

Translation and evaluation of selected texts

A Thesis on

Translation Studies (L.G. 509-3 Practical Translation)

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Letter of Recommendation

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The undersigned members of the Dissertation Committee have approved Translation and evaluation of selected texts: A term paper on Translation Studies (LG.509-3 Practical Translation) submitted by Mr Kul Bahadur Paudel to the Central Department of Linguistics, Tribhuvan University in the partial fulfillment of the requirements for Master's Degree in Linguistics.

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1. Introduction

Translation is a bilingual activity. According to Wills (1982, P. 112) translation is a procedure which leads from written source language text (SLT) to optionally equivalent target language text (TLT) and requires the syntactic, semantic stylistic and text pragmatic comprehension by translation of the original text. In his definition he focuses on the comprehension at different levels. So the role of the translator is to play with the text in other languages or in same variety attaining the flavour; pleasure colour of the original. Similar to this view, Newmark defines translation as “a craft consisting in the attempt to replace a written message and/ or statement in one language by the same message and/ or statement in another language”

This term paper is divided into three subsections the first one is a Nepali-to-English Translation is selected for this purpose Nepali text sakas (suffocation). The translation of a Nepali text into English and English text into Nepali are two subsections of practical translation story by Jagadish Ghimire has been selected for translation work from Nepali (SL) to English (TL) Translation section. Similarly, translation of a report 'Harry potter', the prisoner of Azkaban written by J.K. Rowling has been included English (SL) to Nepali (TL) translation section.

The evaluation section of this term paper consists of evaluation of some translated 'personal reflections of committed Nepalis published by US AID Nepal and Antanna Foundation Nepal (AFN) and edited by Rajendra Dahal.

The evaluation of '*Sparsa, aawaj ra dristi*' is one of the collections from '*Personal reflections of committed Nepali*' '*mero tapasya*' in Nepali language is translated into English-as My beautiful world of sound of touch'. Similarly the other collection entitled bagmati mero jeevan is translated in to English by Rajendra Dahal as Bagmati my life. The evaluation of the translated texts have been prepared on the basis of source language text analysis, comparison of both SL and TL texts and Their message. Finally, reports on all translated texts are included in the last section of this term paper.

2. Objectives of the study

The main purpose of this study is to carry out the bilingual translation and evaluate the translated texts. The specific objectives are as follows:

- a. To find out various possible techniques applied on translation.
- b. To analyze the problems and their possible solutions of translation work.
- c. To find out whether SL text is equivalent to TL text or not.

3. Methodology

Translation of literary texts like prose, fiction demands a variety of skills and capabilities from the translator. A translator must not only master the source language thoroughly but also should have a profound command over the target language. Therefore, a thorough reading of the source language text and familiarity with it is of crucial importance.

The following methodology has been used in order to carry out the translation work in this paper.

- a. Word to word translation: This method is used to translate the proper nouns like: *Nirmila, Bagmati, Bishnumati, Dovan, Gangas, Bengmati, Kathmandu, OM Bahal Chovar Teku, Pachalali.*
- b. Literal translation: there are many cultural words and terms in both texts which are translated literally in target language structures. Some technical words are included in footnote to clarify the meanings

4. Translation of selected texts

4.1 A Nepali to English translation of sakas (suffocation)

Whose notebook is this?

Deviji told giving the note book, "Read it, how is it?"

I asked, "What's this?"

What to say! It's like a memoir/report. It also looks like a diary. It also consists of stories; articles the ideas related to hisfany and the puran. Reporting is also there.

"Please read it?"

"Whose is this?"

"An unknown one"

"Who gave it to you?"

"One of the victimized women"

"Where is she?"

"She's also disappeared"

Deviji used to work on the behalf of women and children victimized by violence since Panchayat¹ regime.

"What sort of victimized are there at yours?"

Trafficked ones: Raped, victims of various sorts.

"Who doesn't?"

"Rape?"

"Who doesn't rape?"

And Violence?'

"Who doesn't?"

I stunned. "All" ?

I was stunned.

She said, "All are not involved in girl-trafficking. Not all are rapists. All don't burn their wives alive."

¹ Panchayat: regime of system before 2046 BS in Nepal

Who doesn't know fact?

But, when father, brother, maternal uncle rape their own baby girl and traffic her child who else is untouched?

There were forty-four women and girls living in her rehabilitation home out kathmandu. Workers were also women there.

The girls back from school were in clean uniform. Beautiful ribbons flowers were so attractive in their nicely combed hair. They were playing and smiling. It was very difficult to believe that they were the victims of violence at one time. They looked as happy as the other happy girls of the world. I stared at them.

There were 5 years and three years old girls raped by her father and a neighbor, respectively. A young lady sold by her father in Humbai and offers by husband, brother uncle 2 maternal uncle ere also there. women victimized by foreign employment. girl who was five years old. She was raped by her father there was also the other girl who was raped by the neighbour.

HIV civtim mother infont girl, daughter in law escaped with burning fire because of doway, young lady reped by army and maolest and a woman accused as witch , beaten and fed with stool. All these victim were living happily together as friends.

Devijee fold me their stay.

I asked, "who bring themhere?"

Their reletives social works, Police and army army telling that they are raped by army.

How long they stay here?

As per their needs, They stay here as long as the time required for their health, treatment, education, self employment training. When they independent either they get job or become self employed or rehabilitate in the society.

"What sort of jobs they get?"

"Some have become nurses, driver's mechanics and confessioners. Some are running small grocery shop and canteen. Some are working as housekeeper in star hotels. Some are taken to home by their perents. They are got married and settled family life."

"Is there anyone who also harasses you?"

"Yes dozens do. Girl traffickers and their assistants have thrown us stones" She told showing the broken glasses of windows "Moests have that they told "are the owners of Nepal no one can work without their promission, and without paying 10% tax of total budget. Even the so called hoests try to take money from us weekly. Troublemakers and agent's assistants insuted & threatened us to death.

"Is there anyone who loves you?"

Victims and their lovers also love us. Thousands of rescued girls have said 'we got new life from you'. Their parents bless us"

"Does the government also help you?"

"Government?" "Is there the government in Nepal?" "Where is it?" How is it? Have you ever noticed any more except corruption & miause of power by the government?"

I'm exhausted of it.

"What do you know about the victim who handed this note book?"

Deviji Said,

"Many years passed. A thin & dirty woman came with 7 years old girl in our rehabilitation centre Biratnagar. She weepingly said, "This is my daughter. Just today I came to know that she raped by her devil father. Help me, Help me."

She beating her own chest screamed, "Hey sisters and younger sisters! please rescue this girl from that devil. Please kill him though he is my husband. My daughter's life is of your own hand."

We fought the case. The rapist get long imprisonment. We brought the girl in Kathmandu. Her mother divorced and started to live by washing pots in her Tole. She died soon. The girl uses from Madeshi caste. She was named Kumari when she admitted in school. She was very good in study. She herself registered her name kumara Nepali Nellie taking citizenship

'Why Nepali? I asked.

"Are't I Nepali? Am I prohibited to write Nepali?" she said "All are Nepali but all write their castes." "My caste is Nepali" She studied nursing when she passed SLC with good score. She started to work in hospital after being nurse. She started to live in her rented room. She used to visit me frequently one day she told me shyly "mother! I like one boy". I asked her, "What is his name" "what does he do?" How is he?" she replied, "Sarad Kumar, works in the newspaper office." I told her, "Don't decide until you have understood well, you care well understand about fack marriage about take marriage and girls trafficking. "He is not the boy like that I have been to his house. I know this father and mother. They have also accepted it." She brought Sarad and introduced me. Sarad said, "I had taken your interview did you forget?

"Oh! I See! No I haven't forgetton" I told him that we have kept that interview cutting it and we had our talks/discussion on it. Sarad had attractive personality and soft voice along with friendly behaviour. His thin body, oval came from bright forehead and sharp eyes looked like a self made a young boy.

They both bowed their head and asked for blessing with me. I remembered kumari's past days and tears came from in my eyes. I embraced her and said" kumari, you are very good girl. You have selected a good life partner. You have bright future. I wish you happy conjugal life and be happy forever."

All wished best wishes to the new couple with garlands and 'Avir' and flowergarland we also had tea together. Kumari used to visit me while she was at Kathmandu and used to phone me while she was out of valley.

Onday, few years later, she arrived suddenly in my room. She was groaning and **with a little daughter, her body was sweating**. She had a somber face and was in desperate

mood. She looked completely different * in past ragged hair and careless clothes made her so ugly. She was really beautiful. I was frightened that whether she is mad.

"What happened Kumari?"

"Why are you in such condition?"

Touching her hair gently, I said "you are so beautiful like butterfly!"

Kumari's eyes were wide opened she was infuriated. Screamingly she said, "mother! Shanti is raped. Shanti is beautiful. She is also innocent. Shanti was born on the day of peace accord so she was named Shanti and she was raped on the day the constitutional assembly was dissolved. Then I was shattered as big hurred and hurry lots of Since then, I haven't regained my consciousness. My hunger and rest was lost whom to tell? Jhasir loved and helped us. Mithila consoled us. Lal consoled us." crying aloudly she embraced shanti.

Day by day we used to hear about the victimized women. I myself had to deal many of the cases. I was nearly fainted when I heard about raped daughter as I was also raped when I was child.

"What did you say? oh, what bad news? which nasty person did it? suddenly the word are expressed by me. "what have you said? Oh how do I hear? Which sinners had done it?"

She replied, "Who has? Who has? If I knew I would murder them. She said" mother! The nasty devil LaL tried to rape me so I killed him. Now I'll find Shanti's rapist and kill him. I will struggle for the justice mother. Please welcome Shanti at our home."

Where is Sarad?

"Sarad is missing" she said, taking out note book from her bag. Sarad has a long story and it is difficult to say now. He wrote his own story himself. Please read it and take care of yourself."

Kumari Said, "We went to Manthali as it was hard to live Kathmandu for us. Living in Manthali was still harder, and then we went to Jankpur. We suffered a lot at Jankpur."

After the movement in Madesh, I was forced to leave at Jankpur due to being hilly dwellers. I married the boy from hilly region. As you witnessed that I am Tarian caste by birth. I studied at Kathmandr so that my verbal behaviour (language) was like hilly people.

First of all, I was Nepali, and then I was Tarian. Then I was hilly dwellers. I am Nepali from beginning to the end. Nepal is my country. After Tarai movement, families of hilly regions were chased away and escaped selling all their property if they could if not, ask others to take care of their of their property

I told Sarad, " Tarai is also ours we don't runaway. He also said," Escaping from life doesn't have solution. Let's not to escape from it."

Sarad's health has become worse at Janakpur. He must have to be treated keeping at kathmandr. We had bought a piece of curtilage at Janakpur. The price of the land too low at Janakpur so we sold that curtilage cheaply after registration of the land we both were returning from the and revenue office, two of the kidnappers showed gun against Sarad and Kidnapped him in the centre of Bazaar. Hooligans and looters were very active at Janakpur. They used to loot the money if they knew land was sold. For this reason our cash dealing was done in the bank. i. e. the money which we are going to receive was deposited in the bank. None of the cash was in our hands which the abductionists did not know about it. The car was having Indian number plate one of them punched me and said in Hindi, "If you speak you'll get bullet in you."

I became unconscious and fell down. When i gained my sense I was in nursing home's bed. I along with the sir went to the police and filed our report. The police inspector said, "There's no record of Indian car arrival at Janakpur, Jha sir replied "there are lots of Indian car having their number plate." The inspector remarked "I didn't say there were no Indian cars but we don't have their record."

Jhasir inquired, "Is there no rule to keep their record?"

He said, "Rules are so many. Is it practicable to follow all the rules? You have become old. Haven't you known Nepal until now? Who follows rule in Nepal? Jha sir, you are over sixty until, you don't understand".

Jha sir told angrily "our government administration, police are only statue. One day, Jha sir told me" Kumari be patient. He will come you have not done any sin. Nothing happens to Sarad.

I was called in mobile from unknown person the telephone number was Indian He said" Give 3lakhs as a ransom otherwise you will get your husband's deadbody. Get ready your cash, I will phone you tomorrow. All the notes must be Indian and be careful no single note will be Nepali I will tell you later how and where you are likely to give the money. If you inform police you can't live tonight our assistants are all around jankpur.

He gave phone to Sarad and Sarad said in frightening voice" Kumari, send the money from to landsold to any body and ask for the remaining money also."

I was exhausted completely and I couldn't speak and the phone was cut off. Indian currency 3 Lakhs was equal to Neplease currency 5 Lakhs. 3Lakhs was from selling the land. How could I get the remaining two Lakhs! I earnestly request with Jha Sir. He gave 1 lakh as on advance the condition that the advance would be deducted from my monthly salary. Lal who works at nursing home was ready to help me. I am ready to keep my life for the voidence of your trouble. The remaining thing will be done after the arrival of Sarad."

