



## Jungli Jagran

April 2017

### Double road cutting

Pankaj Pangti

Munsiyari was once a big forest with a very small path cutting through it. The houses, markets and villages in Munsiyari at that time were very small. With time, it has developed a lot which is why now they are cutting a 'double road' through it. This road comes from far below (Dhaapa, Pundyo) and cuts across the width of munsiyari. On our way to school, our faces get covered by smoke from the machines cutting the road, and

dust flying when vehicles pass by. We call it powder now. A road is also being built from Munsiyari to Harkot. The machines are making good roads. But when rains fall, it is really hard to go to school and come back home. Water gets logged on the road and as any vehicle passes by, our clothes get dirty and wet because of the splashes.

Those people who earlier had houses on the road have now bought land a little higher up and are building their houses there. Ma-



chines are breaking trees, telephone wires, water pipes. People are tripping over broken telephone wires and the broken pipelines are making everything slushy. Lots of houses are being made. For making houses, trees are being cut.  
End of story.

### **Our village Sarmoli**

Pavan Thakuni



Although we call Sarmoli a village but it has more conveniences and facilities available than cities. Situated in the lap of himalayas, this is a very beautiful place. Everywhere you can find streams, different types of plants and trees and wildlife. Being the highest village of Munsiari, you can see far and wide from Sarmoli village.

People of Sarmoli village work hard every-day. They go up to the forests with their cows, goats, and sheep and make a hut and stay there to protect their cattle from wild animals like bears and leopards. It is not as easy as it seems because they stay there even during high rainfall and snow. Sometimes bears or leopards even come into their huts.

The months of april and may are festive season in Sarmoli because this is the time when Bird festival and many other type of activities are organised. People from other villages also come and take part in these activities. They also get many new kinds of information through these. And finally the day arrives that everyone is eagerly waiting for. That is the day of Mesar festival for which the women of Maati collective and the local community has the main role to play. Every heart is filled with excitement that day.

### **The story of Raja and Rani**

Neha Sumtyal

You must have heard stories of Raja and Rani. But this is a special one. Raja is a beautiful puppy and Rani is a kitten. She is also little and lovely. People say that dogs and cats fight but not in my house. These two only play. And their names are Raja and Rani.

Our Rani likes Raja and she sleeps in his lap at night. She likes sitting in everyone's lap. And she also loves to sit beside the wood-stove. She likes warmth. And she also likes eating roti, puri, parantha and kheer.

Raja loves to play with Rani's tail. And nibble at her ear. And her tail. He loves to play and runs a lot and plays with Rani. She sometimes gets angry because he teases her a lot. And he also plays with the big dogs.

### **Naina and Panku**

Priya Rautela

Naina and Panku are members of our Jungli School and both stay in the same village. We go to the library on sundays. One day when we went to the library there were suddenly dark clouds in the sky. It started raining heavily and noisily. Thunder accompanied the rain. Then large hailstones started falling from the sky.

There were only five of us in the library that day- Naina, Munnu, Panku, Shiba Di and me. As soon as Shiba Di went to make tea, Naina and Panku started fighting. They always fight without punching or kicking. They fight a lot. When they insert names of each other in filmy songs and sing these, one would think they are playing Antakshri. And they are always making fun of each other. Both study in the same class and if either one of them gets punished in class both love to tell tales about it. And they tell these tales with such fun and laughter that you would believe one should just listen to these and not pay attention to anything else. The fights will continue because they won't stop fighting and I won't stop writing.

### **Johar Club Munsiri- Football Junior Section**

Rahul Sumtyal

The very first match was Munsiri boys versus Thana Bend. We had so much fun playing this match. It started raining a few moments after we began. Our opposition team gave a strong play. So we lost by three goals. Then our team manager Himanshu Rawat raised an objection because of which their team got disqualified. Then our next match was with Ghorpatta Heroes. We struggled through the match and then got a penalty chance, through which we scored a goal. In a few moments the other team had received a penalty chance but our goal-keeper blocked their goal. Just after that they got a free kick which helped them even out the goals. Then there was a penalty in which both teams had to shoot. Our team took the lead in that and as a result we won. Then our match was with V.V.M.I. where there was stiff competition by both. First we scored a goal, then so did the other team. Then we scored another goal and the other team did the same. Then we got a free kick which was at a great distance from the goal. Then I got a change. Then a player in our team scored a goal and so we

won. Then our next match was going to be with Madkot but there were a couple of fake players in their team because of which we were declared victors. Then the same thing happened with the next game which was with Sarmoli. So we got to the finals where our match was with Munsiri Public School. We played well in the beginning but then they scored two goals and won the match. I learnt a lot from this tournament.

