



# १४ कथाहरू

युद्धका जीवित स्मृतिहरू

## 14 STORIES

LIVING MEMORIES OF WAR



# १४ कथाहरू

युद्धका जीवित स्मृतिहरू

## 14 STORIES

LIVING MEMORIES OF WAR



# राष्ट्रिय मानव अधिकार आयोग National Human Rights Commission of Nepal

केन्द्रीय कार्यालय (Central Office)

हरिहर भवन, पुल्चोक, ललितपुर (Harihar Bhawan, Pulchowk, Lalitpur, Nepal)



पृ. नं २९

## मन्तव्य

नेपालको इतिहासको कालखण्ड मध्ये द्वन्द्वकालिन युग पनि एक अविस्मरणीय तथा नेपाली समाजलाई धेरै कालसम्म प्रभावित पार्ने दशक हो । द्वन्द्व कै कारण १७ हजार भन्दा बढि नागरिकहरूले अमूल्य ज्यान गुमाउनु पर्‍यो भने १३५० भन्दा बढि नागरिकहरूको अवस्था अहिले पनि अज्ञात छ । हजारौंको संख्यामा अपाङ्ग भएका छन् । सरकार वा तत्कालीन विद्रोही दुवै तर्फबाट प्रत्यक्ष युद्धमा संलग्नता समेत नरहेका नेपालीहरूले युद्धको विभिषिका भोग्नु परिरहेको छ । हजारौं नागरिकहरू आज पनि युद्धको घाउबाट प्रताडित बन्दै बाँचिरहनु परेको यथार्थता हाम्रो सामू छ । मुलुक संघीय संरचनामा प्रवेश गरी नयाँ संरचनाको अभ्यासरत रहिरहँदा सधैंको अलावा प्रदेश र स्थानीय तहका सरकारबाट मानव अधिकारमैत्री कानूनहरूको निर्माण र तीनको पूर्ण कार्यान्वयन गर्नु आजको अपरिहार्यता हो । द्वन्द्वपीडितहरूको पीडा, मर्म, भावनाहरूको विषयमा सरकार तथा नेपाली नागरिकहरूसँग आवश्यक संवेदनशीलता छ, वा छैन भन्ने प्रश्न उठिरहँदा कतै विस्मृतिको गर्भमा जाने त होइन ? अधिकारकर्मीहरूको चिन्ताको विषय यो पनि हो ।

बेला बेलामा एउटा स्वर उठिरहेको छ । युद्धको खाटा कौट्याउनु उचित होइन विसंनुपर्छ । के साँच्चै युद्धको प्रभावलाई विसंनु पर्ने नै हो ? के द्वन्द्व प्रभावित विस्मृतिको गर्भमा जाने, सत्ता सुखभोगले निरन्तर राज्यकोष दोहन गरिरहने ? युद्धलाई विसंनु हुँदैन निरन्तर सम्झनामा छाडेरहनुपर्छ, ताकि आउँदो पुस्ताले यसको विभिषिका बारे बुझ्नु, खबरदार गरुन र नेपालमा यस्तो घटना फेरी फेरी नदोहोरियोस भन्ने बातावरण बनेोस । शायद सम्झनामा रहिरहोस भन्ने पुनित उद्देश्य राखी वास्तविक घटनाका “१४ कथाहरू” युद्धमा जिवित स्मृतिहरू भन्ने पुस्तकको रचना गरी प्रकाशित गरिएको छ । प्रकाशित १४ कथा त प्रतिनिधिमूलक दर्पन मात्र हो । यस्ता जिवित कथाहरू हजारौं होलान केहि बढी चर्चित छन् त कोही बिस्तारै विस्मृतितर्फ जाने जमर्कोमा छन् । प्रकाशित पुस्तकमा संग्रहित १४ वटा युद्धका जिवित स्मृतिहरू पढ्दा आइ सिर्जित हुन्छ, आँखा रसाउँछ । कालिकोटमा आनन्द पाण्डे देखि म्याग्दीका सुरेन्द्र खत्रीसम्मका स्मृतिहरू पढ्दा युद्धको कुनै पक्ष नै नभएका व्यक्तिहरूका जीवन कसरी युद्धले ध्वस्त पादोरहेछ, जीवनका रमाइला क्षणहरू कसरी ध्वस्त हुन पुग्दोरहेछ, त्यसको जिवन्त दस्तावेज हो प्रस्तुत पुस्तक । नैराश्यताको बादल चिरेर जीवनलाई कसरी क्रियाशील बनाउने भन्ने विषय यहि १४ पात्रले जमर्को गरेको देख्दा मानिसहरू जस्तोसुकै प्रतिकुलतामा पनि विजयतर्फ लम्कन्छ । जीवन निरर्थक होइन भन्ने सन्देश दिएका छन् १४ पात्रले धन्य धन्य भन्न मन लाग्छ । युद्ध-पीडितका लागि कसैले पनि राजनीति नगरुन, पीडितलाई न्याय, राहत, क्षतिपूर्ति र परिपूरणतर्फ निर्विकल्प रुपमा हामी, सरकार सबै लागौं ।

मिति २०७५ साल फागुन ६ गते

१४/५/७५ अ. ११

अनूप राज शर्मा

अध्यक्ष

## मन्तव्य

नेपालको इतिहासको कालखण्ड मध्ये द्वन्द्वकालिन युग पनि एक अविस्मरणीय तथा नेपाली समाजलाई धेरै कालसम्म प्रभावित पार्ने दशक हो । द्वन्द्व कै कारण १७ हजार भन्दा बढि नागरिकहरूले अमूल्य ज्यान गुमाउनु पर्‍यो भने १३५० भन्दा बढि नागरिकहरूको अवस्था अहिले पनि अज्ञात छ । हजारौंको संख्यामा अपाङ्गता भएका छन् । सरकार वा तत्कालीन विद्रोही दुवै तर्फबाट प्रत्यक्ष युद्धमा संलग्नता समेत नरहेका नेपालीहरूले युद्धको विभिषिका भोग्नु परिरहेको छ । हजारौं नागरिकहरू आज पनि युद्धको घाउबाट प्रताडित बन्दै बाँचिरहनु परेको यथार्थता हाम्रो सामु छ । मुलुक संघीय संरचनामा प्रवेश गरी नयाँ संरचनाको अभ्यासरत रहिरहँदा संघको अलावा प्रदेश र स्थानीय तहका सरकारबाट मानव अधिकारमैत्री कानूनहरूको निर्माण र तीनको पूर्ण कार्यान्वयन गर्नु आजको अपरिहार्यता हो । द्वन्द्व पीडितहरूको पीडा, मर्म भावनाहरूको विषयमा सरकार तथा नेपाली नागरिकहरूसँग आवश्यक संवेदनशीलता छ वा छैन भन्ने प्रश्न उठिरहँदा कतै विस्मृतिको गर्भमा जाने त होइन ? अधिकारकर्मीहरूको चिन्ताको विषय यो पनि हो ।

बेला बेलामा एउटा स्वर उठिरहेको छ । युद्धको खाटा कोट्याउनु उचित होइन विर्सनुपर्छ । के सँच्चै युद्धको प्रभावलाई विर्सनु पर्ने नै हो ? के द्वन्द्व प्रभावित विस्मृतिको गर्भमा जाने सत्ता सुखभोगले निरन्तर राज्यकोष दोहन गरिरहने ? युद्धलाई विर्सनु हुँदैन निरन्तर सम्भनामा छाडेरहनुपर्छ ताकि आउँदो पुस्ताले यस्को विभिषिका बारे बुझ्नु, खबरदार गरुन् र नेपालमा यस्तो घटना फेरी नदोहोरियोस् भन्ने वातावरण बनेोस् । शायद सम्भनामा

## Endorsement Note

The conflict era is one of the unforgettable periods in the history of Nepal, which has had long-term effects on Nepali society. Due to the conflict, more than 17,000 precious lives have been lost and the whereabouts of more than 1,350 people are still unknown. Thousands of people have been rendered disabled. Civilians who were not involved in the warring parties are forced to live with the horrors of war. The reality is that thousands of citizens are still living with the effects of the war. In the changed context where the country has been restructured into federal states, it has become imperative that the federal, provincial and local governments formulate human rights friendly laws and implement them properly. In the context where there is a question of whether the government and people in general are sensitive enough to understand the pain, suffering and feelings of the conflict victims, will their suffering be forgotten? This too is the concern of human rights defenders.

Time and again, it is argued that to reopen the wounds of war is not appropriate, instead we should forget. Should the impact of war be forgotten? Should the rulers enjoy all the luxuries of the state at the expense of the tax payers? We shouldn't forget the war, it should constantly be remembered so that the generations to come understand the horrors of war and be alert, and create an environment for

रहिरहोस् भन्ने पुनित उद्देश्य राखी वास्तविक घटनाका '१४ कथाहरुः युद्धका जिवित स्मृतिहरु' भन्ने पुस्तकको रचना गरी प्रकाशित गरिएको छ । प्रकाशित १४ कथा त प्रतिनिधिमूलक दर्पन मात्र हो । यस्ता जिवित कथाहरु हजारौं होलान् केही बढी चर्चित छन् त कोही विस्तारै विस्मृतितर्फ जाने जर्मकोमा छन् । प्रकाशित पुस्तकमा संग्रहित १४ वटा युद्धका जिवित स्मृतिहरु पढ्दा आङ्ग सिरिङ्ग हुन्छ, आँखा रसाउँछ । कालिकोटमा आनन्द पाण्डे देखि म्याग्दीका सुरेन्द्र खत्रीसम्मका स्मृतिहरु पढ्दा युद्धको कुनै पक्ष नै नभएका व्यक्तिका जीवन कसरी युद्धलेध्वस्त पार्दोरहेछ, जीवनका रमाइला क्षणहरु कसरी ध्वस्त हुन पग्दोरहेछ, त्यसको जिवन्त दस्तावेज हो प्रस्तुत पुस्तक । नैराश्यताको बादल चिरेर जीवनलाई कसरी क्रियाशिल बनाउने भन्ने विषय यहि १४ पात्रले जमर्को गरेको देख्दा मानिसहरु जस्तोसुकै प्रतिकुलतामा पनि विजयतर्फ लम्कन्छ । जीवन निरर्थक होइन भन्ने सन्देश दिएका छन् १४ पात्रले धन्य धन्य भन्न मन लाग्छ । युद्ध पीडितका लागि कसैले पनि राजनीति नगरुन्, पीडितलाई न्याय, राहत, क्षतिपूर्ती र परिपूरणतर्फ निर्विकल्प रुपमा हामी, सरकार सबै लागौं ।

अनुपराज शर्मा

अध्यक्ष

राष्ट्रिय मानव अधिकार आयोग

non-recurrence of such incidents. It is perhaps for good intentions, to keep the memories of war alive, that the '14 Stories: Living Memories of War' has been published. The fourteen stories which have been published are representative. There may be thousands of such stories — some are well known, while others are slipping into oblivion. When you read the fourteen stories in this book you feel the horror of war and tears come to your eyes. From Ananda Pandey of Kalikot to Surendra Khatri of Myagdi, the book is a living testimony to how people who were not involved with either of the warring parties suffered during the war and their lives were destroyed. The fourteen storytellers who have risen above clouds of hopelessness are testimony to the human determination to overcome adversities and succeed. They bring the message that life is not meaningless, inspiring awe. No-one should do politics in the name of conflict victims. We and the government should work towards delivering justice, relief, compensation and reparations, to which there is no alternative.

Anup Raj Sharma

Chair

National Human Rights Commission Nepal

## परिचय

नेपालमा चलेको १० वर्षे सशस्त्र द्वन्द्वको क्रममा लगभग १७ हजार नागरिकले ज्यान गुमाए । १३५० भन्दा बढी नागरिक बेपत्ता पारिए । हजारौंको संख्यामा मानिसहरूले यातना भोग्नु पर्‍यो । यातनाका कारण घाइते भए । हजारौंको सम्पत्ति क्षति भयो र मानिसहरू विस्थापित हुन पुगे । यौनजन्य हिंसा तथा बलात्कारका सिकार भए । कैयौं नागरिक आजसम्म द्वन्द्वसिर्जित अपांगताको साथमा बाँचिरहेका छन् । यातना, गोली र बम विस्फोटका कारण अङ्गभङ्ग बनाइएका द्वन्द्वपीडित नागरिकहरू आजपनि संघर्षपूर्ण जीवन जिउन बाध्य छन् ।

शान्ति सम्झौता पश्चात् हामी पीडितलाई आशा थियो कि राज्यले द्वन्द्वका कारण हाम्रा मनमा लागेको घाउमा मल्हम लगाउने छ । र हामी न्यायपूर्ण एवं शान्तिपूर्ण वातावरणमा बाँच्न पाउने छौं । सरकारले सत्य निरूपण तथा मेलमिलाप र वेपत्ता पारिएका व्यक्तिको छानविन आयोग गठन गरेको छ । तरपनि द्वन्द्वपीडितका मुद्दाहरू आजसम्म पनि सम्बोधन हुन सकेका छैनन् । न्यायको खोजीमा पीडितहरू निरन्तर संघर्ष गरिरहेका छन् ।

द्वन्द्वपीडितको साभा आवाज निर्माण गर्ने उद्देश्यले सबै द्वन्द्वपीडितको छाता संगठन द्वन्द्वपीडित साभा चौतारी (सिभिसिपी) को ४ वर्ष अघि स्थापना भयो । स्थापनाकालदेखि संगठितरूपमा न्यायको आवाज उठिरहेको छ । तरपनि हामीले सबै प्रकारका पीडितको आवाजलाई सोचे बमोजिम तीव्रगतिमा अगाडी बढाउन सकिरहेका छैनौं । त्यसैगरी द्वन्द्वसिर्जित अपांगता भएका साथीहरूको मुद्दा अझैपनि प्रभावकारीरूपमा बाहिर आउन सकेको छैन ।

## Preface

In the decade-long armed conflict in Nepal, 17,000 people lost their lives and the whereabouts of more than 1,350 disappeared citizens is still unknown. Thousands of people were tortured, injured, displaced, or faced sexual violence and rape. Many are now living with conflict-related disabilities. People who were made disabled through torture, bullet wounds and bomb-blast injuries are now living lives full of struggle.

Since the signing of Comprehensive Peace Accord in November, 2006, conflict victims in Nepal have hoped that the government would do something to relieve the wounds caused by the conflict. But the issues of conflict victims have not yet been addressed. The Conflict Victims Common Platform (CVCP) was established four years ago as an umbrella organization for all conflict victims in Nepal to create a collective voice.

CVCP tries to give voice to all victims, but the issues facing people living with conflict related disabilities have not yet been well-heard. The presence of our peers living with conflict-related disabilities is far more powerful at convincing people about the effects of war than hours of speeches at any program. That is why they are the 'living memorials to the war'. They are the living histories of our armed conflict. The stories of their experiences, and their



द्वन्द्वका कारण अङ्गभङ्ग बनाइएका व्यक्तिहरूको उपस्थिति मात्र पनि द्वन्द्वसँग सम्बन्धित कुनैपनि कार्यक्रममा गरिने लामो बहसहरू भन्दा शक्तिशाली रहने गर्छ । त्यसैले उहाँहरू “द्वन्द्वका जीवित स्मारक” हुनुहुन्छ । र आफैमा द्वन्द्वको जीवित इतिहास हुनुहुन्छ । उहाँहरूको भोगाई, पीडा र त्यसलाई चिरेर अगाडि बढेका संघर्षका गाथाहरू साँच्चैकै हामी सबै द्वन्द्वपीडितका लागि प्रेरणाका श्रोत हुन् ।

यो फोटोकथा पुस्तक १४ कथाहरू: युद्धका जीवित स्मृतिहरू प्रकाशन मार्फत हामी ति साहसका गाथाहरूलाई संसार माफ ल्याउन चाहेका छौं । यस पुस्तकमा समावेश १४ कथाहरूले सत्य र न्यायको लडाईं जारी राख्न सबैलाई प्रेरणा दिनेछन् भन्ने आशा राखेको छु । आफ्ना कथा भन्ने र त्यसलाई दस्तावेजिकरण गर्ने काम संक्रमणकालिन न्याय प्रक्रियाको महत्वपूर्ण पाटो हो । सिभिसिपी द्वन्द्वपीडितका सत्य र स्मृतिलाई दस्तावेजिकरण गर्न सधैं लागिरहने छ । र न्यायका औपचारिक प्रक्रियाहरूमा आफ्नो आलोचनात्मक संलग्नता जारी राख्ने छ । त्यसमा हामी सबैको सहयोगको अपेक्षा गर्दछौं ।

अन्त्यमा, यस पुस्तक प्रकाशनमा सघाउने सम्पूर्ण महानुभावहरूलाई सिभिसिपी हार्दिक धन्यवाद दिन चाहन्छ । विशेषगरी पुस्तक प्रकाशनमा सहयोग गर्ने जिआइजेड नागरिक शान्ति सेवा कार्यक्रम र किताबको लागि सामाग्री संकलन र स्वरूप तयार गर्ने फोटो सर्कललाई विशेष धन्यवाद ।

भागिराम चौधरी  
अध्यक्ष,  
द्वन्द्वपीडित साभा चौतारी नेपाल

strength and courage to come through their pain and struggles are a real source of motivation for all conflict victims like us.

Through the publication of this photo story book 14 Stories: Living Memories of War, we want to bring these stories of courage to the world. I hope these fourteen stories will encourage all of us to continue the struggle for justice. The retelling and documentation of our stories is one of the important aspects of the transitional justice processes. CVCP will continue working on processes like this to document the memories and truth of victims of the conflict and will continue to be critically engaged in the formal processes. We hope to receive everyone's support for this in the future too.

CVCP would like to extend its gratitude to those who have helped us publish this book. Our special gratitude goes to GIZ Civil Peace Service for supporting the publication of this book, and to photo. circle for researching and designing the book in this beautiful format.

Bhagiram Chaudhary  
Chairperson  
Conflict Victims Common Platform (CVCP)





<b>प्राक्कथन</b> <b>Foreword</b>	10
<b>मेरो डायरी-सुख दुख सुनीदिने साथी</b> <b>My diary – A friend who listens to my joys and pains</b> आनन्द पाण्डे Ananda Pandey	12
<b>अहिले पनि आफ्नो खुट्टा छ जस्तो लाग्छ ।</b> <b>I still feel like I have my leg</b> अशोक सोडारी Ashok Sodari	22
<b>जिन्दगी मूल्यवान् छ ।</b> <b>Life is precious</b> भगवती गौतम Bhagawati Gautam	32
<b>मेरो आत्मसन्तुष्टि – मेरो लागि न्याय</b> <b>Justice for me is when I will feel satisfied</b> दुदराज अधिकारी Dudaraj Adhikari	42
<b>हामीले जस्तै पीडा अरूले भोग्न नपरोस्</b> <b>I hope others will not have to suffer like us</b> गया प्रसाद चौधरी Gaya Prasad Chaudhary	52
<b>जुन पक्षबाट भएपनि आखिर पीडा त एउटै हो नी</b> <b>Whichever party was responsible the suffering caused is the same</b> हेमराज थारू Hemraj Tharu	62
<b>मेरो साहसले धानेको जीवन</b> <b>A life sustained by my courage</b> कली परियार Kali Pariyar	72

जीवन नै संघर्ष रहेछ । <b>Life is a struggle</b> कृष्ण बहादुर घिसिङ्ग Krishna Bahadur Ghising	82
फेरी युद्ध कहिल्यै नहोस । <b>Let there not be a war again</b> कृष्णलाल श्रेष्ठ Krishna Lal Shrestha	92
मेरो भाई, मेरो आवाज <b>My brother, my voice</b> लिला गुरुङ्ग Lila Gurung	102
सरकारले हामीलाई दया गर्ला त ? <b>Will the government show us mercy?</b> रामकुमारी घर्ती Ram Kumari Gharti	112
जे भए पनि बाँच्नुभएको छ <b>Whatever may have happened, you are still alive</b> राम रतन थारु Ram Ratan Tharu	122
मेरी श्रीमती, मेरो साहसको श्रोत । <b>My wife, source of my courage</b> रुबन श्रेष्ठ Ruban Shrestha	132
...अनि समाजको मलाइ हेर्ने नजरिया बदलियो <b>The way society looked at me changed</b> सुरेन्द्र खत्री Surendra Khatri	142

## प्राक्कथन

कुनैपनि सशस्त्र द्वन्द्वको सबैभन्दा पीडादायी पक्ष के हो भने यस्ता द्वन्द्वका असर शान्ति सम्झौतामा हस्ताक्षर हुनेबित्तिकै अन्त्य हुँदैनन् । मानिसहरूको जीवनमा सशस्त्र द्वन्द्वका असर अझै धेरै समयसम्म रहिरहन्छन् । युद्धको खत देश, समाज र व्यक्तिभित्र यसरी गढेको हुन्छ कि घाउ भरिन धेरै नै समय लाग्छ । जीवन गुमाउनु, प्रियजन बेपत्ता पारिनु र अपाङ्गतासहित बाँच्न बाध्य व्यक्तिहरूको परिवर्तित जीवन आदि सशस्त्र द्वन्द्वका सबैभन्दा भयानक पक्ष हुन् ।

वि. सं. २०५२ देखि २०६३ सम्मको दशकमा नेपालमा आन्तरिक सशस्त्र द्वन्द्व चर्कियो । प्रियजनको मृत्यु र उनीहरूलाई बेपत्ता पारिनुले असह्य पीडा दिन्छ र हामीमा असाहायपनको अनुभूति सिर्जन्छ । तर द्वन्द्वले सिर्जेको अपाङ्गतासँग बाँच्नु भन्ने कष्टकर र भिन्न पीडा हुन्छ । यसकालागि आफ्नो जीवन नै पुनर्भाषित गर्नुपर्ने हुन्छ । आफ्नो शरीर सधैंकालागि परिवर्तन भइसक्यो भन्ने सत्य स्वीकार्दै एक सफल र नवीन जीवन बाँच्न असाध्य परिमाणमा आत्मविश्वास र आँट आवश्यक हुन्छ किनभने अपाङ्गतासहितको जीवनमा आफूलाई ढाल्ने प्रक्रिया एकदमै कठिन हुन्छ ।

१४ कथाहरू: युद्धका जीवित स्मृतिहरू प्रेरणादायी व्यक्तित्वहरूको असाधारण बयानहरूको प्रसंशनीय संकलन हो । अपाङ्गतासहित बाँचिरहेका व्यक्तिहरूले प्रस्तुत गरेका अन्तर्मनको शक्तिका यी कथाहरूले यस्तै परिस्थितिमा बाँचिरहेका सयौं अन्य व्यक्तिहरूलाई प्रेरणा दिनेछन् भन्नेबारे मलाई कुनै शंका छैन । यहाँ समेटिएका १४

## Foreword

The most agonising characteristic of any armed conflict is that it does not end overnight with a peace agreement. In real lives the effects of armed conflicts tend to travel farther. The scars of war are so deeply rooted in countries, in societies, and in individuals that it takes substantially longer to heal. Loss of lives, disappearance of loved ones, and the changed lives of those living with disabilities are some of the worst consequences of armed conflict.

Nepal witnessed an internal armed conflict that spanned over a decade (1996 - 2006). While the deaths and disappearance of loved ones is unbearable, and most of the time leaves people feeling helpless, living with disability is something extremely different. It requires redefining ways of living. Adjusting to life with a disability can be a tremendously difficult transition and it takes a colossal amount of courage and self-belief to successfully lead a 'new-life' accepting the truth that your body will not be the same ever again.

14 Stories - Living Memories of War is a commendable compilation of extraordinary testimonies of inspiring individuals. I have no doubt that the incredible character exhibited by the persons with disabilities has the potential to motivate hundreds of other people living in similar situations. The fourteen people here

व्यक्तिहरूबीच यौटा साझा दुखको कथा मात्रै छैन बरु उनीहरूबीच अपाङ्गताले ल्याउने चुनौतीहरूलाई सामना गर्ने दृढ अटोट पनि साझा नै छ । आफूसँग भएको सबै गुमाएर फेरि आफ्नै खुट्टामा उभिन खोज्नु सहज त पक्कै हुँदैन । तर यी १४ व्यक्तिले अटोट अटल रहनुजेल र मानसिक शक्ति सबल होउज्जेल त्यसो गर्नु असम्भव पनि छैन भन्ने पनि देखाएका छन् ।

अन्तर्राष्ट्रिय रेड क्रस समिति एक तटस्थ, निष्पक्ष तथा स्वतन्त्र मानवतावादी संस्था हो । यसलाई अन्तर्राष्ट्रिय मानवतावादी कानुनको संरक्षण तथा प्रवर्धनको जिम्मेवारी प्राप्त छ जसकाकारण यसले मानवतावादी कारणबाट प्रेरित रहेर सशस्त्र द्वन्द्वका समयमा द्वन्द्वमा प्रत्यक्षरूपमा कहिल्यै पनि सहभागी नभएका तथा सहभागी हुन छोडेका व्यक्तिको रक्षा गर्ने तथा युद्धका उपाय र विधिलाई सीमित राख्ने प्रयत्न गर्छ । नेपालमा अन्तर्राष्ट्रिय रेड क्रस समितिले दशक लामो अन्तरिक सशस्त्र द्वन्द्वका पीडितलाई गुणस्तरीय पुनर्उद्धार सेवासम्म पहुँच निर्माण गर्न तथा व्यक्तिअनुकूल सहयोगी उपकरण निर्माण गर्न मद्दत गर्दै आएको छ । यस कार्यमा अन्तर्राष्ट्रिय रेड क्रस समितिलाई मुख्यतः पोखराको ग्रीन पार्स्वर अस्पताल तथा काठमाडौँमा सैनिक पुनर्उद्धार केन्द्रको सहकार्य प्राप्त छ ।

आन्द्रे पाकेट  
कार्यलय प्रमुख  
अन्तर्राष्ट्रिय रेड क्रस समिति, काठमाडौँ

do not only share a common grief, but more than that they share a common determination to face the challenges that disability brings. It is not an easy task to stand on your feet after losing what you already have, but these fourteen people have showed that it is not impossible either, provided you have the strength of mind and robust determination.

The International Committee of the Red Cross (ICRC) is a neutral, impartial and independent humanitarian organization. It has an international mandate as the promoter and guardian of International Humanitarian Law, which, in times of armed conflict, seeks for humanitarian reasons: to protect persons who are not, or are no longer, directly participating in hostilities; and to restrict means and methods of warfare. In Nepal, the ICRC has been supporting victims of the decade long internal armed conflict to access quality physical rehabilitation services and customized assistive devices, largely through Green Pastures Hospital in Pokhara and the Army Rehabilitation Centre in Kathmandu.

André Paquet  
Head of Mission  
ICRC, Kathmandu



## मेरो डायरी-सुख दुख सुनीदिने साथी

आनन्द पाण्डे, १९

कालिकोट, तिलागुफा ३, भाटपानी

हाल: काठमाडौं

मेरो जन्म कालिकोटको तिलागुफामा मध्यम परिवारमा भएको हो । हामी ५ भाइ छोरा २ दिदीबहिनी थियौं । म चाँहि माहिलो । म ११ वर्षसम्म कालिकोटमै हुर्किएँ । स्कूल जाने, अलि अलि काम गर्ने, खेल्ने गरेर बाल्यकाल बित्दै थियो । म अलि चकचके थिएँ बच्चा बेला । मेरो दुर्घटना हुँदा म सात कक्षामा पढ्दै थिएँ ।

२०६७ साल असार २ गते स्कूलबाट आएर आमाले नजा भन्दा भन्दै बारीमा मकै खन्न गएको थिएँ । बारी खन्दै जाँदा दुंगाले छोपेर राखेको केही वस्तु देखें । चकचके र जिज्ञासु स्वभावको मलाई त्यो के होला भन्ने हुटहुटी भैहाल्यो । चलाएँ त्यो पोकोलाई । अलि अलि आवाज र धुँवा जस्तो आयो । म भाग्न खोजें तर बोडीको भालमा अड्केर त्यही पोको भएतिर फर्केर लडेछु । त्यहाँ विस्फोट भयो । मलाई ठूलो आवाजको विस्फोट बाहेक केही याद छैन । म होसमा आउँदा काठमाडौंको वीर अस्पतालको बेडमा थिएँ । मुख, आँखा अनि छातिमा पट्टी बाँधिएको, नाकबाट नली लगाएर भोलिलो खाना सोलीबाट सिधै हाल्दै गरेको अवस्थामा थिएँ होसमा आउँदा ।

बम पड्केर म घाइते भएपछि बाआमा बेहोस हुनुभयो रे । गाउँलेले डोकोमा हालेर जुम्ला, त्यहाँ उपचार नभएपछि नेपालगञ्ज र त्यहाँबाट पनि काठमाडौंको वीर अस्पतालसम्म पुऱ्याएका रे । काठमाडौं अस्पतालमा मलाई कुर्ने तिनै छिमेकी थिए ।

सुरूमा एउटा आँखाले मान्छेसम्म ठम्याउँछ तर अघिल्लो साल आँखाको तेश्रो शल्यक्रिया गरेपछि त्यो पनि हरायो ।

## My diary - A friend who listens to my joys and pains

Ananda Pandey, 19

Kalikot, Tilagufa-3, Bhatpani

Currently living in Kathmandu

I was born in a middle-class family in Tilagufa of Kalikot as the second of five sons and two daughters. I grew up in Kalikot until I was eleven. I spent my childhood going to school, doing a bit of work, and playing. As a child I could never stay still; I was curious about everything. I was studying in class seven when the incident happened.

On 16 June 2010, I returned from school and went to dig our corn field, even though my mother had told me not to. As I was digging, I saw something buried under a stone. I was really curious and wondered what it was. So I moved the package. It sputtered a little and started to smoke. I tried to run away but I got stuck in bean vines and fell towards the package. Then it exploded. I don't remember anything except the sound of the large explosion. When I came to, I was on a bed in Bir Hospital in Kathmandu. There were bandages around my face, eyes and chest, and I was being fed through a pipe in my nose.

I heard that my mother and father fainted after I was injured in the bomb explosion. My villagers carried me in a basket to Jumla, and when it was not possible to treat me there, they took me to Nepalgunj, and then on to the Bir Hospital in Kathmandu. It was those neighbors who watched over me at the hospital in Kathmandu.



अहिले उज्यालोको मात्र भेउ पाउँछु । अस्पतालमा होसमा आएको पल म धेरै रोएँ । संसारमा म मात्रै हो यस्तो घटनामा परेको अनि म मात्रै अभागी रहेछु भन्ने मात्र लागि रहन्थ्यो । केही समयसम्म त यस्तो अवस्थामा बाँचेर पनि के काम भन्ने सोच मात्र आउने । अस्पतालबाट घर लगेपछि पनि छ महिना भन्दा बढी एउटै कोठामा एकलै बस्दा मान्छेले अरु के सोच्न सक्छ र ?

