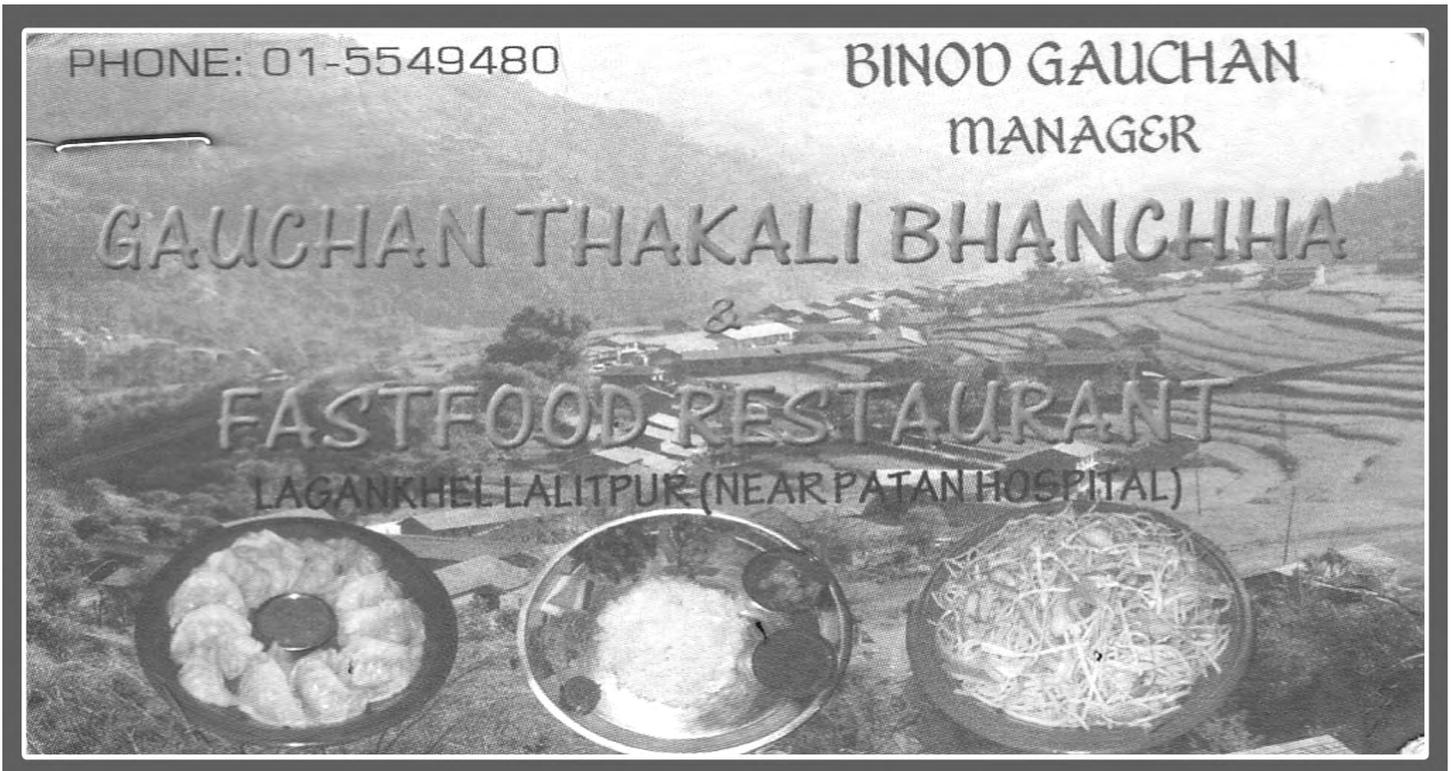
Deep within the image of her eyes
 I see a shallow darkened heart,
 A trenchant pain within a sharpened knife
 Plunged deeply from the start.

Her eyes is lost in the tranquility
 Waiting for a sturdy tide to revive,
 Her beliefs are fortified by the high barrier
 which hassles the powerless strive.

Her eyes seek for unconditional love
 My soul mould to be her son,
 And let her see the brighter light
 Of faith to cremate her hurtful treason.



- Abhishek Raj Gurung
 4th Batch



Stop Expecting an Easy Life

- Anish Dhakal
5th Batch



It's a cold winter morning and you want to spend it lazily on your warm bed but you have to move out of your comfort zone to complete an assignment. Then you somehow convince yourself that you are a student and have to study so that you can enjoy later in life. We all did it at some point of time or the other and got things done. How many times have we been told since our childhood to work hard at the present to secure an easy or comfortable life? I vividly remember my parents and relatives motivating me to study hard for exams since I was in primary level. I believed and did as per expected. It was just some months ago, I realized that the life I was searching for will never arrive. Simultaneously I found out that the lives of all great men were full of trouble, grief and challenges. They were happy and satisfied working tremendously towards achieving a goal. It was unusual for me, who always searched for happiness outside diligence. I was saddened as my expectations of cozy life turned into disappointment but something more important has to arrive to ignite my inner self.

I read nonfiction books and autobiographies a lot. On a Saturday afternoon while I was reading the book "7 Habits of Highly Effective People" by Dr. Stephen Covey, I found out that while discussing his third habit about Time Management "Put First Things First", he took the reference of an essay by Albert E. N. Gray titled "The Common Denominator of Success." In this essay Albert E.N. Gray conveys the message that the successful people have the habit of doing things that failures do not like to do. They do not like to do it either but their disliking is subordinated to the strength of their purpose. Successful people are driven by the desire for pleasing results whereas failures are driven by the desire for pleasing methods.

Everyone likes to win but most people are not willing to put in the efforts and discipline to win. A quote by Michel Angelo is more significant here: "If only people knew how hard I have to work to gain my mastery, it would not seem wonderful at all."

The issues were deeper. And for me who almost always worked on mood and fancies, it was absurd at first. I felt like, "Come on how could a man working more than sixteen hours a day manages to have fun." Until then fun in life for me was activities other than work or study. That definition changed, it had to. Unlike what so called liberal thinkers interpret lack of discipline as freedom; discipline is the only way to get things done. Self discipline makes us not to succumb to what we want but do what ought to be done restricting our emotions to drive our actions. An athlete does not always like hours of daily training, we students do not always find study fascinating, but they do, we do because whether we like it or not it has to be done and that is the miracle of self discipline. Steve Jobs said –"Do what you love". The reverse is just as true "Love what you do". Although I am doing what I love, I would not still have some magic pills to make me ready and inspired every day. In many cases I may hate what I am doing for a time being but as long as I am doing what I have to, it's the best thing whether I like it or not.

The main lesson I learnt was that success lies in the principle of resist or persist till it becomes habitual. Are all those successful people in their fields of endeavor somehow blessed with good fortune to enjoy the tedious activities and not tempted by easier, more comfortable alternatives? I am sure they all were. It's easy to be an average but tough to be the best and toughness is a choice.

हामी रुन्छौं अब

रमिता नाथ योगी
पाँचौ ब्याच



तिमीलाई थाहा छैन होला,
मानवताको बीज रोपिदैंछ
न्यायको ध्वनी फुकिँदै
असमानताको बाँध तोडिदैंछ
ज्ञानको ज्योती छरिदैंछ
त्यसैले हामी रुन्छौं अब,
भनिदेउ न दुरदराजका दुःखीजनहरू ।

तिमीलाई थाहा छैन होला,
कानमा तिम्रै पिडा घन्किदैंछन्
हात तिम्रै निम्ति हल्लिदैंछन्
पाईला अब तिम्रै निम्ति लम्कदैंछन्
आँखा सबका तिम्रै खुसी खोज्दैंछन्

त्यसैले हामी रुन्छौं अब,
भनिदेउन दुरदराजका दुःखीजनहरू ॥

तिमीलाई थाहा छैन होला,
विकास तिम्रैतिर लम्कदैंछ
मौका तिम्रै बाटो कुर्दैंछ
सम्पन्नता तिम्रै ढोका ढकढकाउँदैंछ
युग तिम्रै नाममा बदलिदैंछ
त्यसैले हामी रुन्छौं अब,
भनिदेउन दुरदराजका दुःखीजनहरू ॥

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Reflection on Student Exchange Program between PAHS and UWS

- **Basant Raj Joshi**
Third Batch



As continuity to Student Exchange Program running between PAHS and University of Western Sydney, I was selected from PAHS for 2014 session. So I went to UWS for the same and stayed there for about 10 days.

My time at University of Western Sydney, School of Medicine, Campbelltown Campus was an extremely valuable experience for me. I was privileged to spend the majority of my time in the University observing and participating in the medical curriculum at Campbelltown Medical School.

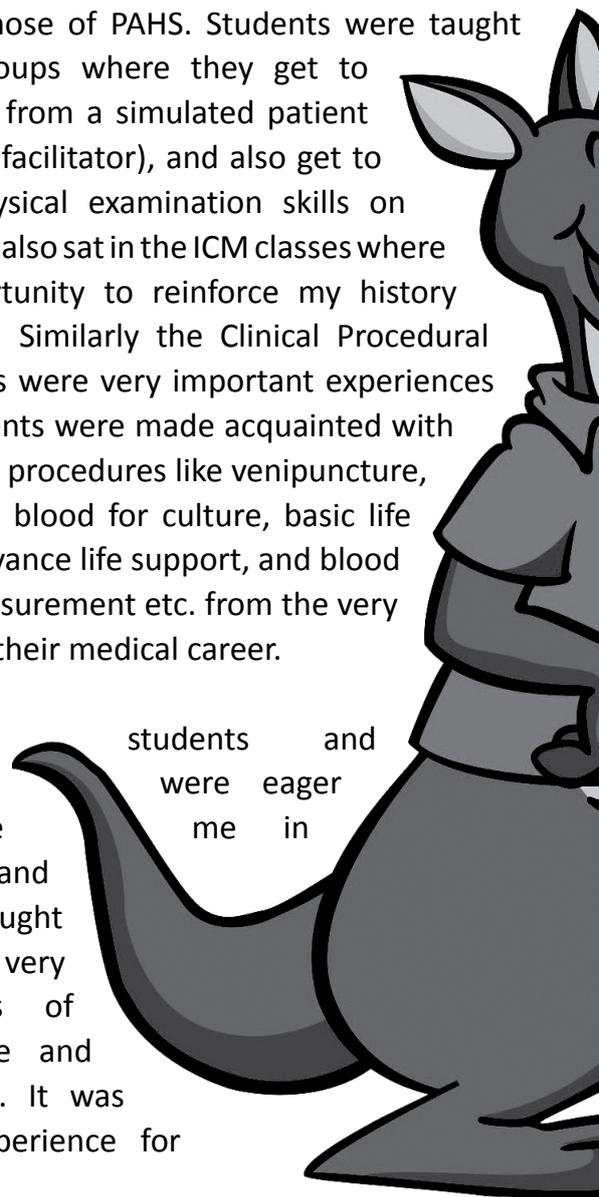
I sat on the Clinical Classrooms (CC), Ethics lectures, Introduction to Clinical Medicine (ICM) classes and participated in Problem Based Learning (PBL) tutorials, Clinical Procedural Skills (CPS) Classes, Anatomy Practical and Mock OSCEs, all of which were very interesting experience for me. Problem Based Learning and Clinical Classrooms were particularly centered on infectious diseases because unlike here at PAHS, they had a separate block on Infectious Diseases. I enjoyed all of the sessions very much.

Clinical Classrooms were particularly more interesting for me for which students were provided with an online study module on a particular topic and next day, they used to have a quiz like interactive session on the topic, which was accompanied by explanations from content experts.

I similarly enjoyed the Problem Based Learning tutorials which were pretty similar to those held here at PAHS albeit there were some notable differences on use of technology and timing. Each

PBL case was discussed in two sessions unlike three in PAHS. All the case triggers were made available online in the University's academic website. Students were provided with resources for study including online access to various books/articles. And of course, that's not all! The sessions were incredibly organized and systematic, and the PBL group members had a very good group dynamics. All those sessions helped me to make better understanding about infectious diseases. Introduction to Clinical Medicine classes were also similar to those of PAHS. Students were taught in small groups where they get to take history from a simulated patient (usually the facilitator), and also get to practice physical examination skills on their peers. I also sat in the ICM classes where I got opportunity to reinforce my history taking skills. Similarly the Clinical Procedural Skill sessions were very important experiences where students were made acquainted with basic clinical procedures like venipuncture, withdrawing blood for culture, basic life support, Advance life support, and blood glucose measurement etc. from the very first year of their medical career.

The students and facilitator were eager to include me in the class and they taught me the very basic skills of venipuncture and life support. It was a great experience for



me to do my first venipuncture with help of other students (in a dummy!).

One of the most interesting experiences in UWS was MOSCE exams. Student Society of the University of Western Sydney organized

the mock OSCE to help the students perform better in their upcoming exams. The OSCE stations included history taking and physical examinations. From this, I got opportunity to compare the examination patterns of PAHS and UWS, which I found quite similar to each other. Similarly I got chance to have a brief visit through the MacArthur Hospital (one of the teaching hospitals of Campbell town Medical School). The Hospital looked very organized and less crowded than that in Nepal.

I also came to know about the healthcare insurance system of Australia.

The opportunity made me feel myself worthy and helped me to increase my level of self confidence. I got to learn many things directly and indirectly.

This program gave an incredible opportunity to understand the health system of developed country as well as to compare and contrast the system of medical education in Australia and Nepal, especially the system of teaching and learning in PAHS and UWS. I found a lot of similarity between PAHS and UWS in context of teaching and learning methodologies. PBL, lectures, practicals and ICM classes are examples of such similarities. On the other hand, there are many differences also. One of such differences is CBLE, which is a unique feature of PAHS curriculum. CBLE makes students well oriented with the real scenario of the community, health system of

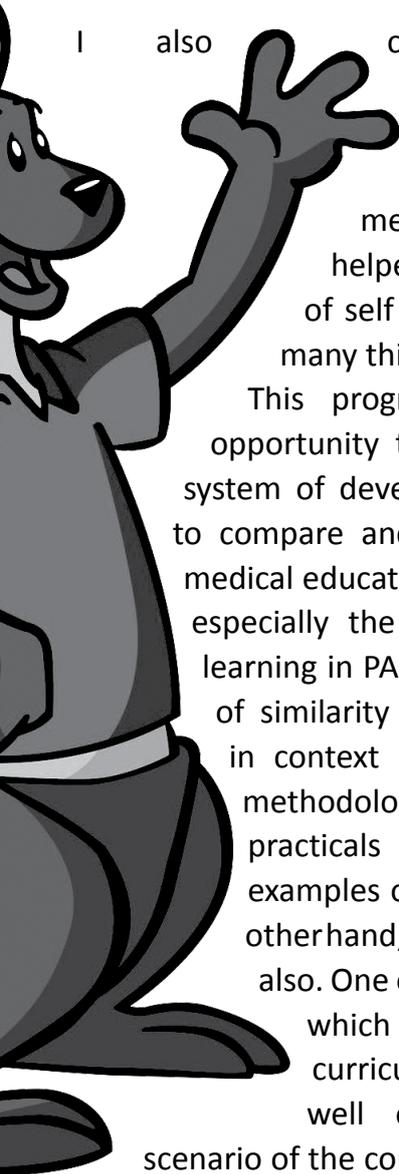
nation and seeks for possible strategies to alleviate the health problems of the society. It also provides an excellent platform for developing our research skills. Though UWS also has some components in the curriculum which orient students towards research activities, it is not much focused to be held in rural area.

I found myself surrounded by an incredibly welcoming group of students who supported me in almost everything I needed to know during my stay at the university. I would not have been able to stay so easily in such a different culture without the assistance of the Student Support Officers who helped me in almost each and every step. I deeply appreciate the hospitality shown to me by everyone at UWS, and particularly those students who guided me through everything from where to get the foods to navigating through the university premises and the city. I must thank Prof. Jenny Reath and Tim Usherwood from the bottom of my heart for their warm love and extreme support. Similarly I must appreciate the love and support from Dr. Louise McDonnell and her family. There are many others who helped me during my stay in Australia and the UWS and need a Mention.

I am really grateful to all of them.

The vision of UWS is also similar to that of PAHS. Similar in the sense that, the graduates of the Campbelltown campus (UWS, School of Medicine), which is located in the semi rural Macarthur region in the south western Sydney, are expected to practice in the western Sydney region to redress the shortage of healthcare professionals in the area, as PAHS expects its students to work in rural Nepal.

My experience at UWS reinforced my passion for rural health, and particularly for improving rural access to healthcare around the globe. This experience will form an invaluable part of the foundation of my career, and I am deeply grateful for the opportunity. This kind of exchange programs is really worth doing and I truly hope this will continue for future students also.



MEMORY PALACE

- Komal Shah, 2nd Batch



Why is it that we remember our first crush which was years ago but have no idea what we had for lunch a week ago?

It was through one of the episodes of watching SHERLOCK that I first came across the concept of memory palace which is also known as the Method of Loci or Mind Palace. Here's how the concept of memory palace first started.

So, there was this Greek poet Simonides of Ceos in the 5th century who while attending a banquet, had to step out of the hall to talk to some men. Just as he stepped out, the banquet hall collapsed (Earthquake probably!!). The place which just minutes ago echoed with laughter was now just a pile of rubbles and there was no way to identify the bodies for the grieving relatives. It was at this moment that the art of memory was born for Simonides reversed time in his mind, remembered exactly where each of his friends sat and thus pointed the relatives where their loved ones now lay.

If someone were to ask me who I would like to be as a medical student it would definitely be Lexie Grey (From Grey's Anatomy- not the book, the serial of course!). Aah... the photographic memory! Who wouldn't love that? In a field like ours especially, I wonder sometimes what if I could process my brain to file everything up into a file and arrange it into long term memory. How delighted I would be when I was randomly asked a question in the ward rounds and all I would have to do is just retrace my foot steps back, open up that suitcase in my mind which contained that precious little file and answer. Now wouldn't that be nice! The perfect student! I smile at this thought.

But what if we could actually do it? What if our brains could gobble up every information and store it into ever-lasting memory? Think about that for a moment now. I bet just like me you must have just thought if this were possible, life would be so much easier.

However, now here are the facts. However bad you might think your memory is, your brain is actually doing a damn good job at only remembering things that you process to be important and throwing away the rest. If you were to write down everything you could remember about today, you

would be amazed at the hundreds of memories that would come flooding back. But do you need it all, that's the important question here. Imagine if you were to remember all the varieties of food you have eaten from the time you were born till date wouldn't you be drowning in a pool of useless information unable to differentiate whether remembering food is important or remembering your anatomy. Why would anyone want to remember all the foods anyways? Just makes you



feel hungry at the wrong time!

Now the big question, can we improve our memories? Years of research and the fact that, its people like us who can only remember only an average of 7 digits at a time are the ones who go on to train their memories and ultimately win the world memory championships every year proves that it's doable. Currently Lu Chao, a 24 years old student from china holds the Guinness world record of reciting 67,890 digits of pi.

It is impossible for me to elaborate on all the different ways that can help us achieve better memories because for one I do not know them all and second even if I did I couldn't possibly write it up in an article alone.

The principle behind memory technique such as the memory palace is that our brains do not remember all types of information equally, therefore the idea is to change whatever boring information you are feeding your brain into something so colourful, so exciting and so different from anything you've seen before that you can't possibly forget it. You might have noticed that when you start reading your anatomy book from plain text, the sleeping spells can start pretty

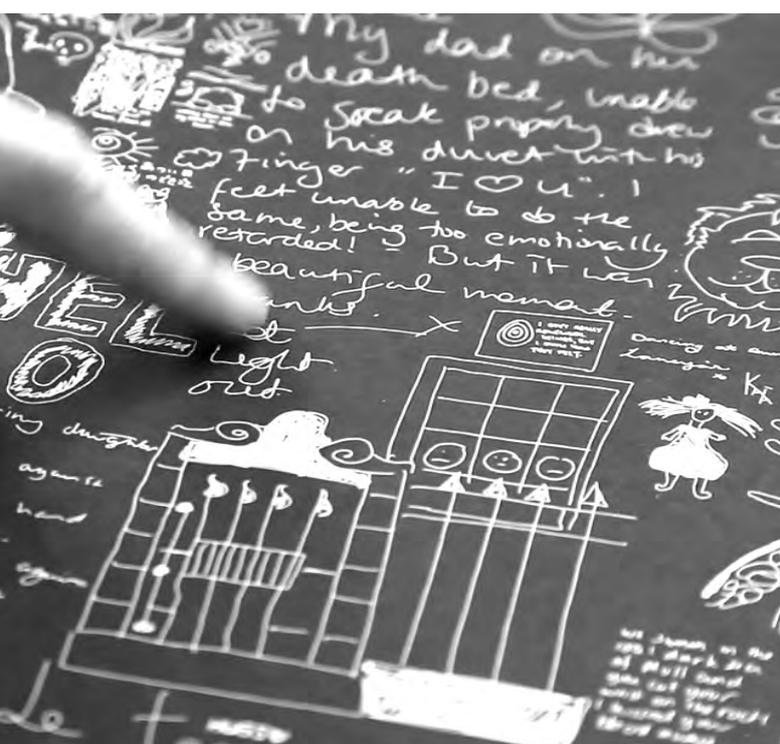
quick and all that you learned in the last hour just vanishes into thin air. But, some days when you are in a pretty good mood to study and you open up Netter's atlas looking at those colourful, vivid pictures and then read the texts, there's no doubt for which one you would remember better. It's similar with the memory palace.

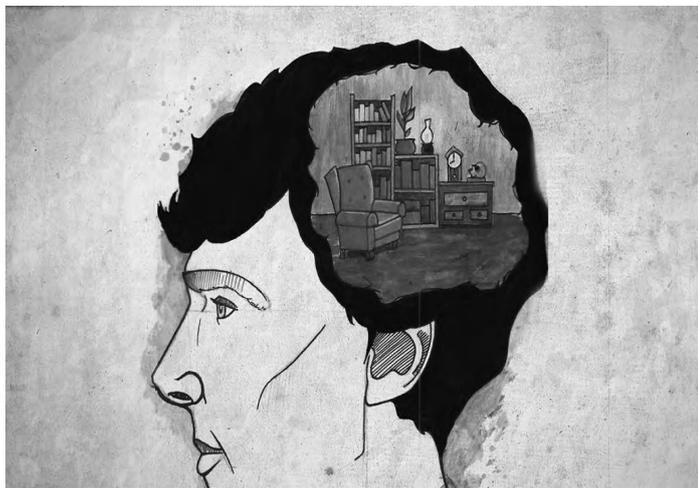
Memory Palace is one of the most efficient ways to remember a list of things whether it be your shopping list or a list of symptoms. It doesn't actually need to be a palace, but your memory palace where you are about to store your precious information needs to be extremely familiar to you. Your childhood home for example could be a good memory palace. You can use the same place for remembering different list or you could use a new place. Now let's suppose that we need to remember the 7 signs of cancer.

1. A change in bowel or bladder habits
2. A sore that doesn't heal
3. Unusual bleeding or discharge from any place
4. A lump in the breast or any other parts of the body
5. Chronic indigestion or difficulty swallowing
6. Obvious changes in a wart or mole
7. Persistent coughing or hoarseness

Remember the key to perfect memory is your imagination. To remember things, you need to use all your senses, you need to see all the colors, feel the touch, the smell, the taste and hear the things that you are trying to remember. The more senses you use, the more memorable the image will be. Nobody remembers an ordinary looking brown dog that they passed by in the morning, but a blue colored dog wearing tailored suit, smelling better than you, you are bound to remember it whether you want to or not. Try picturing things as bizzare as possible to remember them.

So inorder to remember the signs mentioned





above, you could start with closing your eyes and now imagine you are standing outside your home when you notice a strange cancerous tree shaped 7 (to remember the numbers of sign) which is growing rapidly on your front yard. As you get closer you notice that the tree actually has a disturbed bowel and bladder and is passing large amount of greenish fecal material from its trunk which is so foul smelling that you need to close your nose with a large handkerchief.

The fecal material lands with a loud thud causing a sore on your front door. Your door is crying in pain and you notice that your yellow door is now rapidly turning red because of the bleeding from the wound. There's so much blood that you need to wear a life jacket now. As soon as you enter your home to be safe, you notice that the entire floor is filled with large lumps, you struggle to search for a safe place to put your foot on. As you put your foot down, you accidentally step onto a funny looking man wearing a joker's makeup who starts crying in pain. He says because you stepped onto his foot, he can now swallow nothing (as bizzare as possible, remember?). You are baffled by his claims. You notice that this man looks oddly familiar so you start removing his makeup and find that he is actually your neighbor. As you are removing his makeup you find that his small 1 cm black mole on his nose has become so large that you can hardly see his lips. Suddenly the shut door

opens and there's dust everywhere. You are okay but your neighbor doesn't stop coughing. If you were to write down the signs you would simply have to walk through the same scene again. By using a combination of familiar route and bizarre images you have stimulated your brain to remember 7 signs and linked them together. You will definitely remember all the 7 signs now. But if by chance your mind went blank in any part it means that the image (you can imagine anything that you want) that you created was not sufficiently stimulating and you need to simply change it. Just like me you must have thought that this will take too long, but once your brain gets the hang of it, it's fast enough and more importantly, it's worth it.

The last thing that I want you to know is "The OK plateau". Do you remember the time when computer had just started to become popular and we had just started using it, how difficult it was for us to type? A single sentence seemed so tedious because you couldn't find where m or t was? And do you remember how with typeshala i.e with practice your typing improved and today you might not be the fastest but you are OK at typing? Well this is the OK plateau. When you first started learning to type your brain was in the cognitive stage where you were trying to discover new ways to become more proficient. Gradually as you became more efficient, you concentrated less on learning new ways to type faster but progressed to the associative stage and in the final autonomous stage, you lost conscious control over typing because you just figured out that you have become as good as you need to be and stopped paying attention to it. So now whenever you type your mind is basically on autopilot. So, I want to ask you now, Have you reached "The OK plateau", are you on autopilot mode in your life goals or do you still strive to be better?

ऊ रोई रहेछ...

विपना रेग्मी, चौथो ब्याच



उमेरको घुमिमा घुम्दाघुम्दै उसको शरीर थाकिसकेको छ । ती कुप्रिएका हाडलाई चाउरिएका छालाले ढाकेको त्यो अघोर मुर्ति आज एउटा कुनामा बसी उमेरले कुइरो लगाइदिएका ती कैला आँखाबाट अश्रुधारा भाउँ एक फालिएको वस्तु सरह बसिरहेको छ । आश्चर्य र जिज्ञाशु भावमा जब मैले उसको समिपमा गई सोध्ने प्रयत्न गरें ती अनमोल मोती विन्दु भार्नको कुनै रहस्य छ ? उसको मुहारमा आनन्दको लाली व्याप्त भयो । त्यही आनन्द प्राप्तिको लागि म रोइरहेको छु । किन रुनु भएको भनेर प्रश्न गर्न उसलाई हाँस्यप्रद लाग्यो, उसले भन्न थाल्यो.....

म आज चेतनाको आधारमा बसेर रोइरहेको छु, त्यसैले आज मलाई आनन्दानुभूति भएको छ । म पहिलेदेखि नै रोइरहेको थिएँ । तन्द्रामा,



अज्ञात र अनभिज्ञ रहेर रोइरहेकै थिएँ । बुढेसकालको शारीरिक पिडा असह्य भएर कहिले आफुलाई त कहिले ईश्वरलाई दोषी तुल्याउँदै म रोइरहन्थेँ । ती युवायुवतीको वैशको सुख देखेर आफ्ना पुराना दिन सम्भेर रुने गर्थेँ त कहिले आफ्ना सन्तानको वचन मनमा बिभाएर रुन्थेँ । आफ्नो सामर्थ्य र पाखुरी बजारेर घरजममा हुकुम चलाएका दिन सम्भेर रुन्थेँ म । म आफ्नो दाँतले साथ नदिदा पहिले चपाएर मजाले खाने सम्भरन्थेँ त कहिले आफूले आर्जेको सम्पति यसै थाति छोडि जानुपर्ने त्यो दुःखद मरण सम्भेर रुन्थेँ ।

फेरी उसले भन्न थाल्यो, यतिसम्म मेरो रुवाइ सिमित थिएन । बुढेसकालमा

त यसै डाँडामाथिको घाम भइयो भनेर ती अतीतका मिठा क्षणहरूको यादमा रुन्थेँ भने मेरो जवानी हाँसोमा चाँही बितेको होइन । जवानीमा पनि म रोएँ । म रोएँ आफ्नो जीवन देखेर । आफ्नो त्यो दिनचर्या जवानीमा पनि बुढेसकालमा जतिकै दुःखद रह्यो । दिन रातको खटाई र संघर्ष गर्दा थाकेर म रोएँ । संसार आर्जन गर्ने दौडमा लड्दा म रोएँ । जति अगाडि गए पनि अगाडि भन्ने कुरो कहिल्यै पुगिन नसकिने तीतो यथार्थ देखेर रोएँ । परिवारलाई सुख दिन खोज्दा आफूले पाउने दुःखमा म रोएँ । रोएँ पनि रुवाएँ पनि तर आफ्नो नजरमा आफ्नो मात्र आँशु देख्दथेँ । सन्तानको हितका निमित्त म आफू रोएँ । कर्तव्यको अगाडी घुडा टेक्नु पर्दा म रोएँ । आफ्नो गगनचुम्बी मनोकांक्षा यथार्थको चोटिलो पत्थर मा बजारिँदा रोएँ । कहिले आफ्नो इज्जतको लागि त कहिले बेइज्जत नहोस भन्ने डरमा आफ्नो पाखुरीको भरमा हुकुम चलाउन पाउँदा पनि म रोइ नै रहेँ । त्यसबेला लाग्यो यी दिन भन्दा त बुढेसकाल नै ठीक छ किनकि आरामले बसेर सबैको माननीय भएर तनावरहित भई खान, बस्न पाइन्छ । त्यस बेला लाग्यो यी दिन भन्दा त्यो स्कुल, कलेज पढ्ने दिन त्यो बाल्यकाल र खेलकुद गर्ने दिन सुकिला थिए । कमसेकम यो मानसिक तनाव र बोभ्र लिएर बाँच्नु त पर्दैन थियो, न कमाउनु पथर्यो न कसैलाई पाल्नुपथर्यो । तर ती दिनहरूमा पनि कहिले म हाँसे भन्ने कुरा याद आएन । पढेर ठूलो बन्नुपर्छ, पढ्नुपर्छ भनि ती मोटा किताबको बोभ्र थाम्नुपर्दा म रोएँ । साथीभाइको ख्याल ठड्कामा पनि रुनु पर्ने अवस्था आयो । परीक्षामा राम्रो अंक ल्याउन नसक्दा म रोएँ भने राम्रो अंक ल्याउदा पनि म हासिनँ । कहिले अरु हाँस्दा आफू हाँस्न नपाउँदा रोएँ भने कहिले अरुको रुवाइमा साथै रुनु पुगे । कहिले आमाबुबाको गाली त कहिले शिक्षकको गाली, कहिले भगडा त कहिले नखरा आदिमा रोइ नै रहेँ । त्यसबखत पनि लाग्यो यी दिन भन्दा त आफूले कमाएर आत्मनिर्भर भएर रुनुबाट मुक्ति पाइन्छ वा सानो दुध चुस्ने बालक भए त क्या मोज । तर बालक हुँदा पनि कहाँ रुवाइरहित जीवन थियो र ? जुन जीवन आमाको कोखबाट रुँदै भएको जन्मबाट प्रारम्भ भयो त्यसको अन्त हाँसो कसरी होला । जन्मने बितिकै नरुँदा पिटेर भएपनि रुवाएर आफूचाँहि हाँस्ने संसार कहाँ आँशुमुक्त थियो र ।

उसले भन्यो त्यसैले म रुँदै थिएँ , यो रुवाइको यथार्थ सम्भेर, आँशुमा चुर्लुम्म डुबेको मानव जीवन देखेर । तर आजको यो आँशु मेरो दुःखको नभई सुखको आँशु हो र यो रुवाइ पनि आनन्द दायक । आज मेरो जीवनको सम्पूर्ण दौडको अन्त भएको छ । आज मेरो जीवनको नयाँ अध्याय प्रारम्भ भयो, वास्तवमा म आज पो जन्मेछु । आफूभित्रको आनन्दलाई संसारमा खोज्न पुगेछु । वर्तमानको हाँसो भूत र भविष्यमा खोज्दा रुनु पुगेछु । म को हुँ, मेरो परम चरम लक्ष्य आज मैले प्राप्त गरें । यही सुखको अनुभूति मानव मात्रले गर्न सक्ने कुरा बुझ्ने भएको छु र यही सुखको अनुभूति व्यक्त गर्न म रोइ रहेछु...उसले भन्यो म रोइ रहेछु...।

आमा, म बुद्ध लिएरै फर्कन्छु

किशोर कुमार अधिकारी
प्रथम ब्याच



छिमेकीको लैनो भैंसी सुत्केरी मै मर्दा
ठूला घरे मुखियाको छोरो बिरामी पर्दा
अर्धचेतनमै बर्बराउने मेरी बुढी आमा
तिम्रो बिरामी शरीरमाथि निर्दयी भाटाहरू बर्साएर
पुरुषार्थ देखाएछन् तिमीलाई बोक्सी भन्नेहरू ।

दोष तिम्रो थिएन,
दोष तिनीहरूको पनि थिएन,
केबल तिम्रो कुरूप अनुहार र
चमेलीको तेल बिनाको फुस्रो जगल्टे कपाल
जसले तिमीलाई बोक्सीको विशेषण दिलायो ।

दोष गरिब हुनुमा थियो,
दोष कुरूप हुनुमा थियो,
छोरो प्रदेश पठायौ,
दोष बेसहारा हुनुमा थियो ।
लड्डी, भाटा अनि कोर्दाहरू

समाजको कुरूपताका उपज थिए
तिम्रो मनको सुकोमलता कसैले बुझेनछन्
दोष मानव दिल पत्थर हुनुमा थियो
दोष मानव दिल पत्थर हुनुमा थियो ।

के गर्नु र,
यहाँपनि हरेक सन्ध्या त्रासदिको विगुल बज्छ
बमको धुँवा चारैतिर अशान्ति नै छर्न खोज्छ
हरेक बिहान देशले जहाँ रातो रङ्गले स्नान गर्छ
आकाशबाट पानी होइन, तातो रगत भर्छ ।
रित्तो हात के फर्कनु,
रित्तो हात के फर्कनु साहुको ऋणले आउन पाइन
फर्किएर मलमपट्टि आमा तिमीलाई लाउन पाइन,
हिजो आज भौतारिदै शान्ती खोज्न तर्कन्छु,
त्यसैले शोक तिमीले कति नगर्नु है आमा,
म बुद्ध लिएरै फर्कन्छु ॥

(नेपाल मेडिकल कलेजद्वारा २०६७ सालमा आयोजित अन्तर
मेडिकल कलेज कविता प्रतियोगितामा दोश्रो स्थान प्राप्त कविता)

बिडम्बना



मूपेन मैरब
प्रथम ब्याच

तिम्रो क्लिनिकमा मैले
मेरो दण्डवत को प्रतिक्रिया पाईनेँ
मिठो बचन सुन्न पाईनेँ
रोगको बारे भन्न पाईनेँ
तिमीले छरपस्ट लेख्दै
रगत, पिसाब जँचाउन
छातीको फोटो खिचन
सुभायौ ल्याब तिर जान
अचम्म

जँचाउन र ल्याब तिर्न पुगेन
परिवारलाई भोकै राखी बेचेको धानले
श्रीमतीलाई बुच्चै राखी बेचेको सुनले
र म फकै
आफ्नै ठाउँ
आफ्नै गाउँ
रोग र कष्ट बोकी
व्यथा र बेदना बोकी ।

कडा परिश्रम, धैर्य सकारात्मक सोच लिएर आफ्नो क्षेत्रमा जहाँ जानुहुन्छ त्यहाँ सेवा गर्नुस त्यसमै तापईहरुको भविष्य छ ।

सन् १९५८ मा नेपालको विकट क्षेत्र खोटाङको कृषक परिवारमा जन्मनुभएका १ छोरा र १ छोरी का अभिभावक मिन बहादुर गुरुङ जो कर्ममा विश्वास राख्नु हुन्छ । पछिल्लो समय कडा मेहेनतका साथ आफ्नो व्यवसाय लाई सफलताको शिखरमा पुऱ्याउनुका साथै आफुलाई एक समाजसेवि को रूपमा पनि परिचित गराउन सफल हुनुभएको छ । गरिब, पिछ्डीएको क्षेत्रका जेहेन्दार विधार्थीहरुलाई मेडिकल शिक्षा प्रदानका लागि छात्रवृति प्रदान गरेर होस वा अस्पताल भवन निर्माण गरेर होस प्रत्यक्ष र अप्रत्यक्ष रूपमा सहयोग पुऱ्याउदै आउनुभएका श्री मिन बाहादुर गुरुङ सँग यस पाटन स्वास्थ्य विज्ञान प्रतिष्ठान विधार्थी समाज (PAHS-SS) को प्रथम वार्षिक पत्रिका The Symphony लाई स्तरीय र सुनमा सुगन्ध थपको लागि देशका विभिन्न क्षेत्रका सफल र असल व्यक्तिहरुको सुभाव सल्लाह एवम् सफलताको उदाहरण प्रस्तुत गर्ने उद्देश्यले देशका एक विशिष्ट व्यवसायी भाटभटेनी सुपरमार्केटका सञ्चालक सँग हाम्रा साथीहरुले लिनुभएको अर्न्तवार्ताको साराशँ :



ldg axfb/ u?E
; -rfns, e6 e6jL ; k/ dfsb

सर तपाईं आफुलाई कसरी चिनाउनु हुन्छ ?

