



December 2014

Jungli Jaagran



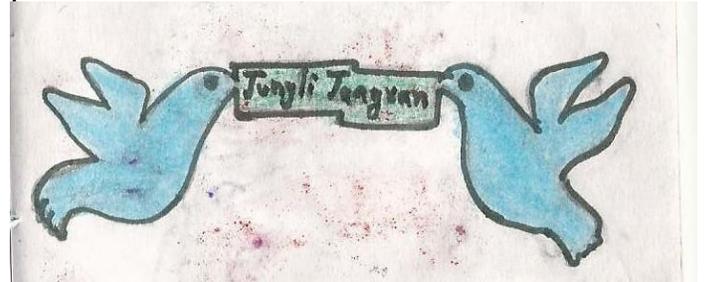
It all began when..
(-Alka and Bhanu)

Jungli school started on 29 november 2012 with five students because they all wanted to learn to speak english. We spoke to Malika Nani and we all used to go to study from five am to eight am. This continued for two months. By then there were around 12 students. After that we started getting other teachers. After Malika nani, Theo nanaji spoke to us about mushrooms, plants, rivers and earth.

People from different states and countries also started teaching us. Diba, Anamika and Swati did many art activities with us. Veena gave dance classes. Dan taught us beatboxing. Karuna and Alistair used to take us for morning walks and give us information about our surroundings. Siddhu and Pallu taught us Kallari-Paitu which is an ancient martial art from South India. Anupama taught us story-making. Shruti and Kamla taught us a Kannada song. After that, with Karuna and Lakshmi's help, a library of Jungli School was opened, which is used every sunday. Kanchan di helped a lot in this library. Later, Lavanya and Sharda helped with it. Rakhi and Suprita helped us get story books for the library. After that an NGO HEF gave us computers and we used to go to learn on these every morning and Ram da taught us about computers and Jordan taught us about computer parts. We also learnt from Arvind Gupta's Kaabaad se jugaad CD and made some toys. We also made toys with April. We

wrote a lot of stories with Lavanya didi.

In May we have a festival in our village and all of us do voluntary labour for this. Whoever wants to join our school also comes for the voluntary labour. In 2014 we had a bird festival in May and we made drawings and sketches of birds along with Diba di and went to the forest to see birds with Ashish Kothari who is a bird watcher. With Bhavna (Bhanu di) we went to Khalia Top which was a lot of fun. Zannu da taught us guitar, grappling and camping and came along with us to Patal Bhubaneshwar. Eric and Jung taught us how to watch the stars and moon using a telescope. Arvind helped us with our running during these winter holidays every morning. And the newspaper that you are reading has been made with the help of Shiba di. At present our school has 35 members.



Pleas for the readers

On Life, in general

Be sensitive to the feelings and emotions of a child.

Let children move towards what they are interested in, rather than discouraging them. Don't think of girls as being in any way weaker or inferior to boys.

On Education

Every person's mind is different. All can not be good at the same thing.

News

Bear attacks in Munsiari: 5

attacks since October. Most recent one being on Dharmu da who had gone to collect wood with his grandson.

Nadi sutra:

Zannu da and Theo Nana have gone for a kayaking trip from Tannakpur

Let us make noise. This is what kids do. Don't hit us.

Having fun is not a bad thing.

Teach through explaining.

On Environment

Don't pollute water spaces and save our water resources

Don't kill birds and don't cut trees. Plant trees.

Reduce use of polythene and don't litter on roads and pathways.

Contribute to keeping our common spaces clean and beautiful.

and hoping to finish in Sagar Island to learn more about the river and its stories.

Leopard on the bend: Malika Nani saw a leopard at the Sarmoli bend on 27th november evening.

Jungli School's birthday: On 29th november, we celebrated by eating puri-chana, watching movies and looking at the moon through the telescope. We all got baseball caps.

play and to roam around in forests and cities.

Pankaj Singh Pangti (13 years): I like football. I come to Jungli School to play and have fun.

Pawan: I like to play football. I really don't like it when the school master beats me for small things in class.

Priya Nitwal (4th grade): I like to play.

Priya Rautela (7th grade): I am the principle and a member of the Satmandli (7 membered board) which ensures that the decisions (taken collectively by everyone), are implemented. I like boxing and hope to make my parents proud by becoming a boxer one day.

