

# **Sensing the State of Peace at Grassroot in West Nepal**

## **(Experience from Travel)**



**Radha Paudel: Author,**

[www.radhapaudelfoundation.org](http://www.radhapaudelfoundation.org)

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### ***Dedication***

*I wanted to dedicate this travel log to these two children who were abandon with hunger, poverty, sickness at Shreenagar, Humla and all who have been going through same across the country and beyond.*

## Foreword

This is simply a diary, which I determined to write when I was encountered with siblings in Humla. Many scholars and people from western Nepal often said that the issue of west Nepal glorified by few people and NGOs that is not true.

To me, it is more than true and strong feeling that neither the government and nor the NGOs are really reaching the last mile as they supposed to do.

Though it is travel diary and still summary but revealed many stories from the perspectives of peace, empowerment, poverty, injustice, civil war, disability, corruption, citizenship rights, education, menstrual restriction, maternal and child health, water and sanitation, transport, tourism, gender, caste, Miteri and so many things and relevant to all stakeholders who are serious for the peace and prosperity of the country. Because without addressing these issues in west Nepal, there is no way for bringing peace and prosperity in Nepal.

Here, extend my heartfelt thanks to all people who love and respect to me all the way of my trio, and specially the thanks goes to two Bishnus, priest and so grateful with Sujay Lama and Lynn Lama who trust me as my philosophy MITERI and of course to Julia and her parents Wendy and Jesse for trusting me as well. I am pretty sure that both Priya and Jullia will understand value of my saying and strict behaviour and their life.

Thank Trina Bhattraai, for making trip to Rara, intern for a month in Jumla and editing.

Please note, all photos were take with verbal consent. This log doesn't follow any standards for documentation. If you like to see more photos and videos, simply follow my blogs and FB.

Enjoy the reading!  
June, 2018

**June 11, 2016**

My friends were saying that the roads to Gamgadi, Mugu via Kolti, Bajura is tough, but I planned it the same just to test myself and further understand the hardship of my country.

Unfortunately, our June 11, 2016 flight to Kolti was cancelled due to bad weather consisting strong winds. From 16 years of experience, I was aware about the unpredictability of our flight not only due to weather but also due to the plights of the airlines.

I was with two 16 years old girls from the USA, and one Nepali man from Kavre. Two Nepalese men, Bhim Dotel and Sitaram Shrestha, were interested in investing in the road construction from Gamgadi to Nagchenagla, but it was cancelled at the moment. Nonetheless, Mr Bhim Dotel was determined to see Karnali so he joined.

This trip posed different stressors because while the two young girls were in good health due to proper nutrition and tennis, I wondered if they had the emotional strength for the trip ahead.

Everything in Nepal is shock to the system for them, but village is beyond the imagination. In addition, half of the road was new to me too, and I heard they were already difficult. Anyways, I took the challenge upon myself. I had confident because the parents of girls trusted and loved me.

I decided to stay at Hotel Sidartha when our flight was cancelled around 2 pm. I was worried that girls might have a hard time with the extreme heat since they had just landed to Kathmandu two days before.

Due to cancelled flights to places such as Simikot Humla for the tourists Mount Kailash and to other destinations such as Dolpa, Jumla, Mugu etc. the hotels were packed already. Nepalgunj is the hub for the mid and far west fly and it is becoming more crowd due to travelling to mount Kailash via Humla specially by Indians.

Finally, we decided to stay at hotel near to airport but it has air conditioned during power on only at two rooms means for girls and Bhim. My room had a bed but no good as them but the bed was big or double size and I was on downstairs though girls were coming down and lying on my bed, started to talk about trip and other chitchat.

I found myself as chick's mother, how the baby chick follows. Julia was bit nervous and saying I never walked in such high altitude. Priya was saying that I was so independent, left home and parents since I was 8 years old during summer vacation.

Priya came to my lap and said with proud, she never went anywhere except USA when Julia went to her bed to bring the mobile. I was feeling that how the kids compare even within two best friends what was similar emotions as Nepal.

The original feeling of human is same, no matter whether it was in USA or Nepal. It is human character, I guess.

We had dinner at Sidartha because girls hadn't eaten anything in the morning and there was no opportunity to eat such foods during entire trip or without any options.

While going to Hotel Sidrathha, we used the eco riksa because I wanted to provide the girls each opportunity which was not used to at USA or other developed countries. They were using short pants as player. They felt very comfortable with this too. They asked me before leaving for there. I said ok because Nepalgunj is like hub for western region so they are changing as compare to 2001 when I came this area first time. Second, without seeing how they can learn or expose. Many Nepali folks considered that it was shameless to show the thigh by girls but I strongly believed that the women deserved to wear as their interest or comfort. Eco riksa is open with roof so everyone can see easily. Because of extreme hot for 8 months, the people who are living in Nepalgunj constantly they get dark so seeing such white people is strange and fun for many of them, I guess. The people who were travelling by cycle, bike, horse or any, they were staring to them and Priya was asking.

She is very clever. I replied, just ignored them.

Ridiculously, two boys in bike stopped their bike and waited for us and followed us for a while. We all laughed so much. Priya was look like Nepali in many ways from the Kathmandu or northern part of the country but she also looked like foreign while she was with Julia. Julia so white and with big bones so she was easily recognized by anyone and even from far.

The hotel was under construction as well as fully occupied by Indians though hotel tried to maintain its professionalism or quality. It was early evening though the sunshine was so strong. We were decided to stay in garden because there was no space. Outside was bit risky for mosquito bites. Junior Bishnu that name given by Priya while I was responding her questions 'who were we met at Nepalgunj and in trip' when she found two Bishnus.

Junior Bishnu was so loyal and committed guy in Nepalgunj airport since last 16 years of my life. He is from Humla and married with women from Jumla. he is poor guy indeed, he started his carrier as loader at rice mill since young, gradually he shifted to airport as loader. He was following the conversation of the owner of airlines and others. It dared to take the risk to start a travel agency when that was on loss. Now he is very popular and also earned. He always helpful to poor and abandoned customers. He was keep on asking me, didi (sister), could we help such sick person from Bajura, ....Humla.....etc. He is also helping them in terms of finance. Now he was so busy to handle the tourists for Simikot. He is local agent for it. The indian were the tough guest though he was managing.

He is very flexible and friendly, he carried the bags by himself in many times. He also joined dinner at the last moment. Girls enjoyed with his company. Because of Sujay and Vijay dai (Sujay's brother who is pilot for many years in this region) girls got attention or care.

**June 12, 2016**

Fortunately for us, and unfortunately for the Dolpa passengers, we flew to Kolti Bajura via Katsthamandap.

It was so tiny only 7 passengers we were and no comfort seats to sit, we just sat and our bags were kept here and there along with us. Girls were chatting with pilots about flights, they were excited and scared too.

I introduced Priya is the niece of Capt. Vijay, while I said Vijay, Priya was so humbled and did namaste in very polite manner though I was speaking in Nepali. I sat in a back row of them and thinking about the single engine flight. If something wrong. European Commission and other organizations complained that flights are in Nepal not safe so not allow to use by their people though it was heavily criticized by Nepal's Civilian Authority about one year back.



*Flying from Nepalganj to Kolti, Bajura*

I am the person who always love to die in plane but thinking about the girls, their parents and entire USA people. It is beyond my control though thinking about past.

Many of my friends were not happy with my decisions but when they happy since I change my journey for Jumla. If everyone is scared who would take action or without experiencing who dare to complain. I couldn't change the timing of travel due to holiday of girls. I had worked for it since last 4 months and I have cancelled my international travel for Canada and other important tasks for it. So I never mind. Unexpectedly, the flight was so smooth, girls were enjoyed and also took photo with pilots.

Pilots were happy and chat with girls. Kolti airport is very tiny, observed only one route to land and take off (I might wrong). I tried to figure out the route, it followed the same route till Kalikot then diverted towards west or Kolti.

I had managed a porter, Mr. Bishnu Dhami, from the Bhi village in consultation of former CA (Constitutional Assembly) member Mr. Nabaraj Dhami, from same village whom I met during the campaign of road construction.

I also heard so many tragic stories of that areas from him, I saw photos and facts so I determined to reach there at least.

Bishnu was there for picking up us June 11, 2016, two days far from his village by walk. I always like to use local people as porter for two key reasons; legitimacy and trust during travel and help local people for their economy at least temporarily.

He came to the airport and asked, were you Radha didi?

We collected our bags and went to hotel where Bishnu slept last two nights and had food. We waited for his launch, girls didn't like to eat anything.

We forget to bring a water bottle as number of people though I managed from the plastic bottle and asked for boiled water with hotel owner, she was woman. We observed that the Kolti has scarce of drinking water. Villagers drink the water from the river directly or from any source so hotel lady was hesitating to boil. I requested by saying, I would pay for it no worry. I went to Kitchen and helped her to boiled properly. Villagers thought that the water boiled once it become Luke or warm. So, I always asked villagers or so-called hotels to boil for at least 15 minutes after boiling where I assumed that the germs could killed while it reached at least at boiling point. Indeed, many germs killed after 60 degrees Celsius.

It was unusual for the hotel and villagers at Kolti, very rarely the foreigner visited. They were asking form which organization were you coming? We were covered by small group of people.

Priya was saying look...look...they stared me because of my brace, tell them what it was with laugh. She usually speaks with cheering.

Girls were so excited to walk; it was about 12 mid-day. I had asked them several times about their ability to carry while walking. They said at least 12 Killogram. So, I managed the bags in way their interest and asked them to walk. The road was almost flat, look like motor road, very few people were met on the way, strong sunshine. We were following the back way where we came via flight, the Kolti river (as villagers) was following in opposite direction).

In between, we met few houses and people. They smiled, stared and spoke about girls. Among them, Priya Lama who is half Nepali and Malaysian from USA. Her father from Nepal, Sujay Lama Tennis Coach at Texas University. Jullia is a Tennis friend of Priya.

Priya was walking like dancing ahead, she was singing while walking too. I was always last one in trekking. It is because I would be restless if I were ahead by thinking friends and I also not much good walker.

Indeed, I don't know how I am walking such mountains since last 16 years here and there. Originally, I born and grown at Chitwan, completely flat areas, my left leg broken/ injured twice, doctor suggested to avoid steep hills and not using loads while walking over steep hills.

In addition, I am not a person with good health since childhood. Anyway, I was carrying only a water bottle with stick. I was observed all members and their activities. The road still flat but bit steep.

I noticed Julia was slow and tired. I followed her, she had fast breathing. Indeed, I have given all instructions before travelling several times but it was not followed. I was saying, faster you walked, sooner you get tired. I was new for Julia too. So, about an hour later, I carried my bag by myself and managed Julia's bag. Julia couldn't walk, I was so confused whether we would continue our trip or not.

I have shared everything with them, even I had had skype meetings including their parents but founded that she was not prepared well.



In addition, she had psychological fear of not having such trek or not going out from USA, she kept telling while see saw the high mountains. In some extent she must have cultural shock too. I fully understood.

The water bottles were get empty, there was no place for refill of water bottles. We stopped at Pipaldandi but there was no water and anything. An old guy was living and he served as priest, a temple was next to him as well.

Few boys were with us while we left Kolti. They walked from Martadi or the end of motor or headquarter of Bajura. They all were from Maila and other villages of Humla except one. A single guy lived in Nepalgunj for bachelor degree. He also had attained an exam of public service of land measurement. The other guys went to India after SLC (school Leaving Certificate) examination, they spoke like Hindi, they often forget Nepali words while chatting. They had opportunity to learn of four different languages; Khas Nepali at family and community which is original Nepali language as likely similar Jumla. Nepali and English were used in school and Hindi at India.



*They were coming from India*

First time, I was grateful with India due to open boarder with India, unemployed people from Seti and Karnali regions have access to India for livelihood. They said, at least 1-3 men were in India for their livelihood. Usually, they went after Dashain and came back now for rice planting after 4-8 months. Due to poor or no education, Nepali people worked as labour or porter. They earned money \$100-150/month. They returned home with new clothes and also had sags of rice with clothes, utensils. They carried by themselves. They were with us for long time but later they left us because we were with so slow pace.

There were few houses in between, any way we got at Chuligad through Pipaldali, Bhatela, Patola, Badhu Bajura where we met Karnali river too.

Julia and I were behind.

I observed two small shops, a group of men were playing cards under a small tree, a group of children were playing on floor with torn and dirt clothes and bare foot.

There was a small tea shop, I asked noodles for girls and we (Bishnu, Bhim and myself) ate beaten rice and dalmoth (mixed of grains) which I carried from Kathmandu. I asked to make tea for us to swallow beaten rice, but husband asked to wife and wife asked to husband.

Later, I spoke with guys who were playing cards about their women, children and work. They were enjoying in our talk and giving funny answers, they said they have



many children because they are poor, they know about cleanliness but they can't make due to poor etc.

The entire shop was so dirty and no extra glasses for use. There was also scare of drinking water so they hesitated to make tea.

I begged to boil water for the sake of humanity.

The man agreed but there was very little water. Girls have pills for water purification but instruction was so complicated. Usually, I preferred to drink boiled water so I worked in Kitchen myself and prepared water for girls at least.

I am not a good person for Kitchen since childhood, I was only for emergency use. I found that the shop owner has two wives and 7 children.

He claimed that he did second marriage for son. He hasn't son from first wife. I had given first lecture on how the sex is determined in front of men.

They were laughing at first while I started to speak. It is stigma and shame to speak with men about sex, marriage and children by woman. It was too late him though few young boys were nodding their head for agree.

Before leaving from here, I drew a picture in a piece of paper of reaching Rara lake or Jumla and provided three different options. I was trying to say that I would be happy to cancel the trip if everyone hadn't had confidence.

Julia spoke- I wasn't a person for going back.

So, we moved on again. The entire community was so dry, nothing green, could see few big trees of cactus and the Karnali river was following in our opposite direction with big noise.

I never seen such big cactus before.

I saw my size trees when I was young at Chitwan.

I often used its leaves for my ears when I had ache. Then, I saw cactus as indoor flower or outdoor flower.

Here, villagers use for everything like constructions (small) and firewood.

Because of stony and sandy, we felt so hot, we couldn't walk as we expected. We stopped again and again on the way when we saw hut or tea shops.

We had chat with people, their livelihood and others. We met porter who were carrying water pipes, metals while walking.

Usually tea shops were so dirty so I humbly requested Bishnu to lead the Kitchen while preparing tea, snacks and boiled water.

Bishnu is very nice guy indeed, he had graduated ten class about fifteen years before. He joined in Maoist as combatants. He had forced marriage when he was at grade nine and later he fell in love while he was with Maoist. So he went to India for exile with his second wife. He often went to Himanchal, India and worked as porter

for taking care of his two wives, seven children, one mother. His dad passed away when he was at grade ten. His mother was fifth wife of his dad due to dying while having child birth and other illness. He dreamed as good teacher while he was young.

He improved his English and started to speak with girls. He also had good knowledge of other areas such as agriculture, politics etc. He shared many stories on how he had studied in school.

Despite having geographical hardship and poverty, it was assumed that the educational system somehow good or both teachers and students were passionate towards education.

We walked high hills, very difficult foot trails while walking towards Bolding, Bajura. While we made stop, we refill our water bottles, encourage girls to drink tea for rehydration at least and also asked to eat few pieces of biscuits or nuts. They had had time to eat always.

I always pretended of fought and angry with them.

I requested Bhim and Bishnu to encourage girls to eat once I angry.

They couldn't speak much but were saying, please ...please.... Eat.....They often pointed me and said, walk, eat.

Girls also eat little while they were praising. I always checked their dishes directly and indirectly.

I knew well why they were not eating but I had no way so they had to eat at any cost. We were going in such areas where the money, intelligence or anything wouldn't value at all.

Usually, I ate millet bread and tea.

Surprisingly, we had water million too at Dhupedipul. It showed that how much hot over here. Meant the watermillion is available in southern part of the country, at the stony mud or bank of rivers.

We never ate alone, we bought the food and distributed all children, older people or anyone whom were with us and we ate together and we started the chitchat.

The both sides of river were extremely dry.

In our side, we saw very small and thin forest that was managed by women recently.

In the opposite side of us of the river, we observed that children were swimming in group. There was a place where the former parliamentarian Janak Giri assisted to install the generator and pipes by lifting river water to irrigate one village so that village is green or there is hope.

While passing, we crossed few foot trails which look like shown in documentary Caravan over Phosundo, Dolpa, a documentary nominated for Oscar prize.

Once, we slip, we could fall on river, there is nothing to hang us or couldn't go for rescue. There is a very difficult place called Raghe Gauda. Here is saying that the boy buffalo crossed the river by jumping while it was ready for slaughter at the name of god. Before that incidence, the trekkers were used the other road. Villagers and Bishnu was saying that there was the place where Maoist and security people had cross firing from two edge of the river. The seven Maoist were killed and few jumped in river where one alive by swimming.

Any way it was so scary and adventurous.

The porter with water pipes had very hard time to walk because he made a circle and carrying on his back, while bending the road, it was imbalance and high chance of fell in to the river.



*Road and life at Raghe Gauda*

Scary.

I was allowing him to go ahead.

There was a suspension bridge over Karnali river which is the way for going Rara lake via Khatiyad. It takes three days walking from Bolding, Bajura as villagers but the road bit occupied by forest and there were couple of cases of murder in past.

We stopped at Boldig, Bajura for night. It is more greenery and started to plant rice. Indeed, I had told several times to Bishnu regarding night stops from Kathmandu while I spoke with him over phone.

I asked to find the ordinary houses instead of hotels for many reasons; i) in hotel, the villagers and children hesitate to come so we lost the moment for unstructured training or educating them (it is one of the effective way to change the people those who are illiterate. Even in the structure training, they lose their concentration or fall asleep after one hours because they don't get opportunity for composing more vocabulary since childhood, nothing stimulates and they have very thick layer of ignorance. But needs constant follow up like after 3 months so they encourage or feel shame and ready to change.