आफैले आफैलाई चिनाउदा सन् १९५८ मा खोटाङको कृषक परिवार मा जन्मेको व्यक्ति हुँ । हाल काठमाण्डौंमा भाटभटेनी सुपरमार्केट खोलेर देशभित्रै केहि भाई बहिनि हरुलाई रोजगारी दिदै सहि सामान सहि र सुपथ मुल्यमा उपलब्ध गर्ने कार्यमा संलग्न व्यक्ति भनेर चिनाउन चाहन्छु । मेरो नाम त तपाईंहरुलाई थाहै छ मिन बहादुर गुरुङ हो ।

एक सफल व्यवसायी र एक समाजसेवी कुनमा बढी सन्तुष्ट हुनुहुन्छ ?

व्यवसाय र समाजसेवा एक अर्कामा परिपुरक हुन् । यदि मेरो व्यवसाय सफल नभएको भए समाज सेवा गर्न सक्दैनथे, त्यसैतै समाजसेवा नगरेको भए व्यवसाय पनि अगाडि बढाउन कठिन हुन्थ्यो । त्यसकारण यि २ एक आपसमा परिपुरक हुन् । एउटा असल र सफल व्यवसायीले (आफुले आफुलाई सफल त ठान्दीन) वा मैले भन्नुपर्दा लक्ष्य धेरै पर छ र धेरै गर्नु छ विशेषत सामाजिक र व्यवसायिक क्षेत्रमा । तैपनि ३०, ३१ वर्षको अनुभवमा सफल व्यवसायी बन्न Corporate Social Response बढाउदै आफ्नो व्यवसाय अधि लैजानुपर्छ । मेरो सन्तुष्टी पनि कुनमा बढि र घटि छ भन्दा पनि संयुक्त रूपमानै प्रकट हुने हुदाँ यसलाई दाँजेर हेर्दिन, समग्रमा सन्तुष्ट नै छु ।

हामिले हजुरलाई चिनेसम्म र थाहा भए सम्म हजुरको समाजसेवा वा धेरैजसो स्वास्थ्य क्षेत्रमानै भएको पाँउछौं जस्तै टुला अस्पताल भवन बनाईदिने, दुर्गमका विधार्थीहरु लाई महँगो मेडिकल शिक्षा पढाईदिने आदि । यो स्वास्थ्य क्षेत्र बाहेक अरु क्षेत्रमा पनि हजुरको योगदान छ ?

मानिसलाई २ कुरा अपरिहार्य छ, एक व्यक्ति स्वस्थ हुनुपर्छ, दोश्रो उ शिक्षित हुनुपर्छ । स्वस्थ नभएसम्म व्यक्तिले ज्ञान हासिल गर्न सक्दैन र कर्म पनि गर्न सक्दैन, त्यसकारण मेरो पहिलो प्राथमिकता भनेको स्वास्थ्य क्षेत्र हो । हाम्रो जस्तो विकाशोन्मुख देशमा स्वास्थ्य सुधार अपरिहार्य छ । तसर्थ स्वास्थ्यको लागि शैक्षिक सुधारमा सहयोग गरिरहेको छु । त्यस्तै

आफ्नो गाँउमा विधालय भवन हरु पनि बनाएको छु । स्वास्थ्य र शिक्षा नै मेरो प्राथमिकताको क्षेत्र हो ।

हजुर शुरुवाती दिनमा कसरी र को बाट प्रेरित भएर Business मा प्रवेश गर्नुभयो ?

आवश्यकतानै परिपुर्तिका जननी हुन् । सन् १९८३ मा TU बाट Economics मा Master गरे, वैवाहिक जिवन शुरु गरेँ र त्यसपछि व्यवसायको रूपमा यो काम शुरु गरे। कसैको प्रेरणामा भन्दा पनि शुरुदेखिनै एउटा सफल व्यवसायी बन्छु भन्ने सोच थियो र शुरुमा साथ दिने मेरी श्रीमती (सावित्री गुरुङ) नै हुन् । अहिले हजारौ भाईबहिनिहरु, कैयौ साथीहरु र पुरै देशले नै साथ सहयोग दिइरहेको छ ।

सरको वारेमा पछिल्लो समयको जानकारी पायौं, बाल्यकालको बारेमा केहि बताईदिनु हुन्छ कि ?

खोटाङको एसैलुखर्क बाट SLC गरेको हुँ । कक्षा ८ देखिकै Whole First Student हुँ । त्यसैकारणले मैले एडमण्ड हिलारिको छात्रवृति प्राप्त गरेको थिए । त्यो बेला वर्षमा १२० रुपैया पाउँथे । SLC पछि महेन्द्र बहुमुखी क्याम्पस धरानबाट Arts पढे, त्रिचन्द्र क्याम्पसबाट र किर्तीपुर क्याम्पस बाट अर्थशास्त्रमा स्नातकोत्तर गरेको हुँ ।

हजुरको व्यवसाय अभिवृद्धिकालागि बाहेक अन्य रुचीका क्षेत्रहरु जस्तो, खेल, पढ्ने, लेख्ने, घुम्ने आदि केहि छन् कि ?

सामान्यताया पढ्ने लेख्ने त गरिन्छ नै तर यो देशको मुहार फेर्ने मुख्य रुची हो ।सबैले आ आफ्नो क्षेत्रबाट राष्ट्र देश वा समाजको लागि केहि राम्रो काम गर्नुपर्छ भन्नाका खातिर यो क्षेत्रमा लागेको हुँ । यहाँ सम्भावना धेरै छन्, कठिन पनि त्यत्तिकै छ तसर्थ पौने ३ करोड नेपालीले कडा परिश्रम गरेर देश लाई विकसित बनाएको हेर्ने रुची छ ।

हजुरको जीवनको सबभन्दा खुसि वा रमाईलो क्षण ?

मेरो जीवनको हरेक क्षण खुसि छन् । म मेरो काममै Enjoy गर्छु । कामदे

खि खुसि छु, कुनै विशेष क्षण भनेर नै छैन, भाइबहिनिहरूलाई सन्देश दिन्छु आफ्नो काम प्रति खुसि बन अनिमात्र Success भईन्छ ।

कुनै दुखको क्षण ?

नेपालमा जुनकुरा भैरहेको छैन त्यसले गर्दा दुखि छु । नेपाल सँसारको विकसित देश हुनुपर्ने हो तर भैरहेको छैन, मेरो तर्फ बाट पनि एकलै हुन सक्दैन, दुखको कुरा त्यो हो ।

हजुरको व्यवसायको शुरुवाती दिनमानै आईपरेका संकट, आगलागिबाट भएको क्षति र फेरि सबैको सहयोगमा पुन लगानि गर्नुपन्थो भन्ने जानकारी पाएका छौं के त्यो सहि हो?

त्यो कुरा सत्य हो, आगलागि भयो, पुन लगानी गर्नुपन्थो तर हरेक असफलताको पछाडि सफलता छ भनेर नै मिहेनत गर्नु भन्ने एक दिन सफल भइन्छ । जसको सानो पुजी केहि समयमै शुन्यमा पुग्यो हतोत्साहि, निरुत्साहि भएको भए सफल हुने थिएन । यसको लागि मान्छे स्वस्थ र शिक्षित हुनुपर्छ, हरेक समस्याको पछाडि समाधान देख्छ र मिहेनत गर्दै सफल बन्न सक्छ ।

यो सुपर मार्केटको व्यवसाय बाहेक अन्य कुनै क्षेत्रमा लगानी गर्ने वा अरु व्यवसायको समेत शुरुवात गर्ने कुनै योजना छ ?

हाम्रो मुख्य व्यवसाय भाटभटेनी सुपरमार्केट नै हो । यसका अलवा हाम्रो लगानि हाइड्रोपावर, केबलकार, नेपालकै ठूलो स्टील कम्पनीमा पनि छ र स्वास्थ्य क्षेत्रमा व्यापार भन्दानी समाजसेवाको रूपमा सहयोग गरिरहेको छु ।

परिवारका अरु सदस्यहरूको बारेमा बताईदिनु हुन्छ कि ?

मैले मेरो श्रीमति सावित्री गुरुङ्ग भनिसकेँ, त्यसबाहेक १ छोरा, १ छोरी दुवै विवाहीत हुन् । छोरीले अमेरिकाको Boston College बाट Account मा Masters गरेकी छिन र छोरोले पनि London University को Queen Marry बाट Retail Supply Management मा Master गरेर अहिले महाराजगञ्ज Branch मा काम गरिरहेको छ । पढेर मात्रै भन्दा पनि अहिले परेर सिक्किरहेको छ ।

तपाईंका आफ्ना सवल पक्षहरू धेरै छन् । त्यस्तै आफ्नो कमजोरी पक्ष कुनै छन् ?

मान्छेलाई चाँडै आवश्यकता भन्दा बढि विश्वास गर्छु त्यो मेरो कमजोर पक्ष हो कि भै लाग्छ ।

Business को व्यस्त कार्यतालिकाका बाबजुद फुर्सदमा के गर्नुहुन्छ ?

विहान योगा गर्छु, पत्रपत्रिका पढ्छु, त्यसकारण स्वस्थ छु । राष्ट्रसेवक हुँ तसर्थ व्यवसायीको साथमा समाजसेवामा समय खर्च गर्छु ।

हजुरलाई मनपर्ने परिकार, भान्छामा धेरै के पाक्छ वा के पाक्दा खुसि लाग्छ ?

खाना जस्तो भएपनि हुन्छ, शाकाहारी हुँ, अल्कोहल खाँदिन किनकी ममाथि धेरै जिम्मेवारी छ । अल्कोहल खानै नहुने कुरा त होइन होला पहिले अलिअलि लिनथे तर हाल खाँदिन ।

नेपालमा यहाँको जस्तो Macro Business Sector को future कस्तो छ ?

नेपालमा Business को Future त छ तर Regulatory body ले निजि क्षेत्रलाई हेर्ने दृष्टिकोणमा परिवर्तन हुनैपर्छ । व्यवसायिहरू सबै ठग, मुनाफाखोर हुनुभन्ने मानसिकता त्याग्नुपर्छ ।

नेपालीले गर्न नसक्ने केहि छैन । नेपालीहरूको Gene मा नै इमान्दारीता र कडा परिश्रम छ । बैदेशिक रोजगारमा जाने थुप्रै नेपालीहरूले नि प्रष्ट पारेका छन् कि नेपालिहरू इमान्दारी छन् भन्ने किनकि विदेशीले पनि नेपाली लाई धेरै विश्वास गरेका छन् । गोर्खालीलाई सबैले पत्याएका छन् विश्वास गरेका छन् । नेपालीमा क्षमता छ र गरेर देखाउन सक्छन् ।

PAHS सँगको सहयात्राको बारेमा केहि भनिदिनुहोस न् ।

छोरा छोरीको पढाईको सिलसिलामा म र मेरो श्रीमति America जादै थियौं, त्यहि बेला डा. अर्जुन कार्कि सँग भेट भयो र त्यतिखेरै पाटन स्वास्थ्य विज्ञान प्रतिष्ठानको Principle, विधार्थी भर्ना प्रक्या अनि विधार्थीले पछि गएर गाउँमा सेवा गर्छन भन्ने कुरा पनि भयो र अन्य विविध कुरा हरु बताउनुभयो र त्यो कुरा मेरो लागि मार्मिक र राम्रो Opportunity सम्भे र मैले यसमा सहभागि हुनु असल काम सम्भे र PAHS मा प्रत्यक्ष अप्रत्यक्ष रूपमा आवद्ध भए । PAHS का विधार्थीहरूले स्वास्थ्य सेवा नपुगेको ठाँऊमा सेवा पुर्‍याउने जुन सोच छ त्यो सोचले पनि मलाई PAHS सँग आवद्ध हुन सहयोग पुर्‍यायो । गाँऊमा गएर अनिवार्य सेवा गर्नुपर्ने भन्ने Principle ले नै मलाई सहकार्यका लागि सहयोग गर्‍यो ।

PAHS लाई सहयोगको निरन्तरता कहिले सम्म रहन्छ ?

हाम्रो परिवारले एउटा ठुलै काम गर्ने सोचिरहेका छौं । अब त्यसमा समय परिस्थिति आर्थिक सवालमा कतिको सवल हुन्छौं हेरौं, स्वास्थ्य क्षेत्रमा ठुलै काम गर्ने सोच छ, काम सफल भएपछि सबैलाई भनौंला ।

सम्पुर्ण PAHS परिवारलाई केहि सन्देश दिन चाहनुहुन्छ कि ?

PAHS को Principle जुन छ त्यो निरन्तर रूपमा चलिरहोस । नेपाल जस्तो देशमा PAHS को Principle उत्तम छ । त्यसलाई निरन्तर जारि रहिरहोस । बिचमा राजनैतिक मारमा पन्थो, त्यस्तो राजनैतिक विचलनमा नपरोस् र एउटा नमुना स्वास्थ्य विज्ञान प्रतिष्ठान बनोस् ।

स्वस्थ नभएसम्म व्यक्तिले ज्ञान हासिल गर्न
सकदैन र कर्म पनि गर्न सकदैन, त्यसकारण मेरो
पहिलो प्राथमिकता भनेको स्वास्थ्य क्षेत्र हो ।

भाटभटेनी द्वारा जारी छात्रवृत्तिमा पढेका हरूलाई केहि भन्न
चाहनुहुन्छ कि ?

मेरो कडा परिश्रमले कमाएको पैसा बाट अहिले १० जना भाईबहिनिहरु
पढिरहेका छन् उहाँहरुले पनि मैले जस्तै कडा परिश्रम, धैर्य, सकारात्मक

सोच लिएर आफ्नो क्षेत्रमा जहाँ जानुहुन्छ त्यहाँ सेवा गर्नुस्, त्यसमै
तपाईंहरुको भविष्य छ । देशको र संसारमै चिनिने डाक्टर बन्नुस् ।

अन्त्यमा हजुर लाई भन्न मन लागेको र हामिले नसोधेको के
हि छ भने भनिदिनु होस न ।

खासै त केहि छैन, म काममा विश्वास गर्ने Result Orientated
व्यक्ति हुँ । PAHS को Principle जुन छ, सबैले यो Principle
लाई शिरोपर, आत्मसात गर्नुस र जस्तै यो Principle बनाउनुभयो
उहाँहरुलाई पनि धन्यवाद छ ।

Efj gfsf s/f

तिमीलाई हेरी रातै काट्छु, जूनको के कुरा
अनमोल छन् तिम्रो साथ, सुनको के कुरा ।

आफना पराई केलाउँदा दुख विसाई चौतारीमा
मनले साईनो गाँस्दैछु म, खुनको के कुरा ।

तिमीलाई मेरो हुनबाट रोक्ने शासन मूर्दाबाद
अदालत नै किनिदिउँला, कानूनको के कुरा ।

स्वर आफै संगीत बन्ने तिम्रो नाम जप्ता खेरी
सयथरी बाजा अनि धुनको के कुरा ।

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खिचातानी किन गर्थ्ये आफ्नै मुटु मायासँग
धर्तीमै स्वर्गको खुशी दिउँला, साना तिना गुणको के कुरा ।

तिमीलाई हेरी रातै काट्छु, जूनको के कुरा
अनमोल छन् तिम्रो साथ, सुनको के कुरा ।

तिमीलाई हेरी रातै काट्छु जुनको के कुरा,
अनमोल छन् तिम्रो साथ सुनको के कुरा ।



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THE ONE I LOVE THE MOST

- Deep Basnet, 2nd Batch

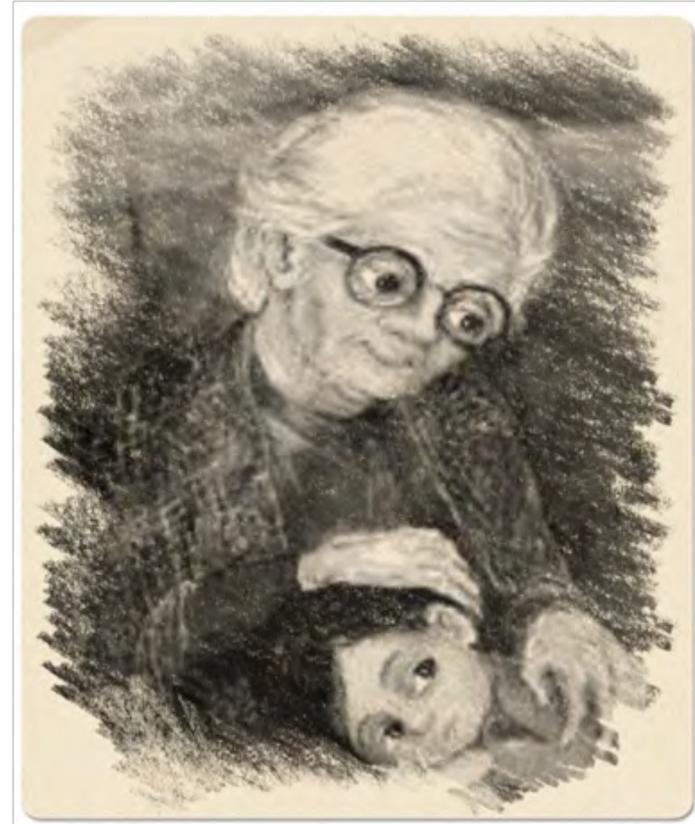


Grandparents are a heart-warming blend of love, kindness, wisdom and humor. They love us unconditionally like parents, guide us like teachers and support us like friends. My grandmother was a very gentle, wise, poised, and patient woman. The first event that I remember with her is the day when I broke my arm. I had just newly joined school as a kid then. One day she told me not to go to school as she had a hunch something bad would happen to me that day. She had seen a horrifying dream the night before and felt it would be better if I stayed at home. However, I was a stubborn child and left with my friends for school despite her warning. Nothing went wrong that day until the evening

think of was my grandmother's words.

After the event, my arm was plastered and the doctor advised me not to go to school for another week or so. My grandmother took care of me during that time day and night. She used to cook my favourite meals, play games with me and tell me bedtime stories about brave men and women. I used to snuggle up next to her every night, excited about what story she would tell next. I forgot the pain in my arm and the events that had happened at school in no time. I enjoyed the company of my grandmother so much that I didn't want to go back to school after the weeks' rest.

A few years later, my grandmother was dropping me off to school one day when we saw a few big boys smacking and beating up younger children. She swiftly hurried up to them and scolded them for their behaviour. She broke up the fight and told the older boys to love, guide and show generosity to those who are younger than them. That was the day when I learnt how important it is to respect people—whether they are younger or older. She taught me that the people with the strongest personalities are those who treat everyone equally and never take advantage of those beneath them. My grandmother was an exemplary woman who always loved children, cared for the sick and sympathized for the disabled and unfortunate. She always taught me to do the same.



assembly, just before I was about to go home. All the students were excited, running and shouting and in the commotion, I tripped over the girl in front of me and then many students tripped over me. When I woke up, I had unbearable pain in my arm and I saw a piece of bone poking out of my skin. My eyes were full of tears and all I could

When I grew older, exams and results used to be the central discussion in my family. My parents always had high expectations from me as they wanted me to have a bright and successful future. I used to work relentlessly during my finals so that I could fulfill my parents' dreams. There were

days when I used to get frustrated and anxious about what would happen. My grandmother was always there for me during those days. She used to tell me not to worry about the result and just to work hard and honestly. She told me that people who are persistent, dedicated and motivated in their work are always triumphant, no matter how tough the road may seem. It was her unyielding support that helped me to stay determined. As wise as her lessons were, I passed the exam with flying colours.

My grandmother was the most influential and

inspirational person in my life. I never remember her being angry, pessimistic or sad. I only remember her tender love, her warm hugs, her caring deeds and her wonderful stories. She always made me feel safe, comfortable and special. She has shaped the person I am today. Honestly speaking, I feel that grandparents are God's gift to children. They have a sense of greater knowledge. They bless us for our bright future, teach us life's lessons and always take out time to listen to us and talk to us. My grandmother is no more today, but she still lives in my heart. I treasure her memory inside my heart and cherish all that she has given me.



Nepal's Progress towards Tobacco Control

- Dr. Pranil Man Singh Pradhan
Lecturer, PAHS

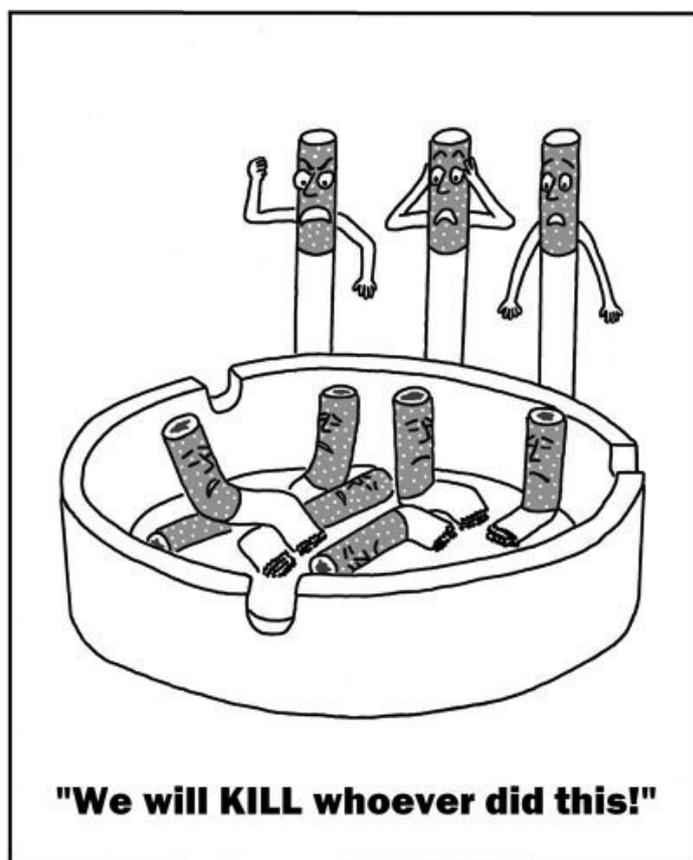


Tobacco use is a major risk factor for Non Communicable Diseases (NCDs) worldwide. It kills more than 5 million people a year, and if the current trends continue, tobacco will kill more than 8 million people worldwide annually by the year 2030, and 80% of these deaths are likely to occur in low and middle income countries. World Health Organization (WHO) has set the year 2025 as the target to reduce the tobacco use by 30% and reduce premature mortality by NCDs by 25%.

Nepal has made significant progress towards tobacco control in the last decade. Nepal has been a signatory to the WHO Framework Convention on Tobacco Control (FCTC) since 2003 followed by its ratification in 2006. FCTC is a global treaty adopted in 2003 and has been ratified by 177 countries worldwide. It calls for all countries to introduce comprehensive tobacco control policies and strategies as per recommendations by WHO. In what was regarded as the landmark in the nation's campaign against tobacco, Nepal's legislation, the Constituent Assembly approved the Tobacco Product Control and Regulatory Bill 2010 on April 11, 2011. Major features of the new law included a complete ban on smoking in public places, workplaces and public transportation. It also banned the sale of individual cigarettes, prohibited unlicensed vendors from selling tobacco products, deemed tobacco sales to minors (under 18 years of age) and pregnant women as offenses, and required tobacco companies to cover 75% of cigarette and other tobacco product packaging space with pictorial health warnings. It also introduced a health tax on tobacco products,

and a total ban on tobacco advertisements, promotion and sponsorship in any form. The law supported the provision of punishments and penalties for violation of these new regulations.

Recently Nepal took another large step towards combating tobacco related disease by increasing the surface area of all tobacco packaging with graphic warnings against tobacco from 75% to 90%. Graphic images are proven strategy to deter the consumers from using tobacco. Such images can relay the message to larger population including people with low literacy and younger generation. This new legislation is expected to be effective and implemented by all the tobacco companies



in Nepal from May 2015. Once implemented, all the tobacco products in Nepal will carry the strongest warning against tobacco in the world apart from Australia where the plain packaging legislation has been effective since 2012. In recognition of this achievement, the Ministry of Health and Population of Nepal was awarded the 2015 Bloomberg Philanthropies Award for Global Tobacco Control at the 16th World Conference on Tobacco or Health held in Abu Dhabi, U.A.E. in March 2015.

The progress of these developments is yet to be seen. It has already been three years since the Tobacco Product Control and Regulatory Bill was passed in Nepal. However, we have been lagging behind on the implementation part. Small scale researches have shown that significant proportion of people still consume tobacco in public places and adolescent students can purchase tobacco directly from the shops. Also many have seen other people smoking in public places and were

unaware of any penalty or punishment given to them. These small scale researches raise the question whether the anti-tobacco law is really being implemented at every level in the society. Another issue of concern is the rising prevalence of female tobacco use in Nepal. This warrants for larger scale researches to monitor the implementation of the anti-tobacco law in the country.

Majority of the developed countries have been able to combat the tobacco epidemic with strict regulations. But even then they are facing newer challenges such as electronic cigarettes and Sheesha smoking. Tobacco control efforts in Nepal have recently gained pace despite its long history. We are aiming towards a 25% reduction in the relative mortality from NCDs by 2025 (the 25 by 25 goal). Unless we succeed in effective implementation of the developments in anti-tobacco law, the burden of NCDs is unlikely to be lessened in the future.

प्रो. सुजन शिल्पकार
मो. ९८४१३५८३२०

प्रो. बाबुकाजी शिल्पकार
मो. ९८५११२०४५४

सुगम फर्निचर इण्डस्ट्रिज



थालाछें, भक्तपुर-४, ☎ ६६१५८५५

हाँ विभिन्न किसिमका मेच, दराज, बेड र अन्य फर्निचर बनाउनुको साथै तयारी सामानहरु सुपथ मुल्यमा बिक्री गरिन्छ ।
इन्टेरियर डिजाईन पनि गरिन्छ ।

नछापिएको उपन्यासको च्यातिएका पानाहरु

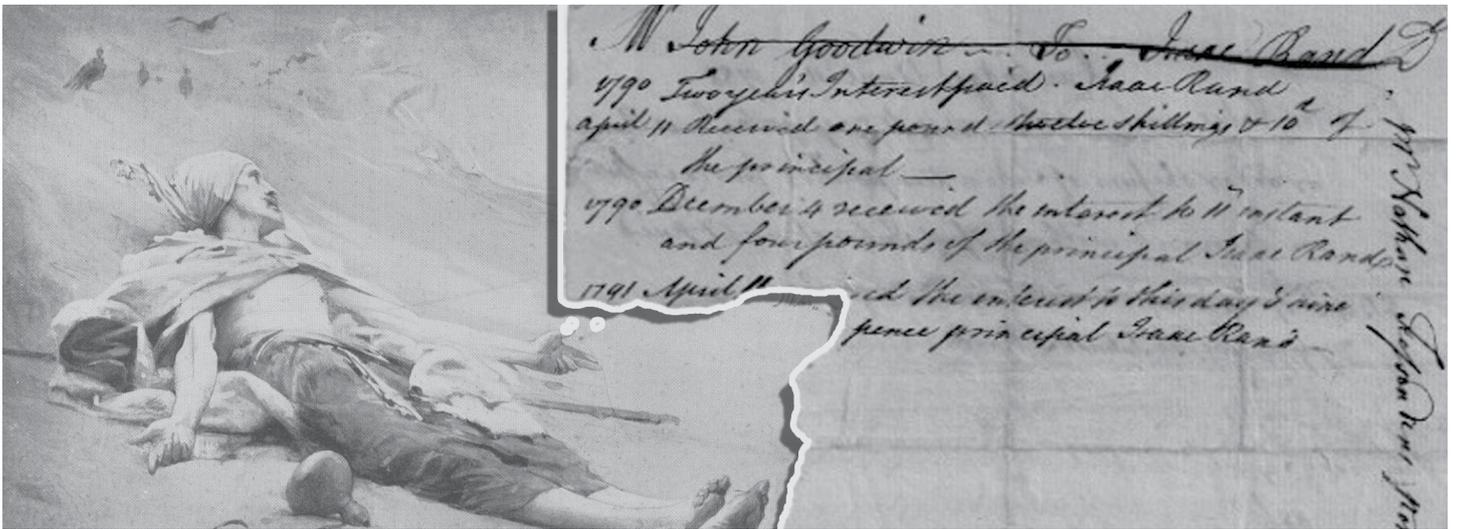


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प्रतिष्ठानले एउटा म्यागेजिन छाप्दै छ रे । आफ्ना लेख रचना जे भए पनि दिनुपर्ने CR ले भने । धेरै दिन, महिना हुँदै बर्ष नै भइसके को थियो मेरो कलमका मसीहरुले सेतो कापीका पाना नभिजाएको सायद । एस.एल.सी. सम्म राम्रा कविता, गजल लेख्ने गर्थे तर जति ठूलो भइयो आफैलाई लाग्न थाल्यो कि रचनाहरुमा म्याचुरिटि आएन, प्रयास नगरेको होइन तर पनि सकिने तर आज मेरा रोकिएका कलमहरुलाई केही यात्रा अवश्य दिनेछु । आँखामा आएका सुन्दर चित्र, कल्पनामा आएका पात्र, मन भित्रै गुमिसएका भावनालाई अक्षररूपी मानव बनाएर प्रस्तुत गर्नेछु, जसले कुनै प्रश्न गर्ने छैन । हामीमा किन म्याचुरिटि ल्याइनस् भनेर गाली गर्ने छैन ।

भने म उनीहरुको व्यक्तिगत भावनालाई, उनीहरुको सम्बन्धलाई मेरो थोत्रा कापी र खिइसकेको कलमका टुप्पाले कसरी प्रकट गरौं ? के उनीहरुले गरेको प्रेम, भोगेको जीवन, चुँडिएको बन्धन, टुगिसकेको यात्रा, बितिसकेको समयलाई म मेरा कविताका हरफहरुमा, गजलका शेरहरुमा नडगाएर उनीहरु प्रति घृणा अथवा प्यार जगाऊँ ?