"What great! I thought he was a supper human. I had tears in my eyes and wanted to bow head. He knew all the local procedural things about the localities. I gave him the abductionist's phone number and ask him to contact them.

I prayed the Janaki mother to save his life and from torture however, the money is spent (gone) The God mother listened my prayer Lal released Sarod doing some things. He returned after a week.

Consider what had happened to me when he was abducted. Shanti wept saying "papa" 'papa' where has papa gone leaving us?" why did he go?" asked shanti looking at the tears in my eyes, she told, "mother why are you weeping?"

What I could say to console her. How I could console to my own heart. I hadn't drunk adequate water until he was returned. I neither slept nor went for work. I took the leave and stayed at room. Jha sir was kind so he said, "Now take rest and stay at room!"

If there was single dropping sound I would glance from the window thinking that Sarad had come. He returned with skeletal body. He looked tired, exhausted and disabled. I asked, "Who has taken the ransom?" LaL ji didn't meet you?" "No he didn't. Whether I am released" Do they beat you? What food has been given and how they kept?

He told his own story.

After the 1 month of this event, he disappeared leaving a small note on that day, he had strong nightmare. I went to work extorting the daughter at school as usual. "Please take rest; I'll come soon taking the leave." I said,

After his abduction, he missed the regular medicine. He was very tired. Depression has increased but mother he disappeared leaving this small note. We had never thought that he could leave without our love. I believed that he would return remembering Shanti if not me. If I left Janakpur he would become restless and worried to find me so that I didn't leave Janakpur otherwise we had already decided to come to Kathmandu. There were two staffs in the nursing home. After the disappearance of Sarad, LaL and Jha sir was my guardian. Jha sir was the owner of nursing home and was really a kind person whose help couldn't be paid.

Remembering Lal's help, I respect him like brother I called him brother.

Lal Sometimes used to come to my room for. He consoled me and also loved Shanti. One day, he said, "you've enchanted me." "I'm stagnant on God!" Brother what have you said? I never imagined listening such things from you. He said, 'I don't talk any bad things. I only praise your character and habit. "I am your younger sister.

In this year I will tie you rakhi²" "I accept you as sister. I'm the person to pray (praise) all the woman." ,Said Lal.

"Don't talk such things with me afterwards" "I'll follow what you said. But you must need a support." I told .

"You've given me the support then he went but I was shattered.

I remembered his words the whole night. I was not able to tell this anyone. After this event, I decided to leave Janakpur forever. Then I phoned to the hospital. Where I had worked earlier they replied" "come, you can get job after 3 months"

I haven't paid the advance given by tha sir. I planned to go to Kathmandu as soon as paying the advance. Mother! Shanti was raped during that time. One of the sinners raped Shati.

The day was holiday. Shanti was with me at home Lal phoned me at 2 pm. He said, "Emergency case has arrived. You are called by doctors come soon" Neighbouring children were playing. I told Shanti "Nani³ play with the other children. Don't go anywhere I'll come soon".

There were the cases where mother-in-law and husband together burnt alive daughter-in-law. It took long time after completion of work; I hurriedly came to the room. Santi was unconscious. She had been raped. I hurriedly took her to the nursing home and she was alive. I asked Shanti "when did you arrive room?" "After all the friends went home." "Then what did you do?" "I was slept" "Then what happened?" Then she replied that a ghost appeared and covered me."

After that?

"Oh! It pained me!" she cried,

"I didn't know then?"

After that I was mad. I became senseless my hands and legs were feeble. My anger reached boundless. The head was almost blast due to anger. I bit my jaw

² rakhi is a special type of thread which is tied by sister to her brother is special day.

³ rakhi a special woolen rope given by sister to their brother on the particular day.

sharply and said, "Sin vile, I will murder you." But whom to murder! I was shrink Jhaji said," Kumari, take rest for a few days and come to work when you are fine. I was ushered if I didn't see Shanti for sometime. My heart was in always terror if anything happened to my daughter I was even fearful if anything happened to me mother the life of woman is always in the lerror of rape from birth to death.

I started to go home later. We have to bear whatever happens to us. Few days later, LaL said," kumari this place is bad. Time is bad. People are bad and your small daughter has had such things and still you are complete young you must need a good support.

"Lal brother! I am living at janakpur because one day Sarad will come and look for me. I won't live long here." Things are not easy, it's seriours. I'll come to your room in the evening for serious talks." He told spitting randomly and showing his red teeth. He used to have batal in his mouth his teeth don't seem seperate while laughing rather they look single red wall laminated by catechu's colour.

He was almost 45 years old. His hair smelled oily because he used to use much oil. His hair was white and mustache was black because of shining colour. He had his wife sushila.He also had granddaughters and sons. In the evening, he came carrying a bag I thought it was his home shopping.

He said "cook this"

What's this?

"Mutton and its curry" He said taking our two full plastic bags. One of the bags had mutton and another had a bottle of alcohol. "Haven't you brought to take your home?"

No, I want to drink talking with you here (Looking at me being surprised) he said "cook" Today I have a serious talk with you. I have come here with approval from Janaki Temple."

"What have you done brother? Why did you bring these goods instead of taking them home?"

He inquired me, "How these things can be allowed at my home! My housewife is the devotee of Vishnu All Sorts of meat and alcohol is forbidden. I only entered home eating betal and Jarda while drinking alcohol. For this reason, I came here with this".

He was the person who returned and brought Sarad from abductionists safely. I respected him as brother. He came here like guests nevertheless I angrily said, "Brother, what have you done? Take out the thing and go wherever you like. Alcohol is forbidden here you can talk to me drinking tea"

How can Lal get tea in the evening?" Lal smiled shamelessly.

कसको नोटबुक ?

देवीजीले नोटबुक दिदै भनिन् "पढनुस् त, कस्तो छ ।"

सोधें, "के हो ?"

"खै के भन्ने । संस्मरण जस्तो छ, डायरी जस्तो पनि छ । कथा, लेख पनि छन् । इतिहास, पुरणका कुरा पनि छन् । रिपोर्टिङ पनि छ । पढनुस् न ।"

"कसको हो ?"

"कुनै बेपत्ता मान्छेको ।"

"तपाईंलाई कसले दियो ?"

"यौंटी पीडित महिलाले ।"

"ती कहाँ छिन् ?"

"ती पनि बेपत्ता छिन् ।"

देवीजी पञ्चायत कालदेखि नै हिंसापीडित महिला र बालिकाका पक्षमा काम गर्थिन् ।

“तपाईंहरूकहाँ कस्ता पीडित हुन्छन् ?”

“बेचिएका । बालात्कार गरिएका । थरीथरी हिंसापीडितहरू ।”

“कसले बेच्छ ?”

“कसले बेचैन ?”

“बलात्कार ?”

“कसले गर्दैन ?”

“हिंसा नि ?”

“कसले गर्दैन ?”

म रन्थिनेँ, “सबैले ??”

उनले भनिन्, “सबैले चेली बेचैनन् । सबै बलात्कारी हुँदैनन् । सबैले पत्नीलाई जिउँदै जलाउँदैनन् । यो कुरा कसलाई थाहा छैन ? तर जब बाबु, दाजु, मामा, काकाले आफ्नै घरकी दूधे बालिकालाई बलात्कार गर्छन्, आफ्नै चेली बेच्छन् अनि को बाँकी रह्यो पो भनेको ।”

काठमाडौँस्थित उनको पुनः स्थापना गृहमा चवालीस जना महिला र बालिका अर्न्वासी थिए । कार्यकर्ता पनि महिला नै थिए ।

स्कूलबाट फर्केका बालिकाहरू सफ युनिफर्ममा थिए । चिटिक्क कोरेको कपलामा रिबनका फूलथुँगाहरू रहरलाग्दा थिए । बालिकाहरू हाँसखेल गर्दै थिए । उनीहरू कुनै बेला हिंसापीडित थिए भनेर पत्याउन गाह्रो थियो । संसारका कुनै पनि सुखी केटीहरूभन्दा कम सुखी देखिँदैनथे । एकोहोरिएर हेरें ।

त्यहाँ बाबुले बलात्कार गरेकी पाँचवर्षे र छिमेकीले बलात्कार गरेकी तीनवर्षे बालिका थिए । बाबुले मुम्बाईमा लगेर बेचेकी युवती थिइन् । लोग्ने, मामा, काका, दाजुले बेचेका किशोरीहरू थिए । विदेशी रोजगारपीडित महिलाहरू थिए । एचआईभी/एड्सपीडित

आमा र नाबालख छारी थिए । दाइजोको निहुँमा पोल्दा पोल्दै उम्केकी बुहारी थिइन् । सेना र माओवादीले बलात्कार गरेकी युवती थिइन् । बोक्सी भनेर गाउँलेले विष्ठा खाएकी, कुटेर अंगभंग पारेकी प्रौढा थिइन् । सबै मित्र, दिदीबहिनी, आमाछोरी जस्तो हेलमेल गरेर बसेको थिए ।

देवीजीले मलाई तिनको कथा बताइन् ।

“यिनीहरूलाई यहाँ कसले ल्याउँछ ?”

“यिनकै आफन्तले । सामाजिक कार्यकर्ताले । पुलिसले । सेनाले बलात्कार गरेको भनेर सेनाले ।”

“यहाँ कति बस्छन् ?”

“आवश्यकता अनुसार हुन्छ । स्वास्थ्य उपचार, कानुनी उपचार, शिक्षा र स्वरोजगारमूलक तालीमको लागि लाग्ने समयसम्म बस्छन् । आफ्नै गोडामा उभिने भएपछि जागीर खान्छन्, स्वरोजगार गर्छन् अथवा समुदायमा पुनः स्थापित हुन्छन् ।”

“कस्तो रोजगारी पाउँछन् ?”

“नर्स भएका छन्, ड्राइभर, मेकानिक, कन्फेक्शनर भएका छन्, खुद्रा पसल, चमेनाघर चलाएका छन्, तारे होटेलमा हाउस कीपिडमा काम गरेका छन् । कति जनालाई बाबुआमाले घर लगेका छन्, तिनको बिहाबारी र घरजम भएको छ ।”

“तपाईंहरूलाई कसैले खेदो पनि गर्छ कि ?”

“गर्छन् गर्नेले । चेली बेच्ने दलाल र तिनका खेतालाले हुंगा हानेका छन् ।” उनले भ्यालका फुटेका सिसा देखाएर भनिन्, “माओवादीले पनि बेलाबेला हामी नै नेपालका मालिक हौं, हाम्रो अनुमति नलिई, हामीहरूलाई कुल बजेटको दश प्रतिशत ट्याक्स नबुझाई काम गर्न पाउन्नौं भनेका छन् । नक्कली माओवादीहरू पनि सबैसँग जस्तै हामीसँग पनि हप्ता असुल गर्न खोज्छन् । पीडक र दलालका खेतालाले बदनाम गर्छन् । मार्ने धम्की पनि दिएका छन् ।”

“कसैले माया पनि गर्छ कि ?”

“पीडित र तिनलाई माया गर्नेहरूले हामीलाई पनि माया गर्छन् । उद्धार भएका हजारौं चेलीले ‘तपाईंहरूले गर्दा नयाँ जुनी पायौं’ भनेका छन् । तिनका बाबुआमाले हामीलाई आशीर्वाद दिन्छन् ।”

“सरकारले पनि केही सहयोग गर्छ कि ?”

“सरकार ? नेपालमा सरकार छ ? कहाँ छ ? कस्तो छ ? सरकारले भ्रष्टाचार र सत्ताको एकलौटी दुरुपयोग बाहेक केही गरेको थाहा पाउनुभएको छ ?”

म अवाक् भएँ ।

“यो नोटबुक दिने पीडितबारे तपाईंलाई के थाहा छ ?”

देवीजीले भनिन्

निकै वर्ष भयो । हाम्रो विराटनगर पुनः स्थापना गृहमा यौटी दुब्ली मैली महिला सात वर्षकी बालिकालाई लिएर आइन् र रुँदै भनिन् , “यो मेरी छोरी हो । यसलाई यसको राछस बापले बलात्कार गरेको आजै थाहा पाएँ, दैया र दैया † ”

उनले छाती पिटेर चीत्कार गरिन् “गै दिदी † गे बैनी † त्यो राछसबाट यसको उद्धार गरिदेऊ । मेरो मरद भए पनि त्यसलाई मारिदेऊ † मेरी छोरीको जिन्नगी तिम्रो हातमा छ ।”

हामील मुद्दा लड्यौं । बलात्कारीलाई लामो जेल सजाय भयो । बालिकालाई काठमाडौं ल्यायौं । उसकी आमाले लोग्ने छोडिन् र टोलमा भाँडा माभेर गुजारा गर्न लागिन् । छिन्न मरिन् । बालिका मधेशी जनजाति थिई । स्कूल भर्ना गर्दा उसको नाम कुमारी भयो । पढ्नमा निकै तेज थिई । नागरिकता लिंदा उसैले नाम लेखाई कुमारी नेपाली ।

“किन नेपाली रु” मैले सोधें ।

“के म नेपाली होइन ? मैले नेपाली लेख्न मनाही छ ?” उसले भनी ।

“नेपाली त सबै हुन् । तर सबैले आफ्नै जात लेख्छन् ।”

“मेरो जात नेपाली हो ।”

राम्रो नम्बरमा एस.एल.सी पास गरेपछि उसले नर्सिङ पढी । नर्स भएपछि अस्पतालमा काम गर्न लागि । आफ्नै डेरा लिएर बसी ।

मलाई भेट्न आइरहन्थी । एक दिन लाज मान्दै भनी, “आमा, मैले यौटा केटा मन पराएकी छु ।”

“के नाम हो ? के काम गर्छ ?”

