

Issue II
May 2026



MRINAL

The Metamorphosis

Magazine Cover Painting
~ Bir Hang Limboo, English
24BA0042

ओम प्रकाश माथुर
Om Prakash Mathur



राज्यपाल सिक्किम
GOVERNOR OF SIKKIM

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SKM/GOV/MSG/2026/40
Date: 29th April, 2026

MESSAGE

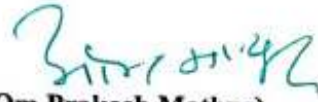
It gives me immense pleasure to extend my heartfelt congratulations to Sikkim Government College, Burtuk on the publication of the second edition of the college magazine, *Mrinal: The Metamorphosis*.

This esteemed publication is a remarkable reflection of the creativity, talent, and intellectual vibrancy of the students. It is truly encouraging to witness such a platform that nurtures original thought, promotes artistic expression, and inspires young minds to articulate their ideas with confidence and clarity.

I sincerely commend all those involved in bringing out this edition for their dedication, hard work, and commitment to excellence. May *Mrinal* continue to serve as a source of inspiration and a medium for fostering creativity and innovation among students in the years to come.

I extend my best wishes for the continued success of this publication in all its future endeavours.

JAI HIND!


(Om Prakash Mathur)

प्रेम सिंह तामाङ (गोले)
Prem Singh Tamang (Golay)



मुख्य मन्त्री, सिक्किम
CHIEF MINISTER, SIKKIM

सिक्किम सरकार
GOVERNMENT OF SIKKIM

MESSAGE

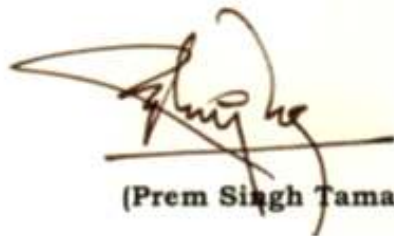
It brings me immense pleasure to note that Sikkim Government College Burtuk, is publishing the second edition of its college magazine, 'Mrinal: The Metamorphosis.'

Since its establishment in 2012 as an extension of SGC Tadong and its subsequent emergence as an independent institution, SGC Burtuk has undergone a remarkable transformation. Today, it stands as a testament to the rapid expansion and rising standards of higher education in our state.

Staying true to its noble motto, 'Service through Education,' the college has consistently fostered an enriching environment that maximizes the boundless potential of our youth. I am confident that the institution will continue its mission to inspire every student, equipping them with the knowledge, wisdom, and character necessary to contribute selflessly to our society.

It is truly heartening to see that the magazine 'Mrinal' continues to provide a dynamic platform for students to articulate their literary talents, creative skills, and innovative ideas. Such endeavours are essential in motivating our writers, artists, and thinkers to strive for excellence and embrace their own personal metamorphosis.

I extend my warmest congratulations and best wishes to the Principal, the teaching and non-teaching staff, and the student body of the college for the successful publication of this second edition and for all their future pursuits.



(Prem Singh Tamang)

Place: Gangtok.
Date: 17th April, 2026.



MESSAGE

It is a matter of immense pleasure to know that Sikkim Government College, Burtuk is bringing out the second edition of its college magazine "*Mrinal – The Metamorphosis*."

A college magazine occupies a special place in the academic ecosystem, as it provides a meaningful platform for students to articulate their ideas, showcase their literary and artistic abilities, and engage in constructive expression. It nurtures confidence, originality, and critical thinking among learners. I am confident that this edition of "*Mrinal – The Metamorphosis*" has successfully fulfilled its objectives by capturing the spirit of innovation, creativity, and intellectual pursuit within the college.

Education, particularly at the college level, plays a transformative role in shaping the future of individuals and society at large. It is not limited to the acquisition of academic knowledge but extends to the development of character, values, skills, and a sense of responsibility. I urge the students to remain curious, disciplined, and committed to lifelong learning, to uphold integrity and compassion in all their pursuits, and to strive for excellence while contributing positively to society.

The National Education Policy 2020 envisions a holistic, multidisciplinary, and flexible system of higher education that is aligned with the needs of the 21st century. It emphasizes innovation, research, skill development, and the overall growth of students while strengthening institutions. The Government of Sikkim remains committed to the effective implementation of the recommendations and suggestions of NEP 2020, and continuous efforts are being made to translate its vision into reality. I sincerely hope that Sikkim Government College, Burtuk is adopting and implementing these reforms in letter and spirit, thereby empowering its students to excel in all spheres.

I extend my heartfelt congratulations to the Principal, faculty members, editorial team, and students for their dedicated efforts in bringing out this commendable publication.

I also convey my best wishes for the continued growth and success of the institution, and for many more inspiring editions of "*Mrinal – The Metamorphosis*" in the years to come.

Date: 18.04.2026
Place: Gangtok

Raju Basnet

MESSAGE FROM THE PRINCIPAL'S DESK



With profound joy, I present to the readers the second edition of our college magazine '*Mrinal: The Metamorphosis*'.

Ideas are not found in vacuum but it is the mind where ideas are born.

To think is to invoke inner power; to think is to arouse our ability. True to its name and essence, *Mrinal* is an example of the gradual evolution of the ethos of our institution. Delving into the trajectory of growth in scholastic direction, emerging skills, creativity, adaptiveness and rationality, *Mrinal* talks of 'thinking' minds. In a subtle yet powerful way it reflects upon ideas and its transformation into actions.

Adapting to the environment of today's fast changing world with the ability to differentiate between the good and the bad and a sense of discipline is the key to success. *Mrinal* tells each one of us that nothing is impossible when we perceive with integrity and clear mind.

I thank the students and the faculties for contributing their writings and also acknowledge the hard work and dedication of the editor and the team. Congratulations to the editorial team for publishing the second edition of *Mrinal*.

Prof (Dr.) Sunita Kharel
Principal

Message from the Deans of Student Welfare

It gives us immense pleasure to present this edition of our college magazine, a vibrant reflection of the intellect, creativity, and spirit that define our academic community.

A college is not merely an institution for imparting knowledge; it is a space where young minds are nurtured, ideas are exchanged, and character is shaped. This magazine stands as a testament to the diverse talents of our students and faculty, capturing their thoughts, achievements, and aspirations. From insightful articles to creative expressions, each contribution showcases dedication, originality, and a passion for excellence.

We are also delighted to share that the Dean's Office has initiated several new programs and initiatives aimed at fostering academic excellence, innovation, and overall student development. These efforts are designed to provide greater opportunities for learning, skill enhancement, and personal growth, ensuring that our students are well-prepared to meet the challenges of a dynamic and competitive world.

In an ever-evolving environment, it is essential that we encourage critical thinking, creativity, and empathy. We are proud to see our students not only excelling academically but also actively participating in cultural, literary, and social activities. Such holistic development is the cornerstone of true education.

We extend my heartfelt appreciation to the editorial team, contributors, and everyone involved in bringing out this publication. Your dedication and hard work have made this magazine a meaningful and inspiring compilation.

We hope this edition motivates readers to explore new ideas, express themselves confidently, and continue striving for excellence in all endeavours.



Dr. Sharmila Karki



Mr. Tenzing Pintso Lepcha

**Deans of Student Welfare
SGC, Burtuk**

Message from the Editors' Desk

It is with great pride and profound satisfaction that we present the second edition of '*Mrinal: The Metamorphosis*'. As the title suggests, this magazine is not merely a compilation of writings, but a reflection of growth, transition, and the ever-evolving creative spirit of our academic community. Each contribution featured within these pages embodies a journey—of thought, expression, and transformation—capturing voices that are both diverse and deeply reflective.

The making of this edition has been a collective endeavour, shaped by dedication, creativity, and an enduring commitment to excellence. It stands as a testament to the intellectual vibrancy and artistic sensibilities of our students and faculty, who have poured their ideas and emotions into every piece. Through poetry, prose, and thoughtful articles, this volume seeks to inspire, to question, and to celebrate the power of expression.

We take this opportunity to express our sincere and heartfelt gratitude to our respected Principal, Professor (Dr.) Sunita Kharel, whose constant encouragement, visionary leadership, and unwavering support have been instrumental in guiding us through every stage of this publication. Her belief in fostering a culture of creativity and critical thinking continues to motivate us to strive for higher standards.

Finally, we extend our gratitude to all contributors, editors, and well-wishers who have been a part of this journey. Your enthusiasm and support have made this publication possible. It is our hope that '*Mrinal: The Metamorphosis*' continues to serve as a platform for voices to emerge, ideas to flourish, and creativity to thrive.

May this edition inspire reflection, ignite imagination, and stand as a meaningful testament to the transformative power of words.

Happy Reading!

Editors-in-Chief:

Mrs. Dolma T. Ethenpa & Dr. Sabita Tamang

English Literary Section:

Mrs. Dolma Tempo Ethenpa
Mr. Tshering Namgyal Bhutia
Ms. Tenzing Peggila Bhutia
Mrs. Namgyal D. Bhutia
Ms Emu Lepcha

Nepali and Hindi Literary Section

Dr. Sabita Tamang
Mr. Narayan Sharma
Dr. Kalyani Sharma
Dr. Hemlata Rai



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| ३. क्याम्पस | सुगम राई | १८. सिगरेट | स्नेह कुमारी |
| ४. मोज गर/Just Chill | बलराम शर्मा | १९. खोजेर पाएको भए | सिलास राई |
| ५. समाजको वास्तविकता | बालकृष्ण शर्मा | २०. तिमी | सपना सुब्बा |
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I. PORTRAITS OF OUR INSTITUTION



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Department of English



Department of Education



Department of Nepali



Department of Sociology



Department of Political Science



Department of History



Department of Commerce



Department of Economics



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 DRIVER
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 MULTI TASK
 SAFAI KARMACHARI
 SAFAI KARMACHARI
 SAFAI KARMACHARI
 SAFAI KARMACHARI
 WATCHMAN
 SECURITY ASSISTANT
 SECURITY ASSISTANT
 NIGHT GUARD

II. English Literary Section: Essays and Poetry

Can I call Thee Rose?

Can I call thee Rose? For
Thou art too exquisite to touch.

Thou art a rare flower,
That shall bloom forevermore.

Forthwith, doth mine soul
Inhale thy lovesome perfume.

Thy beauty striketh my heart,
And bringeth me to my knees.

Give me the chance to hold thee,
Though it be but in mine hands.

~ Sushil Sunwar, IV Sem, English

Rarely Written

I can write a poem
Just not all the time.
Not when someone asks,
not on command, not in line.
It comes like a moment
I never expect, when
something inside me
refuses neglect.
A feeling's too heavy
to carry as thought,
so it turns into words
that I never was taught.
And when it's over,
I go back the same
like nothing inside me
had ever caught flame.
So I keep it to myself
let it live and then go
because somethings are meant
to be felt, not to show.
And maybe I could share it.
maybe let people see
but the rarest of words were
never meant to be free.

