

# PSEUDO

[Katha-Kuthungri collection]

\*Katha-Kuthungri [*Distinctive Nepali short stories*]

(Series- 4)

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# 1.

## Pseudo

–“Karma is the identity of the right person ! Butterflies also wear expensive clothes ! ”

There were pious people in the temple premises. The courtyard was adorned with hypocrisy. There were virgin ornaments that sold faith. Urantheulas who laughed at the obscenity of Tundal were in worship. He had the illusion of the same thing.

–“Body or mind !”

The philosophy of the mind was for power. His eyes wandered around for the sake of his vision. Asked the madman standing still.

–“Where is your way now ?”

Seeing the art of Sangin Samaj and Rangin Tundal, the pious people stopped. He said in shock

–“To this mask ?”

The madman was confused and asked without understanding again.

–“To Marx ??”

–“No no, Aimin ...!”

The madman reached in front of the idol inside the temple and cried loudly.

–“Now the day of salvation like mine is over !”

## १.

### छद्म

-“कर्मले नै उचित मान्छेको पहिचान हुने हो ! महङ्गो पहिरन त पुतलीले पनि लगाउँछ नै !”  
मन्दिर परिसरमा धर्मभीरू थिए । आँगनमा ढोंगले सजिएको वैभव थियो । आस्थालाई बेचेका कुमारीका शृङ्गारहरू थिए । टुँडालका अश्लीलता देखेर हाँस्ने उरन्टेउलाहरू पूजामा थिए । तिनसँग एउटै कुराको भ्रम थियो ।

-“तन ठुलो कि मन !”

मनको दर्शन शक्तिका लागि थियो । तनको दर्शन आशक्तिका लागि आँखा यताउता घुम्दथ्यो । पागल अगाडि ठिङ्ग उभिएर सोध्यो ।

-“अब तिमीहरूको बाटो कता ?”

सङ्गिन समाज र रङ्गिन टुँडालका कला हेरेर धर्मभीरू बिलख बन्द पर्यो । भस्म भएर भन्यो ।

-“याने मास्कतिर ?”

पागलले फेरि नबुझेर अल्मलियो र खोर्याएर सोध्यो ।

-“मार्क्सतिर ??”

-“नो नो, आइमिन ... !”

पागल मन्दिर भित्रको मूर्ति अगाडि पुगेर रूँदै खुब चिच्यायो ।

-“अब त म जस्ताको मुक्तिको दिन सकियो रे !”

## 2. Sacrifice

There was mania in the intention. There was peace. Sudho lived. Once he grabbed the goddess by the knee and begged her.

– “Sorry! God save me ! ”

Who would have thought in front of the big eyes of the goddess, armed hands, arrogant roar and frantic form? The goddess shouted loudly.

– “Apologizing to my devotee !”

Boko became helpless. He did not have Naived. He joined his hands in a helpless rhythm and persuaded the goddess.

– “Instead! Shall I find someone to offer the Vedas ?”

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– “Instead! Shall I find someone to offer the Vedas ?”

Boko, who was ready to be sacrificed, went looking for people to carry the Vedas. On the way he met a king and asked.

– “Are there people carrying Vedas here ?”

The king was surprised to see that Boko was also looking for people to carry the Vedas. Then the king asked.

– "Are you also a secular supporter ?"

– "No, not religious supporters !"

Then the king drew his sword and cut off the goat.

– "I am pretending to be a big republican !"

The vinegar of blood was more than the sword of a martyr. The king was intoxicated with joy and pride.

– “The Sacrifice of the World !”

## २. बलि

मनसायमा उन्माद थियो । लशान्त थियो । सुधो रहन्थ्यो । एक पटक उसले देवीलाई गोडामा समातेर विन्ती गर्यो ।

-“क्षमा पाउँ ! मलाई बचाइबक्स्योस भगवान !”

देवीको ठुलो ठुलो नेत्र, सशस्त्र हात, अहङ्कार युक्त गर्जन र उन्मत्त स्वरूपका अगाडि कसको के लाग्दथ्यो र ? देवीले उच्च स्वरमा लल्कारिन् ।

-“क्षमा माग्नेले मेरो भक्तलाई नैवेद चढाउनु !”

बोको निरीह बन्यो । उसँग नैवेद थिएन । उसले निरीह भएको लयमा हात जोडेर देवीलाई अनुनय विनय गर्यो ।

-“बरू ! वेद नै चढाउने मान्छे, खोजेर ल्याउँ हजुर ?”

बलि दिन तयार पारेको बोको वेद बोक्ने मान्छे, खोज्ने हिँड्यो । जाँदाजाँदै बाटोमा एउटा राजालाई भेटेर सोध्यो ।

-“यतातिर वेद बोक्ने मान्छे पाइन्छ ?”

बोकोले पनि वेद बोक्ने मान्छे, खोजेको देखेर राजालाई अचम्म लाग्यो । त्यसपछि राजाले सोध्यो ।

-“के तिमी पनि धर्म निरपेक्ष पक्षधर हो ?”

-“होइन, होइन धर्म सापेक्ष पक्षधर !”

त्यसपछि राजाले आफ्नो कम्मरको तरवार फिकेर बोकालाई काटिदिएर भने ।

-“बडो गणतन्त्रवादी हुँ भनेर फूर्ति लगाउँदो रहेछ !”

रगतका सिर्काहरू शहिदको भन्दा पनि धेरै तरवारमा उसका रगतका फाल्साहरू लत्पतिएका थिए । राजा उल्लास र गर्वले मात्तिइरहेका थिए ।

-“दुनियाको बलिदान !”

### 3.

## Khusamat

–“What a tortoise !”

– “Hat lata! Don't argue !”

The father was teaching the child. A leader came nearby. He stood up calmly. He put his hand on his hip and said.

–"Do you know the meaning of quarrel?"

The baby was a tortoise. Was a party worker. The father replied knowingly to the leader.

–“What a fool you are! What kind of leader doesn't know that? ”

They started arguing about the word quarrel. After listening to the debate, the child became silent. They shouted even louder. The allegations were rebutted. The leader said last.

–“Facing as an activist ?”

–“Reprimand as a leader ?”

There was a lot of tension between them. They expressed dissatisfaction. Factional joints. Adarsh argued. At last the child was puzzled and asked them.

–"Then there is no mind to quarrel?" They sat in a daze. In the middle of the silence, the child asked again.

–"What does Cole mean ?"

–“Slippery too, slippery too !”

He was the ideal of Ekasutra. There was also indigestion. Tingling like a spoon. An absurd sound came out of both the ringing spoons.

–“Skull Oil !”

### ३. खुसामत

-“क, माने कछुवा !”

-“हैट लाटा ! क माने कलह भन न !”

बाबुले बच्चालाई सिकाउँदै थियो । नजिकै एउटा नेता आयो । ठाँटले उभियो । कम्मरमा हात राखेर भन्यो ।

-“कलहको अर्थ थाहा छ ?”

बच्चा क माने कछुवा घोकिरहेको थियो । पार्टीको कार्यकर्ता थियो । बाबुचाहिँले जान्ने भएर नेतालाई जवाफ फर्कायो ।

-“कस्तो बुद्ध तपाईं त ! यति पनि थाहा नपाउने के नेता ?”

उनीहरू कलह शब्दको बारेमा बहस गर्न लागे । बहस सुनेर बच्चा चुप लागेर बस्यो । उनीहरू भन चर्केर कराए । आरोप प्रत्यारोप गरे । नेताले अन्तिममा भन्यो ।

-“कार्यकर्ता भएर मुखमुखै लाग्ने ?”

-“नेता भएर हप्काउने ?”

उनीहरूको बीचमा निकै भनाभनको तनाव भयो । उनीहरूले असन्तुष्टी ओकले । गुटबन्दी साँधे । आदर्शको तर्क उध्याए । अन्त्यमा बच्चा हैरान भएर उनीहरूलाई सोध्यो ।

-“त्यसो भए कलहको दिमाग हुँदैन ?”

उनीहरू टुट्टाल्ल परेर बसिरहे । सन्नाटाको बीचमा बच्चा पुनः अन्कनाएर सोध्यो ।

-“क, माने कोलको अर्थ के हो ?”

-“चिप्लो पनि हो, चिल्लो पनि हो !”

उनीहरूले एकसूत्रको आफुले घोकेको आदर्श थियो । अजीर्ण पनि थियो । चम्चाभैँ टिङ्गिटिङ्ग बजिरहे । दुवै बजिरहेको चम्चा बाट बेटुकको आवाज निस्क्यो ।

-“खोपडीको तेल !”



## 4. Hopeful

—"Tomorrow he will become a minister, come on !"