भो लेखिदने कविता, गजल मलाई मेरा पात्रहरुप्रति कुनै आलोचना, माया, घृणा, सहानुभुति देखाइदिन आग्रह गर्न थिएन । आफूभन्दा अरुको कुरा धेरै जान्ने, सुनेको भरमा, देखेको भरमा त्यो सही गलत छुट्याउने समाजको अगाडि पुरै कुरा सुनाउनु पर्छ जस्तो लाग्दैन त्यही



म कुनै पात्रलाई पनि न्याय दिन सकिदने, उनीहरुको विचार अर्के हुन सक्छ, भावना फरक हुन सक्छ । उनीहरुको इच्छा आकांक्षा फरक हुन सक्छ, त्यसकारण मैले पनि त्यो क्षितिज भन्दा पारिको बस्तीमा पुगेर त्यहाँ रमाउने प्रयास कहिल्यै गरिने, गर्ने मौका पनि पाइने । मात्र मनको आँखाले टाढा किनारमा बसेर त्यहाँबाट आएका छालहरु मात्र महशुस गर्दै रहेँ, मनभरि कौतुहलता थियो, सोचिरहेँ... मनका भावनाहरुलाई कलमको टुप्पोबाट ओकलन कति गाह्रो, सकिएन, सो च्छु बोल्न सकिदने, बोल्छु लेख्न सकिदने, लेख्छु भावनामा सोचेका कुराले सार्थकता पाउँदैन तर पनि ठीक छ, मनको सागरबाट केही कुरा मात्र भए पनि प्रकट गर्छ ।

भएर मेरो पात्रको जीवन कथा, एउटा मन भित्रको अधुरो कहिल्यै नलेखिएको उपन्यासका केही पानाहरु च्याती टाँसेर पठाइदिएको छु ।

पुसको महिना हेमन्त ऋतु, शरदको रमाइलो वातावरण ओइलाएको केही हप्ता मात्र भएको थियो, बिस्तारै मुटु काप्ने गरी जाडो बढिरहेको थियो । सायद चराहरु नेपालबाट जाडो छेक्न उडिसकेका थिए, डाँफेहरु हिमालबाट तल भरिरहेका थिए, लाग्थ्यो बोट बिरुवाले पनि शरदमा नै पातहरु झारेर हिउँदको स्वागतमा ठिङ्गा उभिरहेछन् । फुलहरु झरेर काँडा मात्र बाँकी थिए । साना साना जनावरहरु मुसा, सर्प दुलोमा लुक्न गईसकेका थिए, ऋतुको बयान गरेर रचना गर्ने कविहरुले कापी कलम बन्द गरिसकेका थिए । सबै बसन्तको पर्खाइमा देखिन्थे । एकनाशको नैराश्यता छाएको थियो । त्यसै नैराश्यताको बीचमा क्रिश्चियनहरुको महान् चाड क्रिश्मसले के

ही हाँसो र न्यानोपन, केही रमाइलो छाइरहेको थियो । सानासाना बालबालिकाहरु उत्तरी ध्रुवबाट सेतो हरिणमा गिफ्ट ल्याएर आउने फादरको पर्खाइमा देखिन्थे भने अन्य मान्छेहरु क्यारोल गाएर जिससको सम्झनामा देखिन्थे । २०१० को बिदाई र नयाँ वर्ष २०११ को ठूला-ठूला सहरहरुका ठूला-ठूला सपिङ् कम्प्लेक्सहरु पनि एकदम सजीव देखिन्थे, कृत्रिम बत्तीहरुले ठमेल एरीया दिपावालीमा घर आँगन सजाइए जस्तै चम्किरहेको थियो ।

अँध्यारो पछि उज्यालो आउँछ भनेभैँ लालीगुँरासको कोपिला बसन्तमा प्रकृतिलाई दुलही भैँ रातो घुम्टोमा सजाउनका लागि तत्पर देखिन्थे । प्रकृतिले एक चोटि फेरी ठूला ठूला हिमाललाई नयाँ सेतो हिउँको घुम्टोले सजाउन सुरु भइसकेको थियो । नाङ्गा डाँडाहरुले आफ्नो लाज छोप्ने मौका पाएका थिए, वर्षातिमा भेलले बगाई बुढी आमाका अनुहारमा परेका चाउरी भैँ जमीनका धर्साहरुलाई हिउँले भरिदिएको थियो । जाडो, धेरै लुगा लगाउनुपर्ने, देशभर तराई क्षेत्रमा जाडोको शितलहरुले मान्छे मरेका समाचार रेडियोले बोलिरहेको थियो, उसको जाडो बिदा पनि सुरु भयो, “तिमी कहिले जान्छौ घर ?” सबैको ओठमा यहीमात्र भुन्डिरहेको थियो । सबै जना घर जाने सोचमा थिए, नभन्दै श्री शिक्षोदय मा. वि. काठमाडौँ, किर्तिपुरको होस्टेलको आँगन खाली भयो । उसको भने हिउँ परेर पहाडको बाटो बन्द थियो र घरबाट नआउन आदेश आएको थियो । साथीहरु भन्थे “हो र, हामी पनि जानु पर्छ क्या हो ? हिउँ खेलन कस्तो रमाइलो हुन्छ होला है ?” कोही यस्तो हुन्छ, कोही उस्तो हुन्छ भनी आफैँ अडकल लगाउथे, तर उनीहरुलाई के थाहा हिउँको दुःख, त्यहाँका मानिसहरुले भोगेको पीडा, पानीका लागि हिउँ पगाल्नु पर्छ, खाना पकाउन दाउरा दुई महिना अगाडी जम्मा गर्न पर्छ । गोठमा गाईवस्तु खान नपाएर भोकै मर्छन् । गाडीहरु चल्दैनन्, सामान ढुवानी हुँदैन । महङ्गीले आकाश छुन्छ । भोकमारी सुरु हुन्छ । कैयौँ मानिसहरु जाडोले मरिरहेका हुन्छन्, त्यहाँको व्यथा, पीडा के थाहा सहरमा बस्नेहरुलाई ? तर उसलाई थाहा थियो, त्यहाँको पीडा र रमाइलो, हिउँका विभिन्न आकार चरा, काग, मान्छे, बच्चा, जनावर बनाएर खेलेको बालापन अनि साथीहरु ।

घरमा धेरै बाहाना बनाएर भए पनि ऊ जाने भयो । जाडो नराम्रो सँग बढिरहेको थियो । हावामा पानीका थोपाहरु पौडी खेलिरहेका थिए । शितले पुरै सडक भिजेको थियो । कालो लेदरको ज्याकेट, तल जिनको पाइन्ट र बुट अनि हातमा सानो मोबाइलको उज्यालो लिएर विद्यार्थी छुट पाइन्छ कि भनेर गोंगबु नयाँ बसपार्कको काउन्टरमा ऊ पुग्यो । काउन्टर ६ बजे मात्र खुल्ने थाहा पायो, त्यहाँ पुग्दा कपाल र आखीभौँ पुरै शितले सेतो भइसकेको थियो । केही छिनपछि काउन्टर खुल्यो र बस नं. ५०९३ ए साइड ९ मा उसको सिट, ११ बजे छुट्ने भएता पनि यात्रुहरुको आगमन १०:३० हुनुपर्ने टिकटमा उल्लेख

थियो । गाडी गुड्न सुरु भयो । एकलै छ, मनमा कौतुहलता छ, यो कसको सिट होला, केटाको वा केटीको ? केटी भए त रमाइलो तर होइन बुढी भए त फेरी तनाव पो हुन्छ । बस कलंकी पुगिसके को थियो, उसका मनमा उठेका ज्वारभाटाले ऊ शान्त भएर बस्न सक्दैन । नभन्दै भर्खरकी १८-१९ वर्षकी युवती आएर उसको छेउ बस्छे । केही बोल्दैन, मन भरी अब के गर्ने सोच्छ । कस्तो हुन्छ त यात्रा रमाइलो वा तनाव ? बिस्तारै गाडी हिँड्यो, थानकोट नपुग्दै ४-५ जनाको ग्रुप ऊ चढेको बसमा आउँछ । भर्खरका युवा १९-२० जति बसन्त पार गरेका, आउने बितिकै अलिकति बियर र चुरोटको गन्धले नाकलाई सहनै नसक्ने गरी नराम्रोसँग घोच्छ । केटाहरु आफ्नै गफमा व्यस्त थिए, हातमा क्यामरा थियो, ट्रेकिङको ब्याग थियो । सायद जाडो बिदा मनाउन हिडेका पर्यटकहरु देखिन्थे, उसलाई थाहा थिएन तिनीहरुको यात्रा कहाँ गएर टुगिने छ ।

“म भूयालमा बस्छु नि, मलाई वान्ता आउँछ अप्ठ्यारो हुन्छ ।” के ही नबोली ऊ उठेर सिट छोड्छ । मन मनै ऊ खुसी हुन्छ तर केही बोल्दैन । के ऊ जस्तै कुनै केटीको छेउमा गएर एक अनजान केटा बसे त्यो केटी खुसी हुन्छे ? के उसले प्रेम गर्न थालेको हो त त्यो केटीलाई ? अहँ ! होइन मेरो पात्रको मन त्यति कमजोर पनि छैन । के चिन्दै नचिनि बोल्दै नबोली अन्धो प्रेम गर्छ । उसको आफ्नै कथा छ, उसले भोगेको जीवनको यात्रा फरक छ खुसी छ तर पनि उसको मनभित्र ज्वालामुखी नै विस्फोट भइरहेको थियो, मुटुको धड्कन बढिरहेको थियो । नाक कान रातो पसिनाले निश्चुकै भइसके को थियो, उसले एकै सासमा सोध्यो “हामी कहाँ सम्म ? अनि हाम्रो शुभ नाम के पच्यो नि ?”

विहान ७ बजि सकेको थियो । ऊ गाडीको एक्कासी लागेको ब्रेक सँगै भ्रसंग भएर बिउँभिन्छ । अत्तरिया पुगिसकेछ गाडी । साइडमा हेर्दा एकलै थियो अब बभाड जानका लागि माथि पहाड क्षेत्रतिर लाग्छ गाडी । खानडाँडा भन्ने ठाउँमा पुग्छ । पहिले पहिले घामका कलिलाला किरणले मोहनी नदिलाई मानव शरीरमा दौडिएका रगतका नली भैँ राता बनाउथ्यो तर आज सायद प्रकृति लजाएर होला, आकाशमा नाचिरहेको सेतो कुहिरोको घुम्टो भित्र लुकेकी छिन् । तर आई सारा छोपिसकेको थियो कुहिरोले । उसले समुन्द्र भैँ देखेछ, अला पहाडका टुप्पाहरुमात्र माथि देखिन्थे । एक ठाउँबाट हेर्दा अर्को ठाउँ देखिदैनथ्यो । ठूला ठूला हिन्दी विदेशी चलचित्रमा देखिएका समुन्द्र भैँ अनि पहाडका टुप्पा समुन्द्रका टापुहरु तर समुन्द्रको पानी भैँ स्थिर थिएन । आँगनीमा नाचदै गरेकी नानी भैँ कुहिरोको हावाको बे ग सँगै दौडिरहेको महशुस गर्छ । जति माथि बढ्दै जान्छ त्यति जाडो । बाटो अन्धकार थियो । दिउँसो नै गाडीका अगाडीका हेडलाइट एकदम चम्किलो गरी बलिरहेका थिए । पानी नपरे पनि गाडीको अगाडी सिसामा साना-साना शितका थोपाहरु देखिन्थे ।

खेड्पे पुग्दा सम्म रातिको १० बजिसकेको हुन्छ । खाना खुवाउन गाडी रोकिन्छ । बाहिरको जति जाडो उसले जिन्दगीमा आज पहिलो पटक महशुस गर्दै छ । खाना खाएर, ठूला-ठूला काठका मुढाको आगोमा धुवाँ उडाउँदै चियाको चुस्की सँगै शरीर भरि उठिरहेको राँहरु र काँपीरहेको जिऊलाई केही सान्त्वना दिएको के ही समयपछि उसको यात्रा अगाडी बढ्छ । पुर्णिमाको जुन थियो । केही अनौठो प्रकारको गन्ध सहितको नाकको प्वालबाट सिधै शरीर कपाउने चिसो हावा झ्यालको कुनाबाट आइरहेको थियो । जुनको प्रकाशले प्रकृतिलाई सुन्दर बनाइरहेको हुन्छ । सुन्दरता र तो लाली लगाएर भल्किने हैनरहेछ । सेतो धोतीको घुम्टोबाट पनि आउन सक्छ । शरीर, छाला, नशा, रगत, मुटु, धड्कन, मन, आत्मा अनि शुन्यताको सुन्दरता कसैले बयान गर्न सक्ला र ? पहिलो पटक विधवा भैँ सेतो साडीमा सजिएकी प्रकृति कति सुन्दर उसले देख्छ । बारीका डिलहरुमा अलि धुलोले मैलो बनाए तापनि जुनेली रातको प्रकाशले मोती चम्किएभैँ हिउँका रासहरुमा कुनै दाग देख्दैन । बाटो भरी नै स्वागतमा सेता फूलहरु हाँसिरहेका थिए । गाडी कहिले तल कहिले माथि कहिले त्यही चन्चल कुहिरो भित्र लुकामारी खेल्दै अगाडी बढिरहेको हुन्छ । टाढा टाढा पुरै समुन्द्रभैँ कुहिरोले ढाके को हुन्छ र दुई पहाडको बीचबाट उर्लिएर बाहिर निस्कनका लागि आतुर देखिन्छ । त्यो मुनी के होला, त्यहाँ हिँडेर जान सकिएला, म डुङ्गामाथि चडेर गए डुब्छु होला र डुबे कहाँ पुगिएला तल कति

गहिरो होला । के साँच्चै देखाइएको समुन्द्र जस्तै सुन्दर सपना नगरी छ होला, या कतै मरेका लासहरुको बस्ती त हैन । अनि माथि धेरै माथि कुहिरोको वायुपंखी यान बनाएर उसले यात्रा सुरु गरिसकेको छ, पुगिएला र ? अचानक हावाको वेगसँगै हिडिरहेका उडिरहेका उसका पाइलाले ठेस खान्छन् र हुत्तिएर अगाडी पर्छ र चन्द्रमामा पुन नपाउँदै ठोकिन्छ आकाशमै र बससँगै ऊ ठूलो भिरबाट तल खस्न थाल्छ, पछाडी कोही छैन, रुन्छ कराउँछ, सुन्ने कोही छैन डराउँछ सायद सपना भए बिउँफिन्थ्यो तर आज ऊ बिउँफिन सक्दैन ।

काठमाडौँमा बस्दा कृष्णमन्दिरको माथि मस्त हावाको वेग सँगै बगिरहेको रातो कपडा अनि तल मन्दिरको आँगनमा एउटै पोसाकमा बसिरहेका बुढा साथीहरुलाई सम्भन्छ । अनि उनीहरु आफू आफैँ कुरा गरेको याद आउँछ के हामीहरुको जिन्दगी पनि यस्तै होला र बुढेसकाल सम्म सँगै भईएला र, तर आज ऊ एकलो छ, उसँगै गाडीले ६-७ चोटि तल भिरमा कोल्टो फेरिसकेको छ, “न जन्मको खुसी होस् न मृत्युको दुःख होस् मात्र केवल जन्म र मृत्यु बीचको समय जीवन महत्वपूर्ण र सार्थक बनोस्” भन्ने मान्छे आज मृत्युबाट डराइरहेछ, भागिरहेछ । अचानक मोबाइलमा घण्टी बज्छ, ऊ भ्रस्याङ्ग हुन्छ र हतारिदै मोबाइलको हरियो बत्ती थिच्छ, बोलन नपाउँदै एकदम मसिनो र सुमधुर स्वरमा “म दिलासा, घर पुगिसकेँ, तपाईँ कहाँ पुग्नुभयो ? कहिले फर्किनुहुन्छ ?”



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And she was the autumn leaf...

There she was, in the corner of the room sleeping quietly in bed. As I went closer to her, I could see that she was petite with short frizzy hair. She moaned in pain time and again and also had some oozing from her mouth. Medications were constantly dripping through her veins and she was being fed through nasogastric

her bed sheets and her clothes which were usually stained with blood. She never spoke nor tried to express herself and every day we went, she never seemed to recognize us. She had bed sores over her back and her hands and legs were swollen too. We gently massaged those areas.



- Monisma Malla
2nd Batch

tube. The chair on her bedside stood empty. And her name was Sharmila.

She was a married lady, who had come to Kathmandu looking for her husband. The husband for whom she had come a long way pregnant with his baby, denied even to have known her. She had started living in a charity centre since then. One day, she had intense labour pain but unfortunately, there was no one who could hear her cry. The next day there was a baby who was lifeless attached to her with the umbilical cord. Unfortunately, she then had systemic infection which was why she was admitted to the hospital. It was usually in the evenings we went to meet her and sat with her. We cleaned her up, changed

We took bouquet of flowers for her hoping it would cheer her up, and I even used to put nail polish over her nails hoping it would make her feel good.

Significantly over a few weeks' time, her condition gradually improved. I had always wished to see her stand on her own feet some day and that day seemed not too far. She started uttering a few words though much of which we did not understand. But slowly, whatever she was saying started to make sense. She said that her husband was across the river and was coming for her. Hearing this made me feel bad for her as her husband did not even care for her. And this is the irony of life!

We went to meet her daily and she had become one of the most important priorities in my life. Like always, we went to see her that day but to our surprise there was someone else who had come to look after her. She was a care taker who had come from the charity centre to look after her. She started explaining to us about Sharmila's condition which in fact, we pretty much already knew.

Going to meet her daily had become my habit and I felt at peace whenever I was with her. Knowing that there was someone who would love and care for her more than we did, I felt glad for her. But at the same time, I had a gloomy feeling that I was no longer needed. With heavy hearts, I wished her goodbye and hoped she would recover soon. I always thought of going to meet her, but never

seemed to have courage enough to go.

After a long time, I asked the teacher who herself was involved in Sharmila's care since the beginning as to how she was doing. I felt my heart would rip off my chest when she told me that Sharmila had passed away. She was gone just two weeks after we had stopped going to see her. Just like a leaf in the season of autumn, she just fell down silently and left us. Even after three long years since I last saw her, I still question myself today - Why did I leave her side? What if I had held on a little longer? And am I the reason she is gone?

One of the hardest lessons in life is letting go. Whether it's guilt, anger, loss, love or betrayal. Change is never easy. We fight to hold on and we fight to let go..

गजल

सधैं टन्न कहाँ पाउनु आधा पेटै कस्छु म त
बाग्मती र विष्णुमति किनार छेउछाउ बस्छु म त

काम गर्न अन्तै जान्छु जस्तो पायो त्यस्तै गर्छु
कोही कोहीले त भन्नु भन्छन् अभै तल खस्छु म त

यस्तो गर्छु उस्तो गर्छु भन्दै आए धेरै जना
मीठो दुई छाक जसले दिन्छ उतैतिर पस्छु म त

चुनाव आयो भोट दिएँ चुँने गर्छु भन्नेलाई
तीनकै भुटो आश्वासनमा सधैं जसो फस्छु म त

कहिले होला उठाईदिने अन्त कतै सारिदिने
अभ्र बेहाल हुने डरलाई मनभित्र घस्छु म त
बाग्मती र विष्णुमति किनार छेउछाउ बस्छु म त



सज्जय राणा मगर
चौथो ब्याच

(प्रस्तुत गजल एम.बी.बी.एस. पाठ्यक्रम अन्तर्गतको पहिलो समुदायमा आधारित सिकाई शिक्षा लिने क्रममा बालाजु क्षेत्रको जागृति टोलमा भएका केही दुःखी सुकुम्बासी मानिसहरूको मनमा रहेको पीडालाई समेटेर लेखिएको हो ।)

LOST

The lonely writer from the town once praised,
A girl of 18, as she gazed
Like a painting on the wall
Resembling a stethoscope, black it was!

The stare was sure a pain
The beauty of;
Being a doctor one day.

He saw it;
But again, lost it to another sight
A lump of work left undone,
Of her home, her kitchen and her son!

That night as she dreamt, dressed in green
A new baby girl as she brings.
To the mother as she shows, there's her
smile.

The writer in the dream
He knows.
The smile was the best that could ever be
told!
When the dawn is already near,

She wakes and feeds her boy little.
Oh! It was but just a dream,
Carries her boy and works to live.
The writer writes-
"Lost in blue is the medicine true"
Why need any human dream?
Of pleasure and smiles
Which is never to begin?

The girl now as she fights
Her boy shall get everything of might
He shall live up to his dreams
For sure

Years after, the writer meets her again
A woman of 48;
There is pride in her eyes
Holding her son in delight.

Again tonight,
The writer mourns to himself
For the girl of 18,
Who was gone with the wind.

|| - Elina Shrestha
1st Batch

काल्पनिक खुशी



/fh'u?E
प्रथम ब्याच

बैकमा खुसी जम्मा गर्थे, यहि मिल्ले भए,
दुख पर्दा भौचर मर्थे, यहि मिल्ले भए ।

खुसि पुरै निकालेर शहर एउटा बसाल्नेथे,
ते तै तिर बसाईं मर्थे, यहि मिल्ले भए ।

खुतुर्के, मुना, बृद्धा बचत अनि मुद्धतिमा,
सँसारभरि लगानि छर्थे, यहि मिल्ले भए ।

बुढा बुढि मात्रै हुदाँ अनि असि लाग्दा,
खुसि दान गरि मर्थे, यदि मिल्ले भए ।

तिमी मेरो लेट-कमर



Ziff Chiff, चौथो ब्याच

आकाशमा कालो बादल एक अर्कासँग ठोक्किदाको आवाजसँगै सिमसिम वर्षा भइरहेको थियो । भरीको पानीले खोला बगेभै गरी कलंकी चोकको बाटोमा आफ्नै दिशातर्फ अबिरल बगिरहेको थियो । बागमती यातायातको अगाडी सिटमा ११ ओहो १०२० भइसकेछ, ढिला भइसक्यो घडी हेर्दै मनमनै सोचें । थापाथली, बानेश्वर, कोटेश्वर, जडिबुटी यहि स्वर एकोहोरो जारी छ । थापाथली जान्छ है? एक्कासी एउटा केटाको आवाज मेरो कान सम्म आएर ठोक्कियो । मैले जवाफ दिनै नपाई उ मेरो साइडको सिटमा आएर बसिसकेछ । मैले अनुहार हेरिनँ । सायद ड्रेस मेरै कलेजको जस्तो थियो । ध्यान नै नदिइ एकोहोरो बाहिरको मौसम नियालिरहँ । थापाथली आइपुग्यो, म ओर्लिएर अर्को गाडी चढें र आफ्नो गन्तब्यतिर लम्किएँ । कलेजमा सबै ११ को परिक्षा कस्तो भयो भन्ने प्रश्न एकअर्कालाई सोधिरहेका थिए, म भने मेरो नयाँ कक्षामा पुराना साथिहरु परेछन् कि छैनन् भन्दै नेमलिस्ट चेक गर्नमा ब्यस्त । १२ कक्षाको पहिलो दिन, पहिलो क्लास, बोरिङ्ग बोर्ड नी पो रहेछ । क्लास सुरु भएको ५ मिनेट पछि मे आइ कम् इन म्याम यो स्वर कताकता सुनेको जस्तो लाग्यो र हेरें । म भने उल्लुजस्तो केहि रियाक्ट नगरी हेरि मात्र रहँ ।

श्रावणको महिना थियो । अर्गानिक केमेस्ट्रीका रियाक्सनहरु बोर्डमा सर पढाउँदै हुनुहुन्थ्यो । म फस्ट बेन्चमा अरुलेभैँ बोर्डका रियाक्सनहरु आफ्नो कापीमा उताउँदै थिए । एक्कासी, समर्पण आँखा किन भ्यालतिर ? म तर्सिएँ किनभने भ्यालमा म बसेकी थिएँ । अर्को उसैको साथिले अलि जिस्किए जसरी खै सर आजकाल यो त्यतै तिर मात्र हेरिरहन्छ । खै कुन संसारमा थिएँ म फर्किएर हेर्न पुगेछु, उसको आँखामा । अब यो टाइममा म आफैँ मुस्कुराउन बाध्य भएछु ।

समर्पण थापा सेन्ट यू अ फ्रेंड रिक्वेस्ट फेसबुक खोल्दाको पहिलो नोटिफिकेशनले नै मेरो मनमा उमंग छायो । रिक्वेस्ट एसेप्टेड म मख्ख हुँदैथिएँ । ह्यापी विजया दशमी उसको फस्ट मेसेज । थ्यान्क यू एण्ड से म टु यू । मैले रिप्लाई दिएँ । मलाई चिन्न त चिन्यौ नि, हा हा हा किन नचिन्नु नि तिमीलाई सँधै ढिला आउने केटा मैले भनँ । अब त हरेक दिन कलेजबाट फर्केपछि उसैलाई कुनै गर्थेँ म, फेसबुकमा बोल्न या भनौँ बानी परेको थियो उसको मलाई र सायद उसलाई पनि । आफ्नो बनाउन थालिसकेको थियो यो मनले उसलाई मेरो लेटकमर भन्ने गर्थ्यो ढिलो आउनुमा नि छुट्टै मजा छ । सबैले नोटिस गर्छन्, खास गरि तिमीले ऊ मेरै लागि ढिला आउने गर्थ्यो । मैले नोटिस गर्छु भनेर ।

दिलको तुमसे प्यार हुवा , पेहेली बार हुवा तुमसे प्यार हुवा । दिल

भि आशिक यार हुवा । नोकियाको एन ९७ सेटबाट इयरफोनको सहायताले म यहि गित सुन्दै थिएँ । एक्कासी फोन बज्यो । अन्नोन नम्बर थियो एनसेलको । हेल्लो, फोन उठाएँ । हेल्लो यूना, म समर्पण म भसङ्ग भएँ । मानौँ पोखरीमा ढुङ्गा हान्दा जसरी पानीको तरङ्ग किनारासम्म फैलन्छ, त्यसरी नै त्यो स्वर मेरो मस्तिस्कबाट सारा शरिर सम्म फैलियो । हात खुट्टा ठन्डी याममा परेको हिउँ जस्तो चिसो भएर आयो । चिसो बतास सँगै शिरिषको फूलहरु मलाई चुम्न आएभैँ । कोइली पनि मेरै वरिपरी आएर गिज्याएभैँ । उसले आफ्नो भावना म सामु पोखिसकेको थियो । पालो मेरो थियो । त्यस दिन देखि म कहिल्यै पुरानो यूना रहिनँ । मेरो अर्न्तआत्मामा नौलो आभास छाइसकेको थियो । अलिअलि खुशी, डर र उसको चाहानाको मिश्रणले भरिएको । कति खेर म गायिका भइछु, तिम्रो गितको सरगम गुन्गुनाईरहेको हुन्थेँ । कतिखेर म लेखक भइछु , तिम्रो र मेरो प्रेमको कथा रचिरहन्थेँ । म प्रेममा फसेको थिएँ । तर कस्तो बिडम्बना मायाको ? मन र मस्तिष्कको लडाइ रहेछ प्रेम । मेरो मन उ सँगै डुलिरहन खोज्थ्यो तर मस्तिष्क मलाई उ बाट टाढा धकेलिदिन्थ्यो । तर कति समयलाई ? आखिर जित मनकै भयो । आफ्नो भावना उ सामु छर्लङ्ग पारिदिएँ मैले । आखिर उ मेरो लेटकमर, म यहि भनेर बोलाउँथे । अनि उ चाँहि मलाई पढन्ती । हुन पनि हो, म अलि शान्त स्वभावकी, जो बोल्न आउँछ, त्यो सँग मात्र बोल्ने, अरुको मतलब नगर्ने ।

उ मेरो पहिलो प्रेम, हरेक समय उसको कल्पनामा डुबिरहने । कस्तो अनौठो हुनेरहेछ पहिलो प्रेम, फिल्महरुमा जस्तै । उसको अंगालोमा बसिरहुँ जस्तो । लाग्थ्यो यो समय यहि रोकिएरहोस् । सायद मलाई जस्तै तिमीलाई पनि हुन्थ्यो होला । त्यसैले मलाई हेरिरहन्थ्यो र म तिमीलाई । कस्तो अनौठो अनुभव हो मायाको मैले सोचन सकिरहेकी थिइनँ । सोध्न मन थियो तिमीसँग, के तिमी पनि म जस्तै पहिलो पटक यो भावनाबाट गुञ्जिरहेछौ भनेर । तर कता कता डर लाग्यो यदि त्यसको प्रतिउत्तर होइन आयो भने, यदि म तिम्रो पहिलो प्रेम होइन रहेछु भने । मैले हेर्ने तिमी प्रतिको नजर पो बदलिन्थ्यो कि ? कहिले सोधिन्नँ । तिमी आफैँ भन्ने गर्थ्यो मलाई मेरी प्यारी । मलाई पनि तिम्री प्यारी हुँदा राजमहलकी रानी भए जस्तो अनुभव हुन्थ्यो । सँधै तिम्री प्यारी भएर बस्न पाए हुन्थ्यो । तिमीसँग बस्दा संसारकै सबैभन्दा धेरै खुशी मै हुँ जस्तो लाग्थ्यो । म तिम्रो रानी अनि तिमी मेरो राजा, म तिम्री प्यारी अनि तिमी मेरो लेटकमर । हावा जस्तै होला यो मन पनि रोकेर नरोकिने, बस आफ्ना गतिमा बहिरहने । मैले पनि रोकिनँ बहिरहन दिएँ ।

तर सोचे जस्तो नहुने रहेछ जीवन । आफैले आफ्नो भाग्यको पानामा

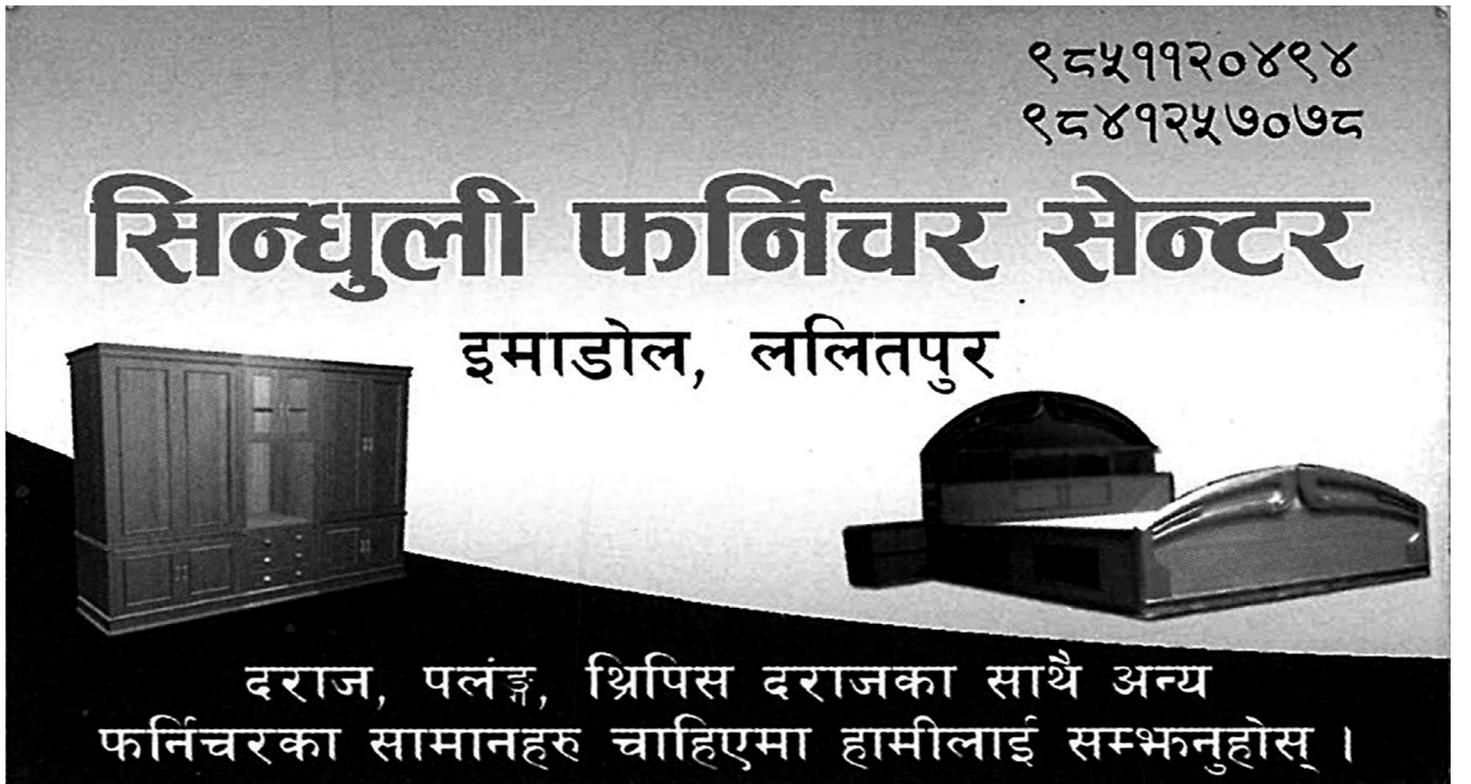
कोर्न नपाइने रहेछ । थाहा थिएन तिमी कुन बेला टाढा भइसकेछौ । सायद आफ्नो करियर बनाउने शिलशिलामा हामी दुबैले एक अर्कालाई भूलेछौं । एक दिन अचानक दुज्जामा ठेस लाग्यो र यताउता तिमीलाई खोजें , अनि चाल पाएँ । तिमी त बिलिन भईसकेछौ, मेरो सपनाको संसारबाट टाढा गईसकेछौ, मलाई एकलै रुनलाई छोडेर । कहाँ गयौ ?? मेरो जीवनमा सबै भन्दा धेरै खुशी भरिदिएर, आफै गायब भएछौ । हो त्यो दिन मेरो नाम निस्केको थियो मेडिसिन पढ्नका लागि । भविष्यको डाक्टर हुने भएको थिएँ म । तिम्रो र मेरो कन्ट्याक नभएको एक महिना भइसकेको थियो । तर त्यो खुशी पाउने क्षणमा मैले तिमीलाई गुमाइरहेकी थिएँ, मलाई थाहा नै थिएन । न तिमी मेरो फोन उठाउँथ्यौ, न फेसबुकको मेसेजको प्रतिक्रिया दिन्थ्यौ । कति रोएँ म सायद तिमीले अन्दाजा पनि लाउन सक्दैनौ । मैले कतै जानी अन्जानी गलती पो गरेछु कि स ? म नरोएको रात थिएन । मन खिन्न भएको थियो । जीवनमा सबै कुरा पाएकी थिएँ मैले, तर तिम्रो कमि महसुस गर्थेँ मैले । कहाँ गयौ तिमी मेरो लेटकमर । मैले सोचेकी पनि थिइन तिमीबाट टाढा रहनुपर्छ भनेर । तिम्रो आँखामा आँशु आउन दिन्न भन्थ्यौ, आज मेरो आँशु पुछ्न पनि आएनौ । एकचोटि नरोउ मेरी प्यारी भन्छौ भन्ने आशमा बसिरहेँ । मेरो जन्म दिन थियो । अरु रात भैँ तिमीलाई नै सम्भरहेकी थिएँ । बिहानको २:२७ बजे ह्यापी बर्थडे मेसेज आयो मेरो मोबाइलमा अन्नोन नम्बर बाट । असह्य भयो अनि कल गरें त्यही नम्बरमा । पाँच रिङ्ग पछि फोन उठ्यो । हेलो तिम्रो स्वर सात महिना पछि सुनेको । धन्य भयो मेरो मन चिनिहालें । आँखाभरि आँशु लिएर तिम्रो नाम लिएँ । सायद तिमी पनि रोइरहेथ्यौ, मधुरो आवाजमा बोलिरहेका थियो । सुतेको छैनौ अहिले सम्म?? के छ भनेर सोध्नु पर्ने थियो सायद । अँह निद्रा लागे को छैन, तिमी ? म कसरी भन्नुं तिमीले छोडेको दिन देखि निदाएकी छैन

भनेर, तर भनिन । फोन यसै काटैँ मैले । अनि रुन थालेछु । उसले नै गच्यो । फोनमा पनि रोएछु सायद । सरी यूना, मैले तिमीलाई केहि नभनी टाढा गएँ । मलाई केहि नसोध । बिकज आई डन्ट ह्याभ एनि रिजन टु लिभ यू । अनि Congratulations; मलाई केहि बोल्ने मौका नै नदिई राख्यौ तिमीले फोन । तिम्रो नाम लिएर कराउन मन थियो । बादल गर्जे सरी तिम्रो नाम लिन मन थियो । मेघ गर्जे जसरी रुन मन थियो । निस्वार्थ प्रेम गर्थेँ म तिमीलाई । सायद सोध्ने हिम्मत पनि राखिदैन थिएँ किन छाड्यौ भनेर । तर भन्न मन थियो आज पनि कति माया गर्छु तिमीलाई भनेर । सायद पहिले भन्दा धेरै । त्यति धेरै खुसी मेरो हातमा थमाई एकलै छोड्ने अधिकार मैले तिमीलाई दिएको थिएँ जस्तो लागेको थिएन । केहि गलती थियो भने त्यही बेला कराउन सक्थ्यौ । यती धेरै सजाय कुन गलतीको ? मैले तिमीलाई माया गर्नु नै गलती थियो कि ?? आज यसरी एकलै छोड्नुको केही अर्थ छैन । दोष तिम्रो मात्र हो पनि भन्दिन, म म पनि यसको भागिदार छु होला । तर दुबै मिलेर सुल्झाउनु पो माया, छोडेर जानुलाई त कायर भनिन्छ । तिमी सँग जीवन बिताउने कल्पना गरेकी थिएँ । तर अपसोच, त्यो क्षितिज पारीको बादलमा बनाईएको तस्वीरको केहि भर नहुने रहेछ । कहिले काँहि त लाग्छ, सायद मैले तिमीलाई माया नगरेकी भए, आज यति धेरै चोट पुगे थिएन होला मेरो मनलाई । अतितका ति पानाहरु मेट्न मिले भए पनि मेट्थेँ होला म । बसन्तको सुनौलो संसार देखाई सुख्खा यामको खडेरीमा छाडिदियो । यदि त्यस दिन म तिमीलाई हेरेर नमुस्कुराएको भए । यदि त्यस दिन भरी नपरेको भए । सायद मेरो जीवनले कथा अन्त्यैतिर मोड्थ्यो होला । सायद तिम्रो आवाज सुनेर फर्केर हेर्दिनथेँ होला । सायद तिमीले मलाई आफ्नो प्यारी बनाउँदैनथ्यौ होला । सायद तिमी मेरो लेटकमर हुदैन थियो होला । अनि सायद सायद सायद ।।।।

९८५९९२०४९४
९८४९२५७०७८

सिन्धुली फर्निचर सेन्टर

इमाडोल, ललितपुर



दराज, पलङ्ग, थ्रिपिस दराजका साथै अन्य फर्निचरका सामानहरु चाहिएमा हामीलाई सम्भन्नुहोस् ।

Rise Again



- **Tashi Anjuk Lama**
2nd Batch



- **Abhishek Raj Gurung**
4th Batch

Eyes drenched, hearts diluted and beliefs Within seconds after disaster, thousands of



shattered.