“शरदकुमार । पत्रिकामा काम गर्छ ।”

“कस्तो हो ? राम्ररी नबुझी हामफाल्नु हुँदैन । नक्कली विहा र चेलीको व्यापरबारे त तिमीले राम्ररी बुझेकी छ्यौ, कुमारी ।”

“ऊ त्यस्तो केटा होइन । म उसको घर गएकी छु । उसका जीबा र जीमालाई पनि राम्ररी चिनेकी छु । उनीहरूले पनि हुन्छ भनेका छन् ।”

उसले शरदलाई ल्याएर चिनाई । शरदले भने, “मैले तपाईंको अन्तर्वार्ता लिएको थिएँ नि, बिर्सनुभो ?”

“ए हो त नि † कहाँ बिर्सनु † त्यो अन्तर्वार्ता त हामीले काटेर राखेका छौं । हाम्रो कुरा पनि त भएको हो ।”

शरदको व्यक्तिका आकर्षक र बोली व्यवहार मिजासिलो थियो । पातलो जीउ, श्यामलो बाटुलो अनुहार । चम्किलो निधार र धारिला तेजिला आँखा । मलाई ऊ “सेल्फ मेड” युवक जस्तो लाग्यो ।

उनीहरू मसँग आशीर्वाद मागेर निहुरिए । मैले कुमारीको विगत सम्भें, मेरा आँखा रसाए । उसलाई अंकमाल गरेर भनें, “कुमारी, तिमी असल केटी हौं । तिमीले असल जीवनसाथी रोजकीछ्यौ । तिम्रो भविष्य उज्ज्वल छ । तिमीहरूको दाम्पत्य जीवन सदा सुखी होस् ।”

सबैले नयाँ दम्पतीलाई शुभकामना दियो । फूलमाला र अबिर लाइदियो । मिठाई र चिया खायौ ।

कुमारी काठमाडौँ हुँदा भेट्न आउँथी, बाहिर गएपछि पनि फोन गरिरहन्थी ।

केही वर्षपछि एक दिन अचानक ऊ असिन पसिन र नर्भस अवस्थामा सानी छोरी लिएर स्वाँस्वाँ र फवाँफवा गर्दै मकहाँ आई । एकदमै विकृत अनुहार र भावभंगिमा । ऊ अर्कै भएकी थिई । ल्याडफ्याड लुगा र भुत्ल्याएको जस्तो कपाल । कस्ती राम्री थिई, कस्ती विरूप भइछ । पागल भई कि क्या हो भनेर तर्सै ।

“के भो कुमारी तिमिलार्इ ? कति तिमि यस्ती भएकी ?” मैले छोरीको कपाल सुमसुम्याउँदै भनें, “कति राम्री, पुतली जस्ती † ”

कुमारीका आँखा विस्फारित थिए । ऊ ऋद्ध थिई । उसले डाँको छोड्दै भनी, “आमा, शान्तिको बलात्कार भयो । शान्ति राम्री छे । निर्दोष पनि छे । शान्तिछ सम्भौता भएको दिन जन्मेकी भनेर शान्ति नाम राख्का थियोँ, संविधान सभा भंग भएको दिन उसको बलात्कार भयो । त्यसपछि म विक्षिप्त भएँ । मेरो होश अहिले पनि फिरेको छैन । मेरो भोक निद्रा हरायो । कसलाई भन्नु ? भाजीले माया गरे । मदत गरे । मिथिलाले सान्त्वना दिई । लालले सान्त्वना दियो ।” उसले डाँको छोडेर शान्तिलाई अँगाली ।

दिनरात हिंसापीडित महिलाहरूको कुरा सुनिथ्यो । कति केस आफैँले ‘डील’ गर्नुपर्थ्यो । सानोमा आफैँ बलात्कार भएकी कुमारीको दूधे छोरी पनि बलात्कारको शिकार भएको सुनेर मेरो आड सिरिड्ड भयो । मेरो मुखबाट अनायास निस्कियो, “के भनेकी तिमिले † हरे, के सुन्नुपरेको यस्तो † कुन पापीले यस्ते गर्थ्यो ?”

“कसले कसले † थाहा भए त्यसलाई मारिदिन्थे ।” उसले भनी, “आमा, पापी लालले मलाई पनि बलात्कार गर्न खोज्यो । मैले त्यसलाई मारिदिँ । अब म शान्तिलाई बलात्कार गर्नेलाई जसरी पनि पत्ता लाएर मार्छु । म न्यायको लागि संघर्ष गर्छु । आमा, तपाइँ शान्तिलाई शरण दिनुस् ।”

मैले सोधं, “हैन के के भन्छ्यौ तिमि ? शरद कहाँ छन् त ?”

“शरद बेपत्ता छन्,” जसले भोलाबाट थौटा नोटबुक भिकेर दिंदै भनी, “शरदको कथा लामो छ । अहिले बताउन गाह्रो छ । उनको कथा उनैले यो नोटबुकमा लेखेका छन् । पढ्नुस र यसको पनि जिम्मा लिनुस् ।”

कुमारीले भनी

हामीलाई काठमाडौं बस्न गाह्रो भयो, मन्थली गयौं । मन्थलीमा भन् गाह्रो भयो, जनकपुर गयौं । जनकपुरमा सारै सकस भयो ।

मधेस आन्दोलनपछि जनकपुरमा मलाई “पहाडी” भनेर खेद्न लागे । तपाईं साक्षी हुनुहुन्छ, म जन्मले मधेशी जनजाति हुँ । मैले पहाडी जनजाति केटासँग बिहा गरेकी हुँ । म काठमाडौंमा पढेकी हुनाले मेरो बोलीचाली पहाडीको जस्तो भएको मात्रै हो ।

सबभन्दा पहिले म नेपाली हुँ । अनि मधेशी हुँ । अनि पहाडी हुँ । म शुरुदेखि अन्त्यसम्म नेपाली हुँ । नेपाल मेरो देश हो । मधेश आन्दोलनपछि जनकपुरका पहाडी परिवारहरू आफ्नू श्रीसम्पत्ति सके बेचेर नसके कसैलाई जिम्मा लाएर भागे । मैले शरदलाई भनें, “मधेश हाम्रो पनि हो । हामी नभागने ।”

उनले पनि भने, “जीवनसँग भागेर साध्य छैन । धेरै भाग्यौं । अब नभागौं ।”

जनकपुरमा शरदको स्वास्थ्य निकै बिग्रियो । उनलाई काठमाडौंमा राखेर उपचार गर्नुपर्ने भयो । हामीले जनकपुरमा घडेरी किनेका थियौं । आन्दोलनपछि त्यहाँ जग्गाको भाउ निकै घटेको थियो । माटोको मोलमा घडेरी बेच्यौं । हामी दुवै जना मालपोत कार्यालय गएर जग्गा पास गरेर फर्कदै थियौं । जनकपुरमा पैसा लुट्ने गिरोहहरू सक्रिय थिए । जग्गा बेचेको थाहा पाएपछि नगद लुट्थे । त्यसैले ब्यांक मार्फत कारोबार हुन्थ्यो । हामीले पाउनुपर्ने रकम ब्यांकमा जम्मा गरिएको थियो । हातमा नगद थिएन । त्यो अपहरणकारीलाई थाहा रहेनछ । दुई जनाले बीचबजारमा पिस्तोल देखाएर शरदलाई किडन्याप गरे । भारतीय नम्बरको गाडी थियो । मलाई थौटाले भापड दियो र पिस्तोल ताकेर हिन्दीमा भन्यो, “बोलिस् भने गोली ।”

म बेहोश भएर लडें मूर्च्छा खुल्दा म आफ्नै नर्सिङ्ग होमको बेडमा थिएँ । मैले भा सरसँग गएर पुलिसमा रिपोर्ट खेलाएँ ।

पुलिस इन्सपेक्टरले भन्यो, “जनकपुरमा कुनै भारतीय गाडी आएको रेकर्ड छैन ।”

भा सरले भने, “बजारभरि भारतीय नम्बरका गाडी छ्याछ्यास्ती छन् त ।”

इन्सपेक्टरले भन्यो, “मैले कहाँ गाडी छैनन् भनेको छु ? तिको रेकर्ड पो छैन भनेको ।”

“रेकर्ड राख्नुपर्छ भन्ने नियम छैन ?”

“नियम त के के छ, के के त सब नियम मानेर साध्य हुन्छ ? बूढो भैसक्नुभयो, अबै नेपाल चिन्नुभएको छैन ? नेपालमा कसले नियम मान्छ ? भा सर, तपाईं सठियाइसक्नुभो । कुरा बुझ्नुहुन्न ।”

भा सरले रिसाएर भने, “हाम्रो सरकार, प्रशासन, पुलिस भनेको त खेतमा ठड्याउने कागभगौवा मात्रै हो ।”

भा सरले एक दिन मलाई भने, “कुमारी, धैर्य गर । उनी आउँछन् । तिमिले कुनै पाप गरेकी छैनौं । शरदलाई केही हुँदैन ।”

मेरो मोबाइलमा नचिनेको मान्छेको फोन आयो । मुगलानको नम्बर थियो । भन्यो, “तीन लाख फिरौती बुझा । होइन भने तैले पोइ होइन, पोइको लाश फेला पार्छेस् । भोलि फोन गर्छु, पैसा तयार पारिराख्नु । रूपैयाँ भनेको, खाँटी भारतीय हो, खोटो नेपाली होइन, बुझिराख् । रकम हामीलाई कहाँ कसरी दिने, पछि बताउँला । पुलिसलाई खबर गरिस् भने आजको रात काट्न पाउँदिनस् । हाम्रा मान्छे जनकपुरभरि छन् ।”

उसलाई शरदलाई फोन दियो । शरदले काम्दो स्वरमा भने, “कुमारी, जग्गा बेचेको सबै पैसा कसेको हात पठाइदेऊ । बाँकी पनि जसरी भए पनि खोजेर पठाइदेऊ ।”

मेरा नौनाडी गले । बोल्न बोल्न सकिनँ । फोन काटियो । भारु तीन लाख भनेको नेरु पाँच लाख जति हुन्थ्यो । तीन लाख त जग्गा बेचेर आएको थियो । कहाँबाट ल्याउनु अरु दुई लाख । मैले भा सरसँग रोइकराइ गरें । उनले महीनावरी कट्टी हुने गरी एक लाख पेशकी दिए । नर्सिङ होममा काम गर्ने लाल मदत गर्न तयार भयो । उसले भन्यो, “म तिम्रो

यो दुःख हटाउन आफ्नू ज्यानको बाजी लगाउन तयार छु । नपुगेको पैसा म हालिदिन्छु । शरद आएपछि हिसाबकिताब गर्दै गरौंला ।”

कत्रो महानता । मलाई लाग्यो, ऊ महामानव हो । मेरा आँखा रसाए । उसलाई ढोग्न मन लाग्यो । उसलाई स्थानीय मेलोमेसो सबै थाहा थियो । मैले अपहरणकारीलाई उसको फोन दिएर उसैसँग सम्पर्क गर्नु भनें ।

पैसा गए पनि उनले यातना भोग्नु नपरोस्, ज्यान नजाओस् भनेर मैले जानकी मातासँग पुकार गरें । माताले पुकार सुन्नुभयो । लालले केके गरी मिलाएर शरदलाई छुटायो । उनी एक सातामा फर्के ।

उनी अपहरित हुँदा सोच्नुस् त मेरो के हाल भयो होला । शान्ति बाबा † बाबा † भनेर रुन्थी । “बाबा हामीलाई छोडेर कहाँ गए ? किन गए ?” भनेर सोध्थी । मलाई रोएको देखेर “ आमा, तिमी किन रोएको ?” भन्थी । के भनेर मैले उसलाई फुल्याउनु † आफ्नै चित्त के भनेर बुझाउनु । उनी नफर्कुन्जेल मेरो घाँटीबाट पानी पनि छिरेन । एकै छिन निदाइँन । काममा पनि गइँन । विदा लिएर बसें । भ्ना सर जाती थिए । भने, “अहिले तिमी आराम गरेर डेरामा बस ।”

डेरामा खत्र्याक्क गत्यो कि शरद नै आए कि भनेर भ्यालबाट चियाउँथे । उनी कंकाल भएर फर्के, थकित, गलित, अशक्त थिए ।

सोधं, “फिरौती रकम कसले पुर्‍यायो ?”

