



# THE OLIPHANT

No. 102

WELHAM BOYS' SCHOOL

15th April, 1990

## THINK ABOUT IT

*I look on high to see only the light,  
And never look down to see my Shadow.  
This is wisdom which man must learn.*

**Khalil Gibran**

## Editorial



An average fortnight is not too eventful. A couple of deservers do get commended and a couple of rogues thrashed, but the fortnight in itself does not hold much importance. The past fortnight is however a perfect exception. The change of classes, the advent of summer and the appointment of the new Prefects causes a great deal of activity in school.

The sixth class have the difficult task of entering an entirely new environment, amongst giants double their size, being told about a word they didn't know how to spell (discipline!). After a few futile attempts at flattering their senior for safety, they reach the conclusion that they better mend themselves. The task is difficult and mostly not achieved fully, but the attempt (or attempt to act as if attempting) is always present.

The rest of the school, however is quite proud

of entering their new classes and getting down to their favourite activity (throwing their weight on their juniors). Always beaming with joy, you can feel the relief as another of their years comes to an end.

Class XI really have lighter heads. The cause for the lightness in their head is two-fold (1) End of ICSE (time to relax) (2) Lack of hair due to crew cuts (time to oil scalp and pray).

The Class XII have one feeling—it's finally come their turn to rule the school. No more crew cuts, extra P.T. and being pushed around. It is time to rejoice. However the thought of leaving school soon and of the forth-coming exams do tend to get the spirit a bit dampened. Any way, one tries to rejoice as long as possible.....

Yours Jovially

**Saurav Sinha**

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Ed,

I have mastered the art of falling to sleep while standing thanks to a number of shoutings (courtesy of the prefects) while standing outside the Dining Hall and a few house meetings.

Yours etc.

**Flaming**

Ed—Who carries you in for supper? It would be better to stay awake and keep both feet on the ground.

Dear Ed,

This is an outrage! My sense of humour compared to the sewer rates!!! Intolerable! I strain the brain and let it drain for the cracks I produce. (Actually it's stuck under the manhole cover).

Yours Infuriated

**Good Cracker.**

Ed—Faulty adhesive. As a result, it just went 'plop'!

Dear Ed,

Yours etc,

Disappointed.

I once wrote an essay 'My fears', Hopes and Aspirations'. In one afternoon the principal accomplished it all. I feared that If I hoped too much my aspirations wouldn't come true. That is just what happened.

Ed-Sorry. My condolences to you. Better luck next time ?

## The Literary Affairs of Welham

### MICHELLE

*The love of my life, my light  
Hers ceased to shine on me  
Guess, every bird must end its flight  
And return to heaven, their endless sea.*

Thirty minutes to go and the party would begin, Thirty minutes, and he would be seven for all his friends. The cake was ready and he was dressed in his favourite, suit (a combination of blue tweed and grey wool) and the lights were *unidating* this auspicious moment. Fifteen minutes and he would be the same age as Prima, Diana and most of the girls in his class.

The party was, as intended, a perfect way to celebrate a birthday. Mike was seven. His father had given him a B.M.X. bicycle. His mother had bought him some clothes. Perhaps, the only reason why he was eager for the party was because he wanted to know what his gifts would contain.

All the pretty girls of his class were there Prima, Diana, Venessa, and Miriam. Mike had always wanted to date either one of the four *but* he was always turned down. Michael although was a smart kid. He was blonde haired, cute and he possessed cheeks that every girl liked to pinch. And yet, the pride of his class Prima, or even the other three, for that matter; looked on to date him. But there was a girl in the class who would do his homework for him, take detention for him, pay for his burgers, ask him repeatedly for a date and be repeatedly refused.

Michelle Faides, not exactly a pin-up girl nor one of the girls you constantly see, in your dreams, Michelle was atleast half a foot shorter than the other girls of her class. Her face was ideally round, and her lips were decorated with the upper row of her teeth protruding out. Her neckline was like the back of a fish, scaly. Michelle Faides was by no means, beautiful and yet she loved Michael.

*The disease of my love  
Shows not the symptoms through my face  
If you want to taste true love  
Feel the warmth of my embrace.*

At the age of fifteen, Michael Altroph, was the only answer, from his class, to Rob Laure, this price of comparison was, unanimously agreed by all the girls of his class. Tall, well built, blonde hair running up to the back of his neck and with a good sense of dressing up, Michael most affectionately

called Mike, by his friends, was considered a kid of style Michelle Faides, was no longer the ugly girl with the 'bulk' teeth nor was she the dwarf of her class. At fourteen, Michelle Faides was elegant, graceful and eloquent, she was pretty.