This scenario resembled the lives of each and every Nepalese across the world. 25th of April 2015 (12th Baisakh, 2072. This adversity has influenced lives of millions of Nepalese and made the entire world tearful. It shook the inner foundation of each and every lives of Nepali people and will remain as a black day in our history. Within a nook of time, the earthquake of 7.8 rector scale took away with it countless of innocent souls and left thousands injured, millions homeless and billions lost).

It's the harshness of the nature and its foul play battered the very existence of human race. No matter which religion, ethnicity, caste and culture we followed, it deeply affected lives and inner sentiments of almost everyone. The earthquake left no stone unturned in affecting major professional fields and medical sector wasn't the exception.

patients were rushed to the Patan Hospital. It was a chaotic situation and further aftershocks resulted more flare to the mayhem. The influx of the patients became an overload to the medical manpower. Hence all medical students came to assist along with the faculties and hospital staffs. With limited knowledge and skill, we the medical students were ready to help and serve through our instinct.



Eventhough our medical studies werent apparent enough to treat the patient properly, we were eager to serve and save peoples lives. It was a scenario that none of us had imagined and dealing with it made us more responsible as a medical student and mature as a human being. We really feel glad for our contribution in assisting in saving the lives of people along with the entire PAHS family. Together we stood against all odds to help those who were in need



and we weren't alone in doing so. The whole global community empathized and supported the needy in whatever way they could.

It truly indicated that how fragile and restless we were, the act of humanity equally retaliates against sorrow and grief. Moreover as a medical student it helped us to reflect the importance of a medical doctor at times of need. It made us to be more accountable and maintain professionalism at all time. Furthermore it led patients to believe that Hospital is a symbol of last resort and medical professional as last hope, which truly sparked flares of hope and light in their lives against the midst of darkness.

However the repeated jolt has affected our composure towards normalcy and has exposed our inner subsided fears time and again. It has tried to terrify the healing soul and deter our weakened spirits but the hope of betterment was

and is still intact. Even though the trenchant heart and tears of our motherland has made us weak, helpless and vulnerable, it's time to leave the painful memories behind us and strive forward towards building our nation. The challenges ahead are stumbling barriers but no matter how difficult it might be, the strength and endeavor of all the Nepalese can overcome the odds of time.



गजल

| ; -ho /fgf du/
rfj]Aofr

तिमी बिना बाँचन परे जिन्दगी भर रुन्छु भन्थ्यौ
जुनी जुनी साथ दिने मेरै रानी हुन्छु भन्थ्यौ
सुख दुःख जे भएनि दोष दिन्न कसैलाई
हाँसो रोदन आँसु मिसाई एउटै माला उन्छु भन्थ्यौ
माया भन्ने चीजै कस्तो याद आउँछ हरक्षण
आफ्नै दिलभित्र किन तिम्रै धड्कन सुन्छु भन्थ्यौ
पापी आँखा नलागुन् है, दैवले नि साथदिउन्
चोखो माया बिथोल्नेलाई सधैभरि थुन्छु भन्थ्यौ
सुनै सुनको महलमा राख्छु भन्दै धेरै आए
महल होइन मायारूपी भुपडीलाई चुन्छु भन्थ्यौ

अर्कै डोली चढन परे मृत्युलाई अँगाल्छु म
मरे पनि हावा बनी सँधैभरि छुन्छु भन्थ्यौ
कल्पनाको संसारमा तिमीलाई नै सम्झी सम्झी
एकान्तमा किन कुनि हाप्ने सपना बुन्छु भन्थ्यौ
ऐनामा नि तिम्रै मुहार भलभली देख्छु किन
तिम्रै नामको गीत सम्झी सँधैजसो गुन्छु भन्थ्यौ
सबै गुणले भरिपूर्ण भगवान् पनि छैनन् होला
सतगुणलाई अँगालेर दुर्गणलाई धुन्छु भन्थ्यौ
जुनी जुनी साथ दिने मेरै रानी हुन्छु भन्थ्यौ

11:56 AM Nepal Earthquake 2015



- Samip Tripathee

4th Batch

Fans of the famous television series *How I Met Your Mother* must remember a point in the ninth season, when the Canadian pop sensation Robin Sparkles comes out with her dark side showing as Robin Daggars, and a certain somebody says something along the lines of “That was a dark day in Canadian music history. I’m sure every person in Canada remembers where they were, and what doughnut they were eating.” While I’m not sure whether people here were eating doughnuts when the earthquake occurred, or if I should even be comparing something of that massive importance with a mere incident in a television sitcom, but I’m sure every Nepali remembers where they were, and what they were doing when the earthquake occurred (or when they heard the news about its occurrence, in case of Non-Residential Nepalese), and April 25th, 2015 will surely be remembered as a dark day in the history of the nation.

The day had begun as a slightly gloomy, but very normal and very much alike to any other Saturday, but ended as something so much more, something devastating, something terrible in many rights, something so horrible that normality now seems like a distant memory, and a hope for the future for the entire nation, but something not a single person can even dream of in the present. At around lunchtime for a normal Saturday, the country was struck by a massive tremor of 7.8 Richter magnitude (at 11:56 am), and while it wasn’t as strong as the much-fabled “*Nabbe saal ko bhukampa*”, the devastation it caused was much greater. The incident was followed by loud

mee-maws of sirens of ambulances transporting the victims and the casualties of the earthquake to the nearest health facility, and the country has never been the same since.

On the day after the earthquake, when I headed to New Road to see what had happened to the place I grew up in, it was evident that something was not right, that the place looked naked. That was because Dharahara was gone, and so were almost everything that carried cultural and historical importance. Most youngsters growing up in Kathmandu surely have special experiences and stories to tell about Basantapur, but it was heartbreaking to see that the beautiful temples there were all destroyed, and most of the buildings there were cracked all over. No Basantapur for the near future. But that is the least of our worries.

Villages all over Nepal have been turned to rubble, people don’t have a place to live in, clothes to wear, and food to eat, and they are supposed to be the basic rights of the people. The lucky ones to escape majorly unaffected by the earthquake have done the best they can to raise money and distribute as much help as they can to the remote areas, and things have started to get a little better, but the sad part is that the death toll has exceeded 8000, and even the evacuation process is not complete as of yet. While most of the donations and aids that have been coming in have the potential to be very helpful, they have been poorly managed and inefficiently utilized, and some of the aids have been very disrespectful and infuriating in many ways. The people have to

be united in troubled times like these, but they are showing unity only to protest against the government for not being transparent about the aid received, and for refusing help from some countries as well. And while the government are certainly not totally innocent, they are only trying to fulfill their responsibility, which is to ensure that other countries do not pounce like opportunistic vultures during these desperate times for the country, do not try to take unfair advantage of the instability the country finds itself in. They also have to keep in mind their diplomatic foreign relations, and ensure that long-term relations are not hampered. For example, there was a lot of scrutinizing over the government's decision to reject Taiwan's help, but they have to understand that the relation between China and Taiwan are far from ideal, and as China, being a neighbor, has always been of great help to Nepal, and accepting the aid from Taiwan could, in turn, dampen the relationship with China, but the people don't know that, and they continue with their protest, which means that the country is in a state of

chaos (although it isn't as worse as it sounds). Apart from the chaos, terror has spread epidemically all over the country. People are terrified to go into their houses, to stay indoors, to live their normal life. The aftershocks don't help either. Just when the people believe that the ground has stopped shaking, that the earthquakes are over, there is an aftershock, and the people have gotten more terrified because of that, to a point that they believe that the ground will never stop shaking.

And that is pretty valid too. For example, lets imagine someone broke, homeless and with nothing to his name. He has no food to eat, no money in his pocket, no walls to protect him, no roof over head, but he has a ground to stand on, a ground to lie on, a ground to live his life on, and as long as he has that, he has hope; hope that as long as he has something to live on, he can have a better tomorrow. But what do you do when you can't trust the ground beneath your feet?



A Rude Awakening

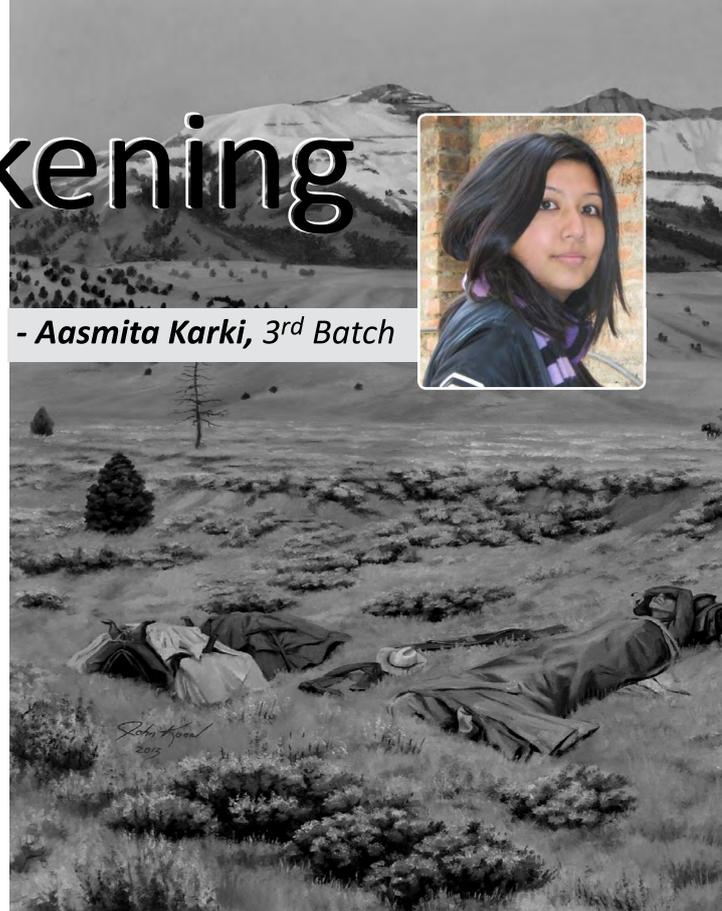


- Aasmitha Karki, 3rd Batch

To begin with, I do not know whether to call the devastating earthquake on April 25, 2015 expected or unexpected. If this was an impending disaster then how could the general public be well-prepared without everyone being informed in the first place? Yet no expert in the world could have exactly predicted Nepal's doomsday. Geologists from several organizations are currently claiming they had pre-warned the government of Nepal time and again. There was not proper dissemination of information to the public, but if there had been, would we have taken it seriously?

Believe it or not, matters really could have been worse. To quote Ernest Hemingway, 'the smallest coffins are the heaviest'. While many were at home around 11:56 am ready for tea at noon, there were also probably as many enjoying a Saturday out. Nevertheless, with 5,000 schools completely destroyed and thousands damaged, just the possibility of the earthquake occurring on any other day of the week would be a scarier ordeal to consider altogether. The number of bereaved parents would have greatly outnumbered those orphaned. Add an office day and the death toll would have risen alarmingly high.

In addition to the loss of lives and homes, there has also been great damage to people's psyche, resulting in panic attacks, anxiety and post-traumatic stress disorder. A soup of self-experienced disaster, seasoned with occasional shakes and stories of the not so lucky. There is a lot of healing necessary that cannot subside even with enough rations. Interactive musical and dance performances especially aimed towards children who may



have been traumatized.

More noticeably, in this unstable setting is a screaming loss in people's everyday livelihood, what is seen as an overall deficit in the nation's economy. Roughly 80% of Nepal's population of 26 million people relies on agriculture for their main source of income, among which the majority earn just enough to live by subsistence farming. Earthquakes followed by their aftershocks are capable of causing devastating landslides, soil erosion, runoff, and vegetation loss. Unfortunately, the impact of the earthquake has stretched far across Nepal and the physical damage caused in the agricultural sector is already more than apparent.

This only means there is now a bigger problem to tackle, that of unemployment. Not only does the government now have to save and sustain the lives of those in crisis, but it also has to invest in the restoration and reconstruction of the country itself. Interacting with local communities and discussing with them about what they believe would be best to steer their



community towards development, is a suitable way to rebuild communities whilst generating possible employment opportunities.

It is also such a shame that Kathmandu Durbar Square was top-listed by the UN World Heritage List in 1960, yet now several living pieces of ancient history are no more. Pashupatinath and Manakamana were lucky to have been spared for the most part. Rabindra Puri, a prominent figure in Nepal in the field of architectural heritage conservation agrees that the damaged heritage sites will each require more than a decade to be completely restored to its original state. Interestingly, while the traditional Newari house he reconstructed years ago in Bhaktapur, “*Namuna Ghar*”, withstood the earthquake while other neighbouring houses were destroyed. This may be a ray of hope towards restoration.

Moreover, for the most part, I saw people who were trying their best to handle the aftermath of the crisis on their own. Perhaps it may have been because the government has let down its people countless times before that people have

become accustomed to fend for themselves. People began sorting through the remnants of debris that remained not long after the first major earthquake. Volunteers and despairing relatives making their way through rubble in Basantapur shouted out “*kaam rokyo..!*” in response to the Prime Minister’s notoriously short visit at the site where they were working. It was more of an appearance rather than a visit, actually.

However, it did occur to me that with heavy donations coming in from all over the world, how could there still be such a gaping hole in terms of distribution of basic materials for the earthquake-stricken? Nepali Congress leader Gagan Thapa said, “There are people who leave the corn in their fields untouched and go running for donated food supplies.” If this is the case, then it only further adds to the existing inequity, with members of Nepal’s elite society shamelessly hoarding pound after pound before the supplies can even leave the airport to be delivered. I do not even know how to react to the salaries cut off from the same armed police force who so heroically rescued countless lives.

On the other hand, one must realize that usually large sums of money donated by governments of other nations do have their own clauses and conditions. Nepal was already in debt before the earthquake and blindly accepting financial assistance from other nations may allow them to manipulate Nepal’s policies by right of their contracts. Donors should not, in spite of their kindness, have the right to monopolize our future.

The great sums of money donated by governments, organizations and celebrities have evoked a mixed reaction among people. How can a feeling of gratitude towards someone’s generosity during a time of need be more than transient when the government has been less than transparent in clarifying the use of funds. The situation itself is more than transparent. Considering the bucket loads of cash flying into Nepal, allocating basic resources to at least a fairly high majority, if not

all of the deprived cannot be dismissed as an impossible task. It can be regarded as difficult because of untrained personnel, the rough terrain, the very number of empty stomachs and roofless families, but NOT impossible. If donors could purchase food, clothes, medicine, tents and other essentials during a trying time like this and have them distributed under their own supervision, then their generosity could actually translate into something life-changing.

On a more spiritual note, I could not help but overhear many fellow Nepalese reflecting that the Earth starts shaking and trembling because she can no longer bear the weight of people's sin and suffering. Chanira Bajracharya, 19, who used to be the Royal Kumari was present during the *Machhindranath jatra* that took place the day before the first major earthquake. She had several things to say about the procession this year not too different from what I had overheard. Not only did the 65-foot bamboo structure on the chariot fall, which is considered a grave omen, but there were some serious mistakes made during the ritual ceremonies and concerning the setup of the chariot and its decoration. Coincidentally, a snake slithered right across the chariot and no rites were performed to appease the snake god 'Naag'.

"People forgot who we are," Bajracharya said. "They forgot our culture and identity and our history and the rules we made for ourselves. Those rules have a reason, but they didn't remember that. They thought, oh, this jatra is just for young men to have fun pulling the chariot." According to her, the day the chariot was pulled Nepalese had done enough to offend the Gods with their carelessness.

I cannot completely disagree with this ex-kumari. We have either abused or let Nepal be abused. Overexploiting and polluting the very natural resources and scenic beauty she had once been blessed with, all for the greed of industrialization? To strip a woman of her jewels, rape her of her pride and expect no backlash is foolishness. It

was the wrath of Mother Nature provoked by the misdeeds of not one day but spanning decades. We just took and took and never gave. Maybe we really did forget who we are.

As of now, one must not forget that the disaster is still ongoing. Sindhupalchowk, Taplejung, Dolakha, Gorkha and other districts are experiencing aftershocks with their own epicenters. Chances of an epidemic are highly likely. People are struggling for their lives with minimum or no rations and sanitation is definitely compromised. This was not only a tragedy waiting to happen and one that has not ended yet, but it must be the very reason the next major future earthquake should not result in a tragedy.

Furthermore, it is precisely because the 7.9 Richter scale earthquake in Japan that did not result in any casualties proves that earthquakes and tragedy do not necessarily have to be synonymous. It depends on the infrastructure and the lessons learned, such as what Japan was able to learn from the earthquake in 2011 that prevented casualties in 2015. If Japan could become a Post-war economic miracle, even after the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings, then with effective planning and implementation, Nepal can be prepared to withstand any future earthquake to say the least. This can be used as an opportunity to build a stronger nation, if we can accept that the path will not be so easy.

Finally I would like to say that irrespective of what has and is happening, I believe that not even the vicissitudes of destiny can strip us of our heritage. That culture is not merely equivalent to valuable monuments, but it is what lies within us and what defines our identity. What we carry with inside ourselves and display through language and behavior no matter where we go. This is what we should not lose. Having survived over a decade of political turmoil and the aftermath of a catastrophic earthquake, having suffered so much, today we stand because we are resilient. Much but not all is lost.



लाज ढाक्ने बस्त्र कहाँ थियो र आङ भरी,
अन्न मिल्दैन जहाँ रगत पसिनाको साटो।

माटोले बिसेपछि

किशोर कुमार अधिकारी
प्रथम ब्याच

कोहि रोगले मरे
कोहि शोकले मरे
चारैतिर खडेरी अनिकाल छ गाँउभरि
सुन्दा नै बिस्मात बढ्छ
कोहि भोकले मरे ।

पोकापन्तुरा भिरेर
गरिबिको दस्तुर तिरेर
अनिस्चित गन्तव्य पछ्याउँदै
दाउरा जस्ती स्वास्नी अनि
लालाबाला च्यापेर,
भालेको डाक सँगै एकाबिहानै,
सिमानाले पाखाबारी सबै छुने भो रे,
हर्के दाई भन्थे- सबै साहुको हुने भो रे ।

आमाले नजाउ भनी छेक्दै थिइन् आँशुले बाटो,
छोरीको ओशिलो आँखाले सम्भाउँदैथ्यो जन्मेको माटो,
लाज ढाक्ने बस्त्र कहाँ थियो र आँङ भरी,
अन्नमिल्दैन जहाँ रगतपसिनाको साटो ।

हो, त्यही खरको छानोमुनी,
त्यही घरको छानोमुनी
फाली पिटेको धेरै भो,
भोकै सुतेको धेरै भो ।

सपनाभन्नु पाली छाउने त्यही एउटा रहर मनको,
भोक विरुद्ध संघर्ष त गरेकै हो जसो तसो
जाली तमसुकमा आँठा छाप देखेर के गर्नु
आमा र स्वास्नीको विलाप देखेर के गर्नु,
जब, न रहयो बस्ने बास, न गाँसको अत्तोपत्तो,
निर्लाज उ तप्प आँशुको ढिका खसाल्छ र पहाड हुन्छ ।

प्यारीको छातीमा छोरो अघाउने पोशन छैन,
उस्का रिता लाम्टाहरु चुस्दाचुस्दै थाकेर,
मुठिभरको सानो छोरो भोकै निदाँउछ, रुन्छ, र फेरी निदाँउछ,
यि अभावै अभावको डुङ्गा माथि उभिएर
उ एकलो बिचरा के गरोस् त निमुखा ।

नियमले गरिबलाई चिन्दैन,
नियतिले आफ्नो भन्दैन,
सुनेरै स्तब्ध भएँ
जन्मेको माटो बिसेको हैन,
माटोले बिसेछ कान्छा ।

बाँचुन्जेल पसिना मिसाउँला यहि माटोमा,
मरेपछि जिन्दगी बिसाउँला यहि माटोमा,
सपनाहरु भुलाएर हिड हर्के दाई
देशभित्र गरिब बाँच्ने देश खोज्न लाई
देशभित्र गरिब बाँच्ने देश खोज्न लाई ।।।

Reaching the Unreached

Health Camp at Kaule and Salme VDC of Nuwakot District

*Carmina Shrestha, Soni Gurung,
Tashi Lama, Amin Shah*

The devastating earthquake saw scores of damage to lives and properties and yet at the same time, it saw the rise of our youths, the generous foreign hands willing to help and the unity among the Nepalese amidst such adversity. During such a black day, being students of the medical field, it was difficult to stay idle and hear news of mass casualties occurring in plurality.

During the first few weeks of the earthquake, we were busy helping at Patan Hospital itself, which being a tertiary care centre and within the most affected area, Lalitpur, had a mass flow of casualties. Once the aftershocks and the patient flow eased a little after over a month, a free health camp was planned with financial support from AICHI, JOCV, OB Japan which was coordinated by Soni Gurung, 2nd Batch. As quite some time had passed since the earthquake, we did not expect to find fresh trauma cases. However, the camp

targeted those suffering from hygiene and sanitation problems, p o s t

traumatic s t r e s s disorders and minor i n j u r i e s



following the earthquake. Kaule and Salme Village Development Committees (VDCs) of Nuwakot District were selected, after receiving information that not much help had reached there.

On 29th May 2015, a team of 30 members under Dr. Krishna Shrestha, Department of Medicine, started off for the free health camp. The team consisted of medical officers, staff nurses, final, fourth and third year medical students, driver dai and a staff from the maintenance department. The health camp was organized by Patan Academy of Health Sciences Student Society in coordination with the VDC office, Health post and local clubs of the respective VDCs.

The journey to the target site was longer than expected which took over 6 hours to reach. On our way to Kaule VDC, we could see only a few houses standing still giving a visual on the severity of destruction. On reaching our camp site, it was encouraging to see how a crowd of people had already gathered well before we had even reached there. Despite being in such adversity, we were warmly welcomed with *Khadas* and cold drinks at the VDC office. We were helped by the locals to carry our boxes of medicines, biscuits, water and other materials to the dispensary site.

Through the various locals and VDC staffs present at our camp site, we learned that of a total household population of 937 in Kaule VDC, there was a mortality of 59 people and almost 50% of the houses were destroyed. We could see several people living in tents throughout our travel. Among our team of 30, 4 of us set off to Salme VDC which was a further 3 hours bus ride from Kaule

VDC. Salma VDC had a household population of 712 among which almost all households were destroyed.

As soon as we put on the tents and got the dispensary ready, we started our OPD. The first day of our camp started at around 1 o'clock and even during such afternoon heat, we saw a huge flow of around 161 patients consisting of 107 females and 54 males. On the following day, we received an even larger flow of patients amounting to 345.

Along with the health checkup and prescribed medicines, we distributed sanitary pads, soaps, biscuits and water purifiers (PIYUSH). The most common health problem encountered among the females was pelvic inflammatory diseases, whereas in males, we saw many cases of minor injuries following trauma during earthquake and osteoarthritis. Among others, eczema, gastroenteritis, fungal skin infection, eye and ear infections were common problems faced. Though we expected a huge number of patients suffering from anxiety following the stress during earthquake, we only saw a few patients who had symptoms of anxiousness, lack of sleep, restlessness and decreased appetite following the crisis.

Once our team of 4 members reached Salme VDC, they saw a distressing situation at their



People waiting in line on the first day of the free health camp at Kaule

camp site where not even the only health post of that VDC was standing. There were no health workers present except for one auxiliary nurse midwife (ANM) who herself had been a victim of the earthquake and was not providing any health services. Nevertheless, our team was greeted enthusiastically by the locals and needy people rushed in for treatment as soon as the camp was up. The camp gathered a total of 210 patients consisting of 114 females and 96 males. In conversation with the police and locals present at Kaule VDC, we came to know that a large proportion of the male population were abroad for foreign employment. Males who came for checkup at our site were mostly either young children or elders. At such time of





The girl came with a handwritten note on her forearm asking for soap. She with her friends after receiving biscuits and soaps.

crisis, when there is a dire need of strong men to help rebuild, these VDCs face a shortage of such energetic manpower.

would arrive.

The health camp was quite fruitful with many

A young girl of 7 years, came with a note written on her forearm reading “Doctor, please give me soap”; reflecting how the people of these VDCs are in need of basic materials like soap. Many people were asking for more medicines and painkillers for future storage and for other family members as they were not sure when future medical help

At such time of crisis, when there is a dire need of strong men to help rebuild, these VDCs face a shortage of such energetic manpower.

people receiving health services and basic hygiene materials during a time of crisis where no medical relief had reached. We were thanked whole heartedly by the VDC members, Health



post staffs and locals for coming to such a remote area of Nepal. We were sent off with Khadas and an appreciation letter with a message that they looked forward to more coordination with our team in the future.

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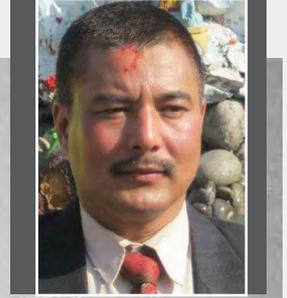
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मस्ते,

म जनता । सुन्दर शान्त नेपालमा बाँच्न संघर्ष गरिरहेको छु । संसारको मानचित्रमा प्रकृतीले सजिएकी चार जात छत्तीस वर्णको एउटै फूलबारीको एउटा फूल । भगवानको शिरमा बस्ने सौभाग्य मिल्यो । अहिले नक्कलीले कहाँ टिक्न दिन्छ र ? जमाना नै यस्तो भईसक्यो । यो पनि त ठिकै छ, सक्कलीसँग जम्काभेट गर्न हिम्मत जुटाउन नसक्ने र नक्कली सँगै रमाउन चाहनेहरूलाई । घरबाट निस्कौं अस्तब्यस्त शहर, मरन्च्यासे सडकमा माछा सरह सवारी साधन । जहाँ गारो त्यहीँ सारो, नखाउँ दिनभरीको शिकार खाउँ कान्छा बाउको अनुहार, सगर माथाको उचाईमा बजार भाउ चंगा भएको भए चेत भएर खस्थ्यो कि ? बाँच्न का लागि केहि त गर्नु पर्छ कि त चाकडी चाप्नुसीको प्रमाणपत्र हुनुपर्छ, नत्र विदेश पलायन । बोलै नमिल्ने, बिना बादलको मुसल्धारे वर्षा हुने । नबोल्नु त स्वाभिमानको आत्मसम्मानमा ठेस पुग्ने । सम्बन्धित निकायमा जाँउं कुन्नी के के ले ठप्प । को कति पानीमा छ र बगाउँछ, सोच बिचारै गर्दैन । खोई त मैले न्याय पाएको? जनता हाम्रो साथमा छ । जनताका लागि लड्छौं भन्छन्, लडाएर तेल निकाल्छन् । तैपनि घाटामा जान्छन् सँधै । फारफूक भन्दा कानफूक धेरै । आशावादी भन्दा आशिर्वाद धेरै । भ्रष्टको कारण प्रष्ट पनि अस्पष्ट ।



सुरेन्द्र मेहर कायस्थ
डेन्टल बिभाग



जहाँ काहिँ जाउँ, हाँसोको पात्र बन्छ । भन्छन् एक हातले ताली बज्दैन । अपवाद बाहेक सबैसँग दुई हात हुन्छन् र ताली पनि बज्छ । बुझाईमा नआएको एक व्यक्तिले केहि हुदैन, मिलौं र सहमती गरौं भन्ने इच्छा रहेछ । हुन त गरी खानेलाई नेपाल स्वर्ग भन्दा सुन्दर छ, सिवाय भुक्तिपय खतरा । जसले नातावाद, कृपावाद वा भेदभाव गर्दैन, अहमको भुक्तिपले जस्तै । सार्वभौमिक सत्ता र प्रजातान्त्रिक अधिकार प्रत्येक जनतासम्म पुगु जरुरी छ, जसरी स्वास प्रस्वासबाट प्राप्त अक्सिजन र रक्तसञ्चार मानिसको प्रत्येक तन्तुमा पुगु जरुरी छ । अन्यथा शरिरलाई समस्या हुनका साथै अन्त्य पनि हुन सक्छ । कयै रात शहिद भए पनि समयले आकार नै लिन

सकेन । यत्रो बलिदान बाट प्राप्त उपलब्धि समय, परिस्थितिको परि बन्धमा परेर मेरो लागि परजातंत भएछ । फलस्वरुप बिपक्षहरूको सहजताको लागि बाटो खुलाईदिन मैले संसारबाट बिदा हुने निर्णय गरें । काम कुरो एकातिर कुम्लो बोकि भोट तिर भने जस्तै बाँचे सम्म कसैले चिनेनन् वा चिन्न चाहेनन् । अहिले क्षतिपूर्ती, नाराबाजी, चक्काजाम, बन्द, हडतालले मेरो आत्माले शान्ती पाउँछ र ? अन्त्यमा, यो निर्णय कसैको डर, धम्की, दबाबमा नभई पूर्ण होस हवासमा गरेको र कसैलाई दुख कष्ट भएमा वा भुठो सावित भएमा कानुन बमोजिम सहुँला, बुभुँला । जय स्वभिमान...

The Silent Husband



- Saroj A. Yadav, 1st Batch

Being a medical student in a public hospital is a huge luxury. Luxury in a sense that you can closely visualize your society with wide open eyes. You have the exposure to the real society better than anybody else. People from different community, different social backgrounds come with some interesting stories which can dig your brain, crush your emotions. I remember a lady whom I met in night call during my obstetrics and gynecology posting. She was not so different case. She had classical symptoms of fibroid uterus. Let me tell you, medical students are provided with a long list of questions to ask with their patients while elaborating their chief complaints. And also some social, personal issues are asked along with ideas, concerns (worries) and expectations of patient.