~ Lhakden Lepcha, IV Sem, Education

Growing in the In-Between

They say college is a turning point—
where life begins to take shape.
But no one tells you
how confusing that shape can be
when you're standing inside it.
Most days feel like a crossroads
with no signboards,
everyone asking your destination
while you're still reading the map.
We take notes in class,
but also in our minds—
who's confident, who's ahead,
who already knows their future.
And quietly, we wonder
why we don't feel the same.
“Have you decided what you want to be?”
We hear it everywhere.
We nod like we have a plan,
even when we barely understand
tomorrow.
Yet, within the confusion,
there is a quiet hope—
“Keep going. You are learning.”
There are nights of doubt,
of comparison,
of silent pressure to succeed.
But in between it all,
something is changing.
We are learning resilience.
Learning it's okay not to know.
Growth isn't loud—
it's slow, uncertain,
sometimes looking like failure.
Still, we show up.
Still, we try.
Still, we move forward.
Maybe this phase
isn't about having answers,
but about not giving up.
Right now,
we are not lost.
We are growing—
piece by piece.
And that is enough.

~ Halina Rai,
IV Sem, English

It's Not Just About Her

Isn't it beautiful
When the whole world turns dark,
And the moon rises quietly,
Wrapped in twinkling stars?

People whisper about her glow,
Fill pages with her praise,
Call her magical, call her pure,
Write love stories in her name.

Songs are sung for the moonlight,
Promises made under her shine,
Every lover looks up at her
And says, "Tonight, you are mine."

But the truth she hides in silence
The shadows she cannot share,
The quiet ache of borrowed light,
The loneliness she wears.

And what about him?
The one who burns all day,
The sun who gives his golden heart
Then slowly fades away.

He sets himself on fire each dusk
So she can softly rise,
He disappears without a word,
No tears in his bright skies.

She glows because he loved her first,
He leaves so she can gleam,
Isn't love sometimes like that
A quiet, unseen dream?

So when you praise the moon tonight,
And call her soft and bright,
Remember the sun who steps aside
And loves her from the light.

Because love is not just shining,
Not just being seen above
Sometimes it is letting go,
And still choosing to love.

~ Cassia Rai,
IV Sem, English

A Legacy of Freedom

Fifty years of freedom,
fifty years of pride,
A journey begun with a
dream far and wide.
From the birth of a nation,
to the strength we now hold,
A story of courage,
of hearts brave and bold.
Through struggles and triumphs,
we carved our own way,
Building the future from the lessons of
yesterday.

In unity, we stood, though the road was
long, Through trials and storms,
we sang our own song.
The land we now cherish,
the home we defend,
A legacy written,
where dreams never end.

Fifty years of progress,
yet the journey goes on,
A tale of resilience,
of hopes brightly drawn.
With each passing year,
we remember the past,
And honour the spirit that will ever last.
Fifty years of statehood,
a milestone we've crossed,
A future ahead, no longer lost.

For in our hearts, we carry the flame,
of the land, the people,
and the freedom's name.
Fifty years strong, and still we rise,
Under the same sun, beneath the same
skies.

~Khenchen Pema Sherpa,
II Sem, Pol. Science

Grief

What is grief?
I wonder still
the sorrow that arrives unasked,
the weight of losses softly piled
on every choice we made too fast?

Is grief only for those who leave,
for names we whisper in the dark?
Or does it bloom for buried dreams,
extinguished long before their spark?

For people born with heavy hands,
with duties pressed upon their chest
they mourn the dreams they couldn't keep,
the ones they never laid to rest.

They grieve the futures left behind,
the quiet hopes that couldn't grow,
the echoes of the might have beens
that follow everywhere they go.

So let us learn to name this grief
not only when a life departs,
but when a dream slips from our hold
and settles deep inside our hearts.

Let's honor all the losses felt,
the things we loved but couldn't save,
for even dreams deserve a place
within the tears we sometimes crave.

And may we pause from time to time
to think of dreams we once had made
those tender visions lost to life,
but never fully fade.

~ Muskan Chettri,
VI Sem, English



Papa

Papa, you are my strength so true,
The light of life that guides me through.
In your love, I find my peace,
In every storm, my fears release.

Your hands protect, so warm, so strong,
Your eyes show love my whole life.
You are the joy within my days,
My dreams begin in your gentle ways.

From your struggles, I learn and grow,
Your wisdom help me always know.
Your paths the goal I wish to see,
Your values shape the best in me.

Without you, life feels incomplete,
With you, my world is whole and
sweet. Papa, I love you- this is true.
My everything begins with you.

~ Karima Kumari,
II Sem, English

Bound to These Hills

Sikkim, my motherland, so pure, so bright,
Born in its arms, I'll rest in its light.
Mountains whisper, rivers run free,
A land of beauty, calling to me.

Yumthang blooms with colours so rare,
Gurudongmar shines in the crisp mountain air.
Kanchenjunga glows like golden snow,
Flowing from peaks to valleys below.

The Teesta and Rangit, wild yet grand,
Like twin brothers, hand in hand.
Singing their songs, carving their way,
Never apart, come night or day.

North unfolds with peace so deep,
A place where even the winds can weep.
The sky speaks, the lakes dance,
The rocks stand like old friends in a trance.

Why do my people leave and roam,
When strangers find peace in our home?
The hills, the valleys, the rivers wide,
A paradise here, no need to hide.

I wish to lie on this sacred ground,
Feel the earth, hear nature's sound.
Sikkim, my love, forever mine,
From birth to death, in you I shine.

~ Samjana Rai,
History



Sikkim: A Symphony of Beauty

In the lap of Kanchenjunga,
The land adorned with waterfalls and mountains,
The village filled with such things,
A sacred place- this is the name.

The village adorned with valley of pine,
The village flow with Teesta stream,
The song is heaven,
The village is flowers,
The people are stories.
Kanchenjunga is smiling here.

Here, there is a sense of unity,
Even God is tempted to bend and see,
this flower garden of harmony.
The birds and the red pandas here,
Fly and run in the forest green.

Forever may this garden bloom,
The treasure of the sage,
The flower garden of heaven-
Our Sikkim.

~ Nauma Tamang,
IV Sem, English

A BLEND OF PRAYER AND SIN

We rise each day with polished face,
A practiced smile, a borrowed grace.
We speak of love, of right, of good,
Then choose ourselves, as we always would.

If profit calls, we do not wait,
Another's loss becomes our fate.
We close our eyes, we seal our sight,
As long as we are safe, it's right.

A distant cry, a burning plea,
A hand that begs, "just look at me",
We hear enough to turn away,
And live untouched another day.

Children fade in silent need,
While towers rise from silent greed.
The rich grow taller, cold and fed,
The poor grow thinner, barely led.

We worship gods for our own gain,
Not out of love, but fear of pain.
We bow for blessings, wealth, and breath,
Not once to stand for life or death.

We cleanse ourselves in sacred streams,
Then choke them slow with plastic dreams.
We call it faith, we call it pure,
But poison what we claim to cure.

We praise the goddess, draped in light,
Then hunt her shadow in the night.
We speak of honor, loud and proud,
Yet hide our violence in the crowd.

We kill the voiceless, tame and mild,
Yet pray like saints, both fierce and styled.
Our hands hold prayer, our hands hold sin,
The war outside reflects within.

We follow trends we never know,
Just wear the mask and join the show.
No thought, no doubt, no question asked,
A hollow mind, perfectly masked.

And I'm no different, if I'm true,
This quiet fault runs through me too.
I've seen, I've known, I've looked away,
And let it pass me, day by day.

So I can write, again, again,
Of broken hearts and selfish men,
Yet in these lines, I still can see
A part of them that lives in me.

No word I carve, no truth I send,
Will make this pattern start to bend.
For humans are what they have been,
A careful blend of prayer and sin.

~ Palden Sherpa,
VI Sem, English



In Secret I whisper Thy Name

In secret I whisper thy name,
to conceal the love that I hold.
My heart in shadow hides its flame,
in stillness my tenderness unfolds.

Thou art as radiant as a crescent moon
starlight's that beautifies the scars,
softly gleams her hair
by honeyed brown rays of June.

I wander to gaze from afar,
as mountains crumble and
universe ceases you shall
live on in all my verses.

~ Arjun Subba,
IV Sem, English



Where the Flowers of Democracy *Bloom*

Where the Flowers of Democracy bloom
An aphonic gardener, I perceive my country groom
Ambrosian it is in a balmily weather
Democracy, a quiddity, a calix refresher

Where the tree of Rights blossom
Underneath it, a sip of dulcet liberty is really awesome
Laying down, I gaze a secular impalpable sky
Justice delayed is sometimes justice denied

Where the roots of Equality broaden
The caterwauls of disconsolate are almost forgotten
A penchant for democracy I endorse
Egregious, may be the system but not the source.

~ Samuel Rai, Faculty,
Department of Political Science

Bhumchu: The Warmth of Devotion

Night drapes the monastery walls,
Chants rise soft as river calls.
Pilgrims gather, frail yet strong,
Drawn by faith, they walk so long.
A silver urn, sealed so tight,
Holds the future, dark or bright.
Drops of water, clear and pure,
Foretell the fate we must endure.
From dusk to dawn, with hands so free,
We serve the pilgrims steaming tea.
Wrinkled hands, eyes so bright,
Traveling far through endless night.
I, a child of Tashiding's land,
Stand and serve with open hand.
No age nor ailment holds them still,
For Bhumchu calls, and so they will.
Bound to this, as moon to sun,
I serve; I pray—my heart is one.



~ Sonam Doma Bhutia,
VI semester, English

Quietly Becoming Her

Being loud with an insecure mind
was never easy.
They told me to lower my voice,
but it was fear beneath it.
In a garden of flowers,
I felt like the unwanted plant—
easily ignored, easily replaced.
So I stayed small,
said what they wanted,
hid who I was.
But she—
she took up space,
loved herself,
needed no approval.
I thought I could never be her.
Until one day,
I saw a little girl
watering that unwanted plant—
believing in it.
It was me.
“Try again,” she whispered.
So I did.
Not perfectly,
but I stayed.
And slowly, quietly,
I am becoming her—
the one my younger self needed.

~ Supickcha Gurung,
IV Sem, English

Pages of Perspective

And if divinity is privy
to the yearnings
in your heart,
let him whisper
on a breeze
the secrets to my ear.

From hieroglyphs to AI,
human life has traversed
an unimaginable expanse,
but this burst of knowledge
couldn't seemingly affect
his emotional response,
10000 years ago,
a smile probably softened
a hardened heart,
and some smiles
still melts hearts.