उता कालिकोटमा बुबाआमाले त म बाँचेको छु भनेर विश्वास पनि गर्नुभएको थिएन । २ महिनापछि फोनमा म आफैँले कुरा गरेपछि मात्रै हो उहाँहरू म ज्युदै छु भनेर ढक्क हुनुभएको ।

त्यति बेला मलाई दाइ, भाउजु र खासगरी अंकल आन्टीले साथ दिनुभयो । म निरास भएर रोइरहदाँ अंकलले तँ मात्र एकलो छैनस्, विभिन्न कारणले दृष्टिविहिन हुनुपुगेका कैयौँ मान्छेहरू छन्, तिनीहरू पनि पढेर ठूलो मान्छे बनेका छन् भनेर ढाडस दिनुहुन्थ्यो । गाउँमा कसरी जाने भन्ने पिरलोले सताउथ्यो तर अंकलले काठमाडौँमै राख्नु भयो । मलाई गाउँ नै जान परेन । यो घटना पछि एक पटक अघिल्लो वर्ष मात्र कालिकोट गएको थिएँ, त्यो पनि अपांगताको परिचयपत्र बनाउन आफैँ उपस्थित हुनुपर्ने भएर ।

अंकल आन्टीको पसल थियो । पसल धानेरै भएपनि मेरा लागि खाना, खाजा खुवाउन समय निकाल्नुहुन्थ्यो । अहिले सम्भन्धु अंकल आन्टी नभएको भए के म आज जे छु त्यो हुन्थेँ होला ? उहाँहरूकै सहयोगले बाहिर हिड्न सिकेँ, अपांगता भएका अन्य साथीहरूसँग भेटेँ । अनि पो थाहा भयो आँखाको ज्योति गुन्दैमा जीवनको दियो निम्ने रहेनछ । दृष्टिविहिन भएका साथीहरूले पनि पढेको, खेलेको थाहा पाएपछि आफ्नै जीवनप्रति माया लागेर आयो र केही गरेरै छाड्ने संकल्प गरें ।

बमको छर्चा लागेर घाइते भएको मलाई देखेका र आँखा गुमेको छ भनेर थाहा पाएका गाउँलेले 'त्यस्तो अपांगको के उपचार गर्नु, मर्न छोडिदिए हुन्छ, बाँचेर के काम?' पनि भनेछन् । बुबाआमालाई पनि सुरूमा त त्यस्तै लाग्यो रे । आज पनि उहाँहरूमा चिन्ता छ हामी मरेपछि यसले दुख पाउँछ भन्ने । म भन्ने गर्छु, मेरो बारे केही चिन्ता नलिनु, जीवनमा म आफैँ केही गरेर गाउँलेलाई देखाउँछु । मजरतै अरूले पनि धेरै राम्रा काम गरेर ख्याति कमाएका छन् ।

एउटा संस्थाले मेरो पढाइ खर्चको लागि छात्रवृत्ति मिलाइदिएको थियो । गाउँमा हुँदा ७ कक्षा पढ्दै गरेको म यहाँ आएर कक्षा ५ मा भर्ना भएँ, त्यो पनि १ वर्षसम्म

In the beginning, I could see the outline of people from one of my eyes, but after my third surgery last year that vision was also lost. Now I can only sense light. I cried a lot when I regained consciousness in the hospital. I felt like I was the only person in the world to suffer like this, to have such a bad fate. Over the following months I often thought – What is the worth of living like this? After being discharged from the hospital and living alone and indoors for six months, what else could one think?

In Kalikot, my parents did not believe that I was still alive. They believed I was alive only after two months when I was able to speak with them on the phone.

At that time, my brother and sister-in-law, and especially my uncle and aunt, supported me a lot. When I was crying out of hopelessness, my uncle used to encourage me by saying, 'You are not alone. There are many blind people who have studied and become famous.' I used to feel anxious about how I would return to my village, but my uncle kept me here. I didn't have to go back to the village. After the incident, I returned to Kalikot only once, last year, to obtain my disabled-person identity card.

My uncle and aunt used to own a small shop. Even though they were busy, they always made the time to feed me. Now I remember those days and think, would I be who I am today if my aunt and uncle had not been there for me? Through their support, I learned how to venture outdoors again and meet other friends with disabilities. After stepping out, I realized that the light of life does not go out just because the light of one's eyes fades away. After knowing that visually-impaired friends were also studying and playing, I started to love life again and was determined to make something of it.

I heard that the villagers who had seen me wounded by the bomb and later known that I had also lost my vision had said, 'He doesn't need to receive treatment. His life now is worthless.' My parents also said that they felt like this initially. They still worry that I will suffer after their death. But I keep on saying, 'Don't worry about me, I will do something with my life and show the villagers. Other people who are like me have done good work and are well known.'

ब्रेल लिपी सिक्सकेपछि । विद्यालयमा मेरो लागि निक्कै सहज वातावरण थियो । यहाँ त म दृष्टिविहिन छु जस्तो नै लाग्दैन । मेरा साथीहरू र गुरुहरू मेरो आँखा बनिदिनु भएको थियो । संसार त तब बिरानो लाग्थ्यो जब विद्यालय प्रांगणबाट बाहिर निस्कन्थे ।

पढाइ बाहेक म लेखन र खेलकुदमा रूची राख्छु । मैले आफ्ना भावनाहरूलाई ब्रेल लिपीको डायरीमा लेखेर राखेको छु । सबैकुरा अरूसँग भन्न पनि मन पर्दैन । त्यसैले त्यो डायरी मेरो दुख सुख बिसाउने चौतारी र मन बहलाउने साथी भएको छ ।

म बिगत १ वर्षदेखि जुडो सिकदैछु । हालसालै पारा ओलम्पिक कमिटीले आयोजना गरेको राष्ट्रिय जुडो प्रतियोगितामा मैले स्वर्ण पदक पनि जितें । भविष्यमा जुडो खेलाडी बन्छु भन्ने अटोट छ । उसो त दृष्टिविहिन क्रिकेटको पनि म उम्दा खेलाडी हुँ । क्रिकेटमा म राम्रो बलर हो, कहिले कहिले ब्याटिंग पनि गर्छु । दृष्टिविहिन क्रिकेट विश्वकप खेल्ने टोलीमा म पनि छानिएको थिएँ तर जाँच परेकाले खेल्न जान पाइँन ।

मेरो घटना शसस्त्र द्वन्द्वको समय (२०५२ देखि २०६३) को नभए पनि त्यसको कारण भएको हो । त्यो बम त त्यहि बेला छोडिएको हो नी । तर सरकारी निकायले कुनै पनि चासो देखाएनन् । सत्य निरूपण आयोगले पनि द्वन्द्वकालको मात्र उजुरी लिने भनेपछि त्यहाँ उजुरी पनि हालेको छैन । आजसम्म त संस्थाले प्रायोजन गरेर पढाएको छ, भोलीका दिनमा कस्ले पढाउने ? सरकारले मेरो पढाइको जिम्मा लिओस् र मलाई अवसर दिओस् । मेरो लागि न्याय त्यहि हुनेछ । अरू त म आफैँ केही गरेर देखाउने छु ।

An organization gave me a scholarship for my school education. I was in class seven in Kalikot, but I started school in Kathmandu from class five, after learning braille for one year. The environment in school was very easy for me. I did not feel like I was visually impaired there, because my friends and my teachers became my eyes. It was only when I went outside the school compound that I felt that the world was unfamiliar.

Besides studying, I'm interested in writing and sports. I write about my feelings in my braille diary. I don't like to share everything with others. That's why my diary has become the friend with whom I can share my heart, the place where I can pour out my feelings of joy and pain.

I've been training in Judo for one year. I recently won the gold medal in the national judo tournament organized by the para-Olympic committee. I am determined to become a judo player. I'm also good at blind cricket. I'm a good bowler, and sometimes I also bat. I was selected to play in the blind cricket world cup for the Nepal team, but I could not go because of my exams.

Though my injury didn't happen during the armed conflict between 1996 and 2006, the cause was the armed conflict. After all, the bomb had been planted during that time. But none of the government agencies care about that. I have not lodged a complaint with the TRC, because they declared that they would only accept complaints regarding incidents from the conflict years. Until now different organizations have sponsored my education, but who will pay for my education in the future? Let the government take the responsibility for my education, and provide me with opportunities. For me, that would be justice. I can do everything else needed to prove my worth to others.









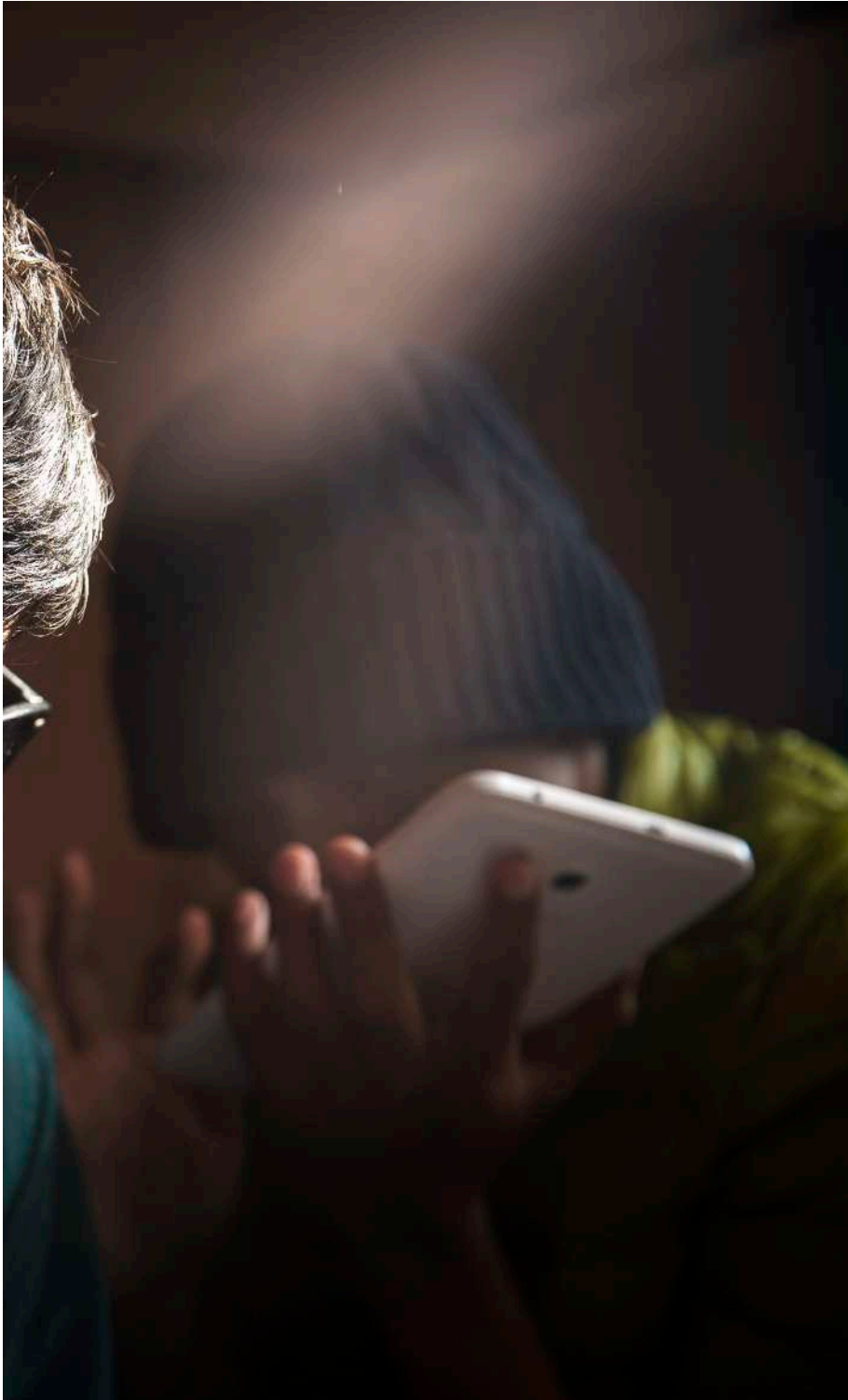


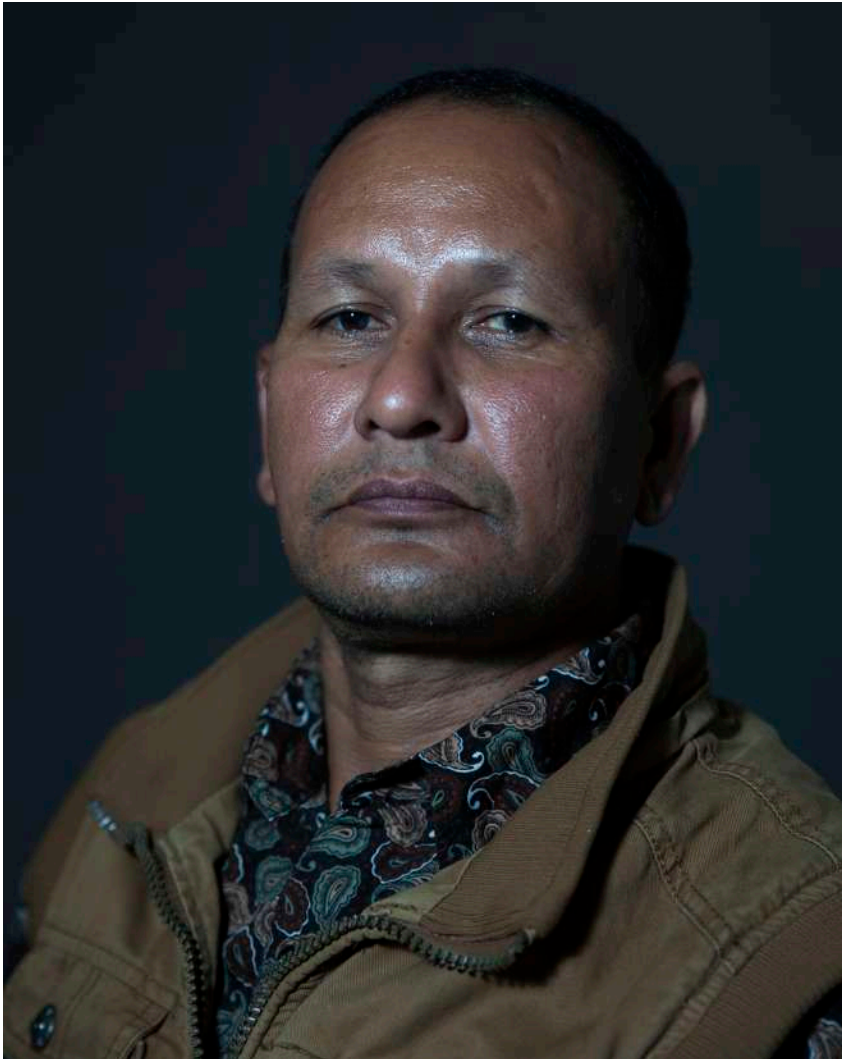
यो कथा तयार पार्दा आनन्द कीर्तिपुर स्थित लेबोरेटरी  
स्कुलमा अध्ययन गर्दथे र त्यहीँ अवस्थित छात्रवासमा बस्ने  
गर्दथे । हाल उनि एसइइ परिक्षा उत्तिर्ण गरेर त्यहाँबाट  
बाहिरिइसकेका छन् ।

At the time of writing this story, Ananda was studying  
at the Laboratory School in Kirtipur and living in its  
hostel. He has since passed his Secondary Education  
Exams and left the school.









## ‘अहिले पनि आफ्नो खुट्टा छ जस्तो लाग्छ ।

अशोक सोडारी, ५१  
ताराताल, बर्दिया

## I still feel like I have my leg

Ashok Sodari, 51  
Taratal, Bardiya

जन्मिन त म भारतमा जन्मेको हो । बाआमा भारतको कानपुरमा नोकरी गर्ने भएकोले उतै जन्मिएँ तर जन्मेको १ वर्ष पछि गाउँ अछाम फर्किनु भयो रे । ४ वर्ष जति पुर्ख्यौली घर अछाम बसेपछि २०३० सालमा बर्दियाको बानियाभार गाविस मा १ बिघा जग्गा किनेर बसाई सुरुभएको । त्यसैले मेरो आधा बाल्यकाल पहाड र आधा तराइमा बित्यो । बर्दियामा दुखजिलो गरेर जीवन बित्दै थियो ।

द्वन्द्वको बेला हाम्रो गाउँ त माओवादीमय नै थियो तर म तरुण दल गाउँ इकाइको सचिव थिएँ । द्वन्द्वकै बेला मेरा बुबा र काकाको जग्गाको विवाद अदालतसम्म पुगेर हाम्रो पक्षमा फैसला पनि भएको थियो । मुद्दा हारेको भौँकमा काकाले हाम्रो परिवार सिध्याइदिने धम्की दिन्थे । फरक राजनीतिक आस्थाका कारण र काकाको मारिदिने धम्कीका बीच त्रास नै त्रासमा बाँच्नुपरेको थियो ।

२०५८ साल मंसिर २६ गतेको रात हामी सुत्ने तरखरमा थियौँ । मलाई त्यति सन्धो पनि थिएन । ११ बजेतिर अचानक एक हुल मान्छे आएर बाहिर कराउन थाले । दुइ तीन सय जनाको समूहले हाम्रो घर घेरिसकेको रहेछ । माथि सुतेका बा तल भरेर ढोका खोल्ने बित्तिकै उनीहरू भित्र पसे । त्यसपछि छ सात जना महिलाको समूहले मलाई धिच्याउँदै बाहिर निकाले । आँखामा पट्टि बाँधे, मुखमा कपडा खाँदिदिए र पछाडि हातखुट्टा बाँधेर लडाए । अनि त दुवै खुट्टालाई ठूलो ढुंगामाथि राखेर बन्चरोले हान्न थाले । १०/१५ पटक पालै पालो हानेर खुट्टा थिलथिलो भए पछि म बेहोस भएँ । बेहोस मलाई नजिकै बाटोमा फालेर उनीहरू नारा लगाउँदै हिँडे । मलाई त्यसरी

I was born in Kanpur, India, where my parents used to work. They returned to Achham a year after my birth. In 1973, after living in their ancestral village for four years, they bought one bigha of land in Baniyabhar VDC of Bardiya and migrated there. Therefore, I spent half of my childhood in the hills and half in the Tarai. We sustained our lives in Bardiya with limited resources.

Our village was mostly Maoist during the War. But I was the village secretary of Tarun Dal, the youth wing of the Nepali Congress party. During the conflict years, a dispute between my father and uncle regarding a plot of land had reached the courts where the decision was given in our favor. Angry about losing the case, my uncle threatened to destroy our family. We were living under constant fear of being attacked due to my political affiliation and of my uncle's threats.

On the evening of 11 December, 2001, we were preparing to go to bed. I was not well. Suddenly, at about 11 pm, a group of people came to our house and started to shout. Our house was surrounded by between two and three hundred people. When father, who had been sleeping upstairs, came downstairs and opened the door, they forced their way into the house. A group of six or seven women dragged me out into the yard. They blindfolded me, gagged my mouth and tied my hands and legs behind my back. They put my

मरणासन्न बनाएपछि त्यसै रात उनीहरूले इलाका प्रहरी कार्यालयमा पनि आक्रमण गरेछन् ।

उनीहरू गएपछि श्रीमतीले खोजी गुहारी लगाइछन् र छिमेकीको सहयोगमा लडियामा हालेर सानोश्री र त्यहाँबाट जीपमा हालेर नेपालगञ्जसम्म पुन्याइछन् । एक हप्तासम्म नेपालगञ्जमा राख्दा उपचार हुनुको साटो खुट्टा भन कुहिन थालेपछि काठमाडौँ लगियो । त्यहाँ एउटा खुट्टा काटियो र अर्कोमा कम्मरको हड्डी राखेर उपचार गरियो । ६ महिना पछि अस्पतालबाट डिस्चार्ज भएपनि घर फर्कने आँट आएन । काठमाडौँमा नै करिब डेढ वर्ष बस्यो ।

उपचारमा कति खर्च भयो भन्ने त भनिसाध्य छैन । जग्गा बेचियो, आफन्त र सुभचिन्तकका खल्ती रित्याइयो । धन दुखजिलो गरेर भएपनि आफन्तले पैसा जुटाइदिए र म बाँचे । ऋण त यो जुनिमा तिर्न सायद सकिएला, तर आफन्तले त्यो संकटमा लगाएको गुन पो कसरी तिर्नु खै ? अपांगता भएको मलाई काठमाडौँमा डेढ वर्ष आफ्नै घरमा राखेर सञ्जय गौतमले मेरा लागि धेरै गुन लगाउनुभएको छ । बर्दिया फर्केपछि पनि गाउँ जाने स्थिति थिएन किनकी गाउँको अवस्था उस्तै थियो । मेरो सालोले सानोश्रीमा १० धुर जग्गा किनदियो । दाजुभाई र आफन्तमध्ये कसैले खाँबो दिए, कसैले टिन दिइ सहयोग गरेर एउटा टहरो हालीदिए । संकटमा मलाई सबैजना मिलेर बासको व्यवस्था गरिदिए ।

टिचिंग अस्पतालमा बस्दा दुवै खुट्टा गुमाएको मेरो छेवैमा बसेको एक जनाले आत्महत्या गर्‍यो । मलाई पनि कहिलेकाँही बाँचेर काम छैन भन्ने विचार पनि आउँथ्यो । तर मेरो साथमा हरदम दुइ तीनजना आफन्त र मेरी श्रीमती हुन्थे । उनीहरूको साथले मेरो मनोबल सधैं उच्च राख्न मद्दत गर्‍यो । तर फेरी सोच्थे मान्छेहरू आफूलाई बचाउन करोडौँ खर्च गर्छन् मलाई त के भएको छ र ? एउटा खुट्टा गुमेको न हो । मैले हजुरबा हजुरआमाको साथमा रहेका मेरा तीनजना बालबच्चा सम्झिएँ । मेरो वरिपरी मेरा छोराछोरी छन्, परिवार छ भने म किन नबाँच्नु भन्ने विचारले जित्यो ।

मलाई काठमाडौँमा राख्ने जोहो गर्न मेरी श्रीमतीले अनेक दुःख गरिन् । उनले अर्काको घरमा कपडा र भाँडा धुने काम समेत गरिन् । उनकै हिम्मत र म आफैँ भित्र पलाएको आत्मविश्वास कारण म बाँच्न सफल भएँ ।

राति सुतेको बेला मेरो खुट्टा छ भन्ने लाग्दो रहेछ । जब उठेर टेक्न खोज्छु, भुइँमा पछारिन्छु, कहिलेकाँहीँ बेहोसै हुन्छु । यो कृत्रिम खुट्टा प्रत्येक वर्ष फेर्नपर्छ । किन्न पर्दा

legs over a big stone and started to hit my legs with an axe. After they shattered my legs with ten or fifteen blows, I fell unconscious. They threw me onto a road nearby and left, chanting slogans. I heard later that they attacked the area's police station on that very night when they had beaten me to an inch of death.

After they left, my wife asked other villagers for help to take me to the hospital. They took me to Sanoshree on a bullock cart and then to Nepalgunj in a jeep. When, after a whole week in Nepalgunj, my leg became gangrenous instead of getting better, I was taken to Kathmandu for further treatment. There, one of my legs was amputated and the other leg was treated by transplanting bone from my waist. Although I was discharged from the hospital after six months, I did not have the courage to go back home. I stayed in Kathmandu for one and half years.

There is no telling how much we spent on the treatment. We had to sell land, and empty the bank accounts of my relatives and well-wishers. My relatives somehow managed to collect the money needed for my treatment, and I'm alive today. Perhaps I'll repay their debts in this lifetime, but how will I ever repay the kindness they showed at a time of crisis? I am deeply indebted to Sanjaya Gautam, who provided a place at his home for my disabled self to live in Kathmandu for one and half years. Even after returning to Bardiya, it wasn't possible to go back to my village because the situation had not improved. My brother-in-law bought a small plot of land in Sanoshree and other relatives donated wooden posts and tin sheets to build a hut. During that time of trouble, they came together to build me a shelter.

When I was at the Teaching Hospital in Kathmandu, a person who had lost both his legs committed suicide. Sometimes, I too felt there was no point in going on living. But my wife and two or three other relatives were always with me, and their company and support helped me retain courage and belief in myself. I'd think, people spend millions of rupees to save their lives, but, really, how bad is it with me? I've lost just the one leg. I thought of my three young children who were living with their grandparents. I thought, I have my family – my children, my wife, and my relatives. Why should I not go on living? Finally, these thoughts won.

३५ हजार भन्दा बढी लाग्छ । आम्दानीको श्रोतको नाममा सानोश्रीमा एउटा घुम्ती भाँडा पसल छ । पसलबाट हुने आम्दानीले हातमुख जोर्ने मुस्किल छ । एउटा छोरो खाडी गएको छ । अर्को छारोलाई पनि राम्रो शिक्षा दिन सकिनँ । मेरो खुट्टा गुम्नुकै कारण सब भताभुङ्ग अनि चौपट भयो । मन त छ अलि ठूलो व्यापार गरूँ, भताभुङ्ग भएको पारिवारीक स्थितिलाई फेरी ठिकठाक गरूँ । तर न त पैसाले साथ दिन्छ न त स्वास्थ्यले ।

सबैले न्यायको कुरा गर्छन् । दोषीलाई कारबाही गर्नु त छँदैछ । साथसाथै ममाथि भएको घटनाको कारण चौपट भएको मेरो पारिवारीक स्थिति सुधार्ने मेसो सरकारले जुटाइदिए मेरो लागि ठूलो न्याय हुन्थ्यो । मलाई एक खालको पेन्सन, परिवारका सदस्यलाई रोजगारीको व्यवस्था भैदिए मन बुझाउने बाटो हुन्थ्यो । घटना भएको आफ्नै गाउँमा जान अबै आत्माको मान्दैन । कोही नयाँ मान्छे देख्दा मुटु जोड जोडले धड्किन्छ । यो मनोवैज्ञानिक त्रासबाट पनि मुक्ति चाहिएको छ ।

My wife struggled a lot to manage our life in Kathmandu. She washed clothes and dishes in the homes of other people. I became able to go on living because of her courage and my self-confidence.

When I sleep, I still feel like I have the other leg. But, when I wake up and try to step on the floor I fall, sometimes I even faint. I have to change this prosthetic leg every year. It costs more than 35 thousand rupees to buy. I have a small pottery shop in a corner of the weekly market in Sanoshree. The income from that shop is not enough even to buy food. My elder son is working in the Gulf region. I could not give proper education to my other son. Everything was disrupted because I lost my leg. I want to run a bigger shop, and make my family's life better again. But, I have neither the wealth nor the health for it.

Everybody talks about justice. Yes, the culprits should be punished. But if the government could also arrange for me to bring back on track my family life which has been derailed because of the attack upon me it would be the greatest justice for me. I would feel relieved if the government provides me with some sort of a pension and provides employment to my family members. My heart still doesn't let me return to my village where the incident happened. My heart starts to beat faster if I see new people. I also want freedom from these psychological fears.























## जिन्दगी मूल्यवान् छ ।

भगवती गौतम, ५१  
सिसने ६, रूकुमकोट

## Life is precious

Bhagawati Gautam, 51  
Rukumkot, Sisne 6

म सानो हुँदा छोरीलाई पढ्न पठाउने चलन नै थिएन । छोरीलाई त काममा मात्र लदाउँथे । मेरो बाल्यकाल पनि घाँसदाउरा गरेर र गाईबस्तु चराएरै बित्यो । उ जमानामा केटालाई कोही केटी मन पऱ्यो भने तानेर लग्ने चलन थियो । म पनि १७ वर्षकी हुँदा उहाँले त्यसै गर्नुभयो, मन पराउनु भयो अनि जंगलमा घाँस काट्न गएको बेला लगेर बिहे गर्नुभयो ।

द्वन्द्वको बेलामा मेरो गाउँ असाध्यै पिल्सेको थियो । कति बेला के हुने हो केही ठेगान थिएन । हामी राज्य र माओवादी दुवै पक्षबाट सताइन्थ्यौं । माओवादी आएर मेस लगाएर खाना खाने अनि राज्यका सेना पुलिस आएर किन खान-बस्न दिइस् भनेर धम्क्याउने र यातना दिने । हामी त सधैं डरमा बाँचेम् नि त्यो बेला त । जुन सुकै बेला जो पनि मारिन सक्थ्यो । २०५७ साल चैत्र १९ गते माओवादीले रूकुमकोट प्रहरी चौकीमा आक्रमण गरे । आक्रमणमा परेर ३२ जना प्रहरी र आठ जना माओवादी मारिए । त्यस पछि त भन गाउँमा डर र त्रासको सीमा नै रहेन । त्यति बेला रूकुमकोट अत्यन्तै विकट थियो । जिल्ला सदरमुकाम खलंगा जान पनि हिड्न पर्थ्यो । जीप चल्न थालेको त चार पाँच वर्ष मात्र भयो ।

२०५८ सालको फागुन महिनामा म केही साथीहरूसँग खलंगा जान हिँडेकी थिएँ । माओवादीले मुख्य बाटो बन्द गरेका हुनाले हामी आर्मीको अस्थाइ क्याम्पको नजिकै भएर जाने छोटो बाटोबाट गर्यौं । क्याम्पको सुरक्षामा बसेको एक जना आर्मीले भोला चेक गर्ने भनेर बोलायो । म साथीहरूको सबैभन्दा पछाडी बाटोको

When I was a child, sending daughters to the school was not the practice. Daughters were put to work. My childhood was spent in fetching fodder and firewood, and grazing cattle. In those days, if a boy liked a girl it was the custom for the boy to capture the girl for marriage. When I was seventeen, my husband grew a fancy for me, so he took me from the jungle one day while I was cutting fodder grass.

During the conflict years my village suffered immensely. We didn't know what would happen next. We suffered at the hands of both the Maoists and the state forces. The Maoists would come, cook food and eat, and then the state security forces would come and intimidate and torture us, asking – Why did you give them food and shelter? We lived under constant fear through those times. Anybody could be killed at any time. On April 1, 2001, the Maoists attacked the police station in Rukumkot. Thirty-two policemen and eight Maoists were killed. After that, the village became even more filled with terror and fear. Rukumkot was very remote at that time. People had to walk to Khalanga, the district headquarter, for any official work. It's only been five to six years since motor vehicles reached Rukumkot.

In February of 2002, I was walking with some friends to Khalanga. Since the main path was blocked by the

अलिकति डिलमा हिड्दै थिएँ । म उभिएकै ठाँउमा एक्कासी ठूलो आवाजमा केही पड्क्यो । म भुँइमा बज्जारिएँ, के भएको हो भन्ने भेउ नै पाइनेँ । मैले मेरा साथीहरू चिच्याएको मात्र सुनेँ । कहिबेर पछि उदून खोज्दा बेस्सरी दुख्यो, जिउ नै रन्थनियो । अनि बल्ल थाहा पाएँ मेरो त एउटा खुट्टा नै रहेनछ । त्यसछि म बेहोस भएँ । २० दिन पछि होस आँउदा म काठमाडौँ टिचिगं अस्पतालमा थिएँ ।

सुरुसुरूमा त सोच्थेँ यस्तो भएर बाँच्न भन्दा त मरेको भए बेस हुन्थ्यो । बाटोघाटो नभएको गाउँ सम्झँ, मैले गर्ने घाँसपात, गाइबस्तु अनि मेलापात सम्झँदा अब घर फर्केर कसरी काम गरौंला भन्ने पिरलोले सताउथ्यो । बालबच्चा साना थिए । तिनलाई कसरी हुर्काउने ?

म त्यो पीडामा हुँदा अस्पतालका नर्सहरू आएर मसँग कुरा गर्नुभयो । जीवन सकिएको छैन भन्ने बुझाउनु भयो । उनीहरूले मलाई अस्पतालको उपल्लो तल्लामा लगेर म भन्दा पनि बढी अंगभंग भएका मानिसहरूलाई भेट्ने अनि बोल्ने मौका दिए । उनीहरूको अवस्था हेरेपछि मलाई पनि आत्मविश्वास बढ्यो र लाग्यो मैले जिन्दगीमा अब धेरै कुरा गर्नुछ । मैले मेरा ससाना बालबच्चा सम्झँ र कम्तिमा तिनका लागि भएपनि जिउनु पर्छ भन्ने भयो ।

मेरो श्रीमान ५ महिनासम्म अस्पताल आउन सक्नुभएन । उपचार सकिनेबेला मात्र उहाँ आइपुग्नु भयो । गाउँ गएपछि मात्र थाहा पाएँ गाउँबाट निस्केर अस्पताल पुग्न धेरै प्रयास गर्नुभएको थियो रे । तर जासुसी गर्छ भनेर माओवादीले गाउँबाट कसैलाई पनि बाहिर जान नदिने । त्यति हुँदाहुँदै पनि मेरो श्रीमानले पैसाको कारणले उपचारमा कुनै कसर बाँकि नरहोस भनेर हरसम्भव प्रयास गर्नुभयो । यदि उहाँ नभएको भए त म अहिलेजस्तो कहाँ हुँदो हुँ ?