Rahul Sumtiyal (7th grade): I like to play football and carrom. I prefer staying outdoors. But I enjoy watching movies especially nature-related documentaries.

Rajeev Vishwakarma (11th grade): I am also a member of the Satmandli. I like to learn new things and come to Jungli School in order to learn and have fun. I want to fulfil my parents' dream by becoming a navy officer when I grow up. I like football, river rafting and snow-skiing.

Sachin Rawat (11th grade): I like football, swimming, travelling, camping and partying. I come to Jungli School to play and have fun.

Shiba Desor (0th grade): I like to sleep, walk and eat.

Tanuja Nitwal (5th grade): I like to play and make colourful pictures.

Travelling tales: We all travel but we see different things! Here are some examples related to some trips taken this year

The brave guide (by Mahima) About the Jungli school trek to Khalia top:

We were very happy before starting off for Khaliya top and couldn't sleep at night wondering when the morning would come and we would be able to set off. And then it was

About the contributors

Alka (11th grade): I like to travel, draw and learn more about history and culture. I would like to learn photography and skating.

Bhavna/Bhanu: I like to play badminton and be around my friends.

Kaviraj Pandey (11th grade): I like travelling and having fun. My favourite games are football and chess.

Mahima 7th grade (11 years): I like badminton, carrom and travelling. I dislike tying up my hair.

Mukesh Singh Sumtiyal (6th grade): I like cooking and eating. I am also fond of hanging from trees and singing songs. I am very curious about what pizza tastes like.

Neha (6th grade): I like pretty things, small animals and sugar-chapatris.

Nishant Pangti (8th grade): I like to study,

morning and we started walking. There were many friends- Alka, Priya, Bhanu, Guddi di, Rahul, Pawan da, Sachin, Nishant, Lucky, Champa and Prakash. Twelve of us. We first went to Bhanu di's house. Each of us had brought something to eat. We had planned to stay there for the night but mother refused and threatened us with a beating. Still we had brought our blankets along, including a very big one by Prakash da. We were very happy while starting off. We filled our bottles on the way and then moved on. Reaching Budhged dar, we saw many kinds of birds and came across a hut of an old couple. Guddi di asked there for buttermilk but didn't get any. We had our lunch near a big rock and had a lot of fun. Sachin da and his friends were walking ahead. We threatened them that we would complain to Malika Nani but they didn't listen. They saw a snake and told us to be careful. We saw a water spring and people started filling their bottles except Alka di who insisted that the water was unclean. Guddi di fed channa (a kind of gram) to a boy and his buffalo. It was salty so the buffalo started following us. We started running and then shooed it away. Then we saw a tailless mouse. The frontguard also saw a monal. Then Alka di, Bhanu di, Priya di, Champa and I saw a trident and made an offering of some flowers. One goatherder warned us not to go downhill because of that being a leopard area. Further ahead there was a cold breeze blowing so hard that even leeches could not stick to us. We all felt that we were witnessing such beauty for the first time. Rahul, Priya di and Alka di went to an old couple to fetch water and they told us that they get their water from 3kms away and gave us some. Garima, Sachin da, Pawan da, Prakash da, Lucky, Nishant and I reached Khaliya top first. We had a lot of fun there. We wrote our names on the ground. Alka di

and Rahul reached the top later. Garima di had sneakily eaten a snack from Rahul's bag and he wasn't very pleased about it. We came a little down from the top and had the rest of our lunch. Malika Nani's biscuits were also eaten on the way. We all wanted to spend the night in a cave there but the eldermost- Bhanu di was the guide and we had to follow her instructions and head back. This time Sachin da's team was leading the way and taking the wrong route. The guide (Bhanu di) told them not to take that route and threatened them with a complaint to Malika Nani but refusing to listen, they insisted that they knew the way and would stay at TRC, so she thought that they knew the way. She was afraid that if they strayed and got lost she would be held responsible so decided to go along.