While I reached to the social history, she told me about some of her family problems. She was married for 35 years. She has two sons of 29 and 24 years respectively. How it feels when someone special goes leaving you in trouble, in difficulty, in agony. Leaving you alone to face it? I guess nobody knows the answer better than this lady. She doesn't live with her husband now. Her husband lives with other wife. The torturing thing was- her house and the new house of the husband shared common veranda. That is both houses were side by side. And they don't talk to each other at all. Imagine a lady, who sees her husband daily. The man she was married with, the man whom she gave 25 years of life (from the age of 14 to 39), the man with whom she shared some

of the best time of her life, the man whom she once thought would give all possible happiness to her. The same man lives in front of her with other woman and even talks to neither her nor the children. Imagine being hurt by someone who once promised to take care. Imagine the tear being brought by someone who promised to bring joy. Imagine the pain given by someone who promised to love... I wonder how she faces all this. And what had been the psychological effect of it in the children?? I, being a poor creature, can do nothing at all other than thinking, imagining, being touched, being hurt.... I think about days before separation. How those might have been? He must not have been able to ask for divorce at once. He must have opted to quarrel and fight in small issues, torture her mentally and physically, abuse by one way or other etc. in the topic of cookery, room, cleanliness, dresses and what not, hoping that she would herself get frustrated and ask for divorce. How would she have been in those days of distress? Let's imagine that, one day she went too frustrated that she replied with anger, "if you are this unsatisfied with me, or I am this unfit for you, why don't you leave me?" Obviously, if anything like this was told, he would have happily accepted since he was waiting for it. And even more, how did he purposed or managed another girl to marry him? Did he say that, "I have a loving wife, two dear children and I am not satisfied and happy with them for such and such reason, so marry me." Funny, isn't it? And how did she accept? How did she agree to stay in a home

sharing common veranda with home of previous wife and their children? I don't know how things happened then. Things are simply unimaginable for me.

She is having a significant medical problem. She is going to have surgery within few days to remove her uterus, both the ovaries and fallopian tubes. And she is in huge economic problem but he doesn't care. He is financially stable being in a good position in Nepal Rastriya Bank (NRB). But he doesn't find it necessary to help his previous wife and his children by any means. How can a man be like this? Not only wife, he also ignored his own children who are growing up in front of him and he hasn't talked to them since 10 years, just imagine the cruelty. Is the new wife happy with this?? I doubt. I have definitely talked to only one side. The husband also must have his own version of story. But I don't think any justification would be enough. His wife is living separate alone and taking care of the children and himself living with other women. Isn't he embarrassed anyway? He had a good job, a wife, 2 children and a home. This is more than required for a common man. What made him destroy his family?? He was not happy with his wife?? Ok that's fine, but was those two children not a responsibility of him??

This story made me remember an incident in

community posting during my 1st year of medical school. In the last day of our community posting at Markhu VDC of Makwanpur, the former rector of our academy, was there with us too see our last day presentation. I talked to her about a poor lady in village who had uterine prolapse. I also talked how she is abused by her husband, how her husband hits her almost daily. Rector ma'am managed free treatment (operation) of her in our hospital and also managed lodging and food facility for a caretaker whoever comes with her. Talking about the abuse, she said, "All the problems in society are created by males." I was not satisfied to her. I knew she is talking in a feminist view. Yet I didn't say anything, probably because she was one of the senior-most faculty of us, and even more because she managed the treatment for free to that lady. And I was very happy for that.

Today, after hearing the story of this lady who has such a cruel husband. My brain is again thinking, was rector ma'am right that day? Are male really cruel creature? Is it us alone who create suffering for others? Are we a creature with no heart and only selfishness?? Are we, males the reason behind all the problems in society?? Probably not, but unfortunately our society has plenty of such people.... For which I personally can do nothing other than being unsatisfied with....



- Sushil Malla
4th batch

अपरिचित आमा

सुदन देवकोटा
प्रथम ब्याच



आमा आँफैमा कती पवित्र नाम । सुनेको थिएँ आमा ममताकी खानी हुन्, प्रेमकी जननी हुन् अनी महानताकी पूजारी हुन् । आँफु जलेर सन्ततिलाई सदभावको न्यानो छर्ने देवी हुन् । एउटा सुक्ष्म भ्रुणदेखी लिएर निर्दोष शिशुको रूपमा अस्पतालको बेडमा छट्टपटाउँदै गर्दाको यो पलसम्म आइपुग्दा यस्तैयस्तै भजनहरु कल्पिँदै ति महान आमाको मुहार हेर्ने प्रतिक्षामा नौ महिना पाँच दिन बिताएको थियँ मैले । तर के थाहा मलाई यथार्थ भजनसरी मिठो हुँदोरहेनछ, भोगाइ कथासरी सरल हुँदोरहे नछ । किनकी म ममताले रेटिएको बालक हुँ जसलाई सपनाको शिखर मा पुर्याएर विवशताको खाडलमा धकेलिएको थियो । जसको परीणाम आज म अस्पतालको एउटा कुनामा लाचार जिन्दगी बनेर फालिएकोछु । हेर्दा आँफु जस्तैजस्तै देखिने सबै बालकहरु आमाको काखमा लडिबुडी खेल्दैछन्, आमाको पोषिलो दुध अमृतधारासरी पिउँदैछन् । लाग्दछ उनिहरुको रुवाइमा पनि खुशी छ । देख्दैछु अस्पतालको भित्ताभित्तामा “आमाको दुध अमृत समान, प्रतिरक्षाप्रणालीको आधार” लेखिएका पोस्टरहरु टाँसिएकाछन् । आमाहरु बच्चालाई तेल घसेर हड्डी बलियो बनाउने चेष्टामा देखिन्छन्, भिडभाडमा बच्चालाई रोग सर्ला भनेर स्याहारको पर्खाल ठड्याउँदैछन्, बच्चाका परिवारहरु खुशीले पागल देखिन्छन् अनी हजारौंको भोजको आयोजना गर्दैछन् अरे । आहा कस्तो र मणिय छ बातावरण । अचानक म फेरी आँफुलाई नियाल्छु अनी कल्पन थाल्छु र म पनि त उनिहरुजस्तै बालक हुँ, तर म किन एकलएकोछु, मैले आमा भनेर बोलाउने देवी को हुन्, मेरो जन्ममा खुशी हुने ओठहरु खै कता छन् ?

थाहै नपाई एक कान दुई कान गर्दै पूरै वार्डभरी म छलफलको विषय बनिसकेछु । मेरो साँघुरो कोक्रोसँगैको फराकिलो नर्सिङइस्टेसनमा नर्सहरु कुरा गर्दैथिए, “मलाई अपरेसन गरेर जन्माउनुपरेको रे, म र तिम्रैसँग जन्मिएछु । तर विडम्बना म अरु बच्चाहरुभन्दा अलि प्रिथक हुनपुगेछु । मेरो माथिल्लो ओठ चिरिएको रहेछ (Cleft lip and cleft palate) । जन्मेको भोलिपल्ट पिशाब फेर्न भनेर निस्केकी मेरी आमा नफकिने गरी गइछन् यत्रो अस्पतालमा मलाई अलपत्र पारेर । “शायद उनले चाहेजस्तो रहेनछु म र मेरो दुर्भाग्य भन्नुं या उनको विवशता । फेरी सुने, “यो भन्दा पहिले मेरो दाजु पनि यस्तै जन्मिएका रे, अनी यसै गरी एकिलएर बालमन्दिरमा निरिह जीवन बिताउँदैछन् रे ।” यि निर्दयी वाक्यहरु मेरो कानमा ठोक्किँदै गर्दा ति आमाप्रतिको बुझाई अझ कठोर र तितो यथार्थ बनेर मेरो कलिलो मानसपटलमा सलबलाउन थाले ।

कस्तो यथार्थ हो यो, के मेरी आमा अरु आमाहरुभन्दा भिन्न नै हुन् त ?

के मेरी आमाको मन चट्टानकै थियो? के उनलाई आफ्नै गर्भमा हुर्काएको छोराको अलिकती पनि माया लागेन होला? कि उनी कुनै समस्याबाट गुञ्जिँदै थिएन या त म उनको नाजायज सम्बन्धको उपज हुँ ? यस्ता हजारौं प्रश्नहरु उब्जिँदैछन् मेरो मनमा । अब मलाई कसले स्याहार गर्ला, मैले कसलाई आफ्नो अभिभावक मान्ने त । शंकैशंकाले जेलिएकोछु म ? चारैतिरबाट नौलो र एकलो महशुस हुँदैछ मलाई । भक्कानो छोडेर रोउँ जस्तो लाग्छ । विन्ती आमा यसरी निरिह पारेर छोडनुभन्दा त गर्वमै किन नरेटेकी मलाई ? थाहा छैन नौ महिना गर्भमा बोकेर जन्म दिएकोमा धन्यवाद दिउं या अनाथ बनाएर छोडेकिमा घिणा गरु तिमीलाई ? यही सम्मान र घिणाको ध्रुविकरणमा रुमल्लीइरहेकोछ मेरो कठिन बाल्यकाल ।

सायद अब मेरा अभिभावक यिनै नर्सहरु पो हुन कि ? आमाको पोषिलो दुध खानबाट वन्चित हुँदा कमसेकम बजारकै दुध भएपनी खुवाउँदैछन् यिनिहरु । अरु बालकसरी एउटा निश्चित अभिभावक त अब रहेनन् मेरा । यहाँ नर्सहरुको ड्युटी फेरियसँगै मेरा अभिभावकहरु पनि फेरिँदैछन् । तर मलाई उनिहरुले गर्ने स्याहारमा कताकता आमाको ममता खड्कनैरहन्छ । मैले वार्डमा अरु बच्चाले पाउने आमाको मायासँग तुलना गरेर पनि होला। लाग्दछ नर्सहरु माया दर्साइरहेकाछैनन् केवल कर्तव्य पुरा गर्दैछन् । तर पनि उनिहरुप्रती कुनै गुनासो छैन मलाई । कमसेकम उनिहरु मेरी आमासरी निष्ठुरी त छैनन्, जसले आफ्नै बच्चालाई छाडेर गइन् । उनिहरु अन्जान बच्चालाई कर्तव्य नै सम्भरेर किन नहोस स्याहार त गरिराखेकै छन नि । धन्य, मलाई मर्न दिएका छैनन् । बेलाबेला चम्चाले दुध खुवाउँदा मेरो ओठले राम्रोसँग साथ नदिएर पोखिन्छ, उनिहरु नाक खुम्चाउँछन् । दिशापिशाब रोक्न सकिदन्, सफा गर्नुपरेकोमा भिन्को मान्छन् । तर पनि म खुशी नै छु । किनकी “नहुनुभन्दा कानो मामा बेस” भन्ने उखान सुनेको थियँ, फरक यती हो कि मैले आमा सम्भरेर बुझेको छु । तरपनी भर्खर दस एघार दिन गन्दै गरेको मुटु कमलो हुनु स्वभाविकै हो, त्यसमाथि यो बज्रपात र धान्न खोज्दाखोज्दै पनि आसुँ भरिदिन्छ, भक्कानो फुटिहाल्छ । विडम्बना म खुलेर रुन पनि पाउँदिन । मेरो रुवाइसँगै नजिकैको कन्फरेन्स हलको ढोका खुल्छ र डाक्टर चिच्याउँछन्, “नर्स दिदी यो बच्चालाई भुलाउनुस्, भित्र क्लास हुँदैछ, डिष्टर्ब भयो ।” यि कठोर वाक्यहरुले मलाई असह्य पिडा हुन्छ । यता मेरो जिन्दगी नै तहसनहस हुँदैछ उता एउटा क्लास डिष्टर्ब भएकोमा डाक्टर लाई त्यत्रो चिन्ता छ । तर म विवश छु । कसले सुनिदिने मेरो चित्कार । एकान्तमा वरीपरी कोही नदेख्दा मलाई डर लाग्छ र रुनेगर्छु । कहिले कोही आइनेहाल्छन् त कहिले मेरो क्रन्दन

यत्तिकै हावामा विलिन हुनपुग्छ । उता मेडिकल स्टुडेन्टहरु Ethical case पाएकोमा दंग छन । उनिहरु आउँछन अनी मेरा बारे Ethics का ठुला ठुला कुराहरु गर्छन् Principlism देखी social Justice सम्मका । यो भनेको के हो मलाई थाहा छैन थाहा छ त केवल मेरी आमा अब म सँग रहिनन, म एक्लएको छु । म जन्मेको २३ दिन बितिसक्यो मेरी आमाको कुनै अत्तोपत्तो छैन । कहिलेकाही त म भाग्यले ठगिँदाठगिँदैको भाग्यमानी जस्तो पनि लाग्छ । मैले जती धेरै डाक्टरहरुले ध्यान, मैले जती धेरै नर्सहरुको स्याहार, मैले जती मेडिकल स्टुडेन्टहरुको छहारि शायद अरु कुनै बच्चाहरुले पाएनन होला । तर उनिहरुले हजार दुइज्जहरु गुमाएर एउटा हिरा पाएका थिय जसलाई दुनियाँ आमाको नामले पुकारने गर्छ । तर म चारैतिर ठुला पर्वतहरुले घेरिएपनी एउटा खोंच बन्नपुगे को थिए । त्यसैले समाजका यती प्रतिष्ठित र ठुला गनिने मान्छेहरुको छहारिमा एउटा सानो बालक म, संघर्षरत छु जीवनसगै । मेरो बारेमा सुनेका व्यक्तिहरुको सहानुभुती सँगालेर राखेको भए अहिलेसम्म शायद सागर बनिसक्यो होला । तर यथार्थ यही नै हो कि यि कसैले पनि मेरो स्वप्निल वाल्यकाल फिर्ता ल्याइदिन सक्दैनन । लाग्दछ म एउटा बोझ भइसकेको थिएँ, अस्पतालको लागि, त्यहाँका कर्मचारीहरुको लागि, स्वयम आफ्नै लागि अनी मैले चिन्न नपाएकी आमाको लागि पनि । म रोइरहेको छु, म खाइरहेको छु, म बाचिरहेको छु तर के का लागि आफैलाई थाहा छैन ।

धेरै दिन बितिसकेको छ अनिश्चित भविष्य लिएर नर्सिङ वार्डको एउटा कुनामा थन्किएको । हरेक रात रुँदा रुँदा थाकेर त्यहीं निदाउछु म अनी मध्यरातमा ब्युझिएर दाँयाबायाँ हेर्छु त केवल एक्लो पाउछु आफुलाई । अब त रुने सामर्थ्य पनि छैन म सँग । साँच्चैनै कत्ती अभाव र तनावको जिन्दगी बिताउँदैछु म । कत्ती अभागि रहेछु म कि अमृत पिलाउने आमा पाईन मैले, तेल घसेर हड्डी बलियो बनाइदिने हातहरु पाईन मैले, भिडभाडमा मलाई रोग सर्ला कि भनेर डराउने मुहारहरु पनि पाईन मै ले न त जन्मदिनको खुशीयाली मनाउने परिवार नै पाएँ, कारण शायद मेरो चिरिएको ओठ जसमा मेरो कुनै दोष समेत छैन ।

थाहा छैन मेरो भोली के हुने हो, हुर्किएर बाहिरको दुनियाँ पनि देख्न पाउनेछु या यही अस्पतालकै कुनामा जिन्दगीको अन्त्य हुनेछ । भाविले मेरो पोल्तामा जस्तोसुकै लेखेको भएतापनी मर्नुअगाडी मलाई एकपल्ट ति अपरिचित आमाको मुहार हेर्न मन छ र भन्न मन छ, आमा तिमिले त माया गर्ने छोरा नभएर सबै शारिरिक बानावट मिलेको गुडिया चाहिएको थियो हगी । म ऋणी छु तिम्रो गर्वको । कत्ती भौतारि न्छौ तिम्रो चाह को खोजिमा, हेर मसँग छ तिमिले खोजेको गुडिया, मलाई एउटा नर्स दिदिले उपहार सम्भरेर दिनुभएको थियो । मेरो लागि उठाएको नौ महिनाको कष्टको मोल सम्भरेर राख्नु, म जाँदैछु तिम्री बाट

र यो दुनियाँ बाट धेरै टाढा जहाँबाट सुन्दर जिन्दगी जिउने सपना बकेर यस धर्तिमा पाइला टेकेको थिएँ...

यो बालकको जन्म आजभन्दा करिब तीन वर्ष अगाडि ३५ वर्षिय आमाको कोखबाट पाटन अस्पतालमा भएको थियो । CS section बाट जन्माइएको यो बालक पूरा महिना पुगेर जन्मिएको थियो । उसको एकमात्र समस्या भनेको उसको माथिल्लो ओठ र गिजा चिरिएको थियो जसलाई चिकित्साविज्ञानको भाषामा “Cleft lip & cleft palate” भनिन्छ । यो धेरै ठुलो समस्या हैन । यसलाई प्लाष्टिक सर्जरीमार्फत सुधारेर सामान्य बालक सरह बनाउन सकिन्छ, जसको उपचार ने पालमा सित्तैमा गरिदिने व्यवस्था छ । यि कुराहरु थाहा हुँदाहुँदै पनि बालककी आमा उसलाई छोडेर अस्पतालबाट भागेकी थिइन, जसको अहिलेसम्म कुनै अत्तोपत्तो छैन। धेरै दिन अस्पतालको बसाइपस्चात एक किसान दम्पतीले उक्त बालकलाई पाल्ने इच्छा देखाएका थिए । उनिहरुको बिहे भएको १८ वर्ष भईसक्दा पनि कुनै बच्चा हुनसकेको रहेनछ । सोहिअनुरूप कानुनी प्रकृया पुर्याएर बालकलाई त्यस किसान दम्पतिको काखमा सुम्पिएको थियो । मलाई आशा छ त्यो बालकले नयाँ खुशी पाएको छ, माया पाएको छ । शायद अहिलेसम्म त उसको ओठको सर्जरी पनि भैसक्यो होला । सो बालकलाई मेरो तर्फबाट सुन्दर भविष्यको शुभकामना ।

“यसरी अभिभावकहरुले आफ्ना बच्चालाई या Cleft Palate of Down’s Syndrome या Cerebral Palsy आदी इत्यादी समस्या भएकै कारणले स्विकार्न छाड्ने हो भने साँचौ त ति निरिह बालबालिकाको भविष्य के होला? आफ्नो कोठाको चार भित्ताबाट बाहिर चिहाएर मात्रै हेर्ने हो भने पनि न्युरोडको गल्लिगल्लीमा “दाई पाँच रुपैयाँ” भन्ने ओठहरु, फोहोर को थुप्रो केलाउँदैगरेका कलीला हातहरु, घाँटि रेटेर जडलमा गाडीएका सानो लासहरु अनी बागमतीमा जिवित बगाइएका प्राणहरु सबै यस्तै कमजोर मानसिकताका उपज हुन । । यसबाहेक भ्रुण हत्याको महाकाव्य पनि आफैमा कहालीलाग्दो यथार्थ भनेर जकडिएकोछ हाम्रो समाजमा । यसर्थ यस्तो दानविय प्रवित्तिको अन्त्य हुनु आजको आवश्यकता भैसके कोछ ।

आफ्ना सन्ततिलाइ माया गर्न सिकौँ, अपाङ्गता उनिहरुको अपराध होइना उनिहरुको पनि हाम्रो जस्तै मन हुन्छ, जसलाई अझ बढी मायाको खाँचो छ । अपूर्णतामा पूर्णताको आभास गर्नसक्नु नै जिउनुको आधार हो ।

(समर्पण छ यो लेख ति आमाप्रती जसले शून्यतामा महल बनाउने सपना बोकेर धर्तिको सुन्दर भूपुडी उजाडेकिछन्)

Two things, Keep me healthy, I Love cheese and I love chocolates.

Prof. Dr. Katrina Butterworth
Patan Academy of Health Sciences



Namaste maam!!

Oh Namaste, welcome. You are exactly on time.

Could you please introduce yourself ?

I'm Katrina Butter worth. I'm a General Practitioner from UK and I have been working in Nepal for last 18 years.

How were you as a kid ?

So my father was in royal airforce, which is a bit like army but it's not. My young childhood passed travelling around different countries where my dad was working. But we lived in England since I was five. In school, I was always involved in multiple things, I had lots of interests. I was very involved and did all kind of things related to church, enjoyed singing, music, all kinds of sports especially gymnastics and judo, and I'm brown belt in judo.

Oh, should we be afraid?

(Laughs...!) yaa, be very afraid !!

Will you please summarize your journey from a student in U.K. to a professor here ?

There had been many challenges. So one of the challenge is, I made a decision that I want to be a doctor at 13. I was 28 when I came to Nepal. From the age of thirteen to age of twenty eight,

whole time I knew this is what god wants me to do. And every thing I was doing was preparing for coming to Nepal.

And then when I arrived in Nepal- for me OK I'm here now and I am a doctor but what is the plan now ? I didn't know what the plan was.

And the big challenge for me here was - I like to be very organized, and I would like to plan exactly what's happening. When I arrived in Nepal, Nepal doesn't plan in advance. So having to wait and see what other people want to do and to listen to what God wanted to happen next and not me be in-charge. That was very difficult for me, and I think in PAHS it's the same thing that I like to be very organized.

I'm sure you had some language barrier as well in your earlier years, may be 18 years back. Please share if there is any interesting experience.

My worst best memory of language barrier is- Patient *laai pakhala lagyo*, I asked, "*tapai ko pakhalaa kasto chha? Guliyo chha ?*" I meant to say- *gilo chha*. There was stunned silence and then whole room burst out laughing. I am little bit better now.

A lot of competent Nepali doctors migrate road every year. How do you think that such scenario of brain drain can be reduced ?

First of all, the big thing is there should be change in culture. It should be seen as a good thing

to stay in your own country to serve your own people. It should come from within your heart. A heart should change.

This is what we do at PAHS. We want to change hearts of our graduates, we want them to be willing to stay in own country and serve own people. It won't be ethical to force people to be here, I would like people to choose to be here.

If we see around the world to address brain drain, for instance in Thailand, they make a bond that you have to work first 5 years for own country, only then you are allowed to move for any foreign country. I think if someone is paid by government for study, they should work for government for some years. Even if someone has paid for their education, actually you learn from patient. The Foley's catheter you apply and the NG tube you insert is painful for the patient, it won't be painful if I or some other expert does it. So the common people, the patients have invested to make you competent and thus you owe for the society. So I hope they understand this and choose not to leave the country.

Even more, in our academy, the whole point of PAHS is to train doctors for Nepal. We would be disappointed if our graduates chose to work overseas. We hope our graduates will work here, that's the whole aim of PAHS.

What do you want your children to be ?

Frankly, I want my children to love the work that they do, what they find rewarding. And preferably there would be some great benefits to the world. That would be my choice. (Smiles)

Now lets talk about Patan hospital. What exactly is Patan hospital and PAHS for you ?

Everyone in PAHS/Patan Hospital are passionate about PAHS goals, be it any staff, faculty or student. I'm impressed by all of them. I feel

pleasure and privileged working here, I really enjoyed working here. The best thing to mention is the team spirit of the faculty and students, I'm really impressed to see all of them helping and supporting each other. Its my kind of prayer that you all continue to work as a team, together, be compassionate, love and serve your patients, and when you disagree, do compromise and always remember the purpose of PAHS.

Patan Hospital is kind of my work home. The whole aim of this hospital since it was started is to serve poor and marginalized and demonstrate compassion. I like to work in that type of environment. So it feels really good to be part of this team.

What are the core qualities that PAHS thinks a medical student must have?

That would depend on what you believe a doctor should be like in the end.

At PAHS we believe that doctors should be having the intention of service, they should be technically competent, and they should be compassionate. So we choose our doctors in that way. So if you are in a private medical school, it depends if your purpose is to have a very technically competent doctors who cango and work in America, then you're going to have a different set of criteria. Then if you want to hire competent compassionate doctors who are willing to serve in Nepal that's where we have such different entrance system.

Where do you want to see PAHS in some ten years from now ?

In ten years, I would like to see that there are PAHS graduates and medical personals working in all district hospitals of Nepal. They are all engaged in service and are also teaching and training others, and are finding their job personally fulfilling. They don't feel- oh, I have to do this. But they feel- this is what I really want to do. Such whole culture

develops within the university and all PAHS family works to achieve the goal and overall health care of Nepal improves.

We could have 2 GPs in every district hospital, who are super vising junior doctors as well. I hope some GPs will be PAHS graduates and some of the junior doctors will be PAHS graduates as well. May be there are students working along side them. So there can be continuous cycle of posting in district hospitals and people have really good learning experience in those rural areas which will make the doctors and students want to go back in such places and serve people there.

Professionally we know you as a doctor, an author, a researcher, a medical educationist and a professor of GP and many others. Will you please tell us, being what do you enjoy the most ?

I actually like to do everything. May be that's why I love GP so much. I won't enjoy being and doing only one thing, I prefer being good and quite some number of things. That's same from my childhood, being involved in many different things. For me, it's all important and it all makes some part of what is me. So I can't be just one of them, just a professor, or just a GP, just a novel writer or just an educationist. I need all of those things to be me.

“For the ordinary people of Nepal, who have suffered so much for so long”- was the heading line of your novel- ‘Red Dawn Rising’. When did you first think about writing a novel in this manner about the real Nepali people?

I wrote it in some three months. In the middle of the Maoist conflict when we left Butwal and came to Kathmandu, I had about three month leisure and that was space for me. There were lots of political changes going on and I met many patients who had suffered to a great deal. So, the writing of the novel started then with their

stories. The idea of that novel was to let other people know what it is like in Nepal and how the life and struggle of many people in Nepal is.

You were placed in first position in five- km-marathon- race among females. We were wondering, what keeps you this fit and this young ?

Two things- I Love cheese and I love chocolates. If you eat those things and you don't exercise then you get very fat. So I exercise so that I can eat what I like. I run four times a week for half an hour in the morning. And I cycle in other days.

What would you call your greatest achievement for now ?

The one to be mentioned is, joining PAHS and seeing my students. And for me, just to see the way that the students have grown as people and as doctors, watching the compassion that they show to the patients. And also seeing how my students like Dr Samita, Dr Ashish, Dr Sumana, and Dr Yagya etc. have become the faculties. I see them now as my colleagues, my friends, that's my biggest achievement to see them independent and doing a really good job as a faculty and as a doctor at PAHS.

And, some thing that you want to achieve but couldn't, if there is any ?

There are a couple of things that I'm still working on that haven't happened yet. First is, I do work with the government for Continuing Professional Development, to put that into the system for all Nepali doctors. I work with Nepal Medical Council (NMC) on that and that hasn't happened yet. We want to make sure, every doctor have to do it to maintain their registration so that every doctor keeps up-to-date. Because I feel very strongly that you have to learn for your entire life as a doctor.

And the other thing is- to get General Practice taught in every medical school in Nepal. Because

I think general practice is really important and many students don't know what GP is. And how can you choose the specialty that you don't know what it is ?

What were your happiest and saddest moments of life?

The birth of both daughters of mine, the elder daughter was born in Patan Hospital and my younger daughter was born in Tansen. So their birth was happiest among every good things.

And the saddest, there are a lot. Everyone especially who has worked as a doctor in Nepal has many sad experiences. It's really hard to see people's suffering and I can not do anything about it. Because all the suffering is not physical, but due to social, psychological thing, and a doctor can't actually help. I find that very hard.

You are leaving PAHS and returning back to UK.

What are your plans now ?

I will go into General Practice in UK. I passed my exams. I have a job sorted out. I have six months of re-training to do. And I have an offer of long term job after that at Bradford, UK. I am happy about the place, it teaches medical students and postgraduates. So I can still teach after returning to UK.

What do you think you will miss the most after leaving Nepal ?

I will miss patients and my students the most. Unfortunately there would be no formal relation of mine with PAHS. I just hope I will be in touch.

At the end, do you have any message for The Symphony team ?

I wish you good luck. I have experience of being involved in journals, it's kind of hard work. Just keep going and keep an open mind and enjoy it.

Farewell Dr. Katrina



I remember a class when one of our faculties was discussing about the strategy PAHS implemented so as to ensure people will go 'back' to villages after graduating. One of the friend asked a question and genuinely so! He asked "If people who are raised in villages are more likely to return back and work in villages, why is Katrina ma'am who was brought up in England here?"

That made me realize two things. First that if as a teacher you would like to excel then be the exact person you want your students to become. Second: Investments in critical thinking classes are paying off!!

Be it lecture halls, auditorium or the OPD you always had your way of making the environment educational yet easy to breathe in. Valuable lessons are hidden everywhere - but it takes a good teacher to tell students where to look. I am sure as you turn the pages "...not able to thank you enough..." is a repeating theme. I would love to repeat that. You are without a shadow of a doubt the best teacher I have ever learnt from. You have not only inspired the doctor in me, but a teacher who, if not equal, would like to reach near you capabilities. YOU ARE THE BEST!! - Sajjan Acharya

Sometimes my seniors used to talk about Dr. Katrina as one of the best faculties. What I found about her is that she is very much friendly, punctual, respectful to all the patients, students and juniors. I've seen her working tirelessly day after day even in such a busy schedule. Words cannot give justice to the things that we have learnt from you ma'am. Best wishes. Thank you.

- Kshitij Nepali



Life is a journey which is incomplete without a mentor, an inspiration, a role model and also someone you can look up to. You have played the most important role in my life which is that of a mentor. And sadly, it's time to bid you goodbye as you are about to start a new journey in life by moving to your home country. I really hope for best of you and pray for same.

I would like to express my gratitude for everything you have done for me and for us. You have been an inspiration, a role model, a guardian and a light to guide me in every step. You have been there before I would ask you to, have supported me and guided me at my hard times (studies, family crisis and personal problems). There are many memories that I have of you which I shall always treasure. Thank you for everything.

I feel very lucky myself because of having such an awesome teacher in my life. I'm very thankful to you for your guidance and hardwork for us. It was an all time memorable. We will never forget you. I wish you will have a beautiful life in future.

- Sunil Kumar Daha



You will be missed badly Ma'am! I'm happy to meet a person like you who is truly kind-hearted and loving person. Thanking you and wishing you good luck!

- Nihar Shrestha



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CHOICES

Choices appear in life. Hardest part is to live with it. A beautiful line may be me myself is inspired at the moment. Choice had appeared to me to write a piece of words connected with each other to make a beautiful piece of literature here. It's definitely going to be a piece that will make me feel difficult to choose the words that could express my choices. No matter what, I have to conquer my aim of making this choice. Whatever my action lead me to become to make myself believe in my choice to be correct I have to do for that. I believe that choices are not created on its own.

It has been chosen by choices to you. It's not that you chose the choices. All right you are not believing me. Think once did you choose what you want to be? You might be in confusion now. Are you sure that you choose the thing that you want to be right now? I bet you will be believing me after reading this. You were born on the place where you were born. You didn't choose to born there. You grow up in the place where you have to be. You didn't choose that place to be older. But it can be true that you have not got time to think about what you choose yourself. You only believed that you have chosen what you have done is your choice. But you have never chosen that. Instead the choices have chosen you to believe that you have chosen the choices. For which you are being fooled. All the things are being designed by the choices that you have never thought of. May be you have chosen the place that you are studying right now or you are teaching right now but think once. What if the choice was not yours? You might have many choices that would have been in front of you. Why you believe to choose this, because you are not choosing your choices but the choices have chosen you to be the best fitted in that



■ *Jeetendra Bhandari* 2nd Batch

choice. Choosing the choices where not under your control, never it was. Why it happens that you try to find one thing but get some other thing. Why? Because you have tried to make something of your own but you were never designed to choose what you want for yourself. There is something that you may call a fortune of any words, but I believe that is the choice that is only best fitted to one.

No matter what you believe you yourself to be you are going to get what choice has choose you to fit for. Believe me I have been chosen for my choices to write this. I never choose to write at any moment of time before this. Do you think you have been chosen to read this but the choices have made you to read this? You have turned the pages your eyes have fall upon this page and this pieces of words. Did you make choice to read this? Question yourself. Did you make any choices? I bet no. Let me give you some more example why someone who discovered something did was discovered by him. Why that was not by someone else. I believe, the reason that had made someone to find something by only someone is that the choice to discover the something has been done by the choices. If choice has chosen someone else then the discovery would be from someone else not the one who discovered it.

Choices chosers you, also the difficulty bearing

capacity is also chosen by the choices. Why do you think someone succeed in something and other do not? Because the ability of doing difficult and bearing the stress that has been created by the difficulty is also a choice that chooses some people only. It's not the people who fail on their work but the choice has never chosen the one for doing so. Choices chooses the success and failure for you. I am sure you might be arguing with all the things that has been written up to now. But now I can say the ability that you are arguing right now is because the choices to argue has chosen you to argue. You might be saying that this boy has written something good, this is also due to the choice that has chosen you to support the choice that has chosen me to write something like this.

Choices choses you, by this means you are been awarded with one thing and you never have to worry about anything. Because the choice that has made me to write this piece can also make you famous if the sufficient choices have chosen you. But at the same time it can be there to make you to the worst place where you never want to be.

By this I never meant that all the famous people always wanted to be famous. Being famous may be the worst thing that has happen to someone but they were chosen by the choices for which they could not win.

Why I am here? This question might strike you sometime. But I think you have got something by now. You might be happy for the one that you have got. But my point is that happiness was the choice that have chosen you, and the place where you are right now is also chosen by the choices. If you are sad for being where you are right now, that is also due to the choice to being sad that has chosen you.

By reading all these I think you have started to think something about choices or maybe not. But I believe choices have chosen you. How you take this is on you because you are the interpreter and you are the only one who decide what is wrong or right. Choices to selecting wrong or right is always there to choose you.



प्राप्ती चमेना गृह

मो. ९८४९३६९९३

पाटन अस्पताल परीसर



MY LIFE OF SERVICE

- Shivaraj Neupane
3rd Batch



Friends, I have very less time to tell this story. I am going to die within these 4 months. But I have no fear and no hard feelings on this because I have spent my whole life in service and will continue till my last breath. Although I am not in my own country now, I am proud to show my bravery to serve different countries. Now I am serving this nation keeping in my mind that it's my own nation.

Now I want to share my life events from the beginning since my birth. I was influenced and inspired from my parents and I followed the same path which my parents used to. They taught me the lesson to serve the nation

were the pillars of our nation.

My previous nation, it was so beautiful nation with a complex topography and hope it's the same now. Although I am not there right now, my friends are serving there. There were various beautiful cities within that country. Almost in the middle of the country was my little house, a house which seemed simple but sophisticated with 4 rooms inside and surrounded by a compound outside. The entry and exit gates were different because they were one way gates.

I used to spend most of the time out of the house because I was so much



with full efforts. Me and my friends since childhood, we always used to cooperate in our work. We were devoted for serving the nation. We

busy in my job. While leaving my house for work, I always used to be in hurry and run faster because there would be higher pressure of work but at the

time of returning to house I used to come slowly. As my job was to serve the different cities, I didn't get any time to rest but I used to enjoy my job. Sometimes I used to carry goods and foods to different parts of my country no matter what the topography was while sometimes I used to carry the garbage and dump them in the dumping site.

Once a foreign country attacked my country and due to which I had lost many of my friends. We were very less in number. Then our workload increased as we were very less in number to serve the whole nation. At that time we had to perform our job faster, moving here and there quickly. My nation became weak at that time. But within few days our country produced many armies like us and then again our nation became strong.