Michael often recalled days when she met her after three years.

"You were not so beautiful, when I left you"

"I guess waiting for a star to fall can bring about a lot of changes", she said. "My God? You sound more sweet than you ever were".

"Really? well, you have not lost face either, the same cheeks, that blonde hair, and those charming eyes".

Mike had kissed her on their first date, He always kissed her on every date, something that he never wanted to do at the age of seven. From school upto high school days and through to university Michael Altroph's relationship with Michelle was developing towards true love, a time came when Michael quit dating every second girl, who cared to fling an occasional flying kiss at him. Neither Michelle, nor Michael dared to be disloyal to one another.

*My darling I love you so,  
If only this weakness would never show  
You move me with all your charms  
Lead me, carefully, in your arms.*

Twenty years of age, our payroll of five hundred dollars a week, Michael Altroph's proposed to Michelle Faides. At nineteen, Michelle was the happiest woman of her neighbourhood. Although she had received thousands of such proposals, Michael Altroph's proposal meant a lot to her. For Michelle, it was the best thing love could give to her. A husband? Michael Altroph's? those eyes would be hers? That blonde hair would be hers?

The marriage was due on the eighteenth of September. While Michelle never stopped dreaming of her fiancée, Michael toiled day and night to save for a grand honeymoon, Hawaii, he felt was a bit too common, a place for American Honeymoons. Bali the Indonesian paradise, world be ideal for his beloved Michelle, with these dreams Michael even began to deliver newspapers in the morning "A twenty year old man, working at a twelve year old boy's position?" They asked.

One week to go and the marriage would be through. Wedding dress was ready, with the finest lace from Paris on it. Michael's English tweed suit had been stitched at Princetons and his shoes had been picked up from Marks and Spencer.

Bingo? All good things came to an end caught in a riot, caused by some racist group, Michael lost his vision.

I have been liked, I have been loved.

All the good in a male, the girls have found in me.

But when I look into the mirror now

That good, I am afraid I cannot see.

"No problem Michelle you could always marry me on the eighteenth,"

"I am marrying Michael, I belong to Michael and I love Michael, I advise you to leave James."

"Marry that blind man? You wish to tie his shoe laces, brush his teeth, dress him up and when time comes kiss your kid for him?"

Love is the answer James. Michael is to be my husband. I never loved you, I never will, Get out."

*The beauty in me, you never could see  
When I was six and you were seven  
I do not care what you are and where you'll be  
I want to be with you, I want to be in heaven?*

He married on the eighteenth of September, as scheduled. They were in Bali on the twentieth. The greenery, the beaches, and the skies Michael saw, through Michelle. Two years later Michelle gave birth to daughter. Michelle Faides Altrophs passed away after the delivery. She had fulfilled her dream, reached her goal and left Michael, finally in eternal darkness. Michael named their daughter Michelle, after the angel that had lived for him and died for a family.

*How much you loved me perhaps  
Only god and you could tell  
Now that you are gone  
I realize your worth, my Michelle.*

Amit Virmani

## THE MAN IN THE TWILIGHT

He comes walking in the twilight,  
The hour of dusk and the defeated,  
Looking forlorn,  
Looking cheated,  
Sacrificed is his life,  
The priest : Wordly strife.  
He stands, gazing about him,  
He stands in the twilight,  
The hour of dusk and the defeated,  
His fair woman  
Whom he wished to master his domain,  
Would now master none.

She left this earth,  
At the stroke of a dirk,  
No, she had not been killed by a sadist.  
She had been killed by a masked marauder,  
A man known as a terrorist!  
And he stands in the twilight  
The hour of dusk and the defeated,  
Looking forlorn  
Looking cheated.

Ashish Deb Roy

## FROM THAT DAY ONWARDS I NEVER TOLD A LIE AGAIN

It was a fine summer morning when I asked my parents if I could go for a swim, but they did not allow me because I had a cold and a bad cough.

But I was still tempted because my friends were also going, I jumped out of the window with my swimming trunks and went on my bicycle to the river. It was two 'O' clock when I reached there.

There I swam for some time. After some time I met my friends. Then we played there for a long time. Then I rode home and went in from the back door.