She ain't looking
for a saviour,
just a kind ear
to patiently absorb
her tales of domestic valour,
the storms she's balanced
to adjust to the norms,
And still break out of them.
The dreams she's kept on pause,
to avoid a raging ripple
in the supposed calm of reality.

My ancestral earth
speaks of generational toil,
buried aspirations,
wilted dreams,
and a persevering hope
passed down as inheritance.

~Tsering Namgyal Bhutia, Faculty,
Department of English

Belongingness

**Prof (Dr.) Sunita Kharel,
Principal**

History offers significant insight into state formation and formation of nations. While the former falls within political domain with a set of criteria, the latter is rooted in culture, language, ethnicity, shared identity and for that matter even collective consciousness as suggested by Fichte. Social scientists have examined various forms of political organisations ranging from city states, feudal states, theocratic states and finally modern states that emerged from the eighteenth century onward.

States were formed but how 'national' one felt within such states? This question takes us to the realm of thought and consciousness. Now, let me draw the attention of the reader to Sikkim. As suggested by evidences, religion played a pivotal role in the formation of Sikkim as a state, thereby shaping it as a theocratic entity. Recent scholarship has shed light on Sikkim state formation, its socio-cultural and economic dimensions and also on city state type of polity in the pre-Namgyal era.

However, have we ventured to understand what Sikkim was in the ancient past? The challenge here lies not in intellectual curiosity to understand the past but in the scarcity of sources. Why do we not possess historical writings like Harshacharita or Rajatarangini? While the southern kingdoms preserved their histories through their court bards, the Sultans had their official chroniclers. And, while the Buranjis, the official chronicles of the Ahom kingdom give evidence of the north-east, the historical records of Sikkim remain fragmentary.

There must have been heroes in Sikkim's past, the subaltern groups must have worked for their region and there must have been royal court bards. Yet, where are the records? The absence of sources raises critical questions about historiography and memory. The answer to this challenge lies in the gradually evolving sense of preservation, in belongingness, in shared identity and in collective consciousness.



Teaching: A Daily Juggle

Mrs. Dolma T. Ethenpa, Faculty,
Department of English

Teaching is often described as a noble profession, which is a polite way of saying it requires the patience of a saint, the creativity of an artist, and the survival instincts of a reality show contestant. At its core, teaching is not merely the transfer of knowledge but a delicate art of convincing a room full of distracted minds that what you are saying is, in fact, more interesting than their phones, doodles on their notebooks, the constant tapping of pens, whispered conversations, daydreams and the mysterious drama unfolding in the back row.

A teacher begins each class armed with a set topic in mind, a piece of chalk or a stubborn marker, a stack of PPTs and notes, and an optimism that borders on heroism. This optimism is quickly tested. There is sometimes that one student who asks a deeply philosophical question, and another who has forgotten everything except how to ask, “Will this come in the exam?”, and many who believe eye contact with the teacher is a legally binding contract to answer questions and, of course, and the inevitable brave voice that, at the very last moment, reminds you with a perfectly timed, “Ma'am, attendance?”

Yet, teaching is not without its moments of triumph. There is a particular kind of joy when a concept finally “clicks” for a student—the lightbulb moment when confusion transforms into understanding. It is subtle and fleeting, yet it makes the teacher beam with pride, like a parent who just watched their kid ride a bike without training wheel and secretly hopes the kid won't crash right after.

The classroom is a stage, and the teacher an unacknowledged performer, constantly improvising—turning complex theories into relatable stories and dry facts into lively discussion. Meanwhile, the audience sends subtle signals: bored looks masked as focus, eyes drifting toward the window or door, restless fingers drumming, and minds counting down the minutes. A good teacher knows humour isn't a bonus but a survival strategy—it captures attention, it can break tension during a tough topic, revive wandering minds, and even earn a few grateful smiles from students who were secretly counting down the minutes. Sometimes is the only way to get through both the lesson and the notoriously tricky attendance check.

Of course, teaching also involves a curious relationship with time. A sixty-minute period can feel like a ten when students are engaged, but stretch endlessly when they are not. Similarly, the night before exams may feel infinite for students, the teachers enter a parallel universe where time bends and stacks of papers seem to multiply rather than shrink.

And then there is the eternal mystery of handwriting. Teachers develop a unique skill: the ability to decipher scripts that look like ancient codes. They learn to interpret meaning from chaos, to see brilliance in what appears to be a battle between pen and paper. In the process, they also acquire an unexpected physical talent—constantly tilting and turning their heads at improbable angles, as if solving a visual puzzle, just to figure out what exactly is written on the page.

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But perhaps the most remarkable thing about teaching is its lasting impact. A teacher may forget a particular lesson, a specific batch, or even where they left their attendance register, but the influence they have on students often lingers far beyond the classroom. A word of encouragement, a moment of belief, or even a strict reprimand can shape a student's confidence and direction in ways that no syllabus can measure.

In the end, teaching is a paradox. It is exhausting yet energizing, frustrating yet rewarding, routine yet unpredictable. It demands everything and often offers little in return—except the quiet satisfaction of knowing that somewhere, in some mind, a small spark has been lit.

And really, that is the true magic of teaching: not just filling minds with information, but setting them on fire—with curiosity, with understanding, and occasionally, with the urgent need to finally study before the exam. It is the celebrating of small victories—a student's first “aha” moment, a paper well-written, a project proudly presented—and finding joy in the chaos, the laughter, and even the occasional eye-roll. Teaching doesn't just shape knowledge; it shapes minds, ignites imaginations, and leaves a mark that lasts far beyond the classroom walls.



Sikkim's Artistic Heritage in Its Golden Jubilee Year

Miss. Kussang Mit Lepcha

IV Semester, English

Sikkim's artistic heritage is deeply rooted in its history, religion and ethnic diversity. Sikkim art and craft is renowned for its beautiful 'thangka' paintings, wood carvings, carpet weaving, bamboo crafts and intricate handmade textiles. These artistic traditions continue to be preserved through local artisans and institutions like the Directorate of Handicrafts and Handloom in Gangtok, which promote and trains craftsmen in the age-old skills.

The history of art and craft in Sikkim date back to ancient times, deeply influenced by indigenous Lepcha, Bhutia and Nepali communities. Sikkim art and craft have evolved over centuries shaped by Buddhist traditions. Over the years It has evolved into a major learning and training in the traditional arts and crafts. The state art history is deeply intertwined with Buddhism as seen in the intricate 'thangka' paintings, which depict religious deities and spiritual symbol and persevered in the monasteries like *Rumtek* and *Pemayangtse*. Traditional folk music and dance play a vital role in Sikkim culture with Lepcha songs inspired by nature, Bhutia monastic Cham dance symbolizing spiritual themes and more. The art of Sikkim, rooted in spirituality, nature, folklore continues to evolve while maintaining its deep cultural essence.

Art has always been more than just an expression, it's a thread that weaves the past into the present, whispering ancient stories into the hands of new creators. It was not just something people did, it was how they lived. But now in a world racing forward time slips through our fingers like sand. The stories of our ancestors, once etched in vibrant colors and rhythms are fading into silence. The revival of new artists in Sikkim is awakening where tradition dances with modernity and the echoes of the past find rhythm in the future. Young artists are rising in Sikkim, bringing fresh energy. They are reimagining traditions blending old with the new, and making a space where these voices can be heard.



Unique new private endeavors like the Craft Theory Collective located in the heart of Gangtok's MG Market gives wings to this movement acting as a platform dedicated to fostering local artistry. It brings together traditional and contemporary creators, providing them with the visibility and support needed to sustain their craft.



The Collective showcases Sikkimese artists across various disciplines - pottery, weaving, painting, photography and design blending tradition with modernity and who are making a meaningful impact on their communities. For example, the Collective showcases Dr. Chewang Bhutia, from Ravangla, an artisan who being a veterinarian and nature lover, used his knowledge and love for animals to start an ethical weaving brand called Crafted Fibers.

He employs village women and trains them to weave his sustainably sourced natural filers into beautiful ecofriendly fashion. His research on German Angora rabbit finer in Northeast India was published in a leading journal. He helped the Gurung community of Sikkim build the Chubako brand which won a Global Eco Artisan Award, bringing new life to endangered crafts.





The Collective also exhibits the works of a Bonna Isaac, a full-time fine artist from Gangtok who is popular for her talent in converting her love for flora and fauna into art with large colorful close-up paintings of flowers. Her works makes one stop, look closer and feel the quiet poetry of nature. Another local fine artist part of the collective is Diki Yuthok, whose story of courage and passion inspires anyone who comes across her. After an accident that left her quadriplegic, Diki turned to art to find therapy and sustenance. Inspired by nature, she paints delicate flowers, birds, and the traditional lama dance using water colors.

Rinzing Bhutia is another unique artisan and entrepreneur from Sikkim who finds a platform to showcase her products and story at Craft Theory. She started her brand Agapi, which means 'love from the mountains' in 2019. It creates high quality natural skin care devoid of chemicals, using natural ingredients from our Himalayas. Her brand, built on women empowerment and a deep respect for nature has trained over 300 women from marginalized communities and has become the first women led enterprise in Northeast India to garner Foreign Direct Investment and her products are now used by luxury hotels like Taj.



In pottery, while there are few artisans in Sikkim, one worth mentioning is Reena Rai who is one of the three potters in Craft Theory's collective. She is the first woman to start a ceramic studio in northeast India. An expert in glaze making and fine techniques, her atelier Studio Maato has trained many local women. Her beautiful glazed ceramics include household items, souvenirs and art installations.



These are few of the many local artisans of the Craft Theory Collective, who give us hope for the conservation and progress of Sikkim's artistic heritage and demonstrates the intrinsic connection that we as the people of *Khangchendzonga* have for our nature and mountains.

May the next 50 years of Sikkim's statehood continue to garner priority focus from our government on our art and culture and to quote the Craft Theory Collective mission, “create a society where craftsmanship flourishes and artisans thrive”.



The Whispering Water

Khongchenmit Lepcha, 2nd semester, English

Long ago, when the land of Mayallyang was untouched by humans, nature lived in perfect harmony. The mountains stood tall, rivers flowed freely, and the forests were full of life.

Among these natural spirits lived two rivers, RUNGNYU and RUNGNYET. They were deeply in love. RUNGNYU was gentle, calm, and kind, while RUNGNYET was strong, restless, and always eager for adventure. Despite their differences, they were inseparable. One day, as they wandered through the Himalayan mountains, RUNGNYET became curious about the land beyond the hills. “What lies beyond these mountains?” he wondered. Excited by the idea, he suggested a race to RUNGNYU. They would take different paths and meet at PASYOK, the place where the rivers Teesta and Rangeet come together in the plains. Whoever reached there first would win.