An offer came to Tolaram. The nose stood up. The day of progress began to count. The pace of his work increased rapidly. His hopes were dashed. He told the leader.

—"Your chance?"

—"Shut up now, memorize the mantra first."

Poor Asharam began to memorize the mantra given by the leader. While reciting the mantra, the leader got into trouble. The leader said to change the crisis and bring it to his side.

—"Still have to stay ! Otherwise we will be finished !"

Asharam again stood on the leader's lap. The change created a new environment. There was a rush of opportunity. Asharam said.

—"You are old now. I could do the same during the day. I fought for change ! You are now a minister !"

—"How you are squealing ! Don't wait ! I'm adjusting !"

When his hope was flying even till the last day of his life. He saw the old enemy he was chasing. Security guards were moving in front of him. Her pose was very funny. He came closer and said hopefully.

—"Does oil come to massage ?"

—"I'm honest, I'm honest but I don't know how to apply oil !"

—"Oh ! You made a serious mistake !"

He had a torn flag in his hand. It was just a piece of honesty.

## ४. आशामुखी

-“भोलिपर्सि मन्त्री भइन्छ, लाग !”

तोलारामलाई अफर आयो । नाक ठाडो भयो । प्रगतिको लग भग गन्ती दिन सुरू भयो । उसको कामको प्रवेग तीव्र रूपमा बढ्यो । उसको आशा चुलियो । उसले नेतालाई भन्यो ।

-“हजुर मन्त्रीको चान्स ?”

-“अहिले चुप, पहिला मन्त्र कण्ठ गर्ने ।”

विचरा आशाराम नेताले दिएको मन्त्र कण्ठ गर्न लाग्यो । मन्त्र कण्ठ गर्दागर्दै नेतालाई सङ्कट आयो । सङ्कटको परिवर्तन गरेर आफ्नो पक्षमा ल्याउनका लागि नेताले भन्यो ।

-“अभै टिकेर बस्नु है ! नत्र सकिन्छौं !”

आशाराम फेरि नेताको फेरमा समातेर उभिरह्यो । परिवर्तनले नौलो वातावरण बनायो । अवसरै अवसरको ओइरो लाग्यो । आशारामले भन्यो ।

-“हजुर अब त बुढो भएँ । दिन पनि यसै सकाएँ । परिवर्तनका लागि सङ्घर्ष गरौं ! हजुर अब त मन्त्री !”

-“तपाईं कति कचकच गरिरहेको ! पखोस न ! मिलाउँदैछु !”

जब जीवनको अन्तिम दिनसम्म पनि उसको आशा उडिरहेको थियो । उसले खेदेको पुरानो शत्रुलाई देख्यो । उसको अगाडि सुरक्षा गार्डहरू घुमिरहेका थिए । उसको पोज निकै मस्किएको थियो । उसले नजिकै आशामुखी आशाछेउ आएर भन्यो ।

-“तेल मालिस गर्न आउँछ ?”

-“सच्चा छु, इमान्दार छु तर तेल लाउन आउँदैन !”

-“ओहो ! तपाईंले गम्भिर मिष्टेक गर्नु भो !”

उसको हातमा च्यातिएको झण्डा थियो । एक टुक्रा इमान्दारी पहिरन मात्र थियो ।

## 5. Prostitution

–“Relief for the poor!”

A photo was pasted on this banner. The photo was of a merchant. Her photo was posted because she was generous!

–"God of society, perhaps!"

One day the starving girl reached the place where she was. He said between his dry eyes, oppressed mind and desire to live weak.

–"Let me get relief!"

The merchant looked at the girl from top to bottom. I was very fascinated by him and said.

–"God has deceived you !"

–“Oh ! Is God also a merchant ?”

The merchant nodded. God said making an owl.

–“You are not relieved! I will give you a gift !”

–"I take the gift, I take the relief, otherwise I will return !"

The merchant followed him. The written banner is hidden nearby. He said forcefully.

–"I saw your value more than others, take relief !"

Then another banner appeared. The banner was dull, cluttered and dirty. It did not have the seller's photo. Was written.

– “Relief !”

I asked the merchant one day.

–"Can you buy God?"

He replied.

–"I'm negotiating !"

## ५. देहव्यापार

-“गरिबका लागि राहत !”

यो व्यानरमा एउटा फोटो टाँसिएको थियो । फोटो व्यापारीको थियो । उसको फोटो टाँसिएको थियो किनभने उ दानी थियो !

-“समाजको भगवान, सायद !”

एकदिन भोकले रन्थनिएकी गरिब केटी उ भए ठाउँमा पुगी । उसको शुष्क आँखा, प्रताडित मन र कमजोर बाँच्ने इच्छाको बीचमा उसले भनी ।

-“मलाई राहत मिलाइ पाउँ !”

व्यापारीले केटीलाई तलदेखि माथिसम्म हेर्यो । उसदेखि खुब मोहित भयो र भन्यो ।

-“तिमीलाई भगवानले ठगेछन् !”

-“अरे ! भगवान पनि व्यापारी हुन्छन् र ?”

व्यापारी अन्कनायो । भगवानलाई उल्लु बनाएर भन्यो ।

-“तिमीलाई राहत हैन ! उपहार दिन्छु !”

-“म उपहार लिन्न, राहत नै लिन्छु, नत्र फर्कन्छु !”

व्यापारी उसको पछिपछि लाग्यो । लेखिएको नजिकैको व्यानर लुकायो । जोर जवरजस्ती गरेर भन्यो ।

-“तिम्रो मूल्य अरूको भन्दा चौवर देखेँ, लौ लिउ राहत !”

त्यसपछि अर्को व्यानर देखियो । व्यानर फुस्रो, कच्याककुचुक परेको र मैलो थियो । त्यसमा चाहिँ बिक्रेताको फोटो थिएन ।

लेखिएको थियो ।

-“राहत !”

मैले एकदिन व्यापारीलाई सोधेँ ।

-“के तिम्रोमा भगवान किन्न पाइन्छ ?”

उसले जवाफ दियो ।

-“मोलतोल मिलाउँदैछु !”

## **6.**

### **Raksyaha**

ARJ was the land of knowledge with ancestral sorrow. There was a land of peace. Buddhu did not have a polite time in the crown of bravery. The tide was flowing.

- "Can't you see?"
- "Knowledge or conscience?"
- "Great I am comrade!"

The intellectual consciousness of the crushed comrade kept asking questions. I was confused.

- "Can't buffaloes or humans see?"

There was a moneylender standing in anger. The frost had settled on his brain. He gave the cataract mantra to the comrade.

- "You are in danger! Be Underground! "

The question to the comrade, "Who doesn't see the eyes?" Kept running through my mind. He added.

- "How many types of eyes are there?"

Mahajan quickly answered one, two, three.

- "Three types! Man, buffalo and mine! "
- "How? Why and friend Yours too? "

How could you be a leader if I was not deceived?

Then the leader saw intelligence in the buffalo, cunning in himself and prosperity in the moneylender and moved on.

- "The Last Point of Success!"

## ६. रक्स्याहा

पुर्खाले दुखका साथ आर्जेको ज्ञानभूमि थियो । शान्तिभूमि नि थियो । बहादुरीको श्रीपेचमा बुद्धको शिष्ट समयचाहिँ थिएन । भोक छुताछुल्ल बगिरहन्यो ।

-“आँखा देख्दैन्स् ?”

-“ज्ञान कि विवेकको ?”

-“महान म कमरेडको !”

कचक्क किचिएको कमरेडको बौद्धिक चेतना भ्रम बस प्रति प्रश्न गरिरहन्यो । भ्रमले फलाकिरहन्यो ।

-“भैसीले कि मान्छेले नदेख्ने ?”

क्रोधले उभिएको महाजन थियो । उसको मस्तिष्कमा तुषारो चुलिएको थियो । कमरेडलाई मोतिविन्दुको मन्त्र दियो ।

-“हजुरलाई खतरा भयो ! भूमिगत हुनुहोस् !”

कमरेडलाई “आँखा कस्ले देख्दैन् ?” भन्ने जिज्ञासा मस्तिष्कमा घुमिरह्यो । उसले थप्यो ।

-“आँखा कति प्रकारका हुन्छन् ?”

महाजनले छिटोछिटो एक, दुई, तीन गर्दै उत्तर दियो ।

-“तीन प्रकारको ! मान्छेको, भैसीको अनि मेरो !”

-“कसरी ? किन र मित्र ? तपाईंका पनि ?”

-“मैले नठगेको भए तपाईं कसरी नेता बन्नुहुन्थ्यो त ?”

तब नेताले भैसीमा बौद्धिकता, आफुमा चलाखी र महाजनमा समृद्धि देख्नथाल्यो र अगाडि लाग्यो ।

-“सफलताको अन्तिम विन्दु !”