पछि थाहा भयो मेरो उपचारको लागि नन्दलाल सरले पनि धेरै प्रयत्न गर्नुभएको रहेछ । घटना घटेपछि उहाँले नै मलाई खलंगा, नेपालगञ्ज हुँदै काठमाडौँ पुर्‍याउनु भएको रहेछ । गाउँमै आएपछि पनि उहाँले सधैं मलाई सम्झाउनु हुन्थ्यो, जिन्दगी मूल्यवान् छ भन्नुहुन्थ्यो । म निरास भएको बेला मेरा छोरीहरूले मलाई ढाडस दिन्थे । उनीहरूले एउटा खुट्टा गुमेपनि जीवन सकिएको छैन आमा भनेर मलाई सधैं सम्झाउथे ।

पूर्णशोभा मेडमले पनि म जस्तै घाइते अपाङ्ग भएका धेरै मान्छेहरूलाई भेट्ने अवसर जुटाईदिनुभयो । थाइल्याण्ड अनि स्विट्जरल्याण्डमा भएका अन्तर्राष्ट्रिय सेमिनारहरूमा गएर भाग लिन र आफ्ना कुरा राख्न पाएँ । यसरी प्राप्त

Maoists, we took a short-cut that went past a temporary army camp. Soldiers guarding the camp called us over to inspect our bags. I was last in the row of friends and was walking along the edge of the path. There was a big explosion on the spot where I was standing. I fell to the ground, not realizing what had happened. I only heard my friends screaming. When I tried to get up after a few moments I felt a sharp pain, rush through my body and realized I had lost part of my leg. Then I fell unconscious. When I woke up 20 days later, I was in a bed at the Teaching Hospital in Kathmandu.

In the beginning, I used to think I would have been better off dead than to live like this. I remembered my village without proper roads, and when I thought of my daily chores of cutting grass, feeding the cattle, and working in the fields, I would be overcome with worry – How would I ever manage my work in this condition? My children were still young. How would I raise them?

But the nurses in the hospital came and talked to me. They made me realize that my life had not ended. They took me to the upper floor of the hospital and gave me the chance to talk to other people who had even more severe disabilities than mine. Seeing their situation, I got my courage back and realized that I had a lot of things to do in life. I started to think about my young children and was determined to live at least for them.

My husband was not able to reach the hospital for five months. He arrived only after my treatment was about to end. I came to know after returning to the village that he had tried very hard to reach the hospital, but the Maoists would not allow anyone to go out of the village, suspecting that they would inform on them. Even when he was not there, my husband did everything possible to ensure that there was no shortage of money for my treatment. In what condition would I have been today if he hadn't been there for me?

I later heard that Nanda Lal sir did a lot to ensure better treatment for me. It was he who, after the incident, took me from Khalanga to Nepalgunj, and then on to Kathmandu. After I returned to the village, he was the one who gave me the courage to live,



भएका अवसरहरू पछि नै मलाई म भन्दा पनि गम्भीर प्रकृतिका घाइतेहरू रहेछन्, मेरो अवस्था त उनीहरूको भन्दा अलिक राम्रो छ भन्ने लाग्न थाल्यो । त्यो कुराले मलाई बाँच्न र आफ्नो संघर्षलाई जारी राख्न साहस दियो । आफूसँग जे छ त्यसैमा चित्त बुझाउन सिकेकी छु । म आफैलाई अपांगता भएपनि कहिलेकाँही आफूभन्दा ठूलो चोट लिएर कठिन जिन्दागी बाँच्दै गरेका सबै साथीहरूलाई सहयोग गर्नपाए हुन्थ्यो जस्तो लागिरहन्छ ।

द्वन्द्वका कारण अपांग बनाइएका हामी केही साथीहरू छाँ रूकुमकोटमा । हामी अनौपचारिक रूपमा भेटेर आफ्ना कथा व्यथा साटासाट गर्छौं । तर यहाँ हाम्रो द्वन्द्वपीडितको औपचारिक संस्था छैन । त्यहि कारणले स्थानिय सरकारसँग मिलेर औपचारिक काम गर्न सकेका छैनौं ।

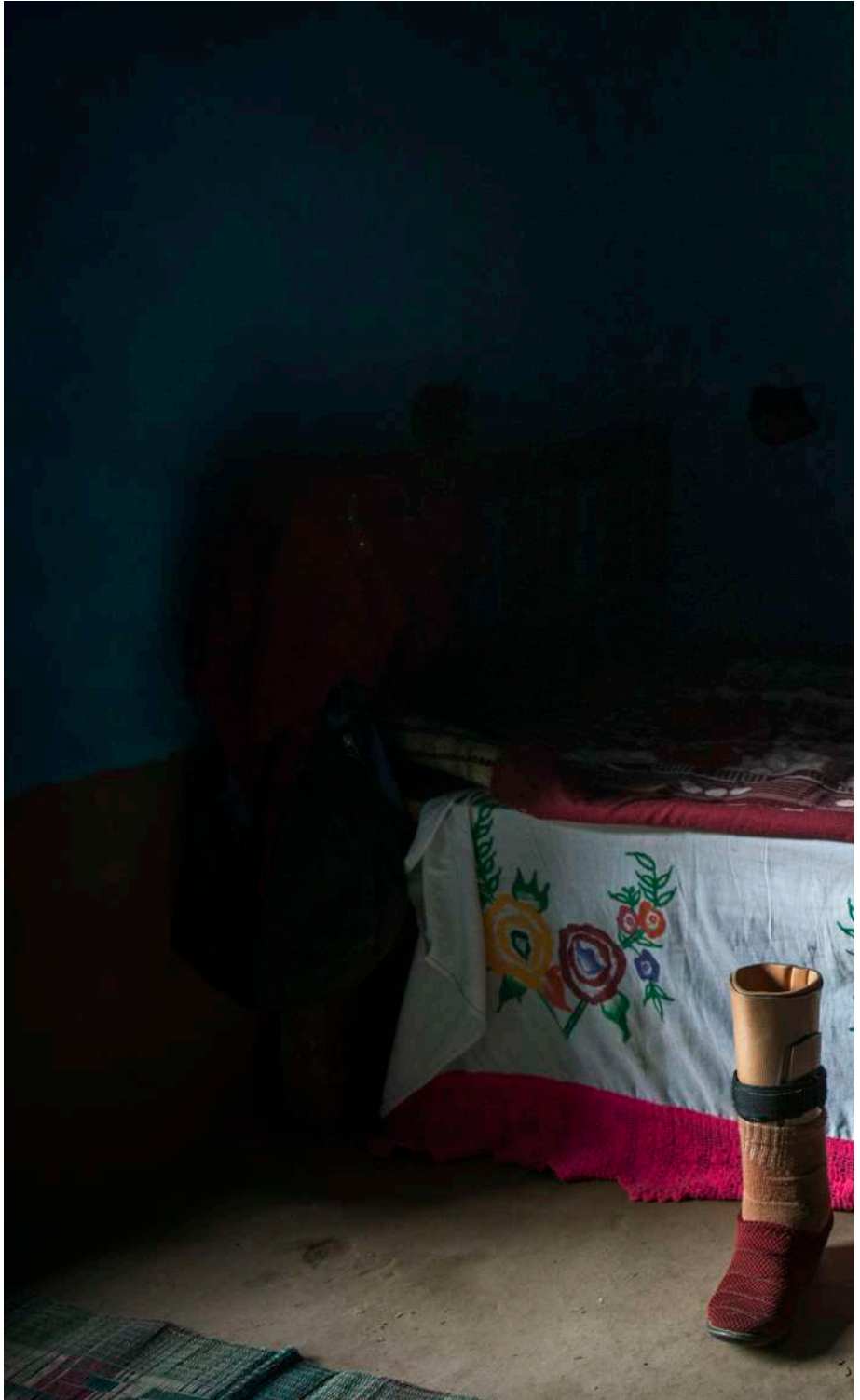
मेरो उपचारमा त कति खर्च भयो कति? तर सरकारले जम्मा १ लाख उपचार खर्च दिएको हो । सरकारले मलाई सम्मानपूर्वक बाँच्नसक्ने गरि दिर्घकालिन सहयोग गर्नु भने त्यो नै मेरा लागि न्याय हुनेथियो । म अहिले काम गर्न सकिने । एउटा खुट्टा नहुँदा सबै बोझ अर्कोमा परेको छ । त्यसैले अर्को खुट्टामा अहिले समस्या देखिँदै छ जसका कारण मलाई हिँड्न पनि मुश्किल हुँदै गइरहेको छ । अपांग भत्ता भनेर महिनाको १ हजार दिन्थ्यो, त्यो पनि रोकेको छ । हामीलाई त औषधी उपचार, सहायक सामग्री र अन्य आवश्यकता पुरा गर्न जीवनभरको सहायता चाहिन्छ ।

and told me that life is precious. When I was feeling hopeless, my daughters encouraged me. They always reminded me that even though I have lost a leg my life is worth living.

Purnashobha madam also helped me meet many people who are injured and disabled like me. I was able to participate in international seminars held in Thailand and Switzerland and express my opinions. It was after receiving such opportunities that I realized that other people had experienced much more serious injuries, and that what had happened to me was not as bad as what they live with. That gave me courage to sustain my hope and struggles. I have learned to take satisfaction in the things that I have. Even though I am disabled, I am constantly filled with the wish to help all those other friends who are living with worse experiences and injuries than mine.

There are a few of us here in Rukumkot who were made disabled by the conflict. We meet informally and share our feelings and stories. But we don't have a formal victims' group so we're not able to work with the local government formally.

Who knows how much was spent on my treatment! I received only 100,000 rupees from the government towards my treatment. Justice for me would be long-term assistance from the government to live my life with dignity. At present, I cannot work. Because I don't have one foot, I have trouble walking because most of my weight falls on the remaining foot, and now I am having a problem with that foot too. We used to get one thousand rupees per month as disability allowance, but that too has stopped. We need lifelong support for our ongoing treatment, prosthetics and other needs.



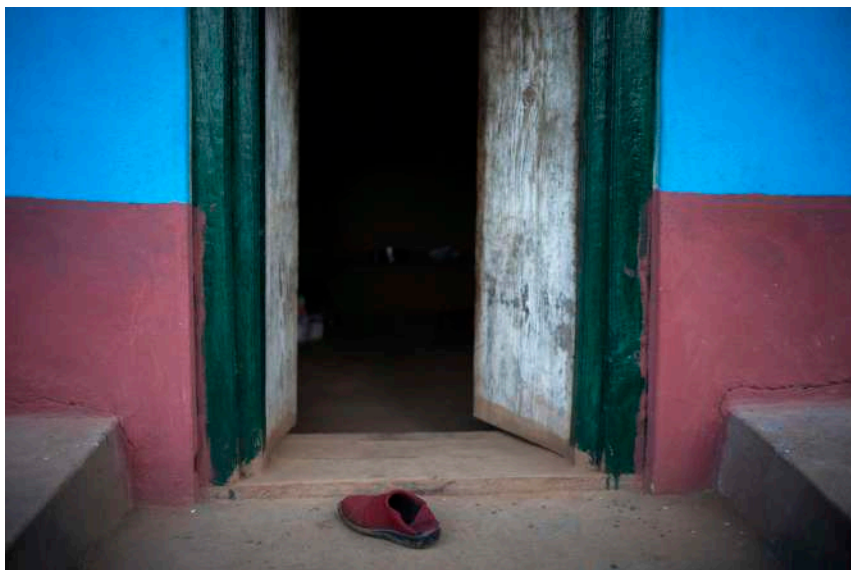




खुट्टा गुमाउनु अघि आफ्ना साथीहरूसँग रुकुमकोटकै  
कमल दहमा खिचिएको तस्बिर देखाउँदै भगवती ।

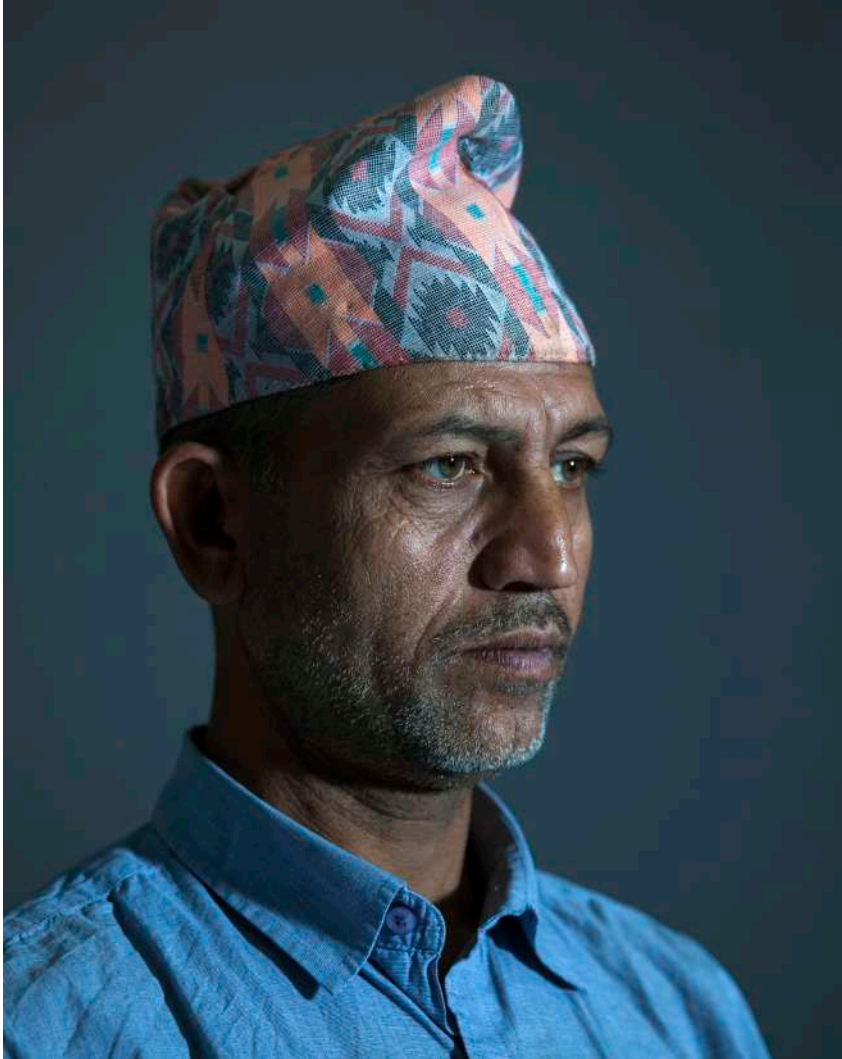
Bhagawati showing a photo taken with her friends at  
the Kamal Daha in Rukumkot before the incident in  
which she lost her leg.













## मेरो 'आत्मसन्तुष्टि' - मेरो लागि न्याय

दुदराज अधिकारी, ५१  
कास्की, पोखरा

मेरो जन्म कास्कीको लाहाचोक भन्ने गाउँमा भएको हो । मेरो बाल्यकाल पनि त्यहि गाउँमा बित्यो । २०५२ सालमा म फूलबारी होटल बन्ने क्रममा काठको काम गर्नका लागि पोखरा भरेको हो । त्यसयता परिवारको साथमा म भाडाको कोठामा यतै बसीरहेको छु । त्यतिबेला अहिले जस्तो युवा अरब जाने लहर थिएन । काम गर्नका लागि प्रसस्त जनशक्ति उपलब्ध थियो । त्यसैले फूलबारीको काम सकिएपछि मैले काम खोज्दै कहिले दमौली त कहिले बागलुंग जाने स्थिति थियो । अहिले जनशक्ति कम छ, काम धेरै पाइन्छ तर म राम्ररी काम गर्न सक्तैनँ । द्वन्द्वका बेला ममाथि घटेको एक घटनाले मेरो त्यो शिल्प र काम गर्ने क्षमतामा एक्कासी तुषारापात गरिदियो ।

२०६० साल कात्तिक ११ को कुरा हो । तिहारको भोलीपल्टको दिन थियो । म गगनगौँडास्थित माइली आमाको घरबाट पोखरास्थित मेरो बासस्थान फर्कदै थिएँ । माओवादीले डाँडाको नाक प्रहरी चौकी आक्रमण गर्ने योजना गर्दै रहेछन् । डाँडाको नाक चौकी कटेर १ किलोमिटर वर विद्रोहीले गाडीमा आगजनी गरेका रहेछन् । हाम्रो बस पनि रोक्न लगाइयो र हामीलाई बसबाट फर्न लगाइयो । हामी यात्रीहरू डरले गर्दा तितरवितर हुने क्रममा म लेखनाथ चोकको नहर कटेर गन्तव्य ताक्दै थिएँ । एक्कासी बम विस्फोट भयो । त्यसको छर्लले मेरो हात छेडेर पेट र छातीमा लाग्यो । मेरो हात रगताम्ले भएको थियो भने मेरो पेटमा लागेको छर्लको कारण मेरो आन्द्रा भुँडी बाहिर निस्केको थियो ।

## Justice for me is when I will feel satisfied

Dudaraj Adhikari, 51  
Kaski, Pokhara

I was born in the village of Lahachok in Kaski. My childhood was spent there. In 1996, I came down to Pokhara to work as a carpenter on the construction of the Fulbari Hotel. Since then I have lived in Pokhara with my family in rented accommodation. At that time, people didn't go to Middle Eastern countries for employment. There was no shortage of workers. Because of that, after the work in Fulbari Hotel finished, I sometimes had to travel as far as Damauli and Baglung to find work. Now there are not many workers and work is easily available, but I am no longer able to work properly. What happened to me during the conflict years has hampered my skills and capacity to work as a carpenter.

28 October, 2003 was the day after the festival of Tihar. I was returning to my home in Pokhara after visiting my aunt in Gagangauda. Apparently the Maoists had been planning to attack the Dadako Nak Police Station. One kilometer before the police station the rebels had torched a vehicle. Our bus was stopped and we were asked to get off the bus. We started to scatter due to fear. I had crossed the canal at Lekhnath Chowk and was heading towards my destination. Suddenly, a bomb exploded. Shrapnel from the bomb penetrated through my hand and injured my belly and chest. My hand was covered in blood, and my intestines had spilled out because of the shrapnel that had cut into my stomach.

मलाई अहिले पनि सम्झना छ म त्यसलाई देब्रे हातले थामेर सहयोगको लागि नजिकैका सुरक्षाकर्मीसँग अनुनय विनय गरँ । तर तिनले मलाई विद्रोही सम्भेर अपशब्द मात्र प्रयोग गरेनन् मलाई त्यहिँ सडकमा मर भनेर छोडे । अन्य सर्वधारणले पनि मलाई अस्पतालसम्म लग्न डराए । बल्लतल्ल एकजना सवारीचालक मेरो साथी सुरेश आले मगरले आफैले चलाउने भ्यानमा हालेर गण्डकी अस्पतालसम्म पुऱ्यायो । उसले अस्पताल पुऱ्याएपछि म बेहोस भएँ । उसैले मेरो भाइलाई बोलाइदिएछ । भाइ अस्पताल आएपछि मात्र मेरो उपचार सुरु भएको रहेछ ।

अस्पतालमा मेरो पेटको शल्यक्रिया भएछ । म ब्युक्तिदा गण्डकी अस्पतालको सघन उपचार कक्षमा थिएँ । दिसा पिसाब गर्न नसक्ने भएर नाइटोमा छेडेर पाइप बाहिर निकालिएको थियो । म विद्रोही भएको आशंकाका राज्यका सुरक्षाकर्मीले घेरेर राखेका थिए । मेरा बहिनी ज्वाँइले जिल्ला प्रशासन कार्यालयबाट दुदराज अधिकारी सर्वसाधारण भएको प्रमाणपत्र ल्याएपछि मात्र म अस्पतालमा सुरक्षाकर्मीको घेराबाट मुक्त भएँ । उपचारको क्रममा मेरी श्रीमतीले रातोदिन नभनी खटीन् ।

पेटको उपचार भएपछि हातको उपचारतर्फ लाग्ने कुरा भयो । गण्डकी अस्पतालले हातको उपचार गरेर ठिक नहुने भएकोले काट्न पर्ने भनेर मसँग सहमतीपत्रमा हस्ताक्षर गर्न ल्यायो । मैले हात काट्न नदिने अडान राखेँ । हातको उपचारको लागि काठमाडौँ शिक्षण अस्पताल गइयो तर त्यहाँ उचित उपचार उपलब्ध नगराइएकोले बि एण्ड बि अस्पताल जान बाध्य पारियो । त्यहाँ राम्रो उपचार पाउन सकेकोले हात काट्न भने परेन । तर उपचार निजी अस्पतालमा गरेको भनेर सरकारले उपचार खर्च ब्यहोरेन । त्यो उपचार खर्च धान्न मैले मेरो भागको पुख्र्यौली सम्पत्ती बेच्नुपऱ्यो । त्यसै कारण मसँग अहिले कुनै सम्पत्ती छैन ।

जिन्दगीमा यस्ता दिन पनि आए जतिबेला हाम्रो ४ जनाको परिवारले १ माना चामलको भरमा तीन चार दिन गुजार्नु पऱ्यो । आफन्तहरूले तिर्न सक्तैन भनेर सर सापटी पनि पत्त्याएनन्, बैँकहरूले धितो राख्ने केहीपनि नहुँदा ऋण पत्त्याएनन् । म घाइते भएपछि करिब १ वर्षसम्म त पूर्णरूपमा उपचारमै लाग्नुपऱ्यो ।

त्यो संकटमा ५ जनाको परिवार एकलैले चालाएकी मेरी जीवनसंगिनी त मेरो लागि बहादुर हुन् र उनी नै मेरो साहसको श्रोत पनि हुन् । त्यसबेला मेरी श्रीमतीले डोकोमा तरकारी र फलफूल बेचेर घर धानिन् । तर त्यहि बीचमा श्रीमती पनि बिरामी परेर एक हप्ता थला परेको बेला हाम्रो संकट भन् गहिरियो । तर मेरा सासु ससुराको सहयोग

I still remember how I held my stomach with my left hand while begging for help from the security personnel standing nearby. But they suspected that I was a Maoist, so they threw abuse at me and told me to die there on the road and left. The people around were afraid to take me to the hospital. Finally, one of my friends, Suresh Ale Magar, came with his van and rescued me. When he delivered me to the hospital, I fell unconscious. He called my brother. Only when my brother reached the hospital did my treatment start.

They did surgery on my stomach. When I regained consciousness, I was in the ICU at Gandaki Hospital. Since I couldn't urinate or defecate, there was a tube through my navel to manage my bodily waste. State security personnel were guarding me, suspecting that I was a Maoist. They left the hospital only after my brother-in-law brought a letter from the Chief District Officer certifying that I was a civilian. My wife was present throughout my treatment, day and night.

Once the surgery on my stomach was done, it was decided to start treatment of my hand. Gandaki Hospital said that the hand wouldn't heal through treatment, and therefore needed to be amputated, and asked for my consent for it. I insisted upon not letting them amputate my hand. So we went to the Teaching Hospital in Kathmandu, but because they did not provide proper treatment, we were forced to go to B & B Hospital. I got good treatment there and my hand didn't have to be amputated. But the government did not bear the cost of my treatment, saying that they could not pay for treatment at a private hospital. In order to cover the costs, I had to sell my share of our ancestral land. Therefore, I have no property of my own anymore.

Life saw days of such hardships that my family of four had to survive on just half a kilo of rice for three, four days. Relatives would not lend me money, saying I would not be able to pay them back. Banks refused loans since I had nothing to put up as collateral. After I was injured, one whole year was occupied with my treatment.

My life-partner and wife, who sustained my family through those days of hardship through her labors alone is my hero and the source of my courage. She

भने अनवरत रहयो । म घटनामा परेर मर्नु न बाँच्नुको दोसौं धमा छटपटाइ रहेको बेला मलाई अस्पतालसम्म पुर्‍याउने साथी सुरेशले मेरो जीवनमा निकै महत्व राख्छ किनकी सही समयमा आएर त्यो बेला उसले मलाई अस्पताल नलगेको भए सायद म बाँच्ने थिइनँ । म घाइते भएर उपचार गराउँदै गर्दा सधैं मेरा साना बालबच्चा सम्भन्थे । तिनीहरूका लागि भए पनि म बाँच्नुपर्छ भन्ने विचारले मलाई थप उर्जा दिन्थ्यो ।

म सानैदेखि विदेशीएको हुनाले संघर्ष भनेको के हो भन्ने कुरा मैले त्यहिँ सिकें । त्यो हुर्काईले मलाई सिकायो जस्तोसुकै संकट आए पनि काम गर्न छोड्नुहुन्न । यदि खाली बस्यो भने त जीवन सकियो । त्यहि कुराले मलाई यो संकटमा पनि खाली बस्न दिएन ।

अहिले बिस्तारै भए पनि कार्पेन्टरको काम गर्छु । मैले छिटो काम गर्न नसक्ने भएकोले अरूले ज्यालामा त लैजान्छन् तर म आफै ठेक्कामा लिएर काम गर्छु । अरूले ५ दिनमा सक्ने काम म १० दिन लगाएर सक्छु । जेनतेन खान त पुग्छ तर छोराछोरी अब कलेज जाने भैसके, बढ्दो खर्च कसरी धान्ने भन्ने कुराले रातोदिन पिरोल्छ ।

आज पनि म लेखनाथ चोक भएर कतै जाँदा भस्किन्छु । त्यहि घटनाको पल फलभली आँउछ स्मृतिमा । आज संक्रमणकालिन न्यायका कुरा हुँदैछन् । परिपूरणका कुरा हुँदैछन् । म घाइते भएर तीन चार वर्षसम्म काम गर्न नसक्दा मेरो परिवारले भोगेको आर्थिक, मानसिक र भौतिक कष्टको परिपूरण होला कि नहोला ? मेरालागि त न्याय भनेको मेरो आत्मसन्तुष्टि हो । कसले कति कारबाही भोग्यो भन्दा पनि यी आयोगहरूले हामी पीडितको मनमा शान्ति संचार गर्न सके कि सकेनन् भन्ने कुरा महत्वपूर्ण हुन्छ होला । हाम्रो पीडालाई राजनीतिक लेनदेनको विषय नबनाइयोस् । यदि सरकारसँग मानवता छ र उसले हामी द्वन्द्व पीडितलाई पनि देशका नागरिक हुन भन्ने सोच्छ भने हाम्रा कुराको सुनुवाई होओस् र यथाशिघ्र हामीलाई न्याय र परिपूरण उपलब्ध गराइयोस् । हाम्रा सन्तानको शिक्षा र रोजगारीको जिम्मा राज्यले लियोस् । र आउँदा दिनमा अरू नागरिकले हामीले जस्तै पीडा भोग्न नपरोस् ।

sold fruits and vegetables out of a basket during those days. When, in the depth of such difficulties, my wife fell sick and was bedridden for a week, our crisis deepened further. But my parents-in-law continuously supported us. My friend Suresh, who took me to the hospital when I was suffering at the edge between life and death, holds a very important place in my life because if he hadn't arrived in time and taken me to the hospital I wouldn't have survived. When I was injured and receiving treatment at the hospital, I always thought of my small children. The idea that I needed to live for them gave me additional energy.

Because I had migrated abroad for work while young I had learned about hardship there. My stint abroad taught me that whatever the trouble, one should not stop working. If you stay idle your life ends. That lesson did not allow me to stay idle even after I was injured.

Now I do carpentry, albeit slowly. I cannot work very fast, so others do not hire me for daily wages, but I take personal contracts and finish them at a slower pace. I finish in ten days a job that others take five days to finish. My work helps us meet our basic needs, but my children are of college-going age and the worry about how I will manage our increasing expenditures keep me up day and night.

Even today, I still get a fright when I pass through Lekhnath Chowk. The moment of the incident fills my memory. These days, people are talking about transitional justice and reparation. I wonder if there will be reparations for the economic, psychological and physical pain and difficulties endured by my family during the three to four years when I was undergoing treatment. Justice for me is when I will feel satisfied. More than who receives what punishment, whether or not the formal Transitional Justice commissions can deliver peace to the victims is more important. Our suffering should not be made an issue of political bargaining. If the government has any humanity and if it recognizes that conflict victims are also citizens of this country, then let the government hear our grievances and deliver justice and reparations as soon as possible. The state should take responsibility for the education and employment of our children. And, may no other citizens ever experience suffering like we did.





घटना भए पश्चात स्टुडियोमा गएर खिचाएको फोटो देखाउँदै दुदराज ।

Dudaraj showing a photo taken at a studio after the incident.



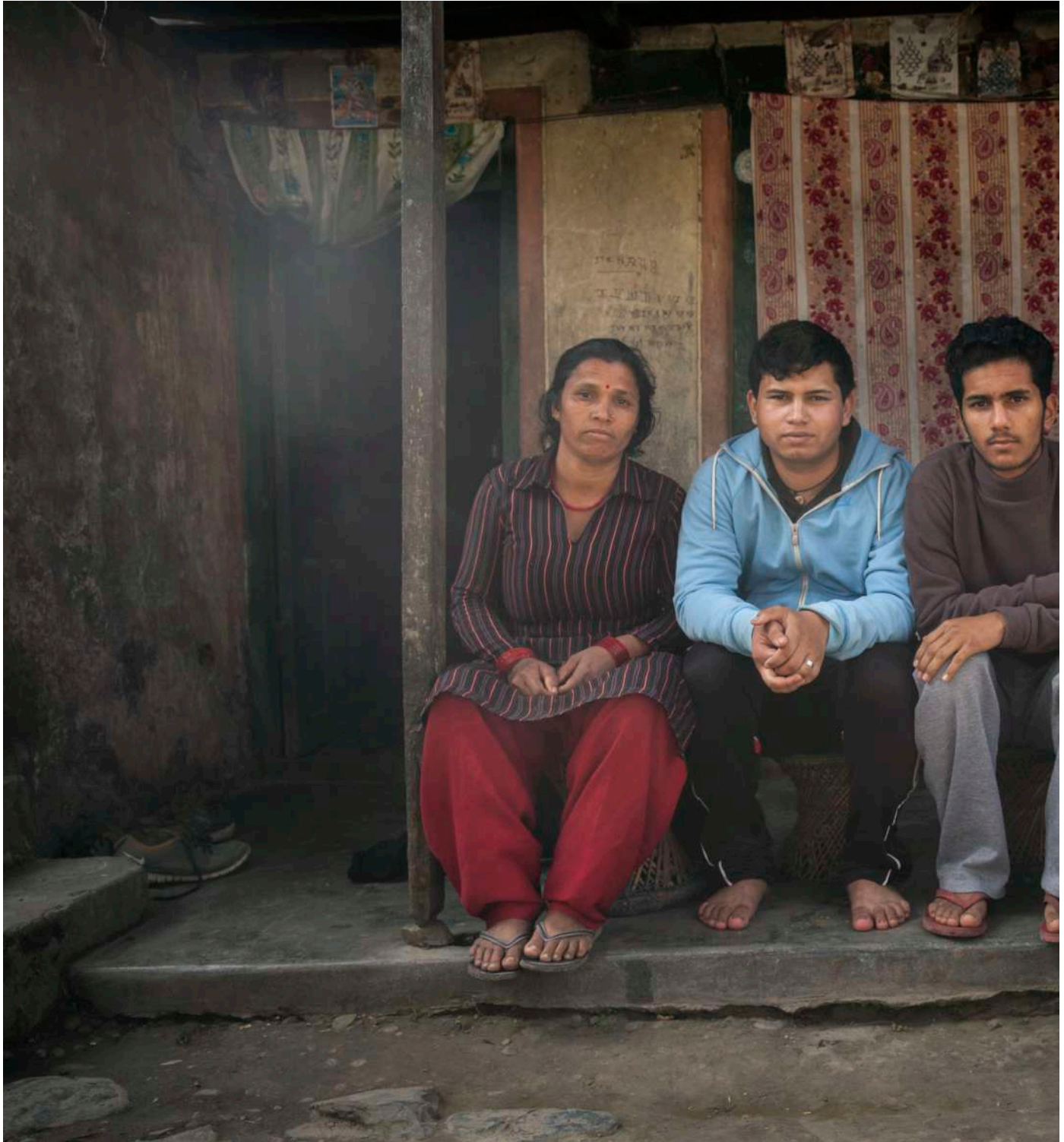






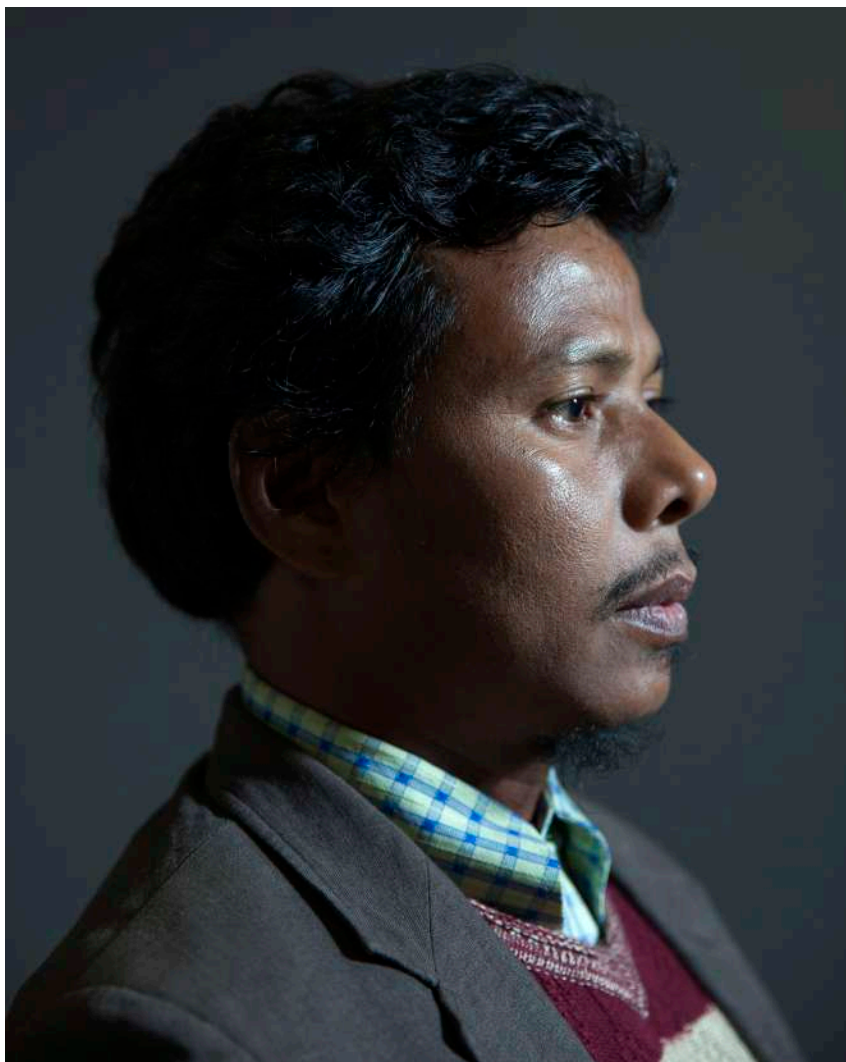
सद्दे हातले सिकर्मी काम गर्दै दुदराज ।

Dudaraj working with wood with his good hand.