We slipped and stumbled down and then saw that the front guard was not able to find a way and Pawan da was sitting on a big rock with his arms folded in a gesture of surrender. It was then that it sank in that we were lost. The guide then asked Sachin whether he knew the way and he admitted that he didn't. The guide scolded him and bravely decided that they had to cross the hill. It was a dangerous route with huge rocks, bamboo bushes and we couldn't see much. We felt that we would remember this till our dying day. Pawan da remarked, 'We are adventurous children' to which the guide responded 'you are lost children'. Alka didi was about to slip down and might have fallen down into the huge boulders in the valley. Pawan da and Guddi di were singing songs 'Bambam bola, nariyal chadaun gola, bhang piyoge ya hookah piyoge' and then 'Yeh kahan aa gaye hum' and then the boys were laughing. The guide made a route for us cutting through bamboo thickets. She said that this was the time and season for

leopards so Pawan and Guddi started getting scared. Bhanu di took good care of us. Pawan da and Sachin spotted the water connection and found the correct route. We followed it and saw a plastic piece tied to the water connection and felt that it must have been another human being. We followed that route and reached Kalamuni. Pawan da said that we might find Jimmy there (Jimmy was his dog that had been sent to his Uncle who lived in Kala Muni). We then found the road and decided to hitch a ride. Everyone was missing home by now. Right then we saw Kallu Mama's (Pawan da's uncle's) vehicle. All of us were willing to get in except for Priya di, Alka di and the guide because Priya was feeling like throwing up. Guddi di plonked and almost fell into the car onto a little kid who later became her friend. We got down at the bend. We really liked the guide's intelligence and we all said loudly 'kabhi khushi kabhi gam, kabhi zyada kabhi kam' (good times bad times, too much, too less). We all wanted to thank the guide. We went to her house. Uncle asked us why were looking so tearful. It was then that Pawan da disclosed the whole story. Priya di just stayed at Pawan da's because she was throwing up. We came down to our house, made tea for our mother, peeled potatoes, Alka didi kneaded dough, and then we all went to sleep.

A travelogue about Khaliya top- by Sachin Rawat/ Bablu

In 2014 our Jungli school teachers and members decided to go for a group journey. All members gave their suggestions and one suggestion which everyone liked was to go to Khaliya. The route for Khaliya was only known to Bhanu and me. We all decided to go there. We were to gather at Bhanu di's place at 6am. After having our breakfast and taking with us our lunch, we set off. It was a

beautiful morning. Bhavna di wanted to take us on a different and wooded route, but the route I knew was the one that went through Budhgeddar through Lal Singh Ged to Khaliya. Since everyone preferred the route I suggested, we decided to take that route and reached Khaliya after seven hours at 1pm. It was scenic and we felt as if we had reached paradise. Some children and Jungli School members felt that we should spend the night there but Bhanu di who had a lot of experience did not like this suggestion and we decided to head back home at 2:30pm. There is a grass particular to Khaliya called fich which is famous. This is used for lighting fires, it catches fire fast and it is long. On our way down we came slipping down on this grass, and we slipped down so far that we lost our way. A good thing about losing the way was that we saw huge groups of van murgi and monal, which are rare birds to spot. Once again Bhanu di started leading the group. At that time she was the hero for all of us. Very bravely, she was walking ahead, clearing out a route for us. We all were also supporting her. At that time seeing the unity of the group we felt as if no matter what troubles come our way we will be able to tackle those. Through our unity and trust on each other we finally reached a spot from where we could see the road. We heaved a sigh of relief and with great enthusiasm and energy walked back to Sarmoli bend and had rest of our food. We collectively decided that we will not tell anyone about this incident of having lost our way. And like this, the adventurous trip from Sarmoli to Khaliya and back was finished after 12 hours of continuous trekking.

About a trip to Patal-Bhuvaneshwar-by Pawan

We all went together and on our way there

was a road block . In that one hour we went to bathe. We went to meet Rajiv's aunt at Quiti. There were many bananas there . Then we stopped at TRH and next morning at 7 am went to patal bhuvaneshwar temple . Everything was great. It really felt spiritual. On our way back we went to Kalika temple in Ganjolihaat . It was huge with a spread of around 1 km wide. Rahul really enjoyed ringing the bell there. We also saw one dead body. At a pond 1km ahead of that we took bath. Mukesh almost drowned but Zannu da saved him. Then we bought some guavas . What I liked the most was the time when we saw a person perform a good stunt on a motor bike. Zannu da drove so well. For the first time I did not get car sick. We reached back at night and I forgot my lunch box. We had also come across a drunk man who had been throwing bottles on the road. We are thankful to Malika taiji for having given us this chance to go on a trip together

Inside the temple of Patal-Bhuvaneshwar by Alka Rautela

It takes 8 hours to go from Munsiri to Patal Bhuvaneshwar. As soon as we reach there we come across a big board on which Patal Bhuvaneshwar is written in big letters. Before entering the cave, we need to buy a ticket. We cannot carry appliances like camera or cellphones into the cave for taking pictures. The entry door to the cave is very small. There are stairs going downwards which are very slippery and we had to hold on to a chain so as to not fall down. There is electricity supply in the cave. After climbing down the stairs it seems like we have entered into a room.

