

CBSE 10 A LESSON3सना सना हाथ जोडिTRANSCRIPTION FOR THE AUDIO CONTENT OF THE
ABOVE LESSON

English Translation of the lesson.

Every one likes to travel.

Here is a lesson which deals with travel and the natural beauty of our countryThis is a travelogue or yatra vrtant written by Madhu Kakariya when she went to Sikkim along with one of her friend Mani . The way the author has presented the tourist spots ...just makes us feel that we are not reading the lesson but physically present there .

The author starts her experience saying I got hypnotized to see that the sky was reversed and the stars got spread and shining on the ground... what was that- that was the city of Gangtok in the night with the lightnings . It was the city of the hardworking kings from the medieval, current and past history pagesand they are all hardworking people . Its such a beautiful city to see in the morning , evening as well as night. In that the author was mesmerised lost every thing lost herself everything around herself was stagnant it seems .. inside and outside of her selfthe only thing she was engrossed was in such a beautiful scenery .

In that emptiness she could hear a beautiful welcome prayerYou guessed right the title of the lesson ...sanasana hath jodigarduhaparthanahamrotumrokasouli .. means I fold my little hands and doing a prayer that all my life to be dedicated towards the goodness . She has learnt this morning prayer from a Young Nepali lady.

Morning they were supposed to go to Yunthang ...but the moment her eyes opened she went near the balcony .The locals had informed her that if the weather is clear then kanchanganga can be seen from the balcony .Himalayas third longest summit is kanchajunga .Even the weather being fine the sky was filled with light clouds ...The clouds were so close to each other like that of

closed cash chest of a rich man (tijori of thaakkur) kachanganga was not there and was not seen .Not only that she saw various types flowers with various colours and varieties. She felt as though she came to the garden

However Yoomthang was 149 kilo meter away from gantok .YAmthang means ghatsall the way you get the deep ghats of himalyas and flower laden valleys “driver cum guide jetennarge was telling . can you see snwothere ? like a small enthusiastic child The author enquiring and telling

Lets go ...

On the way Place to place they could see trees like bury pine and sunlight , beauty checking sharp tress they went ahead on the mountain roads but at one place they saw a flag flingin one of the flag it was written clearly white buddhist flags .like any other flag it was flyingthis represents the peace and non violence on which the mantr would have written ..Nargi informed is thathere they believe more in lord buddha .when ever any buddhist dies , for the soul to rest in peace from city little further near any of the piligrimage 108 flags would be hoisted .They will not get these flags down automatically, the flags only get destroyed ,Some time at the start of any new work then also they fly flags but at that time it would be a colour full one .Narge was going on talking ...but the authors eyes were stuck on the Dalai Lama photo stuck on his jeep .In some of the shops also the author says she has seen in it

Hunching and bumping their jeep went still ahead itseems .With his breathless less laughter Jeten started tellingthis place name is kaviong stank .This is the place where the movie GUIDE was shot .Tibbatkecheeskebasan took the signature in the treaty from the head of the lepancha tribe. there is a rock as a mark of memory (lepacha and butiaskikims two local tribes after their long war fares entered into peace treaty from this place)

on the way of the same roads she saw a spinning wheel in one of the hermitage . what is this the author asked naarge started telling ,madam that's dharma chakraprayer wheel turning this wheel all your sins get vanished .

The author is shocked and she says what ? whether its plains or mountains even after all these scientific progress this countrys soul

is the same . Peoples believes , customs andh̄vishvas , good and bad karmas avadharana and imagination is just the same .

Slowly slowlyTHEY started moving up .people market and the locality were drifting off ,now from very far they were able to see neepali young girls weaving and the strong men carrying the heavy boxes got getting vanished IT SEEMS. when THEY see down from the hill like the glass houses , the houses were looking very small between the house small houses were seen . himalya was not looking like small mountain now it was also looking like big and huge and more dashing look , how many of themswishesES of travelling TO see Himalayas . every mini=untehimalay gets changed .

And seeing theClouds got deserted narrowed and circuitous. Himalay seems to be big and huge

The clouds started becoming big and started measuring the underground .

The valley became big , in between ONE can see the beautiful flowersmiling at them and THEY in between the mountains huge picture and the over the hilltops on the small narrow roads THEY started moving THEY were feeling as though THEY are moving in between the green thick green cave with hiccups .