## हामीले जस्तै पीडा अरुले भोग्न नपरोस्

गया प्रसाद चौधरी, ४०  
राजापुर ३, बर्दिया

मेरो जन्म राजापुरको एक गाउँमा सामान्य परिवारमा भएको हो । बाल्यकालको बेला खुट्टामा चप्पल हुँदैनथे, कपडा राम्रा थिएनन् तैपनि जीवन रमाइलो थियो । मलाई सानैदेखि खेलमा एकदम रूचि लाग्थ्यो । खेलकुद सामाग्री किन्ने हैसियत त थिएन त्यसैले आफैँ खेलौना बनाएर पनि म खेलथेँ । मैले पढाइ सुरु गर्दा अलि उमेर गैसकेको थियो तै पनि म पढ्नमा तेज नै थिएँ । पढाइ भन्दा पनि खेलमै मेरो रूचि बढ्ता भएकोले म जहाँ जोसँग पनि विभिन्न खेल खेलेर साथी भैहालथेँ ।

द्वन्द्वको बेला मेरो गाउँमा बहुसंख्यक माओवादी थिए त्यसैले त्यसलाई दोश्रो रोलपा पनि भनिन्थ्यो । तर म कहिल्यै माओवादीमा लागिनँ किनकी उनीहरूले गर्ने कतिपय क्रियाकलाप प्रति मेरो असहमति थियो ।

म सानो किराना पसल थापेर अनि अन्य सिपमूलक काम गरेर आफ्नो जीवनयापन गरिरहेको थिएँ । म फुटबल खेल्ने भएकाले मेरो घर नजिकै बसेका आर्मी पुलिसहरूसँग पनि खेलथेँ । उनीहरू मेरा साथीजस्ता लाग्थे । तर मलाई के थाहा साथी भनिएकाहरूले नै मलाई ठूलो चोट दिन्छन भनेर ।

२०६० पौष १ गते म मेरो जन्म गाउँमा आमालाई भेटेर फर्कँदै थिएँ । बाटोमा ठूलो विस्फोटको आवाज सुनँ । मेरो गाउँको नजिकै माओवादीले आर्मीलाई लक्षित गरी विद्युतिय धराप पड्काएछन । म घर पुग्दा गाउँलेहरू जति सबै डरले मेरो सानो किराना पसलमा आएर बसेका रहेछन् । त्यसको भोलीपल्ट २ जना आर्मी आएर मलाई केही

## I hope others will not have to suffer like us

Gaya Prasad Chaudhary, 40  
Rajapur 3, Bardiya

I was born in a lower-class family in Rajapur. My childhood was joyful even though I did not have shoes or proper clothes to wear. I used to love sports. We did not have the capacity to buy sports material but I used to make them myself and play. I joined school a little bit late, but I was a sharp student. Since I was enthusiastic about sports, I made friends easily.

My village was dominated by Maoist supporters during the conflict years, so people called it the second Rolpa. But I never joined the Maoists because I had reservations about some things that the Maoists did.

I made my livelihood through the income from my small grocery shop and some other skill-based work. Since I liked playing football I played with the army and police personnel based near my home. I thought of them as my friends. But, I never imagined that those so-called friends would give me my deepest hurt.

On 16 December, 2003, I was returning home after meeting my mother in another village. I heard a big explosion. The Maoists detonated a landmine targeting the army. When I reached home, some villagers were hiding in my shop out of fear. The next day, two army men came to my shop, took me out into the yard and started to beat me in front of my family without explaining anything. I was trying to tell them that I was

नभनी परिवारको अगाडि आँगनमा ल्याएर निर्घात कुटपटि गरे । म निर्दोष छु भन्दा भन्दै पनि मलाई त्यहाँबाट बम पड्केको ठाँउमा लगे जहाँ पहिल्यै पैंतीस चालिस जना गाउँले युवाहरूलाई कुटपटि गर्दै रहेछन् । त्यहाँबाट पनि हामीलाई आर्मीको अस्थाइ क्याम्पमा लगेर रातभर यातना दिइयो । फलामका पाइपले हान्ने देखि करेन्ट लगाउने कामसम्म गरे । भोलीपल्ट प्रत्येक बीस दिनमा तारेखमा आउने शर्तमा छोडिदिए ।

त्यो बेला गाउँमा भएका पुरुष सबै भागे, गाउँमा महिला मात्र थिए । म चाँही केही बिराएको छैन भन्दै दुई पटकसम्म तारेख धान्न गएँ तर प्रत्येक पल्ट तारेखमा जाँदा फेरी यातना दिन्थे । त्यसपछि तत्कालिन मन्त्री गोपाल दहितसँग कुरा गरेपछि मलाई तारेखमा बोलउन छोड्यो ।

त्यहि यातनाको कारण म अहिले अशक्त भएको छु । शुक्रमा यति साझो नभएपनि ६१ सालदेखि मलाई बिस्तारै च्यादै गयो । त्यो बेला उपचार गर्न जाने स्थिति थिएन । सायद उपचार पाएको भए म निको हुन्थेँ होला । त्यहि बेला मेरो श्रीमतीको पनि मृगौलामा समस्या देखिए पछि उनको उपचारमा ध्यान दिनु परेकोले आफ्नो उपचार पनि गर्नसक्ने स्थिति बनेन । पछि जिल्ला प्रशासन कार्यालयमा उपचार खर्च माग गर्दा मलाई कपडा खोल्न लगाएर हिँड्न लगाई अपमान गरियो ।

केही उपाय नलागेपछि म निरास भएर घरमा बसेको बेला आइआरसी भन्ने संस्थाका समीर भण्डारीले मलाई मानव अधिकारकर्मीकहाँ जान सल्लाह दिनुभयो । त्यसपछि म एडभोकेसी फोरमको काशीराम दुंगानाकहाँ पुगें । उहाले मेरो लागि धेरै गर्नुभयो । काशीरामकै सहयोगमा मेरो जिउ र श्रीमतीको मृगौलाको शल्यक्रिया गर्न सम्भव भयो ।

मेरो इच्छा विपरित अभिभावकले विवाह गरिदिएकाले श्रीमतीसँग सधैं झर्किएफर्किएँ गरें । तर म घाइते बनिसकेपछि आफू मृगौलाको रोगी भए पनि उनै मेरो साहारा बनेकी छिन् । मलाई बुझ्ने उनी नै त एकजना छिन् यो संसारमा !

मेहनत गरेर खानपछि भन्ने मेरो पहिल्यैदेखिको प्रवृत्ति हो । कुनै काममा व्यस्त हुन पाउँ भने म सब कुरा भुल्न सक्छु, त्यसमै मलाई आनन्द आउँछ । मेरो यो घटना पछि पनि मेरो काम प्रतिको लगाव कम भएन । अरूको लागि बाँच्नुमा अर्कै खालको आनन्द छ । मलाई लाग्छ म प्राकृतिक रूपमा नै आत्मबल लिएर आएको छु । म मा ठूला ठूला महत्वकांक्षा कहिल्यै पलाएनन् । सायद त्यसैले होला साना साना कुरामा पनि म खुशी भेट्छु ।

innocent, but they did not hear me. They took me to the spot of the explosion. Some thirty-five to forty other young villagers had also been gathered there and were being beaten up. We were all taken to the temporary barracks and tortured through the night. They hit us with iron pipes and we were given electric shocks. They released us the next day on the condition that we would present ourselves at the barracks every twenty days.

All other men in the village ran away; only the women remained in the village. But I reported to the barracks twice, saying that I had not done anything wrong, but they tortured me each time! Then we asked for help from Gopal Dahit, who was a minister at that time, only then did the army stop calling me to the barracks.

I am disabled due to those rounds of torture. My physical condition was not this severe initially but I started to feel difficulties in movement from 2005. There was no possibility of going for treatment. Had I received proper treatment at that time, I think I would be alright now. Because problems were seen in my wife's kidneys just around then, we had to prioritize her treatment and my treatment became secondary. Later, when I went to the District Administrative Office to ask for assistance with my treatment, they humiliated me by asking me to take off my clothes and walk in front of them.

I was depressed and disheartened, seeing no way out and staying at home, when Samir Bhandari from an organization called IRC came and suggested that I go to meet human rights defenders. I went to meet Kashiram Dhungana at Advocacy Forum. He helped me a lot during that difficult time. It was with his help that my surgery and the surgery of my wife's kidney became possible.

Because my parents had forced me to marry against my will, I used to be short-tempered with my wife. But after I became disabled, despite suffering a kidney disease, she has become my refuge. She is the only person in this world who understands me.

I have always believed that one should live on the wages of one's own hard work. I forget everything if I get to be busy with work, it gives me pleasure.



विज्ञान र आविष्कारमा पनि मलाई औधि रूची छ । मलाई लाग्छ म सृजनशील व्यक्ति हुँ । केही नयाँ र सृजनशील काम गर्न पाउँदा मलाई आनन्द र सन्तुष्टीको अनुभूति हुन्छ ।

म पीडामा छटपटाइ रहँदा धेरै सहयोगी हातहरू रहे । त्योमध्येमा पनि मुख्य चाहिँ अमेरिकन नागरिक पिटर् गिल हुन् । उनले मलाई धेरै सहयोग गरेका छन् । उनकै सहयोगमा केही समय मैले काठमाडौँमा म्युजिकल थेरापी पनि गरें । जब म एकान्तमा हुन्छु, पीडाले गाँज्छ थाल्छ । तर जब म संगितमा रमाउँ, पीडा त कता कता गायब भएजस्तो हुन्छ । पिटर् बाहेक मेरो दुखमा सधैं साथ हुने मेरी श्रीमती र आमा नै हुन् ।

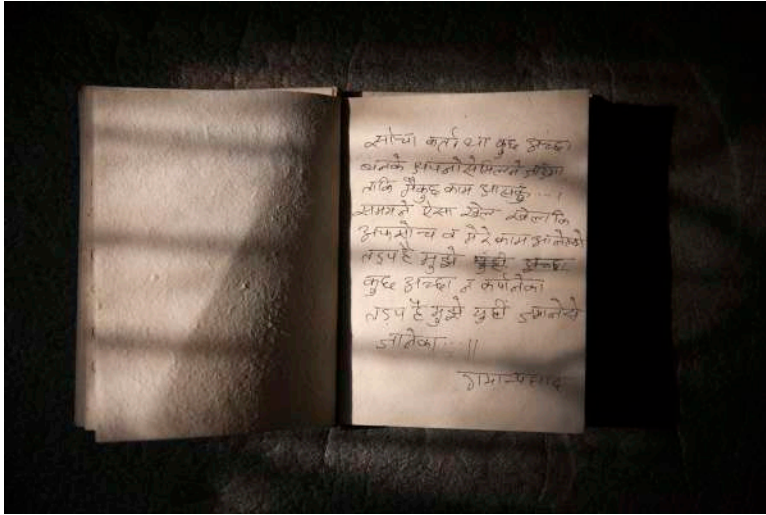
मलाई त्यसरी यातना दिने व्यक्ति को हो मलाई थाहा दिनु राज्यको दायित्व हो । निश्चित व्यक्ति थाहा नपाउँदासम्म मलाई जो बर्दाघारी देखे पनि यहि त्यो अपराधी हो जस्तो लाग्छ किनकी मलाई सत्य नै थाहा छैन । मलाई यातना दिएर यो हालत बनाउने व्यक्ति को हो थाहा पाएर उसले माफी मागे माफी दिन पनि सकिन्छ । सत्य बाहेक हामीजस्ता पीडितलाई राज्यले सम्मानित जीवन जिउनसक्ने वातावरणको सृजना गरिदिनुपर्ने । त्यसका लागि जीवन निर्वाह भत्ता, अपांगतामैत्री संरचना र परिवारको शिक्षा र रोजगारीको सुनिश्चितता गरिदिनुपर्छ । हाम्रो शारीरिक र मानसिक स्वास्थ्यको जिम्मा लिनुपर्छ । त्यसका साथसाथै द्वन्द्वका बेला कुनै निश्चित समुदायलाई लक्षित गरेर आक्रमण गरिएको छ । त्यसको विश्लेषण र अभिलेखिकरण हुनुपर्छ । र अन्त्यमा हामीलाई जे भयो त्यसको क्षतिपूर्ति त कुनै हालतमा हुँदैन तर भविष्यमा हामीले जस्तै पीडा अरूले भोग्न नपरोस् भन्नेतिर सबैको ध्यान जाओस् ।

My devotion to work didn't decrease even after the incident. There is a unique joy in living for others. I feel like I am naturally full of self-confidence. I never had big ambitions, so I find joy in small achievements.

I am interested in science and innovation as well. I think I am a creative person. Doing something creative gives me pleasure and satisfaction.

There were a lot of people who helped while I was in the midst of pain and despair. Main among them was an American citizen, Peter Gill. He has helped me a lot. With his support I went through musical therapy in Kathmandu. When I am in solitude, my pains overcome me. But while playing music, my pain and despair disappear. Beside Peter, my mother and my wife always stood near me in my difficult times.

It is the state's duty to find out about the person who tortured me. Until I know who the specific persons were, every security personnel in a combat uniform looks like a criminal to me, because I don't know the truth. I may think about forgiving the perpetrators who tortured me and brought me to this situation if they reveal the truth and ask for my forgiveness. Beside the truth, victims like me should be provided with the opportunity for a dignified life. The state should provide a fixed living allowance, create disabled-friendly physical infrastructure, and manage education and employment for family members. It should bear responsibility for our physical and mental health. Some communities were specifically targeted and attacked during the war. Such patterns should be documented and analyzed. What happened to us is not repairable in any way, but everyone should make sure that others will not have to experience our fate.



मुड अनुसार कविता लेखन् गया । एकदमै पीडामा हुँदा  
उनलाई नैराश्यले गाँज्छ ।

Gaya writes poems according to his mood. When he's  
in a lot of pain he feels depressed.













Photo: Ramesh Adhikari



Photo: Ramesh Adhikari

सुरक्षाकर्मीले गिरफ्तार गरेर यातना दिँदा आँखामा पट्टि बाँध्न प्रयोग गरेको आफ्नो ज्याकेट गयाले सुरक्षित राखेका छन् ।

Gaya has kept the jacket that the security personnel used to blindfold him with when they took him away and tortured him.



## जुन पक्षबाट भएपनि आखिर पीडा त एउटै हो नि

हेमराज थारु, ६५  
राजापुर, बर्दिया

मेरो जन्म २०१० सालमा बर्दियाको राजापुरमै भएको हो । तर मेरा बाउ बाजे चाहिँ दांगबाट बसाई सरेर यता आएका हुन् । त्यतिबेला यो ठाँउमा जंगल थियो र एकजना जमिनदारको नाममा । हाम्रा बाउबाजेले यहाँको जंगल फाँडेका र । २०२१ सालमा भूमिसुधार लागु भएपछि हाम्रो परिवारको नाममा १२ बिघा जग्गा आयो । ३ सय रूपैयाँमा १ बिघा जग्गा आउने समय थियो त्यो । त्यसैले बाउले अरू जग्गा थपथाप गरेपछि हाम्रो परिवारसँग पन्ध्र सोह्र बिघा जग्गा भयो । थारूहरू प्राय कसैमा भएको बेला त्यतिका जग्गा भएपछि हाम्रा बा गाउँका गन्यमान्य नै हुनुभयो । कुलो पानीको जिम्मा लिने चौधरी हुनुभयो । बुवाको शेष पछि कुलोपानीको जिम्मा मेरो काँधमा आयो ।

द्वन्द्वको बेला हाम्रो गाउँ दुवै पक्षबाट सताइएको थियो । एकपटक आर्मीको क्याम्प आएर मलाई माओवादी देखा भनेर फाँड हाने । तिनका बाउलाई मैले चिनेको हुनाले मलाई छोडिदिए । मेरो हात काट्नुपर्ने गरि भएको घटना चाहिँ विद्रोहीले घटाएका हुन् ।

२०५९ पौष १६ गते दिउसो ३ बजे म राजापुर बजारमा धान बेचेर घर फर्कदै थिएँ । बाटोमा केही माओवादी कार्यकर्ता भेटिए र केही कुरा गर्नुछ भनेर सँगै पर जाम् भने । बेलाबेलामा चन्दा दिएर, अन्नपात दिएर तथा खाना खुवाएर सहयोग गरेकै हो तिनलाई । अनि मलाई चिन्छन् पनि । केही नगर्लान भनेर सँगै गएँ । उनीहरू छ जनाको समुहमा थिए । केही पर गएपछि त मलाई एक्कासी हान्न पो थाले । मैले आत्मरक्षा गर्नसक्ने स्थिति नै भएन ।

## Whichever party was responsible the suffering caused is the same

Hemraj Tharu, 65  
Rajapur, Bardiya

I was born in Rajapur, Bardiya, in 1953. My ancestors migrated there from Dang. At that time this place was a jungle registered in the name of a landlord. My father and others cleared that jungle. When the Land Reform Act came into effect in 1964, our family received twelve bigha of land. Land was cheap at that time, you could buy a bigha for three hundred rupees. So my father bought more land and became the owner of fifteen to sixteen bigha of land. Our family became prosperous. Because we had so much land at a time when most Tharus were working as bonded laborers my father became influential in the village. He became the Chaudhary responsible for the irrigation channels. I took on that responsibility after my father's death.

My village suffered from both sides during the conflict. Once, an army captain asked me to show him Maoists and slapped me around. But he let me go because I knew his father. But the incident which led to my hand being amputated was perpetrated by the Maoists.

On the afternoon of 31 December, 2002, I was returning home from Rajapur Bazar after selling paddy. Some Maoist cadres stopped me on the way and asked me to go with them, saying they needed to talk to me. I had provided donations, food and other supplies to the Maoists in the past, and they know me well, too. So I went with them, thinking that they



दाहिने हातमा लक्षित गरेर लौरोले कैयौं पटक प्रहार गरे । हात थिलो थिलो भएपछि छोडेर भागे ।

घटना पछि सुरक्षाकर्मीले मानपुर तपराको अस्थाइ ब्यारेकमा १ रात राखेपछि नेपालगञ्जसम्म लगिदिए । नेपालगञ्जमा निको हुन्छ भन्दा भन्दै उपचारमा लापरवाही भएर हात नै पुरै पाक्न थालेपछि काठमाडौं लगियो । काठमाडौं अस्पतालमा हात नै काट्न पन्यो ।

उपचारको क्रममा मेरी जहान सधैं साथमा भइन् । काठमाडौंमा त्यतिबेलाका मन्त्री गोपाल दहितले धेरै सहयोग गरे । उनी यहीँ राजापुरका हुन । १ महिना जति त दहितको मन्त्री निवासमै बसेर अस्पताल आउ जाउ गरें । २ महिनामा बर्दिया फर्किएपनि गाउँ जाने स्थिति थिएन । गाउँ आएको त ३ वर्ष अगाडि मात्रै हो । सदरमुकाम गुलरियामै भुप्रो बनाएर बस्यौं । गुलरियामा बस्दा मेरी जहानले तरकारी, फलफूल बेचेर मलाई पालेकी हुन । निक्कै दुःख गरेर गुजारा चलाइयो त्यहाँ त ।

आफ्नो अधिकारको लागि लड्दा लड्दै मैले बर्दियाका धेरै द्वन्द्व पीडित साथीहरूलाई भेटें । साथीहरूले मलाई द्वन्द्व पीडित समितिको उपाध्यक्ष बनाए । अहिले पनि म द्वन्द्व पीडित समितिको उपाध्यक्ष छु । स्थानिय शान्ति समिति बर्दियाको सदस्य भएर पनि लामो समय काम गरें ।

मलाई सम्पूर्ण द्वन्द्व पीडित साथीहरूको पीडा, संघर्ष र न्यायका लागि लड्ने उनीहरूको साहस देख्दा थप आँटिलो हुने प्रेरणा मिल्छ । उनीहरूका लागि काम गर्न पाँउदा आत्मसन्तुष्टी पनि मिल्छ । द्वन्द्वपीडित समितिको उपाध्यक्ष र शान्ति समितिको सदस्य भएकाले कुनै पीडितलाई समस्या पर्दा, सरकारी काम पर्दा मलाई फोन गर्छन् । म एक हातले साइकल चलाएर राजापुरदेखि गुलरिया पुगिहाल्छु । बर्दिया जिल्लामा हामी पीडितहरू कुन पक्षबाट पीडित बनाइएको भनेर भेदभाव गर्दैनौं । जुन पक्षबाट भएपनि आखिर पीडा त एउटै हो नी, हैन र ?

मलाई किन त्यस्तो क्रूर तरिकाले हानीयो आजसम्म मैले थाहा पाउन सकेको छैन । कोहीले भन्छन कुलो पानीको काम गर्दा जथाभावी जरिवाना लगायो भनेर हानेका रे । गल्ती गर्नेलाई जरिवाना नगरे कसरी सामाजिक काम गर्न सकिन्छ, भन्नुस् त? कोहीले भन्छन माओवादीले थापेको विद्युतिय धरापको तार काटेको भनेर हानेका रे । धरोधर्म मलाई त्यो धरापको विषयमा केही थाहा थिएन । पछि माओवादी पार्टीकै मान्छेलाई सोध्दा व्यक्तिगत रिसइबीले हानेका हुन भन्छन् । व्यक्तिगत रिसइबीले हानेको भए पार्टीका कार्यकर्ता किन प्रयोग भए त? वास्तवमा मलाई सत्य कुरा कसैले भन्दैन । मलाई हान्ने मध्येका

would do nothing. They were in a group of six. After walking for a distance they suddenly started beating me. I did not have the chance to defend myself. They hit my right hand with a baton several times. When they had totally damaged my hand, they ran away.

State security forces took me to their temporary barracks in Manpur Tapara. The next day, they took me to Nepalgunj hospital. After keeping me in Nepalgunj and giving me assurances that my hand would heal, they neglected my treatment and the entire arm became infected and I was then taken to Kathmandu, where my hand had to be amputated.

My wife was always with me during the treatment. Gopal Dahit, who was a minister in Kathmadu at that time, also helped me a lot. He is also from Rajapur. I stayed in his residence for a month during the follow up treatment. I returned to Bardiya after two months, but I could not return to my village. I was only able to return to my village three years ago. We built a small hut and lived in Gulariya. My wife provided for me by selling fruits and vegetables on the street. Those were the most difficult days for us.

While fighting for my own rights, I came into contact with many other conflict victims. These friends made me the vice-chair of the Conflict Victims' Committee and I am still the vice-chair. I also served as a member of the Local Peace Committee, Bardiya, for a long time.

When I hear about the pain and struggles of other conflict victims, and see their courage to fight for justice, I gain inspiration to become even more courageous. Working for them gives me satisfaction. Since I am the vice-chair of the Conflict Victims' Committee and a member of the Local Peace Committee, conflict victims call me when they face any trouble or if they have to deal with the government. Once I get a call, I grab my bicycle, and cycle with my one hand to the district headquarters to help them. In Bardiya, we do not discriminate on the basis of which side of the conflict made somebody their victim. Whichever party may have been responsible, the suffering caused is the same, isn't it?



केहीलाई म चिन्छु पनि । तर तिनमा कुनै स्वीकारोक्ती र पश्चातापको भाव छैन । ठाँटका साथ हिँड्छन आज पनि ।

यसरी निरन्तरको अस्वीकार र तिरस्कारले पीडितको नयाँ पिँदीमा पछिल्ला दिनमा बदलाको भाव समेत विकास भएको छ । त्यसैले राज्यले छिटो भन्दा छिटो घटनाको सत्यतथ्य बाहिर ल्याएर पीडकलाई कारबाही र पीडितलाई क्षतिपूर्ति, परिपूरण दिनु पर्छ । म जस्ता घाइते अपांगलाई जीवन भत्ताको व्यवस्था हुनुपर्छ । र कस्तिमा मलाई त्यसरी यातना दिने दोषी खुलमखुल्ला छाती फूलाएर हिँड्नसक्ने स्थितिको अन्त्य हुनुपर्छ । अनि मात्र मनमा शान्ति होला कि ?

I have never found out why I was beaten in such a cruel way. Some say I was beaten because I had imposed arbitrary fines upon those who had misused water from the canal. But, tell me – how is it possible to do any social work if we don't punish those who misuse public trust? Some say I was harmed because I cut the wire of an ambush planted by the Maoists. I swear I knew nothing about that ambush. I asked a local Maoist leader recently and he replied I was beaten because of personal enmity. But why were party cadres used if it was to settle a personal score? In fact, nobody tells me the truth. I know some of the people who beat me. They are still walking around proudly in my village. They don't show any acknowledgement or remorse for what they did to me. They still strut around arrogantly.

This kind of denial and discord has developed a sense of revenge among the new generation. That is why the state should disclose the truth about the incident, punish the perpetrators and provide compensation and reparation to victims as soon as possible. A lifelong allowance should be given to the wounded and disabled victims like me. And, at least, the situation where my perpetrators can walk around freely should end. I will feel peace in my heart only after that.



















सन् २०१८ सेप्टेम्बर २७ मा  
हेमराजको मृत्यु भयो । मृत्युको  
दिनसम्मै पनि उनी आफ्नो  
जिल्लाका द्वन्द्वपीडितहरूको  
हकहितकालागि कार्यरत थिए ।

Hemraj passed away on 27  
September, 2018. Until the  
day before he died, he was  
actively working for the  
conflict victims in his district.





## मेरो साहसले धानेको जीवन

कली परियार, ४६  
कोहलपुर, बाँके

## A life sustained by my courage

Kali Pariyar, 46  
Kohlpur, Banke

म जन्मेको दैलेखको रतिखोलामा हो । बाबुआमा म १५ वर्षको छँदा बितेकोले भाइबहिनीहरुको हेरचाह र तिनको बिहेवारी गराउँदैनथे मैले आफ्नो बाल्यकाल र जवानी सक्काएँ । बाल्यकालका रमाइला क्षणहरुको त सम्झनै छैन भन्दा पनि हुन्छ किनकि भाइबहिनीको खुशीकै लागि मैले मेरा चाहाना त्याग्न पर्ने स्थिति थियो । जवानी दल्किने बेलासम्म माइतीमै बसियो भनम् । २५ वर्षकी भएपछि सुर्खेत रामघाटका अर्जुन नेपालीसँग प्रेम विवाह गरें ।

बिहे भएको २ वर्षपछि देशमा सशस्त्र द्वन्द्व शुरू भयो । त्यसको केही वर्षपछि मेरा श्रीमान माओवादीमा लाग्नुभयो । म पनि एक दुई महिना त हिउँ तर छोराछोरी साना भएकाले मैले पार्टीमा नलाग्ने निर्णय गरेर अलग्गिएँ । पार्टीमा नलाग्दा त भन्ने दोहोरो चेपुवामा परियो । माओवादी आएर जबरजस्ती कार्यक्रममा लैजाने, खाना खुवाउन लगाउने गर्थे भने राज्यका सुरक्षाकर्मी आएर खाना खुवाएको निहुँमा धमक्याउने र यातना दिने गर्थे । त्यसमाथि मेरा श्रीमान नै माओवादीमा लागेकाले राज्यको तारो बनेकी थिएँ म ।

म गर्भवती भएका बेला राज्यका सेना पुलिस आएर तेरो श्रीमान खै भन्दै मलाई यातना दिन्थे । गर्भावरस्थामा भएकी मलाई बुट र राइफलका कुन्दाले हान्थे । बन्दुकले घोट्थे । त्यस्तो धेरैपटक गरे । मेरो बच्चा त सामान्य अवस्थामै जन्मियो तर ती कुटाइका कारण म भने कमजोर बन्दै गएँ । छोरा जन्मेको केही महिना पछि श्रीमानलाई राज्यपक्षले पक्रेर लग्यो । उहाँको अवस्था आजसम्म पनि अज्ञात छ । श्रीमान बेपत्ता पारिनुभएपछि सानासाना

I was born in Rati Khola, Dailekh. My parents died when I was fifteen years old. I spent my youth bringing up my younger siblings and getting them married. I hardly have any good memories of my childhood because I had to compromise my happiness and desires for the happiness of my younger siblings. Let us say that I stayed with my natal family nearly until my youth was spent. I eloped with Arjun Nepali from Surkhet after I turned twenty-five.

The armed conflict started two years after my marriage. A few years after that, my husband also joined the Maoists. I joined the Maoists for a couple of months but left the party because I had to care for my small children. Leaving the party created more trouble for me. The Maoists would come and forcibly take me to their programs and ask me for food, while the state security forces would then come and intimidate and torture me for feeding the Maoists. I had become a target for the state because my husband was a Maoist.

When I was pregnant, the army and police personnel would ask me about my husband's whereabouts and torture me. Even though I was pregnant they would beat me with their boots and rifle butts. They did this many times. I gave birth to my son normally, but I had become weakened by the torture. My husband was disappeared a few months after my son's birth. We still

लालाबाला हुर्काउने तिनलाई पढाउने जिम्मा मेरो थाप्लामा आयो । घाँस दाउरा गर्दै जीवन अगाडि बढ्दै थियो ।

एकदिन जंगलमा घाँसपात गर्न गएको बेला दाउरा काट्न लाग्दा अचानक जिउमा करेन्ट लागेको जस्तो महसुस भयो र म बेहोस भएँ । त्यसपछि त मेरो एक हर नै नचल्ने पो भएछ । बेहोस भएकै मलाई साथीहरूले अस्पताल पुऱ्याएछन् । त्यतिबेला आर्थिक अभावमा खासै राम्रो उपचार गर्न पनि सकिएन । उबेलै राम्रो उपचार पाएको भए निको हुन्थेँ कि जस्तो पनि लाग्छ । पछि केही सहृदयी व्यक्तिहरूको सहयोगमा राम्रोसँग स्वास्थ्य जाँच गराएँ । द स्टोरी किचनको सहयोगमा सिटिस्क्र्यान गरेपछि रिपोर्ट आयो । टाउकोको नसा च्यापिएको र पछाडीको भागमा पानी जमेको छ रे । त्यो नसाको लागि र जमेको पानी सुकाउने भनेर अहिले पनि हप्ताको ५ हजार बराबरको औषधि निरन्तर खाईरहेकी छु । म गर्भवती भएको बेला दिएको यातना र श्रीमान बेपत्ता भएपछिको तनावका कारणले त हो यस्तो भएको ?