The guide pointed towards the havan kund of snakes. There were countless snake-like



figures etched on the wall. The guide asked us to come close together and told us that we were standing in the stomach of Kala Naag and also pointed towards what was believed to be the buccal cavity. Moving further, there was a small hole in the wall. It was believed that if anyone threw a coin through the hole and it went through in the first attempt, the person's wish will come true. Close to it, on the roof, there were figures of elephant's paws etched onto the roof and we were told that these are the feet of elephant Irawat of Indra Dev. Moving ahead, we reached a fork in the path. One door is called heaven and the other is called death. Like everybody else we went through the heaven door. Guide pointed us to six parallel lines etched in the roof and told us that they were not ordinary lines but were belonging to six rishis- Kashyap, Atri, Bhardwaj, Gautam, Jamdagni and Vashisht. Right next to it is a small cave where we could see the shadow of a man sitting and we were told that this was the meditating Rishi Vishwamitra.

Further ahead, we saw a figure that looked like Lord Ganesh which had



water dripping from up. The guide told us that when Lord Shiva had beheaded Ganesh this was the water being given to Ganesh to keep him alive. There were three miniature hillocks next to this which are called three dhaams- Kedar Nath, Amar Nath and Badri Nath. Next we came across the figure of a goose- we were told that Lord Vishnu had wrung the neck of the goose because he had been given the responsibility of guarding seven *kunds* and had been ordered that

water from these *kunds* should not be drunk but one day, out of thirst, the goose drank from one of the *kunds* which is why Lord Vishnu turned its head the other way. Moving further ahead, a big black and white figure which were the locks of Lord Shiva's hair and water drips slowly from it making a small puddle. Just below it there are small pebbles which are believed to be 30 crore (1 crore is ten million) gods and goddesses. These stones absorb all water even now. We then came to the last part of the cave- the temple of Patal bhuvaneshwar goddess (devi) but there was a cave further ahead which was out of bounds because of lack of oxygen. So we turned back. We saw three small pointed peaks and one big peak. The bigger one is called Kalyug (the present age). Water drips on it to make it rise higher. It is believed that when its tip touches the roof of the cave the world will be destroyed. Apart from this the three peaks are called Satyug, Treta and Dwapar yug. And this is how our journey ended.

the attire of villagers was traditional, like it used to be here in old times. The women were wearing ghaagra, while the men wore woolen coat and pants with a black strip wrapped on top. It was looking very good.

When we reached Vedni, there were bugyals (meadows) all around and in the midst of the meadows, a beautiful kund (pond) had been made. Here, the forest department had made 10-12 huts where travellers used to sleep. I also slept in one of those huts and really liked it. The following day, we went from Vedni to Pathar Nachyuna where a hard wind was blowing and it was misty all around. I woke up the next morning to see beautiful snow-clad mountains surrounding me on all sides which made me feel happy. Then we set off for Bhogu Bhaasa and on our way we enjoyed the sight of Borer and Lama gear. These were looking really good.

We next reached a temple of Lord Ganesha where there was 2 feet high snow and was very slippery. There was a cover of snow on the land all around us. When we reached Bhogu Bhaasa it was extremely cold. The next morning I woke up to find my sleeping bag damp with dew and the weather was also chilly. After a cup of tea, we set off for Roop Kund. We had some men with horses going along with us, and the horses were slipping a lot.

When we reached RoopKund, we couldn't see the Kund because it was covered with snow. I was lucky to see human bones kept on a rock. People come from faraway places to see those. We then went to Shila Samundar which is at a 20 minute walk from RoopKund. We can see very beautiful mountains from there. On our way back to Waan, there was a snow-fall at Vedni bugyal that covered the ground upto 6 inches. I quite enjoyed it. And thus ends my story of RoopKund.