### **My village**

Pankaj Pangti

My village is called Senar. It is a very nice village. There are 12-13 houses here. Or maybe even lesser than that. There is a big temple where there is a pooja every year.



There is very little farming in our village. Children from our village go to Darkot. There was a primary school here which is not here anymore. There is a big rock in our village from which a stream runs. It is a big stream that flows below the road. There is





a long bridge and the view from the bridge looks like a deep pit.

Recently our village road got flooded. Trees and plants on the road got washed away. Our primary school also got damaged. And there is a small village just above our village. You get electricity here also. There is very good agriculture there. From my village you can see many ranges. My village also has a huge forest.

I am ending my story here. Thank you.

### **The story of fire**

Mahima Rautela



In this story I want to tell that fires are burning everywhere. A similar season is going on here. Grass is catching fire quickly. You can see fires everywhere and the weather is dry. Sky is cloudless but filled with smoke. Villagers feel that if the fields are set on fire after harvest there will be a good harvest next time. They believe that the soil will be improved by the ashes and the next harvest will be good for different types of crops. But people don't realise that fire causes pollution. In a snowy region like Munsiri, pollution is increasing the heat and glaciers are melting. Streams are drying up

and plastic waste is littered everywhere. People throw even more waste in rivers thinking that rains will make the waste flow away.

My story is also similar. There is a village called Shankhadhura near our village. There also somebody set off a fire in the mountain. And I could see something red shine out of the window when I went to bed for sleeping at night. Then the fire spread so much that you could see big flames of fire spread across the hill. Then people from the village went to fight the fire but the fire wouldn't stop. No matter how much water you poured, it kept spreading. People decided that they had to extinguish it at any cost. Some people had left their bundles of cut grass in the forest, and there was also danger of the houses of the upper village catching fire. The fire kept increasing every day. This is how we got to the fourth day of the fire. Then all of a sudden there were dark clouds and thunder and it started to rain. People were happy to see the rain and by the next day the fire had died out. We were also very happy. Then we went to the forest and saw a strange thing. The forest was in a bad state. All plants and trees were burnt and all the wild animals were also burnt. There were dead insects all over the place. We saw dead rats, beetles and pheasants. Wild animals had lost their habitat. The nests of birds had gotten burnt. There were ashes everywhere. And dead bodies. We felt really sad. It was then that we decided that we will plant trees and make peace. Then rains came and seasons changes. And it was green once more.

### **My car**

Lakshya Rautela

I found a small piece of cardboard. I collected four bottle lids. I thought a lot about what should I do with these. Then I found some nails from the place where the tools are kept.

Then I made holes in two of the lids and inserted the nails in those. Then I fixed these lids into the cardboard. Then it was the next two lids's turn for getting pierced but sadly one of the lids was sacrificed in the process. I got very sad. Then I found another lid, made a hole in it and inserted it into the cardboard with a nail. And my car was ready.



### **Hill partridge's story**

Lakshya Rautela

About a month ago, our cat dragged in a hill partridge. The cat fell while running with it. The partridge went in hiding. Mother found it. It had been injured by the cat. We put turmeric on its foot. The next day Tillu Mama and I took it to the forest.

### **Shramdaan (voluntary labour) at Mesar Kund**

Priya Rautela



Everytime that we have the Mesar Kund Festival we weed out the prickly grasses from the field and the pond. We enjoy cleaning Mesar Kund a lot. The water is cool at some spots in the pond and warm at some other spots, so we enjoy going thre very much. First we clean the pond then take a swim in it, which we find very exciting. Sometimes we even make a game out of throwing the vegetation skimmed out from the pond at each other. We have fun that way. We wear an additional layer of clothes while coming from home so that we have some dry clothes to change into. When our clothes get wet, we light a fire to dry our wet clothes over it.

Then we drink tea and eat biscuits. If someone has packed lunch from home we make a circle and share and eat the food. Sharing makes the food taste better. If someone has brought juice, we drink that after lunch or rest for a while. Then we play in the field for a while. Then we hop back home playing and running.