In Nepal, this is one reason of failing development work because training based on what the trainer knows and does at Kathmandu or somewhere else) , ii) the villagers would know the objectives and all about the trip or us, a process of community empowerment specially hygiene, exposure with foreign and English language iii) they would get money, iv) more clean and safe than hotels and v) hotels are not

hotels, they just huts (mostly) and there could be someone for serve in very conservative manner. In many cases, very honestly hotels are dirtier than road, have bottles of beer, pieces of smoked cigarettes, bags of noodles, bones of fishes and meats, spitting in corners. It is my practice since 2001. It is really very effective approach like home stay.

It was dark, we all really tired so I asked to Bishnu to run and find a family to accommodate. Sadly, he waited in front of the hotel and asking for the decision. I was bit upset though tried to hide.

I diplomatically asked, I told you that you were the boss for local things since beginning. Didn't you find the family for accommodating us.

Hotel guy was requesting us, there were few people and playing cards too. I stepped in and chat with old guy.

He confused and hesitated to offer house.

He said why you hadn't had hotel. You had already passed the hotel. Girls must had confused too though I told them about it already.

Bhim and Bishnu must had furious with me. Finally, we found a family who simply offered us.

We sat at the roof of the house. The houses look like Jumla, made from stone and wood and roof made from mud and stone. The roof is big, joined few houses all together. They spread off sheep wool mat. They managed light somehow e.g. tiny torch light.

We simply washed our face and started to chat with children. By the time, we had about 30 children and 20 adults both men and women. I explained about who we were, why we wanted to live with family and so on. I also discussed about Chhaupadi (menstrual restriction), agricultural activities, key ways for livelihood etc.

The boys and girls who were studying at grade 8,9, 10 they also unable to speak in English and unable to read the Nepali text.

I had offered them prize, even though very hard to find the candidate to read. Those who read they also had very low confidence and not perfections in terms of grammar.

There were about ten girls were sitting bit backside of me and bit far from group too. They were saying that they missed the schools from 3-5 days due to period, they must have slept in cowshed, they are using raged clothes for hiding blood but in many cases, they don't have panties so they just used whatever they have e.g. double layer of skirts or track/suruwal.

While we were walking through from Kolti, we saw few messages on Chhaupadi free campaign with statement, slogans, songs etc with name of NGOs and clubs.

Water was also scare here, depended on river. We had eaten rice, lentils and potato curry. Everything should buy so they couldn't offer as we want except rice.

Girls had eaten bit rice and soup of lentils.

The girls got fresh lentils but we ate from morning.

They haven't had extra room for us. The houses in these areas look big from outside but there are very small rooms, very dark, tiny structure inside due to wide walls without any supports such as pillars or rods. They constructed house at least three story; the ground for the cattle or cow, middle for family and store and the upper have only 1-2 rooms and left for roof for rest, drying foods and sunshine for winter. During winter, it is so cold but there was no way to cope so in this region, houses have big roof as possible.

So, we had very small room where very narrow bed was there. Girls wanted to sleep in roof but it was not safe so I decided to sleep all at single room. Bishnu and Bhim slept at bed and three girls were in floor. We just used our sleeping bags and slept. The floor was not empty at all, we put our all bags, shoes, along with their sags of grains. Because of crowd, we felt hot so I kept open the door where we were hearing the music from river as well as cooler air in between. I was smelling shoes too because I was made for difficult place always.

Julia said, Radha was short so she had to sleep this corner. It was true too.

Kids were with us even after dinner, they came up to the room. Later they started to speak English with girls, and girls also started to learn Nepali. Priya learned the Nepali words Aankha (eyes), Nak (nose), rum (hair), tap (ear ring), much (mouth), jibro (tongue). Children were saying their name, age, school, class etc.



*Children encircled us even after dinner*

I also asked children about Jhamak Ghimre. Many children didn't know though they studied about Jhamak while they were at grade 6. I always like to talk about Jhamak who is really... really a form of divine power where the science especially medical science failed in front of her will power.

I also told my story and shown my book and encouraged them for not giving up for study because of poverty, work load etc.

When they knew me, they just numbed and confused?

They never ever thought that they would get chance to see such a Madan Purskar winning writer.

In gathering, a woman also joined and tried to communicate with us. She never ever been out of Bajura so she was using very local language mixed with shy and laugh. In some cases, even I found hard to understand.

She continuously shared her story, she lost her husband without knowing any reason, she had two girls and two boys. Both girls were already married when they were 13, 14 years. Her younger son dump and older was sick. Now, the older was in hospital at Dhangadi by neighbours help but don't know about his condition since last

four days. While she was telling her son, she was tear off. She even hasn't known her exact age, she has more than hundreds (I guess) layers of wrinkles on her face, using Bulaki, wearing dirty and torn clothes, tied her hair but airing around her face, dirty hands with long nails. She proudly said that she had grandchildren from daughter's side.

### **June 13, 2016**

We had plan to awake up at 4 am and walked in the morning instead of sunshine. I was calling to all since 4.30 am though failed. The girls were slept in a way in each sleeping bag, I was feeling sorry. we managed to start our walk at 6.00 am.

Based on experience of earlier day, I asked Bishnu to find the other porter though Bhim also constantly carrying since airport.

Finally, we find a guy who works as priest for Hindus. I had very funny story with him regarding menstrual restriction, please refer to blog; [www.willandway.blogspot.com](http://www.willandway.blogspot.com). It is entitled ***Menstrual restriction is learned fear only***. Priya and Julia were used to with the word of bajaya so everyone called Bajaya.

### **Menstrual Restriction is Learned Fear Only!**

*It was quite shocking while a guy whispered himself, 'I wouldn't eat anything, 'I might not walk tomorrow?' I was following him and asked, what happened to you Bajaya (priest), why couldn't eat dinner? We were just stopped at Netrasen, Humla. There was only one so called house (temporary shelter) on the way to Bhi village Mugu. The house was so tiny, had three rooms; one for store, the other was shed for goats and the third one for the place for hiding while having alcohol by passer-by. The kitchen was outside and open. We all were so tired due to hot weather, sandy storm, dirt and hunger. I persuaded Bajaya, why hadn't you cook yourself for all of us and why were you delayed for it? From Bolding, Bajura, Bajya was with us as porter or assistance. I remembered the saying before leaving Bolding from owner of the family, Nani (sister) please didn't do any hurt to him, he was the son of priest. Indeed, he was priest himself since last three generations.*

*He went to river and got back with took off his clothes (had have only one pairs whatever he wore but had had small towel encircled in his wrist as belt) and spread his towel from wrist and made bit longer to hide his private parts. He looked so happy and started to cook with proud and sounded that he wasn't tired as we. He cooked the food; rice, bean's soup and curry from potato where others; two young girls from USA, myself and other two Nepali man were lying on yard alongside road. Suddenly, the sky changed and gave a signal for bad rain so we all decided to move in to hiding room. There was no bed indeed, just put two piece of flat wood look like skeleton of bed. No way so accepted well, fit all at same room. We three girls were slept in one and two men at the other skeleton. Bajaya went to the space in between us and slept over there.*

*It was so dirty, dusty and full with insects and no door or anything. At middle of the night, the donkeys, goats and dogs were smelled our feet's till we moved our legs or noise by me. I was instructed girls and their parents about how to manage the blood in case of their period during trekking. They aware about cowshed practice in our route of trek. Fortunately for me and unfortunately for her, a girl had period that morning while we were on the way to Kabadi, Humla from Sakachaur, Bajura. There were no toilets, but found a broken walls of house. I counselled girls to hide over there and inserted tampons. She never squats and never have done in such open place but she had to accept the context. They returned back with laughs and jokes and saying, Radha didi (Radha sister) what could happen if these men recognized it, should we go cowshed or stop our trekking etc. I persuaded them don't leak any words related to it as well as blood along with tampons. These three men never heard and saw the tampons at their life. Due to exposure with India and Kathmandu, they knew few English words so I often reminded girls to remain quite regards to period. To me, it was very normal because I never stop myself in my life due to menstruation. I just experienced tampons though never leak a single drop of blood in any difficult circumstances nor disclose my secret and sacred period.*

*Among three men, the second was from Bhi village, Mugu but following the menstrual restriction and second man from Kathmandu who is educated but very good follower of restriction. He was so religious, he recited various mantra while he encountered with river. They took care of girls while climbing up and down hills e.g. hold their hands. Unfortunately, next day, the other girl had very bad nose bleeding. The toilet paper, the shawl was not really working. Suddenly, she asked, 'let's insert tampons'. Excellent, I shouted with excitement. She plugged the nose with tampon where hanging the string. Girls started to make jokes and laugh, Radha didi, what would happen if they know about the tampon? Due to having different language with them, I strictly warned girls not to disclose the story due to many reasons; we were in such place where we neither had porter as we wish nor any institutions for medical help in case of psychological shock or anything wrong. While we made stop for rest, tea, or night stop, I always asked a mandatory question, 'where do you or your women sleep during period?'. There were few more questions and discussion followed by. The conclusion was, everyone was seriously practicing restriction or send their girls and women in to cowshed during period proudly. Two weeks trip was over; Bajura, Humla, Mugu, Rara, Kalikot and Jumla, where the at least three men always with us for assistance where we ate, sleep and took rest together. By the time, the days of period also over without following a single restriction; she ate rice, milk, watermelon, not went to cowshed or no single separation, touch with men, priest, children, river, books, entered in to kitchen, school, temple, lake, taking photo, making jokes, listening music, no bath, no change clothes as expected etc. These all men were so happy and healthier than us while we were supposed to disperse at Mugu and airport of Kathmandu. Girls were asking me from the window of taxi, 'didi don't forget to share story of tampon that we used for plugged at vagina and nose for hiding blood with different physiology.*

*Often, women and men, girls and boys responded regards to menstrual restriction, they practiced because they got sick, their god get angry, their grandparents started to shake, their cows climbed up tree, the vegetables started to spoil and so on. It is all learned behaviours from generation to generation as tradition or part of culture of religion but there is no any scientific basis at all. Here, I am sharing this story beyond these three men in order to let globe know about human psychology and its impact on behaviour.*



....

In addition to menstrual restriction, Bajaya was funny. He was eating egg, noodles while we were eating at hotels on the way to Gamgadi, Mugu, He said that was ok. I would take bath once I returned to home. The restrictions for Bajya are conditioned indeed. He walked faster than all of us. We couldn't walk due to extreme hot even after 8.30 am in the morning. The road was foot trail, sometimes along with Karnali river and sometimes with steep hills. The road was so bending so continuously stony and sandy, very hard to find the green trees, vegetables except Bakaina. Bakaina is popular in tropical weather like my home town Chitwan. People made chautara like for Pipal tree in Terai.

We stopped at Sakachaur for tea at Hotel Karisma. It was surprisingly clean, had a menu with price, mentioned in hoarding board. The name of hotel kept at the name of his daughter called Karisma.

Karisma is a name of popular heroine from Nepal and India. She only one kid, her mother had already taken out the uterus due to prolapse. Karisma looked like seven years old, relatively clean but still looked like underweight. I was wondering on how that guy could tolerate his life with single daughter in such traditional community. I smiled and asked, hadn't need you son? He replied with confident, we agreed and wouldn't have any problem at all. I wish, he were consistence with his saying forever. His brothers, dad and neighbours were staring him while he was speaking with us and his wife flushed her face, for sadness. He reminded my many friends who are ok with single daughter with well enough wealth.

We met many herds of donkeys, horses, sheep and goats and they all used for transport. The goats were carrying 6-10 KG of rice.

The sags of rice were made by goat keeper by repairing and amending in many places, Because of repairing in many places, it looked like print. The big and strong goats carried 4-5 KG one side where as smaller carried 3 KG only. There sags were broken while jumping the mountains, stones and big stones and the rice was pouring across stone, sand, mud and forest which was so pity to see. The rice which was brought by them was so white and brown as mixture. We also ate same rice while we had night stop at field, there was neither taste nor texture. It sounded spoiled already.



*Sheep and goats used for transport*

In this scenario, how the people have good health. The diarrhoea was seen as an epidemic several times in this regions e.g. Jajarkot in 2014. This rice is supported by WFP for food for work or through other programs. I was always wondering on why don't WFP is investing to introduce new technology e.g. irrigation, promotion of traditional food and long term plans and distributing such spoiled rice and super flour at the name of food security since last 40 years in this reason. Why does the Nepal government accept such stupid ideas

since long. Where is the vision of the leaders to take care of people and having sustainable ways for food security?

They hadn't had opportunity to eat anything. Even the goats, horses, donkeys, cows were seen as skinny. Goats also couldn't walk when the sunshine so they took rest near to the river. We noticed that they walked during night. The two men managing 200 goats where as one guy was managed 4-6 horses and donkeys. They also have one or two dogs for their security. They also carried basic utensils for managing foods. Horses and donkeys made 2-3 days on way though depends on their route and distance whereas goats take 4-6 days. They are doing such work since childhood, there is no way for living of their children so keep doing though it is so expensive in terms of time and quality. They were so angry with political leaders for not doing anything and not seen them except election.

After a while, Julia was called me and said, Radha I wanted to go toilet. Hardly, I found the toilet on the way without water and door. Without permission of owner, I asked her to go. I had taken granted as because of for white person who get the most respect in Nepali especially in rural culture. She was crying while returning, she said, guess what? I had period so I was so emotional and weak since yesterday. As a nurse, I understood well but no way. I asked her to use tampon with secrecy but the tampons were with Bajya who was so ahead from us. I was calling, Bajaya...Bajaya...Julia said, he was not hearing, let him go, I would be fine for next 1-2 hours. Bajaya and team were waiting us under the shadow of big stone. I asked Julia to took out. Priya was making jokes to Julia and asking to go cowshed, sent her cowshed, Chhaupadi.

I shouted Priya, STOP.....

I suggested Julia to go back side of the broken house and manage the tampon and asked Priya to help Julia. They managed anyway. Priya also did pup. She hadn't had since travelling.

We stopped our walking at .....from 11 am to 3 pm at a tea shop. Girls took nap after noodles.

We had tea and beaten rice as always. The hotel was dirty again. There was only one woman in hotel and her husband was in political meeting, children were in Nepalgunj for study. She was so kind and cheerful, wearing bulaki (nose ring), sari, blouse and red colour on her forehead and head by making like canal which is the symbol of marriage and the husband is alive. She agreed happily ready to boiled water. The sunshine was still strong though we started to walk towards Humla. It was very tough indeed in many ways; hot, stony, foot trails and sandy with strong wind. The wind was so strong like as Kagbeni, Mustang. It carried fist of sand so I found very hard to walk. I was really alone and last one. I missed the road too shortly and lost in sandy wind though managed by following the houses at Kabadi.

I simply tried to flow from mountain to get down, I closed my eyes and just allowed my body to flow. I saw this scenes at children park which has short height but I did though I never done such long and scary before. Kabadi is the border between

Humla and Bajura. Two boys were dead due to landslide of sandy soil, villagers were saying.

We made tea break when we landed Srinagar, Humla. I loved Srinagar since last 4 years when Action Works Nepal started to support school children by supplying clothes from Miteri Recycle Centre and other reading materials. Miteri Recycle Center is a process where recycle the used clothes and sell at needy areas since last 6 years. Since then, I also have been used recycled clothes except my undergarments. In a month about 1500 clothes collect and 1200 clothes sell over nine districts of Nepal mostly in west Nepal and from Kathmandu. During Earthquake, we distributed on free. In the beginning, the people were hesitating to use used clothes now they also changing their mind set.

The word Miteri is really connecting all people and put them as equal position regardless of their caste, class, gender, region and so on. Miteri is very indigenous practice across Nepal and all about mutual love and respect beyond blood and marriage. We born in somewhere else which was not our choice so no one has right to discriminate but obligate to contribute for cultivating culture of peace and justice no matter who are you, where you are from and what you are doing. For instance, Obama, a president of USA or street boy from Humla has the equal position in terms of respect and dignity. I took it as cultivate culture of peace through actions because the absence of war is not peace at all. Here, there is no way except sunshine and firewood during 8 months long winter with snowing. I was alone at home, office and everywhere while starting but it has accepted everywhere and we often face constraints in supply of clothes as they demanded from villages.

We also observed that the member of dalit commission (forget name) in meeting at next hotel with snacks. We managed refill of our bottles, had tea, biscuit from shop. The shopkeeper from Mugu, he has four children and living in Bhaktapur for study. He and his wife are operating this hotel and managing expenses of their kids. The materials such as stationary, clothes, grocery and everything managed from Dhangadi which was carrying by donkeys from Martadi, a headquarter of Bajura. We also met many women who were carrying sags of rice. The government is distributing 9 kg rice for a family. Here, the family size is large so this nine Kg for 2-3 meals only.

The road was flat somehow which as dreamed to connect to India through Dhangadi and China via Hilsa. It was like mirage, is that possible during my life time. Unbelievable. We walked bit easily. Because of high mountains, got shadow while walking. We were far behind for walking though I was encouraging to walk everyone.

While walking through Shreenagar, I observed couple of things; i) I don't find any men member at home of surrounding except alcoholic. Even women were standing and staring from the home because they hadn't had any work as expected due to prolonged deserts since last more than a year. I found bit changes in clothing of women and piercing of nose called Bulaki. The Bulaki is bit different than Jumla. Here, Bulaki is bigger and bit flatter as well. They were holding children and busy in chatting. I had meeting with them informally. They proudly were saying their husbands were working in India for their livelihood. None of the women have blood

at their face, they seemed underweight, chronic malnourished and anaemic. Their children were living in similar conditions. They were saying, all poies (husbands) were in India, they had to avail food for their family. I saw many children at their surroundings. I asked, can I bring this boy. Women were saying, oh no this is boy, you can bring this by showing and holding daughter. My heart simply cracked by seeing the discrimination between son and daughter. I aware on it though hard to hear directly. I was walking with thinking about these women and kids.



Women enjoyed chatting with me who wear pant and speaking Nepali

Here, I also met a woman with total dirty white clothes which was common for woman who was following the death rituals after death of husband.