“लालजीले । तिमीलाई भेटेनन् ?”

“भेटेनन् । म कता, उनलाई कता पुर्‍याए के थाहा † जे होस्, मलाई छोडिदिए ।”

“कुटपीट गरे कि गरेनन् ? के खान दिए, कसरी राखे ?”

उनले आफ्नू कथा बताए ।

त्यसको एक महिनापछि उनी यौटा सानु चिठी छोडेर बेपत्ता भए । त्यो दिन उनलाई जोडले ऐंठन भएको थियो । सधैं जसतो शान्तिलाई स्कूल पुऱ्याएर म काममा गएकी थिएँ, “आराम गरेर बस, बिदा लिएर छिटै आउँछु” भनेकी थिएँ ।

अपहरण भएपछि उनको रेगुलर खोन औषधी छुट्यो । उनी ज्यादै गले । डिप्रेसन बढेको थियो । तर आमा, उनी चिठी छोडेर बेपत्ता भए । हामीलाई त्यसरी चटक्क माया मारेर हिंड्न सक्छन् भन्ने एकरत्ती पनि लागेको थिएन । मलाई नभए पनि शान्तिलाई सम्भरेर एक न एक दिन फर्केर आउँछन् भन्ने विश्वास थियो । मैले जनकपुर छोडं भने मलाई खोज्न कताकता भौँतारिएलान् भनेर पनि जनकपुर छोडिनँ । नत्र हाम्रो काठमाडौँ आउने निधो भइसकेको थियो ।

नर्सिङ होममा दुई दर्जन स्टाफ थिए । शरद बेपत्ता भएपछि लाल र भा सर नै मेरा “गार्जियन” भए । भा सर त नर्सिङ होमका मालिक नै भए, सारै जाती थिए । उनीहरूले मलाई तिरिनसक्नु गुन लिए । लालको गुन मानेर उसलाई दाजु मान्न लागें । भैयाजी भन्न थालें ।

लाल कहिलेकाहीं मेरो डेरामा चिया खान आउँथ्यो । मलाई सामन्त्वना दिन्थ्यो, शातिलाई पनि माया गर्थ्यो । एक दिन भन्यो, “कुमारी तिमिले मलाई मोहनशी लगाएकी छ्यौँ ।”

म स्तब्ध भएँ, “रामराम † भैयाजी, के भन्नुभएको † मैले तपाईंबाट यस्तो कुरा सुन्नुपर्छ भन्ने कल्पना पनि गरेकी थिइनँ ।”

“म तपाईंकी बैनी हुँ । यस पालि म तपाईंलाई राखी बाँध्छु ।”

“बैनी त मानेकै छु नि † म त नारी जातिलाई पूजा गर्ने मान्छी हुँ ।”

“मसँग अब त्यस्तो कुरा नगर्नुस् ।”

“तिमी जे भन्छ्यौ, मान्छु । तर तिमिलाई सहाराको जरूरत छ ।”

“सहारा त तपाईंहरूले दिनुभएकै छ नि ।”

ऊ गयो । म क्षुब्ध भएँ ।

रातभरि उसले भनेका सम्भरहेँ । मैले त्यो कुरा कसैलाई भन्न सकिनं । त्यो घटनापछि मैले जनकपुर सदाका लागि छाड्ने निधो गरेँ । पहिले काम गरेको अस्पतालमा फोन गरेँ । “तीन महिनापछि आऊ, राखिदिन्छौँ” भने ।

मैले भाग सरले दिएको पेशकी फर्सोट गरिसकेकी थिइनँ । त्यो तिरिसक्ने बित्तिकै काठमाडौँ जाने तयारी गरेँ । त्यही बेला शान्तिको बलात्कार भयो आमा, यौटा पापीले शान्तिको बलात्कार गर्‍यो ।

छिमेकका केटाकेटीहरू खेल्दै थिए । शान्तिलाई भने, “नानी, तँ साथीहरूसँग खेलेर बस्, कर्त नजा, म छिट्टै आउँछु ।”

सासू र लोग्ने मिलेर बुहारीलाई जिउँदै जलाएका केसहरू आइरहन्थे । निकै बेर लाग्यो । काम सकेर हतारहतार कोठामा आएँ । शान्ति बेहृश थिई । उसको बलात्का भएको थियो । कुदाएर नर्सिङ होम पुऱ्याएँ । बाँची ।

मैले सोधेँ, “नानी, कति बेरपछि कोठामा आइस् ?”

“साथीहरू घर गए, अनि ।”

“अनि के गरिस् त ?”

“निदाएँछु ।”

“निदाएँछु ।”

“अनि के भो ?”

“सपनामा भूतले मलाई छोप्यो ।”

“त्यसपछि ?”

“ऐया, दुख्यो † ” ऊ रोई ।

“अनि ?”

“अनि केही थाहा छैन ।”

त्यसपछि म बहुलाएँ । मेरो होश ठेगानमा भएन । मेरा हातखुट्टा शिथिल भए । रीसले पुर्पुरो बल्न लाग्यो । कन्चछ फड्किन लागे । मैले दारा कितें, “पापी † नीच † म तेरो ज्यान लिन्छु ।”

तर कसको ज्यान लिनु † म उसै चाउरिएँ । भाजीले भने, “कुमारी, केही दिन आराम गरेर मन ठीक भएपछि मात्रै काममा आऊ ।”

शान्तिलाई एक छिन नदेखा मन भरंग हुन थाल्यो । मनमा सधैं यो सानी बच्चीलाई कहिले के हुन्छ भन्ने त्रास भयो । आफैलाई कहिले के हुन्छ भन्ने पनि त्रास † आमा, आइमाईको जुनी जन्मेदेखि नमरुन्जेल बलात्कारको त्रासैत्रास हो ।

म विस्तारै काममा जान लागें । जे भए पनि सहनै पर्ने रहेछ । केही दिनपछि लालले भन्यो, “हरे कुमारी, ठाउँ खराब छ । जमाना खराब छ । मान्छी खराब छन् । तिमी सानी छोरीलाई त यस्तो भयो, तिमी त अझै पूरै जवान छ्यौ । तिमीलाई राम्रो सहाराको जरुरत छ ।”

“लाल भैया, एक दिन शरद आउँछन् र मलाई खोज्छन् भनेर म जनकपुरमा बसिरहेकी हुँ । अब म यहाँ धेरै दिन बस्दिना ।”

“कुरा त्यति सजिलो छैन, गम्भीर छ । सिरियस बात गर्न म साँभमा तिम्रो कोठामा आउँला ।” उसले प्याच्च पान थुकेर डिच्च हाँस्रै भन्यो । उसको मुखमा सधैं पान हुन्थ्यो । हाँस्ता छुट्टुट्टै दाँत देखिँदैनथे, खयरले लिपेको यौटै रातो भित्तो देखिन्थ्यो ।

ऊ पैतालीस वर्ष जतिको थियो, कपालबाट चुहिने गरी बास्ना आउने तेल लाउँथ्यो । कपाल सेता थिए, जुँगा रंग लाएर टल्कने काला । उसकी पत्नी सशीला थिई । नाति, पोता भइसकेका थिए । साँभमा भहेला बोकेर आयो । घरको किनमेल होला भन्ठानें ।

भन्यो, “यो पकाऊ ।”

“के हो ?”

“खसीको मासु र त्यसको सितनु,” उसले प्लास्टिकका दुइटा भतेला दिंदै भन्यो ।
यौटामा मासु र अर्कामा रक्सीको बोतल थियो ।

“घर लैजान ल्याउनु भएको होइन ?”

“होइन । यहीं तिमीसँग कुरा गर्दै खान ल्याएको ।”

मैले अचम्म मानेको देखेर फेरि भन्यो, “पकाऊ । आज मलाई तिमीसँग सिरियस
कुरा गर्नु छ । मैले जानकी मन्दिर गएर मातासँग स्वीकृति लिएर आएको छु ।”

“यो के गर्नुभएको भैयाजी ? यो सामान घर नलगेर किन यहाँ ल्याउनुभएको ?”

“मेरो घरमा यो सब कहाँ चल्छ । घरवाली वैष्णव छे । मांस मदिरा सब वर्जित छ ।
दारु लिएपछि खूब पान चबाएर र जर्दा खाएर मात्र घर पस्छु । तब त यो लिएर यहाँ
आएको छु ।”

उसले शरदलाई अपहरणकारीबाट फिर्ता ल्याएको थियो । म दाजु मानेर सम्मान
गर्थे । पाहुना जस्तो भएर आएको थियो । तैपनि भर्केर भनें, “भैयाजी, तपाईंले के
गर्नुभएको । यो लिएर जहाँ मन लाग्छ गइहाल्नुस् । दारु यहाँ पनि वर्जित छ । मसँग चिया
लिएर कुरा गर्नस् ।”

“साँभ परेपछि लालले कहँ चिया पिउँछ ।” लाल नकच्चरो हाँसो हाँस्यो ।

Comment

This is a text having an expressive function. In addition to this, it is a literary description of Nepalese society. The language description of Nepalese society. The language used is at the mental pole rather than material pole. It is at the author's level. The type of translation suitable for such text is semantic translation method in which achieving equivalence is a serious problem since the translator has to capture the thought process of an author along with the consideration of various contextual variation in translation.

In translating this part of piece of literary composition, (Suffocation) I have encountered the following issues:

- a. Two Nepali words 'Varanga' and 'trash' have been translated as 'frightened'. This is an example of multivalence function in vocabulary.
- b. The proper names like, Kumari, Manthali, Shanti, Lal, Jha have been transliterated.
- c. While translating the word 'puran' (appeared at page 1) is foot noted and its meaning is paraphrased because mere mythology doesn't give its intended meaning.
- d. The word 'Vishnu' Puran ' and 'rakhi' are the words whose meaning are deeply rooted in our culture and religion. SO the aforementioned words are not translated in order to pertain its real flavour and beauty it is footnoted.
- e. The word 'jarda' doesn't have exact equivalent word in English in relation to that context so its sense was translated.
- f. 'Vutlyaeko' is translated as 'plucked hair' which doesn't give its real meaning. It is used as smile so its sense is added.

4.2 An English to Nepali translation of a report entitled Harry potter and the prisoner of Azkaban by J.K. Rowling.

4.2.4 उल्लु पत्र

हयारी पोटर धेरै तरिकामा अति नै अनौठो केटा हो । एक त उसलाई गर्मीको विदा पटककै मन पर्दैन । अर्को ऊ आफ्नो गृहकार्य साच्चिकै गर्न चाहन्छ तर गोप्य रूपमा गर्न बाध्य हुन्छ । उसमा जादु पनि हुन्थ्यो ।

मध्य रातमा उ आफ्नो ओछ्यानमा पल्टिरहेको थियो र उसका ब्लाडकेटहरू त्रिपाल जस्तै गरी टाउको छोपेको थियो । एउटा हातमा टर्च र सिरानी नजीकै ठूलो जुदुको इतिहास अडेस लगाएको थियो । हयारीले पुच्छर भै गरी गम्भिर मुट्टामा ध्यान दिएर हेरिरहेको थियो ताकी त्यसले उसलाई १४ औं सताब्दीमा जलेको जादु छलफल गर्नुको तुक थिएन ।

उसको प्वाँख हुनसक्ने सम्भावित अनुच्छेदको लागी रोकीयो । हायारीले आफ्नो गोला चस्मा नाक भन्दा माथि सदै आफ्नो तर्चलाई किताबको नजीक ल्याएर पढ्न थाल्यो ।

जादु विहिन मानिसहरू (जसलाई साधारणतया मुगल्स भनेर चिनिन्छ) विशेषगरी मध्यकालिन समयका यसलाई राम्रो चित्र सक्दथे । किनकी उनीहरू विरलैमात्रै साच्चिकै जादु देख्ने उनीहरूलाई विरलै मात्रै हुन्थ्यो जे गरेतापनि जादुको कुनै प्रभाव थिएन । जादुले आफ्नो आधारभूत ज्वाला बल्ने आनन्द दिज्थ्यो त्यसपछि धेरै चिच्याउर कुतीकुतीको आवेशमा आन्तन्दित हुन्थ्यो । हो त नि विन्दीलिनले आफलाई ४७ औं पटक भन्दा बढी रूप परिवर्तनको लागि डढाउन अनुमति दिएको थियो ।

हयारीले आफ्नो प्वाँख दुई दातको विचमा राखेर सिरानीमुनी रहेको मसिको बट्टामा पुग्यो र १ जिस्ता छालाको कागज लियो । विस्तारै र धेरै होसीयारी पूर्वक मसिको बट्टा खोलेर प्वाँखलाई चोवी लेख्न सुरु गर्नु हरेक क्षण रोकिदै र सुन्दै किनकी यदि कुनै डुस्लेले प्वाँखले लेखेको सुन्यो भने सम्भवत वाकी बसें विदाभारी उसलाई भन्याडमुनि रहेको दराजमा बन्दगरिने छ ।