### **The temperamental tap**

Shiba Desor

The first time that I approached the tap in the courtyard, there was just the meekest trickle- drip drip drip. Someone must have opened it upstream, they explained. Just wait a while. I waited focusing on its drip-drip and getting lost in my own thought. Without warning, the drip-drip became a violent splutter drenching my sleeves, socks and knees. It was then that I realised that there is no easy way to control the force with which the water comes.

Very soon I fell in love with the tap. It wasn't really temperamental or unruly, it was just real. Yes it was unpredictable, but it was predictably unpredictable. In a way, it became my teacher. It taught patience (since it was the tap and not me that decided who could control the flow and the speed). Common sense (for it worked best

when you put a pipe on its mouth and wedged the pipe between the handle and the body of the iron bucket). And a better sense of humour (for despite all your care it could still decide that you had postponed your bath for too long, and take matters in its own hands).

I admit that I still do get mad at the tap once in a while but it has made me realise that it is me who is temperamental, more than the tap.

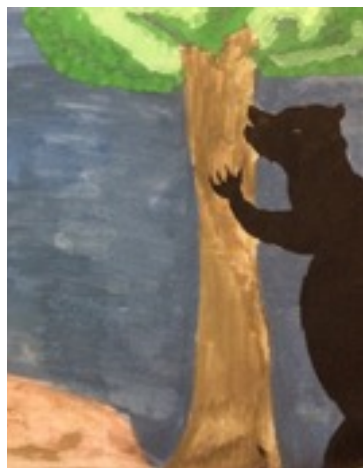
### **The brave woman**

Mahima Rautela

It was the monsoon season. There were long grasses and bushes growing at many places. People from the vilage went to the forest every day. One day many people saw a bear in the forest and told this news to everyone in the vilage. But people thought that they are lying for their own benefit. The next day people went to leave their cattle in the forest. They came back and reported that they didn't see any bear in the forest. When they went after many days there was no cattle left,

only their bones. The people had suffered huge losses and regretted that they hadn't listened to the warning earlier.

Even then there was one woman who was going to the forest alone. Many people tried to stop her but she didn't listen. Her cow was sick from hunger. There wasn't even any leaf litter to spread under her as a bed and she was pregnant. make a bed for the cow. Risking her life for her cow, she reached the forest. She even saw bear paw



prints but she still kept going. The whole forest was silent. Suddenly she heard sounds from behind a bush and saw that it was a small monkey. A few moments later, she again went back to cutting the grass. She suddenly turned to see a bear attack her with its claws. She was covered with blood but didn't give up and hit the bear with a stick. The bear got angry and once again hit her face with its claws. She still didn't give up. She had a sharp sickle in her hand. She hit the bear's nose with it. The bear cried out and went away. While covered with blood, the woman brought the grass home and gave it to the cow. Then she fainted and the villagers took her to a hospital. After a few months she got better. People from the vilage took care of her cow. The cow had a baby calf and got better.

### **About the contributors**

Pankaj (Panku)- Jokes a lot and likes to drum his fingers. Never cries on getting burised. Has two dimples on his cheeks. Gets into never-ending fights with Naina and Munnu.

Priya- Strong. She has multiple hobbies- learning guitar one day, boxing the other and photography the next. Likes to travel. Doesn't lose her temper quickly, but when she does, beware!

Neha (Naina)- Likes to braid everybody's hair. All the dogs and cats of the vilage are her friends. Shy about talking around strangers but once she loosens up, there is no end to her prattle.

Mahima (Munnu)- Gets mad very quickly, but also forgets about it as quickly. Likes to dance and to play- act as a witch or a ghost. Likes to run.

Lakshya- Once he sets his mind to something, carries it through. Loves animals. Has



a big heart. Makes friends easily but also fights strong.

Rahul- Shy in front of your face but will jump around behind your back. Loves foot-ball. Helps a lot in household work.

Pavan- Crazy about football. Loves watching movies. Intelligent and lazy.

Alka: -Likes painting, dancing and music. loves chocolate so much that will also eat other's share. responsible enough to be able to take care of the entire house on her own. interested in photography.

Shiba: Likes dancing. Forgets directions. Keeps on laughing. Loves word play.

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### Members of Jungli School