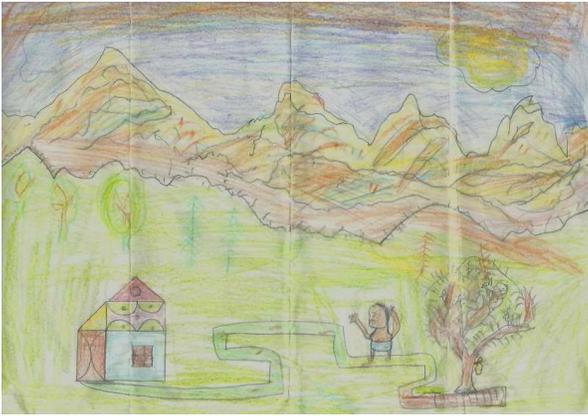
The story of Roopkund- By Trilok Rana

Today I would like to thank Malika didi, Ram da and Theo sir, who gave me an opportunity to go to Roopkund and to all the Jungli School members who are also writing their stories in this.

On 21st October, when we came out of Waan,

In praise of Munsiari

Our natural heritage (by Kaviraj Pandey/
Kabbu)



The meadows of Khaliya, Hansling Raj Rambha in north, dense forests of thunair, Kharsu and Timsu in the south and amidst these, the pond of Thamdi. It is almost as if nature has spread all its beauty here. Lush green meadows and the sparkling himalaya with the spiraling Gori and Ganga river passing through it. Who would not be entranced by the musical sounds of the river? And a himalayan meadow which is full of medicinal plants, animals like musk deer, thar, varad, white bear and endangered himalayan yak and wild birds like himalayan monal, long, ched, himalayan partridge, teetar and snow cock and trees like yew, bhojpatra, vill, cypress, and rhododendron. All of these were considered our natural heritage.

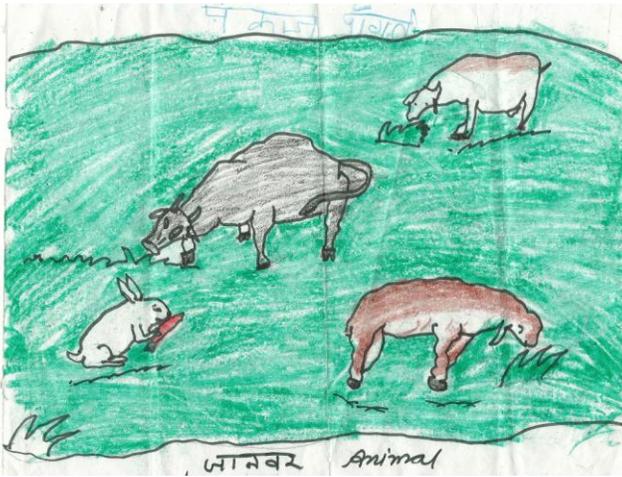
However because of changing times exploitation of all kind of plants is having a negative impact on our environment. On one hand, forests are being exploited and our water sources are drying up, on the other, people are hunting birds and animals. Because of this the beauty of our forests is getting damaged and these are in danger of extinction. Variations in rainfall patterns because of climate change, rampant deforestation, mining and hydroelectric

power projects are leading to destruction alongside development.

Today we need to be aware that our water, land and forest, birds, animals and trees need to be protected. We need to give special attention to protection of our priceless and precious natural heritage. Otherwise it will soon become just a memory to recollect.

Our Munsiari (Nishant Pangti, translated by Priya)

My name is Nishant. I live in Sarmoli. There are two routes that go to Sarmoli- one is through Madkot and the other is through Kalamuni. There are many big and small holy places in our Munsiari. People of many castes and religions live here. There are many villages in Munsiari such as Sarmoli, Shankardhura, Nanasem, Nayabasti, Suring, Jaitigaw, etc. In Munsiari people do animal husbandry related to cow, buffalo, horse, mule, sheep and goats. They also keep cats and dogs. People also keep birds (poultry) and fish. There are various big and small enterprises here related to wool and agriculture. The path from Munsiari to Milam glacier is both easy and difficult. In Munsiari, Shri Sher Singh Pangti has preserved the ways of life of the past 50-100 years through writing books and a museum. Panchachuli covered by snow looks very beautiful from Munsiari. There are many places for camping in Munsiari. There are also hotels for tourists. There is step cultivation for agriculture. People here are very cultured.