My friends were so ahead already. The road was easy as well as they were walking under shadow too. I was so in opposition to bring the children to the Kathmandu at the name of education or help or as orphan. The village is getting empty in many ways. I involved in orphan homes since 1998 where I saw that children were struggling due to cultural shock. Many children have problem in learning due to deep psychological trauma from separation from their organic places. Meanwhile, I also saw that they were not getting proper care at orphan homes or sponsor schools as they deserved or they claimed. Later, when they graduated or grown as adolescent and they don't like to go village at the name of opportunities, hardship or other reasons.

When I encountered with many full or partial orphan children or poor, I was so emotional and I brought four of them to Kathmandu and I learnt it was chaos indeed, I learned from my experience and I gave up to do such practices for many years ago.

The family should pull or attract the children and then by school. Since then, I always worried to improve the quality of education at school and creating enabling environment for learning at home by engaging with their parents. Even in case of full orphan by managing foster family at local which has been doing by Action Works Nepal in Jumla.

In the beginning, villagers had resistance, now they also understand the beauty of retaining children at respective village. In Nepal, many stakeholders involved in making faking documents and lobbying to keep their children at orphan or similar likes homes since long.

It is because of easy, no need to take any responsibility. In other hand villagers had bad assumption that children would be big person or studied well in future by seeing exceptional cases specially for Budanilkantha or Army or Police or Gandaki boarding school. Few children are doing good because they were best students from these villages. If they were stay at same village they could be the best one. We saw many children both boys and girls they have done best in science and technology and hold senior positions at UNs or other so called big organization.

Operating orphan houses, it is becoming a fashion or easy way to engage in charity work because many donors just can't hold them due to matter of children. So it is easy way of raising funds and also easy for the donors to stay and work in Nepal by operating an any kinds of orphan homes. The 40 years back neither we learn nor we have enough capacity of the government but now the situation is changed but the practice for orphan is not changing.

In Nepal, it is heavily criticizing by few foreign and Nepali writers but no one ready to change their mindset. It looks like business nowadays. Owner of many orphan houses asked me to bring the children from Karnali. They said, Radha you are working in such poor and remote places of Nepal, why don't you bring few for me, I really like include from that region as matter of facts of inclusion. At this moment, when the local authority or local level is not ready to host, for this case government have Balmandir and SoS (INGO) which are operating since long. The donors and government are not ready to work on prevention; they don't like to address underlying causes of street or abandon or orphan children. It is very sad. It is very hard to bring back the children from street to home once they enjoy the life at street.

Because street is a fun always and very comfort. During these days neither they understand the value of education nor parents or society. So our collective efforts should concentrate towards prevention. The many children in street in Kathmandu or Dhangadi or Nepalgunj are from Seti, Karnali region because they are so poor and living in very harsh topography.

I wanted to make a model school here in Kabadi so I could cover the children from Bajura, Mugu and Humla partially where I dreamed to served good food, care and nutrition, every week they can go with their parents. They neither forget their culture nor missed their family and all. But how come, I was asking myself? For making rehabilitation or school, at least required \$10,000. I was furious with government and donors as well. All were talking about poverty and doing nothing for them or doing something in and for Kathmandu to nearby Kathmandu.

In that sense, they hadn't deserved to called rural and poor children ethically. My feet were really lingering to step for walk. Suddenly, my eyes stopped in two children on yard if house which was attached with road.

About a year boy was lying, with flies, seemed had fever, his throat and cheeks swelling and sounded unconscious (looked like having mums). About 4 years' girl was sitting a meter far from him by lining in a wall of house with flies and hadn't had any response with stranger but her eyes were opened. Even she hadn't had response with flies. I saw black spots of flies around her in bundles. I enquired with villagers, I took photo too. While taking photo I was nervous because I didn't do the consent. I always took consent but I didn't do for that case. I asked about health post, it was an hour more far from there. Their dad was passed away about two months before due to alcohol and mom was going next village for their food.

Literally, I broke up with tears but no way. I was in such a position that I hadn't have anything. The little money had no value, I should give for at least four people including assistant to go outside for treatment. My emotion failed in front of the

policy. I should consider many things before jumping in to assistance in such new area. I was trying to take phone for future contact but all women were saying NO means they hadn't had mobile which might or might not be true. Since then I was feeling so guilty that I couldn't save that boy. I was sure that the boy would die within couple of hours. I was thinking the photo Kevin Carter's [Pulitzer Prize](#)-winning photograph, March 1993 from Sudan where the photographer committed suicide after 4 months of Pulitzer award.



With heavy heart, I was walking towards next village means Netrasen, Humla where we supposed to stay. It was already dark; the river was following with big noise. There were donkeys, horses and goats on the way due to cooler than the afternoon. I met two women around 20 years while crossing the bridge and enquired about these children.

They replied, we were already giving up. We hadn't have anything such as like money, interest of her mother, helping them to bring hospital. She couldn't go alone to the hospital means Dhangadi the nearest hospital which has provision for investigation.

Based on provided information by two women, I enquired a young woman when I met later on the way to Netrasen. She was wearing black colour blouse and sari. She was very thin and depressed. I confirmed that she was mother of these two children.

I was asking few questions but she looked at me for a while and just walked on her way.

I was so sorry. I failed to help people first time I think in my life.

I didn't do anything at all except photo.

In top of my tired brain, I couldn't walk in dark. I also scared with girls because the river was so close.

I could walk in dark while I was quite young. We had only one or two kerosene lamp and many things I had done in dark. I was accompanied with dad to irrigate the field during monsoon season.

I rarely failed down even walking on very narrow, muddy tracks (Ali) during night. But nowadays, I found difficult but why I don't know. It might or might not due to use to with electricity or getting old.



Anyways, we stopped at Netrasen. It was only one simple hut with three rooms, faced towards road. One room for shop and the other for goats and the last one for guest for drinking alcohol but I didn't see any difference in terms of hygiene. It was exactly look like road had bottles and bags of liquor, bags of noodles, tobacco, cigarettes etc. The Kitchen was outside, small and very open and closer to road than rooms. Bajaya prepared food after having quick bath and changing clothes for his purity. Girls, myself and Bhim were lying down on yard over the tarpaulin. There were mosquitos, flies and other insects. There was no toilet again and no water. They fetched the water directly from Humla Karnali for everything. Girls were eaten little rice and soup of lentils. Again, there was no room so we all were sleeping at same room with walls of sleeping bags.

The hotel owner was quite young about 24 years' boy with his 20 years wife and a year boy. He worked in India many years and started this hotel for his wife when her wife didn't get any job. She was 12 graduated. I was mad with them by seeing their hygiene and health. The boy had crying, dirty and had diarrhoea. He was taking medicines from an hour far private medical shop. I asked them what did you see in India, Dhangadi in terms of hygiene? Did you know why was your boy got sick? I felt shame even though 12 graduated mother was not keen to take care of kid and keeping hotel such dirty. It was so emotional and shouting, going schools, is not for certificate and having job, it is for changing life of each us in daily life.

They flushed face and murmured, we wanted to keep clean but the boy was so active so we had hard time to maintain. The wife added, I cleaned the room but the guys (alcoholic) and used and made it in a way. I asked, could you ever asked to clean the room before starting to drink by them or did you warned them, stay outside if you made room dirty. This is your property, you have to and can tell. They might angry but would come later with feeling of change.

I hadn't mind to speak for cause. They were so used to with dirt because everyone who visited, had eaten without questioning. They were saying that there was senior staff from RAP (big Project, DFID Funded-I am not sure who was the person, whether it was true or not) just last week.

I asked what you did for them?

They replied, he was very good guy, friendly, making so many jokes. He ate with us but later he got sick. It is very normal in development in Nepal. The staff members either senior and junior, they just like to do what villagers are doing or less than that.

They don't like to challenge, they say, we are here for a day or week, why should we speak up or hurt them. They are enjoying with this so let's try to cope with this.

To me which is very bad practice. In a way and the other around, they are not contributing for social transformation.

I witnessed many times that development worker made a party; drink liquor, chicken, or mutton with or without paying. If they pay, they pay higher rate than regular one. They don't care the garbage, noise or break the family or social rule at the name of power.



In few cases, they provided help in kind or cash or opportunity from office so they creating bad practices or hierarchy in the community. Such micro level practices are also key reasons of failing development in Nepal especially in rural transformation. In many times, they proved that they are there in such hardship for their own selfish or job not for the people or transformation.

**June 14, 2016**

As earlier day, we had planned to awake up early and walk before sunshine. We had already a day behind due to slow pace.

Priya was complaining that I walked so much even though we weren't in Bhi village, I had dreamed to visit children in school before going to bed yesterday evening. So, couldn't sleep due to very crowd, we were sleeping on the road next to river and was thinking negative consequences.

In Nepal, the reporting for rape cases are increasing that was done by nears and dears.

One of my friend was alarming me by referring the case of rape and killed to a young lady from Chicago, USA while she was in trek along with a guy. But I didn't tell anyone about this incident due to fear of use of as stimulant or as fear for travelling. So I was bit scared by thinking about girls again. I always put a head light on my arm as like watch and also asked to called any of us if any of you like to go toilet or something wrong and don't considered or kind on me because I am in deep sleep.

We were in such areas so we need to identify any wrongs as early as possible. Sometimes, I found myself stricter though I never mind that I was doing my duty for the people not for me.

As always, girls had hard time to awake up. I kept on calling the name of Priya and Julia turn by turn.

I was saying, we hadn't had toilet so we should to go forest before sunshine. Bhim and Bishnu also encouraged girls to awake up by saying, Piiiiiiirya....standddd...up.....Juliyaaaa...Standddd...up..... I remind them the difference between awake up and stand up though they forgot and saying same.

Anyway, girls did understand and follow them than me. Finally, girls were ready and Bishnu and myself were inside the room to final check of materials in bags.

We were quite worry about Julia because she had big and multiple blisters in her feet. It was because of socks too. She had used very thin or summer socks which were really not for hiking. I also used thin socks by considering hot but I changed right away when I felt hard at Kolti and I used the Priya's hiking socks. It was really very comfort while climbing up and downs.

For such hiking, we should fit the shoes with feet and have to use thicker socks so no space for friction inside. I was telling about socks several times but not worked out.

I was also not happy with Julia's packaging. Like in ordinary trip, she brought the box for first aid medicines. We should make the bags lighter as possible. The plastics are the best to cover individual sets of clothes or any items.

Anyway, we hadn't had a way. We should carry what we had.

Julia was shouting, Priya had nose bleeding!

I thought that it was simple one like yesterday.

She was saying that it was first time. I thought it was because of heat and stress. Further, she was fast walker so she had bleeding. But it was not simple any more.

The bleeding had occurred with bubbles where I could see pressure.

As an anaesthetic nurse, I had aware about its physiology and treatment. But, here, I was worried because we were mid-point of our trip, we need to at least 2 days walk to go either way of Gamgadi Mugu or Kolti, Bajura. Our mobile had already not working, we hadn't had anything for it. I usually bought the medicine for it too in earlier trip but this time I hadn't had.

I asked their parents to bring any specific medicine if they need. They also hadn't tell that they had such bleeding at their home country. I also hadn't guess for it because they are the tennis girls means stronger and healthier than me.

Priya started to cry, all were got nervous, lost their confidence. I was asking Priya to lying down in ground and swallow the blood or spit gently.

But she was doing in opposite direction like bending her head forward (antigravity which promote bleeding), sneezing, coughing and crying.

I asked Bishnu to bring cold water and soaked cloth over Priya's nose. I was begging her to follow my instruction. Anywhere in the world, the treatment for bleeding is same so.

Suddenly, I asked, do you know your bleeding time? She replied yes, four minutes. So you followed my instruction at least 6 minutes for stop the bleeding. Fortunately, she remembers the tampon and we started to use it.

The local passer-by also stopped and suggested various ways of treatment. They were ready to help by herbal or indigenous treatment if we would ready.

The bleeding was stop but Priya was not stop for crying. I asked, did you go back? or should I try to bring helicopter?

She cried louder and told, no I wanted to meet children, we had plan to reach there before sunshine, because of me, we failed again, sorry Radha didi.



*Tampon used for nose bleeding*

From her conversation, I understood that she liked to continue our journey. I consulted with local people and they also suggested for not being worrisome. It was due to extreme heat for such people.

Finally, I also agreed and moved on. I was getting stricken for girls and said, no bags at all for both. While walking, walk together by holding hands, singing, chatting etc. If there was something or bleeding, just lying down in ground in supine position and did what I had done in the morning. I asked both of them to carry tampon, water bottle, my shawl, toilet paper, hats for prevention and management of bleeding. Priya was saying, I can carry the bag. But I hadn't allowed, finally they started to walk.

We were stopped while we reached at Juina, Mugu due to excessive heat. We planned to have lunch there too.

Before here, we stopped a place (we crossed the river via suspension bridge and left Humla) for tea in between Netrasen and Juina where we asked the boiled water as always. But the way she (hotel owner) prepared so dirty. I tried to clean but it was not clean indeed. Water was scared here too though we refill our bottles. It was only 8 am in the morning but the hotel was occupying by the customers for alcohol.

Among them, there were two men who represent technical supervisor for district development office, government of Nepal. He had small notebook in his hand but walking faster and shaking than us that might be due to alcohol.

At Juina, we saw first time that villagers were working in field means there was water for rice planting. It was possible from the irrigation.

The land was so small piece and divided into many pies. Children were playing in river and next to the land and parents were working at field. Women were busy in planting and men were preparing the land for planting. I was happy by seeing such scene after long because that was the season for rice planting more or less across Nepal. The rice is main staple of food.

At Juina, we had hard time to get food, as usual, girls had eaten local egg and noodles and we had eaten bread. The bread made from millet and prepared by 60 years old man. He prepared in very unhygienic manner though he was very conscious for our concern. He was there for only business.

He sent his four children to Kathmandu for study and his wife was in field too. We had to walk very steep hills so I scared to take rest till 3 Pm but girls were saying now the black cloud was moving so we had shadow, we could walk. Bishnu worried that this area hasn't have village and no water source too.

Girls were ahead. I asked to Bajaya to follow Julia and Bishnu for Priya. They were ahead as always. It was really tough too under extreme sunshine and heat. There was no single tree. I was thinking about the all forms of leaders, why they never thought to manage water from river. I felt palpitation and short breath though I was trying to walk few steps and rest. I had already handover the water bottles to girls for their safety.

They were hidden by hills; it has too bending hilly roads. I asked Bishnu to follow the easy roads rather choosing the short and hard trails. About 30 minutes later, I saw them, we were middle of the height, no water even in bottle.

Priya had bleeding and others were encircled her and took care as I instructed earlier. This time, I observed that she followed what I told early in this morning. I didn't like to stay more because we hadn't had even any kinds of water.

So I asked Julia to took out the important things if she had from her bag. Then, I asked Bishnu to threw two bags and asked to carry Priya. Priya was denying that proposal.

Bhim also was saying same.

I said, this was my order, no any argument. We should leave this place as early as possible because we hadn't had water and villages. Without question, the things went as I asked. Literally, we left two bags.

I was recalling the situation of operation theater of Jumla while we had done first C-section in Karnali region at Jumla hospital in May 2003. We hadn't had anything as we had at Kathmandu or Nepalgunj. I prepared a dressing room as theatre myself by assembling the materials from store room and local market. I had confidence from four years working experience at operation theatre as an anaesthetic nurse. A woman was ready to do surgery after long time of preparation. Dr Ramesh Kharel was sweating and others were so confusing while the uterus had bleeding. I said the same dialogue as today, everyone should follow my order without any argument, we hadn't time to discuss and hadn't had advance tools to assess. We were trying our best so let's move on.

I was so emotional too. I was at cockpit of Jumla hospital from 2001 to 2004, had gone through lots of challenges including my life killing threaten while starting blood transfusion, C-section and management. Today, it has taken reap and moving towards the medical college but none of people remember the sacrifice and challenges I faced during these days.

I also remember the holy epic Geeta, do your duty without any results.

Yes, I always doing where my heart happy, I never expect any comfort or awards or anything. The road what I have today was created by myself rather by others as my friends have such as from political power, family power, big economy or anything. I was thankful to all my friends who trusted me and wanted to see me as star.

Then and there, I was thinking the parents of girls who were trusted me blindly. The road got difficult due to sunshine otherwise, I passed through more difficult and higher areas than here.

They were ahead and stopped when they found flat land but I was scared by thinking that Priya bleed again. I was not worry with nose bleeding indeed but the volume of bleeding was really big in that morning. She hadn't had bleeding but they took rest and waited me.

I asked girls to eat biscuits, we ate daltho but we hadn't had drinking water. Even we couldn't use water purification pills. Bishnu showed a house about 20 minutes far and I asked him to bring boiled water from there by paying money.

We all were lying down in ground, we met two men who were coming from the same way.

I checked about our bags and shared our story. They felt sorry for us and ready to carry our bags up to the Bhi village. we were seeing Bhi village from there but it was still far like Muktinath from Kagbeni's height at Mustang or Manma, Kalikot from Khidkijiula, Dailekh.

We rehydrated while Bishnu brought water. Bishnu went down again to collect bags. He was so honest with us and never showed his negligence, all the time he had same level of energy and enthusiasm. We started to walk again. I wanted to reach village before getting dark.

Just before reaching Bishnu's house, Priya had bleeding again. Julia hadn't had tampon too. We sat on the roof of Bishnu's house. Children and others started to encircle too.

Priya wanted to hide blood but how come. It was not heavy. He manged boiled water, place for sitting to children and other who wanted to join the meeting. We were more than 50 people all together; men, women, girls, boys, older who could walk up to there.

I started the discussion by giving the short introduction of us, our goals and the hardship we experienced. I asked children to sit just next to me in round. They hesitated though come closer gradually. I asked to sing a song from school, national anthem and any songs but not a single children speak. I announced prize for who speak first with national anthem.

There was silence.

I started to sing a song, then I asked girls to speak something first. Then three young girls stood up for national anthem. It showed the level of confidence on content and exposure with outsider. I had handover the money for three girls and asked to others to sing but no one ready.

Later, I shared the story of Jhamak Ghimire and emphasised on not feeling hopelessness, alone, poor and marginalized. These all were nothing in front of will power. It was look like class room discussion. Even the adults were enjoying about the story.