## **7. sign**

There were alarms in the village. There were also workers in the factory yesterday. There were fugitives in the crowd on the streets. Asked the pregnant woman returning from the hospital.

–"What is their identity ?"

There was a beggar on the way. He heard the woman's words in his ears. Fatt said.

–"Different ! Sangini Sui ! ”

–"Tai Na Tui !”

There were millions of people who did not understand. It was easy to identify people who had a specific purpose, but it was difficult to identify those who had no purpose. International Conference on Family Planning begins.

–"National symbol of identity !"

After that, the aimless people were introduced and given symbols for the purpose of national identity.

–"Red Pandas !”

All got the male, female, bisexual and homosexual election symbols respectively. Mad Mahadev was also present at the conference. All the participants were watching her Jyotirlinga.

## ७. चिह्न

गाउँमा अल्लारेहरू थिए । कल कारखानामा मजदुरहरू पनि थिए । सडकको भीडमा काम छलछाम गरेर भाग्ने भगौडाहरू थिए । अस्पतालबाट फर्केकी गर्भवतीले सोधिन ।

-“यिनीहरूको पहिचान के हो ?”

बाटोमा याचक थियो । उसले महिलाको कुरा भ्वाट्ट कानमा सुन्यो । फ्याट्ट भनिदियो ।

-“अलग ! संगिनी सुई !”

-“ताइ न तुई !”

कुरा नबुझेहरू लाखापाखा लागे । खास उद्देश्यमा हिंडेका मान्छेहरूको पहिचान दिन त सजिलो थियो तर उद्देश्य विहीनहरूको पहिचान खुलाउन गाह्रो थियो । परिवार नियोजनको अन्तर्राष्ट्रिय सम्मेलन सुरू भयो ।

-“राष्ट्रिय चिह्न पहिचानको !”

त्यसपछि उद्देश्य विहीनहरूलाई राष्ट्रिय पहिचान गर्ने कार्यका लागि गोला प्रथाद्वारा परिचय गराइयो र चिह्न दिइयो ।

-“लाल पण्डाहरू !”

सबैले क्रमश पुलिङ्ग, स्त्रीलिङ्ग, उभयलिङ्ग र समलिङ्ग चुनाव चिह्न पाए । सम्मेलनमा पागल महादेव पनि थिए । सहभागी सबैले उनको ज्योतिर्लिङ्ग हेरिरहेका थिए ।



## 8. Ground

—"Who do you belong to ?"

—"I must !"

—"Isn't that so ?"

The young woman turned around. There was no answer in his heart. She asked again.

—"Who do you want to be ?"

—"Who cares now! It's too late !"

When the winds of the sky of the mind were scattered and scattered, then the dreamy life began to haunt them.

—"Love is war !"

There were conflicting ideas. The poison was melting. Rahar was boiling. The young woman said frantically.

—"It's easy to start a fight but hard to end it !"

The young woman's intoxication was the toughest tension in the magnetic wave that spread. The young man became intoxicated. He used to tell stories.

—"It is difficult to start a fight but easy to end it."

One day, a hand fell on the court premises. Shame on you. They blamed each other.

—"Do you understand who is behind the curtain ?"

—"I understand, he is hurting himself !"

## ८. मैदान

-“तपाईं को पछि ?”

-“म मै पछि !”

-“त्यस्तो भनेको हैन के ?”

युवतीले लाडे पल्टी । उसको मनको अभ्यन्तरको उत्तर आएन । उसले फेरि सोधी ।

-“तपाईं को पछि भन्नु न ?”

-“को पर्नु नि अब ! कोपर्दिन भयो !”

जब मनका आकासका वायुहरू छचल्किएर तितरवितर भयो तब स्वप्नील जीवनले उनीहरूलाई हाँक दिन थाल्यो ।

-“प्रेम युद्ध हो !”

परस्पर रहेका विचारहरू थिए । जहर पग्लिरहेको थियो । रहर उम्लिरहेको थियो । युवतीले छटपटाएर भनी ।

-“लडाई सुरू गर्न सजिलो छ तर अन्त्य गर्न गाह्रो !”

युवतीको नशा नशामा फैलिएका चुम्बकीय तरङ्गमा कठोरतम ताना थियो । युवकको नशामा विकर्षणको पोथो । उसले कथा सुनाउँथ्यो ।

-“लडाई सुरू गर्न गाह्रो तर अन्त्य गर्न सजिलो ।”

एकदिन अदालत परिसरमा हात हालाहाल भयो । भए जति सरम निख्यो । उनीहरूले एकले अर्कोलाई दोष लगाएर भने ।

-“को पर्दोरहेछ बुझिस् ?”

-“बुझ्ने, आफै कोपर्दोरहेछ !”

## 9. Nautanki

The Sahariyas called the village villagers vigilantes. He used to issue decrees dressed in comfortable suits and heavy boots. And the poisonous peace was brewing.

—"There is no alternative to change !"

The beleaguered villagers did not know that they were bargaining. Raising his hand from the ashes of hope that grew in his soul, he would clap loudly with joy !

—"Let's get up, let's wake up, O miserable poor of the world !"

His price was being sold one by one. The fawns were bargaining with reassurance.

—"The invaluable value of the people."

One day, Sahariya, who was busy with Anshabanda, spoke about her invaluable people's value and her love for the villagers.

—"There is no resolution for change now."

The miserable, poor and destitute villagers had no choice. He finally sighed.

—"Children are dead! The young men are gone! Pregnant women have died, but the burning of blood has not stopped !"

In the village Thalu, like Sahariyako, there was a plan to sell the villagers by hand.

—"Business too deceitful !"

## ९. नौटङ्गी

सहरियाहरू गाउँका गँवारलाई भिजिलान्ते भन्दथे । सुकिला सुट र गह्रौ बटुमा सजिएर फर्मान जारी गर्दथे । अनि विषाक्त अमन पोख्दथे ।

-“परिवर्तनको कुनै विकल्प छैन !”

ट्वाँ परिरहेका गँवारहरू आफुलाई मोलमोलाई गरेको थाहा पाउँदैन थिए । आत्मामा पलाएका आशाका भूझोबाट हात उठाउँदै रमाएर सस्वर ताली पट्काउँथे !

-“उठौँ, जागौँ हे संसारका दुखी गरिब !”

तिनको मूल्य एक एक गरी बिक्री भइरहेथ्यो । फौवन्जारहरू आश्वासनमा सट्टापट्टा गरिरहेका थिए ।

-“जनताको अमूल्य मूल्य ।”

एकदिन अमूल्य रहेको जनमूल्यको बारेमा अंशबण्डामा व्यस्त रहेका सहरियाले गँवारहरूसँगको प्रेम बारे भने ।

-“अब परिवर्तनको कुनै सङ्कल्प छैन ।”

दुखी, गरिब र दरिद्र गँवारहरूसँग कुनै विकल्प थिएन । तिनले अन्त्यमा सुस्केरामा सुसेले ।

-“छोराछोरी मरे ! जवानहरू सकिए ! गर्भवतीहरू तुहिए तर पनि सकिएन रगतको जलन !”

गाउँका ठालुमा पनि सहरियाकोजस्तै हातमा गँवारहरू बेचेर खर्च चलाउने जुक्ति थियो ।

-“धन्दा पनि धोक्रो पनि !”

## 10. Addiction

There was life, life was burning. At the same time, the guards of Yawan were flying like smoke. There were unforgettable minds. Consumption of unforgettable toxins. One night. Nila said.

–"I love you !"

There were poisonous emotions floating in his eyes. Datura flowers that could not fly and could not leave were hanging. There was a profound proposal.

–"Divorced life, extreme secrecy !" The streetlights were also flashing in the cold of the night. The condition of the elderly was similar. The hours were quiet at this time. The chirping of birds echoed in the middle of the night. The reflections began to wander. She said again.

–"I have a habit of walking, having fun, playing and playing !

–"Is there any excuse ?"

–"I don't have God and Father !"

Self-consonance or deception was not the essence of any message. Along with parrot were saying. Memories were few. The words were normal. She decided in the smoke of love and promised her bondage.

–"Tonight also spent alone! Done, gone now !"

Taking the transfer letter, he sighed loudly. Breathing into the old cracked addiction, she kept breathing.

–"Cigrate khilli !"

–"Wow! Wow !!"

The old men were trembling with fear.

## १०. दुर्व्यसन

जीवन थियो, सल्किरहेथ्यो । सँगसँगै धूवाँजस्तै उडिरहेथ्यो यौवनका प्रहरहरू । अविश्वमरणीय मन थियो । विश्वमरणीय विषको सेवन । एकरात निलाले भनी ।

-“म तँसँग प्रेम गर्छु !”