I changed my clothes and sneaked out the same way, along with my books. My parents were very worried about me. They had rung up many of my friends. Then after some time I knocked at the main door. My mother was very happy to see me and asked me where I had gone. I told her that I had gone to a teacher's house to ask something. She couldn't have thought I was lying, since I had books in my hand. It was evening and we had our dinner and went to sleep.

The next morning I could not get up. I was very ill. My cough and cold had worsened and I was also running high temperature. The doctor was called and he asked me to drink many types of medicines. Then he asked me what had happened. I told the truth. He told my mother and I got a bad scolding, and from that day onwards I never told a lie again.

By :

Gurpreet S. Gambhir

Class VI B

## THE SPIDER

Once there lived a Spider  
Who was big as a tiger  
His legs were short  
And he lived in a fort.

His claws were very long  
And his name was Mr. Bong  
His skin was green  
And he was very mean.

Once he visited a king's palace  
Wearing a beautiful 'gallis'  
After dining with the Princess  
He fell into distress.

The king told him  
That a man named Mr. Jim  
Who was very slim  
Had once met him.

Mr. Jim had told the king's minister  
Whose name was Mr. Symond  
That Mr. Bong  
Had stolen his diamond.

And the king shouted "Hang Bong ! Hang  
him !"  
Then Mr. Bong wake up from his dream  
But his eyes had lost their gleam.

By : Vivek Khemka & Yashab Zia

Class IV B

### MR. BEAR

There was a Mr. Bear  
Who had long fluffy hair.

Mr. Bear was fond of eating pears  
He liked to act in fairs.

In the fair  
Mr. Bear juggled with his shoes in the air.

When he finished juggling in the air  
Mr. Bear sat on a comfortable chair.

After he had rested for a long time  
He saw a tree which he wanted to climb.

So he climbed the tree  
As he climbed higher

He saw a swarm of bees  
Which bit him on his knees

After sometime  
Mr. Bear was fine

And he went home  
And drank some wine.

By : Vivaan Menezes & Daljeet Minhas  
Class III A

### CONCEITED ? NAY ! WE'RE 9 A !!!

We begin with a crack and end with a play  
We are the freakiest class throughout the day  
Vikrant and Aziz form a hefty group  
They really never know when they are in deep soup  
Rajveer is one who is evergreen  
We call him Anil Kapoor who is in everyone's  
dream

Sachin and Rohit are finest of all  
We call Sachin 'Golu' and Rohit a 'Ball'

Ashish and Anurag are two brothers  
Who are concerned more about themselves and less  
about others.

Sunil and Hitesh have a big sack  
For whenever they get time they take out a cheap  
crack.

Dharminder, Hora and Navbir tie their turbans  
very well.

The three of them have the plan of becoming the  
'Head Surds' in twelve

You move east, west, north and south  
Lath will always be called a big mouth

Madupali and Ved do not have any shame for  
whenever we tease them they say 'Yaar its all  
in the game'.

Vaibhav thinks only about carrying his moral  
duties while Pares and Atulya think they are  
school BEAUTIES.

Varun is considered to be a fool as he does not  
follow the class's rule.

You'll see a smile of pride on Monit's face,  
whenever you talk to him about Basketball fakes.

Kamal and Sud say they study a lot but they do  
not have any excuse when they are found  
sleeping in the classes block

To mention Kshity's name, I'll have to try  
Before in front of me he starts to cry.

Now Piyush is the boy who is left alone  
Let's mention him too before I am blown

To mention myself I was a bit too shy  
'Nishant is my name but they will call me 'Shabby'  
till I die.

To mention our class teacher Mr. Painuli I was a  
bit too dried.

Of course he is IX-B's envy and IX-A's pride.

Overall our class is always freaky at rest  
It's only the exams when we do our best.  
And we are school famous for postponing tests.

THE IX—thee-s

### LAMPOON

Ever since the new prefect  
body has been appointed hair  
on peoples heads have been  
disappearing as fast as indis-  
cipline. We caught hold of a  
few survivors of the 'hair cut  
movement' and posed a ques-  
tion which could very well  
start a revolution (the crew-cut  
revolution).

Should crew-cuts be the  
universally accepted form of  
hair cuts in school ?

1. Oh, I'd love it. Imagine  
Rohit Sinha looking exactly  
like Tom Cruise right out of 'COCKTAIL'.



I can already see W.G.H.S. swooning over me.  
**Rohit Sinha**

2. It's a great experience—I've been through it once but twice would be expecting a bit too much.

**Ashish Sharma**

3. 'THE WILD THING, YOU MAKE MY HEART SING'  
As long as it's wild I'll carry it off with a smile.