My previous country was so much helpful. In the past, my present country became weak and cried for help with previous one and due to which I am here right now to serve this country. I'm happily serving this nation too now and I'm feeling the same environment and doing the same job as it was in my previous nation.

Dear friends, this is an analogic story. Here I have compared a patriot with a RBC. Here 'I' refers to RBC which has been transfused from one human body (previous nation) to next

human body (present nation). Here 4 months to die refers to the life span of a normal RBC. Beautiful cities in the country mean different organs of the body. Almost middle part of the country where the house lies refers to the position of heart where the heart lies and house means the heart having four rooms (chambers) surrounded by a compound (pericardium).

The entry and exit one way gates refer to the valves within heart. While moving from house for work he runs faster with high pressure refers to arterial pressure and while returning home it became slower which refer to venous pressure. And the job to carry goods and foods means to carry oxygen, food and other materials to organs and to dump the garbage means to carry waste products to dumping site (kidney and lungs).

Next country attacked and he had lost many of the friends refers to blood loss anemia in the accident and due to which the nation (body) became weak. Workload increased and had to move quickly during that time refers to tachycardia due to that blood loss anemia.

At the last paragraph next country cried for help means next man cried and asked help for blood transfusion and the character (RBC) is being transfused to next body and that is the character (RBC) who is telling his story.

Tides of Time



- Asmita Karki
3rd Batch

Crawling through
The cracks of my heart,
These memories do seep.

If you hurt me yesterday
Then why are these cuts
Still fresh and deep?

Seeds of love
I thought you sowed...
Yet a thornbush was all
You could reap.

You pricked me and I bled a river.
I let my crippled spirit weep.

Like a summer hailstone,
I melted to your touch.
You stole my sunny youth,
And sailed to islands beyond.

Now, may the tides of Time
Wash your footprints away
From the sands of my soul.

For, you were never meant to stay.
You could never make me whole.

Rising from the ashes of
Yesterday's sentiments,
Scathed but untorn,
I shall be reborn.

If all wounds can be healed
Then all wounds can be sealed.

No more shall I drown in
A bottomless
Lake of sorrow.

I vow to embrace again
The promise of tomorrow.

And, as there is nothing of you
I desire to keep,
Into my psyche
Your haunting image
Shall no longer
Dare to creep.

“ग्राहकको सन्तुष्टी नै हाम्रो चाहना हो।”

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We Provide Best & Cheap Lodging & Fooding Available Here

HOME PACK AVAILABLE Here

नोट: यहाँ घरको लागि प्याकिङ्ग को राम्रो व्यवस्था छ।
राम्रो लागेमा साथीलाई भन्नुहोस्, नराम्रो लागेमा हामीलाई भन्नुहोस्!

If you would like to remain in medicine never forget your duty to ease the suffering of others that is what will make you a true physician. The gratification that you get cannot be substituted.

William Arthur Ward has rightly said, "The mediocre teacher tells. The good teacher explains. The superior teacher demonstrates. The great teacher inspires." When we began to choose a personality to interview, we could not think of anyone better than our founding VC Prof. Dr. Arjun Karki. PAHS is a shared vision now. We all cherish the common dream of ensuring equity in health in Nepal. But there was a time when this vision belonged to a man. Someone who could cultivate his design of a better future in others, who had the conviction of bringing together a team that, would give what it takes to achieve something as beautiful and promising as PAHS. Today we are proud that we are a part of that team. We rejoice the fact that we have the opportunity to carry on and achieve what was but a dream. The credit for this endeavor goes to this man.



A brief introduction...

My name is Arjun Karki, as you all know. I am currently a senior faculty of Patan Academy of Health Sciences. I have trained as an internist, pulmonologist and intensivist. That is how I would like you to know me.

Journey from childhood to a successful doctor...

I was born in Kathmandu, not because I was from Kathmandu, but because my father used to work here. I am from the rural area, the district called Sindhupalchowk. So, wherever my father was transferred we had to follow him from one place to another. Then once he retired, about almost 50 years ago then we settled down in our village, Sindhupalchowk. So, school was not good at that time. In those days you can imagine the education in rural Nepal in that era.

I had to come to Kathmandu, to attend a public school. But I was not a very good student. I had a varied interest from reading novels to reading magazines and not paying too much attention in the coursework, you know. Unsurprisingly, my SLC didn't go too well. I passed in 3rd division!! Not because I was stupid. But I didn't have the focus,

neither the required attention. But my interest to study medicine was so intense and it continued to get intense.

In 1972, IOM ran, what we call, a course that would produce middle level health manpower for the country.

I happened to enroll in a program that would ultimately make me become health assistant. Hence, that is where I got enrolled. I believe in 1974 or 1975 AD. That was when my focus got shifted and I became a good student again. You know entirely focused on studies and also highly motivated because I enjoyed it so much. Everyone of us had to go and work in rural areas, which I did and it was at that time the same IOM introduced, what we call now MBBS program. In those days it used to be called Medical Science Diploma of the Doctor of General and Community Management (MSDDGCM). They introduced it

with the enrollment of the 22 students per class and I got enrolled myself in the second batch. Like we say the medical education at PAHS is very unique and very innovative as compared to the other medical schools in Nepal at present. So was the case with the establishment of MSDDGCM. That was very unique, very innovative, highly community oriented medical education.

Then, I worked for number of years in Nepal and then, eventually went to United States to do my specialty training and then came back. So that would in short, summarize the major landmarks in my journey to become a physician.

Source of inspiration...

Now that's a very difficult question. And as I look back, there is not one thing I can tell confidently that this is the event that inspired me to become one. But one thing that I think at the unconscious level, I would say... I got very sick, when I was in 8th grade. I used to live pretty close to Patan hospital at that time. My school was in Mangalbazar.

Then, when I was in the patient's bed, the doctors would come to do the rounds, with their white coats and stethoscopes. When you looked at them, they looked so healthy, well nourished, well dressed, and on the other hand I was sitting on the patient's bed and I think that is what inspired me; maybe I should be like that guy, you know... It's nothing intellectual! I'm telling you, but the impression- I was sick and they were healthy, so maybe in order to be healthy maybe I should probably be like them!

As I told you, I was an 8th grader, too naïve.

Distinguishing medicine from other professions...

You have to have a certain degree of compassion. If you are not compassionate, I don't think you

will be a good doctor. Passing is not everything. You might pass the MBBS examination with good grades. But passing an MBBS examination, having a degree, having a certificate and being a good doctor is not synonymous. These things, we need to distinguish. Unless and until you have a concern for others, unless and until you have a feeling to ease the suffering of other fellow human being, you do not qualify to be called a good doctor.

Let us take an example of engineers. The kind of that the engineers are engaged in. They do not have to encounter a situation where life and death matters. Of course, they have to make various estimations and calculations. That is a lot of work. Agreed!! But they do not have to work in the middle of the night. Whereas in medicine, patient becomes sick, you are on call, you are expected to sacrifice your sleep in order to save that patient. Some people might feel very jittery about it. But the very nature of the profession is such, that if you are not willing to sacrifice your own pleasure in the spirit of helping others, save life of others, then that person is better off pursuing other professions and not medicine. So, here we put somebody else's need above your own pleasure or your own interests.

Experience after being a doctor...

When I passed MBBS, I had a tremendous sense of gratification. I enjoyed medicine tremendously. We were, as I told you, only 22 people, so everybody knew everybody. What I was trying to say is that the experiences in the class. I was so good at grasping the concept. When the teacher taught physiology, my classmates had so much difficulty in understanding the concept. But it would be crystal clear to me and I was expected to help others in understanding. The point I am trying to say is that I enjoyed medicine so much.

This is how I would like to share my experiences with you. On one hand gratification, excitement; delighted to have the opportunity to study

medicine, and on the other hand even though the hostile environment prevalent at that time because of the clash of ideologies, we also had a lot of built-up resentment. I hope that makes sense.

Family and Personal life...

I have two daughters. The elder one is a student at PAHS. The youngest is doing her A-levels. She doesn't know what she wants to do yet. She says, "I don't want to study medicine." But that is quite okay. I want to let her choose the field that she is passionate about. And of course my wife.... (grinning), who takes care of me and my daughters.

I grew up in a pleasant family. My father was a government employee. I had a brother and three sisters. My brother passed away, almost 20 years ago. He was younger to me. My three sisters are still living.

Love and Marriage...

I chose my own spouse. I won her, (still smiling) even though I grew up at a time when arranged marriage was more common. Nobody would frown upon you if you had an arranged marriage. But I generally belong to, a rebellious group, so to say, trying to do things which are considered not that appropriate. That is how I ended up marrying my wife.

The story behind it...

I was a medical student. My wife used to be a nurse in Bir Hospital. We did not have our own teaching hospital at that time in the IOM. So we had to come to Bir Hospital for the clinical rotation. There, I saw a beautiful girl and I thought, well, she might make a good partner for me. So, like every boy does.... (laughs) I tried to pursue her and with success. Later, it was her unwavering support and sacrifice that allowed me to achieve further in life. She has very much been part of my journey and still is.

My parents were quite old at that time. I had already become a physician. So they did not want to be an obstacle or make any kind of imposition on me. They were satisfied with my choice.

Happiest Moment...

The happiest moment perhaps was the time when I got selected for a residency in the United States, which was very tough at that time. I mean... It's still tough, but in those days there were no post-graduate opportunities in Nepal, because all the neighboring countries, where we could have gone were so skeptical about our MBBS program, they all felt it was of inferior quality. They would not allow us to join into their post-graduate program, MD, MS or whatever, and we did not have our own.

So, I tried once in Bangladesh to do MD and there was an entrance examination, maybe 200 people applying for a position. And I was on top of the list. So, I was proud. But after attending for a month, I did not like it. The way they were teaching the post-graduate trainees.

Subsequently, I left and tried for United States. And in those days, even though you pass all your tests, what is called USMLE these days; it had a different name in my time. But before they select you, they would like to know whether you can speak English; have the demeanor to speak to the patients and their families. And therefore to go to the interview, they need visa.

Next, you apply for visa and they say unless and until we have a proof that you are offered a position we will not grant the visa. So, no visa means you cannot go, and without going there they cannot judge you, without judging you they cannot offer the position. I had to call and explain the situation to the program director and arrange a telephone interview. In those days, STD/ISD facilities were confined to the central telephone office. So, because of the time difference, you had to go to the telephone office at 2 o'clock in

the morning.

Then, I had to call them up, insisting that I had to speak to the real guy. The secretary would receive the call and put me on hold and locate the call to him. All of a sudden the line used to get disconnected. So, you again send a letter. Either you had to fax or call, explain the situation and rearrange another interview. After many attempts this time finally she was able to locate him before the call got disconnected. Then, after sometime they were impressed enough to take me in. So, it was a very painful and challenging process but when I got the news that I got selected, I think that was the happiest moment. Because that was a major development in my career!

Leisure Time Preferences...

Either I watch a political debate in the TV if there is one or if there is a folk song being played, that is what I want to watch. I really love folk songs. I do not know much about modern western music as you guys do. I like to read newspapers, like all do. I watch movies when I have time. I like films with a message, usually social-themed and occasionally, action movies.

Favorite Movie...

One I liked very much was, "Dancing with wolves". It is an American film of Kevin Costner. Another one was about a mother who was diagnosed with cancer. Her worry for the children...she gave away all her children one by one for adoption... it was a tragic movie. I found it to be a very compassionate movie. I forgot the name. Not very useful for the interview (smiles).

Strengths and Weaknesses...

My strong point, I think, is when I'm convinced something is right; I am quite focused and committed to work until that is accomplished.

My limitations are many but too narrow it

down, some people can remain very stoic and emotionally detached despite being in emotional incidents. But I cannot allow myself not to be emotionally engaged with the process. I cannot.

Message for Students...

We have organized the curriculum in the best way possible to make you folks the best possible physicians. We have combined, not only the technical competence part in terms of understanding of the medicine, physiology, pathology or whatever, but also have given you a perspective, what does it mean to be a professional, what does it mean to be ethical, why do we need to be ethical, why do we need to have communication skills; so that we could relate to the patient, relate to their families, say things that are needed to be said at the right time.

We also help you to appreciate the reality of the country; we are not teaching you in an ivory tower, where you have no clue what the ground reality is. Unless and until you know the ground reality you will not be able to practice medicine in this nation in a meaningful way.

One of the core idea of the medical profession is, that you are here because you have committed yourself to ease the suffering of others, that basically means; people who happen to be less fortunate than yourself, people who have been living in very difficult places, in rural areas because they too are human beings, they too would like to live longer, they too would like to get rid of their sufferings.

The gratification that you get out of easing the suffering of others is so good that nothing can substitute it. You, at PAHS, have that opportunity. We may have some shortcomings, but compared to any medical curriculum, not only in Nepal, but the whole Asia or even you can, you know, compete with any global

medical curriculum. For example this clinical presentation curriculum; it's practiced nowhere else but here, in PAHS. So you can imagine how far ahead we are, in terms of the conceptual part. In embracing the best of the science, the best practices and those best suited to this nation.

Remember that society has been giving us so much. This is something the medical students keep on forgetting. The physicians keep on forgetting. For you to be able to understand what McBurney's point tenderness is, you have to press your hand on your patient who comes with appendicitis. The guy came in because he wanted to get rid of the suffering. But we the faculty, take the medical student, hold their hands, and make them press and cause more pain and not take the pain away. Why should this patient be tolerating all to suffer? He does not have any gain from this. Will he get money for this? Will his hospital bill be waved?? No!

But then by virtue of the tradition, the patient is consciously or unconsciously willing to let their bodies be practiced upon and their suffering increased. But patients relent in the spirit of making the new generation of physicians to be competent, proficient in their skills and their

knowledge, so that they will be able to deliver quality services. Why is society co-operating in the field of medical education or nursing education if we, the product, the beneficiary of this process, are not willing to give back something to society? Without reciprocating, I do not think we have fulfilled our duty, that we have fulfilled our obligation.

I, therefore would like our PAHS medical students to appreciate this truth, and be willing to reciprocate their professional knowledge and skill to ease the suffering of the poor, the down trodden, the underprivileged, and those who are living in the remote rural areas who do not have any access, who are so far accepting a premature death. So if you take up this challenge and do work for at least some years in those difficult circumstances, challenging circumstances, then when you grow up like myself, when your hair grows gray, you can tell your stories to your children and grandchildren, how you tried to contribute in making your society a better place to live in. Only then your children and grandchildren will be inspired. If you haven't done anything worth then why would you be inspiring to others? So remember this!



ZODIAC

Aries

Aries people are creative, adaptive, and insightful. They can also be strong-willed and spontaneous (sometimes to a fault). Aries people can be driven and are very ambitious often making them over-achievers in anything they set their mind to tackle. Aries are five signs and so too is their personality. They may be quick to anger, but don't take it personally, it's just their fiery, passionate personalities showing through. Aries signs have excellent sense of humor and they get along with almost everyone at the party (and they do know how to party). Aries can be impatient but we love them anyway because they are devoted friends, lovers and family members- they are loyal to them and will fight for their causes (usually supporting the underdog).



Taurus



Taurus zodiac signs and meanings, like the animal represents them, is all about strength, stamina and will. Stubborn by nature, the Taurus will stand his/her ground to the bitter end (sometimes even irrationally so). But that's okay because Taurus is also a loving, sympathetic and appreciative sign. The Taurus is very understanding and when you need someone to unburden ourselves to, we often share our deepest fears with the Taurians of the zodiac. Taurians are very patient, practical and efficient, they are excellent in matters of business and are also wonderful instructors/teachers. Although initially they may have their own best interest at heart, they are ultimately & endlessly generous with their time, possessions and love.

Gemini

Flexibility, balance and adaptability are the keywords for the Gemini. They are quick to grasp the meaning of a situation and act on it, often with positive effects. They tend to have a duality to their nature, and can sometimes be tough to predict how they will react. They can turn from hot to cold and may be prone to noticeable mood swings. However, they are generous signs with tendencies of being affectionate and imaginative. They also inspire others easily as they seem to naturally motivate themselves – their charisma and accomplishments are infectious. Geminians are very supportive and are especially good at promotions, sales and driving hard bargains.



Cancer

Cancerians love home-life, family and domestic settings. They are traditionalists and enjoy operating on a fundamental level. They love history and are fascinated with the beginnings of things (heraldry, ancestry etc.). The moon is their ruler, so they can be a bit of a contradiction and sometimes moody. However, they are conservative, so they'll be apt to hide their moods from others altogether. They have a reputation for being fickle, but they'll tell you that isn't true and it's not. Cancerians make loyal, sympathetic friends. However Cancerians need alone time, and when they retreat, let them do so on their terms.



Leo



The zodiac signs and meanings of Leo is about expense, power and exuberance. Leo's are natural born leaders and they will let you know it as they have a tendency to be high-minded and vocal about their opinions. That's okay, because if you observe, the Leo is usually correct in his/her statements. Leo's have a savvy way of analyzing a situation and executing swift judgement with a beneficial outcome. It comes from being a leader. They are brave, intuitive and also head-strong and willful. Beneath their dynamic persona lies a generous, loving, sensitive nature that they do not easily share with others. They might be a bit bossy, but those who know them understand this comes from a source need to do well, not (usually) from an inflated ego.

Virgo

Virgo's have keen minds and are delightful to talk with, often convincing others of outlandish tales with ease and charm. Virgo's are inquisitive and are very skilled at drawing information from people. This trait also makes them naturally intuitive. Combine this with their remarkable memories and we see an advanced, analytical personality. However the Virgo needs balance in their lives otherwise they may become short-tempered, impatient and self-serving. Virgo's are excellent teammates in work and social activities. They work well with others, although they freely express their opinions (even when unwanted).



Libra



As their zodiac signs and meanings would indicate, Libra's are all about balance, justice, equanimity and stability. They easily surround themselves with harmony and beauty, but sometimes go to extremes to do so if their goals are unreasonable or unhealthy. With Venus as their ruling planet, Libra's are very understanding, caring and often the champion of underdogs. They have keen intuitions, but often

don't give themselves enough credit for their perceptions. They can be quiet and shy if not persuaded to come out of their shell. Ironically and in spite of their introverted nature they make excellent debaters, often proving a point from out of seemingly nowhere.

Scorpio

The Scorpio is often misunderstood. These personalities are bold and are capable of executing massive enterprises with cool control and confidence. They can surmount seemingly all obstacles when they put their mind to the task and they have unshakable focus when the situation calls for it. Regardless of their bold nature, they are often secretive, but they are always observing behind their withdrawn manner. Being associated with a solar animal, (the scorpion) they are not withdrawn for long and when they come out again they do so with force, vigor and determination. It is true, Scorpio's can be argumentative and pack a powerful sting, but that's simply because they see all opposition as a healthy challenge.



Sagittarius



Here we have the philosopher among the zodiac signs and meanings. Like the Scorpio, they have great ability for focus and can be very intense. However, they must channel their energy or they will waste time and wear themselves out going in too many directions at once. They are not very patient and expect quick results. However, when encountered with failure they make extreme comeback's often against incredible odds. They make loyal friends and lovers, but they do not handle commitment well as they refuse to be tied down while chasing philosophical pursuits.

Capricorn

Capricorn's are also philosophical signs and are highly intelligent too. They apply their knowledge to practical matters and strive to maintain stability and order. They are good organizers and they achieve their goals by purposeful, systematic means. They are very intuitive, although they don't share this trait with others freely. They do not deal well with opposition or criticism but a healthy Capricorn will often shrug off negative comments towards their character. They are patient and preserving- they know they can accomplish any task as long as they follow their plan step-by-step. Capricorn's have broad shoulders and typically take on other's problems with aplomb. Ironically, they rarely share their own problems and tend to go through bouts of inner gloom after a spell of dwelling on these problems.



Aquarius



Often simple and unassuming, the Aquarian goes about accomplishing goals in a quiet, often unorthodox ways. Although their methods may be unorthodox, the results for achievement are surprisingly effective. Aquarian's will take up any cause and are humanitarians of the zodiac. They are honest, loyal and highly intelligent. They are also easy going and make natural friendships. If not kept in check, the Aquarian can be prone to sloth and laziness. However, they know this about themselves and try their best to motivate themselves to action. They are also prone to philosophical thoughts and are often quite artistic and poetic.

Pisces

Also unassuming, the Pisces zodiac signs and meanings deal with acquiring vast amounts of knowledge, but you would never know it. They keep an extremely low profile compared to others in the zodiac. They are honest, unselfish, trust-worthy and often have quiet dispositions. They can be overcautious and sometimes gullible. These qualities can cause the Pisces to be taken advantage of, which is unfortunate as this sign is beautifully gentle and generous. In the end, however, the Pisces is often the victor of ill circumstances because of his/her intense determination. They become passionately devoted to a cause-particularly if they are championing for friends or family.



- Sinda Karkee (4th batch)
- Saubhagyi Singh (5th batch)



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What makes you a loser ??

“What’s your aim ?”

- Aadhar Oli
4th Batch



“What’s your aim?” is the most frequently asked question after “What’s your name?” This query is asked since you gain knowledge of the primary speaking, I guess. I don’t remember who the first one was to ask me and what I replied, but what I can recall is the answer I used to write during examinations. Orally, my answer was always “scientist”, but when it came to writing, I distorted my answer to “doctor” and the explanation was simple. I wrote it because the spelling was simple. I was not the exception. Everybody wrote almost the same (few wrote pilot, teacher, this and that). But when you see now, virtually most of them take engineering, chartered accountant, business or management. As a child, to be a scientist was like a kind of goal set for me. I did not even know the spelling then. As I grew older, I came to know about space and astronaut and then I made up my mind to be an astronaut (even then I did not know the spelling; coincidence? No).

As time passed, I came to know the range I could achieve and my aim kept changing accordingly. What happens is; the older you grow, this environment, time and the people periphery makes you realize that you are imperfect. They compare you with the one better than you, point out your weakness. They, in fact dent your aim. Instead of patting on your back, there are so many to criticize you. What I believe is that everyone is a scientist by birth. What if, instead of criticizing they had patted on your back and had said, “Well done”. What if they had explored your goodness and encouraged you to do something great,

something new, something that had never been done. It would have surely made a vast difference. Our aim is so kinetic that it changes from scientist to astronaut and then you end your life studying medicine.

I wish I could re-live my life. There are many tasks to do, many tasks to undo, many tasks to complete, many mistakes to correct, many weaknesses to improve, many responsibilities to hold, many qualities to strengthen, many things to say to someone to whom I seldom spoke, many things to unsay to someone whom I hurt, best friend (to whom I thought) to unfriend, many friends to hug (whom I bullied and ignored despite their constant help at times of need). I wish I could change the past, for the positive. I wish.

There are many tasks to do, many tasks to undo, many tasks to complete, many mistakes to correct, many weaknesses to improve, many responsibilities to hold, many qualities to strengthen



lb l; Dkmfgl k t l

रामशरण नेपाली
दोस्रो ब्याच



प्रिय सिम्फोनी,
तिमीप्रति मनग्ये आभार
हार्दिक प्यार एवम् शुभकामना ॥

अधुरो थिएँ
अबोध, एक्लो अनि बिल्कुलै असहाय
भावशून्य मुद्रामा खै कुन्नि ?
कुन चाहिँ अनन्तको दुरी नाखे थिएँ
आकार नै थिएन,
न कुनै स्वरूप थियो जिन्दगीको
वक्षस्थलको बाँया पाटोमा
ढुकढुकीको आभास थिएन
रक्तकेशिकाहरूमा पानी पो बगिरहेथ्यो कि कुन्नि ?
देहमा जोशको अवशेषसम्म थिएन ॥

सबैथोक बदलियो तिम्रो आगमन पश्चात
काया नै पलट पो भयो
तिम्रो उल्लेख्य उपस्थितिसँगै
अनायासै श्वासनलीमा
प्राणवायुको स्पर्श सल्बलायो
सास लिनुको अनुभूति भर्खरै उद्घाटन गरिएजस्तो
मुटु नामको मांसपेशीय थुप्रोमा
बिद्युतीय तरङ्ग रफ्तारले बितरित हुन थाल्यो
धमनीहरूका भित्तामा
उचालिएको रक्तचापले ठेल्दै गर्दा

आँतैदेखि एउटा अवर्णनीय सामर्थ्य
आविष्कार भएभँ
शरीरभरि एकाएक आवेगको आँधी चलन थाल्यो ॥

चमत्कारै पो भयो
तिमीले आँगन कुल्चिदिएपछि
नैराश्यताले शिथिल अवयहरू
रक्तसञ्चारको रफ्तारसँगै
रक्तिम हुनुको आनन्द लुट्न थाले
अर्धचेतनामा लर्खराउँदै
नानाभाती बर्बराइराखेको म,
यसरी काव्य रचन अभ्यासरत रहँ
गजल फुराउन अग्रसर भएँ ॥

धन्य तिम्रो आगमन
कति औचित्ययुक्त तिम्रो उपस्थिति
तिमी आयौ,
यत्रतत्र सर्वत्र बहार पनि छायो
यदि हुन्थ्यौ त कति नीरस हुन्थ्यो होला
चारैतिर मरुस्थलीय सन्नाटा हुन्थ्यो होला
यसर्थ अहोभाग्य हो तिम्रो प्राप्ति ॥

प्रिय सिम्फोनी,
तिमीप्रति मनग्ये आभार
हार्दिक प्यार एवम् शुभकामना ॥

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रोल नं. ६०



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जम्मा हामी ६० जना । हो मेरो Roll no. last । भन्छन् alphabetical arrangement रे । मेरो नामको first alphabet 'V' भएकोले म last मा रे । Medicine मा हरेक ठाउँ exception भएकोले यो alphabetical arrangement मा पनि विद्यमान छ । जस्तै 'Y' बाट नाम आएको साथीको Roll no. 31 ।

Roll call हुदाँ last सम्म ध्यान दिएर सुन्नु पर्ने, पखिनु पर्ने । Attendance भैसकेका साथीहरु गफ गर्नमै व्यस्त, आफू बोल्दा निकै जोडले बोल्नु पर्ने अवस्था । कतिपय teacher हरु त अब अनुहारले नै Roll no. 60 भनेर चिन्न थाले । कहिले काँही त last बाट पनि attendance गर्दा के नै बिग्रिन्थ्यो र ?

Exam को result सम्म पनि roll no. बाट hand to hand दिने चलन । Result मा गुल्टिउँला कि भन्ने डरले urinary bladder नि चाँडै भरिने । तैपनि अन्तिम सम्मै पखिनु पर्ने । अस्ति त भन्डै फुटेको (-urinary bladder) । Faculty हरुलाई कसले भनोस् - जति गोपनियता maintain गरेर result दिए पनि हामी विद्यार्थीहरु share गरिनै हाल्छौं भनेर । Notice board मा प्रस्ट सित result आउँदा के नै बिग्रिन्थ्यो र ? भन्नु बरु सबैलाई आँनो सहि स्थान थाहा हुन्थ्यो र सुधाने अवसर पाइन्थ्यो । हो, अहिलेको result मा बढी cooperation छ तर competition को पनि आँनै निकै फाइदाहरु छन् । प्रस्टसित result आउँदा सायद आफू last भइन्थ्यो कि ?

आज भोलि, "Class मा तिम्रो roll no. कति ? position कुन ?" भनेर सोध्ने व्यक्ति खासै भेटिन्न तर exception यहाँ पनि छ । आक्कल भुक्कल अझै भेटिन्छन् । Answer दिदाँ PAHS को पुरै system नै explain गर्नुपर्ने । जस्तै æहाम्रो college मा roll no. alphabetical arrangement बाट गरिन्छ र position पनि थाहा हुँदैन । अर्थात first र last भन्ने system हाम्रो college मा छैनÆ भनेर बुझाउनु पर्छ । कतिपयले त यो system '3 Idiots' मा Amir Khan ले भने जस्तै रैछ भनेर व्यङ्ग्य नि हान्न नि बेर लगाउदैनन् । अझ कोही त आफुले भुटो बोले जस्तै ठान्छन् । अहिले सम्म ७ चोटी PBL group suffle भैसक्यो । आफू प्राय (५ पटक) PBL 7 ।

अर्थात त्यहाँ नि last । एक पटक PBL-1 र अर्को पटक PBL-5 मा tourist visa पनि पाइयो तर फर्केर फेरी आफ्नो पुरानै permanent residency (PR) PBL 7 ।

कतिपय कुरामा त यो roll no. 60 लाई अब class का साथीहरु पनि बिर्सिन थाले । म 4th Batch कै नभए जस्तो । हिन्दीमा भनिएको उखान "मतलब निकल जाए तो पेहे-चानते नहि, जा रहे हे एसे जेसे जानते नहि", जहिल्यै याद दिलाउँछन् । यस्तो काम खास गरि, class बाट विभिन्न पदमा छानिएका पदाधिकारीहरुबाट बढी हुन्छ । आफू केही कामका लागी लायक/उपयुक्त नठानिए पनि class का बाँकी व्यक्तिलाई मौका दिइनुपर्छ । उनीहरुलाई कुनै सिलसिलामा साथीहरुको सहयोग चाहियो भने नजिकैको व्यक्ति मात्रै छान्ने गर्दछन् । छानिएका व्यक्तिहरु राम्रै छान्दा रहेछन् जो सायद ती कामका लागी बढी लायक हुन्छन् तर पारदर्शिता भन्ने कुरालाई अलिकति पनि नसम्भेर ।

अरु कुरामा last भएर पनि कम्तिमा अगाडिको बेन्चमा बस्न त कसैले नरोक्लान् भन्ने लागेको थियो । त्यो पनि नपाइने भइयो । म अग्लो रे । अग्लो मान्छे अगाडि आएर बस्दा पछाडिकालाई छेकिन्छ, भन्छन् । त्यसो हो भने होचाहरु नै किन अगाडि आएर बस्दैनन् ? पहिलो row छोडेर नै किन बस्न रुचाउँछन् ?