RUNGNYU happily agreed, as she too wished to explore the unknown. Since the journey would be difficult, both of them chose guides. RUNGNYU was guided by PURELBU, who led her carefully and wisely. RUNGNYET, however, chose TUTFOU, who was careless and easily distracted. As the journey began, RUNGNYU moved steadily and peacefully, enjoying the beauty of the new lands. RUNGNYET, on the other hand, rushed forward, thinking only about winning the race. But his guide often lost the way, causing delays.

After a long and difficult journey, RUNGNYET finally reached PASYOK—only to find that RUNGNYU had already arrived.

Surprised and hurt, he asked, “THEE SUTHA?” (When did you arrive?)

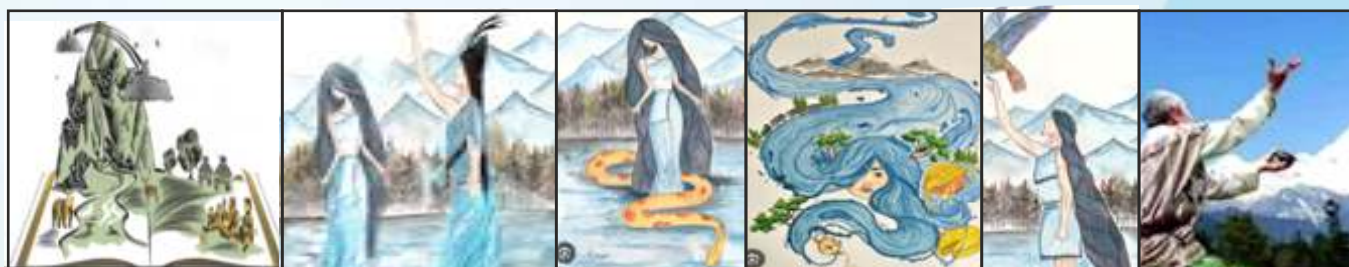
Seeing her happy made him feel even more ashamed. His pride was deeply wounded. Instead of accepting defeat, he became angry and left immediately without saying another word. Blinded by rage, RUNGNYET returned to the mountains and caused great destruction. His waters rose violently, destroying forests and frightening wildlife. The peaceful land turned into chaos. The frightened animals and people climbed up Tendong Hill and prayed to ITBHUDEBU RUM, the creator of Mayallyang, to save them. At that moment, KUHUM FOU, a sacred hill partridge, saw the suffering. She carried an offering called MOONG CHEE BEP, made from millet, and flew to the top of Tendong Hill. There, she prayed sincerely to the creator for help. Suddenly, the earth began to shake. RUNGNYET came to his senses. He saw the destruction he had caused and felt deep regret. Realizing his mistake, he calmed down and flowed back toward RUNGNYU.

RUNGNYU welcomed him with kindness.

“Do not be sad,” she said gently. “Let us go forward together.”

Her words comforted him. Leaving behind his anger and pride, RUNGNYET joined her. Together, they flowed peacefully toward the plains. Even today, it is said that the river Rangeet flows above the Teesta, reminding us of their story. To remember this event and to give thanks to ITBHUDEBU RUM, people celebrate the festival Tendong Lho Rum Faat every year on the 8th of August.

Aachuley !



The Way I See Life

Lasang Sherpa, IV Sem, Economics

Sometimes, life doesn't make sense right away. It takes time, mistakes, quiet nights, and little moments to understand what really matters. I didn't write this book to give advice. I wrote it just to be honest — with myself and maybe with you. These are my thoughts, my feelings, and how I see life. Nothing more. Nothing less.

What Life Really Means to Me

To me, life is not just about waking up, going through the day, and sleeping again. It's deeper than that. It's about feeling everything — the joy, the pain, the quiet moments that no one sees. Life means learning through every mistake, finding strength in every fall, and smiling even

when things don't make sense. It's about the people who come and teach you lessons, even if they don't stay forever. Sometimes, life is heavy. Sometimes it's beautiful. But both are important. Both shape you. For me, life is about becoming the person I'm meant to be, little by little. Not rushing. Just

growing — even on the days when I feel stuck. This is what life means to me. Not something perfect. Just something real.

Things That Broke Me and Healed Me

Some things broke me in ways I never saw coming — quiet goodbyes, unspoken words, and the feeling of being forgotten. I lost parts of myself trying to hold on to people and moments that were never meant to stay. But healing found me in soft ways — in sunrises, in music, in late-night thoughts that finally made sense. I healed through writing, through solitude, through slowly learning that I am enough. The pain shaped me, but the healing saved me. And now, both live inside me — not as scars, but as reminders of how far I've come.

Things I Wish I Knew Earlier

I wish I knew that it's okay to not have all the answers. That feeling lost is part of growing. That not everyone will stay, and that's not always your fault. I wish I knew that peace is more important than attention, and that saying “no” doesn't make you selfish. That loving yourself isn't a one-time thing — it's a daily choice. I wish someone told me that healing takes time, and you don't have to rush it. That your worth doesn't depend on who accepts you, but how deeply you accept yourself. If I knew these things earlier, maybe I would've been kinder to myself. But I know them now — and that's enough.

The Beauty of Little Things

I've come to realize that the little things aren't so little after all. The sound of rain, the warmth of sunlight on your face, an unexpected smile, a late-night laugh, someone remembering your favourite song — these are the quiet moments that stay with you. We often chase big dreams and loud successes, but forget that life is built on these tiny, gentle pieces. The beauty of life is hidden in the things we almost overlook. And once you start noticing them, everything begins to feel like magic. Life is not something you figure out all at once. It's something you feel, step by step. Through the things that broke me and the ones that healed me, through the lessons I learned late and the little moments I almost missed — I've come to see life more clearly now. It's not about being perfect. It's about being present. It's not about always knowing. It's about always growing. The way I see life may not be the same as yours — and that's the beauty of it. We all carry our own stories, our own meanings. But if there's one thing I know for sure, it's this: Life is not just something we live. It's something we learn to love.

III. NEPALI LITERARY SECTION

मेरो बाल्यकाल

~ रिकेश घिमिरे

जब म सानु थिए त्यो बेला मलाई खुबै हिडनु मन लाग्थ्यो ,
जब म लर्बिएर हिडनु थाले मलाई दगुर्न मन लाग्थ्यो , आज आएर बल्ल थाहा हुँदैछ त्यो बेला
सबैले बोक्न खोज्दा नमान्ने म आज कसैले मलाई तेरो जिन्दगी कस्तो चल्दै छ भनेर सोधिदिए हुन्थ्यो जस्तो लाग्छ ।

सानुमा स्कूल जाँदा साथीहरु संग बाटोमा भएको सुन्तला, अम्बक चोरेर खानु को जस्तो मज्जा केही छैन जस्तो लाग्छ, गणित
विषयको शिक्षक नआउँदा को खुशी साथीहरु संग बिताएको पल, मेरो बाल्यकाल जतिनै वर्णन गरे पनि शब्द नै कमती हुन्छ तर
जे होस् आज आएर त्यो कुरा सबै मिठो सपना झैं भएको छ।

सानोमा ठूला बडाले सोध्नु हुन्थियो , बाबु त ठूलो भएर के हुन्छस् म पनि गर्वको साथ भन्थे " पाईलट" । त्यो बेला मलाई के
थहाँ पाईलट पढ्नलाई कति धेरै मेहेनत गर्नु पर्छ भनेर ।

बिस्तारै कक्षा 11 पुगे विषय चयन गर्नलाई अफिस मा शिक्षक-शिक्षीका हरूले बोलाउनु भएको थियो मेरो मिल्ने साथीले जा
भनिदियो मैले पनि केही नसोची तेहि लिए हामी त्यस बेला खुबै खुशी थियौं किन की स्कूल सक्नु केहि वर्ष मात्रै बाँकी थियो ।

बल्ल आज आएर बुझ्दैछु पाईलट बनिनु विज्ञान पढ्नु पर्ने रहेछ , सानोमा पाईलट हुने म कहाँ बाट साहित्य पढ्ने भएछु आज
आफूले भोगेको हरेक कुरा कलमले खातामा कोर्न सक्ने सानै भए पनि साहित्यकार पो भएछु ।

आएको छ

~ मनिषा पाण्डे

यहाँ आफू राम्रो भएर होइन
समाज सुधारार्ने दिन आएको छ
इज्जत र तालीको निमित्त कविता होइन
जागरुकका निमित्त लेख्ने दिन आएको छ।

यहाँ मानिस हँसाउने नृत्य गरेर होइन
जातीय सांस्कृति जोगाउने दिन आएको छ
यहाँ भाषा लुकाउने दिन होइन
तर विश्वमा चिनाउने दिन आएको छ।

यहाँ ठगिएर बस्ने दिन होइन
आफ्नो अधिकार खोज्ने दिन आएको छ
यहाँ हेपिएर बस्ने दिन होइन
समाजमा केही सत्कर्म गर्ने दिन आएको छ।

आएको छ
यहाँ ड्रमसका गोटीमा नाच्ने दिन होइन
आफू जागरुक हुने दिन आएको छ
यहाँ कसैको धम्कीमा डराउने होइन
आफ्ना हितका निमित्त लड्ने दिन आएको छ।

क्याम्पस

सुगम {चामलिङ्मा} राई

चौथो सत्र

क्रमसङ्ख्या: २३बीए००

नेपाली विभाग

क्याम्पस सरस्वती माताको एक पवित्र वास्स्थान
जहाँ हुन्छ अशान्त र अन्धकारलाई चिर्ने ज्ञानको
दिव्य ज्योति, अनि त मानवले पाउँछ दोस्रो नेत्र,
तेस्रो मस्तिष्क राम्रो-नराम्रो समानता-असमानता
तथा ज्ञानी अज्ञानी खुट्याउने प्रकाश।

अज्ञान र अन्धकार सबै फाली
उनी दिन्छिन् दिव्य ज्ञान सबैलाई
निसन्देह निश्चल पवित्र रहेर
सिकाउँछिन् सत्चरित्रको पाठ।

आदर्श, नम्र, स्नेही र ममतामयी भई
हाम्रो मस्तिष्कमा अविस्मरणीय रहने
सुज्ञानी, सुकर्मी यिनी भाग्य विधाता
निर्माण गर्छिन्
संसारमा दिव्य सभ्य सज्जन अनि
डॉक्टर, कवि, इतिहासकार,
संगीतकार तथा कलाकार
देश चलाउने राजनितिज्ञ
संसारलाई आफ्नो पहिचान दिँदै
आफ्नो अस्तित्व एवम् जातिको रक्षा गर्ने विश्वका विभूति
विश्व चिनाउने विद्याकी सागर माता सरस्वती
हजुरको कृपाले क्याम्पसको नाम
सदैव रहोस् उच्चतर।

मोज गर / JUST CHILL

~ बलराम शर्मा

बाँकी दुनियाँ जे-सुकै गरौस्
तँ मोज गर...
अरूको कल्याण होस् या हैरान होस्
पर्वाह नगर
तँ मोज गर।।