**Gautam Punj**

4. It would be just great while everyone's head would be a barren heath, we sikhs would be as fertile as ever.

**Dilsher Atwal**

5. O Boy! I can't wait to see the crew-cut revolution.

**Samarendra Rautela**

6. God! not now at least. Just when my Rambo cut is beginning to look great you're insisting on a crew. Forget it pal!

**Munish 'Tailoo' Awasthi**

7. Ashes to Ashes—Dust to Dust  
If my height doesn't impress the gals my hair style must.  
A crew-cut would be groovy—Hope it suits me!

**Anurag Kumar**

8. We sincerely hope this scheme comes through. Atleast we mirror's can have a mighty sigh of relief. No more ghosts staring right at us for hours together.

**(The Much-Haunted Mirrors Association)**

9. I'm a modern day Samson. My strength lies in my foot-long locks. If you're expecting that I'll go in for a crew-cut. I'm afraid it's a bit too much to ask for.

**Manu Rajvanshi**

10. I feel we should all try and follow the shining example set by our Principal. Boys! shouldn't we match him stride for stride—hair for hair

**Kabir Bajaj**

Mr. Shashi Bhushan in the Hindi Dept.  
Mr. Oswal Das in the English Dept.  
Mr. Madhup Seth in the Physics Dept.  
Mrs Shah in the Middle School

\*Rehearsals for the May production have commenced. A new stage is being built for it in the upper field.

✓ \*Boxing has been revived once again with great enthusiasm.

\*A batch of boys visited the quarry on the 8th of April and again on the 15th.

\*The Mini-Basketball tournament was held Jamuna won.

\*A Hockey match was played against RIMC on the of April RIMC won

\*Meetings of the Food and Sports Committee were held on the 5th of April.

.. Continued from Page 8

गोराघाटी से लाखामंडल की यात्रा हमने आरम्भ की जो सोलह किलोमीटर थी। जब मैंने बीस किलोमीटर का मार्ग तय कर लिया तो, सोलह किलोमीटर तो कुछ भी नहीं था। यह साहस बांधे हुए हमने लाखामंडल की यात्रा सरलता से सम्पूर्ण की। लाखामंडल पहुँचकर हमने अपना सामान एक विद्यालय में रखा जहाँ हमारा रात के रुकने का प्रबन्ध था। इस बीच मुझे लाखामंडल मंदिर देखने की जिज्ञासा हुई। अतः हमने मंदिर को देखने का निश्चय किया। पुजारी के मुताबिक वह मंदिर हजारों वर्ष पुराना था। मंदिर के साथ एक संग्रहालय भी था जो देखने में बड़ा सर्वश्रेष्ठ था। वैष्णव देवी जैसे तीर्थ स्थान तो लोग घूम आते हैं, क्योंकि जम्मू-कश्मीर निकट है। लाखामंडल जैसा स्थान जहाँ पर इतनी प्राचीन एवं सर्वश्रेष्ठ वस्तुएं पड़ी हैं शायद ही कुछ लोग आते हैं।

अगले दिन हम मसूरी के लिए रवाना हो गये। मसूरी में हमने एक रात काटी और अगले दिन देहरादून के लिए रवाना हो गये।

यह मध्य-रात्र अवकाश मेरे लिए चिरस्मरणीय रहेंगी।

घर में सबको मेरा प्रणाम कहना।

तुम्हारा मित्र,  
आतुष्य सिंह  
कक्षा-X-A

## Welham Now !!

\*The appointments for the year '90-'91 are as follows :-

Gagan Taleja	(School Captain)
Rajkamal Phukan	(Sports Captain)
Saurav Sinha	(Prefect)
Harinder Mann	(Prefect)
Sameer Singhal	(Prefect)
Sumesh Suri	(Prefect)
Vivek Mittal	(Prefect)
Samarendra Rautela	(Prefect)
Sidharth Goyal	(Prefect)

Congratulations to them all !

\*We welcome the following teachers to the Staff.

### EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor : Saurav Sinha  
Literary Affairs : Amit Virmani  
Brain Teasers : Shashank Sharan  
Welham Now & Compiler : Ashish Deb Roy  
Lampoon and Sports : Harinder Mann  
Hindi : Nishant Singh  
Cartoonist : Abhishek Gupta & Sudeep Chaudhry  
Staff Representative : S. Singh

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## पागलों की दुनिया

पागलों की दुनिया में हम खो गए,  
कल मिले थे तो आज खो गए,  
पागलों के साथ हम सो गए,  
और हम पागल हो गए,

सोचते - सोचते हम रोने लगे,  
रोते - रोते हम पागलखाने पहुँच गए,  
एक दुनिया से निकल के हम,  
पागलों वाली दुनिया में हम खो गए,

पागलों की दुनिया में हम खो गए,  
कल मिले थे तो आज खो गए,  
जब हम पागलखाने में भरती हुए,  
तो हम गाने लगे,

गंवारों वाली दुनिया में हम खो गए,  
एक दुनिया से निकल कर हम,  
पागलों वाली दुनिया में,  
हम खो गए,

मैंने देखा कि हम सो रहे थे,  
सोते में सपने में देख रहे और गा रहे थे,  
पागलों की दुनिया में हम खो गए,  
कल मिले थे तो आज खो गए।

बेभव गर्ग  
कक्षा V-B

## डायरी का एक पन्ना

२४-३-६०

आज हम बस द्वारा चकराता पहुँचे हैं। यहाँ हम पास में ही स्थित भगवान शिव के मन्दिर में गए और आराधना की। हमने खुले वातावरण की सैर की। सचमुच, बहुत ठंड थी।

२५-३-६०

होटल में महाभारत देखने के पश्चात हम गोराघाटी जो यहाँ से २० कि०मी० की दूरी पर बसी है के लिए रवाना हो गए। यह पदयात्रा बहुत कठिन थी और इसे तय करने में हमें ३ घंटे लगे। हम शाम तक बहुत थक गए थे और जल्दी ही सो गए।

२६-३-६०

आज हम गोराघाटी से लाखामण्डल पहुँचे हैं। इस पदयात्रा की थकान हमने सरिता में नहा कर मिटाई। हम यहाँ विद्यालय की प्रयोगशाला में ठहरे और ढाबे के मालिक राणाजी ने हमें बहुत स्वादिष्ट व्यंजन खिलाए। हम शिवजी के मन्दिर को देखने गए जो पाण्डवों के जमाने का है।

२७-३-६०

आज हम लाखामण्डल से मसूरी पहुँचे हैं। रास्ते में हम 'कैम्पटी फॉल' पर रुके थे। यहाँ का प्राकृतिक सौन्दर्य अनुपम है और हम कल इस रमणीक वातावरण को छोड़ वापस देहरादून लौट जाएंगे। आज हम 'गनहिल' भी गए।

२८-३-६०

आज हम मसूरी से वापस स्कूल आ गए हैं। अब हम दसवीं कक्षा में हैं और हमारी जिम्मेदारियाँ बढ़ गई हैं।

— हितेश महाजन  
कक्षा X-A

## मेरा बचपन

इस बुढ़ापे में फिर बचपन की याद आई,  
अनजाने में नजरों के सामने धूमिल सी काया आ छाई।  
नदी के किनारे बसा था।

हमारा छोटा सा गांव।  
जहाँ टिकते न थे कभी।  
एक जगह मेरे पांव।  
कभी इस घर तो कभी उस घर,  
कभी खेतों में तो कभी पेड़ पर।  
हमारे गांव में एक नदी बहती,  
यह नदी हमारे गांव के सुख की कहानी कहती।  
गांव के चारों ओर थे ऊँचे-ऊँचे पहाड़,  
गाँव के निवासी थे कुछ हज़ार।

लगता था कोई वो मीठा सादा सपना,  
छोटा सा सुन्दर स्वर्ग था अपना।  
मैं बरगद के पेड़ पर चढ़ जाता,  
ऊपर से मां को चिल्लाता।  
मां दौड़ी-दौड़ी चली आती,  
मुझे न पा बहुत घबराती।  
चीख-चीख कर मुझे बुलाती,  
मैं पेड़ से उतर जाता,  
और अपना सिर मां के आंचल में पाता।  
पिताजी का स्वभाव था बहुत कड़ा,  
एक शरारत की और एक थप्पड़ पड़ा।  
मुझे रोता देख पिताजी का हृदय पिघल जाता,  
फिर सब देखते और मैं पिताजी का प्यार पाता।