घाटा मात्रै नभई last roll no. को केही benefit पनि हुँदो रहेछ । Class मा roll no. बाट question सोधिदा आफू जहिल्यै ढुक्क । भुलेर पनि roll no. 60 को पालो आउन्न । कहिले काहीं roll no. 16 भनेर सोध्दा 60 नै हो कि भनेर tachycardia नि हुने । तर roll no. 16 जुरुक्क उठेपछि भन्नु relaxed ।

सधैं पछाडी नै परेर जीवनको दौड दौडन पर्ने हो कि भनेर घरी घरी म आत्तिँ । पछि आफूलाई देखेर आफैँलाई हाँसो उठ्यो, यो भौतिक कुराले पनि मलाई कति सताएको । रोल नं. त विद्यार्थीहरुलाई क्रमबद्ध गरेर प्रशासनिक कार्यका लागि सघाउ पुग्ने हिसाबले बनाइएको हो । Last भए के भो एकछिन कुर्दैमा के हि हुँदैन । अङ्ग्रेजीमा भन्छन् नि "Good things come to those who wait", मलाई यस कुरामा विश्वास छ ।

मानव जीवनको चुनौती र यसको सार्थकता

कस्तुरी मृगको सुगन्ध बहने कैलाश मेरो घर ।

भागी हिँड्छु म त मनुष्यहरूको दुर्गन्ध देखि पर ॥

दिलिप राज जोशी
प्रथम ब्याच



मलाई देखाइएको चित्रमा मेरा नयनहरूले ठक्कर खान पुग्दा मेरो मस्तिष्कमा माथिको पंक्तिले प्रवेश गर्छन् । राजराजेश्वरीमा माधव घिमिरेले पोखेका भावनाहरू मेरा मनमा पनि मुटुलाई छताछुल्ल प्रहार गरिरहेका छन् । मानव सृष्टि आश्चर्यजनक छ । प्रकृतीले मानिसलाई समयसमयमा गतिलो भागपड दिन्छन् । मानिस प्रकृति भएर जन्मिन्छ, तर पनि प्रकृतिको महत्त्व बुझ्न नसक्दा कष्टकर बन्न पुगिरहेको छ । प्रकृतिलाई विजय गर्छु भन्न पुगेले प्रकृतिलाई एकाछिन विर्सन सक्ने हिम्मत देखाउनु पर्छ । प्रकृतिले चुल्याइदिएका राता स्याउका बदला आज हामी उनकै गर्भमा ज्वालामुखि विस्फोट गराइरहेका छौं । उनिले प्रताडित हुँदै भोगिरहेकी छिन् ।

प्रकृती आज हामी सँग रिसाईरहेकी छिन् । उनिले हामीलाई गतिलो पाठ सिकाउन खोजिरहेकी छिन् । आज हाम्रा आँखा पानीको काकाकूल बनिरहेका छन् । हामी आज जीवन र मृत्युको बीचमा छटपटीरहेका छौं । भोको पेट, नाङ्गो आङ लिएर सर्वश्रेष्ठताको नारा चर्काइरहेका छौं । काँचो दाउरा आज दुस्केको दुस्केई छ, बल्दै बल्दै न । गिलास, कचौरा, दुङ्ग्रो आज सबै जुलस र र्यालीमा आवाज मिसाइरहेका छन् ।

आज हामीबाट मानव अस्तीत्व, मानविय मूल्य मान्यता र मानविय स्वतन्त्रताले नेटो काटिसकेको छ । यसले गर्दा कुसंस्कारका परावै जनी किरणहरू हाम्रा छाला जलाउन तरखरमा छन्, किनकि मानवताको ओजन तहमा त मान्छेले सुइरो रोपिसकेको छ । नैसर्गिक अधिकारहरू खुम्चेर आक्रान्त पारेका छन् । मानव सभ्यतालाई आँधीबेहेरीले पुरा सन्नाटा छाएको छ भन्दा कुनै अत्युक्ती नहोला । आज मानिस मानिसवीच बैमनस्यता, कलुषता र अनुसासनहिनताले राज गरिरहेका छन् । एकले अर्को प्राणिलाई दासताको डोरिमा बाध्ने, निर्दयताको लौरो प्रहार गर्ने परम्पराको खेती सुरु हुन थालेको छ ।

मानिसले आफ्नो कर्तव्यबोध गर्न सकेको छैन, देव र दानववीचको अन्तर छुट्ट्याउन सकिरहेको छैन । बुद्धिको विको बन्द राखेर आडम्बरको वकालत गरिरहेको छ । भागवत गीतामा भनिएको छ “विद्वान् मनुष्य त्यो हो जसले जन्म र मृत्युको गोप्यता बुझ्न सकेको छ ।” मानवको जन्म किन भएको हो र यसको गन्तव्य कहाँ छ र यस जिवनको अस्तीत्व र सार बुझ्न सकेको खण्डमा मात्रै जीवन “मानविय जिवन” भएर अनन्तको यात्रा गर्न सक्दछ । आज हामीहरू वर्ग, समुदाय, प्राणी र जीवनको सार्थकतालाई उपेक्षा गरिरहेका छौं । अरुको सपनालाई भत्काउन अरुको आकाँक्षामा डढेलो लगाउन र अरुको ईच्छाहरूमा तुषार पात गर्न हामी आकृष्ट भएका छौं । चाहे त्यो अमेरिकी हवाईटहाउसमा बस्ने अमेरिकी राष्ट्रपति होस् चाहे त्यो घनघोर गुफामा हैकम जमाएर बस्ने अलकायदा होस् सबैले मानव सभ्यताको रक्षा गर्न र यसको मान्यतालाई आदर गर्न जान्नु पर्दछ ।

परिवेशले कोल्टेफेरेको छ । मानिसले मानिसलाई पशुसरहको व्यवहार

गरेको छ । दानविय स्वरूप देखाइरहेको मानिस प्रति मेरो सहानुभूति छ । जीव र जगतको संरक्षणको अभिभारा बोकेको मनुष्य जातिको मानवताको लक्ष्मणरेखा कुल्चेर आफ्नो हृदय विदारक अन्त्यलाई निम्तो दिदैछ । आफ्नै चिताको लागि दागवत्ति दिन तम्सीरहेको छ । आफ्ना क्षणिक ईच्छा पुरा गर्नका लागि क्षणिक विलासितामा बुर्कुसी मार्नको लागि अरुको जीवनलाई खुकुरीको धारमा राखिरहेको छन्, प्रकृतिको कुसंस्कृत सन्तानहरूले ।

रेडियोको कान बटारौं । एक समूहले अर्को समूहलाई क्षति पुऱ्यायो । करिब सयवटा लासहरू फेला परे, अभै भिडन्त जारी... । मानव समुदायले जीवनको वास्तविकता र सार्थकता गुमाएको घटना हाम्रा कानमा दिन प्रतिदिन प्रतिध्वनी भैरहेका छन् । हाम्रा आँखा आँशुरहीत बनिरहेको छन् । ओठहरू सुकीरहेका छन् र प्यास अभै मेटिएको छैन । गुलाबको फूलसरी जिवन आज काँडाको विचमा फर्केर रँगिन जगत देखाउन सकेको छैन ।

तसर्थ संसार नियाल्ने आँखाहरूमा छुरा प्रहार गर्नु, जोड्ने गोडाहरूमा साइलो बाध्नु, कानमा सुईरो रोपिदिनु र बोल्ने ओठहरूमा बुभो लगाउनु पशुता हो भन्न अपरिहार्य नहोला । मानविय मस्तिष्क र बलियो मुटुको सहकार्यमा होमिनु नै जीवन पद्धतिको यथार्थता हो ।

चाँदनी शाहको एक पंक्तिले मलाई कता कता छुने गर्छ । धर्ती भई सही हेर अरुले कुल्चेको । वास्तवमा मानव वर्गलाई यहि शिक्षाको आवश्यकता छ । अरुको जीवनमा बाँभोपन ल्याउन तम्सनेहरू अरुको असफलतालाई घुरेर खुम्च्याउन खोज्ने आँखाहरूले सिकनुपर्ने पाठ अनगिन्ती भएर थुप्रिएका छन् । भोकाहरूको पेटमा लात मार्ने र नाङ्गाहरूको एकसरो लुगा च्यातीदिने दानविय प्रवृत्ति प्रति ठूलो खेद छ । यो आगो ओकल्न सक्ने आँखाहरू दानविय कार्य विरुद्ध ओर्लिन सक्नुपर्छ । सपनाको इन्ट्रेणलाई हृदयभरि लुकाउने सुमनहरूलाई हामीले हातेमालो गरेर दुःख सागर तार्नुपर्छ । त्यसैले म भन्छु -

मुस्लो हो यो मेरो भावलहरू तिमी साँच यसरी ।

सर्नु वामे हो, आँगन यही त मिलेरै जसरी ॥

त्यसैले अन्त्यमा विट मार्दामार्दै भन्नुपर्दा जसरी सूर्यको किरण तेजस्वी हुन्छ, पवनको मस्ततामा आनन्ददायी हुन्छ, जूनको शितलतामा जून शान्त हुन्छ । बुवा आमामाको वात्सल्य जति प्यारो हुन्छ, समुन्द्रको गम्भीर्य जति स्थिर हुन्छ र हिमालको उचाई जति अटल हुन्छ त्यसरी मानविय मर्म पनि बुझ्नु पर्दछ, अंकमाल गरिनुपर्छ र सच्चा बन्धुत्वको पुल बाँधिनुपर्छ । यहि आजको अपरिहार्यता हो । यहि आजको चुनौती हो । मानव समुदायको लागि मानवता र मानविय मूल्यको पहिचान नै मानवको सर्वश्रेष्ठता हो ।

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पाटन अस्पतालको गरिमामय यात्रामा आफ्नो जीवनको महत्वपूर्ण समय खर्चिनु भएका सम्पूर्ण श्रद्धेय अग्रजहरूप्रति हाम्रो नमन । यस संस्थाको बिकास एवम् उन्नतिका निम्ती अहोरात्र खटेर पुऱ्याउनुभएको योगदानको हामी उच्च मूल्याङ्कन गर्छौं साथै भावी पुस्ताले यहाँहरूको मार्गनिर्देशनमा अभि सशक्त पाइला चाल्न सक्नु भन्ने कामना गर्दै २५ वर्ष सेवा गरिसक्नु भएका यहाँहरू सम्पूर्णमा नै सर्म्प्रित -



१. नाम : भाईकाजी श्रेष्ठ

स्थायी ठेगाना: मिनभवन, नयाँ बानेश्वर

सेवा अवधि: ३२ वर्ष

आबद्ध बिभाग: दन्त बिभाग

अविस्मरणिय क्षण : १४ वर्षको उमेरदेखि शान्त भवनमा सेवा गर्दाको त्यो क्षण, धेरै संघर्ष गरियो । आफ्नै हातले बिरामी बोकेर बेडसम्म लगिन्थ्यो । शान्त भवनबाट बिरामी लिएर पाटन अस्पताल आएको हिजै जस्तो लाग्छ, कति छिटो ३२ वर्ष बितेछ थाहै भएन । पाटन अस्पतालको मलाई असाध्यै माया लाग्छ ।



२. नाम : गोकुल सुवेदी

स्थायी ठेगाना : इमाडोल, ललितपुर

सेवा अवधि : २७ वर्ष

आबद्ध बिभाग : सेम्युरिटी

अविस्मरणिय क्षण : एक पटक ड्युटीको समयमा एकजना व्यक्तिले

राउण्डको समयमा भित्र छिर्न नपाएको भोकमा तँलाई ठिक पाछै भन्दै फोटो समेत खिचेर लग्यो । हामीले तल्लो तहमा बसेर हरेक कुरा भोग्नुपर्ने हुन्छ । पाटन अस्पताल मेरा निम्ती सर्वप्रिय छ, हृदयदेखि नै सेवा गर्ने इच्छा भएकाले निःश्वार्थ काम गरिरहेको छु ।



३. नाम : राजकुमार थापा

स्थायी ठेगाना : लुभु, ललितपुर

सेवा अवधि : २९ वर्ष

आबद्ध बिभाग : फार्मसी

सन्देश : पाटन अस्पतालमा बिताएका हरेक क्षण अविस्मरणीय छन् । जब म irrational prescription लाई सच्याएर बिरामीहरूको स्वास्थ्य लाभमा योगदान पुऱ्याइरहेको हुन्छु, तब धेरै आनन्द महशुस गर्छु । हामीहरूले आफ्नै हातहरूले कुँदेर, सिकाएर परिपक्व पारेका बिद्यार्थीहरूले राम्रो सेवा गर्नुहोला ।



**४. नाम : जितेन्द्र सुवाल**

स्थायी ठेगाना: बोडेगाऊँ, ललितपुर

सेवा अवधि : २८ वर्ष

आबद्ध बिभाग : मेन्टेनेन्स

सन्देश: पाटन अस्पताल, मेरो जिवनको महत्वपूर्ण क्षण बिताएको मेरो घर हो। यो ठाउँ असहाय र अशक्त बिरामीको आशाको मन्दिर हो। सबैले सम्मान र उत्कृष्ट सेवा पाउनु। भविष्यमा यस संस्थाको अझ उन्नती र प्रगती होस्।

**५. नाम : चक्रसन कायस्थ**

स्थायी ठेगाना : चापागाउँ, ललितपुर

सेवा अवधि : २७ वर्ष

आबद्ध बिभाग : टि.भि. ल्याब

सन्देश : पाटन अस्पतालको पारिवारिक वातावरण र भातृत्व सदैव अबिस्मरणिय रहनेछ। बिद्यार्थीहरुलाई अत्यावश्यक सिप सिकाई, मेरो ज्ञान र अनुभवले भ्याएसम्म सिकाएको छु। भविष्यमा ७५ जिल्लामा गएर उत्कृष्ट सेवा गर्नुहोला।

**६. नाम : बैदेही बैद्य**

स्थायी ठेगाना : पाटन, ललितपुर

सेवा अवधि : ३३ वर्ष

आबद्ध बिभाग : नर्सिङ

सन्देश : स्वास्थ्य क्षेत्र अत्यन्तै संवेदनशिल क्षेत्र हो। यसमा निःश्वार्थ भावनाले सेवा गर्न आवश्यक छ। बिरामीहरु सँग अर्न्तकृया गर्ने, समय बिताउने र उहाँहरुको कुरा सुनिदिने मात्र गरेमा, आधा उपचार गरे सरह हुन्छ।

**७. नाम : सुभद्रा थापा**

स्थायी ठेगाना : धोबिघाट, ललितपुर

सेवा अवधि : ३७ वर्ष

आबद्ध बिभाग : स्किन विभाग

सन्देश : शान्त भवनको समय र कार्यहरु अबिस्मरणिय छन्। एक

अर्काको कति धेरै ख्याल राखिन्थ्यो। त्यस बेलाको वातावरण अत्यन्तै रोमाञ्चक थियो, आफ्नो घर परिवार नै भुलाउने।

**८. नाम : श्याम खड्का**

स्थायी ठेगाना : बागडोल, ललितपुर

सेवाअवधि : ३५ वर्ष

आबद्धबिभाग : हाउस किपिङ

सन्देश : पाटन अस्पतालको पारिवारिक वातावरण र भातृत्व सदैव अबिस्मरणिय रहनेछ। आफ्नो काम इमानदार भएर गरौं। आफूले काम बिराउँदा, अरुलाई भार पर्नुका साथै विश्वास समेत गुम्न सक्छ। यस अस्पतालको पारिवारिक वातावरणलाई अझ सवल एवम् मजबुत बनाउने जिम्मा भावी पिडिको हातमा छ।

**९. नाम : रघु केसी**

स्थायी ठेगाना : किर्तिपुर

सेवा अवधि : ३० वर्ष

आबद्ध बिभाग : किचेन

सन्देश : पाटन अस्पताल, मेरो जीवनको महत्वपूर्ण क्षण बिताएको कर्मथलो हो। पाटन अस्पतालको पारिवारिक वातावरण र भातृत्व सबैका निम्ति उर्जाप्रदायक रहेको छ। आफ्नो काम इमानदार भएर गरौं। यस अस्पतालको पारिवारिक वातावरण अझ सवल एवम् मजबुत बनोस्। भविष्यमा यस संस्थाको अझ उन्नती र प्रगतीको कामना गर्दछु।





PBL GROUP II- Impression that you make...

They say PBL group was
special because it was FIRST
Not for me
NOT FOR ME

We have a brother
We have a lover
We have a kicker
And a lot of smile

We have a stalker
We have a talker
We have a bunker
And others punctual in time

We have strength
We have weakness
We are crazy
But with a peace of mind

We have some stories
We have some experiences
We have a lot of energy
And a feeling of mine
We have few codes of eyes

- **Saurav Adhikari**
5th batch



We have few mates who are still shy
We have few silence shared
We have few happy tears

Learning issue was always low
Speak at a time was kind of come and go
When we need a topic to skip
It's me or Milan we can take a pick

From Balram's solution to Junu's wish
We had a lot of turns and twists
If you have a problem, give me a call
I'll be around E-resource or Lecture Hall

It was no pleasure just because PBL group was
FIRST....
Our group was awesome because it was made of
us!!!
Dedicated to all my friends of PBL group II
Everything won't be same without you.

Our Friendship

The mesmerizing beauty of your eyes,
Makes me fall in love with you more than twice,

The way your eyes makes me hypnotize,
My heart stops beating and I am about to die...

The art of yours presenting shyness,
Transfer my love for you into likeness,
Your presence abides my loneliness,
Many many thanks to you for company and
kindness...

The beginning of yours and mine chit-chat,
Is somehow the spiritual abstract,
Beside the people try us to distant apart,
Our true friendship resembles tic for tac...

The way the water produce ripple,
Same way is our togetherness just simple,
Hope to see our friendship as sample,
To which the people will present as example...



- **Rashmi Jha**
5th Batch

“... डाक्टर साब, डाक्टर साब ! लौन मेरो बाबुलाई बचाइदिनुस् ।” मेरी आमा ईमरजेन्सी कक्ष पुगेबित्तिकै हारगुहार गर्न लाग्नुभयो । मलाई हेर्दै रुन लाग्नुभयो । अब त मेरो मुखबाट फिँज समेत बग्न थालेछ । ईमरजेन्सीमा बसेका एक स्टाफलाई मेरो बुवाले सबै इतिहास बताउनु भयो । एकैछिनमा डाक्टरहरु आइपुगे । एकजना महिला डाक्टर थिइन्, सायद उनि अलि सिनियर होलिन् । अनि अर्को एकजना अलि भर्खरका, उनिचाँही सेतो कोटमा थिए । यि डाक्टरहरु पनि क्यै काम पाउन्नन् है, कसैलाई सजिलैसँग मर्न पनि दिन्नन् । यिनले गर्दा आफुले चाहेको बेलामा मर्न पनि पाइन्न यार । तिनहरूमध्ये कोही मेरो आँखा च्याति च्याति टर्च बालेर हेर्न लागे, कोही मुटु अनि छाती सुन् । एकजनाले मुखमा पाइप छिराउन लागे, अर्कोले हातमा सुई छिराउन लागे । म मा अलिकति हलचल गर्ने शक्ति बचेको मात्रै भए पनि त्यो गर्न दिन्नथेँ होला । खै के औषधी लगाइदिएछन् यस्तो, अधिसम्म देखिराको आँखा अब त तिरमिराउन पो लाग्यो ।

त्यतिबेरमै मेरो बुवाले उनिहरूले लेखिदिएको केही औषधी र सलाइनका बोतलहरू ल्याउन भ्याइसक्नुभयो । उता मेरी आमाको आँखाको आँशु भने थामिने नाम नै लिएको थिएन । त्यो सेतो कोट लगाएका डाक्टरले बेलाबेलामा मेरी आमालाई सम्झाउन समेत भ्याइराखेका थिए जसरी आफ्नै छोरा जले आफ्नी आमालाई नरुनु भनि सम्झाउँछन्, त्यसरी नै । उनीहरू जतिजति सुईबाट औषधी थप्दै जान्छन्, मेरो मुटुको गति नि त्यतित्यति बढ्दै जान्छ, मुख त्यतिनै सुक्दै जान्छ । मेरो आँखा अझै धमिलो हुँदै गयो । अब त अधिसम्म देखिराको त्यो सेतो कोट लगाएको डाक्टरको नेमट्यागमा भाको ठूलो अक्षरको PAHS समेत पढ्न नसकिने भयो ।

मेरो यो सब हालत ईमरजेन्सीमा भएका बाँकी २-३ जना विरामी र तिनका कुरुवाहरूले छक्क पर्दै, मख्ख पर्दै हेरिरहेका थिए मानौं कुनै रमिता चलिराछ, कुनै नाटक मञ्चन हुँदै छ, जहाँ एउटा पात्रले हुबहु मर्न लागेको जस्तै नाटक गर्दैछ, मानौं नक्कली डाक्टरहरु सक्कलीले जस्तै गरि उपचार गर्दै छन्, अनि त्यो पात्रका बाबुआमा कथाको गहिराइमा डुबेर रोइरहेका छन् मानौं आफ्नै छोरा मर्न लागे जसरी । खै तिनहरूलाई यस्तै क्यै लाग्दो हो, त्यही भएर ईमरजेन्सीको स्टाफले बाहिर पठाउँदा समेत भ्यालको कोप्चेरोबाट आँखा तन्काई तन्काई हेर्न व्यस्त थिए ।

यता भने डाक्टरहरु मेरै आँखाको पछि परेथे मानम कि यसले उनिहरूको केहि अमूल्य चिज लुकाको छ जसरी । पटकपटक टर्च बालेर खोज्दै थिए । अब त तिनै आँखाले पनि ठम्याउन छाडिसकेका थिए, बिस्तारै सबै कालो हुँदै आयो, पानी पर्न लाग्दाको आकाश जस्तो । सायद यहि नै अन्तिम अवस्था होला मेरो । तर कानले भने आफ्नो काम रोकिसकेको थिएन । त्यो महिला डाक्टरले भन्दै थिइन्— “हामी यहाँ गर्नेजति सबै गछौं, यस्तो विरामीलाई आई.सि.यु. पनि चाहिन सक्छ, त्यसैले एउटा एम्बुलेन्स रेडी पारेर राख्नुस् ।” त्यो सुन्नेबित्तिकै मेरो बुवा हतार-हतार एम्बुलेन्स बोलाउन जानुभयो ।

मेरो कानमा फेरी उसैको आवाज गुञ्जिन लाग्यो । मोहनी जो लाको थिई । उसको बोली सारंगीको धुनजस्तै थ्यो । उसलाई देखेमात्र नि खडेरीमा आउने मनसुन जस्तै थ्यो । उसको नशा मलाई तरकारीमा चाहिने नुनजस्तै थ्यो । उसँगको निर्भरताले मलाई यतिसम्म पुच्यायो, अनि सायद, सधैं भरिलाई कुरायो । त्यसपछिको अवस्था, सोर्स-फोर्स नचल्ने सरकारी कार्यलयमा गरेको भनसुन जस्तै थ्यो । खयर उसको आगमन भने खडेरीमा आको मनसुन जस्तै थ्यो ।

सुरुसुरुमा ऊ मेरै लागि । क्या दामी लागि । त्यसवेला उ मज्जैसँग लागि । खुब लागि । पुरानो रक्सीले भै लागि । सुईबाट लिएको नशाभै लागि । धामीभाँक्रीले पनि फुकाउन नसक्ने गरेर लागि । डाक्टरको एन्टिबायोटिकले पनि सुकाउन नसक्ने गरेर लागि । ब्याटको वीचमा लागेको बल जसरी लागि । मज्जैले लागि । त्यसपछि ऊ अर्कैसँग लागि । अर्कैको लागि । अनि नमज्जैले लागि । पहिले नशा जसरी लागि, अहिले दशा जसरी लागि । रो कनै नसक्ने अवस्थामा च्यापेभै गरेर लागि । काटेर फाल्नेपर्ने ठूलै रोग जसरी लागि । साँच्चै नै ऊ मलाई अचम्मको लागि । फेरी ऊ सबैका लागि । दुनियाँका लागि। त्यसपछि ऊ कता लागि लागि...।

मलाई काठमाडौं लग्ने तयारी हुन लाग्यो । अक्सिजनको पाइप लगाइयो, डाक्टरहरूले सुई बाट औषधी थप्दै गए, एउटा सलाईन पनि सँगै भुन्डाइयो । मलाई बचाउने सबै प्रयासहरू हुँदै छन्, जुन मैले पटककै चाहेको थिइन् । मेरो भने अब टाउको पनि घुमाउन लाग्यो । चारैतिर अन्धकार छाएजस्तो भयो, म कतै बाटो बिर्सेर हराइरहेको जस्तो लाग्यो, कुनै भुमरीमा फसेजस्तो भयो । सबै कुरा घुम्न लाग्यो । त्यत्तिकैमा एक्कासी आकाश उज्यालो भयो, एउटा चम्किलो दीप बलेजस्तै भयो । अनि त्यहीँबाट एउटा आकाशवाणी आयो— “हे बालक तिमिलाई अझै मर्न पुगेन ? कति मरिहत्ते गछौं मर्नकै लागि ।”

म भस्किएँ, एकछिन डराएँ पनि, अनि त्यो प्रकाशतिर हेर्ने हिम्मत जुटाएँ, त्यो कहिल्यै नदेखेको उज्यालो, चम्केको मानिसलाई सोधेँ— “को हो तपाईं

? मलाई यि सब किन सोधिराख्नुभाछ ?”

फेरी त्यहीँबाट आवाज आयो— “बालक, वास्तवमा मेरो कुनै नाम नै छैन, तर तिमीहरूले मलाई यति धेरै नामले सम्बोधन गर्छौं कि कुनकुन नाम भन्नुं म तिमीलाई । तिमीहरूको धर्म अनुसार मेरो नाम फरक छ, जात अनुसार फरक छ, ठाउँ अनुसार फरक छ, तिमीहरूले बोल्ने भाषा अनुसार फरक छ । जति छन् तिमीहरू मध्येकै नाममा छन् । तिमीलाई जुन नाम सजिलो लाग्छ, भन, म त्यहीनै हुँ । यती हो कि तिमीले देख्यौ भने म जताततै छु, देखेनौ भने कहीं छैन । म तिमीभित्रै पनि छु । बस् अहिलेलाई यति बुझ् म तिम्रै अर्को रूप हुँ, तिमीभित्रै धड्कने एउटा जीव हुँ ।”

“तिम्रो दोस्रो प्रश्नको जवाफ दिनुपूर्व, मलाई थाहा नभएको सायदै केही होला, तर पनि आजसम्म बुझ्न नसकेको एउटा कुरा— तिमी किशोर-किशोरिहरू मर्नको लागि किन यति आतुर हुन्छौ ? मानौं एक पटक मर्न नपाए फेरी सदाको लागि त्यो अवसरबाट वञ्चित भइएला जसरी । हेर बाबु, मृत्यु त सबैको जीवनमा दशैंजस्तै पर्खेर बसेको छ । तरपनि किन कसैकसैलाई यति हतारो हुन्छ कि, मानौं मृत्यु आमाले पकाएको मिठो परिकार हो, जुन कुनै पनि बेला पाहुना आइदिए आफ्नो भागमा नपर्न सक्छ ।”

“जिन्दगी मेरो आफ्नो हो । यसको सबै अधिकार म मा हुन्छ । जसरी चाहान्छु जीउँछु, जुनबेला चाहान्छु मर्छु । मेरो जिन्दगीको निर्णय लिने अधिकार मलाई छ, फेरी किन म आफूले चाहेको बेलामा मर्न नपाउँछु ?” मैले सोधें ।

उतावाट जवाफ आयो— “बालक, तिमी अबोध छौ, अज्ञान छौ । हो, जिन्दगी तिम्रो आफ्नै हो । तर कहिल्यै यो सोचेका छौ कि तिमीले उपभोग गरेको यो निर्णयले अरु कति जनाको अधिकार हनन हुँदैछ । कहिल्यै यो विचार गरेका छौ तिम्रो यो जिन्दगीसँग अरु कति जनाको जिन्दगी गाँसिएको छ । कहिल्यै सोचेका छौ तिमी मरेपछि तिम्रा बुवाआमाको हालत के होला । बुढेसकालमा सहारा बन्ला, पाल्ला भनेर आश गरेर बसेका तिनमा के बित्ला ? ६ महिना अधिमात्र देखेको केटीको लागि तिमी मर्नु भने नौ महिना कोखमा राखेर जन्माउनुभएको तिम्रो आमा के बाँच्न सक्नुहोला ? तिमी यसरी मर्नु भने, सानोमा तिमीलाई राखेर घुमाएको तिम्रो बुवाको बूढो हुँदै गरेको कमजोर काँधले के अब तिम्रो लाश थाप्नसक्ला ?”

“मानिसलाई आफ्नो जीवन कतिको प्यारो हुन्छ भनेर बुझ्न एकपटक त्यहि अस्पतालको शैयामा भएका अनेकन विरामीहरूलाई हेर त, त्यहाँ हरेकजसोको अनुहारमा जीवनप्रतिको कति धेरै मोह छ । क्यान्सरको अन्तिम स्टेजमा पुगिसकेको एउटा रोगी पनि डाक्टरको सल्लाह मान्दै हिजोसम्म खाएको चुरोट चटक्कै छाडिदिन्छ, कतै अलिकति केहि बढी दिन बाँचिन्छ कि भन्ने आशमा । एउटा नब्बे वर्ष पुगेको बुढो मानिस पनि अलिकति खोकी लाग्दा आफ्नो अधबैँशे छोरालाई भनेर कफ सिरफ मगाएर खान्छ । सबैलाई त जीवन प्यारो छ । सबैलाई मृत्यु पन्छाउनु छ । सबै जीवनसँग खुब प्रेम गर्छन् । अनि किन कहिलेकाही यसै हतारिएर, विरतििएर गलत निर्णय लिन पुग्छौ । आत्महत्या गर्न खोज्छौ । एउटा कुरा याद राख आत्महत्या गर्नु भनेको जीवन समाप्त गर्नु होइन । आफ्नो नजिकै आउँदै गरेको एक सुन्दर अनि मिठो जिन्दगी मिस गर्नु हो ।”

त्यो अपरिचित आकाशवाणीको कुराहरु सत्य पो हो कि जस्तो लाग्न लाग्यो मलाई, अनि कतै मैले गल्ती पो गरिन भन्ने भान हुन थाल्यो । मलाई जान्ने ईच्छा जाग्यो अनि सोधें— “आखिर लाइफ के हो त ?”

उनले मुस्कुराउँदै भने— “लाइफ हिजोको आजै पनि होइन, लाइफ छु:मन्तर गर्दा हुने जादुभैँ पनि होइन । लाइफ मोजमात्रै पनि होइन, ससुरालीले खुवाएकोजस्तो भोज मात्रै पनि होइन । लाइफ लेखकको कलम मात्रै पनि होइन, डाक्टरको मलम मात्रै पनि होइन । लासाको सुन मात्रै पनि होइन, दक्षिणतिरको नुनमात्रै पनि होइन । डाँडापारी अस्ताउन लाको घाम मात्रै पनि होइन वा मम्मीको हातले ब्रेडमा लगाएर दिनुभाको जाम मात्रै पनि होइन । लाइफ यति पनि होइन, लाइफ त्यति पनि होइन, यसरी पनि होइन, त्यसरी पनि होइन । तिमीले सोचिरहेजस्तै पनि होइन, मैले भनिरहेजस्तो पनि होइन । यसको मतलब अपवाद हुँदै हुन्नन् भन्न मिल्दैन तर हरेक अपवादहरु फेरी आफैँमा एउटा लाइफ हुन् तर हरेक लाइफहरु भने अपवाद अवश्य नै होइनन् ।”

“त्यसो भए लाइफ काँडा हो कि फूल त ?”— मलाई कौतुहल भयो ।

उतावाट जवाफ आयो कि मानौं प्रश्न पहिले नै थाहा थियो— “सायद लाइफ आफैँमा काँडा पनि हो, फूल पनि हो । सायद लाइफ जानिजानि गर्न मन लाग्ने मिठो भुल पनि हो । लाइफ जे हो त्यै हो, जस्तो हो त्यस्तै हो । लाइफ मै हो, लाइफ तिमी नै हो । यो लाइफ, जिन्दगी वा यस्तै यस्तै जुनसकै नाम देऊ यसलाई, यसमा कुनै कुरा पनि यत्तिकै हुँदैन, त्यसले केहि न केहि माइने राख्छ, त्यसको केहि न केहि रिजन अवश्य हुन्छ । सम्झ, जे हुन्छ राम्रैको लागि हुन्छ, पहिला जे भयो सायद राम्रैको लागि भयो ।”

उनि भन्दै गए, म एकटकले सुन्दै गएँ ।

“अहिलेलाई यहि बुझ्— जिन्दगी बग्छ । बग्नु यसको धर्म पनि हो । यो जसरी पनि बग्छ । खोंचहरुमा छिदै बग्छ, चट्टानहरुलाई चिदै बग्छ । बस् तिमी ताल नबन, छाल बन । अवयवहरुलाई रुक्न नदेऊ, तरंगहरुलाई भुक्न नदेऊ । तिमी त वीर हौ, विजय हौ । तिमी कमजोर कसरी हुन सक्छौ

? तिम्रो त मृत्युको पनि ठूलो मुल्य हुन्छ, यसलाई अवमुल्यन नबनाऊ । मानौं कि साँच्चै नै तिमी अज्ञान हो, अन्जान हो, तर त्यसले के फरक तिमी हामीभित्र धड्किने जान हो, स्वाभिमान हो । ईखलाई बिख नबनाऊ, ईश्वर बनाऊ । किनभने तिमी नै मानिस हो, अनि तिमी नै भगवान हो । अनि कसरी यति सस्तो हुनसक्छ तिम्रो मृत्यु, आकाश नगर्जी कसरी यति शान्त हुनसक्छ तिम्रो मृत्यु । कोशिसको आशिष लेऊ, अनि आश राख, साहस राख, बाँकी कुरा बग्ने त्यै जिन्दगीको जिम्मामा छाडिदेऊ, अनि हेर्दै जाऊ । तिमी त असली कोहिनुर हो, तिमीलाई नक्कली सुनको के डर, भन्दैऊ सुर्यको प्रकाश चोरेर रातमा चम्किने त्यो जूनलाई, औंशी आउँदैछ अलि होस गर ।”

“तिमी त भर्खरै पग्लेका मात्र छौ, समुन्द्र आउन धेरै बाँकी छ । त्यसैले तिमी ताल नबन, छाल बन । चट्टानसँग भुक्न नदेऊ, यति चाँडै सुक्न नदेऊ । केहि बिग्रिदैमा, आफूले सोचेजस्तो नहुदैमा, फेल हुदैमा, हादैमा वा अरु यस्तै-यस्तैमा पूरा जिन्दगी नै खत्तम भो, बर्वाद भो, लौ सकियो भन्ने केहि हैन । जिन्दगी अझै बाँकी छ मेरो दोस्त, किन आफ्नै खुट्टामा बच्चरो हान्छौं, नबिगार आफ्नो मति, बजारमा ब्राण्डको कुनै कमी छैन, खुट्टा भए जुत्ता कति कति । त्यसैले बस् बग्दै जाऊ, बाँच्यै जाऊ अनि नाँच्यै जाऊ, अगाडी के के पो राख्या छ ।”

त्यसपछि त्यो आकाशवाणी एक्कासी हरायो, त्यो उज्यालो प्रकाश हरायो । फेरी बिस्तारै आकाश कालो हुँदै आयो, अनि मलाई गाह्रो हुँदै आयो । तै पनि मुटु भने हार मान्ने अवस्थामा थिएन, सकिनसकि अझै दौडदै थियो । बाहिरको कुरा त्यति चाल पाउन छाडिसकेको मेरो मस्तिष्कलाई अब यति मात्र ज्ञात थियो कि मलाई जतिसक्दो चाँडो काठमाडौं पुग्नु छ, भोलीको नयाँ बिहानी हेर्नु छ । र मलाई यो पनि थाहा छ कि म बाँच्छु, किनकी म मा विश्वास छ । कसैले ठिकै भन्थ्यो— सास हुन्जेल आश नमानु, म अब त्यसै गर्छु । मलाई यति धेरै माया गर्नेहरूको प्रार्थना छ, माया छ, डाक्टर छन्, औषधी छ अनि कसरी ऊ एकजनाको विषले मार्न सक्छ, मलाई ? मायाहरूको भेक्टर नै निकाल्यो भने पनि मलाई बचाउने भेक्टर नै हावी हुन्छ, अनि फेरी कसरी गलत हुन सक्छ, यो म्याथ, यतिका धेरै माया गर्नेहरूलाई छाडेर कसरी जान सक्छु म । भगवान पनि त्यतिसम्म बुद्ध त छैनन् होला नि !