तेरो जिन्दगी त बबाल चलिरा छ नि
अरूले जे गरेपनि के मतलब गर्छस् र
Mind your own business सुनैकै छस्
भन्न सिकेकै छस्
तर त्यसमा तेरो संस्करण झल्किन्छ
बाबुआमाको गलत नाम बस्छ
किन पर्वाह गर्छस्...
जन्म दिएका हुन् तेरो निम्ति आफ्नो दिन-रात एक गरेका हुन्
तर पर्वाह नगर
किनकि जिन्दगी त तेरो होनि...
तर तँ मोज गर।।

छैन यहाँ केही तैले पर्वाह गर्ने लायक
छैन यहाँ तैले महशुस गर्नेखालको
तँलाई चाहिने केवल मोजमस्ती र मजा
Freedom भन्न सिकेकै छस्
मोज गर।।

तँ नबोल कसैको हकको लागि
नबोल आफ्नै लागि पनि
नबोल केही पनि हुँदामा
नबोल...
Intellectual छु भन्न सिकेकै छस्
तैले किन यी झिना मसिना मान्छेको निम्ति बोल्ने
सुहाउँदैन तँलाई...
चुप् बसिदे...
तर त्यसैले तैले आफ्ना सबै गुमाउने छस् एकदिन
तर पर्वाह नगर
किन चाहियो तँलाई यी सबै मान्छे
तँलाई Irritate गर्नेहरू...
तँ केवल मोज गर।।

मोज गर तँ
तँ न त आफ्नै हुन सक्ने छस्
न त परिवारको
न त समाजको
तेरो अस्तित्व हराए पनि एकदिन आउनेछन् सबै बाँस काट्न सघाउन...
तर तेरो चिता उठाउने चार काँध पाउन मुस्किल छ
तर मोज गर।।

समाजको वास्तविकता

~ बालकृष्ण शर्मा

बिहानै उठ्दा थाहा भयो,
म मरी सकेछु,
बेजान मेरो शरीर, खाटमा
लडी रहेको छ,
बुबा, आमा, दिदी बहिनी
वरिपरि बसी डाँको छोडी
रहेका छन्,
छरछिमेकी, परिजनहरू भेला
हुन थाले,
हिजोसम्म मेरो नाम थियो
तर आज "लास छिट्टै निकाली
हाल्नुपर्छ" भन्दै छन्।
म बाँचुन्जेल मेरो कुरा
गर्नेनी आज आएर शोक
जनाउँदै छन्, "तपाईंको
छोरा यस्तो उस्तो भन्ने पनि
कति राम्रो थियो, बिचरा"
भन्दै मुन्टो हल्लाउँदै छन्।
"तैले के गरि खान्नेस्"
भनी छड्के हान्ने गाउँले काका
नी "बिचरा, जीवनमा
केही गर्नु नपाई गयो" भन्दै
गफ दिइरहेका छन्,
कस्ता हुन् है यी मानिसहरू,
जिउँदो रहुन्जेल कसैले
सोधेनन् र मरेपछि आइपुगे
आफ्नो खोक्रो ढोंग र झुटो
शोक जताउन।

उज्यालोतिरको यात्रा

~ सुमन दर्नाल

अँध्यारो रातले दिन डाके पनि,
मुटुभित्र आशाको दीप अझै बलिरहेछ।
आँधीले सपनालाई उडाए पनि,
विश्वासको जरा अझै गाजिरहेछ।

थकाइले पाइलाहरू रोक्न खोजे पनि,
हिम्मतले “अझै अगाडि बढ!” भनि रहेछ
हारहरूले डाँडा पार गरे पनि,
सफलताको घाम एकदिन अवश्य उदाउने छ।

घाम नउदाएको बिहान कहाँ हुन्छ र?
संघर्षबिनाको जीवन कहाँ सफल हुन्छ र?
पसिनाको हरेक कणले सिन्चेको इतिहास नै
मानिसको साँचो परिचय हुन्छ।

हामी केवल यात्रु होइनौ,
हामी हौ भविष्य,
देशलाई अघि बढाउने
अन्धकारलाई पन्साएर उज्यालो मार्ग देखाउने।

आँसुका हरेक थोपा पनि मोतीका कण बनि सागर
बन्छन्,
यदि सपना साँचो हुन्छ भने।
झरेकाका पातबाट पनि नयाँ पलुवा पलाउँछन्,
यदि वृक्ष बलियो छ भने।

जिन्दगी

~ उदेशना राई

कस्तो त्यो ईश्वरले
रची दिएको यो जिन्दगी,
केवल दुई - दिने शरीरले
बाँची दिनु पर्ने यो जिन्दगी!
यहाँ दुःखमा रोइदिई
सुखमा हाँसो बटुल्दै,
घाम - छाँयाको परिधिमा
बाँची दिनु पर्ने यो जिन्दगी!
धनि - गरिबको लक्ष्मण रेखाभित्र
निस्सासिएर शान्ति खोज्दै,
शोषणताको छेकाबारमा
बाँचि दिनु पर्ने यो जिन्दगी!

त्यसैले उठ,
हे देशका सन्तान हो,
आफ्नो पहिचान बनाऊ
हिम्मत, परिश्रम र आशाको दीप लिएर
नयाँ इतिहास लेखाउ।

किनकि...
तिमी केवल सन्तान होइनौ—
तिमी एउटा सम्भावना हौ।
तिमी एउटा भविष्य हौ।
तिमी त्यो शक्ति हौ जसरि-
जुनले अँध्यारोलाई चिदै
नयाँ बिहान जन्माउन सक्छ।

याद गर,
जब एउटा पुस्ता जागृ,
त्यो बेला इतिहास लेखिँदैन...
इतिहास लेखिन्छ...
भोलिको सूर्य तिनैका लागि उदाउँछ,
जो आज अँध्यारोमा बाँचेको छ
र विजयले तिनैका पाइला चुम्छ,
जो संघर्ष, हारसँग पनि मुस्कुराएर जीत पाएको छ।



साथी

~ कैश लिम्बु

साथी भनेको न्यानो साथ हो,
मन दुःखदा दुःख बिसाउँने चौतारो हो।
हाँसो बाड्ने आँशु पुछिदिने,
सधैंभरि साथदिने हो।
अध्यारोमा उज्यालो झै,
असल मार्ग देखाउँने बाटो हो।
प्राणले संसार छोडे पनि,
कहिल्यै पनि साथ नछोड्ने-
साथी नै हो। रोइदिई
सुखमा हाँसो बटुल्दै,
घाम - छाँयाको परिधिमा
बाँची दिनु पर्ने यो जिन्दगी!
धनि - गरिबको लक्ष्मण रेखाभित्र
निस्सासिएर शान्ति खोज्दै,
शोषणताको छेकाबारमा
बाँचि दिनु पर्ने यो जिन्दगी!

आमा

~ सुमन दर्नाल

आमा केवल शब्द होइन,
सृष्टिको सुन्दर रचना हो,
माया, त्याग र साहसले सजिएको संसार हो।
आमाको न्यानो काख दुख बिसाँउने चौतारि हो,
आमाको ममता मृदुल मायाको स्वर हो,
उनको कोमल मुस्कान, आशा र सपनाको
प्रतिविम्ब हो।

कहिले दिदि बनेर बाटो देखाउँछे,
कहिले बहिनी बनेर गुनाँसो सुनिदिन्छे,
कहिले साथी बनेर साथ नभिएँछे,
कहिले जीवन सडगिनी बनेर घर सजाउँछे।
उहिनै हन् आमा।

उनको माया गहिरो सागर हो,
जहाँ जीवनको पाप धुन सकिन्छ
उनको धैर्यता हिमाल जस्तो अग्लो छ,
जहाँ आशाको दिप बोकी चड्न सकिन्छ।

दुःख र पीडा सहँदै पनि
आमा सधैं मुस्कान बोकी हिँड्छिन्
मनमा अनेकौँ दुख कष्ट लुकाएर पनि
मेरो अगाडि हासीँ रहन्छिन्।
आफ्नो सबै इच्छा, चाहाना मारेर
मेरो सपना पुरा गर्न अघि सरछिन्
निस्वर्थ, निश्चल भावले अजमबरि प्रेम गरिरहन्छिन्।

आमा बिना जीवन अध्याँरो छ,
औशीको रातझै,
आमा बिना जीवन वेरङ्ग छ,
इन्द्रेणी बिनाको आकाश झै,
आमा बिना जीवन बाँझो छ
पानि बिनाको मरुभूमि झै
आमा भए जीवनमा सबैथोक छ
हिरा, मोती, कोहिनुर रत्न भन्दापनि,
मेरी आमाको माया अनमोल छ।

जिउन सिक

~ सुजल राई

धनको धनी मात्र होइन,
मनको धनी बन्न सिका।
आडम्बरमा होइन तर,
यथार्थमा जिउन सिका।

सुखै सुख होइन यहाँ,
दुःख पनि बाँड्न सिका।
कुविचारलाई पर सारी,
सुविचारलाई रोज्न सिका।

रिस- रागलाई हटाएर,
हँसिलो भई बोल्न सिका।
गुम्सिएका मनका कुरा,
आँटिलो भई खोल्न सिका।

कठोर वचन होइन सधैं,
मधुर मुस्कान छर्न सिका।
जिन्दगीको अर्थ के हो,
बुझ्न अनि जिउँन सिका।

के कालो के सेतो

~ रोहित सुब्बा

के कालो- के सेतो, उस्तै यहाँ,
सबै बराबर, हैन र?
रंगले के नै छुट्याउँछ र?
रगत सबैको एउटै हैन र?

रगत एउटै, आत्मा एउटै,
किन अरूलाई कम सम्झिने?
मानवता नै ठूलो धर्म हो,
यसलाई मनभरि सजाऔं।

हात समातौं, संगै बढौं,
समानताको गीत गाउँ।
दया, करुणा, प्रेम छर्दै,
नयाँ बिहानी संगै उदाउँ।

सम्बन्धहरुको पुल बनाऔं,
मनको सुन्दर फूल फुलाऔं।
समानताको सुगन्ध छरौं,
मिलेर रमाइलो संसार बनाऔं।



अब म चुप लाग्दिन

~ बिपसना छेत्री

“अब म चुप लाग्दिन!”

किन हेरौं मलाई गिदै नजरले?

म मुटु हुँ, म आत्मा हुँ,

तर तिमीले मलाई मासुजस्तो चिथ्र-चिथ्र पायौं!

तिमीले गाजलभित्र लुकेको रोदन देखेनौ,

रगतको रेखामा बगेको मेरो चिच्याहट सुनेनौ?

मेरो मौनता तिम्रा कानमा कहिल्यै ठोकिएन,

तर अब, म चुप लाग्दिन!