अहिले पनि मेरो खुट्टा राम्रोसँग चल्दैन, छोटो दुरी हिड्न पनि सकिनेँ । जाडोको बेला त भन्न थलै पर्छु ।

श्रीमान बेपत्ता पारिएपछि लालाबाला हुर्काउन सानो आँट र साहसले कहाँ सम्भव थियो र ? त्यो आँट बढुल्न सकेकोमा आफैँदेखि अचम्म पर्छु । आफैँलाई एक खालको अपांगता भएपछि पनि मैले हार खाइनेँ । चन्द्रकला उप्रेतिको सहयोगमा म जस्तै पीडाबाट गुज्रेका अन्य दिदीबहिनीहरूसँग नियमित भेटघाट हुन थालेपछि मन बुझाउने बाटो भयो । म भन्दा पनि बढी पीडा भेल्ले गरेकाहरूलाई देख्दा म त केही गर्नसक्छु भन्ने आँट आयो । अब कति रोएर मात्र बस्नु, नयाँ तरिकाले जीवन सुरू गर्नुपर्छ भन्ने लागेर सानो घुम्ती राखेर सिलाइ गर्न थालें । सिलाइ, कटाईको सुरूवात गर्न मेरो पसलकै छेउमा रहनुभएका टंक खनाल लगायतका छिमेकिले ठूलो सहयोग गर्नुभयो । त्यसबाट थोरै भएपनि आम्दानी हुन्थ्यो । आफ्नो औषधिको खर्च आफैँ कमाउँथेँ । त्यहाँसम्म पनि हिँडेर जान गाह्रो हुँदै गएकोले अहिले त्यो पसल पनि छैन । अहिले ठूलो छोराले सबै कुरा धानेको छ । कसैले सहयोग गरे आफ्नै आँगनको छेउमा घुम्ती किनारा पसल गरेर घर खर्चमा सहयोग गर्न मन छ अभैँ पनि ।

मलाई दुखको बेला साथ दिने संघसस्था, घर बनाउने बेला सहयोग गर्ने साथीहरू अनि पीडामा सहयात्री बनेका सबैलाई धन्यवाद भन्न चाहन्छु ।

don't know of his whereabouts. After his disappearance all the responsibility of bringing up our child fell on me. My life continued through these struggles.

One day, while collecting firewood in the jungle I felt something like an electric current pass through my body and I fell unconscious. I was left paralyzed on one side. My friends took me to the hospital. I could not manage proper treatment because of lack of funds. Sometimes I feel like I would be better now if I had received proper treatment at that time. It was a long time later that a few people helped me and I was able to get a proper diagnosis. The Story Kitchen helped me get a CT scan. The report said I had a pinched nerve, and that fluid had accumulated in my brain. I have been taking medication worth five thousand rupees every week for the nerve and to dry out the accumulated fluid. Am I in this situation because of the torture I endured when I was pregnant and because of the stress after the disappearance of my husband?

Even now, my leg doesn't work properly and I can't even walk short distances. It gets very difficult when it's cold.

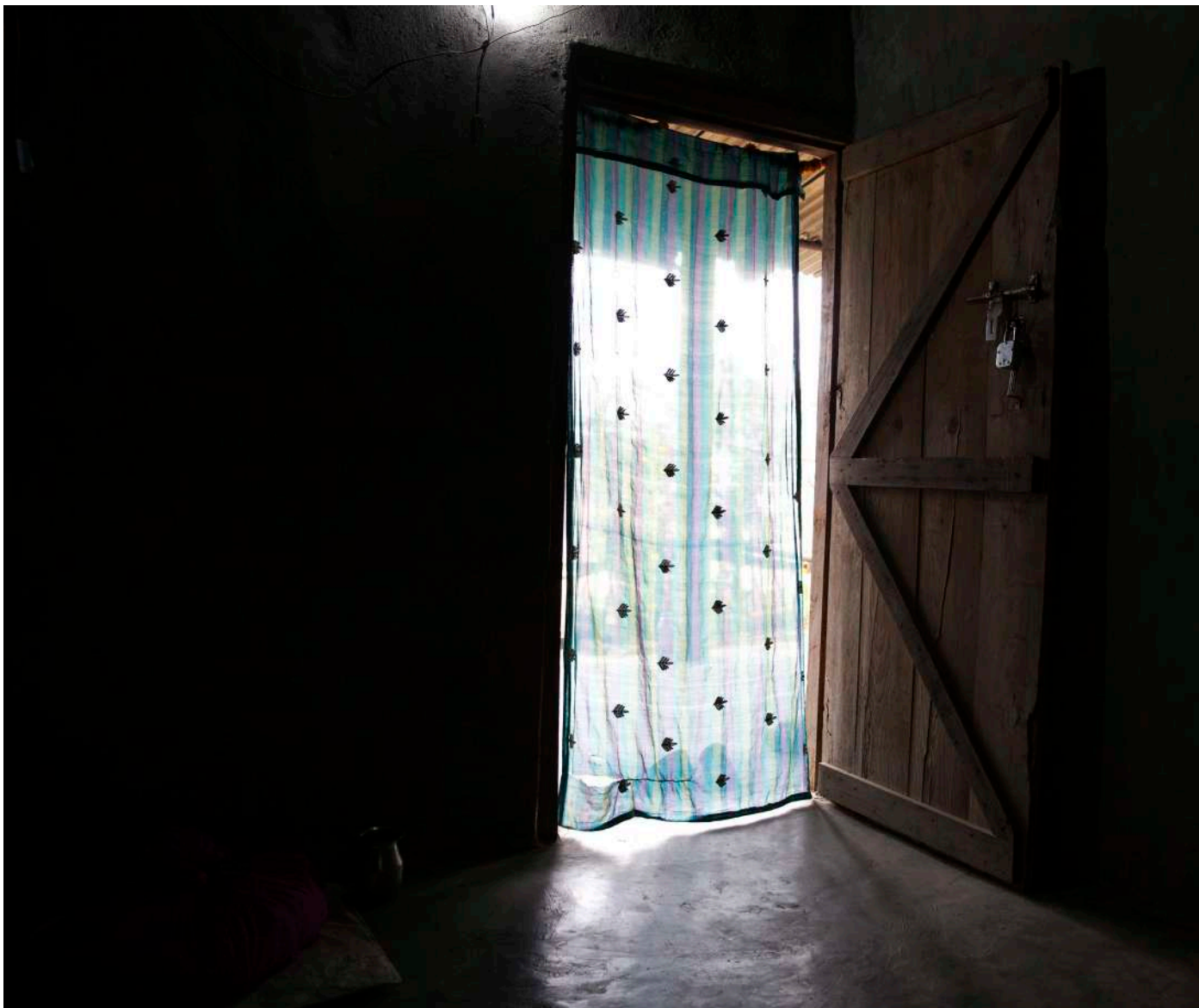
No amount of courage would have been enough for me to bring up my children after my husband was disappeared. I am amazed at myself to see that I gathered the necessary courage. I never experienced low-esteem, even though I was disabled. I found a way to console myself more when, through Chandrakala, I began meeting other women who are also suffering like me as a result of the conflict. Meeting women who were struggling through greater suffering than mine gave me the courage to think that I could do something with my life. After that I realized that I needed to stop grieving and start my life in a new way. That is why I started a small tailor's shop. When I started that shop, my neighbors, including Tanka Khanal, helped me a lot. The shop brought in a small earning. I could pay for my own medication. More recently I've had to give up the shop because it became difficult even to walk up to there. These days, my elder son supports the family. I would still help with household expenses if only somebody would help me set up a small grocery shop near my home.

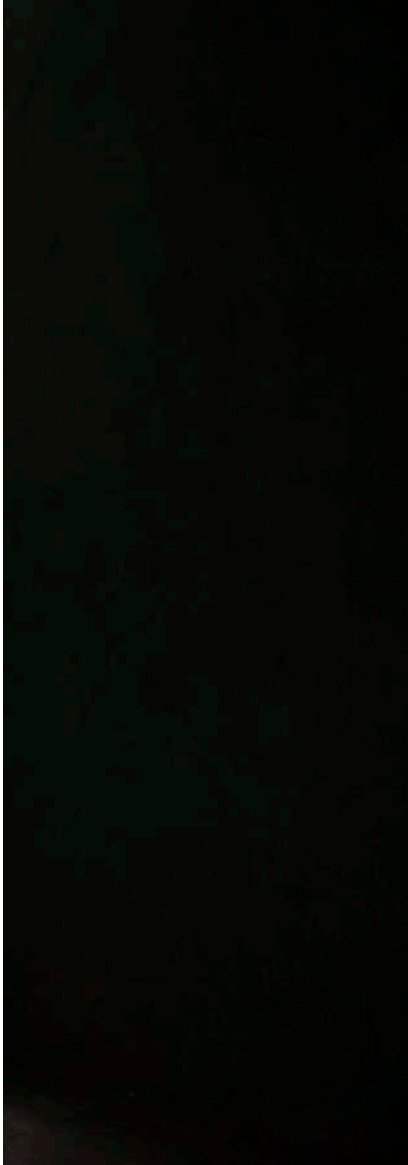


अब राज्यले कम्तिमा मेरा छोराहरूको क्षमता अनुसारको रोजगारी, मेरो लागि निःशुल्क स्वास्थ्य उपचार र पेन्सन र अन्य सार्वजनिक सेवाहरूमा सहूलियत हुनेगरी परिचय पत्रको व्यवस्था गरिदिए राज्य छ भन्ने अनुभूति हुन्थ्यो । बेपत्ता पारिनुभएका मेरा श्रीमानको स्थिति सार्वजनिक गरिदिए पनि मानसिक तनाव निक्कै कम हुनेथियो । शारीरिक रूपमा मैले भोग्ने पीडाभन्दा पनि समाजले लगाउने लान्छनाले मनमा ठूलो चोट पुऱ्याउँदो रहेछ । राज्यले यस्तो स्थितिके सृजना गर्नुपर्‍यो जहाँ समाजले द्वन्द्वपीडित म जस्ता एकल महिला र घाइते अपाङ्गलाई शंका, तिरस्कार र हेपाइ हैन सम्मानित नागरिकको रूपमा स्वीकार गरोस् । त्यति भैदिए एक खालको न्यायको अनुभूति हुने थियो ।

I want to thank all the organizations and friends who helped me during my difficult times and who helped me build my house.

Now, if the state would provide employment opportunities for my sons, and free treatment, a pension, and an identity card for me so that we can get subsidies in public services, I could at least feel that the state exists. I would feel very relieved psychologically if the state would publish the whereabouts of my disappeared husband. Sometimes the pain of societal stigma is worse than my physical pain. That is why it is the state's responsibility to create an environment where society accepts disabled people and single women as dignified citizens instead of treating them with suspicion, contempt and humiliation. If that were to happen, I would feel like I have received some kind of justice.





कलीसँग आफ्ना पतिको कुनैपनि तस्बिर बाँकी छैन ।  
यो तस्बिर अनौपचारिक क्षेत्र सेवा केन्द्र (इन्सेक) को  
अनलाइन संकलनबाट लिइएको हो ।

Kali no longer has a photo of her husband in her  
possession. This photo was taken from the Informal  
Sector Service Center (INSEC) online collection.





कालीले कुनै बेला सञ्चालन गर्ने गरेको सिलाई पसल रहेको घुम्ती । अहिले त्यहाँसम्म पुग्न हिँड्नु पर्ने डेढ किलोमिटरको दुरी उनी पार गर्न सकिदैनन् ।

The tailor's stall where Kali used to run a small business. She is no longer able to walk the 1.5km to get there.











## जीवन नै संघर्ष रहेछ ।

कृष्ण बहादुर घिसिङ्ग, ४७  
जिरी, दोलखा

## Life is a struggle

Krishna Bahadur Ghising, 47  
Jiri, Dolakha

म परिवारको जेठो छोरो । मेरो बाल्यकाल भारतमा बित्यो । अधिकांश स्कुले पढाइ उतै सकै र जिरीमा आएर एसएलसी दिएँ । परिवारको जेठो छोरो भएको कारणले घर चलाउने जिम्मा मेरो काँधमा आयो । काम खोज्दै काठमाडौँसम्म पुगँ । आमाँमा भर्ती हुनका लागि समेत तयार भएँ । तर त्यहाँको पेलान देखेर भर्ती हुन सकिनँ । काठमाडौँमा ठूलोबुबाको छोराको ट्याक्सीहरु थिए । सुरूमा उनेबाट सिकेर पछि आफ्नै गाडीको चालक बनेको थिएँ म । त्यहि क्रममा आफूले मन पराएको केटीसँग विवाह भयो र २ छोरा पनि जन्मिए । जीवन राम्रै चलेकै थियो ।

२०५९ सालमा मलाई कोरियाको भिसा लाग्ने भयो । त्यसका लागि आवश्यक पर्ने कागजात बनाएर विदेश उड्ने तयारीका साथ काठमाडौँ फर्किन लागेको थिएँ म । तर बीचबाटोमै भएको एक त्रासदीपूर्ण घटना पछि जीवनभरका लागि हिवल चियरमा थन्किएँ ।

कार्तिक २८ गते, माओवादीको तीनदिने नेपाल बन्द पछि यातायात खुलेको थियो । मलाई काठमाडौँ पुग्ने हतारो थियो र पहिलो बसमा काठमाडौँका लागि हिउँ । म चढेको बस दोलखाको हलहले पुग्दा अचानक त्यहाँको पुलमुनि राखिएको बम विस्फोट भयो । मलाई त बम पड्केकोसम्म पनि थाहा भएन । विस्फोट पछि उपचारका लागि काठमाडौँ लगिएछ । १९ दिन पछि होस खुल्दा म छाउनीस्थित सैनिक अस्पतालको सघन उपचार कक्षमा उपचाररत थिएँ । होस आउँदा कम्मरमुनि जिउ नै नचल्ने र एउटा हात भाँचिएको अवस्थामा आफूलाई पाएँ । नौ महिना अस्पतालमै बसेर उपचार गरियो ।

I am the eldest son in my family. My childhood was spent in India, and I did most of my school education there, but I returned to Jiri to take my SLC exams. As the eldest son, the responsibility of looking after the family fell on me. I went to Kathmandu in search of work. I started training to join the army. But when I saw the hardship there I couldn't join the army. My cousins had taxis in Kathmandu and, after learning from them how to drive, I became a driver of my own vehicle. In the meantime, I married the girl I loved and we had two sons. Life was moving along.

In 2002, I was going to receive a visa for South Korea. I was returning to Kathmandu from Dolakha after preparing all the necessary documents. But a terrible incident on the way left me confined to a wheelchair for the rest of my life.

On 14 November, a three-day strike called by the Maoists had just ended. I was in a hurry to reach Kathmandu and so left on the first bus. When it reached Halhale of Dolakha, a bomb planted under the bridge exploded. I was not even aware of the blast. I was taken to Kathmandu for treatment. When I regained consciousness nineteen days later, I was in the Intensive Care Unit at the Army Hospital in Chhauni. I discovered that I could no longer move my body under the waist and my hand was also fractured. I received treatment in

भाँचिएको हात त ठिक भयो तर मेरूदण्डमा परेको चोटको उपचार हुन सकेन र म सधैंका लागि हिवल चियर प्रयोगकर्ता बन्न पुगें ।

आफूलाई त्यो अवस्थामा पाँउदा लाग्यो मेरो जिन्दगी त सकियो । कहाँको कोरिया गइ पैसा कमाएर परिवारलाई सुख दिने सपना र कहाँको हिवल चियरमा थन्किएर अरूको सहारामा बाँच्नुपर्ने यथार्थ । आफै भन्नुसु त त्यो पल मेरो मनोदशा कस्तो थियो होला ? घटना हुने समयसम्म दैनिक आवश्यकतासँग जुभिरहेको मेरो सामु अब फरक खालको समस्या थपिएको थियो – आफ्नै शरीरसँग हरेक पल गर्नुपर्ने संघर्ष ।

सुरूका दिनमा निराशाले गाँजे पनि घर परिवार र आफन्तको सहयोगले बिस्तारै आत्मविश्वास पलाउँदै आयो । अस्पतालको बेडमा गतिहिन भएर पल्टिरहदा मेरो छोरोले मलाई खुशी बनाउन गीत गाउँथ्यो । छोराहरूलाई देखेपछि लाग्थ्यो म चालहिन भएपनि कम्तिमा यिनले बाबा भन्न पाएका त छन् । यस्तै विचारले निराशालाई पेल्टै गएपछि ममा सकारात्मकता पलाउन थालेको हो ।

अहिले जिउमा बेड सोरका घाउहरू छन् । तिनको हरेक दिन ड्रेसिंग गर्नुपर्छ । दिशा पिसाब नियन्त्रण गर्न सकिन्नै । त्यसका लागि युरिन ब्याग र अन्य सामाग्री चाहिन्छ । दैनिक करिब २०० को औषधि र सामाग्री चाहिन्छ । ती सामाग्री पनि चरिकोटमा उपलब्ध हुँदैनन्, काठमाडौँबाट ल्याउन पर्छ । सहयोगी बिना यताउता गर्न असम्भव छ । तर त्यति हुँदाहुँदै पनि म आफ्नो गुजारा आफै चलाउन सक्ने भएको छु । त्यसमा आफैप्रति गर्वको अनुभूति हुन्छ ।

उपचार पछि म घरमै बसेको बेला आइसिसआरसिका मानिसहरू आएर के सहयोग गर्न सक्छौं भनेर सोधे । पैसा दिने र पुनर्स्थापना केन्द्रमा राख्नेसम्मका प्रस्ताव ल्याए । तर मैले उनीहरूलाई 'माछा दिने हैन माछा मार्ने सीप दिनुहोस्' भनै । र मलाई समाजमै आत्मसम्मानका साथ बाँच्नसक्ने बनाउन कुनै सीप सिकाइदिनुहोस् भन्ने आग्रह गरें । आफू पुनर्स्थापना केन्द्रमा कैदीजस्तो हैन समाजमा उदाहरण बनेर जिउन चाहेको कुरा बताएँ । उनीहरूको सहयोगमा कम्प्युटरको डिप्लोमा कोर्स गरें । उनीहरूले नै एउटा कम्प्युटर पनि दिए । त्यसकै बलमा मैले २०६६ सालमा चरिकोटमा कम्प्युटर ट्रेनिंग सेन्टर र साइबर खोलेँ । आजसम्म २ सय भन्दा बढीलाई मैले कम्प्युटर तालिम दिएको छु । तीमध्ये धेरैजना अपांगता भएकाहरू पनि छन् । त्यहि साइबर र कम्प्युटर तालिम केन्द्रले गर्दा म स्वावलम्बी भएको छु ।

the hospital for nine months. Though my fractured hand healed, my spinal cord injury could not be treated and I became a wheelchair user.

When I found myself in that condition, I thought my life had ended. I had dreamed of going to Korea to earn money and give happiness to my family, but the reality was that I had become confined to a wheelchair, needing assistance from others to survive. You can imagine what I must have felt at that moment. Until then I had been struggling for our family's daily needs. But, after that, a new problem had been added – the constant struggle against my own body.

Though I felt hopeless at the beginning, I slowly regained my self-confidence with the support from my family and relatives. While I was lying still on the hospital bed, my son used to sing songs to make me smile. When I saw my sons, I used to think – Even though I cannot move, at least they still have a father. When I started to think in that way, these thoughts overcame my hopelessness and positivity started to grow.

These days I have lots of problems with bed sores. They need to be dressed every day. I cannot control my stool and urine so I need a urine bag and other accessories. I need at least two hundred rupees daily to manage medicine and other assistance materials. These are not available in Dolakha, so I need to bring them from Kathmandu. It's impossible for me to move around without an assistant. Despite all these difficulties, I am managing my expenditures on my own. This makes me feel proud of myself.

After my treatment, people from the ICRC came to my home and asked me what support I needed. They suggested providing monetary support or placing me in a rehabilitation center. I said – Please don't provide me with a fish, but provide me with the skills to do the fishing. I asked them to provide me with a skill so that I could live in the society with respect. I told them I wanted to live in the society as an example for others, rather than living like a prisoner in a rehabilitation center. So I did a diploma course in computing with their help. They provided me with a computer, and that enabled me to start a computer training center and cyber cafe in Charikot in 2009. To date, I have provided computer



जिल्ला र केन्द्रमा आफू र आफूजस्तै अपांगता भएका अन्य साथीहरूको अधिकार लागि अग्रणी भागमा आएर बोल्न सक्ने भएको छु । जिल्लामा द्वन्द्वपीडित तथा अपांगता समन्वयन समितिको अध्यक्ष र केन्द्रमा द्वन्द्वपीडित साभा चौतारीको केन्द्रिय सदस्य छु ।

मेरो शारीरिक दुखाइ त सधैं मसँगै छ । तर त्यो भन्दा बढी दुःख लाग्ने कुरा चाहिँ हाम्रा भौतिक संरचना र अपांगतालाई हेर्ने सामाजिक दृष्टिकोण हो । हाम्रा कुनैपनि सार्वजनिक संरचना अपांगता मैत्री छैनन् । तिनलाई हेर्दा अपांगता भएका नागरिकलाई राज्यले नागरिक नै नठानेको भान हुन्छ । उसो त समाजले आज मलाई हेपेर बोल्न सक्दैन तर अपांगता भएका आम मानिसलाई भने बोभको रूपमा अहिले पनि हेयभावले हेरिन्छ । त्यो देख्दा चाँही मन कुँडिन्छ । कतिपय ठाँउमा त म भगडा गर्दै प्रतिकार पनि गर्नपुग्छु । चरिकोटको हकमा जिल्ला प्रशासन कार्यालय लगायत अन्य सरकारी कार्यालयमा भगडा गरेरै हिवलचियर गुड्न मिल्ने न्याम्पहरू बनाउन लगाएको छु ।

अर्को दुःख लाग्ने कुरा हामी जस्ता अपांगता भएका व्यक्ति र द्वन्द्वपीडितलाई राज्यले गरेको उपेक्षा हो । आजसम्म मैले राज्यबाट अपांगता भत्ता भनेर दिने महिनाको १ हजार बाहेक अन्य कुनै सेवासुविधा पाएको छैन । राज्यले घाइते अपांग सुरक्षा फौजका मान्छे र तत्कालिन लडाकुलाई मात्र जीवन निर्वाह भत्ताको व्यवस्था गर्‍यो तर हामी सर्वसाधारणलाई सधैं उपेक्षा गरिरह्यो । हाम्रा लागि काम गर्ने संघसस्था पनि बिस्तारै कम हुँदै गए । कता कता सबैले बिर्सि कि भैँ लाग्छ ।

हामीलाई आत्मसम्मानका साथ बाँच्न सक्ने स्थितिको सृजना गर्नु राज्यको दायित्व हो । आजीवन सहयोगी सहितको भत्ता, अपांगता मैत्री संरचना हाम्रा आवश्यकता हुन । हिजो सार्वजनिक बसमा बम विस्फोट गराउने माओवादीले पनि गल्ती स्वीकार गरेर आउन प‍यो, क्षमायाचना गर्नुप‍यो । ममा बदलाको कुनै भावना आजसम्म छैन । मलाई के थाहा छ भने बदलाले द्वन्द्वको अर्को अन्तहिन चक्रको सुरूवात हुन्छ । तर त्यसका लागि गल्ती गर्नेले गल्ती त स्वीकार्न प‍यो नि ! माथि भनिएका यि सबै कुरा हुनसके आत्मसन्तुष्टि र न्यायको अनुभूति हुनेथियो होला ।

training to more than two hundred people. Many of them are people living with disabilities too. I have become self-reliant through that cyber and computer training center.

At both the national and local levels, I have become able to step to the front to speak up for my rights and the rights of other friends with disabilities. I am the chairperson of the Conflict Victims and Disability Coordination Committee in Dolakha and a central committee member of the Conflict Victims Common Platform at the national level.

My physical pain is with me all the time. But what gives me more pain is the condition of our physical infrastructure and the social stigma about people with disabilities. None of our public infrastructure is disabled-friendly. I feel like the state has not treated people with disabilities as citizens. Though society does not directly humiliate me, other people with disabilities are still humiliated and seen as a burden. When I see this, it really hurts me. Sometimes I even have to publicly protest against such behavior. In Charikot, I quarreled with the authorities and managed to force them to build wheelchair-friendly ramps in the government offices.

Another thing that hurts is the state's indifference towards disabled people and conflict victims like me. I have received nothing from the state beside the universal disability allowance of one thousand rupees each month. While the state security forces and erstwhile Maoist combatants received livelihood allowances, we civilians living with disabilities were left out. The number of organizations that work for us is also slowly decreasing. Sometimes I feel like everybody is forgetting us.

It is the state's responsibility to create an environment where we can live a dignified life. We need allowances to sustain our lives, along with assistants and disabled-friendly infrastructure. The Maoists who planted the bomb which exploded when a public bus was passing by should accept their mistake and ask for forgiveness. I have no feelings of revenge. I am aware that revenge will simply start a never ending cycle of conflict. But to prevent that, those involved in such incidents should accept that they have done wrong. If the things mentioned above are done, I may feel satisfied and feel some sense of justice.

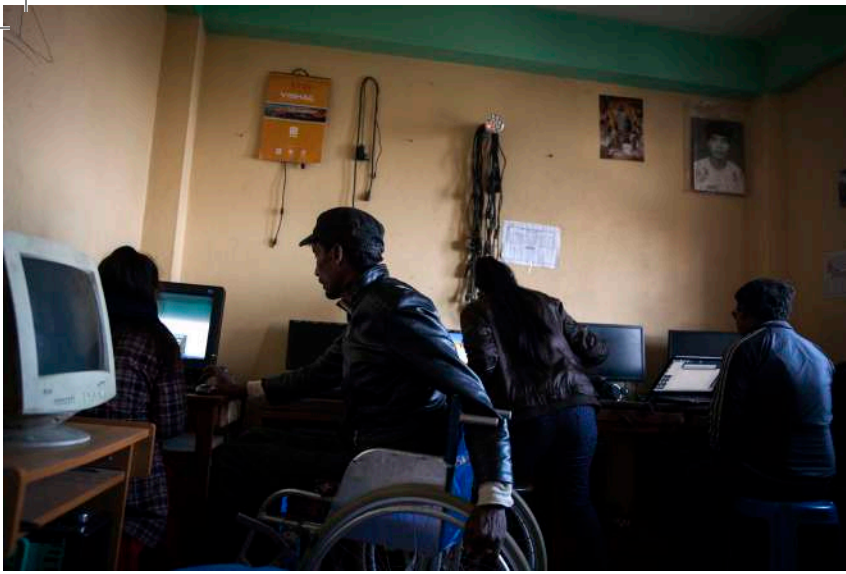




युवा अवस्थामा कृष्ण (बीचमा) ले आफ्ना साथीहरूसँग काठमाडौँको फोटो स्टुडियोमा खिचाएको फोटो ।

Krishna (middle) in his youth in a photo taken with his friends at a photo studio in Kathmandu.



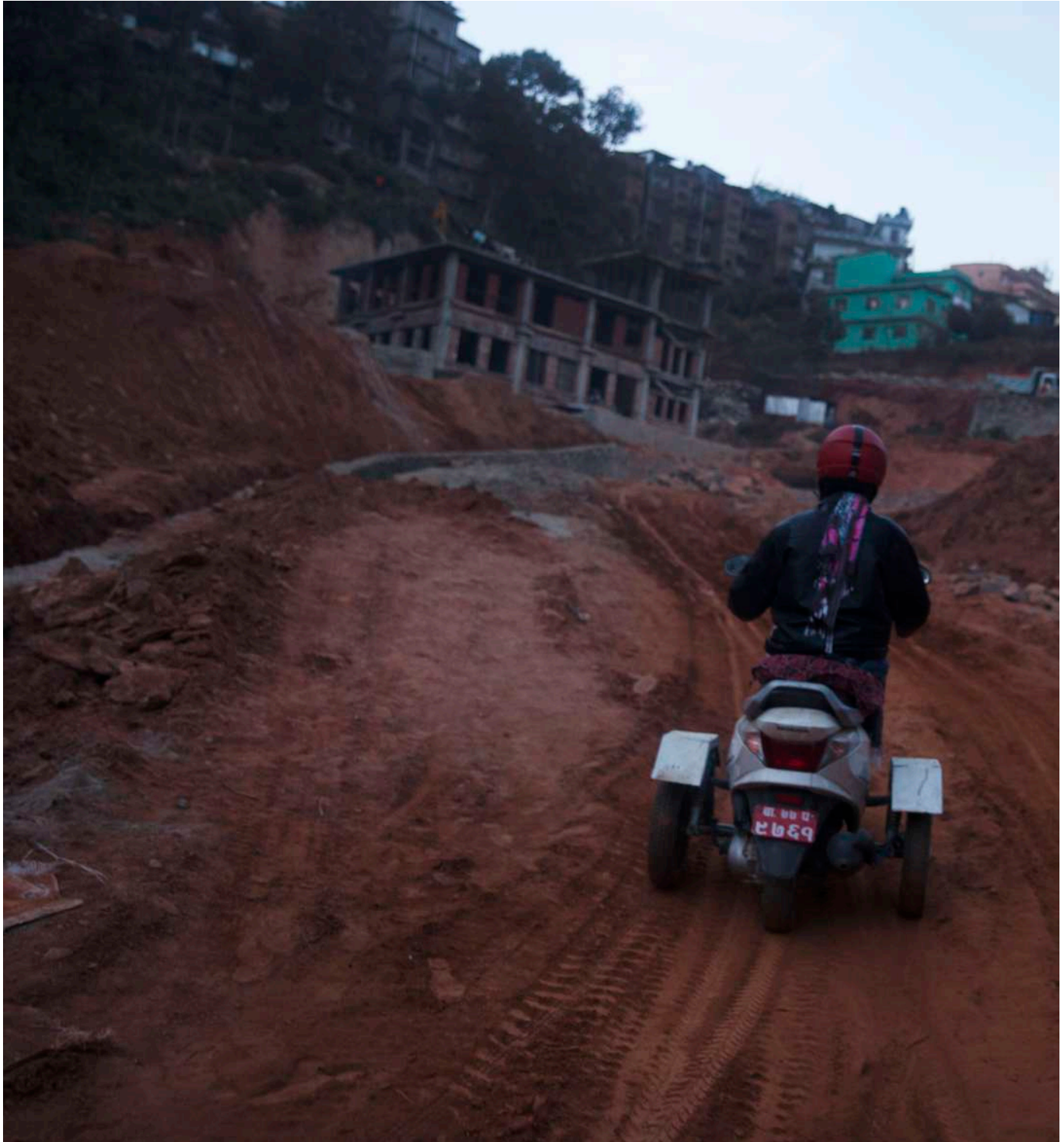


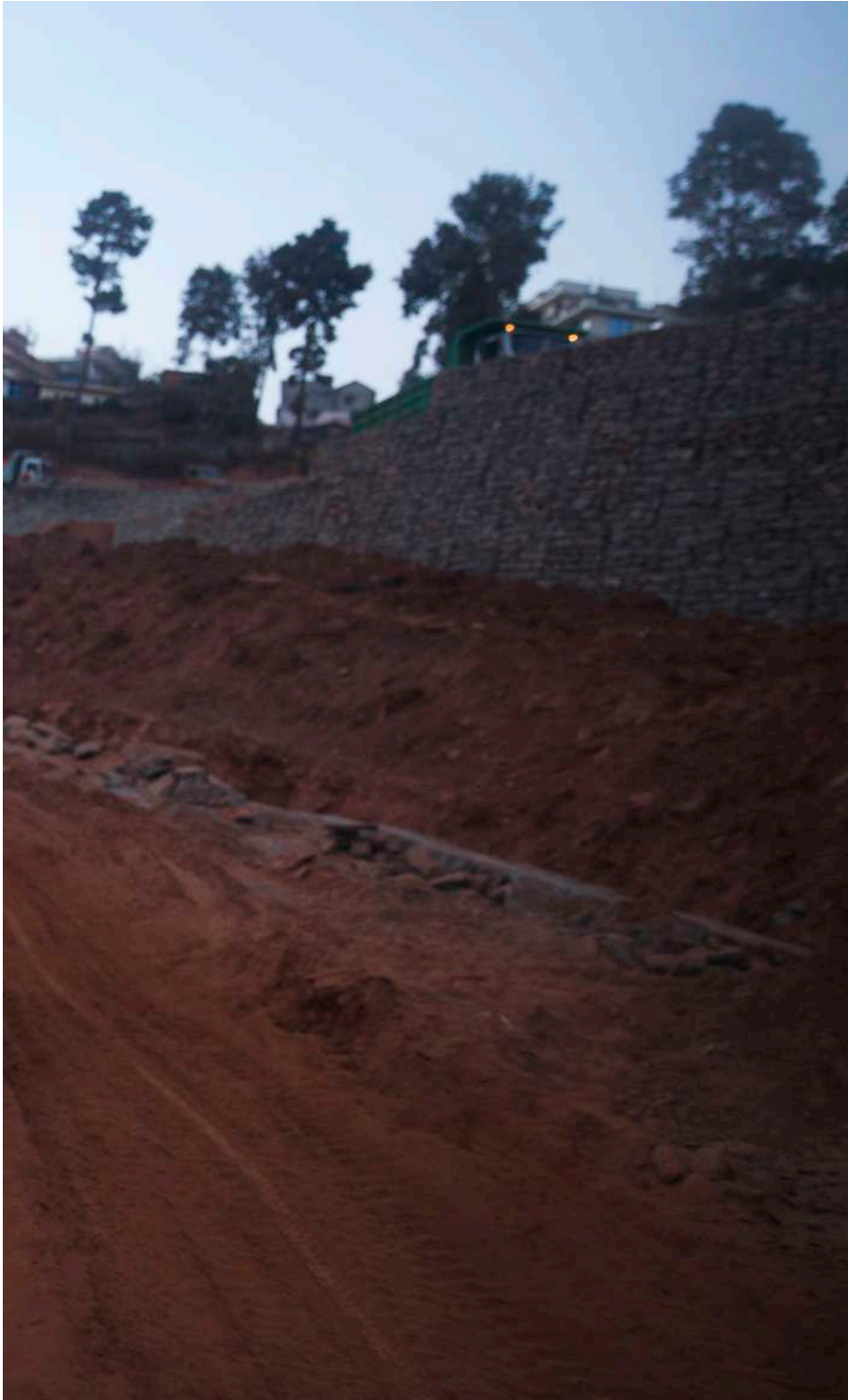
दुर्घटना पश्चात आफुलाई धेरै तनाव भएको बेला जे भेटियो त्यहि पढ्ने गरेको कृष्ण बताउँछन् । बाइबलमा रहेको भजन संग्रह पढ्दा आफुलाई जीवनमा संघर्ष गर्न बल पुगेको उनि बताउँछन् ।

Krishna says that he read whatever he could get his hands on during the time after the accident when he was under immense stress. He says that he has gained the strength to struggle through the hardships of life from reading the psalms in the Bible.