Above: by Pankaj Pangti (Panku), Below: by Alka Rautela



Munsiari- *Rajeev Vishwakarma*

The view of Munsiari
is so beautiful
wherever you look
it fills your heart with joy
people come here from different parts of
the world
and remember the place even after going
back
Munsiari is so beautiful

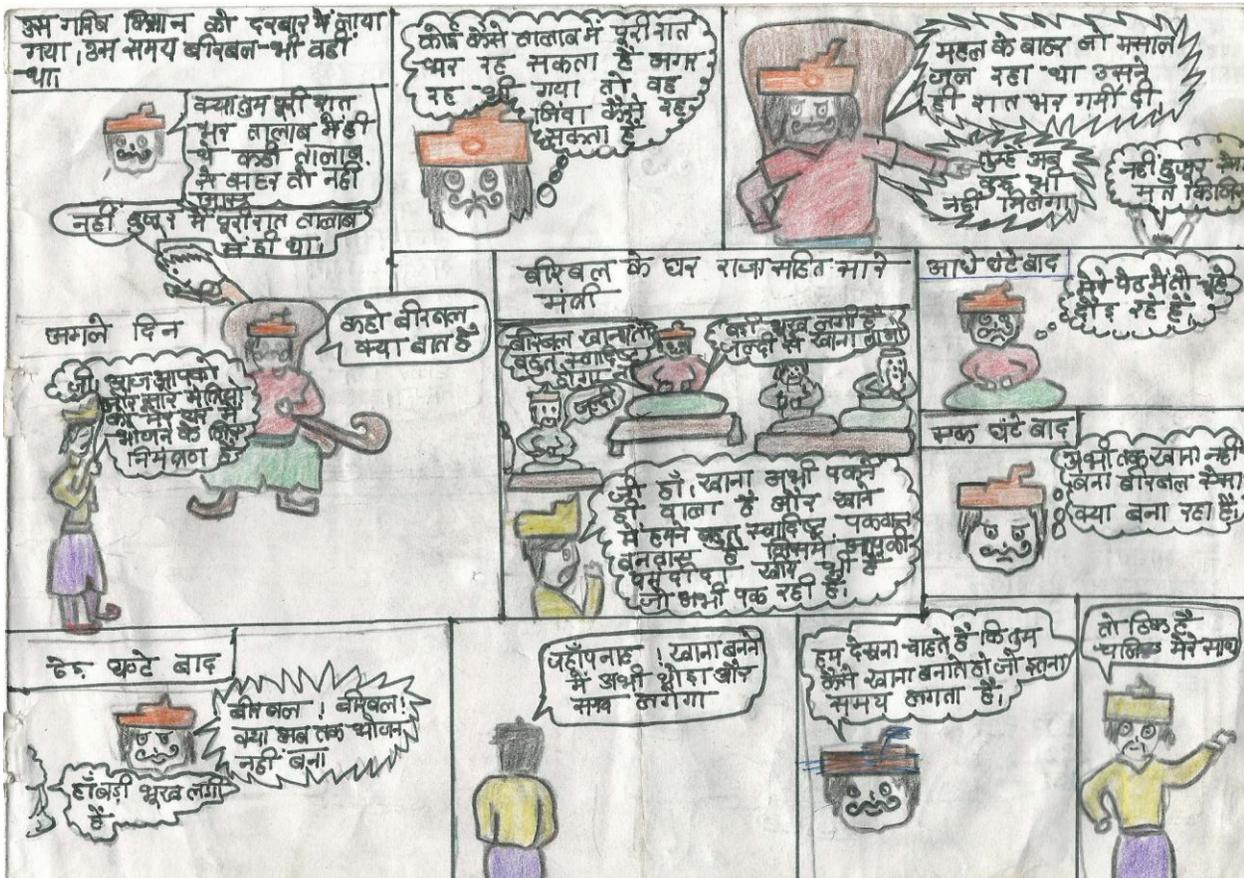
Friends, come to Munsiari
eat kukla, bumla
and relish jya with sattu
that all children here enjoy
what else can I tell?
You come here, I will show you around

Munsiari is so beautiful
that it finds a home in your heart

Stories and jokes, poems and sports

Birbal ki Khichdi A comic strip by Alka Rautela based on this old tale about an incident between

King Akbar and his friend and minister Birbal.