Discussion with children at Bhi

I asked children to repeat the story of Jhamak again, the roof remained silence. So I asked women or adult to repeat. One woman was really told the story exactly same manner and many adults were nodding their heads while I shared the story of Jhamak didi.

I hadn't talk about me here because it was very far for them. Gradually, I jumped in to the discussion of Chhaupadi, they all were practicing with minor difference. I shared my story about menstruation and repeat again for clicking their thoughts.

Few men were staring me though I continuously telling menstruation like it is natural for continuity for society and other many facts.

About two hours' discussion, Bishnu asked for moving from there because our accommodation planned in his uncle house.

Our Bajya was preparing food for us as priest from so called higher caste. I was smiled again because Julia was still using tampon and he was holding Julia since he met.

Again, we were at roof. There were different audience mostly adults. I again shared the objective of our trip and all details. I simply jumped in to the educational and health practice over here. I also talked about Chhaupadi very quickly by taking reference of earlier discussion.

We had dinner, and slept like as earlier days. Bishnu went to his house. Bajaya and bhim were sleeping at bed where as we three women in the floor.

I had already shared the next day's plan. I allowed to sleep longer as they wanted but I had to go for various meetings. However, I asked to them to come to the school at quarter to ten.

Indeed, we had plan to stay three nights at Bhi village but I liked to left as early as possible due to girl's sickness. All women had diarrhoea from here.

### **June 15, 2016**

I awoke up as my time, had breakfast; millet bread along with family members and went to health post first for meeting. Before leaving home, I asked Bishnu to take care of girls for bath, toilet, breakfast etc.

Fortunately, that house has toilet but water was problem too.

**Health post** was only 5 minutes' distance for our residence. It was clean, meeting hall, store room and check-up room but no health workers at all. There was no Auxiliary Nurse Midwife for the women and child care since beginning. There were three AHWs (Auxiliary Health Workers). One was in contract from respective village from the village council fund, the other was temporary from Jumla and the third one permanent from Dailekh.



Millet Bread

The health post was operated by support staff or messenger.

I was shock, literally shock.

How these people were surviving for generation to generation? I had meeting with health post management committee. They hadn't aware about their role. They were following and trust what the health worker were saying.

Committee members were extending their sympathy to them by saying, they need to go headquarter, Gamgadi for trainings or meeting. One person almost occupied there. The others from Dailekh and Jumla, they wanted to go home for festivals and other events.

I was mad.

They were not worried about their community or people but worried for health workers. The government was spending money at the name of poor people but the poor people were not getting anything due to their ignorance. I had discussed about few roles and way forward to make health post operational.

Indeed, I brought mobile, charger for tele medicine and solar power back (it was provided by my friend sister Borgny from Norway) whereas Tele medicine was supported by swinfen charity, UK through my god mother Tuka then Chandra and Captain Deo in Nepal. I had discussed on how the tele medicine works, how can we do at least etc. I had written all steps and shared with all. I also connected them with Parbat's team who is operating tele medicine fantastically since last 6 years. Sadly, they connected with internet only at night. I promised to send the money till six months for their data and also encourage them to use it for neighbouring villages. if they could make it, I might find the support for birthing centre including x-ray and lab. Indeed, they are living pure isolation of Mugu. If the community would ready, I am



Meeting at health post mgmt Committee



sure my friends would be happy to support in such remote area. It was not a big deal for my friends and I always can work in minimum resources, I just need strong commitment as always from stakeholders.

### **Bhi Village at Glance**

Then I went directly to join the community meeting where about 40 adults were gathered with frustration, starvation and hope. Once I introduced and shared about the objectives, participants started to share feelings. The key points of discussion were;

1. *It was saying that the ancestors were came here to hide while unification of Nepal or about 250 years before*
2. *There was no system of irrigation though the Mugu and Humla Karnali are flowing constantly*
3. *No forest at all, the entire terrain was empty. None of the house had kitchen garden due to water scarcity. Even the cattle were in trouble from water*
4. *The total 333 households and about 2000 population are resided here. An average 1-3 men members from the family are going to Deuparak, Paudika, India and they were sending money to buy rice for survival. Due to not having education, mostly working at apple farm and others as labourer.*
5. *Since last one year, no rain at all so nothing cultivated within year.*
6. *Even the watermills were out of order due to not having water.*
7. *None of the political leaders, government were considering us as citizen. We were depended on India for everything.*

*After listening all pain and suffering, I spoke.*

*I challenged them, you all were aware about politics but hadn't ready to claim your political rights. So my conclusion was that none of you hurt from the negligence from your government, political parties and leaders. You were not poor, you were not living in hungry at all. It was all fake info. In top that none of you have pain, hurt and suffering from not able to fed your children, send to your children to school, not having a health worker at health post. You all were standing by two feet but you were not like that. Sorry for saying. You had parliamentarian from your village for four years, you all were belong with Maoist party so what would you get from it? I asked them, had you understood what I was telling?*

*They nodded their head for yes.*

*If I were on your position, I would do as following;*

1. *Here, by considering the facts you shared, the only one and sustainable option was arranging the irrigation as like in Bajura by Janak Giri. Many of you specially men must have seen it. That village is dry like this but they made so much green from bringing the water from Karnali. It required so much money. Who would give such money for 330 households? The government must care of its citizens but you have to knock the door, bargain and ready for protest as hard as possible. If you would do now, it will go generation to generation.*

2. *Let's call a meeting of 330 households and form an adoc committee and discussed about our rights, duties, process of protest, challenges etc.*
3. *Let's write an application to Prime Minister by asking following demands with copying to president of major four political parties with signature of 330. The letter highlights the following points:*
  - *Facts about the village*
  - *Status of water, hunger, migration and all tragedies*
  - *Demands*
    - i) *asked us to jump in Karnali collectively*
    - ii) *throw a bomb to kill us collectively*
    - iii) *make an irrigation canal as Bajura has*
4. *Send this letter to PM through CDO office Gamgadi and give 2 weeks ultimatum for decision. If the government ignore your demand, told government that you would jump in Karnali collectively. Meantime, sit in protest in front of the CDO office as like rely hunger strike.*
5. *Mobilize all political leaders from all parties and challenged them. They all are living Kathmandu on their own house with luxury at the name of your rights and politics. Hopefully, all political leaders would come to Gamgadi and started to put pressure as like done during the federal movement last year in Jumla.*
6. *Mobilize local medias and called to all friends, relatives who were in Kathmandu to share and disseminate the information through various means-*
7. *The government might call for dialogue but don't compromise on your agenda. The demand # 1 and 2 were nonsense so the third demand will be the core of dialogue.*
8. *Government sit with ADB, world bank, RAP or other big organizations who are supporting in hard ware, and start the work within three months.*
9. *Don't leave the government and political leaders unless complete the project.*

I would be with you all if you were ready for it. How many days you were crying, begging and screaming with your fate and god.

Nothing impossible.

They were feeling like awake up.

Couple of man shared, that was the best idea but we had problem of solidarity and unity.

I said, it was not my problem at all. Have you ever asked with your all political parties on what they did as their political manifesto which was used for voting campaign? I thought, never. Means we were not hungry enough so we remain quiet as child.

The rice what we ate yesterday night was without taste and very rough in texture. I was sure that the rice was come from India via Nepali market and contractors and the money also come from India via migrant workers. That day, I really grateful with India where our Nepali from west Nepal specially from Seti and Karnali got benefit

from the open boarder. Due to strict system as well as language barrier in China side, people preferred to go India.

I had made walk in a village, interacted with women, girls, boys, older and all about the scenario of development very indirectly. The entire community look like sick, none of people had feeling of happy or cheering. The entire village like ash or grey due to prolong drought. The village already recognized as ODF (Open Defecation Free) but observed many defecations openly. Those who had toilet had the same scenario as I observed at Bajura. I wrote another piece on it, published in Kathmandu post as Toilet talk;



*Villagers in discussion*

<http://kathmandupost.ekantipur.com/news/2016-07-14/toilet-talk-20160714082905.html#>

*Jul 14, 2016- Last month, while flying down from Jumla to Nepalgunj, I got into conversation with a fellow passenger. It turned out the gentleman was a civil servant. He concluded the talk by saying, “Sorry, madam, you have come from Jumla. Why is it so dirty?” It was not a single question. Travellers to Karnali and the far west and even those who have never been there, educated and uneducated people, NGO workers and others ask the same question. “Oh, so many flies, too dirty, got sick...” I have observed flies everywhere in the world, the only difference is in the number. Simply, flies multiply in dirty surroundings and are attracted to dirt. According to a government report released in 2011, the Far and Mid-Western development regions have the lowest sanitation coverage of 30 percent in the country.*

*While walking through villages in western Nepal, I have come across Open Defecation Free (ODF) villages or areas. This status is publicised through slogans, songs and statements. Statistics show that toilet coverage in urban areas is 78 percent against 37 percent in rural areas. However, the actual figures may be lower. In some areas, there may be toilets; but they are not used because they are not comfortable. They are tiny and narrow, and hard to use even for dwarfs. They have no doors or windows, no ventilation, no water and no soap. And they swarm with flies and stink like hell. No wonder, open defecation is rampant. Sadly, even schools have no toilets or water.*

### **Poor mindset**

*Why do we need such an ODF programme? If it is for health, hygiene and environment, do such approaches work in a rural context? Hygiene is deteriorating and flies are increasing. The many tea shops or so-called hotels said, “You can go anywhere. We have enough forests and land.” And they serve food with zero hygiene. They use the water from the river directly. Flies dive on to the food on the plate. The children’s faces are almost entirely covered with flies. Most people know about the importance of using the toilet and washing one’s hands, but they do not do it due to habit or circumstances.*

*An observation and review of the master plan of the government issued in 2011 shows that the above mentioned barriers or challenges are not even recognised. It is not because of lack of resources; it is due to the poor mindset of the actors.*

*Without addressing the causes behind the growth in the number of flies and the sources of this growth, can Nepal reach its destination? Is it ethical to make claims about the number of toilets built just to show that the targets have been achieved? The rural communities are insensitive to such dirt, flies and diseases due to many reasons. They cannot overcome all the issues by themselves as they are dominated by tradition and lack the motivation to get rid of such practices. They are more concerned about where their next meal is coming from. Regarding the teashop owner, they have money and food, but they are the same as the other villagers because no one has complained about their food or service. So they do nothing about it. Individuals who complain about the dirt or even the ODF campaigners pass by without a single question.*

### **Simple measures**

*There are many practical and simple ways to overcome the problems and achieve the goals. First, animal sheds should be separated from the house. If there is limited or no land, they can go for a collective animal shed as is being done at Ghaleghau, Lamjung. Second, a scheme or rule should be developed to collect animals dung and turn it into compost. Third, there should be a water supply system before talking about sanitation. Fourth, spraying insecticides as was done for malaria control should be done. And fifth, tea shops should have a common standard of service and hygiene.*

*Without doing these things, the ODF programme will remain just a fashion and celebration for jobholders and will be of little practical use for the people. People often blame rural communities for lack of hygiene, but have they seen how it is in Kathmandu or the diners on the highways? The toilets in restaurants, government offices and schools are without basic requirements. Most of these toilets are broken, narrow and dirty, and usually there is no water. Many people consider toilets and hygiene to be a minor issue, but they are a very big and serious concern in many ways. Toilets are a priority in the developed countries, and they have water supply, soap, hand sanitiser and cleaners on duty. So they do not have communicable diseases like in Nepal. Thus, the ODF campaign should be considered beyond the box. Stakeholders should go beyond celebrations because it is a key block for the country's prosperity.*

Women were expressed their shyness, wearing sari, blouse and indigenous jewelleryes as Bajura, Humla.

Many children were eating millet bread and staring me. The entire village was using firewood. I also noticed that few houses had have Bible at their roof and few were changing their religion too for get rid off from suffering. Children and older said, the foreign lady came for talking about Bible.

When I returned to home, girls had had diarrhoea. I prepared oral rehydration solution and asked to drink five times higher than their diarrhoea (I always made extra so they would get at least little, because they were most fighting with me while I asked to eat). I gave to them as well. I also started medicine along with them because I had the same problem but I was not expressed.

Due to diarrhoea and nose bleeding, I decided to leave Bhi a day earlier as planned. I was scared from Julia because she is heavy, not much aware about me, my way of

communication. She might be speaking little with me that could be due to first time. So I was running here and there in rush.

I ran towards school where few teachers were already there. I quickly roamed school where I observed as following;

1. This school founded in 1960 about decade after first democracy in Nepal. I was wondering who were the leaders and how much wise the people from here who just were having about 30 years of life expectancy. The people of Karnali has 49 years' life expectancy in 2014 (Human Development Report, UNDP). Our fellow Bishnu also graduated from same school and I could see the passion and moral.
2. Indeed, this school is operated till primary level by the support of government and the high school is managed by the community and village grant by hiring math, science and English teacher. For them, \$300/month/teacher should pay but the teachers also don't get money on time.
3. This school doesn't have any energy anywhere; teacher's, management committee, parents and school surroundings. There were not all teachers as supposed to be, no materials as course books suggested, no class room, if there is class room there is no benches, blackboards.



Classroom at Bhi Village, Mugu

Inside the classroom, there is bulk of dusts, pieces of papers, stones and other materials which were not relevant for their learning. There is no toilet and drinking water supply. I had asked, were not children thirsty and need defecation when they are in school. The principal of the school replied, they went to nearby villages to ask for water and went to forest when they need to defecate. But there is no a single tree, so the forest is out of imagination. This is one of the driest area in Mugu district. The science teacher was hesitated to speak English.



Classroom in Bhi Village, Mugu

The parents were expressing their frustration that their children unable to get jobs as they expected. They had very hard to compete with others.

I asked, had you ever seen your role for quality education. They said, we hadn't have eye (education), we were helplessness. I shared the story what my parents were done 35 years ago where they both poor and never ever seen school during their days. My parents were sat with children (five girls, a boy and 3-6 from neighbour) under the kerosene lamp and asked all of us about what we had done in school. Everyone should read loudly and told them. Here, they never done such practice, they just trying to make them free for going school. Sometimes, even that was disturbed due to household chores. So for them education is the leisure time activity. There is no dream among students and neither facilitated by teacher's and nor parents nor school management committee.

4. There is full sense of negligence by all actors. The school was closed for four months at the name of collection of Yarsagumba but teachers were paid. It was a crime and corruption in many ways. Here, the education authority, political parties and management committee might have consensus on this incidence but it was huge lose for children and community. Unfortunately, community neither understand at that level nor have skills nor confidence to mobilize and challenge to school authority.
5. I had jumped towards to students whether they were able to read and write as they supposed to do. Most of them failed to recite the texts which they had already have gone at their class.
6. The number of the girls are high it could be due to the higher population of girls and boys left the village since childhood either for work or study.



When I was chatting with parents, Priya appeared at school. She wanted to see children and school. She was shocked by seeing the school and internalized the degree of privileged in USA. She brought some materials of oral hygiene that I divided to other primary school as well. I also brought few materials for play. I had my book ***Khalangama Hamala*** for reference that I decided to handover to school library. There was small library, few steel cupboards that donated by the NGO, named Good Neighbour, which was blamed to promote Christianity.

When I was busy in meeting, I had message that Julia had bad diarrhoea. I was so worried. The health post had no health worker even to start the intra venous fluid. I was thinking to inject IV by myself if she had bad diarrhoea. I concluded meeting and rush toward house we slept. Julia was sleeping, she looked weak. I had asked about medicine and ORS. She nodded head for yes but I had doubt. If yes, why she had continued the diarrhoea. She hadn't had lunch so I was so upset too. So, I asked to Bishnu to make her eat by boiling noodles. She ate bit later.

I had asked to local leaders and social workers to find the three horse. I asked three so they come back with two at least. If we would have two, both Julia and Priya would get rest. Julia has had big bones she needed strong horse than Priya. Due to grazing season, horses were in meadow which was three hours far from the field.

Though the villagers were so kind and helpful. They arranged two horses, one was small that fit for Priya and the bigger was for Julia. Unfortunately, Julia's horse hadn't had Kapri (stripes) so very hard to climbed up. She simply followed my instructions and climbed up by holding the hair of horses from neck.

We left the village with heavy heart.

Bishnu found another guy to support us.

I also brought bandage, cotton and oral rehydration solution for girls up to the Gamgadi and we left the village at 3 pm.

I was so nervous due to diarrhoea, horse riding, sunshine, nose bleeding but there was no any option except reaching Gamgadi. I was last as always. I was telling girls not chat or not to make the horse confuse. Because horses were so used to with a person, their language and orders.



*Good bye by villagers at Bhi*

I also instructed horse guide not to leave the girls alone. Please walked side by side of horse so girls could be safe in case of sick, tired and all forms of emergencies.



We walked through Gahatadi, Jamaldhar of Nartharpu. On the way, we observed some green such as Maize, Kaguno, Chino but all were dying due to dry. The situation was same in Jarapani.

Bishnu was saying, these villages are the areas of political leaders such as Chandra Bhadur Shahi, Yen Bhahadur Shahi.

In our way, there was no place for tea and stay so we need to cross the small forest with hills to get reach our that day's destination. I also wanted to push as much as earlier to get Gamgadi. It was raining. In the beginning, we ignored to rain but it was getting heavier so we put on jackets but the horses were scared form the rain coats so girls were wearing jackets.

We were walking without rest, the road was steep and red mud. It was getting slipper so very difficult to walk.

Several times, I had fallen, sometimes it was so hard similar like walking over snow. We scared to walk alone to because the sun had already disappeared from us and we were so far from village.



*Leaving Bhi village*

At Jarapani, Priya asked me for pee, I said, just had hid from tree and made it. I was engaged with others into conversation, and Bishnu and his team had already started to walk but I hadn't seen Priya.

I got down hills where she went and started to piping on each big tree and calling Priya....Priya.....

Bishnu, Julia and all started to call. Priya .....Priya..... from their steps but we hadn't had an any signal.

I was calling Priya .....Priya and started to walk towards the dense forest to find her, finally, I saw a print of her shoes but it was only one. Due to rain, the shoes print also washed way.