एक मास्टर जी मुझे पढ़ाने आते,  
पढ़ाते क्या केवल दिमाग खाते,  
एक दिन मुझे थोड़ा जोश आया,  
मास्टर जी को अस्पताल में ही होश आया।  
एक मुंशीजी मुझसे बहुत जलते,  
पिताजी के सामने मेरी शिकायतें उबलते।

मैंने चली ऐसी चाल,  
 मुंशीजी भूल गए मेरा हाल ।  
 उनको पड़ी ऐसी मार,  
 सीधे पहुँचे नदिया पार ।  
 उसी दिन पकड़ी एक नाव,  
 छोड़ा उन्होंने मेरा गांव ।  
 ऐसी आई नानी याद,  
 घर से न निकले उसके बाद ।  
 बचपन का एक भी दिन,  
 नहीं गुजारा होगा आमों के बिन ।  
 उधर गांव के लोग थे परेशान,  
 वो इधर बगीचे का माली था हैरान,  
 कि कौन खाता है इतने सारे आम ।  
 फिर गांव पर आ टूटा प्लेग का कहर,  
 छोड़ गांव हम आए शहर ।  
 बीता बचपन छूट गया बसेरा,  
 लगता उन शरारतों का फिर न होगा सवेरा ।  
 जब आती बचपन की याद,  
 होती आंखों से बरसात ।  
 लगता था वो अनजान सफर,  
 जिसकी भटकी यादें ही आती नजर ।  
 न जाने इन यादों की कौन सी शक्ति ले आई थी खींच,  
 अब मुझे अहसास हुआ कि मैं था घने बुढ़ापे के बीच ।  
 इस बुढ़ापे में फिर बचपन की याद आई,  
 अनजाने में नजरों के सामने धूमिल सी काया आ छाई ।

—निशान्त सिंह

## बर्फ साम्राज्य औली

गगन को चूमती पर्वत शृंखलाएँ, गहरी घाटियाँ जो  
 इन्सानी कदमों को पुकारती हैं, हरियाली से भरे जंगल  
 जो प्रकृति के रूप को निखारते हैं । हिम से भरी चोटियाँ  
 जो नदियों को नीर देती हैं और जमीन जो मदहोशी  
 पैदा कर देती है । सचमुच, स्वर्ग का वर्णन लगता है ।  
 गढ़वाल सचमुच स्वर्ग है, धरती का स्वर्ग, हिन्दुस्तान का  
 स्वर्ग । इसके दर्शन करने पर लगता है सचमुच स्वर्ग के  
 दर्शन कर लिए ।

इन मध्यसत्र अवकाशों में हम गढ़वाल के सीने में  
 बसी बर्फ साम्राज्य 'औली' । हमारे लिए सब कुछ नया  
 था । नया बातावरण, एक नई प्रकार की प्रकृति, नई  
 प्रकार की संस्कृति । हमारे रहन-सहन और विचारों में  
 बहुत बदलाव आया । लगता हमने नई दुनियाँ देख  
 ली हो ।

ऋषिकेश, देवप्रयाग, रुद्रप्रयाग, कर्णप्रयाग पार करने  
 के बाद हमें एक भयानक भूमिस्खलन का सामना करना  
 पड़ा । परिणाम यह हुआ कि हमारा पहले दिन ही  
 जोशीमठ पहुँचने का लक्ष्य अधूरा रह गया । सड़क पर

गिरते हुए छोटे व बड़े पत्थरों ने हमारे मार्ग में बाधा  
 डाल दी । हमें वह रात नन्दप्रयाग में ही गुजारनी पड़ी ।  
 पर यह कठिनाईयों का अन्त नहीं था । जोशीमठ के चार  
 कि०मी० पूर्व एक अन्य भूमिस्खलन ने हमारा रास्ता रोक  
 दिया, बस आगे नहीं बढ़ सकी और बाकी का रास्ता  
 हमें एक पहाड़ी पर कठिन चढ़ाई कर और पैदल चल  
 कर तय करना पड़ा ।