Realisation of a mistake (by Rajeev Vishwakarma) (a story based on the 3 rules of Jungli School):

In a village, a woman lived with her two sons. After the death of her husband the mother became the sole support for her children. To pay for their school fees she earned pennies through washing utensils. One day her elder son fell and became blind in one eye. Poverty-stricken mother had no money but donated her one eye to her son. Because of being unconscious he didn't get to know about this.

After some time the son got a job and she felt that her efforts had found reward. Soon after, her other son also found employment. The mother was extremely happy. In some time both her sons got married and moved to the city with their families. The woman continued living like she used to, earning her pennies by washing utensils. However, a time came when her

health started deteriorating and there was nobody home to even give her a glass of water in her sickness.

She wrote to her two sons asking them to come home for some time. But both of them had changed. They did not come. But bound by the love and memories of her sons, she collected some money and decided to visit them herself. When she arrived at the doorstep of her elder son, he refused to recognize her. The sick, half-blind woman was looking ugly and the son felt embarrassed in admitting that she was his mother. After being insulted in a similar way by the second son as well, the mother died soon. The sons didn't even have time to attend her funeral.

After some time, they had to visit the village for some work. It was then that they heard the story behind their mother's being half-blind and remembered the days of childhood. They realised their mistake. From then onwards, they started returning to their

home village every year and would bring photographs and fruits for their elders from the various places they had been to and started participating and helping in village activities. They realised their mistake but a little too late. What was the point of repentance now?



Above: (some Jungli school members and a lot of imagination) by Alka Rautela

Jokes (by Rajeev Vishwakarma):

Boy: Priest, please give me some verses to make me a great man

Priest: take care to speak these twice: every night after sleeping and before waking up.

Three friends were sitting in a helicopter when one of them asked: how far do you think Yamraj (the messenger of death)'s house would be from here? One friend replied '500 km' while other argued 'No, 1000 km'. The man said ' wait, I will just jump down and check'.

Two friends are in a boat. One of them exclaims, 'There is a hole from which water is coming in!'. The other replies, 'Wait, I will make another hole to let the water go out'.

Sunil-I want a guitar.

Brother: No. You will bother me with the

noise the whole day

Sunil: No, I won't. I will play it while you sleep.

Traffic police: Stop, you are driving the car at night without lights!

Driver: I know there are no lights. That is why I am driving on the edge.

Thief (holding a spoonful of chilli powder/mirch): Take chilli, take chilli

Man: what would happen with this much of chilli powder?

Thief: You will know all the answers once it goes inside your eyes

One day, a man's vegetables are eaten by a cow (*gai*). He asks indignantly (to the guy standing next to the *gai*): Are you a donkey?. The other man responds, 'You are the donkey if you can't tell the difference between a cow and a donkey!'

Teacher (while looking into the book): Who broke the crossbow(?)?

The 7th Student who was asked this: There are so many kids. Must be one of them.

Traffic police (at Yamraj's doorstep, after dying)

Yamraj: Where do you want to go- heaven or hell?

Traffic police: Heaven

Yamraj: And why is that

Traffic police: Will have to remind them about traffic rules lesser. There must be good people in heaven.

Mera Bachpan (A poem on childhood by Rajeev Vishwakarma)

Mera Bachpan Kitna Achha
Itna Sacha, Kitna Achha

Ma Ka Laadla
Badda Hi Niraala
Dadi Dada Ka Weh Pyaara
Maa Pitaa Ka Raj Dulaara
Bachpan Mera Kitna Achha

Sabke Mann Mein Pyaar Bhar Laata
Bachpan Ki Yaad Unhein Main Dilaata
Chhotte Chhote Kaam Main Karta
Sabke Mann Mein Khushiyaan Bharta
Motor Gaaddi Tab Main Chalaata
Dadi Dada ko main Rulaata
Bachpan Mera Kitna Achha

Itne Mein Papa Aa Jaate
Kaan Pakadd Ke Mujhe Bithhlaate
Copy Dekh Ke Phir Main Kaampu
Itne Mein Hi Door Main Bhaagun
Tab Khel Mein Kho Jaata
Itne Mein Hi So Jaata
Bachpan Mera Kitna Achha

Sone Ke Baad Jald Se Uthh Jaaun
Kheer Khaana Khoob Main Khaaun
Baalmann Hota Itna Achha
Bachpan Mera Sabse Achha

Bachpan Hota Kitna Pyaara
Yaad Rakhe Sab Jeevan Saara

Sports (by Priya Rautela)

There are many types of sports. Sports are good for health. Football, cricket, boxing, etc. are sports. Sports make our life easy. In football there are 11 players on one side. Only 9 players play. In football they have 2 extra players.