म अघाउन्जेल मरें । मलाई मर्नु पुगिसक्यो, मलाई अब बाँच्ने भोक लाग्यो । अब मेरो बुवाको बुढेसकालको लाठी भाँचिनु नपरोस्, मेरी आमाको चार धाम घुम्ने सपना मासिनु नपरोस् । मेरी बहिनीले तिहारमा उन्ने सयपत्रीको माला ओइलाउनु नपरोस्, मेरा अग्रजहरूले दर्शौंमा दिएको लामो आयुको आशिष खेर जानु नपरोस् । मेरा साथीहरूसँग खेलिने होलीको रंग फिका हुनु नपरोस्, क्लासको त्यो छेऊको मेरो सिट खाली हुनु नपरोस्, मेरो कुकुर लाई बाँधिनुमात्र नपरोस् । त्यो पानी-पधेंरो, त्यो भलिबलको कोर्ट, त्यो पिपलको बोट, ति सबै सबै शुन्य हुनु नपरोस् । अनि नपरोस् नेपाल आमाको उन्नतिको नक्सा कोर्न चाहने योजनाकार हार्न, नपरोस् उ यसै लाचार भएर मर्न । कोही किन यसै मरोस् ।

त्यसैले म फेरी जीउन चाहन्छु, एकवारको यो जिन्दगीको रस पिउन चाहन्छु, त्यही च्यात्तिएको जिन्दगी सिउन चाहन्छु । म रमन चाहन्छु, यही जिन्दगीसँग जम्न चाहन्छु । फेरी मज्जासँग सास फेर्न चाहन्छु, आँखाले सबथोक हेर्न चाहन्छु । म फेरी उदाउन चाहन्छु, जमेका यि हात खुट्टा कुदाउन चाहन्छु । अनि उड्न चाहन्छु, खुला पंख फिँजाई आकाशमा उडेको चरी भै रमाउन चाहन्छु म, मेरा आफ्नाहरूको मायामा ।

म ति सब पुराना कुराहरूलाई कट्टि दिन चाहन्छु, अनि आफैँले आफ्नो दागबती दिन चाहन्छु । फेरी नयाँ जुनी बाँचन चाहन्छु, अनि चाहन्छु त्यो से तो कोट लाउने डाक्टरले जस्तै अरुलाई पनि बचाउन । निको भएर चाँडै घर फर्कनेछु, अनि तिनलाई एक पटक फेरी भेट्नेछु, आफू बाँचेर आएको प्रमाण पेश गर्छु अनि सुनाउँनेछु आफ्नो सबै वृतान्त, सारा इतिहास ।

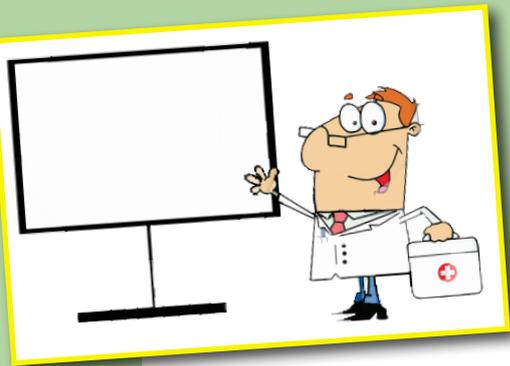
“आखिर फरक के त ?” –यदि कसैले सोधिहाले भने । “अगाडीको एकै अक्षरको त फरक हो, पिछ्छाडीको ‘शालु’ त उस्तै हो । सबैले आफ्नी प्रेमिका ‘नशालु’ छ भन्छन्, म ‘विषालु’ भन्दिम्ला ।” एम्बुलेन्स फिलिलि थियो । बिस्तारै आँखाले पर्दा लगायो, अनि अरु अंगहरू पनि आराम खोजे, रोकिन खो ज्दै थिए तर कानको खोपिल्टाले भने वरिपरीको आवाज भर्ने साहस जुटाउन खोज्यो । एम्बुलेन्सको स्पिकर भन्दै थियो— “कैले ढिकी जस्तो भो, कैले जाँतो जस्तो भो, जोवन ठाउँको ठाउँमै फिलिलि, फिलिलि बरै... होओओ रेशम फिरिरी... रेशम फिलिली... !!”

- The End -

मैले यस्तै एउटा कहानी देखें, सुनें, महशुस गरें । अरु सँगसँगै बाँच्छन्, मर्छन्, अनि सकिन्छ । ऊ बाँच्यो, मच्यो, फेरी बाँच्यो, र पनि सकिएन । को ही कसैका निम्ति अकालमै कसरी मर्न सक्छ ? कोही कसैसँग यतिविधि माया कसरी गर्न सक्छ ? मैले मान्छे जन्मेको पनि देखें । जन्मेपछि मरेको पनि । तर मरेपछि जन्मेको चाँही पहिलो चोटी देख्दै थिएँ । खयर, कोही किन मरोस् ॥

[Script written by: Milan Malla]

CLINICAL SCIENCE TEACHER POLL 2015



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Transitional Bravery

What's been interesting about third year so far is how similar and dissimilar it's been to initial two year. At first, one wonders why any distinction is needed between the first and second and third year. Technically, we are doing some of the similar lectures and studying similar bulky books. But I think the real difference between the two is in the responsibility you acquire.



As a third year and further, you are expected to learn almost all the duties of a doctor and the disease entities to be able to advocate for your patients. You have to know their histories, lab data, and imaging; think of treatment plans; place their orders; talk to their families; and work with nurses and other specialties to execute these plans in order to hopefully restore them back to health before their discharge.

At times, this can seem overwhelming, especially when you are working with cases of multiple sick patients with multiple problems. You have to juggle doing as much as you can with knowing when to ask for help and admitting when you may be in over your head. This is not always easy, since as medical students, we do not admit to difficulties or weakness easily. We want to prove our worth and show that we are always capable, ready, and willing. At least, this is how I have felt throughout my time in medical school. I have always had trouble knowing how and when to express when I struggle and often felt that I was the only one experiencing difficulty. In these instances, my solution has typically been to put on a strong face, push forward, and to "fake it until I made it" (so to speak).

But on my transition to clinical year, I watched a classmate struggling to integrate with her new team and her study load be brought to tears by how overwhelmed she felt. She is an excellent medical student who is highly motivated, and I know she will make an amazing doctor. However, in this moment, I realized that no matter how good we are, we all struggle sometimes, whether silently or openly.

All of us put on our brave faces each time we step out onto the wards or into our classrooms or wards. We want to be to be the best doctor;

we want to heal people and to be the best of who we can be. But talking with my classmate about what she was experiencing, it occurred to me that she was braver than she perhaps realized in her moment of struggle.

I think it takes a great deal of courage to be open and honest about what you are really feeling to a colleague, especially in a highly competitive field like medicine. And indirectly, her honesty about what she was feeling normalized some of the stress that I had been feeling. It helped me to realize that my struggle is not unique; that we are all in this together and that we have to support each other through these sometimes difficult moments during training in order to get through it.

Globally, there have been incidences of suicidal attempts by students and medical students aren't resistant to it. There are several cases of medical students committing suicide at some time of their study period. But what led them to this point of no return? Did they suffer silently through depression, anxiety, or simply through the everyday challenges that come with becoming a physician? Did they feel isolated in their professional setting and unable to express whatever was causing them distress? The answers to these questions, we may never know.

But I would encourage us all to display the kind of courage that my classmate displayed; to be brave enough to say when we are struggling every once in a while. Hopefully, in time, this could help reduce some of the intense pressure we feel as medical students and eventually create an environment where people feel comfortable admitting when they are having a hard time and asking for help.

A DAY WELL SPENT

- Nahakul Shahi, 2nd Batch

"Two roads diverged in the woods and I took the road less travelled...
And it hurt, MAN !!!"

The day the exam ended, we were all washed over by a wave of relief. Now, one could be legitimately laid back. Promises of studying diligently after the exam to make up for what could not be covered before are easily forgotten. For time before the ordeal is plentiful. Yes, you have all the time in the world - to argue about a football match, crack jokes with your mates - probably anything under the sun except for actually studying. However, as soon as the exams are over you have nothing better to do. It's almost as if time has frozen and you wonder whether that ship of knowledge managed to stay afloat or sink in the perilous waters of Clinical sciences. Again, time is plentiful. Yet there is rarely anything good enough to kill it. Believe me, this holds true especially if you are a hosteller.

On one such lazy evening, when I am staring aimlessly into my laptop Tashi says, "The boys have decided to go on a day trek tomorrow." I just nodded in agreement not bothering with the details. Besides, they didn't seem as necessary as what we all needed - a short escape. Then again, I couldn't get my hopes up too high; our plans hadn't exactly materialized in the past.

The next morning I wake up. Amin's knocking on my door and his enthusiasm is audible. The boy was all set and ready to lead the way. This is when I realize the trip was going to be a hike. I think about the weather. The bright sunny morning in Shrawan wasn't going to fool me. The day wasn't going to end with a slight drizzle in the afternoon. By the time the rest of the guys, Deep, Napoleon and Tashi join us it's already 8 am. Madan is at

crossroads regarding the trip but then he joins us for our light breakfast. The six of us catch the bus from Lagankhel to Godawari with our back packs.

Everyone is acting goofy, resulting from a rush



of adrenaline. Even the sights of fallen houses from the dreadful earthquake fail to dishearten us. On reaching Godavari we buy some food and extra water. It is already 10:30 am. We head out in to the jungle not knowing where we might end up. The sun is now scorching, and as the journey progressed almost willing to burn us alive.

A teenage boy heads towards us. After exchanging a few words, we are surprised to learn he was on his own trying to enjoy his summer vacation. We ask him to join us. He proves to be good company. For the seven of us, the first couple of hours pass like minutes and the ball of fire seems less overbearing. The sound of the birds chirping, the scenic beauty and tranquillity that surrounds is clearly worth the walk. Only we don't know how long we've been walking until our mortal bodies betray us. We finish the food and water that we have, but isn't long before we grow hungrier and our backpacks heavier. The road seems endless. We ask the hikers we see returning for directions. But even their answers regarding the length of the

trail were far from consistent. We drag our feet along the trail. Our tired silence is punctuated by complaints and swearing. However, we continue to push ourselves forward in the hope of finding a nice hotel and a nice meal. A friendly oasis in the desert. The countless turns remind me of the Mazerunner and the leeches show us no mercy. My legs feel like lead and soon each new step becomes a struggle.

We discover a stony stairway on the hill the top of which seems to end in the clouds. When I am walking up the ladder the weight on my legs drags me down. After we reach the top of the ladder, I am exhausted. Pushing one leg in front of the other, we reach the top of the trail leading to an Army barrack, with no other accommodation in sight. The only food available is a cup of tea and a bowl of noodles. Seven ravenous souls quickly devour their only blessing before them. The food is, to us, no less than scrumptious. We return to our normal selves and we happily acknowledge the fact that we finally did make it to the top of Phulchoki hill. Slowly our souls come back to

life, but then our legs just won't cooperate. It is already 3:30 pm. apparently; we had walked for 5 hours straight. Adventurer or not, I did not entertain the idea of being stuck in the middle of a dense forest past dark. We hadn't brought flashlights either.

I stretch my legs while thanking the army personnel who have been guarding Phulchoki NTV Broadcasting Center. But, it is not yet time to go. My eyes take in breath-taking view of Kathmandu valley. However, with the recent quake, quite a few otherwise prominent structures are nowhere to be found. While everyone is busy clicking pictures, the overcrowded suburban Nepalese habitat I see below is almost a sketch of failed development. Was, as the legend says, Kathmandu valley truly a lake so deep that the Great Manjushree had to cut off a mountain to create an outlet? It did seem plausible though for the hill we were standing upon marked a boundary between Lalitpur and Kavre districts. The sun had long since descended and the once clear sky was now covered with dark clouds foreboding a heavy



downpour on our way back.

Sometime later, it occurs to us that the weather has become foggy and chilly. At around 4:15 pm we decide to begin the way back down. Though we are tired, this time our battle is not against gravity. The prospects of getting back home before dark no longer seem too bleak. An elderly man we previously met uphill over an hour ago is still struggling to find his way. He claims to be finding his way home, but having seen no houses on the way, we give him a bottle of water and a packet of noodles and show him the way to the Army barrack not far above where he could ask for help. With a heavy heart, we descend. His way ahead to the Army barrack is nowhere as

long as ours was to be. A shower of perennial rain catches us half way back. The muddy path saw each of us slip to the amusement of others. Our next mission is to catch the last bus. Completely drenched, we looked as if we had emerged from a swimming pool with our clothes on. Owing to the rain, we ended up reaching the bus faster.

The next morning, every muscle of mine aches. However, my spirit is rejuvenated. I guess one must not let their body decay from disease or their mind rot from repetition. I know most people my age have a taste for extreme adventure, but for now, this is enough to keep me content. For a long time...

मेरो कोठामा आगो लाग्यो



सुमन सिंह कार्की
दोस्रो ब्याच

पतपती धुवाँ उड्यो, गर्भमा लुकाई मुस्लो आगोको
दन्दनाई गर्जियो चेतावनी, दुरी छुट्याई धागोको ॥
जब भयो राख सबै, मगजले बल्ल पायो भेउ
पचायो कसरी निष्ठुरी रँकोले, अवशेष नि पर्न दिएन छेउ ॥

परिचय नै गुमाएँ, अस्तीत्व बल्यो कोइलामा
उत्तर नदिए पनि खरानीले, निरर्थक खट्टाएँ दैलामा ॥
तब बल्ल चाल पाएँ, चोरले सखाप पारेर भाग्यो
धुवाँलाई समाएर के गरुँ साथी, मेरो कोठामा आगो लाग्यो ॥

छानबिन गर्न थालें, बन्द कोठामा कसरी पस्यो त्यो पापी आगो चोर
खोतलें, निफनें, केलाएर छानें, चलाएँ खुबै जोर ॥
त्यो आगो,
बलमा भिमसेन, भिष्मभै अमर, गुरु शुक्र भै चण्डाल
रच्यो यस्तो लिला, चक्रव्यूमा बनायो कुबेरलाई कंगाल ॥

मनको आगो चुरोटमा सल्कियो चिन्ताको साहारा
बाँक के थियो र दन्दनाउन, पूर्याए दैबले सिंहको आहारा ॥
मेरो कोठाको सज्जा बन्यो अघोरीलाई काँचो मासु
त्यही धुवाँको साहारा सफरमा बाफियो आँखाको आंसु ॥

बाँकी छोड्यो यो मूर्त शरिर, पून फिर्छु लिन भनि
त्यो राप, त्यो ताप, पार्न मलाई सखाप, बसैं दिन गनि ॥
पूरूरोमा ठोकियो हात, तर मनले खायो ठक्कर
आफ्नै कर्मको फल हो साथी भन्दीन म कस्तो पाएछु खप्पर।
कस्तो पाएछु खप्पर....॥॥

In the End



Finally, the first issue of PAHS magazine has been released. I am immensely pleased to present you 'The Symphony'.

Well we all are bound by changes in our life and the dynamics of change reciprocate from the first day of the enrolment in PAHS until becoming a good medical professional. These alterations bring new experiences and opportunity which will remain as challenge and memories in days ahead.

The main purpose of making this magazine was to communicate and share the experiences, ideas and creativity of PAHS family among ourselves and to the world. This magazine is something special where we have tried to incorporate the memories we endured and tried to make them lively again in the form of 'The Symphony'.

This became possible only because of the great contribution from the editorial team. Despite of a very hectic academic schedule, the team has managed to present you the magazine. From the time of selecting the title 'The Symphony', defining the contents, editing the bunch of article, placing right thing in right place, designing with innovations and giving it a precise shape was tough adventurous. But again I believe that the editorial team has done a full justice by contributing so much from their side to make this magazine a success. So my foremost gratitude is towards the editorial team. It really has been a great adventure within the journey from the period of planning to publishing the magazine, even though it took a bit longer.

I am very much thankful to our college, national and international associates who always encourages us to take part in creative activities along with studies. Likewise I would like to extend my gratitude to our teachers, who have always been inspirational and supportive and grooming us to become responsible towards the mission of PAHS. Moreover I would like to thank, the entire PAHS family in making this possible.

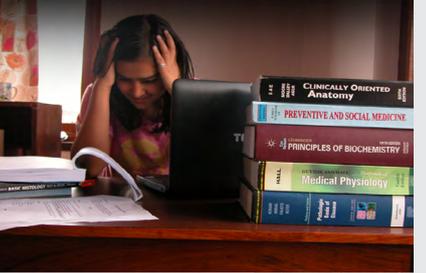
Lastly, 'The Symphony' is pride of the PAHS family and I hope it will be more bigger better in future issues.....

Hope you enjoyed it.....

Tai Anjuk Lama (Tashi)

Vice President

PAHS- Student Society

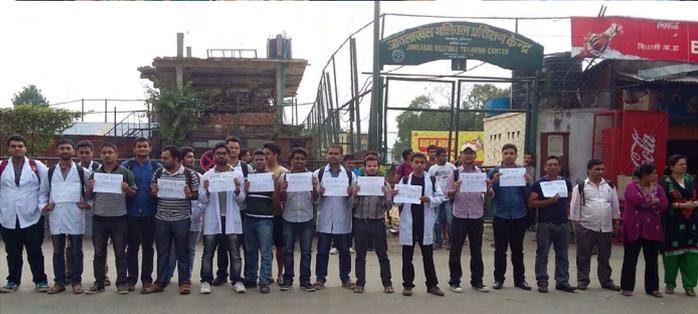
















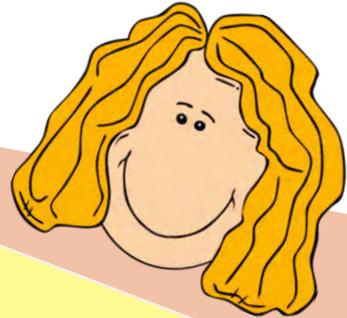


CLASS POLL 2015

1ST PLACE



Best Julfein



Yogesh KC '10
Avishkar Thapa '11
Jagat Bahadur Thapa '12
Ananda Adhikari '13
Binil Singh Khadavat '14

Ashma KC '10
Shila Neupane '11
Neelam Khatri '12
Kriti Neupane '13
Pushpa Shrestha '14

Sleepy Head



Neeti Prasai '10
Jasmin Joshi '11
Astha Thapa '12
Seluja Hingmang '13
Monima Maharjan '14



Sudhan Devkota '10
Suman Singh Karki '11
Ajit Shah '12
Sanjaya Rana Magar '13
Nishant Joshi '14

CLASS POLL 2015



The Tourist

Nishma Karki '10
Prabina Basnet '11
Anusha Basnet '12
Sadhana Shah '13
Saubhagyi Singh '14

Bikalpa Bartaula '10
Rahul Sawawagi '11
Ajit Shah '12
Samip Tripathee '13
Shaswat Singh Kunwar '14

colgate smile

Manoj Ghimire '10
Nepoleon Kumar Das '11
Saroj Yadav '12
Shikhar Karna '13
Milan Kumar Joshi '14

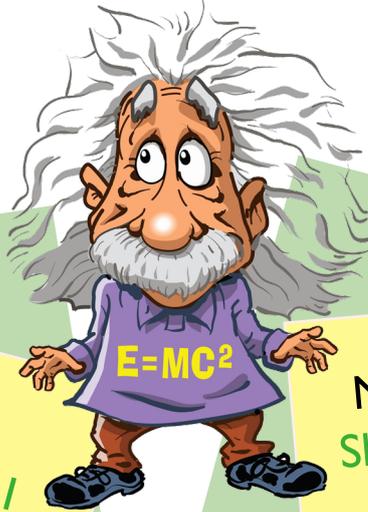
Nihaar Shrestha '10
Daya Pant '11
Nisha Gurung '12
Soniya Shrestha '13
Kriti Shrestha '14



CLASS POLL 2015

1ST PLACE

2nd
Einstein



Milan Malla '10
Gajendra Bham '11
Basanta Joshi '12
Vikram Singh '13
Anish Dhakal '14

Namita Shakya '10
Shivane Kumari '11
Astha Thapa '12
Pooja Pandey '13
Priyanka Chaudhari '14

SWOR
Samrat



Likhita Shakya '10
Daya Pant '11
Anusha Basnet '12
Jenny Karmacharya '13
Garima Neupane '14

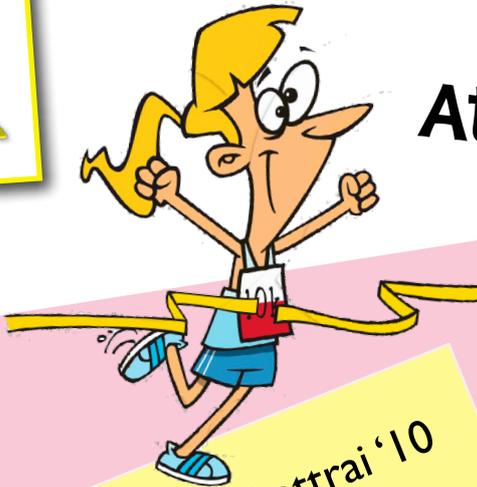


Sudeep Shrestha '10
Ram Sharan Nepali '11
Bibek Dangol '12
Mohit Shahi '13
Rakesh Pariyar '14

CLASS POLL 2015



The Athlete



Prakriti Bhattraï '10
Jasmin Joshi '11
Nisha Gurung '12
Rashmi Karki '13
Rajani Kumari Singh '14



Rishav Sharma '10
Prabhat K.C. '11
Prem Prasad Dhungana '12
Ilam Bikram Shahi '13
Ranjan Prajapati '14



Bibek Paudel '10
Sajan Acharya '11
Ritesh Raj Pandey '12
Abik Budhamagar '13
Som Raj Awasthi '14

Neeti Prasai '10
Anima Parajuli '11
Shweta Shrestha '12
Sistu K.C. '13
Ramita Nath Yogi '14

Question Bank

CLASS POLL 2015

1ST PLACE



Mr Bean

Pravakar Parajuli '10
Nepoleon Kumar Das '11
Roshan '12
Sushil Malla '13
Rakesh Pariyar '14

Nihaar Shrestha '10
Meena Chaulagain '11
Preety Jha '12
Kriti Neupane '13
Monika Gurung '14



Most Stylish



Karun Shrestha '10
Calvin Ghimire '11
Bibek Dangol '12
Sunil Dahi '13
Binil Singh Khadayat '14

Prakriti Bhattarai '10
Purnima Shrestha '11
Seema Nepal '12
Kiran Shahi '13
Deepti Shahi '14

CLASS POLL 2015

1ST PLACE

Most Eligible Bachelor & Bachelorette



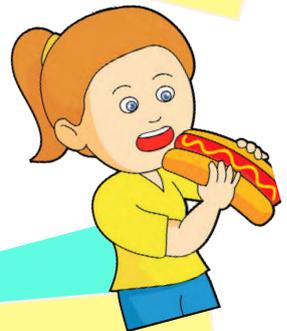
Nishma Karki '10
Shikha Pandey '11
Kritika Mishra '12
Sinda Karkee '13
Alisha Shrestha '14

Pravakar Parajuli '10
Ujjwal Paudel '11
Basanta Joshi '12
Dipesh Pandit '13
Durga Rokaya '14

Canteen Hunter



Sandesh Karki '10
Nahakul Shahi '11
Aditya Hirdya '12
Sushil Malla '13
Nripesh Raj Giri '14



Nihaar Shrestha '10
Monisma Malla '11
Anjali Chaurasiya '12
Sinda Karkee '13
Sabita Kandel '14

CLASS POLL 2015

1ST PLACE

Rapid Walk



Bhupendra Malla '10
Dharmananda Joshi '11
Prakash Dhungel '12
Prashant Yadav '13
Shaswat Singh Kunwar '14



Elina Shrestha '10
Carmina Shrestha '11
Ashmita Karki '12
Sistu K.C. '13
Jyoti Shah '14

Selfie King Selfie Queen

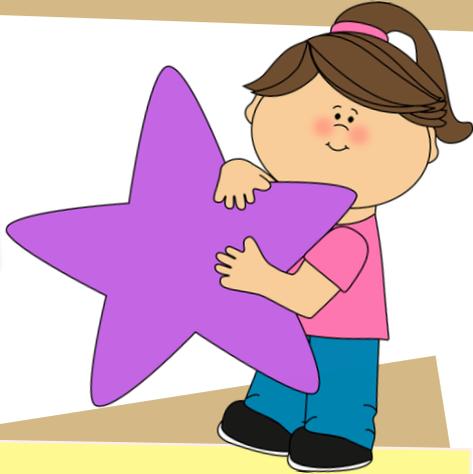
Anil K.C. '10
Laxman Thapa '11
Aditya Hirdya '12
Aadhar Oli '13
Nishant Joshi '14



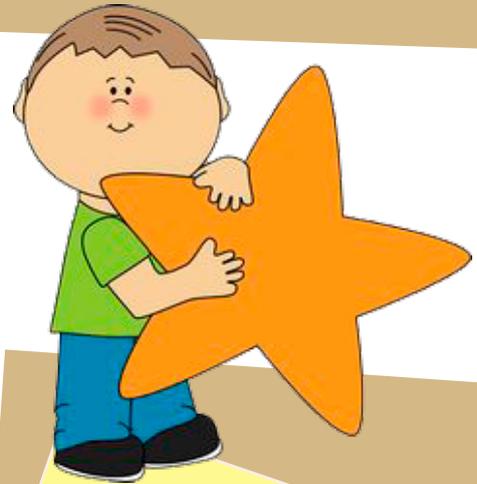
Ashma K.C. '10
Purnima Shrestha '11
Seema Nepal '12
Kalpashree Khatri '13
Kriti Shrestha '14

CLASS POLL 2015

1ST PLACE



PBL
Tara



Neeti Prasai '10
Shivane Kumari '11
Shweta Shrestha '12
Pooja Pandey '13
Ramita Nath Yogi '14

Bibek Paudel '10
Ujjwal Poudel '11
Ritesh Raj Pandey '12
Vikram Singh '13
Som Raj Awasthi '14

The Loudspeaker



Sandesh Karki '10
Sajan Acharya '11
Ritesh Raj Pandey '12
Aadhar Oli '13
Rakesh Pariyar '14

Richa Baniya '10
Jasmin Joshi '11
Preety Jha '12
Kriti Neupane '13
Pragya Kumari '14

CLASS POLL 2015

1ST PLACE

Bhupendra Malla '10
Rahul Sarawagi '11
Ajit Kumar Shah '12
Abik Budhamagar '13
Nripesh Raj Giri '14



**Birami
Doctor**

Nihaar Shrestha '10
Aakriti Shrestha '11
Rashmi Yadav '12
Rashmi Karki '13
Rashmi Dahal '14

**Head
Turner**

Sulab Basnet '10
Sajan Acharya '11
Akhanda Upadhaya '12
Abhishek Raj Gurung '13
Niraj Kumar Yadav '14



Prakriti Subedi '10
Shila Neupane '11
Anusha Basnet '12
Sadhana Shah '13
Rhea Bohara '14



CLASS POLL 2015

1ST PLACE



Gadget Freak



Ashma K.C. '10
Carmina Shrestha '11
Ashmita Karki '12
Kiran Shahi '13
Kriti Shrestha '14

Kailash Chhetri '10
Sajan Acharya '11
Manish Shrestha '12
Saurav Karki '13
Niraj Kumar Yadav '14

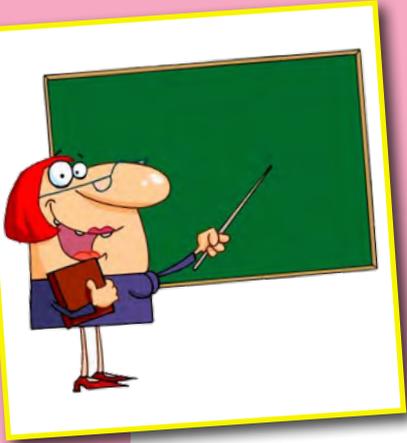
The Mysterious

Samriddha Thapa '10
Deep Basnet '11
Pranjal Rokaya '12
Prakash Thakulla '13
Bibek Adhikari '14



Nishma Karki '10
Aakriti Shrestha '11
Preety Jha '12
Sabina Dahal '13
Dakshata Yadav '14

BASIC SCIENCE TEACHER POLL 2015



**Best
Personality**

Jessica Ma'am '12
Javendra Sir '13
Katrina Ma'am '14



**Favorite
Teacher**

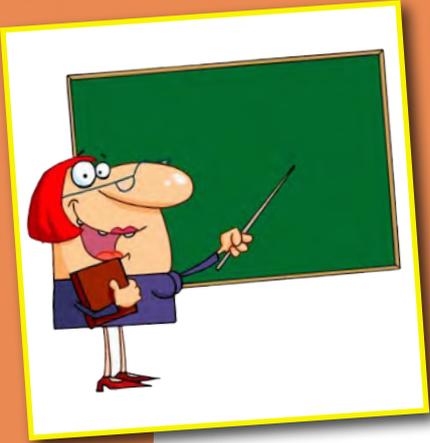
Ranjan Sir '12
Jessica Ma'am '13
Madhusudan Sir '14



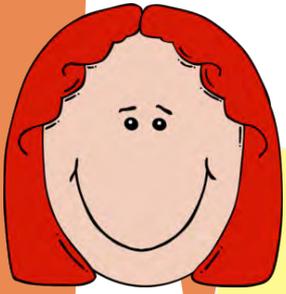
**Most
Dedicated**

Ranjan Sir '12
Jessica Ma'am '13
Sudarshan Sir '14

Basic Science Teacher POLL 2015



Best
Smile



Ira Ma'am '12
Milli Ma'am '13
Suresh Sir '14



Madhusudan Sir '12
Ranjan Sir '13
Ranjan Sir '14

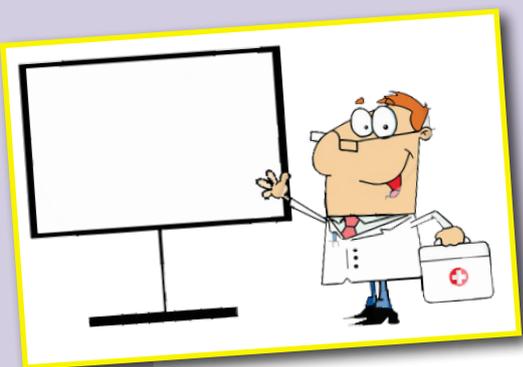
Most
Student
Friendly



Jayendra Sir, Tankeshwor Sir '12
Sudarshan Sir '13
Katrina Ma'am '14

Most
Enlightening

CLINICAL SCIENCE TEACHER POLL 2015



**Never
Tired of Teaching**

Ganesh Sir, Noora Ma'am '10
Ganesh Sir '11



**Always
on Time**

Buddhi Sir '10
Buddhi Sir '11

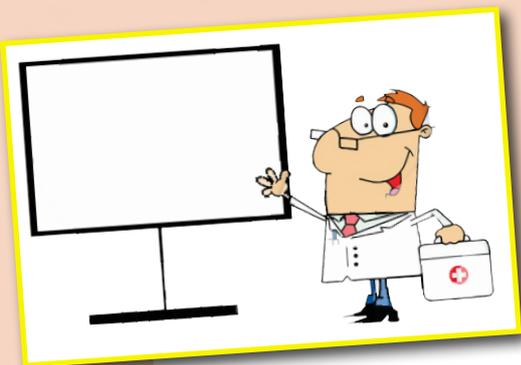


**Coollest
Department**

Orthopedics '10
Orthopedics '11

Clinical Science Teacher

POLL 2015



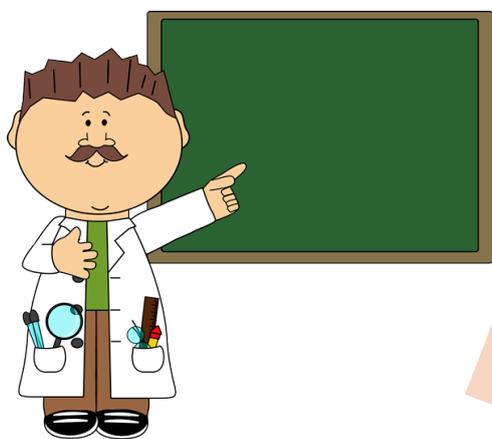
**Most
Popular Teacher**

**Best
Personality**

Asish Sir '10
Bidur Sir, Ravi Sir '11



Arjun Sir '10
Roshan Sir, Pukar Sir '11



**Student
Friendly**

Prerana Ma'am, Prafulla Sir '10
Prafulla Sir, Manish Sir '11

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PAHS-SOM FIRST BATCH



From left to right:

Top row: Pravakar, Sudeep C., Kailash, Sailesh, Tilak, Satya, Bikalpa, Sudeep S., Sudhan, Bhupendra, Yogesh, Ramhari, Manoj, Binod, Dhiraj, Raju, Anil, Anjit, Prabir, Achyut

Middle row: Himang, Sagun, Bibek, Brajesh, Sulab, Rishav S., Rishav G., Saroj, Bijay, Karun, Rajesh, Milan, Abhishek, Sandesh, Kishor, Sarinjay, Arund, Dilip, Samiddha

Bottom row: Anandhana, Neeti, Nihar, Prakriti B., Ashna, Dharmaya, Namita, Prakriti S., Richa, Purvima, Nishama, Likhita, Samikchaya, Iina, Oshna

PAHS-SOM SECOND BATCH



From left to right:

*Top row: Tapendra, Dharmaranda, Sonu, Pranesh, Prashant, Suman, Tashi, Amin, Abhishek, Rabin, Dabal, Ram, Ujjawal P., Basanta, Atok
Middle row: Nahakul, Deep, Napoleon, Seema, Meena, Furnima, Anupa, Shikha, Morishma, Ajwani, Rakshya, Roja, Carmina, Jashmin,
Ujjawal M., Rahul, Ashok, Bibek
Bottom row: Shweta, Ashima, Subeekchya, Roji, Pinky, Asha, Rashmi, Soni, Kripa, Komal, Subeekshya, Shila, Khushi, Prabha, Nancy, Akriti,
Samikshya, Raveena*

PAHS-SOM THIRD BATCH



From left to right:

*Top row: Tujesh, Akhanda, Nikesh, Prabhut, Pranab, Anushar, Bibek G, Prashanna, Basant RJ, Rajendra, Ankit, Prakash D, Prem, Rupak, Kshitiz
Middle row: Ritesh, Muklesh, Aqitua, Saroj, Nischal, Ajit, Basanta B, Pranjul, Tapan, Bhimkanti, Espin, Jeevan, Shiva, Anshutosh, Jagat, Uday
Bottom row: Manish, Prakash A, Sunil, Rohan, Akhilesh, Neelan, Nisha, Kritika, Shweta, Agnishwor, Ganesh, Bibek D, Dev*

PAHS-SOM FOURTH BATCH



From left to right:

*Top row: Shikhar, Saugat, Aman, Abinash, Amardeep, Prakash T, Lukas, Adhar, Abik, Yogendra, Anayush, Jeevan, Bishnu, Nabin, Anup
Middle row: Kailash, Vikram, Anish, Pankaj, Sista, Kalpashri, Binita, Sinda, Bipana, Anush, Prashant, Bimal, Ananda, Saunav, Abhishhek,
Sanjay, Ilam*

Bottom row: Pooja, Sumedha, Soniya, Jeeny, Amrita, Shantoshi, Seluja, Kiran, Saqhana, Saru, Rashmi, Sabina, Ashish, Sunil

PAHS-SOM FIFTH BATCH



From left to right:
Top row: Iyendira, Mukesh, Ranjan, Anasha, Anita, Iyanna., Rhea, Arjuni, Dakshata, Rashmi J, Rashmi D, Apsara, Smriti, Kamita, Sweekriti, Bultul, Monika, Anusha, Shaswat, Rakesh, Sujan
Middle row: Suban, Pawan, Chaitanya, Nishant, Som, Dilip, Bibek, Milan, Md. Mansur, Deependra, Ramesh, Niraj, Kansinhasan, Durga, Saurav, Sashi, Nripesh, Anish, Sunil, Kamal
Bottom row: Priyanka C, Pragya, Ambika, Saubhagvi, Deepti, Anupa, Rajani, Apurva, Monima, Kriti, Garima, Sabita, Anuva, Pallavi, Priyanka J, Sarina, Puspa, Atisha, Tyoti

खुशी यही हो

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