My voice also diffused in rain and forest. What a tragedy it was.

Priya always wanted to walk ahead so she might go by thinking the road was same.

After 20 minutes later, she showed up and replied, yes Radha.

I literally cried with joy.

Again, we climbed up hills, the Julia's horse guide was yet to come with stripe, he went other village to arrange it because horse riding without stripe was riskier. About 8 pm, we reached Sorukot which was our station for night stay.

It was very heavy rain. We all soaked due to our negligence in the beginning. The room was so small, there were other guest as well. Because of night and rain, most of them were loud with liquor.

We asked a room where hotel stored firewood.

There was small bed and little space in between bed and firewood. We put all soaked clothes over firewood and started to change the clothes what we had.

I asked girls to wear long pants but they had short and quarter pants only. That was also spoiled from diarrhoea. Julia had stained diarrhoea in her hip and Priya was making jokes in between which was not understanding by all men.

They often made me laugh from sad realities too.

Girls found very hard in changing clothes. It was hard too with Diarrhoea and period. So Priya used her Nepali in such way, Bhim, Bishnu, close your Ankha (eyes) by covering their head with blanket.

They were so confused in the beginning but did understand later. Girls took longer time than expected so it was tug of war between open and close of Ankha. It was great fun though.

At least they laughed. I was giving and reminding them for medicine for diarrhoea.

But I knew that Julia hadn't had the medicine or thrown away. Priya saw it. I hurt from that.

Girls said, we missed bed, always were sleeping on floor. Today, girls turn to sleep in bed but how come in such small bed. In floor, usually I was squeezed either under bed or any corner of room but in bed impossible. In top of that, they need double space than mine. Though girls denied to sleep in floor and negotiated to sleep in bed like this; Julia and Priya was sleeping in opposite way or their feet crossed each other and I was sleeping in a way like Priya but very hard to accommodate due to slapping by their heavy legs.

We ate rice, bean's soup and potatoes again. This hotel is clean and organized comparatively.

The hotel guy was young only 25 years old, he went to India for work, and also Kathmandu. he tried to join Nepal Army but failed in interview.

He said he was powerless so he failed in.

Then he decided to have hotel here.

This is the center for this region of Mugu. He had two sons. The elder one only 7 years though kept in Bhaktapur for study in hostel. The younger one was about 1 year and similar like other children whom we met. The hotel owner knew the importance of hygiene and children but not practice yet.

### **June 16, 2016**

Of course, I was tired and my sleep was distracted too though awake up early for defecation.

There was no toilet. The hotel owner was justifying that the toilet was blocked. I was trying to do near to forest, I ran away while I noticed a noise. But it was my delusion only. I also brought girls in open spaces. It can be easily imagining the hardship of having diarrhoea and no toilet.

After tea, we left the hotel with climb down the hills. Now, Julia had more comfort, guide managed strip. It was no sun shine so and every one like to walk as early as faster before sunshine.

As always girls and others were ahead and I was at last. I met 3 older man, they were crying by joining their hands, their houses and cattle swept away by flood after heavy rain. Another group was saying, could you and your horses cross the flood, it was so big and the last group was saying, wait there was still flood, anything could be happening. Anyway, we continued because we were not alone. We had confident with them. They were with us not only for money for humanity. I was begging with horse guides yesterday while Julia had diarrhoea on her paints.

We passed through Master dharo (tap) constructed by teachers who were punished by Maoist during conflict time, Dwaridhara, Kulakhola, Seepa.

There were no tea shops. We had one on the way but there was older woman alone without water. So we decided to escape the tea time but ate snacks whatever we had.

I had special or expensive biscuits for girls and beaten rice and dalmoth for us.

Before having this tea break, Priya was fallen very badly while crossing the flooded stream.

Indeed, it was lack of experience. She was hold Bhim while jumping in and she hold off his hand. While crossing such places, the person who was above or safe place had to hold. Bhim also not aware about such tricks. I was just behind her so I managed anyway. She learned what I was telling. Now, she trusted on me too.

On the way, I observed two pieces of toilet paper with scanty blood in left side of the road. I was worried by thinking that the Priya's nose was getting naughty again.

I asked girls where I met them.

Both of them said at once NO. I asked again, I saw the toilet paper which shouldn't be from others. They laughed and still were saying NO.

While walking, Bishnu showed me a place where the villagers had done cremation. It was bit odd for outsider so I asked it. The bulk of stones was made or gathered and the wood ladder thrown away next too it with some pieces of clothes.

I suddenly remember, my childhood. While quarrelling in neighbourhood, there was saying, I wish I could see you to tie of green bamboo. Here, I hadn't see a single bamboo. What they were saying here, my mind jumping.

Bishnu said, they said but not use the word bamboo. He further added, that was prepared for a guy who died by falling down at the area of road construction. The rich people brought up to river and fire burn but the poor people buried in this way. I had goose bumps by thinking the gravity of poverty even after death.

While we entered towards Seepa, we also saw few number of people on road, and others were working either in road construction or rice planting. This side was far better from Bhi side.

We observed many houses on the way abandoned and many empty land even after putting compost fertilizer. The land was so flat and used to plant rice. Before stopping for lunch, we met group of people planting rice after Juina, Mugu. All together 25 women and girls were at one single row and planting rice. They were planting in very close which is very unusual like 4-5 fingers distance. It was raining too. Most of them with traditional sari, blouse, Cholo, Bulaki, Phuli and girls were in kurta salwar. They were planting in way that was sounds confused. In row, two pregnant women seen and one lactating mother. An older man was waiting by holding his grandson for breast fed. I sat there to see their way of planting. They were smoking Suplha (tobacco) without finishing the row, they took couple of puffs and handover to other. They can have puffed in planting position. I was wondering on how much they loved for Sulpha. In between, they were singing a local (deuda) songs too. In a way, they were enjoying and doing with passion.

In next plot, five men were ploughing in very traditional way, their plough and others also seemed so tiny and unbelievable.

In Chitwan, I born with ox, plough. We planted rice by yourself, turn by turn in neighbourhood, we harvest crops manually but there is mechanization everything since last 10 years. My nephew does see plough and ox in pictures in his textbook but here, nothing changes since last fifty years as my dad explained on agriculture.

Even here, I see the possibility to use tool which could use by 1-2 person. I am not expert though it could possible if the government has strong will power for it. The

villagers can use the terrain for fruits such as apricot, apple, beans, herbs as inherently grow whereas the flat land could be used for crops.

My heart was saying, let's escape the crops if there is problem, let's grow the grass in flat areas so villagers have goats, sheep for meat and cash, fruits and beans also for cash. They will purchase the rice or grains from that cash and they fed the grass to goats and sheep from flat land. We can create a value and supply chain but it is not possible for short term project by one person. The Magnolia is cooler than us and eve today, the nomad life style in many places but the government created a system where all children get quality education, health facility and all. It's require on time investment with commitment

In this route, hotel or tea shops prepared food once they got order only. So I ordered food and asked Julia to take photo of planting rice and ploughing from close. It is rare scene even in Nepal. She went without any question along with Priya but she returned so fast and said, I shoot by saying, ummm...ummmm,....I did (by nodding her head).

I asked to show the photo but it was not, she shoot it from far by doing zoom which was not my purpose. Priya responded, she didn't go there due to shy when I looked at Priya.

It's small things but there was deep meaning of passion.

Later we were all lying down in a room at Seepa for waiting food. Two girls were appeared at the door of our room. They were interested with girls and some extent on me too.

On our way, men were wondered while they saw me because I was leading the group and speaking English. I was thin and dark though sounded foreign due to wearing pants, gaggle and speaking English.

How pity my country.

At first, these two girls were remained quiet. I felt bad so I started to ask questions. They were studying at grade ten. I encouraged them to speak with Priya and Julia. Priya asked questions, how old are you? what is your name? They remained quiet. When I started to translate, they replied me in Nepali not for them. I jumped in to *menstruation. They were 16 years now, they don't know about menstruation though they taught in schools. Teachers didn't teach well and asked for self-study. We are staying in cowshed for five days and many girls often missed the schools during period. They used raged clothes for hiding the blood. They don't touch any male members at home and at community as well. I asked, why did you tell everyone that you have period. Now, I have period but I don't tell anyone. They flushed bit and said, it is matter of god, matter of angry of god. This was not new for me, I just like to sense its gravity.*

First time, we had green vegetables for eat, yogurt for guys. I always asked not to make spicy but it was not possible at all. They said napo (small or little) or no too. But it was hot always and my noses started to run.

There was light rain though we decided to leave. We should stop at Salyani to reach Gamgadi tomorrow as our planned. We crossed Dakcha, Paltikhal, Sumli Gaun.

Now, the horse guides were used to with the gesture and language of girls. The Julia's weight, the horse was really so slow and that was realized by Julia too but no way.

Horse guide represented Shahi, royal family of 300 years back, he was 53 years old, gentle man. He was saying, no worry at all. I would manage to bring Julia up to Gamgadi. He was managed by the local leaders from Bhi village so I had full confident with him. I often remind him to stop for drinking of water to Julia. He is rich in this community, he raised this horse as his hobby rather trade and his son also junior vet technician so his horse was healthy too.

In Mugu, he was exceptionally with fair skin and he used his umbrella when sunshine.

Priya was exceptionally professional while riding horse. She was giving instruction to horse. She was always ahead. The way she rode horse, was so pleasure while observing too.

She was dancing and singing while riding as walking. She also was talking with guide and others boys who were met on the way. She easily articulated from one or two vocabularies of English.

I taught Bishnu and all who were with us to use single words for conversation. That worked out indeed. Priya identified the story of her horse guide. Her horse guide, Jayarup was ex-combatant indeed. He was assigned to capture the headquarter of Mugu, Gamgadi.

He represented so called Dalit (untouchability). He never ever goes to school. His dad was passed away. He was poor. He was taught by the local leader, his name was Angat at party, he was headmaster of school. He was really very nice guy, everyone just respected him and followed him blindly. As a rule of party, I joined the cadre and went to cantonment for three months which was situated at the forest of Katiyad.

He learned about the goals of party and also learned about how to fight in cross fire. He was so excited and believed that he could get rid of all forms of discrimination. During Mugu's headquarter attack, he didn't find it easy as taught in cantonment. He also had difficult to understand the directions because I was literate. Many of us were illiterate there and trained for frontline fighter. I got injured during attack on my calf. While I was jumped to rescue, the flip of pinewood not only cut through but also stocked inside my calf.

In cantonment, they couldn't take out. Indeed, they took the medicines from one place and health worker from other place and they made an arrangement for emergency treatment but hard to get always as well as not able to treat for all forms of emergency. I had so much pain, I missed my family. By the time, my dad passed way even I couldn't meet him before dying. I couldn't forgive myself for this reason.

Then I went to Dailekh for my treatment. It was so hard to get there because police inquirer everywhere and the hospital also informed to police if they had any person for such treatment.

It was mandate of the government.

Sadly, Dailekh hospital was also name as hospital but nothing they done so I went to Surkhet. I was walking on the bazaar and thinking where and how should I treat my calf. I had very little money \$350 only that I asked from my home as loan from neighbourhood. I was caught by police while walking through the bazaar. Co-incidentally, one of my friend from village who was run away from village due to Maoist threaten and living in Surkhet for study, he saw me and helped me released.

We told to police it was happened while working at home. Finally, I entered to the India. Even in India, it was not easy. Indian police caught me though I run away from there. I went to Himanchal and started to work as porter and stayed house of Nepali. I met him there, he was from Karnali too. Then I started to treat my wound.

It had very bad smell since long. I had always have to use bandage so anyone or police easily recognized me.

I spent six months there and earned some money then I returned to the village.

Today, many things changed in politics, and senior leaders but nothing changed in my life and in my village (he tear off).

I was following his story, he was holding the horse and walking like he and I were walking together as parallel form. There was big stone, horse was confused and reasoning for the best way.

I asked, Jay, I wanted to get off, the road was very difficult. He didn't speak and just gave the hand to took off. He was only 27 years old, very handsome guy. I looked typical from upper caste from his physique. He has good height, about 5.5', bit long nose, black and shinning eyes, dark skin, wearing black and white check shirt, a typical Nepali cap, pant, wearing a small bag and simple shoes. When he smiled he is super handsome, due to compacted white teeth.

Priya gave her sun glass while walking during afternoon. He reminded me as traditional marriage in village. The bride would wear sun glass whether there is sun or not. I saw him as bride and asking myself, whether he wear a sun glass as other during his wedding? Did he just eloped with girl or had gone through wedding? If he were born in Kathmandu in rich family, he could be Mr Nepal or model or something special.

I let him crying for a while and asked, Jay, how many children you had? I jumped a step ahead because he is still younger to get marry in Kathmandu but 10 years older to for marriage time.

He smiled and proudly said, two sons. Didn't you seen a boy who was following us while we left the village. I tried to figured out the boy who matched with Jay's face. There were few kids, just followed us for a while.



To me, all children were same by nutrition, hygiene, knowledge and all. I like to swim in his suffering and pain and asked how do you take care of them? Because of Maoist education, I didn't like to continue my work in India for the sake of my dignity.

We would get job very easily as porter, security guard or any form of blue color job but the feeling of humiliation is always piercing so I decided to work in Nepal. But in Nepal, the person like me who would provide what. During Maoist schooling day, they persuaded us for by saying creating jobs, formulating policies for soft loans and so many other such as education, health, food and all. But we never get anything yet.

Sometimes, I thought that I had done wrong decision while leaving cantonment for treatment. If I would continue, there were two options only. Firstly, I could die in attack and I were not marry or family. Second, I was alive and retirement from the cantonment with \$5000 handshake scheme.

Now, I had nothing.

Now, he was added by himself, didi, did you know, my brother in law was dead just few months before from here. He was my younger brother in law. My sister had two children, 7 months' boy and 3 years daughter. The boy had club foot. Her in laws just abandoned her and her children after his death, so they also were with me. I am unlucky boy indeed, didi, my elder sister had divorce from her husband due to having two daughters. So elder sister and her two daughters also with me. My mother still alive.

I was afraid by counting the number of people at tiny home, total 11. With heavy heart, I asked, you must have hard for manage all tragedies, your wife might angry with you.

He replied, no.

I don't feel such bad experience except minor discussion. I was thinking to my friends who were working in disability and also thinking about SoS and ways but I couldn't guarantee for everything.

We have very little land which is not enough for all to survive so I bought this horse.

I heard that buying horse is so expensive in between \$8000-12000 so I asked, how much it costs?

I try to impress him that I hadn't know anything. He innocently and politely replied, no.. no.., how can I buy such expensive one. I bought a child in \$300 and I started to make him strong.

He is very honest with me. I don't use heavy loads yet, he is only 3 years. I agreed to do today because it was an emergency and matter of humanity.

I am a son of dalit, I considered that that is my opportunity to help. I was feeling so proud.

I have been exposed with horse and horse riding specially since 2001 or from my Jumla stay but I really don't understand the stamina of horses, donkeys.

I felt shame and sorry on me. The horse never tired animal. I saw that one leg specially from back took off from earth for a while for rest.

Amazing !,

It has 20 years life expectancy, take complete a year to born and started to work such as running and carrying loads from 3 years as trial. Horse starts to carry his load from 4 years old. It may have hydraulic joint (I forget though I read about it when I was in high school on science class).

I was thinking that auto motor engineers must have learn from the horse while making hydraulic engines. Horses wait a minute and take a gentle step or jump in even in front of the big stones like its body.

Because of Priya's super request, I also rode horse about 20 minutes.

First, she asked for 10 minutes, later she denied and made me for 20 minutes. In the beginning, it was scary due to feeling so height and walking just bank of the river of Mugu Karnali. Later, I used to, learned the tips from Jayarup and understood the value of horse and really grateful their service across the globe especially in rural areas.

I learned from horses for taking challenges, patience and gentle and calmness.

I asked Jay again, what should you do for raising your horse strong as like Shahi? I found his answer so cute and honest.

Didi, there is difference between your son and my son because of power (he might have assumed that the woman in such age must have marriage and children). I used to with this. The horse also exactly same. Shahi's son is a vet nary doctor so he regularly feed and inject vitamins but I don't have enough food for my kids and how can I have fed?

Were there any vitamins or anything too, I asked? He replied at once, yes, there was vitamin as a form of injection, it costs \$ 5 and I was keen for it but still looking for an opportunity to earn its cost for it.

While speaking, he was slightly crying and looking at the earth. It reminded me the incidences due to discrimination of class. The poor people's always are suffering and thinking on their single bread. I determined to give \$5 while we would disperse at Gamgadi.

Jay and me reached at the beginning of Salyani where Bishnu arranged tea, refill of bottles and boiled egg. I asked Bishnu while having lunch, you ate everything except bangepani (liquor). I was fine with beans soup, rice and potato. He might build confident on me in many ways. We had eaten same food from same pot or pack, drink water from same bottle, sleep in same bed (with Bhim) and room. He ordered eggs for boiled.

I always asked to eat only local eggs. The life span of eggs which were brought from Nepalgunj was not really healthy. I knew basic knowledge on chicken raising from my brother firm in Chitwan. Unfortunately, it was not local. All were happy to have it; I was observing them. As always, they also shared these eggs to other boys who were at shop.

I was last comer in group, I was trying to sit in wood just next to the hut, my eyes stop at the arm of young boy, He was about 12 years old. He broken his arm by fallen from horse of neighbour.

He went to Gamgadi at private hospital. Hospital said that he need surgery and had to go Jumla. But, he returned to village and put the bandage with traditional slab which was made from the sticks. I saw same when a baby buffalo broken its legs when I was quite young at Chitwan. I took his history where the poverty and ignorance are overlap each other. I gave my contact details for reaching out me and asked to come to Jumla hospital for surgery where I would take care of the financial matters.

Might it was first time, Shahi spoke, these eggs were spoiled. Many of them were already eaten, few were eating. Priya was eating last and shouted, it was not like earlier. I said, just leave it if you hadn't had confidence. I also seen the egg had changed color, they were light green or blue not white. We had three additional members who were with us from Sumligau. They were going Gamgadi for their citizenship.