## फेरी युद्ध कहिल्यै नहोस ।

कृष्णलाल श्रेष्ठ, ६७

म्याग्दी, बेनी

मेरो जन्म मावली गाउँ पर्वतको चुवामा भएको रे । आधाउधि बाल्यकाल उतै बित्यो । हाम्रो पुरख्यौली घर त भक्तपुर हो रे । जिजु बाजेहरु व्यापारको सिलसिलामा यता बसाइ सरेका । मलाई बाल्यकाल र किशोरावस्थाका सम्झनाहरु अबै छन् । म किशोरावस्थामा खुबै गीत गाउँथेँ । लेकबाट खसी लिएर आउनेहरु बेनीको आसपासमा बास बस्थे । उनीहरुका छोरीहरुसँग दोहोरी खेलेका पलहरु स्मृतिमा ताजै छन् । म जम्मा ५ कक्षासम्म मात्र पढेको । त्यो भन्दा बढी त बाबाले पढाइदिनन् त कसरी पढ्नु?

म २१ वर्षको हुँदा पहिलो बिहे भएको । पहिलो श्रीमतीले छोडेपछि ३२ वर्षको भएपछि मात्र अर्को बिहे गरियो । अहिले १२ कक्षामा पढ्दै गरेको एउटा छोरो छ ।

मैले २०४३ सालमा कार्यालय सहायकको रूपमा अदालतमा जागिर सुरु गरेको हो । जागिर गरेको दशकौँसम्म कुनै अप्रिय घटना भएन । तर २०६० चैत्र ७ र ८ गते तत्कालिन विद्रोहीले गरेको बेनी आक्रमण पछि भने मेरो जिन्दगीनै मोडियो ।

चैत्र ७ गते मेरो रातिको ड्युटि थियो । म भूपक्क निदाएको रहेछु । ११ बजेबाट विद्रोहीले आक्रमण गरेपछि भिडन्त सुरु भैसकेको रहेछ । गोली र बमको आवाजले म ब्युर्झिएँ । केही माओवादी कार्यालय भित्र आएर मलाई नडराइ भित्रै बस्न भने । रातभर दाहोरो भिडन्त चलिरह्यो, म अफिसको टेबलमुनी लुकेर बम र गोलीका आवाजले भस्किरहँ । बिहानपख मलाई शौचालय जान पर्ने भयो ।

## Let there not be a war again

Krishna Lal Shrestha, 67

Beni, Myagdi

I was born in my mother's natal home in Parbat. I spent half of my childhood there. My ancestors migrated here from Bhaktapur for trade. I have a lot of memories from my childhood and youth – I remember I used to sing a lot. The people who came with goats from the Himalayas would stay near Beni. I used to sing great dohari songs with their daughters – that memory is still fresh! I only studied up to class five. My father didn't send me to school after that.

I married my first wife when I was twenty-one. After my first wife left me, I married again at thirty-two. Now I have a son who studies in class twelve.

I started my job as an office assistant at the district court in 1986. During the decades I worked there, no bad incidents happened. But my life changed after the Maoist attack on Beni on 20 and 21 March, 2004.

I had night duties on 20 March. I had fallen asleep. The battle had started when the rebels attacked at 11pm. I woke up to the sound of bombs and bullets. A few Maoists came into the office and told me to stay inside to stay safe. The battle raged on through the night; I hid under the office table, startled each time by the sound of bombs and bullets. In the morning, I needed to go to the toilet. I didn't hear any gunshots so I thought it was safe and went outside. The state

गोलीका आवाज कम भएपछि शौचालय जान भनेर निस्केको त माओवादी भन्डानेर राज्यका सुरक्षाकर्मीले ममाथि गोली बर्साए । तीन वटा गोली शरीरमा लागेपछि म कार्यालयको मूल ढोकानिर्दलँ । ढलेको केही बेरमै छेउमा बम पड्क्यो । त्यो विस्फोटले मेरो खुट्टा क्षतविक्षत भयो । त्यसपछि माओवादीले भित्र लगेर खुट्टामा पट्टि बाँधीदिए । मेरो हाकिमले म घाइते भएको थाहा पाएपछि अस्पताल लगेछन् । त्यहाँ उपचार नहुने भएपछि सेनाले हेलिकप्टरमा राखेर काठमाडौँ लगेछन् । मेरी श्रीमती पनि सँगै जान्छु भन्दा जानै दिएनछन् । सायद त्यतिबेला श्रीमती जान पाएको भए राम्रो उपचार हुन्थ्यो होला । मेरो खुट्टा काट्न पर्थेन होला ।

मलाइ सेनाले सुरूमा सिधै लगेर छाउनीस्थित सैनिक अस्पतालमा राख्यो । एकदिन पछि पुलिसको जिम्मा लगाएर मलाई शिक्षण अस्पताल सारियो । यति गर्दैगर्दा मेरो खुट्टा त कुहिएछ । उपचार नै नहुने भएपछि खुट्टै काट्न पर्‍यो ।

यता घरमा चाँही म मरे बाँचेको केही पत्तो नै थिएन । आफन्त र छिमेकीले त्यो अब ज्यूँदो छैन भनेर श्रीमतीलाई भन्दिदा रहेछन् । मेरी श्रीमतीले १९ दिनको दिन मात्रै म ज्यूँदै छु भनेर थाहा पाएकी बल्ल । डेढ महिना शिक्षण अस्पताल अनि अर्को डेढ महिना पोखरा हरियोखर्क अस्पतालमा उपचार गरें । उपचारमा अलि अलि आफ्नो खर्च भएपनि अधिकांश खर्च चाहिँ सरकारले नै ब्यहोर्‍यो । हरियोखर्कबाट सहयोगी खुट्टा हालेर ३ महिनामा घर आइयो । त्यो दुखको भुमरीका बीच पनि मैले हिम्मत कहिल्यै हारिनँ । सोच्थँ अपांगता भएपनि जीवनमा केही त गर्छु गर्छु । लौ हेर्नुस् त — जीवन त जसो तसो चल्दो रहेछ नी ।

अहिले श्रीमतीको त्यहि अदालतमा कार्यालय सहायकको जागिर छ । उनकै कमाइले त हो घर धान्ने । छन त सानो किराना पसल पनि छ तर त्यसबाट कमाइ भन्दा पनि मेरो दिन काट्ने मेसो मात्र भएको छ । घर परिवार मेरो लागि एकदमै सहयोगी छन् । अहिले पनि म रातीमा भस्किन्छु, कराउँछु । परिवारले मलाई सम्हाल्छन् । कहिलेकाहीँ त दिमागले काम नै गर्न छोडेको भँ लाग्छ आफैलाई । तनाव भएको बेला मन बहलाउन गीत गुनगुनाउँछु । श्रीमतीसँगै प्रत्येक शनिवार ओम शान्तिमा जान्छु । त्यहाँ भगवानको नाम जपेपछि एक छिन भएपनि मन शान्त हुन्छ ।

परिवारमा त राम्रै छ, तर अपांगता भएपछि समाजले चाहिँ हेयभावले हेर्दोरहेछ । तैले कसरी तिर्छस् र भनेर समाजले ऋण पनि पत्याउँदैन आजका दिनमा ।

security forces thought that I was a Maoist and shot me three times. I fell down near the main door. As I fell down, a bomb exploded close to me. My leg was very badly injured. The Maoists dragged me inside and bandaged my leg. After some time my boss came to know that I was injured and took me to the hospital. Because it was not possible to get treatment there, the army took me to Kathmandu on a helicopter. My wife wanted to come with me, but the army did not allow her. Maybe if my wife had been with me at that time my treatment would have been better. Maybe my leg would not have had to be amputated.

The army took me directly to the Army Hospital in Chhauni. After a day, they handed me over to the police, who took me to the Teaching Hospital. By that time my wound had festered. My leg had to be amputated.

Nobody at home knew whether I was alive or dead. Relatives and neighbors would come to my wife and tell her that I must have died. My wife found out that I was alive only after 19 days. I went through treatment for one and a half months at the Teaching Hospital and another one and a half months at the Green Pastures hospital in Pokhara. Most of the treatment expenditure was borne by the government. I came back home after three months, with a prosthetic leg. Even through that critical time I never lost my courage. I thought – Even though I am disabled I will do something with my life. See, life goes on whatever happens.

Now my wife works as an office assistant at the court where I used to work. Her earnings sustain our family. I have a small grocery shop, but the income is not that much. It gives me something to do to spend the day. My family is really supportive. Even now, I have nightmares and scream in the night. My family calm me down. Sometimes I feel like my mind has stopped working. At such times I sing to distract myself. Every Saturday, I attend an Om Shanthi group meeting with my wife. There I chant the names of the gods and feel peace for some time.

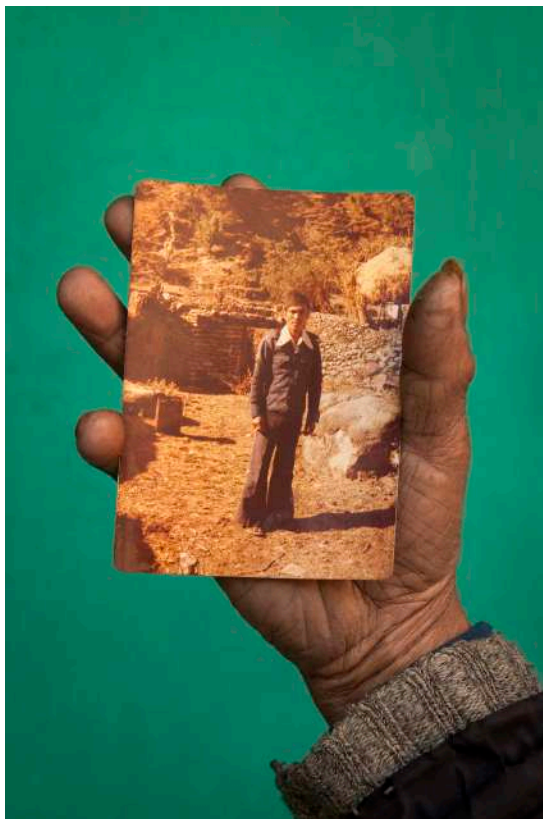
Though I get support from my family, the society humiliates me in many ways. Nobody gives me loans, because they say I cannot pay it back.

खुट्टा गुमाउनु नपरेको भए सायद म राम्रो व्यापार व्यावसाय गर्थे होला । ती त सबै अब सपना नै रहे नी । यो सहयोगी खुट्टा बेला बेला फेर्न पर्छ । किन्दा महंगो छ । आम्दानीका श्रोत न्यून छन् । त्यसैले सरकारले मेरो लागि आजीवन सहयोगी सामग्री उपलब्ध गराउनुका साथै जीवन निर्वाह भत्ता दिए हुन्थ्यो । छोरालाई राम्रो रोजगारीको व्यवस्था र मलाई राहत उपलब्ध गराए मेरा लागि न्याय त्यहि हुन्थ्यो ।

मेरो चाहना भनेको देशमा अब कहिल्यै त्यस्तो युद्ध नहोओस भन्ने हो । युद्धका कारण म जस्तै अरूले शरीरको अंग गुमाउन नपरोस् ।

If I had not lost my leg, maybe I would have been able to do better business. That has remained a dream. The prosthetic leg needs to be replaced frequently. It is expensive to buy. Our income sources are limited. The government should provide me with the prosthetics for free and a livelihood allowance. If the government could arrange for a good employment opportunity for my son and relief money for me, that would be justice for me.

My wish is that there should never be a war like this again in this country. Let nobody else ever have to lose their limbs because of war like I did.



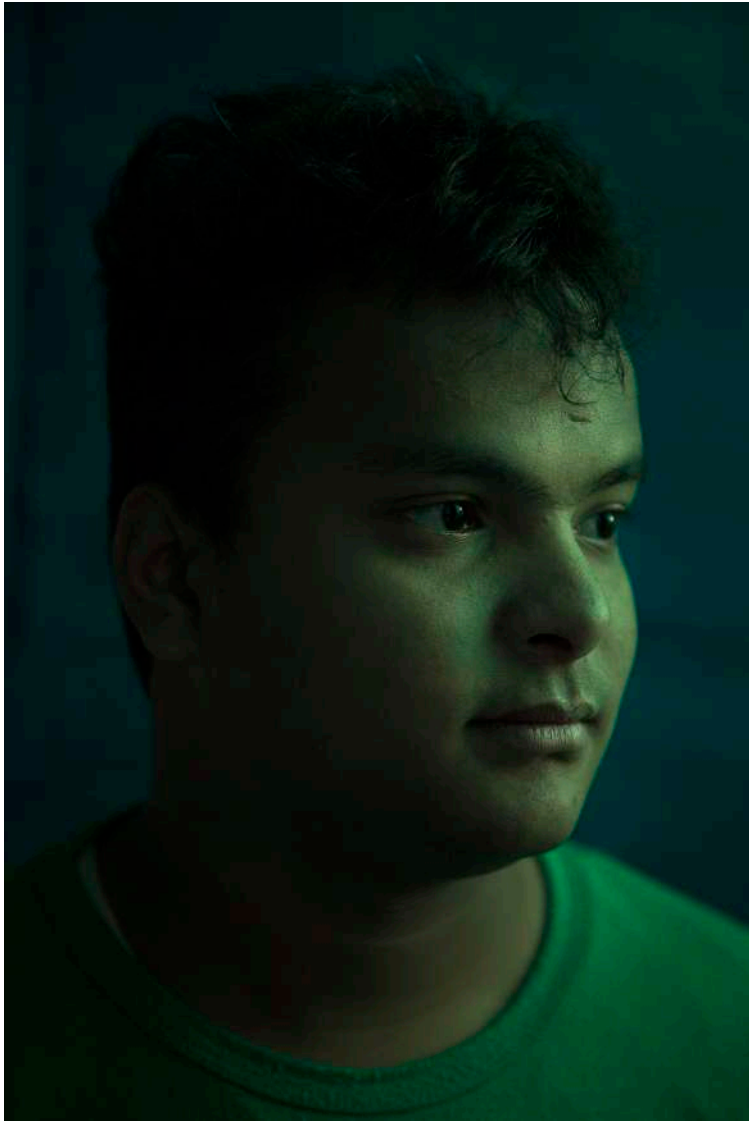
घटना हुनु अघि वनभोज जाँदा खिचिएको फोटो  
देखाउँदै कृष्ण ।

Krishna showing a photo taken during a picnic before  
the incident.

















## मेरो भाई, मेरो आवाज

लिला गुरुङ्ग, ७७  
कास्की, पोखरा

म परिवारकी जेठी छोरी हुँ । बाबु ब्रिटिश आर्मीमा उत्तै काम गर्ने भएकोले मेरो जन्म बेलायतमा भएको हो । नेपाल फर्केर हामी इलाममा बस्यौँ । मेरो अधिकांश बाल्यकाल इलाममा नै बित्यो । २०४८ सालमा म पोखरा आएँ किनकी माहिलो भाई पहिल्यै यता आएर बसोबास गर्दै थियो । त्यसयता हामी पोखरामै छौँ । म आउँदा पोखरा यति विकसित थिएन । बजारको बीच भागमै खरका घर धेरै थिए । त्यतिबेला हामीले जहाँको सडकमा पनि व्यापार गर्न पाइथ्यौँ । पछि नगरपालिकाले चिप्लेढुंगामा ठाउँ तोकिदिएपछि हामी त्यहीँको सडकमा फलफूल बेच्थ्यौँ ।

द्वन्द्वको बेला माओवादी आएर खाना बनाएर दिन भन्थे । कतिपटक पोखराको बजारमै उनीहरूलाई खाना खुवाइयो । तर सधैं डर रहन्थ्यो कतै पुलिस आएर लैजान्छ कि हामीलाई भनेर । सडकको पेट्टीमा व्यापार गरेर गुजारा चल्दै थियो । चिप्लेढुंगामा भएको बम विस्फोटपछि भने दुखका दिन सुरू भए ।

२०६२ फागुन १५ गते सडक छेउमा व्यापार गरिरहेको बेला एक्कासी बम विस्फोट भयो । मलाई विस्फोटको ठूलो आवाज मात्र याद छ । त्यसपछि त म बेहोस भैहालेछु । मलाई नजिकैका ट्याक्सी ड्राइभरले अस्पतालसम्म पुऱ्यादिएछन् । अस्पताल पुगेको धेरै बेर पछि मात्र भाइले यहाँ छ भन्ने पत्ता लगाएछ । अस्पतालमा सिडियो आएर उपचार खर्च सरकारले ब्यहोर्ने आश्वासन दिए तर पुरै खर्च भने ब्यहोरेनन् । मणिपाल अस्पतालको खर्च मात्र सरकारले तिऱ्यो, अरू त सबै आफ्नै ।

## My brother, my voice

Lila Gurung, 77  
Kaski, Pokhara

I am the eldest daughter of my family. I was born in the UK when my father was working there as a Gorkha soldier. We came back to Nepal and I spent my childhood in Ilam. I came to Pokhara in 1992 because my middle brother was staying there. We have been in Pokhara since. At that time, Pokhara was not developed like it is today. There were many thatched houses in the center of the city. We were allowed to do business on any street corners. Later, the municipality allocated the roadside at Chipledhunga as the place for business, and we started selling fruits there.

The Maoists would come and ask for food during the conflict period. I fed them many times right in the heart of the city. We were always afraid that the police would find out and arrest us. We were sustaining our family by running this small business on the street. The days of suffering began after the bomb explosion in Chipledhunga.

On 27 February, 2006, we were busy selling fruits when there was a sudden explosion. I only remember hearing a big bang and then I fell unconscious. A taxi driver nearby took me to the hospital. My brother only knew many hours later that I was in the hospital. The Chief District Officer came to the hospital and promised to bear the cost of my

मलाई सातदिन सम्म राम्ररी होस आएन । बीचमा शरीरमा रहेका फलामका टुक्रा र बमका छर्पा निकाल्दा मात्र थाहा अलि अलि पाएकी थिएँ । म होसमा आउने बेला मेरो शरीरमा कपडा लाउने नमिल्ने गरी घाउहरू थिए । त्यसै बीच डाक्टरले खुट्टा काम नलाग्ने भएकोले काट्नुपर्छ भनेर भाइसँग अनुमति माग्न आएछन् । तर भाइले भगडै गरेर खुट्टा काट्न चाहिँ दिएनछ । म २९ दिनसम्म अस्पताल बसेर घर आएको हो । लामो समयसम्म घाउहरू ड्रेसिङ गर्दै बिस्तारामा नै बसियो । भाइले काट्न नदिएकोले खुट्टा चाहिँ बच्यो । पछि हरियोखर्क अस्पतालमा गएर खुट्टाको उपचार पनि गरियो । छ वर्षसम्म म हिवल चियरमा हिँडेँ । त्यसपछि मात्र बैसाखी टेकेर अनि लौरो हिँड्न सक्ने भएकी हुँ । अहिले पनि धेरैबेर टाडो भएर उभिन वा बस्न सकिनेँ ।

हिवल चियरमा हिँड्ने बेला पनि मैले हिवल चियरमै बसेर व्यापार गरें । मेरा नियमित ग्राहकले सामान किनेर सहयोग गरे । अहिले पनि एउटा सानो तरकारी पसल छ । भाइले पसलका लागि समान किनेर ल्याउँछ, म बसी बसी बेच्छु । घरमा एकलै बस्यो भने अनेक कुरा मनमा आँउछन् र मन पीडा हुन्छ । तर पसलमा बस्यो भने चिनेका ग्राहक आँउछन्, तिनीसँग गफगाफ गर्दा समय कटेको पनि पत्तै हुँदैन । धेरै जनाको बीचमा हुँदा त पीडा पनि भुलिन्छ नि ।

म जीवनभर विवाह नगरी बसेँ । घटना भएपछि जब म अपांगता भएर बिस्तारामा परें, हिवल चियरमा हिँड्ने स्थिति बन्यो, मेरो भाई महेन्द्र गुरूङ्ग सधैं मेरो साथमा भयो । महेन्द्रले नै मेरो दिसा पिसाब साहोच्यो । अधिकारको लागि लड्ने ठाँउमा उ नै मेरो आवाज बनेर बोलिदिन्छ । आजका दिनसम्म पनि म उभिएर खाना पकाउन सकिनेँ । भाइले नै पकाएर खुवाउँछ । मेरो भाई नै हो दुःखको त्यो भुमरीमा पनि मलाई सधैं आँटिलो बन्न प्रेरित गरिरहने । उसकै प्रयासले मेरो खुट्टा काट्नबाट रोकियो । कमजोर भएपनि आज मेरो आफ्नै खुट्टा त छ । त्यो बेला भेट्न आउने सबै साथीभाइले चिन्ता नलिनु सब ठिक भैहाल्छ भन्थे । त्यस कुराले पनि आत्मबल सधैं उँचो भयो भन्ने लाग्छ ।

त्यतिबेला पूर्वाञ्चल सेवा समाजले उपचारमा सघाउने भनेर ९० हजार रुपैयाँ दियो तर राज्य त मेरा लागि छ कि छैन थाहा छैन । केही महिना अघि गण्डकी टेलिभिजनले मेरो बारेमा रिपोर्ट बनाएर प्रसारण गरिदियो । त्यो देखेर बेलायत, हंगकंग, अमेरिका, कतार र इजराइलमा बस्ने नेपालीहरूले सहयोग पठाइदिनुभयो । त्यहि पैसाले खुट्टाको अपरेसन गरेर त्यहाँ रहेको फलामको टुक्रा निकालियो । लामो समयदेखि मानवअधिकारमा काम गर्ने संघसंस्थाले

treatment. But they did not pay all the bills. They paid only the bills from Manipal Hospital. We paid all the other expenses ourselves.

I did not gain complete consciousness for seven days. I only realized occasionally that shrapnel and pieces of iron were being removed from my body. When I regained consciousness, I had so many wounds on my body that I could not wear normal clothes. Meanwhile, the doctor asked my brother for permission to amputate one of my legs, saying it was too badly injured to save. But my brother argued with the doctor and prevented my leg from being amputated. I stayed in the hospital for twenty-nine days before being discharged. I spent a long time confined to bed, dressing the wounds. My leg was saved due to my brother. Afterwards, we went to the Green Pastures Hospital and started the treatment on my leg. I used a wheelchair for six years. After that I was able to walk with the help of crutches and then with a stick. Even now I cannot stand for a long time.

I was able to continue my small business even during the time when I was using the wheelchair. My regular customers helped me by buying goods from me. Now, we have a small vegetable shop. My brother brings the goods for the shop, and I sell them sitting down. If I stay alone at home, I start to think about so many things and it adds more pain. But when I go to the shop I can meet my regular customers, time flies when I chat with them. One forgets all of one's suffering when one is among a lot of people.

I never married. After I was injured, my brother Mahendra Gurung has always remained with me, when I was confined to the bed and then while using the wheelchair. He used to care for me when I was confined to bed, even cleaning my stool and urine. He is my voice while fighting for rights. Even now, I cannot stand long enough to cook. He makes the food and feeds me. My brother is the one who gave me courage during such a painful time. My leg was saved from amputation because of him. Even though it is very weak, at least I have my own leg. All the friends who visited me at that time would tell me that everything would be fine. I think their reassurance also helped me keep up my confidence.



विभिन्न कार्यक्रम गरेर बेला बेलामा अन्य पीडितहरूसँग भेट हुने व्यवस्था मिलाइदिन्छन । ति सबै सहयोगी मन प्रति धन्यवाद भन्न चाहन्छु ।

राज्यले हामीजस्ता घाइते अपांग द्वन्द्व पीडितको जिम्मा लिनु पर्छ । उपचारमा लागेको सबै खर्च भर्पाइ गरिदिनुपर्छ र निरन्तर चलि रहने उपचार निःशुल्क गरिदिनु पर्छ । मेरो हेरचाहमा सबै कुरा छोडेर लागेको मेरो भाइलाई पनि राज्यले विशेष व्यवस्था गरिदिनुपर्छ । हामीलाई राहात र पुनर्स्थापनाको लागि कदम चालिदिनु पर्‍यो । त्यसका साथै सार्वजनिक स्थानमा बम पड्काउनेहरूलाई कारबाही हुनपर्छ । यति कुरा राज्यले गरिदिन सके मलाई न्याय पाएको अनुभूति हुनेथियो ।

The Purwanchal Sewa Samaj provided ninety thousand rupees to support my treatment, but I don't know if the state is there for me. A few months ago, Gandaki Television prepared and broadcasted a report about me. After watching that report on YouTube, Nepali people living and working in the UK, US, Hong Kong, Qatar and Israel collected and sent some money. We used those funds for another surgery to take out the remaining shrapnel in my leg. Over the years, human rights organizations that have been working for a long time organize different programs and give us the chance to meet with others affected by the conflict. I would like to thank all of those helping souls.

The state should take responsibility for people like us who have been made disabled during the conflict. It should reimburse the treatment expenditure incurred so far and make ongoing treatment free. The state should also make special arrangements for my brother, who has devoted his life to my wellbeing. We should get relief and rehabilitation. Those who detonated the bomb in a public place should be punished. Only if the government does all these things would I feel like I have received justice.

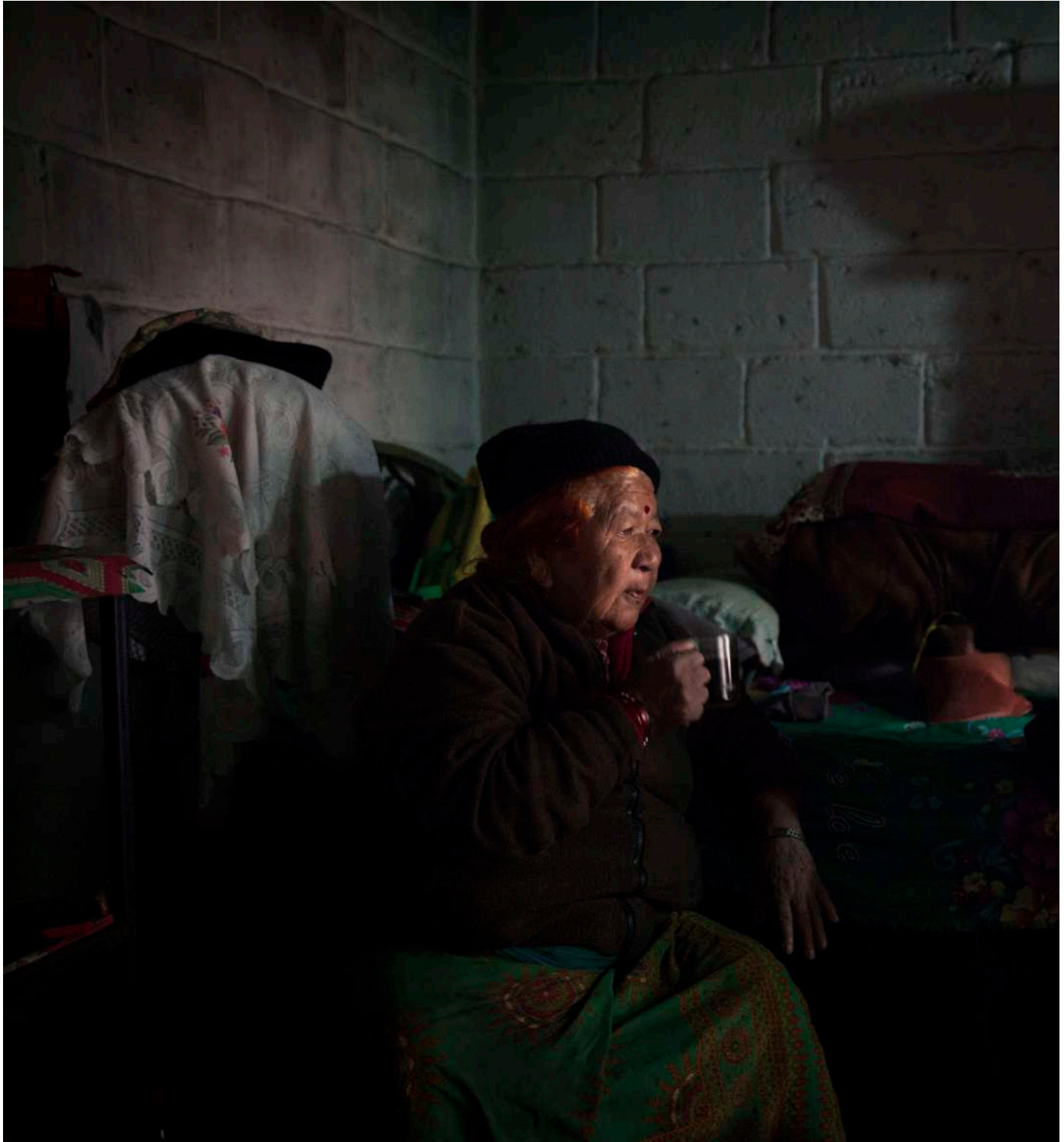














भाइ महेन्द्रसँग लिला ।  
अस्पतालमा सुरुमा काट्नु  
पर्छ भनेको खुट्टा भाइ महेन्द्रले  
भगडा गरेर काट्न नदिएको  
लिला बताउँछिन् । घटना  
भएको बेलादेखि नै भाइ  
महेन्द्र ईलामबाट आएर उनको  
रेखदेख गर्दैछन् ।

Lila with her brother  
Mahendra. Lila says that her  
brother fought to save her  
leg which doctors at the  
hospital had initially wanted  
to amputate.