In volley ball there are 12 players on one side. 6 players play and 6 are extra.

In cricket there are 15 players on one side 11 players play. They have 4 extra players.

Boxing is a different game. In boxing there

is 1 player on one side. Boxing is between two persons. In boxing they count 1 to 10.

Football is a relative of volleyball. But main diference in volleyball and football is that in football we can not use our hands, we play with our feet. In volleyball we can not use our feet, we play with our hands. Football and volleyball are easy games.

Cricket is also easy. In cricket we use our body. We use a bat and a ball. In cricket we use stump both sides. You can be 'out' in three ways- 1st is catch out, 2nd is run out and third is direct out.

Boxing is not so easy. In boxing we fight with our full body. I love boxing because it is a very beautiful game.

I love sports.



Above- (Sunday game at Jungli school library) by Alka Rautela

Different kind of games- Pawan

We play many games both in our village and at Jungli School. Eg- Carrom, football, volleyball, swimming, etc. at Jungli School and cricket, baseball, football and badminton in the village. Sports is a feeling that not only gives pleasure but also teaches us team spirit and integrity. Games are of two kinds- indoor and outdoor. My favourite is football. Once when I had gone as usual to play football, one boy fell down while playing and broke his elbow bone. The boy cried in pain. It seemed that it must be hurting. Right then our coach took him to the hospital and paid for his treatment. The boy was very moved by the

coach's kindness. The coach also took him to his house. After some time the boy got better and started playing again. I also enjoy playing and feel that everyone should share in the pleasure of sports. You will enjoy it too, if you give it a chance. (aside: the 'boy' was Pawan).

Nain Ram: A basket-weaver artist of Gori valley (by Bhavna/ Bhanu)



Nain Ram of village Jaiti, is one of the last basket-weavers in the region, and known for his skill at basket-weaving. He was born in 1962 in Jaiti village of Munsiri. Because of economic constraints he discontinued school after 2nd grade. This art had been passed on from one generation to another to him. Both his grandfather and his father used to weave mats and baskets out of bamboo. He was always interested in this craft and used to try his hand on bamboo stealthily while out grazing cows.

When he was 18 years old he went for a bamboo training in Garampani and slowly became an artist. After that he would make bamboo baskets on his own. During an art exhibition in Lucknow he received second price (of Rs. 200) for his work. This was a matter of pride for him. At that time he used to do both bamboo work and wage

labour. At the age of 21, he got married and because of family responsibilities had to work as a daily wage labourer, giving very little time for his art. At the age of 35, he stopped working as a labourer, and started devoting his attention completely to bamboo weaving. People started calling him to their villages where he would stay for a week or two and make baskets for all who would want to buy these. Today he is 53 years old and is known for his skill at the art of bamboo weaving in distant villages of the valley. Every year he receives first price in the exhibition in Dummur.

However, the new generation is not interested in weaving baskets. Bamboo baskets which were customarily used as dhokas, shuppu (for winnowing husk), putku (for storing grain, insides plastered with mud and cow-dung), daog (knapsack baskets) are now being replaced by appliances of plastic and metal. There is little appreciation of this material in front of its substitutes. This has led to there being a decline both in demand and in availability of such baskets. We are hopeful that other persons from the village are encouraged to take up this skill and let it stay alive. If not, it is feared that this beautiful art may disappear someday soon.

About the newsletter

This newsletter is our way of thanking our teachers, parents and friends by sharing stories, poems and drawings. This was made over many weeks by meeting on Sundays and sharing contributions. Contributions were prepared first in Hindi, then translated and typed. The logos and the name was decided by us together (Jagran meaning Awakening). We have also prepared a hindi version of this. Hopefully, we will come out with further issues of this, but your prods and comments will help.