At Sumligau, we just stopped for a while due to heavy rain. We were sitting at the narrow/tiny veranda along with other customers at tea shop. It was about 4 pm though he hotel owner (woman) was eating rice. The hotel owner woman was so happy with her customers.

Few men were drinking liquor and making laughs within them. The hotel owner was asking money. The Mugu Karnali River was flowing just next to us with loud. Many labourers were working in road across the river. In between, the big stones were dropping in to river with big noise like bombing. She was sitting next to oven at her Kitchen. The Kitchen was attached with foot trail road. The road was for goats, horses, donkeys and people since history. There was very strong connection between flies and dirt and made vicious circle too.

Priya went to toilet, there was toilet next to the river. The rain was not heavy, so Priya forgot her raincoat. About 15 minutes later, I asked Priya to wear raincoat but she forgot to collect it.

Bishnu was ready to run but these boys said, we were without bags so let us run.

They ran but there was no rain coat. This is how these three boys were accompanying with us.

These boys were enjoying to talk with Priya, they had mobile and singing songs with loud. I asked, when would you return, how many days would take for it?

They replied, this trip was twice for citizenship. He started to explain about the story of citizenship. Last time, when I went to Gamgadi, there was no village secretary who is responsible for all forms of activities at village level. Village council or development committee, is primary unit of administrative process in Nepal. He supposed to stay at village.

Unfortunately, they were in headquarter since Maoist insurgency in Nepal at the name of security. It was not true. During conflict, there were few casualties but now the situations is already improved. Indeed, most of villagers are so innocent and kind so they considered the employees whether from government or non-government as guest and do enough care.

Usually, villagers don't ask or challenge them. because they don't know that they are paying various forms of tax to their government for their remuneration directly and indirectly and they are there for their support as servant not master.

Sadly, the employees are not honest with community people. There are many cases where the employees involved in making fake documents and wrong decisions and involved variety of corruptions. Thus, village secretaries and others specially who are belong with government like to escape from village and stay in headquarter.

Usually, they have business, house or children are studying there which is more comfort and practical for them. These boys said that they going to Gamgadi today because they spoke with secretary yesterday.

In Kathmandu, I was fighting for citizenship right since 2004. There were many flaws in equal citizenship rights. The most of the issues were already addressed though there was problem in enforcement. Unfortunately, the right of citizenship at the name of women is still not address by constitution 2015. Despite having so many people friendly and progressive laws, villagers e.g. boys were suffering and deviating from their developmental and learning goals too.

Priya knew that one boy out of three, got married when he was grade 9. She shocked and shared me couple of times. How he could make choice for his life at grade 9?

Don't school teach about biology and other needs when they were quite young at school. She added, didi, I had planned to get marriage at the age of 29 years which is still late in Asian communities. My dad and mom had done marriage 21 years before when they met each other at work. They were on dating for 2 years. She was telling in a way that she was senior than her parents.

She was always happy while someone called Nepali or look like Nepali. In USA, there is small percentage of people are doing marriage at young like here. Julia's brother had boy when he turned in to 18 years old.

Priya and Julia also started to call husband to their horse guide. In the beginning I didn't understand why they were saying. They could call husband from horse guide.

They were laughing, making jokes, taking photographs with their horse and guide. It sounded so funny.

The new boy from Bhi also sharing bad experience on citizenship. He paid \$100 for his citizenship which should be issued in free of cost except fee for form. He said, the authority asked the original citizenship of his dad, his dad was in Bardiya for treatment which was not possible to bring from Bardiya due to time factor. I need citizenship to apply in one organization for job so I agreed to pay it though he had copy of citizenship of his father.

Since that story, he was hooked with me. He also shared on how did his brother become Christian. How he denied to change religion. In his house, Bible was given by a white skin foreign. He also Maoist ex-combatant. He was quite young though involved in headquarters attack as mediator. He enjoyed that job so he couldn't continue his education after 8 grade. Meantime, he was felled in love with 8 grade girl. Now, they have already had 3 years' boy. He was so worried about their life. Neither he knew nor anyone suggested to make gap for having kid after marriage. Now, I failed to take care of baby, wife and parents, hadn't have enough land for survival so feeling so guilty on having early marriage and baby. I also like to buy something special for them but no money. There is no way for earning money so I started to have alcohol to get rid of my stress. I know it was bad for health and family, I couldn't sleep if I were not drink.

I was sad by listening his story, and said, did you think that I hadn't had tension. I have very bad life and so many tragedies but I never ever drink alcohol as you. Alcohol is not solution at all. He encouraged his wife to continue her education by thinking that the time for women. If she could get job, I love to work at home, he added. Otherwise, I have to go India, he continued. Going India is not solution but it is means for survival.

He was so serious and said, we don't have good education system here. We hadn't have teachers with quality, students and parents were not paying attention on school activities that teachers were looking for too. Schools close for long time up to four months at various names. So, teachers were written the answers at blackboard, during exams even no need to cheat by our self so we passed the SLC but we don't pass by knowledge, skills and confidence.

Now, I know about the change but no way from our level. My certificates didn't help me at all to get rid of my suffering. I felt shame even to say my education.

When we reached the hotel at Salyani, it was already dark and hotel owner were already finished their cooking for their guests. They also hadn't had water, need to bring directly from river. They bit hesitated when they saw us but there was no way for saying NO.

Because there were no other options and except four of us, all were local means they were their customers before and finally it is matter of humanity too. I asked Bishnu, to manage hot water with salt for soaking girl's feet. I was seeing Julia's feet

getting swelling, she scratched all the times. I was worried about her blisters too. She was touching on it constantly. She didn't care much about hygiene. In the beginning, they hesitate and said, we were already tired. I was begging with them and used the Nepali saying, guest is god, they are guests and got sick. So we should take care of them.

Finally, we got hot water but the Julia was not ready as I asked to do. So I sat on a floor with wood and I soaked her feet in hot salt water about 20 minutes. I had done same for Priya too and asked them to lying down on floor where we supposed to sleep.

The river attached with hotel. Hotel attached with road. Road attached with Kitchen. it is open, outside means so dirty. Both husband and wife seemed strong but they are so lazy. Their kids also outside of home for study. The flies were active while eating even at night 10 PM. I was getting mad with these all so called hotels.

Now our team was really so big, all together 11 people, even hard to get floor for lying down. We assigned a room at upper story or first floor but it was store room again, almost full with pipes for water supply and other materials. It was so dusty, there was so small bed with so dirty piles of clothes.

I asked Bishnu, let's clean it. We could spray water and can clean it in order to reduce the dust. I was following the noise from the next room. Few were from Bhi village, they crossed us during lunch time but they were stock here for Bangepani.

While eating dinner, I met a young lady. She was eating dinner by sitting literally at floor. I was so angry by seeing all so-called hotels.

Today, I was exploding.

I asked how much money you earn in a day? They replied \$ 200-300 which was not bad.

I asked did you believe on sin and religion? They remained quiet. I added, if it sins and religion exist in this universe, you would get full bunch of sin.

The woman got angry. I assessed her gestures and reading face but I continued, *why don't you clean your room, why don't you clean your kitchen, why don't you use aqua tablets for water? We are paying for good food but you are giving dirty or flooded water. This is perfect example of sin. My voice getting louder first time in this trip.*

*Later Bhim and Bishnu were saying to cool down and girls were just wondering. I understand but it was too much. They are 3 hours far from the headquarter, we paid and not getting minimum service. Did you think this is your private property? No it is ours too because you were here otherwise other people come and serve. You are here for us too, who would clean your Kitchen ? who would wash your blouse ? Did you think that the leaders whom you voted, they come and wash your blouse and clean your kitchen? Never, you must do by yourself. I was saying same at Bhi village but doing in polite tone but here I was mad. They hadn't had realized yet so I*

*said, I would sue at CDO office and court. Then, husband spoke, we would change our hotel.*

That lady spoke very gently for my favour as if I was begging. She was also from Mugu, she had already walked a day for Kathmandu. This is her husband's house. Now, her husband is in Kathmandu for study. She is from Tikapur but originally went from Achham. She met her husband while studying at Tikapur. Her husband went there for study. Even after, marriage, usually she lived at her maternal house because she was youngest daughter. She had one brother his name is Prof ...Shah at Tribhuvan University. I was really amazed from her story.

It was simple and short but full story for understanding the gender discrimination between son and daughter, husband and wife. In addition, it showed the hardship for women due to no means for transportation and associated with safety and security.

When I divided the floor among us by sleeping bags, I remembered that lady. I dared to go next room. I saw her with about 8 months' boy, she was alone in this room where all men had liquor too. So I asked her, you can join in our room if you like to sleep with girls. We were waited and waited but she hadn't come. She had already left the hotel when we awake up in morning.

While sleeping, Julia pushed to Priya and Priya pushed to me and my sleep always got disturb. In top of that, I was ready for fight or flight.

Next day, without tea, we left hotel. I wanted to reach Gamgadi to take bath. I kept on changing my vitals (I often called vital for under garments once I joined nursing school. In medical science, vital refers the temperature, respiration, blood pressure of patient), cleaned by baby wipes though feeling so dirty. Indeed, I am not nitty-gritty person or highly accommodative in many ways. It was raining though we decided to move. The foot trail was so narrow and difficult to walk.

When we reached to Phalhal, girls took off from horses and their husbands and Bishnu were clearing the road. It was tough for horses too, there could fell stone any time from hills, there were many cases of dying from stone felling from hills and committed suicide so villagers called Phalhal (let's drowning).

Suddenly, Priya screaming, I wanted to go toilet.

There was nothing to hide, we were in steep down hills.

Priya was saying, didi, it was urgent. I said, please do just here, I asked Bhim and Bishnu close their eyes with seriously. Because of road, I couldn't say to go head to men which I had done several times earlier. Priya was so accommodative. I really appreciated her receptiveness. She was ready by the time 5-6 people appeared from the corner so hills and she tried to control till pass by them.

Unfortunately, it was like pushing during child birth where mother can't control her body. I felt Priya had same and she screamed until they crossed. I was scared very badly because she had already taken medicine and better than Julia for drinking and eating.



If she would go coma due to nervousness, what could I do?

Still had three hours to reach Gamgadi. I asked Priya, please baby let's sit here, I hold you.

She was in rush even pulled down her pants, it was exploding everywhere.

The diarrhoea was with bad smell and watery with dark green colour. I confirmed that it was because of spoiled egg. She had less immunity and got such illness where the oral medication was not working. The diarrhoea was on her raincoat, her legs, pants and on my shoes and pants too.

I persuaded her and clean her body with baby wipes. I tore off the rain coat and threw away. I asked Bishnu to carry her again, because she was so weak, I can imagine. But Bishnu said, she had problem on her stomach, while carrying on back, made more hurt to her.

I convinced.

After crossing that hardest part of river, she rode horse. I requested to all to run as early as possible. Again, Priya had diarrhoea, nature was same.

We had tea break at Bhhatechaur before crossing the Mugu Karnali.

Priya had diarrhoea again, there was toilet but very small. We observed that kids were there for same diarrhoea.

Indeed, diarrhoea is common in this region. We refilled bottles and move on again. We need to climb up the mountain to reach Gamgadi.

I was last passenger again.

On the way, I observed private school, so many donkeys, horses. The donkeys and horses are the only one means for transport here since history but the road was so dirty and smelling due to them like muddy due to by mini trucks.

I went there directly. About two hours before, ex parliamentarian Nabaraj Dhami connected me and he suggested to go directly to Chandanath Hospital.

The name of hospital sounds fancy with quality but it was not. It is a pharmacy with beds, basic service of lab, x-ray and emergency care without doctor. It was exactly similar with Jumla hospital in 2001. The toilet was in ground floor and we were in first third floor from back and ground floor from road side.

Two graduates who studied Health Assistant (HA), were managed it. Priya was sitting in bench when I reached them. HA was sitting in his chair and packing the blood pressure set where I could figure out that he just finished the vitals.

I explained the situation, medication I gave and request him to carry out all basic things as his best without any feeling of reservation or considered that we were patient from village.

In my experience, she needs IV injections for two reasons, I, the oral medicine didn't work and ii) she needed to rehydrate.

He agreed and start to work but Priya scared for IV.

I counsel her on how IV works and important her.

Finally, she agreed and opened.

I, myself asked to give medications as forms of injections for parasites, stomach pain, antibiotics etc. After two bottle, when Priya had very clear urine and little diarrhoea, she slept.

About 1 PM, I went to hotel. The horse guide, and all in our team, they were keen to stay at hotel Chandanath. They were explaining about it since two days. I calculate the money for rooms and asked to stay there. Because it is not only matter of money it is matter of empower.

While I organize the trainings where I could influence, I always preferred to do in both places village and hotel which was very effective approach to learn, exchange and taking ownership.

The distance between hotel and hospital was about four minutes but the road under construction with big flat stones so hard to walk. The Gamgadi is also very crowd. I asked Bhim to stay with Priya with instruction while I was hotel for lunch.

I asked others to do as their wish like meeting friends, roaming around bazaar etc.

I was thinking that Julia took bath, clean her socks and paints but she was lying on bed without eating.

I asked, have you eaten something?

She replied yes.

But the hotel replied NO.

I asked, what do you ate? She replied, coffee.

I was angry but kept quiet and asked, Julia, let's go to eat then would go to see Priya.

She was still ignored.

I spoke with loud.

Then she followed me.

She hadn't had ask about Priya.

We were in dinning of the hotel; I was eating Nepali food where she was eating noodles.

While we were eating, a man asked me, were you Radha Paudel, a writer of Khalangma Hamala. I nodded head for yes. He added, that book was so inspiring, but why didn't you appear in media? It was not my fault, I replied. The media, publishers and literature groups are heavily divided by politics and always looking for the power or benefit. I hadn't have any political connection yet and I was the simply

voter based on the performance of leader. Secondly, I was from rural and poor background and I spent my core life in rural areas, I focused on work. My motto is working as much as I can in field, without actions, no peace. The absence of war is not peace.

He agreed.

I asked Julia, to find the under garment for Priya. She was careful for each aspect than Julia but her clothes spoiled due to bad diarrhoea. I asked to wash their clothes at Bhi and I packed myself so I found a pair of clothes.

While going back to hospital, I bought two pants for Priya but weren't fit her. Indeed, I brought two for trial, I just gave \$5 but it costs \$7. I had negotiated with shopkeeper to return if the unfit. There was the largest size. Later, both were not worked out.

It was night while we returned from hospital so I gave these pants to Bishnu. The remaining money, also I forget to pay. I felt shame

Indeed, I was thinking that we would go same road and pay on the way to Rara but road was different. I remembered of it when we crossed the road about an hour. So I called the parliamentarian and asked to pay for it.

He was saying, oh...I saw the news that a lady was stolen two pants from shop at Gamgdi in local paper. Police was searching you, he made jokes and saying how much serious you were.

Again, I was with Priya, she ate soup what I brought from same hotel. She started to talk. I was telling story here and there to get her refreshed.

She knew that I don't know the exact date of birth. She felt bad and said, let's celebrate your birthday along with me in March. Later she shared that story with Julia and she also felt same.

Priya asked what Julia was doing at hotel? Had she taken shower?

I smiled, she ate lunch of coffee and sleeping.

It was so surprising me when Priya also talked about money and cried. When I reminded her Dr.Edmund. Dr Ed was under surgery for his neck in June 16, 2016.

Indeed, my intention was to consul her by thinking health problems across globe. She cried and told, I spent so much money due to sick, Dr Ed spent so much money for me.

I didn't understand much, might sponsored by Project Nepal. Priya was sensitive for each moment though she was quite young for questions against few matters. I was happy with her and saw the lots of potential for future. She was so fresh after changing clothes.

Now, she hadn't had anything, the drip was stop but Canula was there because I wanted to give second dose of medicine via IV means have to wait at least 8 PM.

While we were chatting, she got call from her dad or Sujay. She was loud and didi, didi, dad calling.....

She had mixed feeling.

I gently replied her, please don't tell him that you were in hospital, tell him that you were on rest due to diarrhoea at Gamgadi. She talked with dad in normal tone, explaining about bit about trekking, horse riding and diarrhoea.

I was thinking that she might cry with dad but she hadn't had cried and made artificial laugh while talking with him.

I also spoke with her dad.

He shared, I trust you, made Rara too if possible, pushed the girls bit. The opportunity never come. I felt warm what a positive man I met and how he cultured his daughter.

Immediately, she received the message from Lynn, her mom from Malasia. Lynn was there for taking care of her dad who is fighting with cancer for long. She was saying, you were at hospital according to Julia.

Priya was embarrassed, oh, Julia was shared with her mom about me.

She didn't come to see me but sharing about me. I said, it was ok, tell mom that we were in hospital for rehydration because you had problem in drinking water. Her mom was calling but it disconnected. I told Priya, we always have to honest with parents but try to strategic to share.

Now, dad was alone at USA, he might feel bad and we wouldn't get any help if we consult with him. We had more options here. We could have managed by our-self.

To divert her mind, I asked, why did you call husband for horse guide?

She laughed with full energy.

We were shocked how they could think about marriage and kid when they were at grade 9.

She backfired with me, why didn't you get marry? I simply replied, I hadn't had fall in love yet, if I fall in some point, I could. She laughed and laughed, by the time you get old, Radha didi.....

I replied, I am already old in Nepali context. I explained the life expectancy of Karnali and Kathmandu and all 13 zones.

She really shocked now, I knew well on how the Karnali people are dying 18 years before than the entire country. From Kolti to here, the life was full of with tragedy, more than that, I couldn't define didi, you are great woman, I try to work as you have done. She got bit emotional as well as determined too. I tried to hide my tears.