## सरकारले हामीलाई दया गर्ला त ?

रामकुमारी घर्ती, ६२  
सिस्ने, रूकुमकोट

म रूकुमको कुचिवांगमा जन्मेकी । बच्चाबेला त साह्रै धौ थियो । हाम्री आमा हामी सानै हुँदा बित्तुभो । त्यहि भएर भाइहरुको हेरचाह गर्ने पर्ने जिम्मेवारी ममा थियो । गाइबाखा चराउने, तिनीलाई घाँस काट्ने गरेरै बाल्यकाल बित्यो । बिहे चाँहि १७ वर्षकी हुँदा भएको ।

द्वन्द्वका बेला गाउँमा त बिपत्तै दुःख थियो । दुखजिलो गरेर कमाएको उनीहरुलाई खुवाउन पर्ने । माइती गाउँका सबैजना माओवादी समर्थक थिए तर मेरो भाइ भने काँग्रेस । त्यसैले उसलाई दिनु दुःख दिए । कहिले मारिने हो भन्ने त्रासैत्रासले गाउँमा बस्ने स्थिति नभएपछि उ विस्थापित भयो र इण्डिया भासियो ।

भाई विस्थापित भएपछि भाइको घरमा उनीहरुले डेरा जमाएर बसे । म भने बेलाबेला घरको रेखदेख गर्न जान्थेँ । २०५७ साल पुषको महिना थियो । भाइको घर कर्तो छ भनेर हेर्न गएँ र त्यहिँ बसेँ । बिहानको समयमा राज्यका सेना पुलिस आएर आक्रमण गरिहाले । म भित्रै थिएँ । भाग्न खोज्दा खोज्दै खुट्टामा बमको छर्छा लागिहाल्यो । म त त्यहिँ बेहोस भइछु । उबेला उपचार गर्न पनि लुकीलुकी जान पर्ने । मोटर बाटो थिएन । माइती घरका गाउँलेले मलाई डोकोमा बोकेर ५ दिनमा दाङ पुऱ्याएछन् । त्यहाँ उपचार नहुने भएपछि नेपालगञ्ज । म होसमा आउँदा नेपालगञ्जको अस्पतालमा थिएँ । ३ महिना त अस्पतालमै बसेँ ।

नेपालगञ्जमा उपचार गर्दा लागेको सबै खर्च भाइले हाल्यो । भाइपनि गाउँबाट विस्थापित भएर गएको पैसा

## Will the government show us mercy?

Ram Kumari Gharti, 62  
Sisne, Rukumkot

I was born in Kuchiwang village in Rukum. It was a tough childhood. My mother passed away when we were very young, so I had to take care of my younger brothers. My childhood was spent in grazing cattle and cutting fodder grass for them. I got married when I was seventeen.

During the conflict, it was very difficult in my village. We had to provide meals for the Maoists out of the little we had struggled to grow. Everyone else in my parent's village supported the Maoists, but my younger brother supported the Nepali Congress. That is why they gave him a lot of trouble. It was not possible for him to remain in the village because he was afraid they would kill him, so he escaped to India.

After he was displaced, the Maoists started to take shelter in my brother's house. I used to go there from time to time to take care of the house. One day in December 2000, I went to check on my brother's house and stayed there overnight. As the sun began to rise, the police and army started to attack the house. I was inside. As I was trying to run away, shrapnel from a bomb hit my leg. I fell down, unconscious. At that time you had to go secretly to seek treatment. There was no motor road. The villagers carried me for five days in a basket to get me to Dang. When treatment wasn't possible there they took me to Nepalgunj. When I became conscious, I was in a hospital in Nepalgunj. I spent three months in the hospital.

पनि कसरी जुटायो कुन्नी । भारतमा मजदुरी गरेर कमाएको सबै पैसा लगायो रे । त्यसले पनि नपुगेर बुहारीले आफ्ना गरगहना सबै बेचिन् । अनि पो बल्ल म बाँचे नि । नत्र म कसोगरि बाँच्दी हुँ ? उति बेला बाँच्न पाए हुन्थ्यो, सास मात्रै रह्यो भने त जे गरेर भए पनि खान्छु भन्ने मात्रै मनमा आउने । जीवनप्रतिको त्यहि मोहले त हो मलाई दुखको बेला पनि बाँच्ने साहस र हिम्मत दिएको ।

अहिले मेरो एउटा खुट्टा घुँडामुनि सुकेको छ । यो खुट्टाले केही पनि थाहा पाउन्न । अर्को खुट्टा बिपत्तै दुख्छ । त्यसमा धेरै भार परेर होला नि? काम त केही गर्ने सक्तिनँ । यसो खाना पकायो, गाइबस्तुलाई अरूले काटेर ल्याएको घाँस हालिदियो बस, त्यत्ती हो गर्न सक्ने । खेतबारीको काम त गर्नसक्ने कुरै भएन । पहाडमा हिँडडुल गर्न गाह्रो हुन्छ, बर्दिया आउ दिदी, भन्छन् भाइहरूले । तर मेरो मन पटकै रमाउन्न तराइमा । द्वन्द्व सकिएपछि भाइको घर जग्गा त फिर्ता दिए तर अहिले त्यो बाँभै छ । भाइ उतै बर्दिया तिर जमिसक्यो र यता फर्केन ।

उति बेला बाँच्नतिर मात्रै ध्याउन्न भयो, उपचार गरेका कागजात राख्नतिर ध्यान नै भएन । अहिले आएर कागजात राख्नपर्ने रहेछ भनेर पछुतो लाग्छ । भोली ती कागज खोज्ने होला नि ? हुन त म दोहोरो भिडन्तमा परेर घाइते भएको दुनियाँलाई थाहा छ । उनीहरूले भनिदिए भने मैले राहत र परिपूरण पाउँछु कि नाई ? उपचारमा सरकारी निकायबाट त एक पैसो पनि पाएको हैन । बरू गाविसबाट अपांगता भत्ता भनेर महिनाको १ हजार दिन्थो । त्यो पनि बन्द भयो ।

सत्य निरूपण आयोगमा उजुरी त हालेकी छु । यतिका सालसम्म केही नहेरेकाले अब केही गर्लान् र खै ? अब म त मर्नेबेला भैगो, मलाई केही नगरे पनि छोरा छोरीलाई जागिर मिलाइदिए हुन्थ्यो । छोरीहरूले मस्त पढेका छन्, मौका पाए जस्तो जागिर पनि गर्न सक्छन् । सरकारले त्यति दया गर्ला त ? मेरो भाइले पनि निकै दुःख पायो । त्यसलाई सरकारले केही हेर्ला त, खै ? भाइलाई र छोराछोरीलाई केही गरिदिए म त आफै सन्तुष्ट हुनेथिएँ ।

My brother paid all the expenses for my treatment. I don't know how he managed the money since he himself had been displaced from the village. I heard that he spent all the money he had earned working as a laborer in India. When his savings were not enough to pay the bills, his wife also sold all of her jewelry. That is how I survived. Otherwise how could I have lived? At that time, the only thought I had was – I needed to live, and as long as I keep breathing I will earn a living somehow or other. My strong desire for life gave me courage and confidence to live through those days of trouble.

Now, one of my legs has shrunk below the knee. There is no sensation in it. My other leg hurts a lot, perhaps because it has to bear more weight. I cannot do heavy work. I can only cook food and feed the cattle fodder collected by others. There is no way I can work in the fields. My brothers say – It is difficult to walk around in the hills, come down to Bardiya. But I don't feel comfortable in the Terai. Though they returned my brother's property after the conflict, his fields are now fallow. My brother is well settled in Bardiya and has not returned.

I was only preoccupied with staying alive then, so I did not think of keeping the documents from my treatment safe. I regret that now; I should have kept those documents. Will they ask for those documents later? Everyone knows that I was wounded in the crossfire. But will their statements be enough for me to get compensation and reparations? I didn't receive a single rupee in assistance from the government for my treatment. I used to get one thousand rupees from the Village Development Committee as disability allowance every month, but that has also stopped now.

I have submitted my complaint to the Truth and Reconciliation Commission. Will those who have done nothing until now do anything now? It is almost my time to die; even if they do nothing for me, it would be good if they could provide good jobs for my children. My daughters have studied well; they can do anything if they get the opportunity. Will the government have that mercy on us? My brother also went through a lot of trouble. Will the government do something for him, too? I would be satisfied if the government did something for my brother and my children.





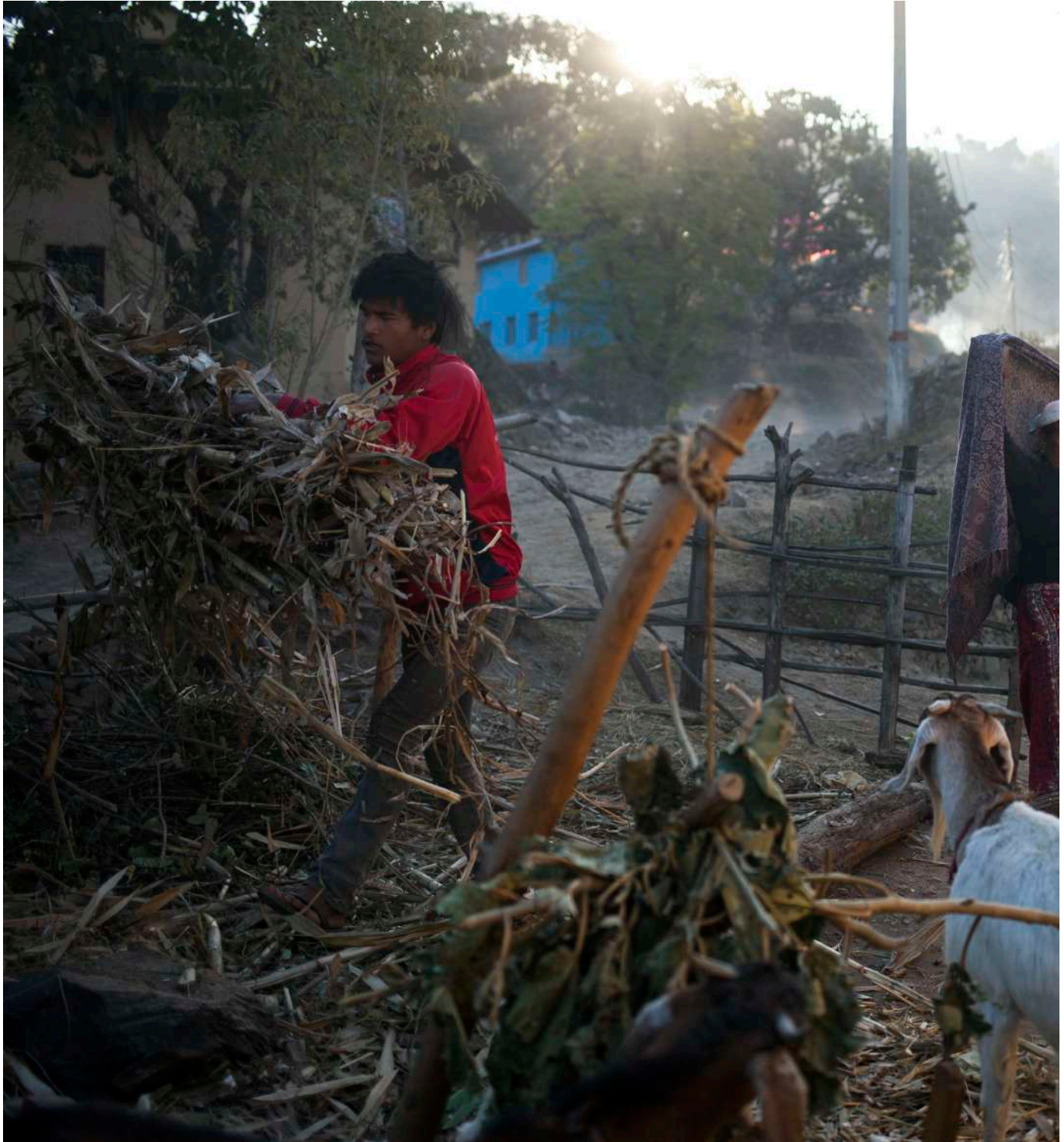


















## जे भए पनि बाँच्नुभएको छ

राम रतन थारु, ४८

कुम्भहर, बाँके

म जन्मेको बाँकेको कुम्भहरमै हो । मेरा पुर्खा चाहिँ २०१६ सालतिर जमिन्दारहरूको थिचोमिचो सहन नसकेपछि दाङबाट भागेर बाँके आएका हुन् रे । यहाँ आएर जंगल फाँडेर बस्न थालेका रे । थारु समुदायकै बाहुल्य रहेको यो कुम्भहरमा अधिकांश खेती किसानीमै लागेका छन् । धेरै जग्गा भएकोले मेरो परिवार भने गाउँमा हुनेखानेमै गनिन्थ्यो ।

उति बेला एक घरको एक जना मात्रै विद्यालय जान सक्ने अवस्था थियो । त्यसमा पनि छोरीलाई पढाउने भन्ने त छँदै थिएन । मेरो घरमा भने म र मेरी दिदीले पढ्न पायौँ । जसोतसो स्कूलको पढाइ सकाउँ अनि २०५४ सालबाट तालिम लिएर सबओभरसियरका रूपमा काम गर्दै थिएँ । प्राविधिकको रूपमा जागिर खान थालेको केही वर्ष पछि नै मलाई माओवादीले भौतिक कारवाही गरे र अशक्त बनाइदिए । त्यतिबेला म जम्मा ३० वर्षको थिएँ ।

२०५७ साल फागुन ३ गतेको राती म फत्तेपुर गाविसको काम सकेर एक रातको लागि घर आएको बेला हतियारधारी ठूलो जत्था आएर ममाथि कुटपिट गर्न थाल्यो । मैले मेरो गल्ती के हो भनेर सोध्न खोजँ तर मलाई बोल्ने नदिइ पिटिनै रहे । घर भन्दा पर लगेर हातखुट्टा बाँधि मुँदामाथि खुट्टा राखेर हलोको काँचो काठले प्रहार गरी खुट्टा नै काम नलाग्ने बनाइदिए । म मर्ने भन्ने ठानेर नारा लगाउदै गए । म चाहिँ बेहोस भएछु ।

परिवारका सबैलाई घरमा थुनेका रहेछन् । करिब तीन चार घण्टापछि मलाई घर लगेछन् । कसैले उपचार गरे

## Whatever may have happened, you are still alive

Ram Ratan Tharu, 48

Khumbhahar, Banke

I was born in Khumbhahar, Banke. My ancestors migrated from Dang around 1962 because of oppression by the landlords there. They cleared the forest and settled here. In Kumbhahar, where the Tharus form the majority, most people are farmers. Because my family had a large amount of land, it was considered well off.

At that time, usually only one person in the family could go to school, and daughters were not sent to school. In my family, I and my elder sister had the opportunity to go to school. I completed school and, after receiving training, started working as a sub-overseer from 1997. After a few years of working as a technician, the Maoists attacked me physically and made me disabled. I was only thirty years old at that time.

On the evening of 14 February, 2001, I had come home for a night after finishing work at Pattepur Village Development Committee office. A big group of armed people came into my yard and started to beat me. I tried to ask what had I done wrong, but they did not let me speak and kept beating me. They took me a short distance away from my home, put my legs on a log, and hit them with a piece of wood from a plough until my legs were badly damaged. They left chanting slogans, assuming that I was dead. I fainted.

मारिदिने धम्की दिएर गएकाले कसैले आँट गर्न नसकेको बेला मेरो ज्वाइँ खुशीराम, गोकुल दाई, लोकबहादुर र अन्य मामाघरका आफन्त आएर भेरी अञ्चल अस्पतालसम्म पुऱ्याउन सहयोग गर्नुभएछ ।

त्यहाँबाट मलाई काठमाडौँ लगियो । लामो समयसम्म काठमाडौँमै बसेर विभिन्न चरणका शल्यक्रिया गरेकोले खुट्टा काट्नै त परेन । तर करिब ६ वर्षसम्म पूर्णतः बिस्तारामै सुत्न बाध्य भएँ । त्यसपछि केही वर्ष हिवल चियर, वाकर र बैसाखी हुँदै केही वर्ष अघि मात्र बिस्तारै आफैँ उभिन सक्ने भएको हुँ ।

म घाइते भएर विस्थापित भएँ । तर मेरो परिवार भने सधैं निशानामा परिरह्यो । बाबु हिरामणि थारूलाई पनि केही समयपछि कुटपिट गरे र नेपालगञ्जमा उपचार हुँदा हुँदै मृत्यु भयो । मेरा भाइ र अन्य परिवारहरूलाई पनि कुटपिट गरियो । अन्नपात सबै लुटेर घर पूर्णरूपमा ध्वस्त बनाइयो । त्रासकै बीचमा पुरै परिवार विस्थापित भयो । २०६६ सालमा मात्र घर आउन सक्ने वातावरण बन्यो । तर त्रासको स्थिति भने अझैसम्म कायम छ ।

मलाई त मन्यो भनेर बाटो छेउ फालेर हिँडेका । तर मेरा आफन्त, घर परिवार अनि अन्य सहयोगी हातहरूका कारण कम्तिमा बाँचेर आफ्ना गाथा भन्नसक्ने भएको छु । यस मानेमा खुशी पनि लाग्छ । मेरा आफन्त बाहेक आइसिआरसी, इन्सेक, सिभिकट र एड्भोकेसी फोरम बाँके लगाएतका संघसंस्थाले मलाई मेरो उपचार र न्यायको लडाइमा सहयोग गर्नुभयो । सरकारले पनि अस्पतालमा लागेको केही खर्चको बिल तिरिदिएको थियो । यी सबैको योगफल म आज ज्यूँदो छु ।

लगभग मृत्यु शय्यामा पुगिसकेको मलाई काठमाडौँमा दीपक महारा डाक्टरले अप्रेसनपछि 'ल राम रतन त दुई तीन महिनामै निको भएर हिँड्नसक्ने भैहाल्छ,' भनिदिनु भयो । त्यो कुरा मात्रैले पनि मलाई भित्रैदेखि आत्मबल जगायो । डाक्टरले भनेभैँ त्यति छोटो समयमा ठिक त हुन सकिएन तर त्यहि भनाइले मनावैज्ञानिक रूपमा मलाई ठिक भैहालिन्छ भन्ने आशा जगाइराख्यो । त्यसैले मलाई टिकायो । त्यहि आशाको त्यान्द्रोले फेरी ठिक भएर बाल बच्चा हेर्छु, घर परिवार सम्हाल्छु भन्ने आँट आयो । मेरो उपचारमा सहयोग गर्नुभएका सबै डाक्टरहरूलाई धन्यवाद दिन चाहन्छु किनकि उहाँहरूले आत्मबल उच्च राख्न मद्दत नगरेको भए म त निराशाले गाँजेर उहिल्यै मरिसक्थेँ होला । त्यस्तै नेपालगञ्ज भेरी अञ्चल अस्पतालका डाक्टरहरूलाई पनि उपचारमा सहयोग गरेकोमा धन्यवाद दिन चाहन्छु । मेरा दिदी भिनाजु, मेरा बुबाआमा, श्रीमती र भाइ बुहारी लगाएत

My family members were locked inside the home. They took me home some three or four hours later. Since the Maoists had threatened to kill whoever helped me, nobody dared to come to my assistance. But my brother-in-law Khushiram, brothers Gokul and Lokbahadur, and other relatives from my mother's side came to take me to the Bheri Zonal Hospital.

I was then taken to Kathmandu. Because I stayed in Kathmandu and received surgery in various stages my legs didn't have to be amputated. But I had to stay in bed for nearly six years. After that I used a wheelchair for a few years, then a walking frame and then crutches. I have finally become capable of standing on my own.

I became displaced after being injured. But back home my family remained a target. My father, Hira Mani Tharu, was beaten up sometime later and died during treatment at the hospital in Nepalgunj. My brothers and other family members were also beaten up. All our grains and paddy were looted and my house was completely destroyed. Later, my whole family was displaced in an environment of fear. We could only return to my home in 2009. But the circumstances of terror still remain.

The Maoists left me by the roadside, thinking that I was dead. But, through the help of my family, relatives and others, I have managed to survive to tell my story. In that sense, I feel happy. Apart from my relatives, many organizations including ICRC, INSEC, CVICT and Advocacy Forum Banke supported my treatment and my fight for justice. The government also covered some treatment costs. I am alive now because of all of their help.

When I was nearly on my deathbed, Dr. Deepak Mahara did my surgery in Kathmandu. He said, 'Ram Ratan will be fine and will be able to walk in two to three months.' That gave me inner strength. Although I did not recover as quickly as the doctor had suggested, hearing him gave rise to a psychological hope that I would be alright. That ray of hope gave me the courage to think that I would look after my children and my family again one day. I would like to thank all those doctors who treated me and gave me hope because if they hadn't done that perhaps I would



अन्य नातेदारहरूले पनि 'जे भए पनि बाँच्नुभएको छ, अरू कुरा त ठिक हुँदै जान्छ' भनेर निरन्तर साहस भर्ने ममा । मलाई त्यो संकटका बेला प्रत्यक्ष वा अप्रत्यक्ष रूपमा सहयोग गर्ने सबै आफन्त र मान्यजनलाई म धन्यवाद भन्नु चाहन्छु । आजका दिनमा कुनैपनि शारीरिक श्रम त गर्न सकिन्न तर परिवारको साथमै रहेर यसो गर, उसो गर भनेर मार्गनिर्देश त गर्न सक्छु नि ।

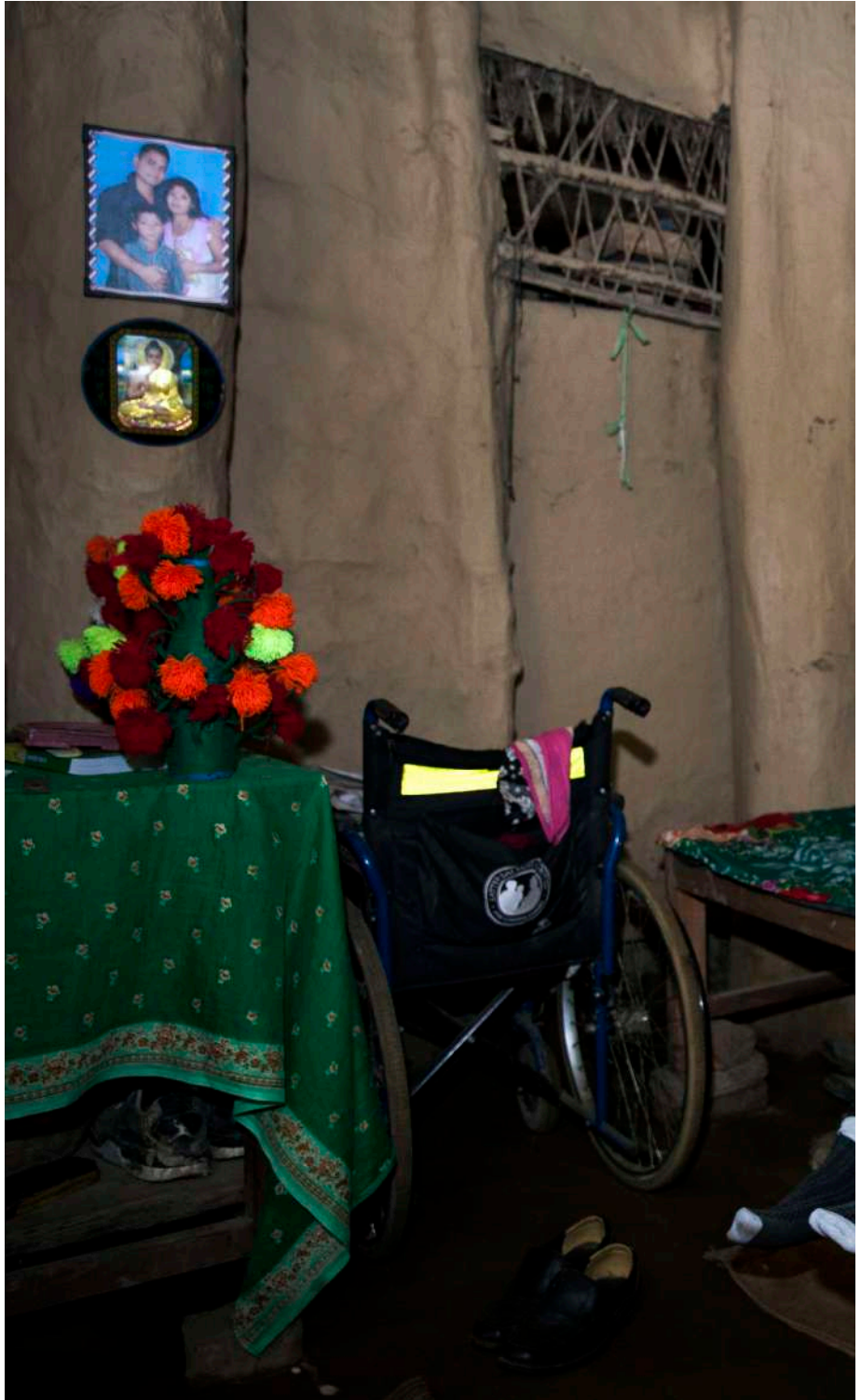
जब मलाई यातना दिएर यो हालतमा पुर्‍याउनेहरू छाती फुलाएर खुलेआम मेरै अगाडि हिँड्छन् तब खाटा बस्न लागेको मनको घाउ बारम्बार बल्झेर आँउछ । ममाथि जे भयो त्यो त अपराध थियो नि ! तिनलाई कारबाही नगरेर राज्यले अपराधीको संरक्षण गरेको छ जस्तो लाग्छ । यस्तो पाराले त त्यस्तै घटना फेरि नदोहोरिएलान भन्ने के ग्यारेण्टी भयो र ? त्यसैले म त्यतिबेला आफूले न्याय पाएको अनुभूति गर्नेछु जतिबेला ति पीडकलाई कारवाही हुने छ ।

साथै हाम्रा लागि जीवन निर्वाह भत्ता, निःशुल्क स्वास्थ्य उपचार र सहायक सामाग्रीको व्यवस्था र क्षमता अनुसारको कामको व्यवस्था हुनुपर्छ । जागिरमा स्थाइ नहुँदै मलाई अशक्त बनाइयो । न जागिर रह्यो न पेन्सन । यस्तो अवस्थामा राज्यले विशेष व्यवस्था गर्न पर्छ कि पर्दैन ? मेरा बाल बच्चाहरूलाई शिक्षा र रोजगारीको उचित व्यवस्था गरिदिनुपर्‍यो । उपचारका क्रममा लागेको खर्च त भनि साध्य छैन । मेरो घर, सम्पत्ती ध्वस्त पारियो । त्यसको क्षतिपूर्ति पनि राज्यले दिनुपर्छ । साथै द्वन्द्वपीडित परिचयपत्रको व्यवस्था गरी द्वन्द्वपीडितको पहिचान स्थापित हुनुपर्‍यो समाजमा । पीडकले आफूले गरेको अपराध स्वीकारेर अपराधबोध गर्ने स्थितिको निर्माण हुनु पर्‍यो । अनि बल्ल हाम्रा चहऱ्याइरहेका घाउहरूमा मल्हम लाग्ला कि ?

have died of depression by now. I also want to thank the doctors at Bheri Zonal Hospital in Nepalgunj for helping with my treatment. My sister and brother-in-law, mother and father, brothers and sister in laws and other relatives also gave me courage saying, 'Whatever may have happened, you are still alive. Other things will be alright with time.' I want to thank all of my elders and relatives who helped me directly or indirectly through those days of crises. Today, I cannot do any physical work, but with my family I can guide them to manage things well.

When I see some of the people who tortured me and made me like this walking freely, it opens my wounds that were almost healed. What they did to me was a crime! By not punishing them, it seems as if the state is protecting the criminals. If this situation remains, where is the guarantee that the past won't recur? Therefore, I will feel that I have received justice only when those perpetrators are punished.

The government should also provide us with an allowance to sustain our lives and with free treatment and prosthetics and employment according to our capacity. I was made disabled before I became a permanent job holder, so I have neither a job nor a pension now. Should or shouldn't the state make special arrangements for people like me? Likewise, proper education and employment should be arranged for my children. I can't even begin to say how much was spent on my treatment. My house, my properties were completely destroyed. The state should compensate me for that as well. They should establish the identity of conflict victims in the society and give them identity cards. Circumstances have to be created so that the perpetrators can accept responsibility for their crimes and feel contrition. Perhaps only after all of these things can our wounds be healed.























## मेरी श्रीमती, मेरो साहसको श्रोत ।

रुबन श्रेष्ठ, ४७  
नयाँबजार, पोखरा

मेरो जन्म चितवनको मेघौलीमा भएको हो । म १० वर्षको हुँदा हामी सपरिवार पोखरा आएका । मेरो बुबाले यतातिर चाइनिज प्रोजेक्टमा गाडी चलाउनुहुन्थ्यो । त्यसैले चितवनको घर जग्गा बेचेर २०३७ सालमा हामी स्थाई रूपमा पोखरा आयौं । बाबाले गाडी चलाएपनि दाइहरूलाई व्यापारमा लगाउनुभएको थियो । दाइहरूबाट मैले व्यापार गर्न सिक्ँ । १५/२० वर्षसम्म पाउरोटी बेच्ने काम गरेपछि म फलफूलको व्यापारमा लागें । फलफूलको होलसेल हुँदै खुद्रा व्यापारमा थिएँ म ।

२०६२ फागुन १५ गते दिउसो एक बजेको समय । म लगायत धेरैजना पोखराको अति व्यस्त ठाउँ चिप्लेढुंगाको सडकछेउमा फलफूल बेच्दै थियौं । चिप्लेढुंगाको बिपी चोक नजिकै फुटपाथमा मेरो फलफूलको व्यापार थियो । नजिकै पार्क गरेर राखेको मोटरसाइकलको डिकीमा बम रहेछ । त्यहि बेला आर्मीको गाडी आइरहेको थियो । सायद त्यहि गाडीलाई लक्षित गरेर एक्कासी बम विस्फोट गराइयो । मलाई बमको छर्लले नराम्ररी लाग्यो । म त सिसाको टुक्राहरूमाथि पछारिएको थिएँ । रगतको धारा बगेर मेरो पाइन्ट पुरै भिजेको थियो । मान्छेहरू चिच्याउदै यता उता कुदिरहेका थिए । म पनि बेसुरमा अलिकबेर हिँडेछु । त्यसपछि के भयो मलाई थाहा भएन । कसैले ट्याक्सीमा हालेर गण्डकी अस्पताल लगेछ । म ब्युम्किँदा मेरो छेवैमा त्यो सडकपेटिमा फलफूल बेच्ने अरू साथीहरूलाई पनि घाइते भएर अस्पताल ल्याइएको रहेछ ।

होस खुलेको केही बेरमा कास्कीका प्रमुख जिल्ला अधिकारी आएर सम्पूर्ण उपचार खर्च सरकारले ब्यहोर्ने

## My wife, source of my courage

Ruban Shrestha, 47  
Naya Bazaar, Pokhara

I was born in Meghauri of Chitwan District. We migrated to Pokhara in 1980 when I was ten. My father used to drive a car for a Chinese project in Pokhara. Though my father was a driver, he taught my brother to do business. I also learned business from my brothers. I sold bread for about twenty years and then I started to sell fruit. I started by selling fruits on wholesale, and more recently had a retail shop.