म चुप थिएँ...

किनभने समाज डराउँछ,

"छोरीको इज्जत" भन्दै आँखा झुकाउँछ।

तर अब त्यो इज्जत चुपचाप मरिरहेको छैन,

मेरो मौनता अब विद्रोह बनिरहेको छ,

मेरो डर अब ज्वालामुखी बनिरहेको छ!

तिमीले मेरो शरीर त लुट्यौ,

तर आत्मा अझ बलियो भएर उठेको छ।

भत्किएको मनभित्र न्यानो साहस फुटिएको छ।

तिमीले मलाई चुप त गरायौं,

तर स्वर झन् बिस्फोट भएको छ,

अब शब्दहरू मात्र छैनन्

तर यी आवाजहरू नै क्रान्तिको गोली बनेको छ ॥

कानुन निदाएको छ

बलात्कारी हाँस्दै हिडि रहेको छ,

पीडित लाजको छायाँमा बाँच्छ!

तर म? म त्यो छायाँमा होइन!

अब म प्रकाश हुँ, म उर्जा हुँ, म आगो हुँ

म भष्म पार्ने छु! म विद्रोहको स्वर हुँ,

न्यायको तुफान हुँ आकाश चिर्ने गर्जन हुँ।

तिम्रो संसार एकदिन बदलिने छ-

हरेक चेलीको चित्कारले त्यो पर्खाल हल्लिनेछ।

अब किताब मात्र होइन,

हातमा न्यायको हतियार हुनेछ।

हामी छोरीहरू अब फूल होइनौं,

हामी आगो हौं-

दन्किने र जलाउने।

अब कुनै चेली चुप बस्नेछैन,

न अन्यायको अगाडि कहिल्यै झुक्नेछ।

हामी बनिन्छौं अंगार, लड्नेछौं न्यायको वार!

अब चेली कहिल्यै चुप बस्ने छैन

हामी नै न्यायको ज्वाला हौं,

जो समयसँगै मर्नु त के ?

तर अझ बढ्नेछौं अझ धड्किने छौं !

र हरेक अत्याचरलाई राख पारेर जलाउनेछौं

त्यसैले अब म चुप लाग्दिन,

अब म चुप बसदिन ॥

ममताको डर

~ कृतिका शर्मा

त्यो दिन म खेलमा मोहित थिएँ

पर बाट आमाको त्यो मधुर आवाज

म जस्तै खेलमा ब्यस्त भएँ पनि उहाको

आवाज मेरो कानमा गुञ्जी हाल्थ्यो।....

अनि फेरि त्यो आमाको ममताको डर....

हातमा सानो छडी मुहारमा मुस्कान

आखामा मायाले युक्त भएको रिस

अनि त्यो सुरिलो आवाज मलाई

फकाउनका निम्ति अनि थोरै प्रेम तर पनि

मलाई फेरि त्यो आमाको ममताको डर....

म जताबाट भएँ पनि भागेर घर पुग्थे

फेरि आमाको आगमन हातमा छडी

गायब मेरो मनमा खुसी आज पनि

कुटाईबाट बचे तर पनि मलाई

फेरि त्यो आमाको ममताको डर....

खाना खुवाउदा धेरै कहानी र हास्य कथा सुनाउनु

हुन्थ्यो। तर खै! किन?

आमाको ममताको अगाडि मेरो भोक कता जान्थ्यो!

अनि सधैं झै झगडा आमाको गाली अनि

फेरि त्यो आमाको ममताको डर....

धेरै सुख त थिएँ जीवनमा तर आमाले

धेरै दुःख पनि त हुन दिनु भएँ

खाली पेट अर्ध निन्द्रा त म भन्दिन

किन? कि म तेति बेला सायदै बुझे थिन

तर एति म भन्न सक्छु मेरो बाल्यकालमा

सुख र दुःखको बिचमा आमाको

ममताको डर भने अवश्य थियो।

रूखको पात (मानिसको जीवन)

~ रिता शर्मा

रूखको हाँगामा झुन्डिएको पात,
शीतले नुहाउँछ, घामले सुक्छ,
हावाले नचाउँछ, पानीले भिन्छ,
जीवन जसरी यो रमाउँछ।

हरियो छँदा रमाउँछ आकाशमा,
चञ्चल बताससँग नाच्छ बेस्सरी,
तर कहिलेकाहीँ आँधीले छियाछिया पाछ,
या त बिस्तारै पहेँल्लिदै झर्छ धर्ती।

मानिसको जीवन पनि उस्तै,
सपनाको हाँगामा टाँसिन्छ तर,
समयको बतास चल्नेबित्तिकै,
हिजोको जस्तै रहँदैन अवस्था।

तर माटोमा झरेर सकिँदैन कथा,
सडेर फेरि मल बन्छ,
नयाँ पालुवाका लागि बाटो खोल्छ,
जीवनको चक्र फेरि दोहोरिन्छ।

बुवा

~ प्रिस्कीला दर्नाल

घरको जग हौ तिमी
अनि शिरको छानो
दुःख लुकाई हाँस्ने
कति निस्वर्थ तिप्रो बानी।
तिप्रो ती परिश्रमी हातमा
लुकेका छन् सपनाहरू
सन्तानको भविष्य उज्ज्वल बनाउन
दिन रात काम गर्छौ
सन्तानको पेट पाल्ना।
बा, तिमी नै हौ पहिलो गुरु
जसले मलाई मानवताको पाठ सिकायौं
अनुशासनमा बस्न अनि सबैलाई इज्जल गर्न बतायौं
तिप्रो साथ र आर्शिवाद बिना,
मेरो जीवन अधुरो छ,
त्यसैले बा,
मेरो अन्तिम साससम्म पनि तपाईंको साथ चाहिन्छ।

विद्यार्थीको जिन्दगानी

~ अरूणा कार्की

निस्पट अँध्यारो छाएको दुनियाँमा,
ज्योति बनेर बढ्दैछौं हामी,
कुरितीका विकराल रूप छन् अधिल्लिर,
ज्ञानको गाड्गा बगाउँदैछौं हामी।

सडकले बाटो भुलेपनि,
मेहनतको धारा बगिरहोस्-
लक्ष्य त हाम्रो शिखर छुने हो,
ढुङ्गाले के बाटो बिराहोस।

गाउँका कन्दरामा फुलेका लालुपाते हामी,
हृदय निर्मल, स्वच्छ झर्नाको पानी जस्तै,
विकट गाउँको ज्योति बनेर उदाँउने प्रतिज्ञा लिन्छौ,
निरन्तर बगिरहन्छौं ज्ञानगड्गा झै अविरल हामी।

गुरुले दिएको ज्ञानको औँला समाई उक्लिँदै छौं माथी
हामी, परिश्रमको धारा बगाएर लक्ष्यमा पुग्छौं एकदिन
हामी, हामी पनि छापिनेछौं किताबका पानाहरूमा, अनि
विश्वले चिन्नेछन् को थियौं हामी-
विद्यार्थीको यस्तै हो जिन्दगानी।

सिगरेट

~ स्नेह कुमारी

यो के चिज हो?
सानुदेखि ठूलोको हातमा हुन्ने पर्ने,
सिगरेट नतानि त आफुलाई मानिस नठान्ने,
हातमा सिगरेट छ भनि गर्व मान्ने,
साथीले तानेको देख्दा पनि तान्ने पर्ने।
आमा- बाबाले पैशा दिन्न भन्दा बहुला जस्तै हुने,
फोक्सो, कलेजोलाई असर पारेर पनि सिगरेट तान्ने पर्ने,
स्वास्थ्य नै ठूलो धन हो भनि जानेर पनि,
यस हानिकारक चिजको सेवन गर्ने पर्ने।
चाहे धनिहोस या गरीब बिहानदेखि बेलुकीसम्म,
सिगरेट तान्ने पर्ने,
आफ्नोमा रूपियाँहोस या नहोस अरूलाई सापट मागेर
पनि तान्ने पर्ने।
हाम्रो समाज कहाँ जाँदैछन्?
ए..... युवा होअघि बढ !
नशालाई त्याँगी जीवनलाई सुधार....
तिमी जीवन अनमोल छ,
वर्थ नशामा जीवन नफ्याँल।

खोजेर पाएको भए

~ सिलास राई

सिम-सिम सिम-सिम यो पानी परी रहेको,
छानो चित्रको थप-थप बजी रहेको,
बादलहरूले मेरो घर माथि बास गरेको,
छानो मुनि तातो तातो चिया सुरुप सुरुप पिइरहेको म,
चौरी गाईहरूलाई लगाएको घन्टी, टिङ टिङ बजिरहेको,
गाईको बाछा बाछि, व्या
-व्या कराई रहेको,
चिसो दिन हिउँदको महिना,
तिम्रो यादहरू चियासँगै पिई रहेको,
मेरो मुखको बाफले तिम्रो चित्र भ
बनाइ रहेको,
आई कति यो धुवाँले आँसु झारेको,
अचानक तिम्रीलाई छाडी गए, मन त दुख्या छैन?
गाउँमा आमा बाबा बिमारी परेछन्, अचानक छाडी आए,
भेट्न पाइन तिम्रीलाई, आएर भन्नु भो दाईले,
सिधै बिहान हिडी आए, पर्खेको थिए तिम्रीलाई,
सोच्दा तिम्रीलाई रिस उठ्छ होला,
माफ गरिदिनु है,
लाग्छ होला मलाई बिर्स्यो भन्ने तिम्रीलाई,
छुइन तिम्रीलाई बिर्सिएको,
तिम्रीसँगै हिड्ने डुल्ने, आदत परेको थियो,
आज चौरीगाईसँग लचपछ छु, बिर्स्यो छुइन तिम्रीलाई,
मेरो याद त आउँदो होला, गोबरसँग लचपछ छु है,
कल्पना गर्छु तिम्री छेउमा भएको,
लाग्छ यो पत्र तिम्रीसम्म पुगी गएको,
याद आउँदा आँसु न झार्नु है तिम्री,
सँगै थियौं, सँगै छु, सँगै रहने छु,
छ वाधा छ वाधा तिम्रीलाई मेरो,
आई कति यो धुवाँले आँसु झारेको॥