उसका आँखामा तैरिरहेका विषाक्त भावहरू थिए । उड्न पनि नसकेका र छोड्न नि नसकेका धतुरोका फूलहरू झुलिरहेका थिए । एउटा गहन प्रस्ताव थियो ।

-“पारपाचुकेको जीवन, अति गोप्यता !”

चिसो रातको सिरेटोले सडकका बत्तीहरू पनि कामिरहेका थिए । बृद्धको हालत पनि त्यस्तै थियो । मन्दिरका घण्टहरू यतिबेला चुपचाप थिए । चराहरूको चिर्चिर मध्यरात मै खुब गुन्जिरहेथ्यो । प्रतिबिम्बहरू सरोवर बहकिन थाले । उसले फेरि भनी ।

-“घुम्ने, रमाउने, खेल्ने र पौडने मेरो बानी छ !”

-“कुनै कैफियत छ कि साथमा ?”

-“मसँग भगवान र बुबा छैनन् !”

आत्म-व्यञ्जना हो या प्रपञ्चना, कुनै सन्देशको सार थिएन । साथमा सुगाको बोली थियो । यादहरू कम थिए । शब्दहरू सामान्य थिए । उसले प्रेमको धूवाँको सक्रोमा निर्णय लिएर आफ्नो बन्धनको बाचा गरी ।

-“आजको रात पनि एकलै बित्यो ! भयो, गएँ अब !”

सरूवा पत्र लिएर उ तन्तय तानामा झुमिरही । पुरानो फोटोको लतमा बेरिदै निःश्वासले तानिरही ।

-“चुरोटको खिल्ली !”

-“वाई ! वाई ! !”

बृद्ध अपराधीको डरले कामिरहेको थियो ।

## 11.

### Universal

A good friend said to another poor friend, "Sahara, or at the height of some intimacy."

–“We are happy with everyone! Let's sit close together! ”

Probably a poor friend was also beaten. He is relieved. As soon as he heard that we should not sit together, he started connecting to the phone. The knot of intimacy was tightened.

–“Now we have two lives, one life !”

When something happened. Sin began to grow in Kamsal. Opportunities kept coming. Interests were boiling. The hypocrisy of activity floated away. He started showing greed to fulfill his desire from good. The identity of Kaifiyat in the fake mixture began to dissipate in him. He walked away. Carrying things, he started flying like a whirlpool. Barbarayo.

–“Traitor !”

What was on that friend's mind? The laziness, pain and anguish of the heart, which was full of various things, began to blow out like poisonous phlegm.

–“How difficult it is for you !”

My friend used to sneeze. I used to reach far and wide. Going farther, he could speak selfishly in the language of Ghurki, spoken by the rude Fataura.

–"Those who live only for themselves, even when others cry, those who call themselves true friends seem happy !"

His divination resounded far and wide. Chronic power is slowly being held hostage. He reached Mawal carrying a lot of reeds in his mind towards his friend. All the children of Mawal shouted for help.

–"Come on, let's run !"

–"Who's grumbling ?"

–“Blessed is the name !”

He kept muttering in front of Lamal Lamak. There was a river on the way. A good friend's boat was sailing on the river. He stood up and said to his good friend.

–"Are you still blocking the road ?"

Without understanding the matter, he started going crazy again.

–"Shall I say Purana ?"

Her tears were flowing like crocodile tears in the flowing water. The water was getting muddy.

## ११. सर्वमान्य

एक असल मित्रले अर्को कमसल मित्रलाई सहारा हो या कुनै आत्मीयताको उत्कर्षमा भन्यो ।

-“सबैबाट हेपियो ! नजिकै सँगै मिलेर बसौं न !”

कमसल मित्र पनि धोबी चुटाइमा थियो होला सायद । उसलाई राहत मिलेछ । सँगै मिलेर बसौं न भन्ने सुन्ना साथ उ तारन्तार फोनमा जोडिन थाल्यो । आत्मीयताको लगन गाँठो भन भन कसियो ।

-“अब हामी दो ज्यान एक प्राण !”

जब केही होला भैं भयो । कमसलमा पाप पलाउन थाल्यो । अवसरहरू आउँदै गए । स्वार्थहरू उम्ल्दै गए । गतिविधिका ढोंगहरू तैरिदै गए । असलबाट आफ्नो इच्छा पूरा गर्ने लालच देखाउन थाल्यो । नक्कली मिसावटमा कैफियतको पहिचान उसमा छुट्टिन थाल्यो । उसलाई औडाहा चल्यो । कुरा बोकेर भँवरा भैं उड्न थाल्यो । बर्बरायो ।

-“धोकेवाज !”

त्यो मित्रको दिमागमा के हुन्थ्यो कुन्ती ? नाना भाँती भरिएका आलस्य, पीडा र वेदनाले प्रताडित मनका डकारहरू जहरिलो कफको रूपमा फुकाल्न थाल्यो ।

-“आफुलाई कस्तो गाह्रो छ !”

मित्र खिस्रिक्क पर्दथ्यो । फतफताउँदै पर पर पुग्दथ्यो । अब निकै पर पुगेर गाँवार फतौराले बोल्ने घुर्कीको भाषामा स्वार्थ बोल्न भ्याइहाल्यो ।

-“आफ्नो लागि मात्रै बाँच्नेले अरूलाई रूवाउँदा पनि असली मित्र भन्नेहरू खुसी देखिन्छन् !”

उसको दिव्यवाणी निकै परसम्म गुन्जिरहन्थ्यो । जीर्ण शक्ति बिस्तारै बन्धकमा प्रताडित भइरह्यो । आफ्नै मित्रप्रति मनमा थुप्रै ईख बोकेर मावल पुग्यो । मावलका सबै केटाकेटीहरूले लखेटिलखेटी कराए ।

-“कुरौटे आयो, भागौं भागौं !”

-“को कुरौटे ?”

-“स्वनाम धन्य !”

उ लमल लमक अगाडि गन्गनाउँदै हिंडिरह्यो । लामो बाटोमा एउटा नदी थियो । सो नदीमा असल मित्रको डुङ्गा चलिरहेको थियो । उसले टक्क उभिएर असल मित्रलाई भन्यो ।

-“अभै छेक्छस् बाटो ?”

कुरा नबुझेर फेरि बौलाउन थाल्यो ।

-“पुराण भन्दिउँ ?”

बगेको पानीमा उसका आँशुका थोपाहरू गोहीका आँशु भैं बगिरहेका थिए । पानी धमिलिदै गएको थियो ।



## 12.

### Mask

- "Are we too strong ?"

People like Vigilante with short minds, small minds and short thinking used to measure themselves with the height of the sky in their barrenness. There was no one to argue unnecessarily in a contrived sigh. Instead, they would clap their hands and laugh. When he saw the depth of talent, he felt as if he had a great ideal personality endowed with talent. In the aura of talent, there was never a need for welcome and respect. They then said that Adarsh had survived for a long time.

- "No friend ? Do you want to die ? Yes, in life !"

- "Umm ! Yes, social responsibility !"

It was as if divinity had grown in them when they heard such things that everyone agreed on. Their new dynastic personality used to dance tandav juruk juruk.

- "Lone! Don't be the chief guest this time !"

Who would have thought that the highest status raised by special request and request? A Bukuro Buki Chatta was adorned with the beauty of the stage, the display of body language and the harmony of the dress. In his hand was a pen and a diary of a great man.

- "Darshan Hazur! Darshan !"

In one breath of long sigh, Garima's voice was like a balloon blowing dry life. It was blooming for a while. In the salute of everyone's applause, the seven weights of human birth would be completed. A speaker standing on the stage said with a sigh of relief at the Kumbh Mela.

- "Biggie of talent !"

After hearing a long discussion about Bigbigi from the speaker, all the strong personalities got up and started walking from the assembly hall. The chairman made the announcement.

- "The question of great talent must be investigated."

One day, the president decided to explore the secrets of Facebook's hair, short stories and cypaste apps to explore all the great talents. While searching for such facts, he discovered the facts.

- "Cut Pest Mahakavi, Cut Pest Great Ghazal Writer, Cut Pest Dhurandhar  
Short Story Writer and Cut Pest Senior Literary Writer !"

Then the next day, the chairman shouted from the platform.

- "Bigbig's Great Mask !"

Later on, on the way, one saw those great ideals that they themselves would  
come to Lusuk. Khusukka said with open arms.

- "Shame digesters are on the rise these days !"

Black, sour, red and pink were changed to different colors.

## १२. मुखुण्डो

-“हामी त असाध्यै अब्बल छौं ?”