जोशीमठ एक घनी आबादी वाला स्थान था । यहाँ  
 पोस्टऑफिस से लेकर अस्पताल और रहने व खाने की  
 सुविधाएँ मौजूद थीं । यहाँ से बद्रीनाथ, केदारनाथ,  
 तपोवन, नन्दादेवी पर्वत, फूलों की घाटी समीप हैं । साल  
 भर यहाँ देश व विदेश से आए पर्यटकों की भीड़ लगी  
 रहती है । यहाँ के निवासी गढ़वाली भाषा में बात करते  
 हैं और हिन्दी का प्रयोग भी जानते हैं । आदमी मोटे  
 खट्टर जैसा कोट और पाजामा पहनते हैं और औरतें सिर  
 पर एक पतला कपड़ा जो सिर ढंक लेता है और लम्बे  
 चोगे जैसा कपड़ा जो शरीर । प्रकृति से ये लोग मिलन-  
 सार और हंसमुख । दुनियाँ के घिनौने पापों और गिरी  
 हुई राजनीति से दूर, सदा सहायता करने को तत्पर ।  
 गढ़वाल का इन लोगों को चप्पे-चप्पे का ज्ञान है और  
 वही चढ़ाई जो हमारे लिए कांटों पर चलने जैसी होती है  
 इनके लिए अति आसान । इनकी कार्यक्षमता सचमुच  
 अनोखी है ।

जोशीमठ से औली चार कि०मी० की चढ़ाई कर  
 हम पहुँचे । लगातार बर्फ के गिरने से यह चढ़ाई खतर-  
 नाक और फिसलनभरी हो गई थी । औली हम तीन घंटे  
 की कठिन चढ़ाई के पश्चात पहुँचे ।

औली के प्राकृतिक सौन्दर्य का जितना बखान किया  
 जाए कम है । लगता था कि धरा ने हिम की सफेद चादर  
 ओढ़ रखी हो, श्वेत चादर । गगन से गिरती बर्फ रुई के  
 समान लगती—'खूबसूरत' ऊँचे-ऊँचे पहाड़ बर्फ से ढके  
 हुए । नन्दादेवी, घोड़ा पर्वत और बद्रीनाथ का साफ  
 नजारा मिलता था । हमारे विश्राम घर के पास करीब २  
 फीट बर्फ थी । स्कीइंग का आनन्द तो कुछ और ही था ।  
 सब नया था । नया अनुभव, नई बर्फ, सीखने के लिए  
 कुछ नया-नया सा । यह कला सीखना हमारे लिए कोई  
 बहुत बड़ी चुनौती न थी । हम जल्दी ही इस खेल में  
 निपुण हो गए ।

औली में हमें खाने की बहुत अच्छी सुविधाएँ जोशी-  
 मठ से औली की सड़क बन्द होने के कारण नहीं मिल  
 सकीं । हम कई प्रकार के लोगों से मिले जैसे देश व  
 विदेश से आए पर्यटक, भारत-तिब्बत सुरक्षाबल के  
 जवान, विचारों के आदान-प्रदान से हमने बहुत कुछ  
 सीखा ।

सात दिनों के मध्यसत्र अवकाश बर्फ साम्राज्य औली  
 में गुजारने के पश्चात हम बर्फ से भरी जमीन, हिम से

भरे पेड़ और हिम से भरी प्रकृति को छोड़ जोशीमठ आ गए। औली पीछे छूट गई साथ आईं - 'बफीली यादें'।

वह रात हमने जोशीमठ के गढ़वाल मंडल विकास निगम के विश्रामगृह में बिताई। अगली सुबह हमने देहरादून की वापसी यात्रा आरम्भ की। हम आगे बढ़ते जा रहे थे और पीछे छूट रहे थे वे सपनों के महल जहाँ लगता हमने स्वप्न गुजारा है।