तिमी

~ सपना सुब्बा

समय..... आफ्नै गतिमा चलेनी
तिमी सधै विश्वासमा चल्यु,
आहिलेको कृतिम समयमा,
मौलिकता भेटिन कठिन हुन्छ,
तिमी आफ्नै सिद्धान्तमा अधि बढ्नु।
मनभित्र धेरै पीडा भए पनि,
मुहारमा सधै हाँसो बोकी हिड्नु,
जीवनको यात्रामा धेरै अप्ठ्यारोहरू भेटिन सक्छ,
तिमी जे जस्तो भए पनि,
आत्मबल कहिले नहार्नु।
कसैले तिम्रीलाई के भन्छ भनेर कहिले नसोच्नु,
किनभने तिम्रीलाई मात्र थाहाँ छ,
तिमी को हो भनेर,
जसरी खोलाले पहिरो, चट्टान, ढुङ्गाहरूलाई सहेर
बगी रहेको छ,
तिमी पनि निरन्तर अधि बढी रहनु।
तिम्रा त्यो पाइलाहरू डगमगाउनु सक्ला,
तर तिम्री तिम्रो गन्तव्यसम्म पुग्ने कोसिस गर्नु
त्यसैसँगै धैर्य गर, विश्वास राख,
तिमी एकदिन अवश्य सफल हुनेछौ।

राजा सत्यवादी हरिश्चन्द्रको कथा

यमुना खतिवड़ा

राजा सत्यवादी हरिश्चन्द्र त्रेता युगको राजा हुन्। उनी एकदमै पराक्रमी धर्मात्मा राजा थिए। सत्यवादीमा हेर्दा राजा हरिश्चन्द्र जस्तो कोही पनि थिएनन्। राजा न्याय प्रति थिए धनी र गरिब सबैलाई न्याय दिनु हुन्थ्यो। परिवारमा उनकी पत्नी रानी शैव्या र उनका पुत्र रोहित थिए। एकदिन महाऋषि विश्वामित्र राजदरबारमा आइपुग्नु भयो र उनले राजा हरिश्चन्द्र को सत्यवादीमा परिक्षा लिने निर्णय गर्नु भयो। ऋषि ले भन्नु भयो हे नरेश तपै सत्यको मार्गमा अडीग हुनु हुन्छ भनिन्छ तर सत्य साधारण गर्न सजिलो कुरा होइन आज म तपाईंलाई परिक्षा लिन चाहन्छु।

राजाले भन्ने गुरुदेव म वचन बाध्य छु कृपया आदेश दिनुहोस् र ऋषिले भनें मलाई तपाईंको सम्पूर्ण राज्य दानमा दिनुहोस् राजा केही क्षण मौन भय दरबारका सबै मन्त्रीहरू, सौनिक र रानी सबै अचम्म परे तर राजाले दृढ स्वरमा भने मोरो वचन भन्दा अरू केही ठूलो होइन यो राज्य तपाईंको भयो। राजा, रानी र उनका पुत्र खाली हात दरबारबाट बाहिरिए। राज परिवारले आफ्नो राज्य गुमाएर साधारण नागरिक को जस्तो जीवन बिताउन थाले। रानी आँशु झाड्दै भनिन् स्वामी कस्तो विडम्बना हो सुखी जीवनबाट भीख माग्नु बाध्य भयौं राजाले भन्ने शैव्या दुःख नमान्नु सत्यको मार्गसजिलो हुँदैन तर अन्त्यमा वीजय सत्यको नै हुन्छ। ऋषिको आदेशले हरिश्चन्द्र वनारस पुग्दा शमशान घाटमा उनले मृतको संस्कार गर्ने काम थाल्नु भयो। रोहित बालक भएतापनि कठिन जीवनको स्वाद चाख्दै हुर्किदै थिए।

एकदिन भयानक घटना घट्यो रोहितलाई सर्पले टोकेर मृत्यु भयो रानी शोक्मा छोरो को लाशलाई बोकेर शमशान घाटमा पुगिन्छ त्यहाँ काम गर्दै गरेका हरिश्चन्द्र थिए रानी ले भनिन् स्वामी यो हाम्रो छोराको लाशलाई कृपया गरेर अनन्तम संस्कार गरिदिनुहोस् तर राजाले आँखा भरी आँसु बेकोर पनि आफ्नो धर्मा दृढ भएर भने शैव्या नियम सबैको लागि एउटै हो र राजा हरिश्चन्द्र को मन अत्यन्त दुःखी भए तापनि उनले आफ्नो कर्तव्यलाई छोडेनन्।

त्यही बेला ऋषि विश्वामित्र र अन्य देवताहरू प्रकट भए। विश्वामित्र ले हाँस्दै भने हे राजन तपाईंको सत्यको परिक्षामा सफल हुनु भयो तपाईंले धन, परिवार र राज्य सबैलाई गुमाएर पनि आफ्नो सत्य लाई त्याग्नु भएन यो संसारमा तपाईं जस्तो सत्यवादी राजा दुर्लभ छ र देवताहरू पनि राजालाई आशीर्वाद दिनु भयो र अन्त मा राजाले आफ्नो राज्य पुनः पाउँनु भएको र उनको छोरा पनि पुनः जिवीत भए। सत्यवादी हरिश्चन्द्र को कथा केवल कथा मात्र होइन यो जीवनको गहीरो पाठ हो यो कथाले हामीलाई सत्य र इमान्दारी बन्न र जस्तै कठिन परिस्थितिमा पनि धर्मको मार्गलाई नछोड्ने प्रेरणा दिन्छ।

एउटा सानो रुख

~ दियानजलि छेत्री

स्कूलको आँगनमा रोपिएको सानो बिरुवा सबूका लागि सामान्य थियो तर अर्जुनका लागि त्यो विशेष थियो । उसले विज्ञान परियोजना-को रूपमा रोपेको थियो ऊ हरेक दिन त्यसलाई पानी हाल्थ्यो र स्याहार गर्थ्यो ।

साथिहरू उसलाई जिस्क्याउँथे, "एउटा सानो बिरुवा-मा, यति माया किन ?" अर्जुन मुस्कराएर भन्थ्यो, "भोलि यही ठूलो रुख बन्छ।" वर्ष बित्दै गए। अर्जुन विद्यालय छोडेर शहर पढ्न गयो। समयसँगै त्यो बिरुवा ठूलो रुख बन्यो, छायाँ दिन थाल्यो।

धेरै वर्षपछि अर्जुन गाउँ फर्कियो। स्कूल पुगेर उसले त्यही रुख देख्यो अहिले विशाल भइसकेको थियो। केही बालबालिका त्यसको छायाँमा बसेर पढिरहेका थिए। अर्जुनको आँखामा खुशी झल्कियो । उसले सोच्यो सानो प्रयासले पनि भविष्यमा ठूलो परिवर्तन ल्याउन सक्छ ।

त्यो रुख केवल एउटा बिरुवा मात्र थिएन, उसको सपना थियो, जुन समयसँगै साकार भएको थियो ।

नेपाली लोकबाजा

~ वर्षा सुब्बा

लोक र बाजा दुई शब्दको मेलबाट लोकबाजा शब्दको निर्माण हुन्छ।

नेपाली लोकजीवनसँग जोडिएको बाजा यन्त्रलाई लोक बाजा भनिन्छ।

यस्ता बाजाहरू ले नेपाली समाजको विभिन्ना जात- जातिहरूको पहिचान, परम्परा, इतिहास, संस्कार र संस्कृति आधि लाई बचौने काम गरेको पाइन्छ।

यस्ता बाजाहरू नेपाली समाजमा हुने अन्य चाड पर्व, जात्रा, लोकगीत र अनेक समाजिक अवसरमा बजाइने गरिन्छ। लोकगीत ग्राउने क्रममा संगसंगै बजाइने बाजालाई लोकबाजा भनिन्छ यस्ता बाजाहरू लोक गीतको लय अनुसार बजाइने गरिन्छ।

हरेक जात जाति को आ- आफ्नु लोकबाजा हुन्छ।

क) नेपाली समुदायभित्र पर्ने विभिन्न जातजातिको प्रिय लोकबाजाहरू-

नेपाली समुदाय अन्तर्गत पर्ने प्रत्येक जातजातिको आफ्नै सांस्कृतिक पहिचान अनुसार फरक-फरक लोकबाजाहरू छन्, जसले उनीहरूको परम्परा, संस्कार र जीवनशैली झल्काउँछन्।

(१) बाहुन र क्षेत्री जातिको प्रिय लोकबाजा “पञ्चेबाजा” हो।



२) मगर जातिको प्रिय लोकबाजा “बाँसुरी” हो।



(३) नेवार जातिको प्रिय लोकबाजा “धिमे” हो।



(४) तामाङ जातिको प्रिय लोकबाजा “डम्फु” हो।



(५) शेर्पा जातिको प्रिय लोकबाजा “तुङ्ग” हो।



(६) राई जातिको प्रिय लोकबाजा “मुर्चुङ्गा” हो।



(७) लिम्बु जातिको प्रिय लोकबाजा “के” (च्याब्रुड) हो।



(८) दमाई जातिको प्रिय लोकबाजा “दमाहा” हो।



यसरी नेपाली सामाजमा पर्ने प्रत्येक जातीहरूको आफ्नो लोक प्रिय लोकबाजाहरू छन् जसले उनीहरू को पहिचान, परम्परा, संस्कार र समाजिक संस्कृतिलाई झल्काउने अनि बचाउने काम गरि रहेको पाइन्छ।

भुजेल जाति

~ प्रतीका भुजेल



भुजेल जातिको भाषा र पहिरन भुजेल जातिको आफ्नै भाषा हुने गर्दछ र उनीहरूले आफुले आफुलाई फूगाल परिवार पनि भन्ने गरिन्छ। फूगाल शब्दको व्युत्पत्ति 'फूगोल' शब्दबाट भएको पाइन्छ। भुजेल भाषामा जम्मा पैतिसवटा वर्णहरू पाइन्छ। भुजेल भाषामा नेपाली स्वर वर्णमा जस्तै छ वटा स्वरवर्णहरू पाइन्छ-अ, आ, इ, उ, ए र ओ। भुजेल भाषामा उन्नाइसवटा व्यञ्जन वर्ण हुने गर्दछ साथै खार्पा लिपि पनि हुने गर्दछ र यो भाषाको एक मात्र लिपि मानिन्छ जसलाई सन् १९८० को दसकमा श्री.सि.बी. भुजेल (खार्चुङे) द्वारा बनाएको पाइन्छ। भुजेलहरू पुस्तौदेखि बसोबास गर्दै आएको हुन्छन्। उनीहरू लडाकु थिए र उनीहरू भुजेली नामक एउटा ठूलो भारी तलुवा लिएर युद्ध गर्दथे। यही हतियार भुजेलीबाट भुजेल भएको देखिन्छ र आफ्नो राज्य भुजीकोट बनाएको पाइन्छ। भुजीकोटको भुजी वंशबाट नै भुजेल भएको पाइन्छ र त्यस राज्यमा भुजी खोला पनि उपस्थित भएको देखिन्छ जसलाई निसी खोला पनि भनिन्थ्यो। भुजेल परिवारको थालनी यहि खोलाबाट भएको पाइन्छ।

भुजेल भाषामा व्यञ्जन वर्णको प्रयोग:



भुजेल भाषामा व्यञ्जन वर्णको प्रयोग:

क	ख	ग	ङ	डह
च	छ	ज		
त	थ	द	न	न्ह
प	फ	ब	म	मह
य	य्ह	र		रह
ल	ल्ह	व		व्ह
स	ह	?		