छोटो मन, सानो दिमाग र लघु सोच भएका भिजिलान्तेजस्ता मानिसहरू आफ्ना गँवार पनमा आफुलाई आकासको उचाइ सँग नापिरहन्थे । मनगढन्ते उच्छ्वासमा नचाहिंदो तर्क वितर्क गरिदिने कोही थिएनन् । बरू मञ्चमा तालीका साथ बेतुकका गफ पड्काएर हाँसिरहन्थे । तिनलाई प्रतिभाको गहिराइ छेउ झुलुक्क देखा प्रतिभाले सम्पन्न महान आदर्श व्यक्तित्व छन् नै जस्तो भाव प्रकट हुन्थ्यो । प्रतिभाको आभाहरूमा कहिलेकाहीँ स्वागत सम्मानको खाँचो पर्दैन थियो । उनीहरू तब आदर्शले खुब बाँचेको ठानेर भन्थे ।

-“हैन त साथी ? के मरिलानु छ त ! गर्ने त हो जीवनमा !”

-“उमम् ! हो त सामाजिक जिम्मेवारी !”

सबैका सदभाव मिलेका यस्ता कुरा सुन्दा उनीहरूमा देवत्व पलाए भैं हुन्थ्यो । उनीहरूको नव खान्दानी व्यक्तित्व जुरूक जुरूक भएर ताण्डव नृत्य गर्दथ्यो ।

-“लौन ! प्रमुख अतिथि बनाउनु न यसपाली !”

विशेष आग्रह र अनुरोधमा उचालिएको महानतम् हैसियतमा कस्को के लाग्दथ्यो र ? मञ्चको शोभा, प्रदर्शित अङ्ग भाषा र पहिरनको तालमेलमा एउटा बुकुरो बुकी चट्ट सजिदिन्थ्यो । हातमा उत्कृष्ट महामानवको एउटा कलम र डायरी सजिएको थियो ।

-“दर्शन हजुर ! दर्शन !”

लामो निश्वासको एक फन्कोमा उलल्लासमय गरिमाको स्वरले सुकेको ज्यान फुलेर बेलुन भैं हुन्थ्यो । एकछिन फुलिरहन्थ्यो । सबैको तालीको सलामीमा मनुष्य जन्मको श्री सात ओजन पूर्ण हुन्थ्यो । मञ्चमा उभेका एकवक्ताले कुम्भमेलामा आँटले छिनालेर भनिदिए ।

-“प्रतिभाको बिगबिगी !”

बिगबिगी बारे लामो चर्चा वक्ताबाट सुनेपछि अब्बल व्यक्तित्व सबै खिस्रिक्क परेर सभाहलबाट लुसुलुसु उठेर हिंड्न थाले । सभापतिले घोषणा गरिदिए ।

-“महान प्रतिभाका बारेमा उठेका प्रश्नको छानबिन अवश्य नै गरिनेछ ।”

एकदिन सभापतिले सबै महान प्रतिभाहरूको छानबिन गर्न फेसबुकको बाल, छोटा छोटा रचना र कपिपेष्ट एप्स बारेको रहस्य खोज्ने विचार गरे । जब यस्ता तथ्यहरू खोज्दै गए तब उनले तथ्यहरू पत्ता लगाए ।

-“कट पेष्ट महाकवि, कट पेष्ट महान गजलकार, कट पेष्ट धुरन्धर लघुकथाकार एवं कट पेष्ट वरिष्ठ साहित्यकार !”

त्यसपछि अर्को दिन सभापति महोदयले मञ्चबाटै आवेशमा चिच्याए ।

-“बिगबिगीको महान मुखुण्डो !”

पछि पछि बाटोमा ती महान आदर्शहरूलाई कसैले देख्यो कि उनीहरू आफै लुसुक्क आउँथे । खुसुक्क साखुल्ले भएर मन पखालेर भन्थे ।

-“अचेल शरम पाचकहरू त भन बढेछन् नि !”

कालो, अमिलो, रातो र गुलाबी जस्तो विभिन्न रङमा अब्बल मुखुण्डो फेरि परिवर्तन भएथ्यो ।

## 13.

### Grants

-“Why did the king become king? Do you know why the king is not king ?”

Galdangri came to me and started shouting. Laughing and making fun of me!

-“Will you leave the post of king from today ?”

Standing on the foundation of Pratap, my innocent grief spoke at risk and returned the answer !

-“No, left ?”

-“Then why are you shouting that I am here ?”

-“To experience what it is like to be a real people !”

-“Flame! Am I not going to be queen now ?”

-“It's not like that, just show it to the world !”

Galdangri put his hand on his hip. He said leaving a smile.

-“Oh! It doesn't suit you, just sit there !”

-“How to live ?”

-“You have to be like the president !”

-“Someone has accepted the presidency !”

She also started seeing mustard flowers. Said without blinking from right to left.

-“Then let me abandon the Maharaja like you ?”

-“Will the power of a little grant come sooner or later !”

The Maharaja, who was swaying in the middle of the silence, was thinking for a long time. The chirping of birds was not even heard.

-“The path of struggle !”

## १३. अनुदान

- “राजा राजा किन भए ! राजा राजा किन भएनन् थाहा छ ?”  
गल्ड्याङ्गी मेरोछेउ आएर निकै भुत्भुताउन थाली । मरी मरी हाँसेर मलाई गिज्याउन लागी !  
-“के आजदेखि राजाको पद छोड्नु भो ?”  
प्रतापको जगमा उभिएको मेरो निरीह सन्ताप जोखिम मोलेर बोल्थो र जवाफ फर्कायो !  
-“छैन छोडेको ?”  
-“त्यसोभए किन त धुम्म परेर म यहाँ छु भनेर टोलाएको ?”  
-“साच्चिकै जनता हुँदा कस्तो हुँदोरहेछ भनेर अनुभव गर्न !”  
-“लौ ! अब म महारानी नहुने भएँ त ?”  
-“त्यस्तो हैन, एकछिन दुनियालाई देखाइदिएको नि !”  
गल्ड्याङ्गीले कम्मरमा हात लगाई । उसले मुस्कान छोडेर भनी ।  
-“खै ! तपाईंलाई त सुहाएन है, त्यसरी बसेको !”  
-“कसरी बस्ने त ?”  
-“अध्यक्ष्यजस्तो भएर पो बस्नुपर्छ त !”  
-“कसैले अध्यक्ष्य माने पो !”  
उसले पनि ताराबारा तोरीको फूल देख्न थाली। दायाँ वायाँतिर आँखा नचाएर भनी ।  
-“त्यसो भए म पनि हजुर जस्तो महाराजालाई त्यागौँ त ?”  
-“पख न पख अलिकति अनुदानको पावर आइहाल्छ कि !”  
सन्नाटाको बीचमा भोक्राइरहेका महाराजा निकैवेर सोच मग्न थिए । चराहरूको चिर्बिर समेत सुनिएको थिएन ।  
-“सङ्घर्ष मार्ग !”

## 14.

### Honey

- "Help !"

It was a sinking ship of life. Someone was screaming for help. There was no commander on board. If there were wings, the soul of the passenger would also fly in the sky. His sensitive voice penetrated the heart of the lonely Maharshi.

- "Save! Whoever saves is worshiped as God !"

He looked intently at the people who were searching for the hope of a life of liberation in the still waters of the lonely sea. She was a beautiful nymph. When the voice was heard, the rhythm of his helplessness resounded. When the Maharshi cast his spell, she appeared on the ship. Leaning on the ship, she sighed deeply.

- "Aura of progress in the pace of life !"

Slowly the ship floated to the shore. Maharshi put the ship ashore and asked the victim.

- "Do you want life ?"

- "Of course I want God !"

- "What kind of life !"

- "The ascetic life of a loving soul !"

- "Do you do penance with me ?"

- "No problem !"

Maharshi then started writing his story. The more stories were written, the more beautiful his life became. She said showing the clouds of the sky.

- "Do you understand? Maharshi ! I am a goddess. I have come to seek you out of heaven, shall we go ?"

She spread her wings and carried Maharshi on her shoulders and flew away. The experience of a safe life at last when they reached a heavenly island.

- "Sweet of my self-satisfaction ! Let's eat the honey of life."

१४.

मह

-“मदत गर !”

डुबिरहेको जीवनको जहाज थियो । एकलैएकलै कोही उद्धारका लागि चिच्याएथ्यो । जहाजमा कमाण्डर थिएन। पखेंटा भएको भए यात्रुको आत्मा पनि गगनमा उड्थ्यो होला । सम्बेदनशील उसको स्वर एकान्त बासको महर्षीको मुटुमा छिर्यो ।

-“बचाउ ! जसले बचाउँछ उसलाई ईश्वर मानेर पुज्छु !”