— निशान्त सिंह

## अबला, क्या यही तेरा जीवन था ?

३ मार्च, १९६५ को तेरा जन्म हुआ था।  
ममता से, माँ के ओष्ठ लाल थे।  
दादी का, क्रोध से हाल-बेहाल था।  
अपशकुन, कुल कलंकिनी, डायन,  
तो कुछ ही अपशब्द थे।  
पिता श्री, दादी की 'जी हुजूरी' करते थे।  
बूढ़े दादा, जिन्दगी के अन्तिम दिन गिन रहे थे।  
अबला, तेरे नक्षत्र ही बुरे थे।  
पाँच सालोपरान्त, घर में रौनक छाई।  
घर में जन्मा नन्हा बृजलाला,  
कान्हा के प्रति माँ की भक्ति, थी यह रंग लाई।  
दादी को मिला, वंश का रखवाला,  
तेरी सूरत, शुभ दिन भी, दादी को न भाई।  
रिश्तेदारों में बाँटी गई, सोने की माला,  
तू थी अभागन, तुझसे दूर रखा तेरा भाई।  
अबला, क्या सज़ा भोगने तू भू पर आई ?  
बालिकावस्था, आया की छाया में बीती,  
गुड़ियों एवं परी-कहानियों से जी भरती,  
दूसरे बच्चों को देख, तू क्यों जलती ?  
तेरी माँ तो, स्नेह तुझे थी करती !  
दादी के आगे, पर, किसकी चलती ?!  
छोटे को तात की गोद में देख,  
अबिरल अश्रु की बरखा करती।  
अबला, तू किसको सुनाती !?—  
किशोरावस्था में विवाह सम्पन्न हुआ।  
घर से बिछुड़, क्या तुझे दुःख हुआ ?  
विवाह सामाजिक था, मानसिक नहीं !  
पति को प्रेम था किसी और से, तुझसे नहीं !  
सन्तान का सुख भोग नः पाई,  
सास की डाँट, सदा सताई।  
अत्याधिक घरेलू काम से, टूटी कलाई !  
अबला, तू किसको देगी दुहाई ?  
मानसिक पीड़ा एवं शारीरिक कष्ट,  
उग्र रूप धारण कर चुके थे।  
जीवन के रस, बेरस लगने लगे थे।

मानसिक इन्द्रियाँ, आत्महत्या की अनुमति दे चुकी थीं !  
गाँव के समीप बहती सरिता, तुझे बुला रही थी !  
३ मार्च, १९८५, तेरा अंतिम दिवस था !!  
तेरी मृत्यु पर भी, कोई रोया न था !!  
अबला, क्या यही तेरा जीवन था !?!

—अबिरल सिंह

८ अ

बंरहम ब्वायज स्कूल,  
५, सरकुलर रोड,  
देहरादून।

दिनांक ३० मार्च, १९९०

प्रिय मित्र राजेन्द्र,

स्नेह !

तुम्हारा पत्र मिला, पढ़कर बहुत प्रसन्नता हुई। तुमने मेरे मध्य-सत्र अवकाश के वारे में लिखने को कहा है।

मैं पाँच दिनों का मध्य-सत्र अवकाश बिताने लाखा-मंडल गया था। सूर्य उदय होते ही हम चकरोता के लिए बस में रवाना हुए। हरबर्टपुर पार करते ही पहाड़ी मार्ग आरम्भ हो गया। संध्या के समय हम चकरोता पहुँचे।

प्रातःकाल का चकरोता में कुछ और ही दृश्य था। सूर्य उदय होने से पहले, पहाड़ी के पीछे लाली छा गयी। ऐसे लग रहा था मानो आकाश का रंग लाल हो गया था। धीरे-धीरे सूर्य उदय हुआ। मुर्गे बांग देने लगे। चिड़ियाँ चहचहाने लगीं। लोग घरों से धीरे-धीरे बाहर निकलने लगे। यहाँ की सुबह शहर की सुबह से बहुत अलग थी, जिसका मुझे आज अनुभव हुआ था।

नाश्ता करते ही हमने पदयात्रा गोराघाटी के लिए आरम्भ की। सुबह का वक्त था। वायु ठंडी इतनी थी कि मेरे कानों को नशत्र की तरह काटे जा रही थी। गोराघाटी चकरोता से तकरीबन बीस किलोमीटर दूर था। मैंने जिन्दगी में आज तक इतना लम्बा व दुर्गम मार्ग पैदल तय नहीं किया था। अतः मुझे यह नामुमकिन लग रहा था। मैंने हिम्मत नहीं हारी और तन-मन लगा के चलता रहा। कुछ दूर पहुँचने पर मेरा गला सूख गया। मुझे प्यास बहुत जोर की लगने लगी। बंजर भूमि को देखकर मुझे लग रहा था, मानो भूमी फटी जा रही है। सूरज की किरणों मेरे सिर के ऊपर, पूरा प्रचण्ड रूप धारण कर रही थी। कुछ दूर चलने पर मुझे पानी के बिरने की ध्वनि मेरे कानों में सुनाई दी। मेरे में जितनी जान शेष रह गयी थी वह मैंने झरने के स्रोत में पहुँचने तक लगा दी। पानी पीने के पश्चात् मेरी जान में जान आई और मैंने गोराघाटी पहुँचने का दृढ़ निश्चय कर लिया। संध्या होते ही हम गोराघाटी पहुँच गये। अपने इस साहसी कार्य को देखकर मैं फूला न समाया।