डुस्ले चारजना परीवार मध्ये प्रिभेट ड्राइभको कारणले ह्यारीले कहिल्यैपनि गर्मीको विदामा आनन्द लिन पाएन । भेर्तन काका, पट्यूना काकी तिनिका छोरा डुड्ले मात्र ह्यारीका बाकी रहेका नातेदारहरू हुन् । तिनहरू सबै जादुविहीन (मुगल्स) (Muggles) हुन किनकी उनीहरू सबैसंग जादुको वारेका मध्यकालि सोचाइ थियो । र कहिल्यै पनि डुस्लेको घरलाई उल्लेख गर्नुभएन । आउने वर्षमा काकी पुट्यूना र काका भर्तन आसा राखेका थिएकी यदि ह्यारीलाई धेरै यातना दिएर राखियो भने उसका सबै जादुहरू नष्ट गर्न सकिन्थ्यो । नुनिहरूको अनुसार,

Preachment: छालाबो कागज

१ ह्यारीका मृत नातेदारहरू जादु र त्यसका क्रियाकलाप

उनीहरू डर थियो कि ह्यारीले हगवाट्स विद्यालयमा २ वर्ष जादुका सामग्रीहरू जादुमा

तिनीहरू असफल भएता पनि अहिले ह्यारी २ वर्ष देखी हगवार्ट्स विद्यालयको जादु र जादुगत सामग्रीहरूको वारेमा विताएको छ भनेर कसैले थाहपाउछ । भन्ने डर थियो ।

डुस्लेले ह्यारीका जादुका कितावहरू जादुगर लठ्ठी र फत्कीएको पानी लाई गर्मी विदाको सूरुवादसगै सगै चाविलगाएर बन्द गरिदिने र छिमेकीहरू सँग उसको वोलचालाइ विशेष गर्नमात्र सक्थ्यो ।

जादुगर पुस्तकबाट ह्यारीलाई छुट्याइनु उसको साच्चीकै समस्या थियो किनकी हगवार्ट्स विद्यालयका शिक्षकहरूले उसलाई धेरै गर्मीको गृहकार्य दिएका थिए । हरीको सबैभन्दा कम मनपर्ने शिक्षक प्रध्यापक ख्याण जो ह्यारीलाई एक महीना बन्द गरेर राख्दा ३ खुसी हुनुहुन्थ्यो । परिणामस्वरूप ह्यारी पहिलो हप्ताको छुट्टीलाई उपयोग गर्थ्यो । जब काका भेर्तन काकी पट्यूना र डुड्ले भरका अगाडीको वगैचामा गएर काकाले ल्याएको नयाँ कम्पनीको हेरि रहेको वेला ह्यारी विस्तारै तल्लो तलामा गयो दराज खोली केही कितावहरू लिएर आफ्नो ओछ्यानमुनी लुकायो । डुस्लेलाई ह्यारी पढीरहेको कुरा कहिल्यै पनि थाह भएन किनकी उसले तन्नामा कुनैपनि मसीको छिटा पारेको थिएन ।

यस बखछ ह्यारी काका र काकीको गालीवाट जोगीन चाहन्थ्यो किनकी तिनहरूले उसको साथी विजाइ खट ए हत्ताको विद्यालय विदाहुन्छ भने टेलीफोनबाट थाह पाएका थिए ।

रोन विस्ले जो ह्यारीको ह्गवार्ट्स विद्यालयको सबैभन्दा उत्तम साथी थियो । जुन सम्पूर्ण परीवार नै जादुगर थिए । अर्थात उ ह्यारी भन्दा धेरै जानेको थियो तर उसले कहिल्यै पनि टेलिफोन प्रयोग गरेको थिएन । काका भेरननले उसको टेली फोन उठाउनु दुरभाग्य पूर्ण थियो ।

“भेरनन वोलिरहेको छु ।”

ह्यारी त्यस समययमा कोठामा थियो र रोनको आवाज सुन्ने वित्तीकै शान्त रन्थो ।

१) हेल्लो हेल्लो तपाइले मलाई सुनुभयो? म ह्यारी पोटरसगैँ बोल्न चाहन्छु ।

रोन यती दुलो आवाजमा चिच्चायो कि काका भेरननले उफ्रेर टेलिफोनको हातालाई टाढा राखेर अनुहारको आकृति परीवर्तन गर्न्थो । को हो उसले गर्जेर टेलीफोनमा भज्यो । तिमी को हो?

रोन विस्ली रोन चिच्चायो मानौ र भेरननकाका फुटवल मैदानको विपरित स्थानमा बसेर वोलिरहेको छन् । म ह्यारीको विद्यालयको साथी हो ।

भेरनन काकाका साना आँखा घुमाएर ह्यारी बसेको ठाँउमा हेरे ।

टेलिफोनको हातोलाई पाखुरा नजिक राखेर मानौकि विस्फोट हुनेजस्तो गरि गर्जीयो यहाँ कोही ह्यारी पोटर छैन । तिमी कुन विद्यालयको बारेमा कुरा गरेको छौ त्यो मलाई थाह छैन । कहिल्यै मलाई सम्पर्क नगर । मेरो परीवार नजिक कहिल्यै नआउ ।

उसले टेलीफोनको हातोलाई विषालु माकुरो पछारेभै गरी फाल्यो । त्यो भगडा अहिलेसम्कै सबैभन्दा खराब थियो । तिमीले कसरी आटगर्न्थौ तिमीजस्तै खराबलाई यो नम्बर दिन ह्यारीलाई खकादैँ भेरनन काकाले भनुभयो ।

रोनले स्पष्टरूपमा महसुस गर्‍यो किनकी ह्यारीले उसलाई टेलीफोन गरेन हगवार्टस विद्यालयको ह्यारी सबभन्दा मिल्ने साथी थियो । र हर्मोइन ग्राङ्गर साथी भएको थिएन । ह्यारीलाई संका लाग्योकी रोनले हर्मोइनलाई कहिल्यै पनि फोन नगर्नु भनेर चेतावनी दियो जुन दुःखदायी थियो किनकी हर्मोइन सबैभन्दा चलाख जादुगर थियो जसका आमाबाबु साधरण मानिस भएकोले टेलिफोनको कसरी प्रयोग गर्ने भने वारेमा पूर्ण जानकारी र तिनि हगवार्टस विद्यालय गएको छिन भनेर भन्नुहुँदैन भनेकुरा थाह थियो । त्यसैले ह्यारीले ५ हप्तासम्म कुनैपनि जादु गर्ने साथिहरूसगै बोलचालभएन र यो गर्मी विदा पनि पहिला जतीकै खराब भयो । त्यहा मात्र एक सानो सुधार थियो त्यसैले अ. कहिल्यै कुनै साथीहरूलाई चिठ्ठी नपढाउने बाचा गरेको थियो । ह्यारीलाई उल्लु भित्र ल्याउन अनुमती भएपछि हेडविगराती निशकन्थ्यो । यदि तिनी सधैको लागि पिंजडामा थुनिन्छकी भन्नेकारणले काका भेट्नले रुथकेट दिएका थिए ।

ह्यारीले विज्डीलीन विर्डको वारेमा लेखिसकेर फेरी सुत्तको लागी रोकियो । काका भन्दा छाराछरीको एकहोरी निरन्तर घुराईले अध्यारो शान्तवातावरण लाई धमिल्याएको थियो । यो धेरै ढिलो हुन्छ । थकानले ह्यारीका आखाँ दुखेका थिए सम्भवत उसले भोली राती निबन्ध सक्नेछ ।

उसले मसीको बट्टाको विको भिकेर पुरानो सिरानी आफ्नो ओछ्यानमुनी तानेर तर्च राख्यो । एउटा जादुको इतिहास उसको निबन्ध, प्वाखँ मसी भित्र राख्यो, ओछ्यानवा उठेर धेरै वस्तुहरू ओछ्यानको मुनी भुईमा राख्यो । त्यसपछि उ उठ्यो हातखुट्टा तन्कायो (Stretched) चम्किलो अलराम घडीमा समय हेन्यो ।

विहानको ठिक १ बजेको थियो । ह्यारीको पेट रमाइलो पाराले हल्लीरहेको थियो । यो कुरा बाहीर नभनेको १३ वर्ष गएको थियो ।

ह्यारीको अर्को अनौठो पक्ष भनेको आफ्नो जन्मदिनको कुनै आषा राख्दैनथ्यो । उसले कहिल्यैपनि जन्मदिनको कार्ड प्राप्त गर्न सकेको छैन । डुर्लेले पूर्ण रूपमा विगतका २ जन्मदिनहरू मनाएन (Ignored) किनकि उसलाई उनिहरूले संम्भनीने कुनै कारण थिएन ।

ह्यारी अध्यारो कोठाबा हिड्यो, ढुले हेडविग र रिक्तो पिंजडा पारगन्यो भ्याल खोल्नको ह्यारीले भ्याल खोल्नको लागि आफ्नो अध्यारो कोठामा हिड्यो ठुलो हेडविग र रिक्तो पिंजडा पारगन्यो । कारणले चिसो रातको अनन्दलिनको लागि भ्यालमा अडेस लागेर बसेको थियो । तिनि अधिनै गैसकेकी थिइन किनकी उनलाई ह्यारीको चिज्ता थिएन तर तिनी चाडै आउने आषा राखेको थियो । त्यो घरमा तिनी त्यस्तीखालको मन्छेथिइन जो उसको आगाडी देखापर्न चाहन्थिन ।

ह्यारी उमेर अनुसार सानो र लुटे भएता पनि विगत वर्षबाट केही हुन्छ बढेको थियो । उसले जे गरेता पनि उ भने सफा र कालो थियो । निधारमुनी रहेका चश्मा भित्र उसका आखा चमकीला र हरियो देखिन्थे जसलाई उसको कपाल बाट देखिन्थे उसको एउटा खत थियो बल्टुको आकारमा चम्केको जस्तो देखिन्थ्यो । ह्यारीका अनौठा वस्तुहरूमध्ये उसको खत, दाग सवैभन्दा अनौठो थियो । त्यो डुरस्लेले वाहाना गरेको भने नभएर ह्यारीको आभावुवासगँको कार दुर्घटनाको चिनो थियो किनकी लिलि र जेम्स पोटर कारदुर्घटनाको मरेका थिएनन् । तिनीहरूलाई डरलाग्दो अध्यारो बोक्सीले हत्या १०० वर्ष सम्म गरेको थियो । ह्यारी त्यस घटनाबाट भागेको थियो जुनवेला उसको निधारमा केहिनभएर दाग मात्र थियो । भोल्टमोर्टसको सरापबाट उ मर्नुको सट्टा उसको आफ्नो सककलरूप भन बढ्न थालेकोले भोल्टमोर्ट भाग्यो ।

तर ह्यारी हग्वार्टस विद्यालयमा देखि नै उसको आमने सामने हुन्थ्यो । वितेको वैठकमा उसगँ अध्यारो भ्यालमा सम्भ्रीरहेको उसको तेह्रौँ जन्म दिनमा पुग्नु उसको लागी सोभाग्य थियो ।

उसले ताराले भरीपूर्ण आकासमा हेडविगको लागी सम्भवत प्रसंसाको लागि नियाल्यो । ह्यारीले केही समयपश्चात मात्र महसुस गन्योकप छानानभइको कोववत नियालेको केही समय पश्चात उसले के हेरिहेको थियो । तिन ओटा उल्लुहर भ्याल माथि तिनीमध्ये ओटाले तेस्रोलाई वोकेका थिए जुन अचेतन देखिन्थ्यो । तिनीहरू सवै ह्यारीको ओछ्यानमा वसे खैरो रडको विचको उल्लु घुडामारेर उसको टाउकोमा स्थिर अवस्थामा बस्यो । एउटा ठूलो पूरिया त्यसको खुट्टामा बाँचिएको थियो ।

अचेतन उल्लुलाई ह्यारीले तुरुन्तै चिन्यो । उ इरोल नाम गरेको विस्ले परीवारको थियो । ह्यारी तुरुन्तै ओछ्यानमा गयो इरोलको खुट्टाका डोरी फुकाएर सामान निकालेर इरोललाई हेडविगको पिंजडामा लग्यो । इरोलले एउटा सिथिल आखो खोल्थो हउल भनि धन्यवाद दिई पानी पीउन सुरुग्यो ।

ह्यारीले बाकी उल्लुहरूलाई फर्केर हेयो तिनीमध्ये एउटा ठूलो सेतो पोथी जसको आफ्नै हेडविग थियो । तिनीले पनि पार्सल वोकीरहेको थिइन र ज्यादै खुसी देखिन्थिन तिनीले ह्यारीलाई ममतामयी साथमा उनीको चुच्चोले टोकी उसको चिन्तालाई हटाइ पछी इरोललाई भेट्नको लागि कोठामा उठ्यो ।