एकान्त सागरको निश्चल सफा पानीमा उन्मुक्तिको जीवनको आशा खोजिरहेको मान्छेलाई नियालेर हेरे । उनी वैभवशाली अप्सरा थिइन् । जब आवाज सुनियो तब तिनको बेसहाराको लय गुन्जियो । जब महर्षीले जादु फुके तब तिनी जहाजमाथि देखिन लागिन् । जहाजमाथि टेकेर लामो सास फेर्दै सुसेलिन्-“जीवनको गतिमा प्रगतिको आभा !” विस्तारै जहाज तैरिदै सागरको छेउमा आइपुग्यो । महर्षीले सो जहाजलाई किनारमा राखे र पीडित यात्रुलाई सोधे ।

-“के तिमी जीवन चाहन्छौ ?”

-“अवश्य चाहन्छु भगवान !”

-“कस्तो प्रकारको जीवन !”

-“प्रेमिल आत्माको तपस्वी जीवन !”

-“मसँग तपस्या गर्छु त ?”

-“समस्या मान्दिन !”

महर्षीले त्यसपछि तिनको इति वृत्तान्त कथा लेख्न सुरू गरे । जति कथाहरू लेखिदै थियो, त्यति नै तिनको जीवन सुन्दर बन्दै गयो । आकासको बादल देखाएर उनले भनिन् ।

-“बुभ्यौ ? महर्षी ! म देवी हुँ। तिमीलाई स्वर्गबाट खोज्न भनेर आएको, जान्छौ ?”

तिनले आफ्नो बाहुबली पखेंटा फिँजाइन् र काँधमा महर्षीलाई राखेर टाडा टाढा उडाउँदै लगिन् । जब उनीहरू कुनै स्वर्गीय टापुमा पुगे तब बल्ल सुरक्षित जीवनको अनुभवले भनिन् ।

-“मेरो आत्म सन्तोषको प्यारा ! जीवनको मह खाऔँ ।”

15.

## Relationships

- "I want to live together !"

The eyes were red. The eyebrows were raised. The cells of the tear-soaked eyes were watering. The tide of pain was rising. Someone was waiting in the distance.

- "Hope of love."

The words were just as silent and silent again. Amidst the emotional cries, a loud voice blew.

- "My dear !"

The lily flower was a special kind of flower that blooms on the battlefield. The flower was planted to wish peace against war. I used to kneel. Was raised and awakened for the message of peace. In his beautiful and radiant face, every green soldier was far away and the brave men bowed in reverence. Then the pink colors filled with lily flowers would smile and tell stories of the past to the glorious hero.

- "Look at my head, the pain of the sea !"

I also promised him peace of mind.

- "Your huge heart !"



## १५. सम्बन्ध

-“साथै बस्न चाहन्छु !”

आँखा लाल थिए । परेला बटारिएका थिए । आँशुले भिजेका नयनका कोषहरू रसाएका थिए । वेदनाको ज्वार उठिरहेथ्यो । टाढा टाढातिर कसैलाई पर्खिरहेको थियो ।

-“प्रेमको आशा ।”

शब्दहरू त्यसै चुपचाप चुपचाप र फेरि चुपचाप थिए । भावुक रूवाइतका बीच ठुस्स आवाज फुस्क्यो ।

-“मेरा प्यारा !”

लिली फुल युद्ध मैदानमा फुलिदिने एक विशेष प्रकारको फूल थियो । जुन फुललाई युद्धका विरुद्ध शान्ति कामनाका लागि रोपिन्थ्यो । गोडिन्थ्यो । बढाइन्थ्यो र शान्ति सन्देशका लागि जगाइन्थ्यो । उसको सुन्दर र चम्किलो मुहारमा प्रत्येक हरूवा सिपाईहरू टाढा टाढा हुन्थे र वीर पुरुषहरू श्रद्धाले भुक्थे । तब लिली फूलमा भरिएका गुलाबी रङ्गहरू मस्किरहन्थ्यो र गौरवशाली वीर पुरुषलाई विगतका कथा सुनाइरहन्थ्यो ।

-“मेरो सिरानीलाई निचोरी हेर, सागरको पीडा !”

मैले पनि उसलाई शान्तिको कामना गरेर मनको बाचा फोएँ ।

-“तिम्रो नै विशाल हृदय !”

## 16.

### Bed sheets

- "I was creating a site !"

I had a letter in my hand. Not a calendar. There was a body that was lazy. He jumped up and down. The havoc of a burning heart was poured out.

- "Is it a sin to have children ?"

- "What is the pain of not getting it ?"

Does having or not having children diminish the dignity of consciousness ? Yes or no ?

There were people of different rhythms standing in the same boat. There were facial rhythms. Tears of anguish licked the lips of the petitioner with the fear of accusation. The temperament was also fierce.

- "I said I would make it, demolished it."

- "They said I would demolish it, I made it !"

There were sounds of playing. Everyone was watching. Someone laughed. Someone had fun. Someone slapped me. Some stood up in disgust.

- "Stop ! The prophecies of today's people. "

One day, while searching for the site, Miya said to the God carrying the calendar.

- "To enter? Another birth is taking place today !"

- "No matter how much it turns cold !"

There were repeated roadblocks. It was stagnant! It was not hot. It was hot. It was not cold. Assurance was a blessing in disguise. It has never been easy.

- "Poor man's bed !"

The market was running again. Drama of magic art of Jamun Gubhaju! People were bleeding. Someone was drinking.

- "Tata was Tata, on the ground !"

१६.

## तन्ना

-“साइत जुराउँदैथैं !”

हातमा पत्र थियो । पात्रो होइन । लल्याकलुलुक भएको तन थियो । लर्बोरिदै आएर उफ्रियो । भएभरको जलिरहेको मनको कहर पोखियो ।

-“के छोराछोरी जन्माउनु पाप हो ?”

-“के नपाउनुचाहिँ सन्ताप हो ?”

सन्तान हुनु र नहुनुमा चेतनाको गरिमा घट्छ ? हो या बढ्छ ?

एउटै नाउमा उभिएका परस्पर लयका भाकाहरू थिए। मुखाग्र लय थिए। वेदनाको आँशुमा आरोपको भयका साथ याचनाका ओठहरू पनि कामेका थिए । स्वभाव पनि उग्र जागेका थिए ।

-“बनाउँछु भन्थ्यो, भत्कायो ।”

-“भत्काउँछु भन्थ्यो, बनायो !”

बजानका नादहरू थिए । सबैले हेरिरहे । कोही हाँसे । कसैले मजा लिए । कसैले थपडी बजाए । कोही वाक्क परेर उभिई नै रहे ।

-“बस् ! आजको मान्छेका भविष्यवाणीहरू ।”

एकदिन साइत खोजिरहेको मियाँले पात्रो बोक्ने परमात्मालाई खुइल्याएर भन्यो ।

-“प्रवेश गर्ने ? आज फेरि अर्को जन्म हुँदैछ !”

-“जति फेरिए पनि चिसोको चिसै !”

ओहोर दोहोर गरिरहेका सडक छापहरू थिए । ठिहिर थियो ! तात्दैन थियो । गर्मी थियो । चिसिदैन थियो । आश्वासन पोको पारेको उपकारको सावन थियो । कहिल्यै सुकिलो भएन ।

-“गरिबको तन्ना !”

बजारमा फेरि चलिरहेको थियो । जामुन गुभाजुको जादुगरी कलाको नाटक ! मान्छे रगत छादिरहेथ्यो । कोही पिडिरहेथ्यो ।

-“टाटै टाटा थियो, भूईँमा !”

## 17.

### Price

- "You're going to sew a few shoes ?"

He had a golden polish on his head. Even though his face was black, he was smiling. On one side was a wooden shoe repair bag and on the other side was a shoe sole.

- "How much is polished ?"

Asked the rich man coming out of the door. He shook his head.

- "Don't look !"

Chaprasi started wearing shoes. The rich man suddenly asked him what was on his mind.

- "Sir ! What should be done to build a country ?"

- "You don't know! Quick shoe match !"

Chaprasi was not satisfied with what he said. He asked curiously again. The man spoke the word of pride of poverty.

- "Shoes should be worn !"

Chaprasi was surprised. I ate gum and my shoes started rubbing. He asked again.

- "Oh! How many years have you been rich by wearing shoes ?"

Chaprasi rolled up his shoes and shone. Prosperous people were affected. He finally scolded Chaprasi.

- "Flame ! Take it the next day! I'm in a hurry now !"

Chaprasi's ears warmed. The hair stood on end. Mouth closed. Lost words. Khurukka walked away carrying his belongings. When he returned in the evening, he saw the rich man being beaten by two others Leaving in front of the door.