उपर्युक्त लिखित वर्णमा धोषत्व वर्णहरू साथै मूर्धन्य वर्णहरूको पनि प्रयोग भएको पाइन्दैन। 'श' र 'ष' जस्ता महाप्राण पनि प्रयोग भएको पाइन्दैन। 'ज' वर्ण प्रयोग भएको पनि पाइन्दैन। यसरी उपर्युक्त कुनैपनि वर्ण प्रयोग नभएको कारणले गर्दा 'ग्लोटल स्टप' लागेको पाइन्छ।

उपर्युक्त (?) वर्णमा अङ्ग्रेजी भाषामा यसलाई 'Glottal Stop' शब्दमा प्रयोग भएको कारणले गर्दा भुजेल भाषामा IPA 'International Phonetic Alphabet' मा मात्र प्रयोग भएको पाइन्छ।

भुजेल भाषामा स्वर वर्णको प्रयोग:

भुजेल भाषामा नेपाली स्वरवर्णमा जस्तै 'छ' वटा वर्णहरू पाइन्छ र भुजेल भाषामा लेखक निम्नलिखित प्रस्तुत गरिएका छन्।

नेपालीमा	भुजेलमा
अ	अमा
आ	आमा
इ	इमा
उ	उमा
ए	एमा
ओ	ओमा

भुजेल समुदायका व्यक्तिहरू आपसमा आफ्नै भाषामा बोल्न सक्ने धेरै कम मात्रमा पाइन्छ। प्राचीनकालमा भुजेलहरूले भाषा सामान्य शब्दहरूको प्रयोग जस्तै (हसियाँ) लाई 'जुम', (कोदालो) लाई 'कोड' आदि शब्दहरूको प्रयोग गरिएको पाइन्छ। यसै गरी भुजेल भाषामा केही शब्दहरूको प्रयोग निम्नलिखित रूपमा गरिएका पाइन्छ। जस्तै-

नेपालीमा	भुजेलमा
भात	आहम
तरकारी	क्यान
मौरी	तुम
रक्सी	न्यामत्याउ
माछा	डा

छोटो वाक्यमा भुजेल भाषाको प्रयोग:

नेपालीमा	भुजेलमा
यहाँ बस	याडलाइ मु:अ
भोक लाग्यो	अयोड क्रयाल
मैले भात खाए	डा आहम ज्यालुड
मलाई माफ गर्नुहोस	डाकाइ मौसुफ वयु
तपाइको नाम के हो	नाङ्को मैङ्ग दो ह
तपाईं सञ्चै हुनुहुन्छ	नाङ्काइ पेतोल मुना

ठूलो वाक्यमा भुजेल भाषाको प्रयोग:

ने: आमा तपाईं कहाँ देखि आउनु भो ?
 भु: मानुलाड नाङ् गाउल्याम वाडो ह ?
 ने: बाबा तपाईं कहाँ जाने हो?
 भु: आपा नाङ् घाड अल्मै ह ?
 ने: आजलाई समय गयो भोलि गरौला।
 भु: तेनकाई समय ज्यालाल स्याड राहमै।

भुजेल जातिको पहिरन

विभिन्न जातिहरूको आ-आफ्नो पहिरन भए जस्तै भुजेलहरूमा पनि आफ्नै जातिय पहिरन हुने गर्दछ।

केटाको पहिरन

: ल्हूपो – टोपी

: भोटो – कम्ज

: हादुला – वेस्टकोट

: नाइराक – कछाड

: गदाक – कुम्मा सिउरीने लुगा

भुजेल पुरुषहरूले हातमा बाला, कानमा कुण्डल यसलाई भुजेल भाषामा 'गोकुल' भनिन्छ र घाँटीमा लगाइने 'कण्ठ' हुन्छ।

केटीको पहिरन

: इस्क – चोली

: घलेक – घल्याक

: नायरा – पटुकी

: बहे – लुङ्गी

भुजेल स्त्रीले लगाइने गरगहनाहरू:

लिक – पोते

पटनलिक – पटनमाला

हमेल – कानदुङ्ग्री

फूलिक – शिरबन्दी

हारी

थोका – चाँदीको चुरा

राईया – एक प्रकारको खुट्टामा लगाइने कल्ली

IV. हिन्दी कविता खण्ड

मंजिल

~ दिपमाला शर्मा

बहुल मुशिकल से मिली यह जिदंगी,
इसको तुम संभाल के रखो,
कल आए या न आए,
पर आज को जामे मत दो।

आँधी, तुफान, बलास क्यों न आए,
पर तुम कभी हार मत मानना,
अपनी मंजिल को पाने के लिए,
दूसरो को कभी ना स्लाना।

सच, तुम भी अपनी मंजिल पाने के लिए,
लगन से अच्छे काम करने लग जाओ,
अगर अच्छा इसान बनना है तो
दूसरों की भलाई करने लग जाओ।

अभि हमें काम करना बहुत है बाकी,
बिना रूके-थके चालू कर डालो,
अगर यूँ ही देर करते रहोगे,
मंजिल तक कभी पहुँच नहीं पाओगे।

V. ARTFOLIO: STUDENTS CREATIVE CORNER



By Aman Subba, Commerce



By Suren Subba, Economics



By Sunil Thami, Education



By Bir Hang Subba, English



By Ashish Subba, Commerce



By Anita Rai, Sociology



By Passangkit Lepcha,
Sociology



By Sakchin Lepcha,
Political Science



By Chiran Pradhan,
English

कलेज गीत

कञ्चनजङ्गाको काखमा बसी,
टिस्टा रङ्गितको अविरल गति
पवित्र सुरम्य तपोवन सिक्किम
शिक्षा सत्कर्मको सन्देश फैलाउने
बुर्तुक महाविद्यालय हाम्रो

.....विद्या परम भुषणम्.....

कला र संस्कृतिको धनी हौ हामी
विभिन्न पुष्प गुच्छा भएर पनि
एउटौ मालामा उनिएकी छौ हामी
वसुदैवकुटुम्बकमको मन्त्र अँगाली
शिक्षा सत्कर्मको सन्देश फैलाउने
बुर्तुक महाविद्यालय हाम्रो

.....विद्या परम भुषणम्.....

चाप र गुराँसको लाली सुहाएको
सुनखरी पुष्पले शुसोभित भएको
ज्ञानगंगाको अटल प्रतिक
अनन्त प्रगतिको सपना बोकेर
शिक्षा सत्कर्मको सन्देश फैलाउने
बुर्तुक महाविद्यालय हाम्रो

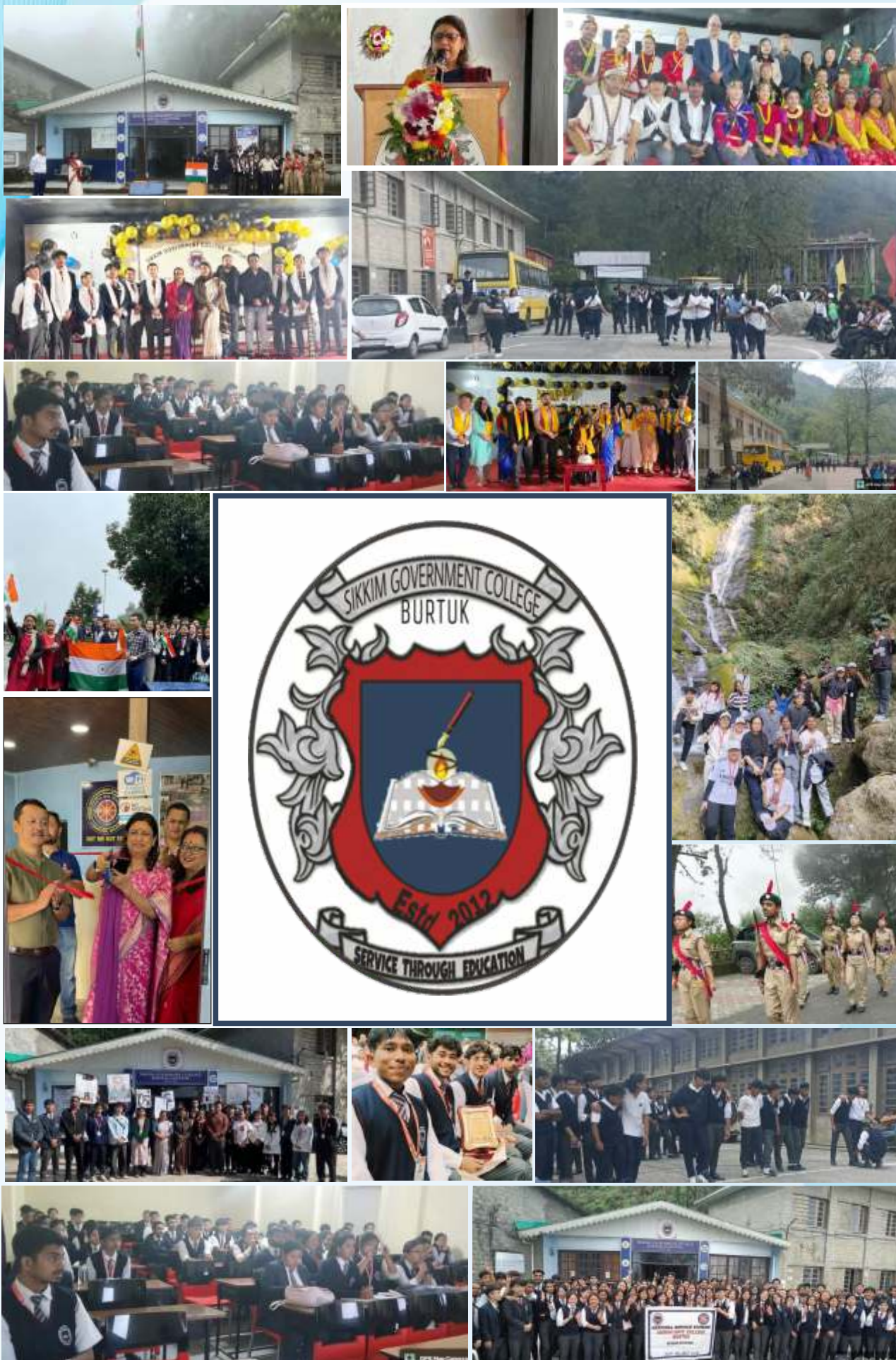
.....विद्या परम भुषणम्.....

शब्द- डा. सविता तामाङ.

सह –प्राध्यपक, नेपाली विभाग

धुन- अमृत बराइली, विद्यार्थी, नेपाली विभाग





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