ह्यारीले तेस्रो उल्लुलाई चित्ते उ खैररडको सुन्दर थियो । सुन्दर खैरोरड तेस्रो उल्लुलाई ह्यारीले चिनेन तर उसलाई तिनी काहाबाट आएको भने थाह थियो किनकी तेस्रो पार्सल देखीवाहेक हर्गवार्टसको एउटा चिठ्ठी वोकरिहेको थियो । जब ह्यारीले त्यस छुटकारा दियो त्यो चिञ्चित मान्दै आफ्ना पखेटा तन्कायो त्यसराज भ्यालबाट उडेर गयो ।

ह्यारी ओछ्यानमा बस्यो इरोलको पुरीया समायो

ह्यारी ओछ्यानमा बसेर इरोलको पुरीया बसेर इरोलको पुरीया प्याकेजलाई समातयो खैरो कागजलाई च्यात्यो र उसको पहिलो जन्मदिनको कार्ड लाई पहिलो रडमा वेरेको भेटायो । उसले औलाहरू काम्दै चिठ्ठी खोल्थो । १२ टुक्राकागजहर तल भरे एक चिठ्ठी र पत्रीकाको टुक्रा ।

त्यस टुक्राले स्पष्ट भयो कि जादुगर पत्रीका दैनिक प्रोफेट प्रकासित थियो किनकी मानिसका काला र गोरा तस्वीरहरू चलीरहेका थिए । ह्यारीले त्यसलाई तित्यो मसान्यो र पढ्यो ।

जादु जागीरे मन्त्रालयको ठूलो पुरस्कार आर्थर विस्लेले, प्रभुख मियुज र मुगल आर्टीफ्याक्ट कार्यालय, जादुमन्त्रालय राष्ट्रीय पुरस्कार दैनिक प्रोफेट जित्यो ।

विस्लेले पत्रीकालाई खुसी हुदै भन्यो “हामी यस पालीको गर्मी विदा हामी इजिप्तमा जानेछौ जहाँ हाम्रो जेठाछोरा विल कर्स ब्रेकरको रूपमा ग्रिनगोट्स विजार्डीड वैकमा काम गन्थ्यो जहाँ विस्ले परिवारका ५ जना केटाकेटी छन् ।

ह्यारीले ठुलो पिरामिड अगाडी उभिएर विस्ले परिवारका ९ जना सदस्यहरूको फोटो हेरेर बिस्लैल रिसाएर हात हल्लाएका फोटोलाई नियाल्यो र डिच्च हास्यो । सानी मोटो श्रीमती विस्ले, अग्लो, तक्लु विस्ले उसका छ छोराहरू र एक छोरी सबैको रातो कपाल

थियो । (यद्यपी श्यामस्वेत तस्वीरले सबैकुरा देखाउनथ्यो ।) तस्वीरको दाया मध्य भागमा अग्लो, लज्जीत रोन र उसको काधमा स्क्यावर्स मुसा र उसको हात र काथ वहीनी जीनीको काधमा थियो ।

विस्लेहरूले धेरै सुन लगाएको सोचन पनि सकदैनथ्यो । किनकी उनीहरू अति नै राम्रा थिए । धेरै गरीब थिए । उसले रोनको चिट्टी टिपेर खोल्यो ।

प्यारो ह्यारी,

जन्म दिनको सुभकामना ।

हेर त्यस टेलिफोन^४ प्रति म धेरै दुःखी छु । आषा छ मुगल्सहरूले^५ धेरै अठ्यारो बनाएनन् । मैले बुवालाई सोधे र उहाँले त्यसरी नचिच्याएको भए हुन्थ्यो भन्नुभयो । यहाँ इजिप्टमा धेरै आनन्द छ । विलले हामीलाई धेरै चिहानहरूमा घुमाएको छ र ति इजिप्टिसिएन जादुहरूमा विश्वास गर्ने छैनौ । आमाले जीनीलाई आउन दिनुभएन किनकी त्यहाँ सबै अस्थिरपञ्जरहरू अनौठो स्वरूपका थिए । जसलाई मुगल्सहरूले भाँचेका थिए । अहिले थप टाउको पलाएका छ ।

बुवाले दैनिक प्रोफेट बनाउनु हुन्छ भनेमा मलाई विश्वास लाग्दैन । सातसय स्पेनियस जहाजहरू^६ धेरै जसो सबै विदामा गएका थिए तर तिनीहरूले मलाई एउटा जादुगर लष्टी अर्कोवर्ष किनिदिनेछन् ।

ह्यारीले रोनको पुरानो लष्टी भाँचेको घटना सम्भियो । जब दुईवटा कारहरू हग्वार्टस विद्यालयतिर बत्तिएका थिए र विद्यालय मैदानको रुखमा दुर्घटना भएर उसको लष्टी भाँचिएको थियो ।

^४ टेलिफोन

^५ मुगल्स

^६ galleons: धेरै ठुला स्पेनका जहाजहरू जुन १५ औं देखि १७ औं सत्रौं शताब्दीको विचमा प्रयोग गरिन्थ्यो ।

हामी हाम्रो पढाई सुरुहुनु भन्दा एक हप्ता अगाडी फर्कने छौं त्यसपछि जादुगर लड्डी नयाँ पुस्तकको लागि लण्डन जानेछौ । त्यहाँ तिनीसँग भेट्नुने सम्भावना छ ।

मुगल्सले तिनिलाई निसान् नबनाउन् ।

लण्डन आउने कोशिस गर ।

रोन

पुनश्च : पर्कीको मुख्य केटा । उसले अधिल्लो हप्ता चिट्ठी पायो ।

ह्यारीले फोटोलाई भलक्क हेन्यो । पर्की जो हगवार्टसमा सातौ कक्षाको अन्तिम वर्षमा थियो, हसिलो देखिन्थ्यो । उसले प्रमुख केटो अंकित व्याज लगाएको थियो र फज^७ कोरिएको कपालमा लगाएकोले घाममा टल्कने गयो ।

ह्यारीले वल्ल उसको उपहार तिर आँखा लगायो र खाल्यो । त्यहाँभित्र सानो गिलासमा घुमेको जस्तो टुप्पो देखिन्थ्यो । त्यसभित्र अर्को एउटा सानो टिप्पणी^८ पनि थियो ।

ह्यारी यो एउटा गोजी स्नोकोस्कोप हो । यदी कसैले यसलाई अविश्वास गरेमा यो आफै बलेर घुम्नेछ । बिल भन्छ यो बेचेर फालिएको जादु पर्यटकका लागि हो र विश्वास गर्न सकिदैन किनकी गए रातभरी बालएको थियो ।

तर उसले महसुस गर्न सकेन किनकी फ्रेड र जर्जले उसको भोलामा पान मिसाएका थिए ।

यस पटक पनि ह्यारीले हरमोनले पढाएका उपहार, काठ चिट्ठीको पोकोलाई खोल्यो ।

प्यारो ह्यारी,

रोनले भरनन् काकाको फोनको बारेमा लेखरे भन्यो । मेरो विचारमा तिमी ठिक छौ ।

^७ मुस्लीहरूले लगाउने सेटो टोपी

^८ (a short letter)छोटो चिट्ठी

म अहिले विहामा फ्रान्समा छु । मलाई थाहा छैन यो तिमीलाई कसरी पठाउ, यदि सकैले भन्सारमा खोलमो † हेडविगमा खोलेमा । मेरो विचारमा तिनीसँग तिम्रो जन्मदिनको लागि र परिवर्तनको लागि केही छ । मैले उपहारस्वरूप उल्लु किने जसमा दैनिक भविष्यवाणी गर्ने एक विज्ञापन पनि थियो । (पढाइएको सुचनाहरू पाइरहेको छु र मलाई जादुगर संसारको बारेमा जान्न सजिलो भएको छ ।) तिमीले एक हप्ता अगाडिको रोन र उसको परिवारको तस्वीर देख्यो ? म वाचाका साथ भन्न सक्छु, उसले सिकेको छ र मलाई खिन्न लागेको छ किनकी प्राचिन इजिप्टीएन जादुहरू आक्रसित थिए ।

त्यहाँ केही अक्रसक स्थानिय ऐतिहासिक जादुका सामाग्रीहरू^९ पनि थिए । मैले थाहा पएका जादुका ऐतिहासिक निवबन्धहरू समावेश गरेर पुन लेखेको छु । आषा छ यो त्यति धेरै लामो हुनेछैन । मैले २ रोल ^{१०} पार्चमेण्डटमा ^{११} लेखेको छु जुन प्रध्यापक विन्सेले मागेभन्दा बढि हो ।

रोन भन्छ उ अधिल्लो हप्ता विदाको लागि लन्डन जाने निधोथियो । तिमी पनि सक्छौ ? के तिम्रा काका काकीले आउन दिन्छन् ? मेरो विचारमा तिमी सक्छौ । यदि सक्दैनौ भने, म तिमिलाई सेप्टेम्बरको पहिलो दिन हग्वार्टस एक्पेसमा भेट्नेछु ।

उही तिम्रो

हरमोइन् ।

^९ Witch craft जादुगरले प्रयोग गर्ने काठका सामाग्रीहरू

^{१०} रोल

^{११} वेडा वा वाखाको छालामा लेखिएको

4.2.1 Owl Post

Harry Potter was a highly unusual boy in many ways. For one thing, he hated the summer holidays more than any other time of year. For another, he really wanted to do his homework, but was forced to do it in secret, in the dead of night. And he also happened to be a wizard.

It was nearly midnight, and he was lying on his front in bed, the blankets drawn right over his head like a tent, a torch in one hand and a large leather bound book (*A History of Magic, by Bathilda Bagshot*) propped open against the pillow. Harry moved the tip of his eagle-feather quill down the page, frowning as he looked for something that would help him write his essay, 'Witch-Burning in the Fourteenth Century was Completely Pointless-discuss'.

The quill paused at the top of a likely looking paragraph. Harry pushed his round glasses up his nose, moved his torch closer to the book and read:

Non magic peopl (more commonly known as Muggles) were particularly afraid of magic in medieval times, but not very good at recognising it. On the rare occasion that they did catch a real witch or wizard, burning had no effect

Harry put his quill between his teeth and reached underneath his pillow for his ink bottle and a roll of parchment. Slowly and very carefully he unscrewed the ink bottle, dipped his quill into it and began to write, pausing every now and then to listen, because if any of the Dursleys heard the scratching of his quill on their way to the bathroom, he'd probably find himself locked in the cupboard under the stairs for the rest of the summer.

The Dursley family of number four, Privet drive, was the reason that Harry never enjoyed his summer holidays. Uncle Vernon, Aunt Petunia and their son, Dudley, were Harry's only living relatives. They were Muggles, and they had a very medieval attitude towards magic. Harry's dad parents, who had been a witch and wizard themselves, were never mentioned under the Dursleys' roof. For year Aunt Petunia and uncle Vernon had hoped that if they kept Harry as downtrodden as possible, they would be able to squash the magic out of him. To their fury, they had been unsuccessful, and now lived in terror of any finding out that Harry had spent

most of the last two years at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. The most the Dursleys could do these days was to lock away Harry's spell books, wand, cauldron and broomstick at the start of the summer holidays, and forbid him to talk to the neighbors.

This separation from his spell books had been a real problem for Harry because his teachers at Hogwarts had given him a lot of holiday work. One of the essays, a particularly nasty one about shrinking Potions, was for Harry's least favorite teacher, Professor Snape, who would be delighted to have an excuse to give Harry detention for a month. Harry had therefore seized his chance in the first week of the holidays. While Uncle Vernon, Aunt Petunia and Dudley had gone out into the front garden to admire Uncle Vernon's new company car (in very loud voices, so that the rest of the street would notice it too), Harry had crept downstairs, picked the lock on the cupboard under the stairs, garbbed some of his books and hidden them in his bedroom. As long as he didn't leave spots of ink on the sheets, the Dursleys need never know that he was studying magic by night.

Harry was keen to avoid trouble with his aunt and uncle at the moment, as they were already in a bad mood with him, all because he'd received a telephone call from a fellow wizard one week into the school holidays.

Ron Weasley who was one of Harry's best friends at Hogwarts, came from a whole family of wizards. This meant that he knew a lot of things Harry didn't but had never used a telephone before. Most unluckily, it had been uncle Vernon who had answered the call.

'Vernon Dursley speaking'.

Harry, who happened to be in the room at the time, froze as he heard Ron's voice answer.

'HELLO? HELLO ? CAN YOU HEAR ME? I-WANT-TO TALK-TO HARRY-POTTER .

Ron was yelling so loudly that Uncle Vernon jumped and held the receiver a foot away from his ear, staring at it with an expression of mingled fury and alarm.

'WHO IS THIS?' he roared in the direction of the mouthpiece. 'WHO ARE YOU?'

'RON -WEASLEY !' Ron bellowed back, as though he and Uncle Vernon were speaking from opposite ends of a football pitch. 'I'M-A-FRIEND-OF-HARRY'S-FROM-SCHOOL-'

Uncle Vernon's small eyes swiveled around to Harry, who was rotted to the spot.