- "Sale Bhatmara Chaprasi ! What a load !"

The chaplain with the golden polish on his hair was the main one even though he was not paid.

- "Philosophy of relatives !"

१७.

मूल्य

-“थोत्रो थात्रो जुत्ता सिलाउने हजुर ?”

टाउकोमा सुनौला पालिस दलेको थियो । अनुहार कालो भए पनि हँसिलो थियो । एकतिर जुत्ता मर्मतको काठे भोला अर्को तर्फ जुत्ताको सोल थियो ।

-“पालिस लगाएको कति ?”

ढोकाबाट निस्केको समृद्ध मान्छेले सोध्यो । उसले टाउको कन्याएर भन्यो ।

-“हेरेर दिनुस न !”

चप्रासीले जुत्ता मोल्न सुरु गर्यो । उसलाई एकाएक मनमा के लागेर हो समृद्ध मान्छे सोधिहाल्यो ।

-“सर ! देश बनाउन के गर्नुपर्छ ?”

-“तँलाई थाहा छैन ! छिटो छिटो जुत्ता ममेल !”

चप्रासीलाई कुरा चित्त बुझेन । उसले फेरि जिज्ञासा राखेर सोध्यो । सो मान्छेले गरिबीको गर्वको शब्द बोल्थो ।

-“जुत्ता मोल्नुपर्छ !”

चप्रासीलाई अचम्म लाग्यो । गम खायो अनि जुत्ता खुब मल्ल लाग्यो । उसले फेरि सोध्यो ।

-“ओहो ! हजुरले जुत्ता कति वर्षसम्म मोलेर समृद्ध हुनु भो त हजुर ?”

चप्रासीले जुत्ता मोलेर टलक्क पार्यो । समृद्ध मान्छेलाई भोक चल्यो । उसले अन्त्यमा चप्रासीलाई हप्काएर भन्यो ।

-“लौ ! अर्को दिन लैजालास् ! अहिले मलाई हतार भो !”

चप्रासीको कान तात्थ्यो । रौं ठाडा भए । मुख बन्द भयो । शब्द हराए । खुरूक्क आफ्नो सामान बोकेर हिंड्यो । साँभ फर्कने बेलामा उसले समृद्ध मान्छेलाई अरू दुईजनाले भ्याईकुटी गर्दै ढोका अगाडि छोड्दै भने ।

-“साले भातमारा चप्रासी ! कति घिच्छ लादी !”

कपालमा सुनौला पालिस दलेको चप्रासीले ज्याला नपाए पनि यतिबेला मख्य पर्यो ।

-“आफन्तको दर्शन !”

## 18.

### Ownership

What would reach the kitchen. Words came out of his mouth. Swaminiju used to stand up and sing Karen saying that all the serofero is mine as if the chicken was covering the baby.

- "A man's kitchen doesn't work !"

I also used to go to war and I used to like to sing the annoying songs of the society.

- "Tell me, is it really yours or mine ?"

The electric tide of lightning rose. Lota, who was with him, reached Thacharin. The roof overflowed with water. My heart started pounding and I started seeing mustard flowers. I slammed the door and let out a sigh of relief. Swaminiju did not speak for many days. I don't need to talk too much. From the next day, my eyes were filled with tears. Missed. The victim's life stopped. While walking from home in the morning, I teased Amila even though I felt like it.

- "Farouki's character !"

She smiled at my sour face.

- "I don't know Faruli Saruli. What is Faruli ?"

- "Pharaoh tells the cook !"

She was just talking to Swami Bhaktini one day. I hurriedly made tea. She saw my work and said.

- "Look at the wasp's behavior !"

Then she hugged him and hugged him.

- "Now eat Timur! Gastric or peptic ulcer: It is the only medicine that can cure gastric ulcer most effectively. After that, we sat together and drank turmeric water and got rid of the fever. She said lightly.

- "How great you are !"

Their faces were seen in the front mirror. She said in a hurry.

- "I look good, old lady !" I must have been very good in my youth !"

- "Yes, black like Junakiri !"

- "Even though it is dark, I have given light day and night !"

While busy talking, this time I was allowed to go to the kitchen.

- "Tea is boiled and spilled, don't turn off the gas !"

## १८. स्वामित्व

भान्सामा के पुगिन्थ्यो । मुखबाट फटफट शब्दहरू निस्कन्थ्यो । कुखुराले बच्चा छोपे भै सबै सेरोफेरो मेरो भनेर स्वामिनीज्यू ठिङ्ग उभिएर कैरन गाउँथी ।

-“लोग्ने मान्छेको भान्छा चल्लैन !”

मलाई पनि जङ्ग चलेर आउँथ्यो अनि समाजको दिक्दार हैरान गाउन मन लाग्दथ्यो ।

-“भन त भन साँच्चै पानी नचल्ने तिम्रो कि मेरो ?”

चट्याङ्को विद्युतीय ज्वार उठ्यो । सँगसँगैको लोटा थचारिन पुग्यो । पानी पोखिएर छताछुल्ल भयो । वाल्ल परेको मेरो मन तोरीको फूल देख्न लाग्यो । मैले पनि ढोका ड्याम्म आवाज आउने गरि लगाएँ र पुरुषार्थको दम्भ छोडें । स्वामिनीज्यू धेरै दिन बोलिनन् । म पनि के कम बोल्न चाहिन । भोलिपल्टदेखि आँखा तरातर भयो । गुमगाम गर्यो । पिरतीको जीवन चल्न छोड्यो । घरबाट विहान हिंड्ने बेलामा अमिलै मन भए पनि जिस्क्याएँ ।

-“फारूलीको चर्तिकला !”

मेरो अमिलो अनुहार देखेर उनी मुस्कान सँगसँगै भर्किइन् ।

-“फारूली सारूली थाहा छैन । के हो फारूली भनेको ?”

-“फारो गरेर भान्छा चलाउनेलाई भन्छन् !”

उनी एकदिन स्वामी भक्तिनीसँग गफ गरेर उक्लेकी मात्र के थिइन । मैले भोकले चिया पकाएँ । उनले मेरो काम देखेर भनिन् ।

-“हेर न बारूलोको चर्तिकला !”

त्यसपछि उनले सँगै अँगालो मारिन् र अलिपर घँचेटेर भनिन् ।

-“लौ अब टिम्मुर खानु ! पर्पर्याएर निस्केको ग्याष्ट्रिक जान्छ !”

त्यसपछि दुवैजना सँगै बसेर बेसारपानी खायौं र ठ्यास ठुस ज्वरो भगायौं । उनले मनलाई हल्का गरेर भनिन् ।

-“हजुर त कति महान !”

अगाडिको ऐनामा दुवैजनाको अनुहार देखियो । उनले हतार हतारमा भनिन् ।

-“बुढी त राम्री देखिन्छु ! जवानीमा त खुब राम्रो थिएँ हुँला !”

-“हो त जुनकिरी जस्ती काली !”

-“काली भएपनि दिनरात उज्यालो दिएकै छु त !”

गफमा व्यस्त हुँदाहुँदै यसपटक मलाई भान्छामा जाने अनुमति मिल्यो ।

-“चिया उम्लेर पोखिएछ, ग्याँस निभाउनु न !”

## 19.

### Intimacy

The butterfly went and sat in a bunch of flowers. He fluttered his wings, made a croaking noise and dropped dead.

- "Are you coming to see me ?"

Different colors were shining on his wings. He had a book of love in his eyes and a silent language in his hand. Tears welled up in her eyes as she began to flip the book in her hand. The tears were flowing but the ground was wet. She hurried up to her feet and began to read the letters in the book.

- "Great Mother's Great Story !"

He was not satisfied. Then he turned the other page. She started screaming in pain for no reason.

- "Long live! The great story of the children !"

As she read the book. Her emotional eyes seemed to carry the pain of deprivation in life. One day he made a decision.

- "Take another look at the world !"

When she went on another trip. Many people were walking on the road. A beggar was walking in the crowd. He asked the beggar !

- "Which temple do you go to ?"

The beggar was walking around singing a love song. He reached over and said.

- "In the grazing place of the miserable !"

- "Do you know the whirlpool ?"

- "I know ! I am !"

- "Then let's fly together and enter heaven !"

The scents wafting around the garland were reaching far and wide, this time !



## १९. आत्मीयता

पुतली फूलको भुप्यामा गएर बसी । पखेंटा फिंजाई र फुर्फुर गरेर पङ्गु हल्लाउँदै फर्केर भनी ।

-“तिमी मलाई भेट्न आउँछौ ?”