I was selling fruits on the busy footpaths at Chipledhunga along with other street vendors on the afternoon of 27 February 2006. My shop was near BP chowk in Chipledhunga. There was a bomb planted in the pannier of a motorbike parked beside us. An army vehicle was passing by. The bomb was detonated suddenly, targeting the army vehicle. I was seriously injured by shrapnel from the explosion. I had fallen onto a pile of broken glass. My trousers were soaked with the blood. People were screaming and running around. I walked aimlessly for a bit and then keeled over, unconscious. Somebody took me to the hospital in a taxi. I found other wounded fruit seller friends in the hospital as I regained consciousness.

After sometime, the Chief District Officer (CDO) of Kaski came to visit us and promised us that the government would pay the treatment expenditures. But, the cost was beyond that of simple treatments.

भने तर सामान्य उपचारको खर्च मात्रै लागेन । उपचार खर्च पाउँ भनेर त्यतिबेला सिडियो कार्यालयमा बुझाएको सक्कली कागजातको फाइल पनि हराइदिए । भोली उपचार खर्च दिन्छु, बिल ल्याउ भन्दा बुझाउने कुरा पनि हामीसँग छैन । उति बेला उपचार पनि राम्ररी गरिदिएनन् । अहिले त्यसैको असरले जिउ सधैं चिसो हुन्छ, ५ किलो भन्दा बढीको भारी उचाल्नै हुन्न । धेरैबेर हिँड्न पनि सकिन्न । उठ्न बस्न समस्या छ ।

मेरो नितम्बमा फलामका २ वटा टुक्रा गाडिएका रहेछन् । एउटा त भिक्रियो तर अर्को भिक्रदा हर नै चल्दैन भनेर डाक्टरले भनेपछि भिक्रिएन । त्यो टुक्रा अबैपनि मेरो जिउमा बोकेर हिडेको छु ।

त्यो विपतमा मलाई मेरी श्रीमतीले दिनसम्म साहस दिइन् । सारा उपचार खर्च जुटाइन् । यहीँ एउटा मन्टेस्वरीमा काम गर्छिन् । घाइते भएपछि मेरो व्यापार चौपट भयो । आमदानीको श्रोत नै सुक्यो । आज पनि घरको सारा खर्च उनेले धानेकी छिन् । हुन त मैले पनि घरमै बसी बसी एउटा सानो किराना पसल चलाएको छु तर पनि मेरो श्रीमतीको कमाइले नै घर चलेको छ । मेरी श्रीमती नभइदिएको भए त म आज जे छु त्यतिको कहाँ हुन्थेँ होला र ? उनी सक्षम नभएको भए त मरो परिवार खतम भैसकथ्यो ।

म इमान्दार भएर व्यापार गर्ने मान्छे । मसँग फलफूल किन्न मान्छेहरू कहाँ कहाँबाट आउँथे । कतिपटक त सयौँ किलो फलफूल एकैजनाले किनेर लैजान्थे । मैले कसैलाई पनि गलत माल नभिडाउने भएकोले मेरा नियमित ग्राहक थिए । म घाइते भएको थाहा पाएपछि फुटपाथमा व्यापार गर्ने मलाई भेट्न मेरा ग्राहक अस्पतालसम्म आए । अस्पतालबाट घरमा ल्याएपछि पनि कति गुरूड आमाहरू आएर मलाई सान्त्वना दिनुहुन्थ्यो, म चाँडो निको होओस् भनेर पूजा पनि गर्नुभयो । आज पनि बजारमा मेरो खोजी हुन्छ रे भनेको सुनेको छु ।

त्यो घटना पछि उपचारमा नियमित लाग्न परेकाले व्यापार सुचारु गर्न सकिन । अहिले पनि व्यापार शुरू गर्नेहो भने मेरा ग्राहक मेरै पसल खोज्दै आउछन् । म फलफूलको विशेषज्ञ जस्तै भएको थिएँ । म अहिले पनि छामेरै कुन फल कस्तो छ भनेर थाहा पाउन सक्छु । भएभरको आम्दानी उपचारमा खर्च भएकोले फेरि व्यापार सुरु गर्न मसँग लगानी गर्ने पैसा पनि छैन र स्वास्थ्यले साथ पनि दिँदैन अब त ।

छोराछोरीले पनि मन खोलेर पढ्न पाएका छैनन् । तिनलाई राम्रो शिक्षा दिक्दा दिन नसकेकोमा अत्ति नै पीडा

The CDO office also lost the file with the original documents that we had submitted asking for reimbursement of treatment costs. We don't have any documented proof of expenditure if they ask for it in the future. At that time, they did not do my treatment well. I still feel the effects. My body is always cold. I cannot lift more than five kilograms. I cannot walk for long. I have difficulty standing up and sitting down.

Two pieces of metal were stuck in my rear. The doctor managed to remove one of them, but because of the risk of paralysis the doctor advised not to remove the other. I still carry that piece of metal in my body.

My wife instilled courage in me through that time of crises. She managed to collect all the funds for my treatment. She works in one of the pre-schools here. My business was ruined after I became injured. Though we have a small grocery shop which I run from our home, it's my wife's earning that supports the household. I would not be the person I am today if my wife had not been there for me. My family would have been destroyed if she were not as capable.

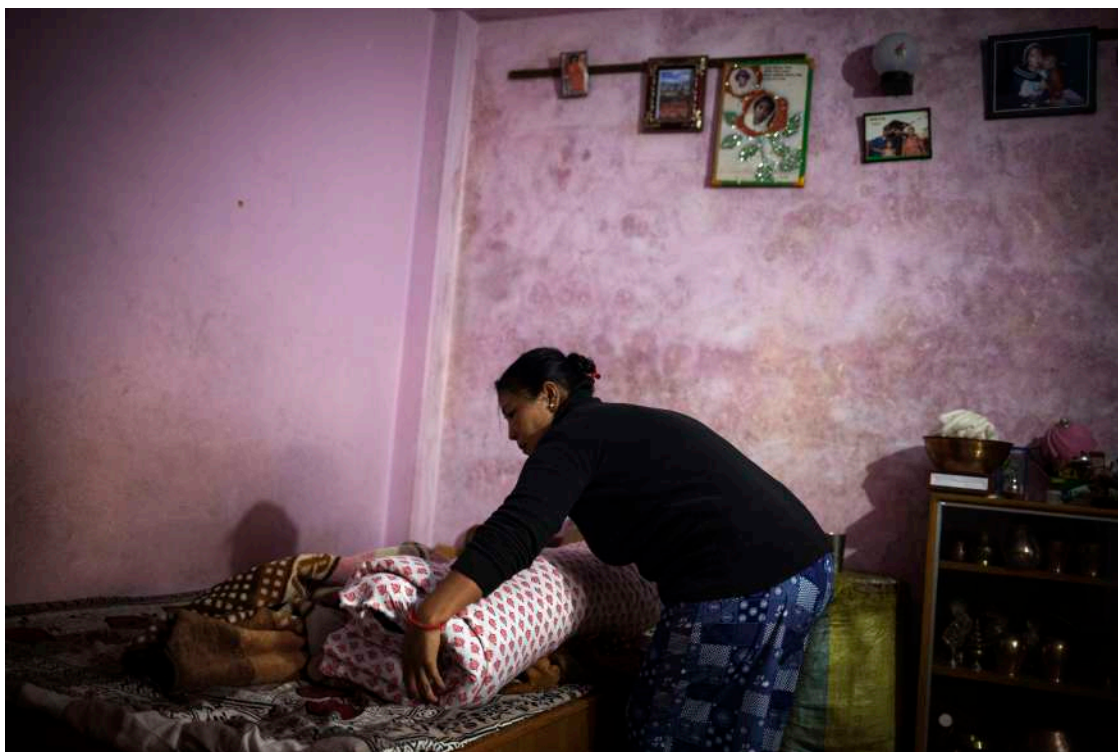
I was an honest trader. People would come to my shop from far away. Sometimes they would buy hundreds of kilograms of fruits. I used to have regular customers because I never gave them rotten fruit. I think that was the reason why my customers came to the hospital to see me – a mere street vendor. After I returned home from the hospital, some elderly Gurung women even came to my house and performed a ritual for my wellbeing. They visited me regularly to give me courage. People say that my customers look for me in the market these days too.

Because I had to spend a lot of time in continued treatment after the incident, I couldn't run my business smoothly. If I were to restart my business my customers would return. I had become a fruits expert. I can tell the quality of a fruit just by feeling it. But, I don't have the money to invest in a new business, and I don't have my health either.

My children were not able to get a good education. I feel bad for not being able to give my children a good education. It would be good if the government

हुन्छ । सरकारले मेरो छोराछोरीको शिक्षा र रोजगारीको जिम्मा लिइदिए हुन्थ्यो । त्यो नै मेरो लागि न्याय हुन्थ्यो । पहिला लागेको उपचार खर्चको भर्पाइ र अहिले गर्नुपर्ने नियमित उपचारको खर्च ब्यहोरिदिए पनि ठूलो राहत हुन्थ्यो । सार्वजनिक ठाँउमा बम विस्फोट गराउनेलाई कारवाही पनि हुनुपर्छ । त्यसका साथै म जस्ता द्वन्द्वका कारण घाइते भएकालाई परिचय पत्र दिएर त्यो परिचय पत्र देखाउँदा सार्वजनिक सेवामा सहूलियत हुने व्यवस्था राज्यले गर्नुपर्छ । सरकारले केही पनि सुनेन र आज सम्म त निराशामै जीवन गयो । अस्तित्वै सत्य निरूपण आयोगसँग भेटेपछि चाहिँ हाम्रा कुरा पनि सुनिन्छ कि भन्ने भिन्नो आशा भने पलाएको छ ।

could take the responsibility for the education and employment of my children. That would be a sort of justice for me. It would be a huge relief for me if the government would reimburse the costs of my previous treatments and the ongoing treatment. Those who detonated the bomb in a public place should be prosecuted. The government should also provide us with identity cards as victims which may be used for subsidies on public services. The government didn't listen to our grievances and life has been a hopeless ruin. But after meeting with the Truth and Reconciliation Commission recently I have some faint hope that we will be listened to and that meeting raised my hopes that our issue will be heard.





















## ...अनि समाजको मलाइ हेर्ने नजरिया बदलियो

सुरेन्द्र खत्री, ३२  
म्याग्दी, बेनी

मेरो बुबा भारतीय सेनामा काम गर्नुहुन्थ्यो । बुबाआमा उत्तै भएकोले म भारतको बनारसमा जन्मिएँ । तर पछि बुबाआमा नेपाल फर्किनु भयो र म म्याग्दीको आफ्नै गाउँ बाबियाचौरमा हुर्किएँ ।

कक्षा १० मा पढ्दै गर्दा ९ कक्षामा पढ्ने एलिना केसीसँग मेरो माया बस्यो । माया भोग्गिदै गर्दा एकदिन एलिनाको परिवारले उनको बिहे अरूलाई केटासँग छिन्न लागेका छन् भन्ने थाहा पाएँ । यो कुरा सुन्ने बित्तिकै मैले एलिनालाई भागौँ भनेर प्रस्ताव गरें । उनले प्रस्ताव स्वीकार गरिन् । भारतीय सेनामा जागिरे केटासँग उनको बिहे पक्का गरिएको थियो, तर त्यो बिहेको केही दिन अगाडी हामीले भागेर प्रेम बिहे गर्छौँ ।

आफूजस्तै बुबाले मलाई पनि भारतिय सेनामा भर्ती भइदिओस् भन्ने चाहानुहुन्थ्यो । भर्ती हुने चक्करमा मैले पढाइ नै छोडें । भारत गएँ, भर्ती हुनका लागि तालिम गरें र प्राथमिक छनौटमा पनि परें । केही समय पछि भर्ती हुनका लागि चाहिने थप कागजात लिन म घर आएँ । त्यति बेला मेरी छोरी ३ महिनाकी थिइन् । भारतीय सेनामा भर्ती हुने सपना बोकेर कागजात लिन घर आएको म त्यसपछि कहिल्यै भारत गइँन ।

२०६३ असार १२ गतेको दिन म बाख्रा चराउन गाउँ नजिकैको जंगलमा गएको थिएँ । जंगलमा मैले एउटा प्लास्टिकमा राम्रोसँग बेरेर छोडेको केही चिज भेटें । भित्र के होला भन्ने जिज्ञासा लागेर त्यो पोको खोल्न थालें । खोल्नमात्र के लागेको थिएँ, त्यो त एक्कासी पड्कियो ।

## The way society looked at me changed

Surendra Khatri, 32  
Beni, Myagdi

I was born in Banaras, India when my father was working there with the Indian Army. My parents moved back to Nepal and I grew up in Babiyaachaur in Myagdi.

When I was studying in class 10, I fell in love with a girl called Alena KC from class 9. One day, I heard that her family was arranging to marry her off to a man in the Indian Army. I asked her to elope with me. We eloped the day before her marriage.

Since my father had been in the Indian Army, he also wanted me to join. So I went to India, trained, and passed the preliminary tests. After some time, I returned home to collect additional documents needed for the recruitment. At that time my daughter was three months old. I came to my village hoping that I would soon be in the Indian Army. But I never returned to India.

It was 26 June, 2006. I was in the jungle near my village, grazing goats. I found a bundle wrapped neatly in plastic. Out of curiosity, I tried to open it. Suddenly, it exploded. My hands were injured very badly and the shrapnel tore into my entire body. I was taken to the Western Regional Hospital, Pokhara. My hands had to be amputated below the wrist because they were damaged beyond repair.

त्यो विस्फोटका कारण मेरा हातहरूमा ठूलो क्षति हुनुका साथै शरीरका विभिन्न भागमा छर्छा लागेको थियो । घटना पछि मलाई पोखरा क्षेत्रिय अस्पताल लगिएछ । हातहरू यसरी क्षतविक्षत भएका थिए कि त्यसको उपचार नै सम्भव भएन । त्यसैले उपचारको क्रममा मेरा दुवै हात नाडीभन्दा मुनि काटनुपऱ्यो ।

पहिलो पटक दुवै हात काटिएको अवस्थामा आफैलाई देख्दा कस्तो भयो होला ? पृथ्वी नै रोकिए जस्तो भयो । जीवनमा कति सपना थिए, के के गरौंला भन्ने आँट थियो, सब सकियो जस्तो लाग्यो । जीवन नै अर्थहिन लाग्यो नि सुरूमा त । गाउँघरमा चाहिँ ३ महिनाकी छोरी जन्मेपछि यस्तो भयो भनेर त्यो अबोधलाई अलक्षिणा समेत भन्न भ्याए ।

यी सबै पीडाको बीचमा मेरी श्रीमती एलिनाले चाँही पुरा साथ दिइन् । म जुन अवस्थामा थिएँ त्यहि अवस्थामा मलाई स्वीकारेर उनी नै मेरो हात बनिदिइन् । उनको परिवारले अब यसले जीवनमा केही गर्न सक्तैन अर्को बिहे गर भन्दा पनि उनले मलाई पूर्ण रूपमा साथ दिइन् । मलाई पुनः सामान्य अवस्थामा फर्काउन सक्छु भन्नेमा उनी दृढ थिइन् । त्यो कठिन समयमा उनी मेरो साथ भएकैले हो मैले अगाडि बढेर समाजमा आफूलाई पुनःस्थापित गर्न सकेको । उनी अहिले यहाँ नभए पनि त्यसबेला उनले दिएको सहयोगका लागि म कृतज्ञ छु ।

त्यो निराशा र आघातको बेला मैले मेरी छोरीलाई सम्भन्धै । कम्तिमा उसको लागि भएपनि मैले बाँच्नुपर्छ भन्ने सोर्थै । आफ्नो आत्मविश्वास फेरी जगाउन र म पनि सम्मानित जीवन जिउन सक्छु भन्ने आँट बढुल्न मलाई ५ वर्ष लाग्यो । मैले पढाइ छोडेको ६ वर्षपछि फेरी स्कुल जान थालें र पहिलो श्रेणीमा एसएलसी पास पनि गरें । १२ कक्षा पनि पास गरेर अहिले म स्नातक तहमा पढ्दै छु ।

मेरो घटना पछि कान्तिपुर दैनिकमा घनश्याम खड्काले मेरो बारेमा एउटा स्टोरी लेख्नुभयो । त्यो पढेपछि अष्ट्रेलियन नागरिक डेनिस डाउलिनले मलाई सम्पर्क गर्नुभयो । उहाँले मेरो थप उपचारको लागि मलाई अष्ट्रेलियासम्म लग्नुभयो । अष्ट्रेलिया बस्दा धेरै जना अष्ट्रेलियन नागरिकले मलाई सहयोग गर्नुभयो । मेरो अष्ट्रेलिया बसाई नै मेरो जीवनको महत्वपूर्ण समय बन्यो । त्यहाँ हुँदा मैले ड्राइभिङ र कम्प्युटर सिक्ँ । त्यहाँ तीन महिना बस्दा मेरो आत्मविश्वास फेरि पलाएर आयो । अष्ट्रेलियामा बस्दा मैले थाहा पाएँ कि यस दुनियाँमा कोही पनि अपांग छैन । हामीलाई अपांगताको महसुस गराउने त हामीले बनाएका सबैको सहज पहुँच नहुने भौतिक संरचनाहरू र सामाजिक दृष्टिकोणले पो रहेछ । यो संसारमा कोही पनि शारीरिक रूपमा सर्वगुण सम्पन्न त छैन नि ।

When I first saw myself with no hands below the wrists, I felt for a moment like the earth had stopped moving for a moment. I had a lot of ambition in life, but that sudden shock made me think that my life had no meaning. People in the community even said that my three-month old daughter had brought bad luck to my family.

However, my wife Alena stood by my side. She accepted me as I was and she became my hands. She was determined to bring me back to normal life, even though her family members were advising her to remarry. Her support through such a difficult time helped me move forward and reestablish myself in the society. I'm grateful for her support at that time, even though she is not with me now.

In the midst of my despair and trauma, I thought about my three-month old daughter. I used to think that I have to live for her. It took at least five years for me to regain confidence that I could live a dignified life again. Six years after I left my studies, I rejoined school and passed the School Leaving Certificate with a first division. I also passed class twelve and am now pursuing my Bachelor's degree.

After my accident, Ghanashyam Khadka wrote a story in the Kantipur daily about me. After reading that story, an Australian, Denis Dowling, approached me and took me to Australia for further treatment. Many other Australians helped me during my stay there. My stay in Australia became the turning point in my life. I learned driving and computer skills there. Those three months brought my self-confidence back. I learned the fact in Australia that nobody is disabled as such but the inaccessible physical infrastructure we build and the social perception towards disabled people makes one feel disabled. Nobody is physically perfect in this world.

That experience motivated me to work in the field of disability when I returned to Nepal. I dedicated my life to advocating for the rights of people living with disabilities because I did not want anybody else to experience the social trauma that I went through. I decided to work to change societal perspectives on disability. KP Adhikari and Tirtha Kumar Shrestha helped me to enter this field of work.



अष्ट्रेलिया हुँदाको अनुभवले मलाई नेपालमा फर्केर अपांगता क्षेत्रमा काम गर्ने हौसला दियो । मैले मेरो जीवन नै अपांगता भएका व्यक्तिको अधिकारको लागि वकालत गर्नकालागि समर्पित गरें । म चाहन्छु मैले जस्तै अरूले सामाजिक अपहेलनाको शिकार बन्नु नपरोस । मैले अपांगताको विषयमा समाजको अवधारणा परिवर्तन गर्नका लागि काम गर्छु भनेर निर्णय लिएँ । केपी अधिकारी र तीर्थकुमार श्रेष्ठले मलाई यो क्षेत्रमा प्रवेश गर्न मद्दत गर्नुभयो ।

अहिले म अपांगता भएका व्यक्ति र द्वन्द्व पीडितहरूसँग काम गरिरहेको छु । म राष्ट्रिय अपांग महासंघको क्षेत्रिय सचिव छु । साथसाथै म फोकल पर्सनको हैसियतमा समुदायमा आधारित पुनर्स्थापना कार्यक्रमको कामहरूको नेतृत्व गर्दैछु । अपांगता भएका व्यक्तिहरूलाई सशक्तिकरणका साथै उनीहरूलाई सञ्जाल बनाउन सहयोग गर्दैछु । यसका साथै क्षेत्रिय तहमा वकालत र सचेतना अभियानको नेतृत्व पनि गर्दैछु ।

काम गर्दै जाँदा मैले के सिक्छु भने यदि आफूलाई प्रमाणित गर्न र आफ्नो क्षमता देखाउन सकियो भने समाजको नजरिया पनि बदलिँदै जाँदो रहेछ । मेरो घटना पछि अब सुरेन्द्र केही कामको रहेन भन्ने मेरो समुदायले नै मलाई पछि विद्यालय व्यवस्थापन समितिको अध्यक्ष र सामुदायिक सेवा केन्द्रको महासचिव जस्ता सम्मानित पदमा निर्वाचित गर्‍यो । अहिले मेरो समाजले मलाई उदाहरणको रूपमा प्रस्तुत गर्दछ ।

मलाई कसैप्रति कुनै गुनासो छैन । एउटा मात्र कुरा के भने जंगलमा बेबारिसे बम कसले छोड्यो भन्ने सत्य थाहा पाउन मन छ । इतिहासले हामीलाई बिर्सने त हैन भन्ने एक खालको डर पनि छ । राज्यले मेरो क्षमता बुझेर आय आर्जनको लागि काम दियो भने मेरो लागि न्याय नै त्यहि हुनेछ । मलाई लाग्छ म राम्रो वकालतकर्ता र तालिमकर्ता हुनसक्छु । सरकारले मलाई यी काम गर्न अनुमतिपत्र वा त्यस्तै केही दियो भने म आफ्नै क्षमतामा सम्मानित जीवन जिउन सक्छु ।

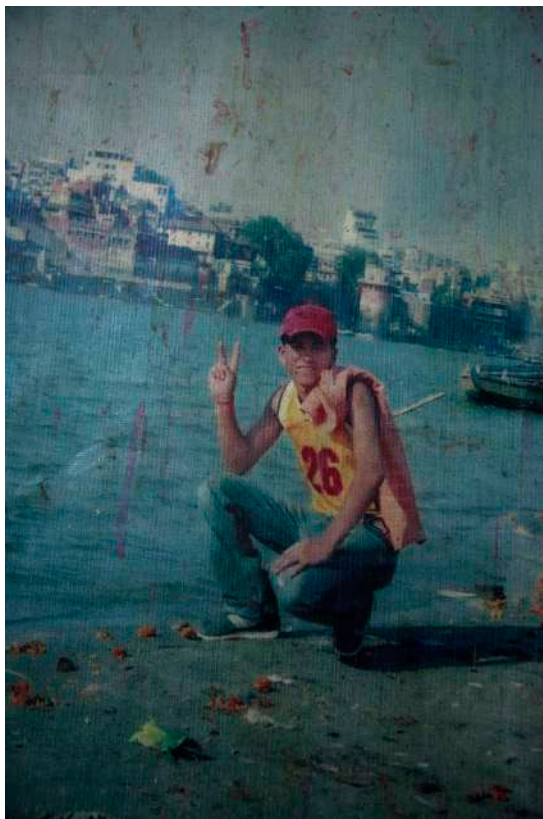
भारतीय सेनामा भर्ती भएको भए सायद मसँग धेरै पैसा हुन्थ्यो होला तर आज जस्तो मेरो पहिचान पक्कै बन्ने थिएन । आजजस्तै मैले समस्यामा परेकाहरूको सेवा गर्ने मौका पाउने थिइँन । त्यसैले आज जे आर्जेको छु म त्यसैमा सन्तुष्ट छु । जीवनप्रति कुनै गुनासो छैन ।

Now I am working to support people with disabilities and conflict victims. I am the regional secretary of the National Federation of the Disabled Nepal. I also lead the activities of the Community Based Rehabilitation Program as the focal person in Myagdi. I try to empower people with disabilities, helping them in networking and leading advocacy and awareness campaigns at the regional level.

I learned that once you are able to prove yourself the perspective of the society towards you also changes. My own community, which used to say that Surendra is of no use anymore, later elected me as the chairperson of the school management committee, and the general secretary of the community service center. My community takes me as an example now.

I have no complaints against anybody. The only thing I want to know is the truth about who left that bomb in the jungle. I fear that history will forget us. I would feel that I have received justice if the state assesses my capacity and provides me with the opportunity to earn an income. I could be a good advocacy worker and trainer. If the government provides me with the possibility for that, I can live a dignified life from my own capacities.

If I had been recruited into the Indian Army, I might have had money, but I would not have had the chance to serve people in need. I would not have had the recognition that I have today. That is why I have no complaints about my life. I am satisfied with what I have achieved so far.



घटना हुनुअघि बनारसको घाटमा खिचिएको सुरेन्द्रको फोटो ।

Surendra's photo taken in Benaras before the incident.















## प्रक्रियाबारे

सन् २०१७ को वसन्तमा एक वार्तालापका दौरान कृष्णबहादुर घिसिङ्गले घोषणा गरे, 'हामी युद्धका जीवित स्मारक हौं।' यिनै शब्दले हामीलाई द्वन्द्वपीडित साभा चौतारी, फोटोसर्कल र जर्मन अन्तर्राष्ट्रिय सहयोग निकायबीचको सहकार्य मार्फत युद्धका घाउसहित बाँचिरहेका नागरिकहरूको कथालाई केन्द्रमा ल्याउने यस यात्रामा अग्रसर हुने प्रेरणा मिल्यो। युद्धले दिएका अपाङ्गतासहित बाँच्नु र प्रभावबारे आफ्ना कथा साटासाट गर्न सन् २०१७ को नोभेम्बरमा चौध व्यक्ति एक कथा कार्यशालामा जम्मा भए। त्यसपछिका महिनामा एक फोटोग्राफरले ती चौध व्यक्तिको घर तथा व्यक्तिगत परिवेशमा पुगेर उनीहरूको परिवारलाई भेट्दै उनीहरूको जीवनबारे थप जानकारी लिए। तिनै अन्तर्वार्ताहरूलाई कथाको स्वरूप दिइयो र कथावाचकहरूबाट त्यसलाई परिष्कृत गर्न थप सुझाव संकलन गरियो। उनीहरूकै इच्छा अनुसार तस्बिरहरू छानिए। त्यहि प्रक्रियाबाट जीवन परिवर्तन गरिदिने चोटका सामु रहँदाका संघर्ष, अटोट तथा साहसका यी कथा निस्किए। कथाहरूमा यौटा विचार दोहोरिइरह्यो – फेरी कसैले यस्तो नियति भोग्नु नपरोस् !

## About the process

'We are the living memorials of the war,' Krishna Bahadur Ghising declared, during a conversation in Dolakha in the spring of 2017. These words inspired this journey to bring into focus the experiences of civilians living with the wounds of the war, through a collaboration between Conflict Victims Common Platform (CVCP), photo.circle and GIZ-Civil Peace Service. Fourteen people gathered for a story workshop in November 2017 to share stories of the impacts of living with conflict-caused disabilities. Over the next months a photographer visited the story-tellers' homes to meet their families and learn more about their lives. Interviews were written up into life stories, which were shared with the story-tellers who suggested changes or additions. Photos were selected according to their choices. What emerged are these stories of struggle, determination and courage in the face of life-changing injuries. A recurrent theme is the hope that others will not have to suffer in this way again.



## कृतज्ञता

यो प्रकाशन तथा यससँगै प्रदर्शित फोटो प्रदर्शनी जर्मन अन्तर्राष्ट्रिय सहयोग निकायको सहयोगमा फोटो.सर्कलद्वारा सिर्जित तथा द्वन्द्वपीडित साभा चौतारीद्वारा प्रकाशित हो । यो पुस्तक एक साभा प्रयत्न हो । यसको केन्द्रमा चौध कथावाचक छन् – आनन्द पाण्डे, अशोक सोडारी, भगवती गौतम, दुदराज अधिकारी, गयाप्रसाद चौधरी, हेमराज थारू, काली परियार, कृष्णबहादुर घिसिङ, कृष्णलाल श्रेष्ठ, लीला गुरुङ, रामकुमारी घर्ती, रामरतन थारू, रूबन श्रेष्ठ र सुरेन्द्र खत्री । यस प्रक्रियाका विभिन्न चरणमा सहयोग पुऱ्याउने व्यक्तिमा रमेश अधिकारी, किशोर शर्मा र रूथ मार्सेन थिए । यसलाई सम्भव बनाउने अन्य व्यक्तिमा भागीराम चौधरी र द्वन्द्वपीडित साभा मञ्च तथा फोटो.सर्कलका नयनतारा गुरुङ कक्षपति, निशान्त शिल्पकार, दिशेभ श्रेष्ठ, प्रवीण अधिकारी तथा जर्मन अन्तर्राष्ट्रिय सहयोग निकायका भेरेना हिन्जे, कंचन मुल्मी, नन्द किशोर यादव र भक्त जिंसी तथा कथा कार्यशालाका सहजकर्ता र प्रारम्भिक चरणका सहयोगी गीता रसाइली, पूजा पन्त, सुमन अधिकारी र सरिता लामिछाने तथा कथा कार्यशालालाई प्रेरक उर्जा प्रदान गर्ने स्टोरी किचन र जया लुइंटेले तथा दुख र कष्टबारे कथाहरुसँग काम गर्दै कसरी त्यसलाई आफ्नो शक्ति बनाउन सकिन्छ भन्नेबारे तालिम दिने र नवीन उपाय सिकाउने डल्विच सेन्टर सामेल छन् ।

## Acknowledgements

This publication and accompanying photo exhibition was produced by photo.circle and published by Conflict Victims Common Platform (CVCP) with the support of GIZ-Civil Peace Service. The book has been a collective effort. At the centre are the fourteen story tellers: Ananda Pandey, Ashok Sodari, Bhagawati Gautam, Dudaraj Adhikari, Gaya Prasad Chaudhary, Hemraj Tharu, Kali Pariyar, Krishna Bahadur Ghising, Krishna Lal Shrestha, Lila Gurung, Ram Kumari Gharti, Ram Ratan Tharu, Ruban Shrestha, Surendra Khatri. Accompanying the process through its different stages were Ramesh Adhikari, Kishor Sharma and Ruth Marsden. Others who helped to make it possible were Bhagiram Chaudary and the CVCP Board; Nishant Shilpakar, NayanTara Gurung Kakshapati, Dishebh Shrestha, Prawin Adhikari from photo.circle; Verena Hinze, Kanchan Mulmi, Nand Kishor Yadav and Bhakta G C from GIZ; Gita Rasaili, Pooja Pant, Suman Adhikari, and Sarita Lamichhane who facilitated and contributed to the initial story workshop; Jaya Luintel and The Story Kitchen who inspired the story workshop; and the Dulwich Centre who gave training on approaches and tools for working with stories of pain and hardship in ways that make us stronger.

१४ कथाहरू  
युद्धका जीवित स्मृतिहरू

प्रतिलिपि अधिकार द्वन्द्व पीडित साभा चौतारी (२०७५)

सर्वाधिकार सुरक्षित । जीआइजेड – नागरिक शान्ति सेवाको पूर्वअनुमतिबिना यस पुस्तकको कुनै अंश तथा फोटोहरू कुनैपनि माध्यम अथवा प्रविधिद्वारा पुनर्प्रकाशन गर्न पाइने छैन ।

यस प्रकाशनका सामग्री सम्बन्धित व्यक्तिहरूका व्यक्तिगत धारणा हुन् र यिनले जीआइजेडका विचारहरूको प्रतिनिधित्व गर्दैनन् ।

तस्विर: किशोर शर्मा  
कथा संकलन: रमेश अधिकारी

14 Stories  
Living Memories of War

© 2018 Conflict Victims Common Platform

All rights reserved. No part of this book or photographs may be reproduced in any form or by any means without prior permission from GIZ – Civil Peace Service.

The contents of this publication are the personal views of the respective individuals and do not necessarily represent the views of GIZ.

Photos by Kishor Sharma  
Stories compiled by Ramesh Adhikari

प्रकाशन: द्वन्द्व पीडित साभा चौतारी  
Published by Conflict Victims Common Platform



उत्पादन: फोटोसर्कल  
Produced by photo.circle

सहयोग: जीआइजेड – नागरिक शान्ति सेवा  
Supported by GIZ – Civil Peace Service