'THERE IS NO HARRY POTTER HERE!' he roared, now holding the receiver at arm's length, as though frightened it might explode. 'I DON'T KNOW WHAT SCHOLL YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT ! NEVER CONTACT ME AGAIN! DON'T YOU COME NEAR MY FAMILY!'

And he threw the receiver back onto the telephone as if dropping a poisonous spider.

The row that had followed had been one of the worst ever.

'HOW DARE YOU GIVE THIS NUMBER TO PEOPLE LIKE PEOPLE LIKE YOU!' Uncle Vernon had roared, spraying Harry with spit.

Ron obviously realized that he'd got Harry into trouble, because he hadn't called again. Harry's other best friend from Hogwarts, Hermione Granger, hadn't been in touch either. Harry suspected that Ron had warned Hermione not to call, which was a pity, because Hermione, the cleverest witch in Harry's year had Muggle parents, knew perfectly well how to use a telephone, and would probably have had enough sense not to say that she went to Hogwarts.

So Harry had no word from any of his wizarding friends for five long weeks, and this summer was turning out to be almost as bad as the last one. There was just one, very small improvement: after swearing that he wouldn't use her to send letters to any of his friends, Harry had been allowed to let his owl, Hedwig, let at night. Uncle Vernon had given in because of the racket Hedwig made if she was locked in her cage all the time.

Harry finished writing about Wandering the Weird and paused to listen again. The silence in the dark house was broken only by the distant, grating snores of his enormous cousin, Dudley. It must be very late. Harry's eyes were itching with tiredness. Perhaps he'd finish this essay tomorrow night.

He replaced the top of the ink bottle, pulled an old pillowcase from under his bed, put the torch, A History of Magic, his essay, quill and ink inside it, got out of bed and hid the lot under a loose floorboard under his bed. Then he stood up, stretched, and checked the time on the luminous alarm clock on his bedside table.

It was one o'clock in the morning. Harry's stomach gave a funny jolt. He had been thirteen years old, without realizing it, for a whole hour.

Yet another unusual thing about Harry was how little he looked forward to his birthdays. He had never received a birthday card in his life. The Dursleys had completely ignored his last two birthdays, and he had no reason to suppose they would remember this one.

Harry walked across the dark room, past Hedwig's large, empty cage, to the open window. He leant on the sill, the cool night air pleasant on his face after a long time under the blankets. Hedwig had been absent for two nights now. Harry wasn't worried about her- she'd been gone this long before-but he hoped she'd be back soon. She was the only living creature in this house who didn't flinch at the sight of him.

Harry, though still rather small and skinny for his age, had grown a few inches over the last year. His jet-black hair, however, was just as it always had been stubbornly untidy, whatever he did to it. The eyes behind his glasses were bright green, and on his forehead, clearly visible through his hair, was a thin scar, shaped like a bolt of lightning.

Of all the unusual things about Harry, this scar was the most extraordinary of all. It was not, as the Dursleys had pretended for ten years, a souvenir of the car crash that had killed Harry's parents, because Lily and James Potter had not died in a car crash. They had been murdered, murdered by the most feared Dark wizard for a hundred years, Lord Voldemort. Harry had escaped from the same attack with nothing

more than a scar on his forehead, when Voldemort's curse, instead of killing him, had rebounded upon its originator, barely alive, Voldemort had fled...

But Harry had come face to face with him since at Hogwarts. Reemerging their last meeting as he stood at the dark window, Harry had to admit he was lucky even to have reached his thirteenth birthday.

He scanned the starry sky for a sign for a sign of Hedwig, perhaps soaring back to him with a dead mouse dangling from her beak, expecting prey. Gazing absently over the rooftops, it was a few seconds before Harry realised what he was seeing stood quite still, balanced on its point reflecting the luminous hands of his clock. He looked at it happily for a few seconds, then picked up the parcel Hedwig had brought. Inside this, too, there was a wrapped present, a card and a letter, this time from Hermione.

Dear Harry,

Ron wrote to me and told me about his phone call to your Uncle Vernon. I do hope you're all right. I'm on holiday in France at the moment and I didn't know how I was going to send this to you- what if they'd opened it at Customs?- but then Hedwig turned up! I think she wanted to make sure you got something for your birthday for a change. I bought your present by owl-order, there was an Advertisement in the Daily Prophet (I've been getting it delivered, it's so good to keep up with what's going on in the wearing world) did you see that picture of Ron and his family a week ago? I bet he's learning loads, I'm really jealous-the ancient Egyptian wizards were fascinating.

There's some interesting local history of witchcraft here, too. I've re-written my whole History of magic essay to include some of the things I've found out. I hope it's not too long, it's two rolls of parchment more than professor Binns asked for. Ron says he's going to be in London in the last week of the holidays. Can you make it? will your aunt and uncle let you come? I really hope you can. If not, I'll see you on the Hogwarts Express on September the first!

स्पर्श, आवाज र दृष्टि

म अमेरिकाको कोलोराडो स्टेट युनिभर्सिटीमा स्नातक तहमा पढ्दै थिएँ । एकदिन एउटा साथीले निधारमा गोली हानेर आत्महत्या गर्ने प्रयास गर्‍यो । भाग्यवश ऊ मरेन् । तर बाइस वर्षको उमेरमा उसले दृष्टि गुमायो । उसको अवस्था देखेर आमा बा, साथीसंगी सबै दुःखित हुन्थे । तर एकदिन मसँग मेट्दा उसले भन्यो “निर्मला, संसार आँखा देख्ने बेलाभन्दा मैले अहिले राम्रो देखिरहेको छु ।” उसको स्वरमा अचम्मको आत्मविश्वास थियो । त्यो कुरा सुन्दा मलाई पहिलोपल्ट आफू दृष्टिविहीन भएकोमा सन्तोष लाग्यो । भर्खरै दृष्टि गुमाएको मानिसले त संसार पहिलेभन्दा राम्रो देख्छ, भने मत भन् जन्मैदेखि दृष्टिविहीन, मैले भोगेको संसार भन् कति सुन्दर होला रु

म असकाधारण रूपमा सबल छु । यो मेरो विश्वास हो । अरुले हेरेर गर्ने धेरै काम म नहेरी गर्छु । अरुले जस्तै म संसार हेर्न सकिदैन, तर उनीहरूको दृष्टिको संसारलाई म आवाज र स्पर्शबाट चिन्छु, अनि बुझ्छु पनि । माध्याम फरक भए पनि देख्ने र नदेख्ने दुवैले बुझ्ने संसार एउटै छ ।

मेरो संसार भनेकै आवाज र स्पर्श हो । मैले पहिलो पल्ट आमालाई पनि त्यही आवाज र स्पर्शबाट चिनेँ । आमाले मलाई सुनाउँदै र छुवाउँदै भन्नुहुन्थ्यो, “जीवनमा आएको अवसर तोरीको दाना जत्रो भए पनि नछोडेस् + ” गुल्मीमा घर नजिकै स्कूल थियो । मसँगैका साथीहरू विद्यालय जान्थे । मास्टरले पढाएको आवाज घरसम्मै साथीहरू विद्यालय जान्थे । मास्टरले पढाएको आवाज घरसम्मै सुनिन्थ्यो, मेरा कानमा ठोकिन्थ्यो । म कानलाई त्यही आवाज आएतिर सोभ्याउँथे र मास्टरले उच्चारण गरेका आवाजहरू ध्यानपूर्वक सुन्थेँ । विद्यालयबाट आएको आवाजबाटै मैले कखरा सिकेँ ।

चार कक्षासम्म मैले दृष्टिविहीन साथीहरूसँगै पढेँ । पाँच कक्षादेखि मैले विद्यालय फेरें । नयाँ स्कूलका ६०० विद्यार्थीमध्ये म एकली दृष्टिविहीन थिएँ । साथीहरूले ६०० विद्यार्थीमध्ये म एकली दृष्टिविहीन थिएँ । साथीहरूले लेख्ने शब्द र मैले लेख्ने शब्दको अर्थ एउटै हुन्थ्यो । तर लेख्ने तरिका भने फरक । साथीहरू कलमले लेख्थे, म पिनले । उनीहरू अक्षर देखेर चिन्थे, म छामेर । उनीहरूको जस्तै मेरा पनि रङ्गीन रहर र सपना थिए । तर म रङ्गहरू छुट्याउन सकिदैनथेँ । लक्ष्य यौटै थियो । तर हाम्रो यात्रा गर्ने शैली फरक थियो ।

“मेरा आँखाले देख्न सकतैनन् । त्यसैगरी कसैको खुट्टाले काम नगर्ला, कसैले कान नसुन्लान् । तर मसँग आत्मविश्वासी मन र विवेकी मस्तिष्क छ । त्यही मन र मस्तिष्कलाई म स्पर्श र आवाजले निर्देशन दिन्छु । मेरा सपनाहरू यही आवाज र स्पर्शको सहायताले पूरा हुनेछन् । किनकि म असाधारण रूपमा सबल छु ।”

जाँचमा जब विज्ञान, गणित अनि लेखा विषयमा चित्र बनाएर दिनुपर्ने प्रश्नहरूको उत्तर लेख्न कठिन भयो, त्यतिबेला मलाई लाग्यो मैले हिँडेको बाटो दृष्टियुक्तहरूका लागि मात्र बनाइएको हो । विद्यालयमा मैले छामेर पढ्ने किताबहरू पनि पयौप्त थिएनन् । साथीहरू पाटीमा लेखेका कुरा हेरेर बुभ्थे, तर मैले सुन्न मात्र सक्थे । तर सुनेपछिको बुझाइ भने एउटै हुन्थ्यो । एस्.एल्.सी. को परीक्षामा चित्र हेरेर लेख्नुपर्ने धेरै प्रश्न आए । देख्न नसक्ने भएकाले ५६ नम्बर जतिको प्रश्न मैले प्रश्न आए । देख्न नसक्ने भएकाले ५६ नम्बर जतिको प्रश्न मैले छाड्नु पर्‍यो । तैपनि म प्रथम श्रेणीमा पास भएँ । त्यसले मेरी असाधारण सबलतामाथिको विश्वास अझ बलियो बनायो ।

मेरा आँखाले देख्न सकतैनन् । त्यसैगरी कसैको खुट्टाले काम नगर्ला, कसैले कान नसुन्लान् । तर मेरा लागि यी अङ्ग भनेका त मात्र माध्यम हुन्, चिन्ने, बुझ्ने र गर्ने त मनमस्तिष्कले नै हो । मसँग आत्मविश्वासी मन र विवेकी मस्तिष्क छ । त्यही मन र मस्तिष्कलाई म स्पर्श र आवाजले निर्देशन दिन्छु । अझ धेरै पर पुग्ने र केही गर्ने सपना छन् मसँग । मेरा सपनाहरू यही आवाज र स्पर्शको सहायताले पूरा हुनेछन् । किनकि म असाधारण रूपमा सबल छु । र त्यसमा मलाई पूरा विश्वास छ ।

भगवान दास मानन्धर

काठमाडौं, ओमबहालका ८५ वर्षीय भगवानदास मानन्धरलाई बागमती नदी प्रदूषित हुन थालेको चिन्ताले ६० वर्षअघि नै सताइसकेको थियो । त्यसै भएर उनलाई वागमती सफा गर्नुलाई तयतिबेलैदेखि आफ्नो दैनिकी बनाए । वागमती खोलामा अड्किएका फोहोर सङ्कलन गर्ने र बगाउने कार्य उनले आफ्नो शरीरले साथ दिँदासम्म गरिरहे । आज वागमती कार्य उनले आफ्नो शरीरले साथ दिँदासम्म गरिरहे । आज वागमती अति नै फोहोर भइसकेको भए पनि भगवानदास आफ्नो परिश्रम व्यर्थ भएको ठान्दैनन् । उनशी भन्छन्, “कमसेकम मैले हटाएको फोहोर त त्यहाँ छैन नि ।”

BHAGWANDAS MANANDHAR

Sixty yers ago, **Bhawandas Manandhar** started to worry about pollution in the Bagmati River. Since then, the 85- year old of Kathmandu has made it a regular routine to clean up the sacred river. He has collected the garbage obstructing the water and tried to get the river following smoothly aging. The Bagmati is still polluted today, but Bhagwandas does not think his effort has gone in vain because the garbage he removed is not there any longer.