उसका पखेंटामा विभिन्न रङहरू टल्किरहेको थियो । नजरमा प्रेमिलता र हातमा मौन भाषाको किताब थियो । जब उसले हातको किताब पल्टाउन सुरू गरि तब आँशुहरू आँखाबाट खसेर भूईँमा पछारिन थाल्यो । बगिरहेको आँसु कन्चन थियो तर भूईँ हिलाम्म थियो । आफ्नो पयरलाई हतारमा उठाई र पुस्तकका अक्षरहरू पढ्न थाली ।

-“महान आमाको महान कथा !”

उसलाई चित्त बुझेन । फेरि अर्को पाना पल्टाई । अकारणमा रोएको वेदनाले छटपटाएर चिच्याउन थाली ।

-“चिरायु ! सन्ततिको उन्नत कथा !”

जतिजति उसले पुस्तक पढ्दै जान्थी। उसका भावुक आँखाले जीवनमा प्राप्त अभावको पीडा बोकिरहेको देखिन्थ्यो । एक दिन उसले निर्णय गरि ।

-“संसारलाई अर्को भ्रमण गरेर नियाल्ने !”

जब उनी अर्को भ्रमणमा निस्कीइन । सडकमा धेरै मान्छेहरू हिडेका थिए । त्यो मान्छेको भीडमा एउटा भिखारी लुरुलुरु हिडेको थियो । उसले भिखारीलाई सोधी !

-“कुन मन्दिरमा जान्छौ ?”

भिखारीले प्रेमको गीत गाउँदै गाउँदै हिंडिरहेथ्यो । उसले पर पुगेर भन्यो ।

-“दुखीहरूको चर्याइरहेको ठाउँमा !”

-“भँवरालाई चिन्छौ त तिमी ?”

-“चिन्छु ! मै त हो !”

-“लौ उसो भए उडेर सँगै जाऊँ र स्वर्गमा प्रवेश गरौँ !”

मालाको वरिपरि घुमिरहेका सुगन्धहरूले धेरै टाढा टाढासम्म पहुँच छोडिरहेका थिए, यतिवेला !

## 20.

### Self-vision

The body of the dream was far away. The mind was close. But one day his mind was far away and his body was close and he shouted in a crazy voice.

- "I hope so!" You will always be with me this June and you will love me with all your heart, God !"

The spontaneous thinking of humanity began to dream. Praying to Bhutbhutai and again to the inanimate God.

- "Good morning love you !"

- "Injured love? Or lifelessness ?"

- "Love of liveliness !"

A deep razor was planted in the heart of the dream which was shattered by the kiss of God. She cried out in pain.

- "But there is no need for a lavish man! I just need to be with you. "

The door to his world of humanity opened wide and he looked at Bugger's corpse upside down and said he was getting emotional.

- "Yes, I sent thousands of smiles, but God, when the days come and go, the pillow of love fades away !"

I cried dreamily. Under the pressure of Karni and Karuna, he prayed to the invisible God and said in the end.

- "Love, how easy it was to start a fight! It's so hard to end !"

Then God told him to write the horoscope.

- "The height of love !"

She was trying to fly. Rhythms kept fluttering from his soul, which was rippling in devotional music.

- "O Lord ! Deliver from corpses !"

## २०. आत्म-दर्शन

सपनाको शरीर टाढा थियो । मन नजिक थियो । तर एकदिन उसको मन टाढा र शरीर नजिक हुँदै पागल स्वरमा करायो ।

-“म आशा गर्दछु ! तपाईं यस जुनीमा सधैं मेरो साथमा हुनु हुनेछ र मलाई पूर्ण हृदयले प्रेम गर्नुहुनेछ, भगवान !”

मानवताको सोचले सपना कराउन थाली । करणीमा भोगेको पीडालाई भुत्भुताई । पुन निर्जीव भगवानसँग प्रार्थना गरी ।

-“शुभ विहानीको प्रेम छ तिमीलाई !”

-“चोटिलो प्रेम ? वा निर्जीवता ?”

-“सजीवताको प्रेम !”

भगवानको चुम्बनले लट्ट परेकी सपनाको हृदयमा गहिरो छुरा रोपिएको थियो । उ प्रेमको चोटबाट प्रताडित भएर कराई ।

-“तर वैभवशाली पुरुषको आवश्यकता छैन ! बरू मलाई केवल तिम्रो साथ चाहिन्छ ।”

मानवताको विश्वव्यापी उसको मनको ढोका भन भन खुल्यो र बगरको लासलाई ओल्टाईपल्टाई गरेर हेरी र भावुकहुँदै भनी।

-“हो, मैले हजारौं मुस्कानहरू पठाएँ तर भगवान जब दिनहरू आउँछन् र जान्छन्, प्रेमको तक्रियाबाट खुसी सकिँदै जान्छ !”

सपना भावुकहुँदै कराई । करणी र करूणाको दवावमा उस्ले अदृश्य रहेको भगवानलाई प्रार्थना गरेर अन्त्यमा भनी ।

-“प्रेम, लडाइजस्तो सुरू गर्न जति सजिलो थियो ! अन्त्य गर्न त्यति नै गाह्रो रहेछ !”

त्यसपछि भगवानले उसलाई जन्म कुण्डली लेखिदिँदै भने ।

-“प्रेमको उत्कर्ष !”

उ उड्न खोजिरहेकी थिई । भक्ति सङ्गीतमा लहरिरहेको उसको आत्माबाट बारबार लयहरू फुस्किरहन्थ्यो ।

-“हे प्रभु ! मुक्तिदेउ लासहरूबाट !”

## 21.

### Ghotta

- "Let's go today !"

Her insatiable soul was screaming. A young woman bowed to a thirsty beggar.

- "I respect you !"

The sounds of stealing in the girl's hand were far away. The beggar's body was awakened by the sound of teeth grinding. He questioned the item on request.

- "Do you want salvation ?"

- "Shraddha Shraddha !"

The beggar, who had a bushy beard, gingering hair, a face like Moso Dale, and was dressed like a devil, was in front of his eyes. He then demanded religion.

- "Do you sleep in the pyre with me ?"

- "I am not sati, I am truth, barbaric truth !"

The beggar slipped and fell asleep in the pyre, and the murmur began to rumble in the immortal tune.

- "Last abode, supreme abode !"

The young woman was staring at him. His eyes were nervous. Intoxicated with emotion, Suga was asking questions.

- "Only the dead have the right to the grave ?"

I didn't know what the bird's intentions were. He was saying the same words. When the beggar began to burn. All the whirlpools around began to hum.

- "Dalla burst, rumor spread."

There were skeptics. He whispered. There were malamis. Everyone said by vaccinating the ashes.

- "Radiation-rich sunshine !"

## २१. घोटा

-“आज डल्ला पर्यो !”

उसको अतृप्त आत्मा कराइरहेको थियो । प्यासले बर्बराएको एक याचकसँग एक युवतीले प्रणाम गरेर भनी ।

-“म तिमीलाई समादरणीय मान्छु !”

युवतीको हातमा छनिकिएको चुराका आवाजहरू टाढा टाढा पुगेका थिए । दाँत सिरिङ्ग पार्ने सो आवाजले याचकको तन व्युँझिएको थियो । उसले अनुरोधको मदमा प्रश्न गर्यो ।

-“मुक्ति चाहन्छौ त तिमी ?”

-“श्रद्धाले श्राद्ध गर्छु !”

भुस्स दाही, जिङ्गिङ्ग कपाल, मोसो दलेभैँ मुहार र सैतानका भैँ पहिरनमा उभिइरहेको याचकको नजर सामुन्ने थियो । उसले त्यसपछि धर्म माग गरेर भन्यो ।

-“तिमी मसँगै चितामा सुत्छौ त ?”

-“म सती होइन, सत्य हुँ, बर्बर सत्य !”

याचक खुट्टा खोच्याउँदै चितामा सरक्क सुत्थो र अमर धुनमा मर्म र लय बर्बराउन थाल्यो ।

-“अन्तिम धाम, परमधाम !”

युवती एकोहोरो हेरिरहेकी थिई । उसका आँखा नसालु थिए । मात चढेर लोलाइरहेका भावहरू सुगासँग प्रश्न सोधिरहेको थियो ।

-“के चितामा मृतकको मात्रै अधिकार हुन्छ ?”

पन्छीको मनसाय के थियो थाहा थिएन । त्यसै त्यसै शब्दहरू बोलिरहेको थियो । याचक जब बल्ल थाल्यो । वरिपरिका सबै भँवराहरू गुन्जन थाले ।

-“डल्ला फुट्यो, हल्ला भयो ।”

शङ्कालुहरू थिए । खासखुस गरे । मलामीहरू थिए ठासठुस गरे । खरानीको टीका लगाएर सबैले भने ।

-“विकिरण युक्त घामको पिचाश !”