She was quite young though I tried to explain her as follows; *according to the Human Development Report 2014, the life expectancy of the Karnali people is*

49 years where as 67.8 years of people who are living in 13 zones of Nepal. Here, the Karnali people lost 18.8 years (67.8-49 years). Today, the average population of Karnali is 500,000 means the Karnali people lost their life by 9,400,000 (18.8 years' x 500,000). If we calculate the number of population from the national life expectancy, the total LOST population is 138,643.1 (9,400,000 x 67.8 years) and 191,836.7 if we calculate from Karnali's life expectancy (9,400,000 x 49 years). If we calculate the total number of LOST population for 226 years, it is 43,355,102 (191,836.7 x 226 years, the experts claimed that the Karnali is in isolation when the unification of Nepal taken place or about 226 years before).

The number of population either 138,643.1 or 191,836.7 or 43,355,102 is a perfect genocide within country or by state. I convicted for calling genocide because it 'is the intent to systematically eliminate a cultural, ethnic, linguistic, national, racial or religious group.' My heart doesn't allow to rest. Why it happened? It is happened by the negligence of the government. If so what is role of political leaders from Karnali? Karnali is always represented in parliament since beginning no matter of nature and name of political system. If the Karnali leaders are failed or incapable (I assumed) what is role of other leaders or parliamentarian? Where is the role of political parties and their sister's organization? What sorts of Nepal do Nepali political leaders seeking for? Do they know why Nepal has ranked under the least developing country in the world? Does it because of the statistics of Jhapa or Taplejung or Sarlahi or Gulmi or Myagdi or Kathmandu? No, not at all. It is because of the Karnali. Without intervening at Karnali, is it possible to uplift Nepal's economic and human capital as Nepal signed at global forum. Signing and delivering the speech is similar forms of activities which can be done within cocoon of comfort zones. Cutting the story short, it is because of another layer of negligence of political parties and leaders largely. They are very busy and competent in leg pulling, pushing, bullying, criticizing and brining popular agenda for Karnali e.g. Karnali Employment Program. The experiences conclude that they believe in words not for works or actions or results. More importantly, they are working for parties not for the people.

Except small chunk of elites and neo-elites, Karnali people are living in 2000-3000 BC as shown in Stonehenge, London. It is very true that many people are dying without experiencing of the basic services and infrastructure such as electricity, telephone, health, education and motor able roads. In March 17, 2016, my brother called me for seeking help in rescuing a new-born baby girl due to death

*of her mother from bleeding after childbirth at so called hospital from here (at Mugu district) on behalf of the local journalist from Mugu. It's shame for yesterday and today that Nepal has very far away from the real ground. A single death of woman denotes many things at home, community and health institutions. To me, this death is more than urged to call for action to political leaders. Principally, political leaders should take the accountability. Unfortunately, in my 16 years' experience in Jumla and Karnali, I didn't feel the proactive role of political leaders and parties for cause except few exceptional cases. Where to start to solve the issues? Road is a vehicle to bring trade, tourism and basic services but no one considered as priority. Because none of their wives, daughters or any family members would die in Karnali due to not having blood, or emergency obstetric service, they are living either in Kathmandu or Nepalgunj or get down to these cities before expected.*

*In this scenario, where is the accountability of non-state actors which are engaging in Karnali. Do they calculate the cost of depriving of human capability and poverty in Karnali? How do they define the and analyse the relationship and impact of human right and democracy?*

*Where is the experts of this countries? Even today, the Dolpa and Humla are not connected by roads. The Karnali is rich in natural flora and fauna, biodiversity and tourism but no any significant plant and plan for it. The government is sending the rice since 1970 or replacing bread and potatoes, making dependent, paralysed and pushing for the migration. Does anyone challenging the mode of working of state and non-state actor?*

*If we forget about the life expectancy, there are many others concerns who justify the genocide in Karnali further. The entire country experienced of boarder blocked for 6 months in southern boarder but the Karnali is in blockade since history.*

I asked to Jay and all to show up at hospital for good bye before leaving while giving money for their support during lunch. I had given money to Jay for injection to his horse too. I wanted to discuss with Jay how can we touch in future. I really like to help him but he even didn't appear for good bye. He might have frustrated with us as stranger or not get any person to take care of horse or worry to return to home or shopping from the money I gave. Anyway, I try to explain to Priya but she missed him very badly.

It was bit early though I asked to give all medicines via IV. When we reached hotel, all were waiting for us for dinner so Priya asked me, to have dinner. She said, she would be waiting at room alone. I was bit rush while eating, I had invited Nabaraj

Dhami too. I had done my dinner so fast and I was waiting at the door of kitchen to wash my hand, I suddenly heard a mimic cry, Radha didi, I want to go toilet, Radha didi..., I want to go toilet..... Priya was crying and calling me from veranda, she was walking here and there. I forgot to show toilet before going for dinner, she was in first floor and we were in ground floor. Might be due to language problem, no one followed her request too. She also calling me not to ask the toilet when she had urge for toilet.

I felt guilt, ran without washing my hand and brought her to toilet. I went toilet with her since she had diarrhoea. The diarrhoea was getting better now. She also has eaten some bread, rice, soup and we slept.

Before going to bed, I asked Priya about the option of our trip; i) returned from Gamgadi by plane, ii) returned by helicopter from Gamgadi, iii) Went to Rara and back to Gamgadi and returned and iv) went to Rara and went to Jumla as our original plan.

Despite all sickness, hardship, she said both, Rara and Jumla. I wanted to meet the kids and Peace Learning Center whom my dad and Dr Ed met. I had watched these photos and video so I didn't like to missed it. So we had plan for accordingly. After leaving Nepalgunj, there were clean bed apparently. I was following Priya and Julia whether they were ok or not all the time.

In Gamgadi, I wanted to see or meet with CDO (Chief District Office), WDO (Women Development Office), District Education office and political, women leaders and media if possible but I couldn't meet due to sick But I met few leaders who were from Nepali Congress. They had meeting. In hotel, I met Ex. Minister Hasta Bhadur Malla and Dili Mahat, they were surprised while seeing me.

I asked them, let's sit together, I had to share many things from village, I was coming via Kolti, Bajura. They were asking about Laxmi Tamang, wasn't Laxmi bainne came? I introduced them with Laxmi and working together while we were in series of consultative meeting for road construction campaign from Gamgadi to Nagchenagla. Both were not ready and supporting to Nepal Communist Party, UML for not supporting the road construction campaign.

I also met a young gentle man from same political party from Humla. He was Chandra Bhadur Hamal. I met him about five years back along with Bishnu Raut at Nepalgunj. He was young and dynamic leaders till date. I had an hour chat how the young leaders look like, what type of leaders are seeking by Karnali people and Nepal at large.

## **June 18, 2016**

I was leaving hotel with heavy heart because many things didn't go well at Gamgadi as I planned. Further, I met two consultants who were working for UNICEF for disaster planning. Out of two, man whom I met in 2011 while travelling to Kalikot from Nepalgunj and stayed at the same program for five days. He had very hard to recognized me. I was wondering what they plan, what sorts of disaster they put in their plan? had they include the drought, diarrhoea and empowering people at their



plan or just talked about flood and Gavin wires. I saw many Gavin wires over streams and rivers which were already half a way of flood due to not having deep and strong foundation. Had they plan for coming mechanism and enough funds for it. usually, the donors and employees keep more money their logistics and shake their hearts while allocating enough funds for activities at village. Like in Kathmandu's star hotels, the hotels in headquarter were occupied by the NGO's work, very hard to get the rooms for guest but the ground reality was more or less same since long of development in Nepal.

We walked about ten minutes up to the bus park from hotel and rode a rental car for Rara after having breakfast at hotel Chandanath. We had wheat bread and potato. At beginning of our conversation, Bishnu also like to returned home, later, he agreed to go to Rara. He never visited the Rara though he was from same district so I encouraged him to use this opportunity to enjoy.

About two hours' car drive, we reached at the gate of Bufeerzone areas of Rara national park. There was small tea shop, owned by women with two sons and taking care of her mother as well. She lives here temporarily or half of the year when summer starts. We thought that we can go bit further but that hotel lady not allowed as rule of buffer zone.

I tried to asked chief of buffer zone and army. We had contacted to major of Barak but he hadn't contacted that lady so we decided to walk but how? Priya was so weak though she said, I was ok. She was taking three types of medicines, every 6-8 hours she had to take like at hospital, where I rang the bell.

One 54 years old man with drank, came to me and said, asked this lady (pointing Julia) to cover her legs, here had enough insects, they were so much contaminated. I just translated and asked him about direction. He also was going to Rara for his personal meeting. So we decided to walk with him as escorted.

We all were carrying bags except Priya. I didn't like to carry bag by Julia too but no way. I was distributing chewing gum to everyone including that man and his friend.

Later, they asked to carry the bag when they saw the shortness of breath of us. There was a meadow but no cattle as others had. But we saw many huts in left side of the road. The road was flat, the weather was super clean and so romantic.

Priya came to my ear and whisper, Radha didi, I was back than Julia, how come. I just smiled and asked her to drink water and biscuits.

Now, I had very limited food. When stopped at Mili meadow and had snacks and water. These two man were so happy and engaged in the conversation with Bhim, they were carrying the bags of girls.

We took group photo.

It was so nice.

We were seeing entire lake.

The horses, cows were grazing with enjoying their democracy. Here, I like to called democracy because they have freedom from each perspective.

The road bit slippery due to rain, dense forest though we enjoyed in walking, there was no sunshine at all.

Sometimes, we also meet musical stream. They were tiny but so sweet and lovely. The pine trees were also like painting tress, had various forms of shape and colours due to having constant cold.

While walking, we met another man whom Bishnu spoke by saying, namaste sir...I was wondering how he could call sir, seemed the connection while Bishnu was at Maoist insurgent. My assumption failed. That guy is a teacher from Chitwan, he teaches Nepali and Bishnu met that teacher while he taught at Bhi. He had already taught for 26 years in various schools of Mugu.

I asked his details in Chitwan. Somehow, I can locate his house. He will be retired soon, he said. I was counting his 26 years, the mad cold and all at Mugu.

Mugu's hadn't has black topped airport till before a year. Mugu was not much priority of all stakeholders due to hardship in each sector. Originally, he was from Parbat but he went to school in Chitwan. I had deep respect him whether he contribute as expected or not. At least he accepted all hardship for the sake of job. We dispersed when we reached to Katiyad.

The level of water was significantly decreased as I observed in 2003, 2014. I felt sad. It could be the impact of climate change and deforestation.

We had walked complete an hour once we touched the water of Rara, it is half circle to reach the hotel. Finally, we reached the gate of Danfe hotel.

Girls were entered without asking me. I also made joke, hey girls that is not our way for hotel. They ready to return but I also entered via next gate.

It was 2 pm, we were hungry too. So we had noodles with vegetables. There were enough vegetables which was produced locally such as cabbage, cauliflower, green leafy vegetables etc.

The two men still with us. One entered in to separate room of hotel and started to drink Bangepani. I was saying that dai (brother), I would pay for everything except Bangepani. The other man was sitting with me outside of the hotel and saying, he couldn't survive without Bangepani. I hadn't had it since long. He ate noodles along with me.

Before leaving, the older man said, I had drunk, please pay for it too (he showed by using sign language than words) and the other was smiling. Though I see off them with thank you.

In hotel, there was rooms, all were occupied because of the season of external auditing, the government people came from Gamgadi and Jumla. They were coming from Kathmandu or Nepalgunj for monitoring indeed.

Likewise, I met many political leaders who were belonged with Nepali congress because they had program at Gamgadi. The few leaders came from Surkeht too. I knew few of them.

I was thinking of them. What they feel about Rara? They arrived at evening and started to drink alcohol and next day they returned back, it was look like their work just putting tick mark instead of results.

My rain coat was using by Priya so I had no raincoat, I was wearing my Jacket that was not enough for rain in such dense forest. So I got flue.

Indeed, I loved to stay in tents outside but we all were sick so I was trying to find a room. Thus, I was looking for a guy whose name was Jagat, originally from Surhet and he was head cook and manager of this hotel.

When I found him in washing room, he was cleaning vegetables. He recognized me very easily once I said Namaste, how were you? He was excited and said, Radha didi, were you fine?

Indeed, I met him at the base camp of Chuhemara while having tea during 2014's trip to Rara. There was only one tea shop at that road for a whole day trip. He was with his friend from Dailekh. I was with my team members from Austria, Germany and Nepal. I was the last trekker as always.

I was observed a guy entered in to left side of the foot trail. It was light rain and dark too. I was walking ahead but I hadn't notice that that guy returned. I didn't know myself.

I suddenly remember the story of Munamadan. His friend was strong and walked so faster. He hadn't known about that one. So I decided to follow him. While I walked about 10 minutes in steep hills on same direction, I saw that guy was lying over falling tree as look like tree. I called him. he spoke but the speech not much clear. However, I understood that he caught by bad diarrhoea. Now, I was also abandoned by my team members as well. So I gave him medicine for anti-diarrhoea and Jeevan Jal (ORS) which I carried always in my bag. Then I carried his bag which was small but heavy because he was carrying Sel roti (traditional special bread like circle and homemade pickle).

Later, my friends came back by calling my name. Jagat knew about his friend when he was waiting in next tea shop near to Rara. That time, I stayed two nights at Rara.

Jagat prepared a kind of attached room for us instead of tents and prepared good food for us. The room small but bed was enough for three of us, we joined two beds and made a master bed. And the space in ground was so little though I asked to make a bed for Bhim and Bishnu which safe, clean and cheap.

We went outside, stayed at tower, took photos, girls were so happy. First time Julia used her camera and make so many jokes with Priya about Bhim and Bishnu.

I was busy in paying the fee for entrance for girls and they were enjoying at the bank of Rara. I was so happy that fulfilling their dream finally. Here, I had confident even they get sick because there was barrack.

Last time, my two friends (Nepali and German) got very bad flue, they didn't like to trek so I asked Army to manage to bring them till Gamgadi, airport. We also went to see Barack chief or major. He was bit reserved.

It was light rain, it kept us standing at the bank of Rara. I read his psychology and say good bye unexpectedly. I was aware how major and other were enjoying the facilities from Hotel and others from the staff of hotel before and now. There were keep on changing the chiefs but the practice is same. I was thinking on how do they pass the time without any significant engagement.

This was third time of mine though I fell in to love as if It was first time. So I wrote one modern song, one poem and one article from the premises of Rara. My article was here;

### ***RARA: A Venture of Love, Inspiration and Pride***

*Namaste, where are you from?*

*Jumla? A tiny boy responded somewhere middle of the group.*

*Jumla! Where? I was thinking, the group of students were from somewhere nearby Rara village. They were replying with reading data of Rara National Park at the premises of Rara Lake. I continuously asked, where are you from in Sinja? They replied in group, Kanakasundari High School, Hatsinja, Jumla.*

*Wow! I really impressed with young children who are studying at grade 8 but exceptionally look tiny. I am sure that it was because of compromised the basic needs due to poverty associated with chronic malnutrition. In a way, these children are lucky enough. They born in such a precious and historical place where the Nepali language was evolved. And they could make Rara in a day walking distance from their residence which is the biggest lake in Nepal.*

*Humm..how many children in Kathmandu have known about this facts and passion except rhetoric responses during exams. Do the parents even tell this crucial information with their children? Is any parent ready to send their children to Rara on their own? About 20 children, who born as excluded and marginalized, I found them very wise, and passionate towards the learning and nation. I really happy and grateful with my friends and relatives who keep on sending their children all the way from USA and beyond. Three years back, one of my Canadian professor, trekked from Jumla to Mugu with her 9 and 11 years' daughters and I was doing 16 years running to young girls. Today, it is time for having positive and proactive mind set and move towards. I asked myself, why do my Nepali and non-Nepali folks don't like to visit Seti-Karnali except official or sponsor trip.*

*Suddenly, I started to recall my childhood. I knew both Rara and Sinja very simply when I was contested quiz competition at Gauriganj primary school, Chitwan. During those days, neither I rode bus nor walked beyond 3 hours nor knew the lakes where I spent my most of the time in and around two small lakes in Chitwan national park namely 20 thousand and sisters in laws lake.*

*I was sad when I knew the name of lakes again in quiz contest. But time is changing though the pace is very slow and my dream came to true.*

*It was third time of mine to meet Rara in 16 years course. First time, I entered via Dafne lake, Jumla Jhyari and Rara. Second time, I trekked from Narakot, Bota, Chuchemara and Rara. And now, I walked through Kolti Bajura, Humla, Gamgadi, Mugu and Rara. There is another route, I yet to make; Kolti, Bolding Bajura, Katyad and Rara.*

*Hopefully, I could make it one day. Now, the rough motor road near to Rara Buffer zone via Surkhet, just about 1 an hour takes place to reach Rara from there. The road not really bad indeed. The road up to Nagma, boarder between Jumla and Kalikot, blacktopped. Then the road is rough but not hard now. The foot trail takes minimum 2 days to reach and 2 days to back either way from Jumla or Kolti. I prefer to spend 3-3 days on trekking and 2 days in Rara lake to rejoice the beauty of Rara. If there is any serious concern of health or any Emergency or anything, there are other options too but required money to use flights up to Gamgadi or Rara Army Barack for Helicopter. Further, Barack provides the medical service in case of emergency. There are options to make trip more adventurous and fruitful. Few of my friends from Australia had hired porters for tenting and camping and horse riding which seems bit expensive but fantastic where as my friends from Germany and Austria trek and stayed at home stay that is cheap as well as more sharing and learning with community. The tenting at Rara lake, wow ! exceptionally lovely, but need warm clothes even during summer season due to high altitude. Never forget to bring hiking socks to compete with steep hills.*

*It is situated at 2990-meter-high from the sea level, 5000-meter length, 3000-meter width, 167-meter depth. However, realized that water level is decreasing from the observation of my 3 visits.*

*The Katyad river nearly look like small drainage where as it was like big irrigation canal in 2003 and small canal in 2014. It could be due to effect of climate change and irrational development. The lake was surrounded by dense forest with couple of meadow. The sun is colouring in a way during raise, shine and set that it is royal choreographer. Too many things need to be done to preserve the essence of Rara. The local management committee is trying to manage few things such as boating, cleanliness, hotel management, safety and security etc. though long way to go.*

*Few of my friends complained, what's in Rara, nothing? I asked questions to them before responding their question. what would you want to see or escape? There is everything and so precious.*

*Rara constantly is changing her colours and motion throughout 24 hours, it is sleepless lake indeed. To me it is more than us and plant though she hasn't have attributes as possess by living things but she provides the habitat for many of us. You may not agree with me but I claimed that Rara is more than us in many ways. It is ocean of love and pride of each of us in Nepal. Rara is not for Pizza, mo:mo etc. it is for sharing, reading, reciting poems, songs, yoga, meditation, living in nature etc. and fully recharged for hope and stewardship for your personality, peace and prosperity.*

*You won't hear the modern drums but you hear the music which is composed by fishes, birds, winds, waves, leaves, rain around there. In between March to September, the weather is very pleasant and sexy.*

*It is for creation and recreation. The meadow occupies by horses, cows, sheep, goats with and without their owner but they are bonded with their own owner, returned at their respective family when the winter starts by around September.*

*Likewise, the entire meadow is being occupied by varieties of flowers which gives of feeling of all colours that exist in this universe. Thus, here, I strongly recommended to spend at least 2 nights at Rara to feel REAL Rara. The more you feel, bring more inspiration, love, passion and pride towards national which is louder than words.*

Before going to bed, I had paid for everything and also requested Jagat to manage a boy for carrying bag up to the entrance. He happily agreed and introduced with this guy.