मेरो तपस्या

म बाग्मतीको स्वच्छतामा विश्वास गर्छु । बाग्मती र मेरो सान्निध्यता बयासी वर्ष पुरानो हो । बाग्मतीलाई मैले त्यतिबेलादेखि चिनेको हुँ जतिबेला मैले मेरो घरलाई घर र आमालाई आमा भनेर चिनेँ । बाले मलाई ताते गर्दै लगेर बाग्मतीसँग मीत लगाईदिनुभयो । त्यसबेलादेखि नै मैले बाग्मतीलाई सफा गर्न र माया गर्न सिकेँ ।

सानैदेखि नुहाउन, पूजा गर्न, खेलन र डुल्न जाने गरेको बाग्मतीलाई मैले २००६ सालदेखि नियमित रूपमा सफा गर्न थालेको हुँ । त्यतिबेला बाग्मती फोहोर त थिएन तैपनि त्यहाँ पूजा गर्न, श्राद्ध गर्न आउनेहरूले छाडेका फूलपाती, टपरी जस्ता चिजबिजहरू म पानीमा बगाइदिन्थेँ । म धेरैजसो ओमबहाल चोकको हाम्रो घरबाट सातै मिनेटमा पुगिते बाग्मती र विष्णुमतीको दोभान, टेकू, पचलीघाटतिर सफा गर्थेँ । सफा गर्दागर्दै कहिले चोभार त कहिले बुङ्मती, गुह्येश्वरीसम्म पनि पुग्थेँ । कहिलेदेखि म बाग्मती सफा गर्दै घन्टौँ बिताउन लागेँ त्यसको पत्तै भएन ।

म बाग्मतीको त्यो शक्तिमा विश्वास गर्छु जसले काठमाडौँ उपत्यकाको सभ्यतालाई जन्मायो, सिचन गऱ्यो र फलायो फुलायो । नदीको धर्म बग्नु हो । यही नदीले जन्माएको सभ्यताको एउटा कण हुँ म त्यसैले मेरो धर्म यो नदीलाई निर्वाध र अकलुषित बग्नु दिनु हो । मेरा लागि बाग्मती गङ्गाजी हुन् । आमा हुन् । यिनैको गर्भबाट आएका हामीलाई अन्ततोगत्वा यिनैको गर्भमा मिल्नु छ । बाग्मती मेरा लागि एउटा घर हो । दिनदिनै आफ्नो घर बढार्नु मेरो कर्तव्य हो ।

अति जरुरी काम परेका दिनबाहेक साठी वर्षदेखि सानो ज्याबल बोकेर म सधैं बाग्मती आइपुग्ने गरेको छु । कैले त भर्खरे आएको जस्तो लगे पनि आठ दश घन्टा बितिसकेको हुन्थ्यो । सफा गर्न थालेपछि भोक प्यास या थकाइ पनि लाग्दैनथ्यो । एक खालको अलौकिक शक्ति र जाँगर आउँथ्यो ।

टन्टलापुरे घाम होस् या मुसलधारे वर्षा, नदीमा कुप्रीएको मेरो ढाड देखेर नौलो मान्छेहरू भन्थे, “यो बूढो बाग्मतीमा सिक्का खोज्दै या बालुवामा सुन खोज्दैछ ।” तर म बाग्मतीमा सत्य खोज्दथेँ । “मेरो साठी वर्षको परिश्रमका बाबजुद पनि बाग्मती जर्जर र जीर्ण बनेको छ । तर पनि, मलाई मेरो काम निरर्थक लाग्दैन किनभने कम्तीमा पनि मैले

बगाएको फोहोर फर्केर आउको छैन र कहिल्यै आउँदैन । बगेको पानी बरु भरी बनेर फर्केला, बगाएको फोहोर फर्कदैन । योभन्दा ठूलो सार्थक काम अरु के हुन सक्छ ?”

मेरा लागि बाग्मतीको स्वच्छ र स्वतन्त्र बहाव नै सत्य थियो । त्यही सत्य नै मेरो विश्वास हो र त्यही विश्वास नै मेरो कर्म ।

बाग्मतीले काठमाडौं खाल्डालाई स्वच्छ जलले सिंचित गरिन्, तर काठमाडौं बासीले बाग्मतीलाई मल, मूत्र र फोहोरको भारी बोकाइदिए । वर्षात्का थोपा समुद्रमा बिलाए भैं आज मेरो साठी वर्षको परिश्रमका बाबजुद पनि बाग्मती जर्जर र जीर्ण बनेको छ । तर पा मलाई मेरो काम निरर्थक लाग्दैन किनभने कम्तीमा पनि मैले बगाएको फोहो र फर्केर आएको छैन र कहिल्यै आउँदैन । बगेको पानशी बरु भरी बनेर फर्केला, बगाएको फोहोर फर्कदैन । योभन्दा ठूलो सार्थक काम अरु के हुन सक्छ ?

समयले बाग्मतीलाई धमिल्याउँदै लाग्यो, म पनि चाउरिँदै गएँ । समयले बाग्मतीको बगरलाई साँधुन्याउँदै लग्यो, मेरा हाड पनि खिँदै गए । दुइ वर्षअघिसम्म त नियमित आउँथेँ तर अचेल अलि कम आउँछु । बाग्मती सुक्दो छ, म पनि अस्ताउँदो छु । तैपनि म भगवानदासभिन्नको बाग्मतीदास अभै पनि उस्तै निश्चल छ, बाले ताते गराउँदै ल्याएको समयको जस्तो । मेरो लागि बाग्मती उही छ, सुन्दर, सफा । फोहोर फोहोर हो र बाग्मती बाग्मती हो । बाग्मती आफू फोहोर हैन ।

बाग्मती सफा गर्ने काम मैले निजी आनन्दका लागि गरेँ । आनन्दभन्दा ठूलो तलब या पुरस्कार अरु केही छैन । बाग्मतीलाई खुसी पार्ने कोसिस गरेर मैले मनलाई पारें । यो मेरो नितान्त व्यक्तिगत इच्छा र तपस्या हो । यसमा मैले न कसैको साथ खोजको छु न कुनै श्रेय । मेरा आफ्नै सन्तानले पनि कहिल्यै बाग्मती आएर यहाँ सफा गरेनन्, गर्दैनन् । बाग्मतीको नाममा कसैको पनि एक पैसा खाएको छैन मैले । एउटा सामान्य नेवार व्यापरी परिवारको छोरो, पढे लेखेको छैन, त्यसैले पनि बाग्मती मेरो लागि ठूलाठूला दस्तावेज या परियोजना बनेन । अधि नै भैं मेरा लागि बाग्मती दैनिकी बन्यो, तपस्या बन्यो । बाग्मती मेरो धर्म हो, मेरो कर्म हो र यही नै मेरो जिन्दगी, मेरो विश्वास र र म थाकेको छैन, मेरो विश्वास डगेको छैन ।

My Beautiful World of Sound and Touch

I was studying at Colorado State University when one day a friend attempted to commit suicide by firing a gun through his temple. Luckily, he did not die, but he lost his eyesight at the age of 22. Everyone, including his parents and friends, was shocked by the tragedy.

Later, he told me, "Nirmala, I see the world much better than I did when I had my eyes," He had a strong confidence in his voice. His observation gave me tremendous insight. If a man who had recently lost his sight sees the world better than before, then why couldn't someone like me, who was born blind, suddenly realize that the world was much more beautiful?

It is my conviction that I can do what other people with eyesight can do. I cannot literally see the world like others, but I can perceived their visual world through sound and touch and understand it naturally. In that way, the world for those with or without eyesight is the same.

In my world, sound and touch are the key to understanding everything and everyone, including my mother, whom I got or those from these two senses.

My mother always told me, "Don't miss the slightest opportunity in your life, even if it is the size of a mustard seed, to touch and feel it." There was a school near my house in Gulmi. My friends used to attend this school while I had to stay home. When the classes would began, the wind carried the teacher's voice to my ears! I focused my attention towards the directions of the sound and carefully listened to each word the teacher uttered. I learned my first letters this way.

Later, I studied with other blind children up to grade four. Then, I changed schools in fifth grade. I was the only blind student among the 600 pupils. My friends wrote with pen and I wrote with a pin. I also had colorful dreams and wishes like them, but I could not differentiate the types of colors. Gradually, it become different the types of colors. Gradually, it become difficult for me to answer science and math questions that were designed for the other students. There were not enough books in the school that I could read in Braille. I soon felt that this form of teaching was only asked on

the basis of pictures and in my final school exam; I could not attempt many exams and felt confident in my abilities.

For me, my eyes are not the ultimate tool for understanding and enjoying life,. It is the soul and the mind that perceives and understands the world around me. I have a dream to travel far and achieve something meaningful. I know my dreams will be fulfilled through sound and touch.

Bagmati, My Life

It has been more than 80 years since I developed my intimate relationship with the Bagmati River. I have known the river from the time when I began to understand that the house where I was living was called my 'home' and the woman there was my mother. My father took me for walks along the Bagmati River banks when I was very young. Even since then, an inseparable knot was tied between me and this river.

5. Evaluation of SL Text

This is a powerful expression of the human feelings Rajendra Dahal has replicated the feelings and personal reflections of committed Nepalese. These narrative essays are valuable because they also help the readers to overcome prejudices regarding gender, status, profession and ability of them, my beautiful world of sound and touch and Bagmati, my life'. These two are the personal feelings of Nirmala Gyawali and Bhagawan Das Manandhar.

This essay is written in a natural argumentative and simple language. The language is neither fully at the mental pole nor at the material pole rather in between two extremities. The sentence structures are not too long but message is uniquely constructed as it affects people's attitude and the term "differently able which describes people living with disabilities is not widely used in Nepalese society. Each line of my 'beautiful world sound and touch' has strong implication in transforming the attitude of people.

5.1 Report on Translation

The translator has done his best to transpose the whole meaning of the original reflections of committed Nepalese into English and tries his best to do translation without deviating from the original context on the flavour of the text. The Nepal 'spursha aawaj ra dristi' has been rendered into English in natural language. Language is simple.

52. Comparison of TL with SL text.

Title: There are 3 parts in the original title of the reflections made by Nirmila Gyawadi i.e. *Sparsha aawaj and dristi* but it has been changed and made short as "My beautiful world of Sound and Touch. Similarly the title, mero *Tapasya*' has been transformed and lengthened the sense '*Bagmati My life*'.

Structure:

The original structure does not retain in terms of combination the message in many places, combination of two or 3 sentences are combined with different structure to express the sense of sentences i.e. principally, it is organized with the same theme for example.

mero aakhale dekhna Sakdaiinn..... cinne bujhne ra garna ta manmastikle nai ho' is transferred my eyes are not the ultimate tool for understanding and enjoying life.

5.3 Metaphors

tori ko dana:.....

Proper nouns: *Nirmila, Bagmati, Bishnumati, Dovan, Gangas, Bengmati, Kathmandu, OM Bahal Chovar Teku, Pachalali.*

Misstranslation: *Ma asadharan rupoma sabal chu*, has been translated as '*I can do what other people with eye sight can do*'. Here the word should be *exceptionally good/able*.

Transliterations *dharma karma* are the words in source language text and has been borrowed to the target language.

Cultural words: Few of the cultural words are included in the text through many of the are left in TL text only '*puja*' is included in the text but the words which are left are: *sradha*, *tapari*, *Jyabal*

Conclusion

The translator has tried to replicate the same sense given in the flavour of natural usage in the TL. The main theme has been captured and every minute detail of sense as well as reference has been given due attention. The style of the original is somehow subordinated to its theme. Except few of the words the translation is minute closer and reveals the feelings evoked by the original in the TL.

6. A report of translated text

The Nepali description story 'Sakas' written by Jagadish Ghimire. It is a text with an expressive function. The language which is in this text is at the mental pole. In order to translate the story the somatic translation method has been used i.e. sense has been rendered in the TL.

The translation of English text is a report from the book Harry Potter written by J.K Rowling. This is the text with expressive function. The language used is at the mental pole rather than at the material pole. The suitable translation method chosen is thus semantic translation.

The evaluation section comprises the translation evaluation of and extracted *Sparsa; aawaj ra dristi* written in Nepali by Nirmila Gyawali and '*mero tapasya*' by Bhagwandas Manandhar and their translation into English as *my beautiful world of sound and touch* and *Bagmati my life* respectively. The evaluation has been done under the sections: source language (SL) text analysis notes on translation close comparison of SL text with TL text and conclusion.

While translating descriptive story 'Sukas' it was quite difficult. There are various words with great sense in Nepali (SL) Language which don't have accurate words in English language (TL). The proper nouns and cultural have been translated by following word to word translation method.

On the other hand, while translating on English text into Nepali of a part of a novel Harry potter also got notorious numerous problems because of the large range of vocabularies structures. The vocabulary items like leather bound book, speed book, mouth piece are difficult to find the accurate words in Nepali language.

In the evaluation section, translation evaluation has been carried out in terms of close comparison of SL and TL. It is based on the extraction of two translated personal commitments of biography of Nirmala Gyawali and Bhagandas Manandhar. While evaluating the translation work of the translator, it has been found that the translator has done his best to transpose the whole meaning of commitments biography into English and tries his best to do translation without deviating from the the original context on the favour of the text. The Nepali Sparsa, a awaj ra district' has been rendered into English into natural language. The main theme has been captured and every minute detail of sense as well reference has been given due attention. The many cultural words and others are not taken so sensitively in the TL. There are a few insufficient translations. For example Sradha, tapari and kupriyako dhad d are not translated. The translation is minute, closer and reveals the feelings evoked by the original in the T.L.

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