### **June 18,2016**

I awaked up at 4.30 am and get ready to all them. We should reach Kudari, Jumla anyway. We arranged car in such a way. We walked back to same road, had rest in between, had snacks, water. The young guy from the same village working with Jagat was always fit with alcohol.

How he was working in such busy hotel, I didn't know yet. We reached the destination at 9 am as stipulated.

After having tea and biscuit, I did good bye to him and did good bye to Bishnu at Gamgadi.

It was hard to Bishnu and Girls to leave each other.

While we were on the way to Gamgadi, Julia whisper once at my ear, Radha, Bishnu loved Priya.

I said, sure and obvious. She said, no.. no..., he really loved to Priya, you know, he touched Priya while talking.

I was making jokes from back, hey who could hug him now?

Anyway, Bishnu was very honest, helpful and laborious guy, I missed him too and grateful with his support.

I was sitting on front sit for orientation of road. Bhim and girls were in back seat. Because of less load, the car had hard time to climbed up hills. I asked driver to add more passengers on his own discretion.

He stopped by many passengers but didn't got on due to high price. Car was expensive than bus. We crossed Jhayri. I recognized the few stops where we made on last trip 2014 e.g. a hotel where we had lunch and the point where we climbed up and had very hard for Chris and me. The road still under construction, though so far ok.

While we just reached at the gate of Army barrack in between Jumla and Mugu, tyre puncture with big noise. Even, armies were staring us. Once we fixed, we stopped again for lunch.

Girls were not following me because they were getting stronger. They aware well that they shouldn't walk any more except 30 minutes here and there to reach schools or meetings.

Hotel was better than earlier. The father in law and daughter in law were preparing food for us. Girls were eating noodles and rest of us were eating rice, beans and potato with green vegetables.

Because of nausea from kitchen's smoke, girls were outside. At the middle of the eating, I liked to check whether they eat or not. I saw that Priya was coving noodles by mud (buried). Julia was laughing. I went up to very close and I saw myself. She was using baby wipes to touch mud. I was mad and also thinking why did she doing so; due to nausea or negligence or playing.

Our tyre was punctured again at Hatsinja.

I found so long while passing the Botamalika. There are big mountains on the way and road is so tiny too. We had met few tractors on the way. There is small tea shop just next to the repair center where Bhim and girls were busy in chatting. I was following the children who were returned from school.

I started to ask them to recite and write what they taught in school. Many children didn't ready. Two children were ready but very hard even to read. I also ask them to write but weren't ready for it. I also announced for prize though hard to find it. I was encircled by more than ten children but no one ready.

It was sad.

I had bought two biscuits and handover to two girls who dare to read at least. The shop was busy by few men who drank alcohol. He was wearing a very formal dress and aware about the political changes in the country. But he was covering his alcohol steel glass by one hand and the other hand was using to picked up the soybean. The hotel owner was retired police. His wife also was with him. They had a daughter with them studying in grade 4 but not ready to read the book what I asked. They kept their son at Kathmandu for study.

We stopped for a while to observed Pandavgupha where villagers believed that the five brothers were stop by while they were staying at forest as punishment, according to the Mahabhart holy epic. But I was staying at car due to having fever though I had already taken medicine.

Now, I was sitting with a lady with child who served the lunch. She worked as early childhood development teacher. She knew the driver so she came with us. She had young boy so I allowed her to stay with me. There was so much dust so I worried for boy. She was going headquarter of Jumla or bazaar with confident because her

elder son was there with other family members. She was teacher at school but she kept her children away from her school.

The car was running so fast to reach Kudari before sun set. I was showing all about the places where Action Works Nepal is working. When we crossed Badki, Priya asked for pee but there was no place for hiding and of course no public toilets.

Car was stopped but no way. So I asked Priya to do it by hiding under my shawl.

Finally, she hid from stone and done. She was screaming loudly that people were coming on from right side of the road.

But it was not true, there were no one.

I asked driver to make a small round in Kalikot so girls would understand all when they review and reflect later. Driver was denying but I encouraged him. I would pay if police charged money but you must have all documents as rule.

From Nagma, boarder with Kalikot was not much far, we reached Kudari within 30 minutes. I had already informed to Kalika Shahi who is teacher of Jogibada primary school and home stay of us since 2012.

Kalika offered a room for us after dinner. We had rice, beans and potato. Girls were played with the Kalika's young boy only eight months old.

Kalika had two daughters and kept in bazaar with her sister in law. I was asking myself what sorts of education system we have in Nepal? These girls deserved to go bazaar if their area of specialization is not available. To learn alphabet, how they could keep their kids such far from them at the name of quality education. They were teacher for other's but not for own. Were such teachers teaching with passion?

Kalika's house, kitchen and kids, everywhere clean and tidy compare others. Dr Ed, Sujay, Lisa, Samjhana, were stay this house along with and without me in a course of Action Works Nepal. I was trying to start as Miteri Home stay since beginning. We ate whatever they have and sleep wherever they have empty or extra place and but we paid a rational money as per market.

*Miteri is an indigenous practice across Nepal regardless caste, class, region, religion since ancient days where the mutual love and respect operate beyond blood and marriage relationship for living in togetherness. Because the birthplace of an individual is not by choice. Ms. Radha Paudel, a Madan Purskar Winner 2014 and Peace Activist is used this Miteri as lead strategy while she worked during war and in later days in Jumla and other crisis areas. Miteri really is a proven tool for peace and justice by connecting people from various strata and levels, reflecting and rethinking the deeds in past and encourage to seek the reason of being born as human being at this wonderful world.*

Again, girls were in floor and boys in bed.

**June 19, 2016,**



While having morning tea, I had quick meeting with the team of Karnali Khadhya Udog, a Social Business started from 2013. Brisha dai was there with other two members. It was my very personal meeting while walking through. I wanted to go there for night stay because I wanted to see this project's progress but girls were so tired. The Karnali Khadya Udog is for production of fortified cookies and flour for children and adults in order to minimize the malnutrition. It was my dying dream since long but I was struggling to find the donors for financing. Finally, met with the first billionaire Binod Chaudhary in May 2013. Since then I was working for Nepal Social Business as Social Impact Advisor 'volunteer'. The villagers have pain and passion so they contributed land, time and all though they were behind as planned. I had have update against project activities, support from Jumla office, Kathmandu office and also discussed about their roles to make it as early as possible. If everything would go well, they still start their production at least from end of September 2016. They were so happy to see me there.

After drinking tea, I went to school where girls were excited and follow me. I was saying that you had to walk for 15 minutes. In one way, they scared bit and in other hand, they hadn't fully trust on me or my saying.

Once they had doubt one my saying or feeling wrong, they always said, *Very good, Thank you very much, congratulations.*

In school, parents were working for construction for drainage. I knew that from Kalika so I was here to meet almost all parent at once. There was rain so the construction work stopped and we all were gather in a single room and started to discuss. Parents hadn't known their role here as well. It was supported by the Action Works Nepal though the understanding among parents still not much optimistic. The other staff of the school also keep his children at bazaar. His wife was working as his role e.g. assistance of the school. It was not good practice indeed or it's a form of corruption. So I was openly discussed about governance within school.

Accidently, the chairman of the school management committee was the father in law of Kalika since last month. He represented Nepal Communist Peasant's Party but he hadn't known the roles and responsibilities of management committee. It was really shame. He is living a minute distance form school, his daughter in law is teacher in same school and his granddaughter 4, 7 years old were in bazaar.

I challenged both of them and also challenged to parents why didn't you questions on it. How did you assure the quality of education for your children? I briefly explained about the roles and responsibilities of parents and school management committee. There were 30 parents but only three parents told that they asked with their children about school activities.



*Discussion with students at Kudari*

I started to go this school since mid of 2013. The things are changing somehow. Students were with school dress but they were still dirty. Few students were recited from their texts. They had examination so we had shortened our stay with students.

Priya and Julia also shared their personal stories how their parents help and guide them to continue the education. Priya was highlighted why she was here, what she wanted to see while she back in future. The classroom was clean and used carpet so students could sit in floor. They also have toilet and water too.

Very quickly, we had meeting with school teachers too. They were trying to do their best. But the government 's policy was frustrating and there is no significant support for such primary schools. They asked partial support to construct the room for young children. I said, let me try. Nowadays, the schools' volume of students also increasing which was good but I am still worry where they stay while they would have rain, sunshine and snow.

We had quick meal and ran from there in different car. They all dropped off for hot spring but I was staying at car but my fever wasn't down yet. Then we stopped at Lamra and walked towards Hiyarkhola, Lamra. It was really strong sunshine, and about to mid-day too.

Girls were scared to walk; I was telling lie again. Julia was asking, was that the school? They walked so fast when I said, yes. School was changed dramatically. I started to work since 2010 on behalf of Action Works Nepal. But I always mobilize the resources whatever I found. It is the school where dalit are dominant. The school was clean, had toilet, water supply. Students were comparatively active, clean and wearing dress.



*Discussion on work load between women and men, Lamra*

Girls were in class to interact with children. We had short meeting with management committee, parents and teachers. Committee was quite new and excited to continue for quality education. I challenged them why didn't they protect the apple farm. It was too delay to start Teachers are quite young, they are trying to do their best. They started English medium class for grade one and two as well. They couldn't speak English properly and how had you taught in English medium, I asked. They said, teaching is easy, we taught from book but open discussion always hard for us.

However, I felt their passion and commitment. Parents were positive and interested towards meeting. Few of them were saying, your step was so lucky step for us. Five years back, we hadn't had anything except one teacher and our children also not good.

Now, we learned so much from you and your team, our children were doing best in high school too and we realized the value of our active role for quality education. I

was feeling warm when they shared. Indeed, I was not alone in this journey. Of course I was in cockpit and many were along with me. Prof. Joanne Millar was one of them for this school all the way from Australia. Priya and Julia also shared their personal experience on quality education, parental roles and role of teacher too.

I also interested on what extent they changed in menstrual restriction which was the parallel activity. Few of them were so traditional. I was explaining the physiology of the menstruation and the practice I was doing since long. Two traditional women and faith healer stood up and promised to change the practice at home by the end of one month. I asked Keshab, staff of Action Works Nepal, to follow up their commitment.

About two hours' discussion, we returned without observation of apple farm. I challenged them due to not taking initiation on time. I was saying, my children won't come here to study, the NGOs won't support for long term so who would suffer at the end? If you believe that it was lost of yours and your children, you had to work on it in group. I said, I won't go to see land, I was expected to have apples, wall, and beans. Sometimes, I had done similar type of challenge to make them hurt and understandable to take action by themselves. They are poor but sometimes so dependent. I had done same level of challenge in 2012 and they made the things happen within two weeks.

Followed by Hiyarkhola, Lamra school we went to Khalanga and had noodles as lunch. Girls interested to see the work what I had done 16 years back in Jumla. We were walking through the Tundikhel, a ground for army's preparation. I showed the house which was made as cover of the book.

Priya remembered the photo and seen bit emotional. They also visited new hospital where there were many patients specially children with broken their legs. I shared a case whom we met at Salyani, Mugu. I asked to Dr Mangal Rawal, please call me for the money and process here for surgery. I had given name of yours and mine to this boy. He agreed on it.

They including Dr. Mangal amused when they knew story where and how I started the blood bank/transfusion service and C-section. We also met nursing director of there.

In 2001, it hadn't had anything but now the things are moving because it got the foundation on time. I always found myself so emotional by rewinding the pains and suffering I had gone through.

Without any mentor, how I documented all my stories during these days. I amused myself. I was educated but I am so innocent even today. I have use all my energy and focused so much when I convicted myself.

Today, while talking the progress of Jumla hospital, people have forgotten the struggles, hardship of mine. I only survived otherwise I had got all forms of violence in a way and the other around at various level. I had short bio of each patient of first blood recipient, first C-Section, use of magnesium sulphate for eclampsia, first vacuum delivery, first case of use of oxytocin and I had upload at my personal blog. I

don't care what others saying and doing but I proudly stand that I made it and its foundation.

From there, we went to the house where I survived during 2002 massacre. The house owner was my god father who donated land to me by considering a daughter. Because his youngest son and me were together during that day, November 14,2002. We supposed to die that day, but survived for reason. The god father was passed away just 15 days before at Kathmandu. I attained his cremation in Pashupatinath, Kathmandu. So I was there to meet his wife or mother. We chat about dad with mom and two sisters for a while and we went to Bohoragaun.

Sushil Devkota is one of the young and positive leader from Jumla. I was supporting him in many activities since I met. Operating home stay was my dream since long but not possible because the villagers were not ready as well as my team members were so greedy to do what other NGOs doing.

However, I have been practicing myself since 2010 where my friends also doing same no matter whether they came from Nepal or outside. My friends from Australia, German, Austria, USA, UK came and stay in many villages as hoe stay but it was informal approach of it. When Shushil interested on it, I was extremely happy and had promised to bring these girls as guests. Indeed, these girls were my nieces but we practice as guest in order to show the community that Sushil kick off it.



Family of Home Stay, Jullia in white shirt, Priya in blue shirt

I had asked Sushil for same in 2014, 2015 while Helga and Michael were here at Bohoragaum. But Sushil denied and Mahesh allowed for it to them for about a month. Mahesh also agreed at the last moment. Kalika was doing same since long for me and volunteers for AWON.

Sushil was in Surkhet, but his parents and family members not much ready for home stay. I was telling them stories from Lamjung, Ghandruk. Due to first time, they bit resisted while we reached their but had done excellent behaviour for next day.

We had talked marriage practice, Chhauapdi, caste system and current politics at Jumla. Sushil dad also social worker and politician so he was engaged in conversation with us. He had two rooms for home stay. One was on upper story and the other in middle. Upper one was bit small but with proper light so girls chose that one.

Before leaving for airport, I had asked a note book and write an opinion on our stay. We all wrote in Nepali and English as we know. I had provided feedback on steps by steps too.



On the way to airport, girls went to see the Miteri Peace Learning Center, Priya took a photo where her dad taken. Miteri Peace Learning Center is my dying dream indeed. When I realized that I survived from the massacre in 14 Nov, 2014, I promised two things; write an experience of war to let policy makers know the pain living and start a peace learning center at the name of people who were dying innocently at the name of war.

My book was published only about 12 years later, I hadn't had any connection though I asked many publishers and organizations for it. Fortunately, it won the best literary award called Madan Purskar for 2014. I had given back the royalty of book 10 % to the Jumla and also started an award called Miteri Ganga Devi Peace Purskar to four people who are working significantly in peace without having any influence or by their passion.

Starting Peace Learning Center is not easy at all so I was struggling so much. Finally, my god father donated land to me and I donated land to organization for peace centre. It is composed of yoga centre, e-library, physical library, cafe, garden and peace monument. The total cost \$100,000. It is not moving due to fund unavoidable circumstances.

Hope a day would come for it. The peace monument was built in 2014 where Helga Passer from Austria helped to make it. She spent a month in Jumla and built it. It has message in four languages; Nepali, Khas, local Nepali, English and Germany. The message is;

***Welcome to Miteri Peace Gurden:***

*This garden commemorates the people who died or suffered during a decade long conflict in Nepal. It is a symbol of mutual love and respect regarding of caste, class, gender, religion or race across globe in order t respect diversity, promotion of inclusion and cultivate a culture of peace.*  
*21 September, 2014*



*Priya was at in front of the Peace memorialization or peace monument but it is*

Later, girls went to see AWON's Jumla office. It was so short due to time constraint though.

We were in airport but we hadn't have flight due to bad weather. I had high fever, my medicine was not controlled well.

I was sitting on a stone of office of airlines. I was confused to where we go home stay, office, bazaar, hotel at airport. I was sitting by lining with wall. I considered everything and decided to go Kanjirowa but there were no rooms due to cancellations of flights since last three days.

I dared to call Norbhu Lama, hotel owner. He found my voice was gone and I was sick. He said, I was coming to bring you, you have to stay here. You are daughter of Karnali and you should alive.

I was smiling.

Within 5 minutes, he appeared and we followed him. He shifted the guests in temporary room and managed for us. Girls were happy by getting the clean, new, wide, bright room with attached bathroom and hot water.

The next day, we were waiting at airport, we were schedule for second flight. Again our flight cancelled after first flight.

Due to extreme wind, the first flight also waited about an hour even after engine started. On third day, we had boarding pass for Surkhet. The Surkhet also would fine instead of waiting here in Jumla. I was sick, had very bad fever so I like to go Kathmandu as early as possible. Last two days, we were staying at hotel Kanjirowa which was so clean and friendly with good food but very expensive. Thus. I was so hurry too.

June 22, 2016, while we were ready to board, the crew members were saying, the flight was flying towards Nepalgunj. We were so happy. Finally, we arrived Kathamndu. But, my journey just started, so many things to do specially for children and women who suffer more.



*Menstrual hut in Khalanga, Jumla*



*Khalanga Jumla*