Such a wonderful beauty and the beauty and its effect on the mind that every travalller started swinging and singing the son ...suhanasafaraur ye Mausam hasin ... this is one of the famous song form the filimadhūmatī ..1958 SAYS THE SAUTHOR

But the author says she was silent . like any other sage she was silent . The author wanted the entire scene to be incorporated in her .From jeeps window . she used to put her head out now and then to see the hills touching the sky and some times the water falls falling like milky waves and some times flowing between the pink colored stones with twists and turns and dazzle into the Thista river which is pleasant .From silgudi this Thistha river is accompanying them .But here its beauty has reached to the peak it seems .The author says she has seen such a beautiful river for the first time .she was thrilled . she was overjoyed . she flapped like the feathers of the birds .

She wassalutating the himalyayan mountain saying mere nag pathi mere viahsal“ that the jeeps stopped at once place ... from very high

with the divine joy of mountain flowers hills mountains valleys ,... very rare views ,There it had written ...Thick green .

It's a surprise says the author ...in the world so many things happen ...the flood like waterfalls . speedy Ttista flows down . the mist awakening right in front of you ...the clouds above . the priyata and rudodendro named flowers blösmingaand fluttering in cool breeze .every thing in its own tune and flooded with their own things we were just going on and going on ,in the so called time of flow just loosing on self ,

First time SHE felt whether it was happiness or moving beauty or chalayamana beauty(hear the author speaks of the moving trees and plants and flowers) .in that fullness of beauty times the mind was engrossed in that spreaded beauty that the line of inside and outside appearance vanished and The souls window teared opening,,,she felt as though she was closer to the lord .morning again the learnt prayer was on tip of the tongue san asana hath jodi ...then the imperceptible or atindriya(inner self) in her got awakened and the biggest feeling got broke just like a dry sprig .

The author says Actually she was engrossed in the spell bounded beauty was went little further into that suddenly there was a break on her feet if for a dancer who is engrossed in here dance and suddenly her Noopur cuts off the same ,yes in the similar situation the author was experiencing . As against this natures beauty there were some mountain women sitting on the rocks and breaking the rocks a fragile body with the hammer and kudla . some of them had tied basket behind their back and in that there were Kids .some were hitting kudla hard on the ground ...

Such a lovely environment ,river ,flowers and waterfalls in the midst of it hunger , death and weak ness and to make a livelihood the author calls it as a war of life to make their end meets .The mother hood and hard work is going hand in hand here . there only was a board for road organizationthe author asked one of the worker of that board ... what was happening there ? teasingly he replied it seems the roads which are ben used by them are being broadened by these mountain women .

This is a very tough job suddenly the author replied He was taken a back.Then he started telling , last month one of the persons life itself gone its very difficult to do roads on mountains .Firstly using dynamite you blast the mountains to form rocks and then the rocks

are beaten and then formatted these are then long stacked in big net and later arrange them as a border for the roads . the man says if you are a bit lazy or with little carelessness you will reach ether world directly .

Then the author ATTENTION switched ON it seems. On these road itself she saw a board from Sikkim government and on which it was written EVER WONDER WHO DEFEAT DEATH TO BUILD THE ROADS".(means you don't believe some of them have given their life for this. Suddenly The author mind channelled elsewhere and the mind went backwards once she had seen in phalum and gumal s forests ...back side they had tied their child with the cloth and then went ahead in searching for the leaves in the forest by Adivasi women .The Adivasi women had open feet were like that of these pahadi women and some with their hands and bluesified , all these were saying one single story that the simple life style every where is the sameall the butter on one side and all the crying , the pain and betrayal on the other hand .

And at the time my co traveller Jiten and his wife came in search of me .Seeing me silent ,Jiten said Mam they are our country common citizens you can see them every where ...but you have not come to see them but to ...see the beauty of the nature for which you have spent and have come all the way here ..

They are not only the commoner but the mirror of the balanced life .He felt this is waste at repairing .they take little and give the society more ... the author was thinking in her mind They were moving back to jeep that we saw those little young girls giggling and talking in such a way that the entire graveyard had turned into a beautiful place like taj mahal

The author mentions they were werecontinously climbing the top of the hill . Jiten was telling that nowthey will be taking air pin bend on every track and quickluwill start climbing the top .before reaching hair pin bend at first stop they saw near one of the stop some of the kids of eight to seven years old were returning back from school and asking us for lift. Jiten informed them that every day these kids climb 3 kms of the hilly regions and were going to schools

What there is no school bus ?Mani asked

Jiten started laughing and said mama these are not plains. they are hilly regions unlike there here you cannot see any obese people .here life is very hard ..down some where in the low land areas there is only one school and kids from various places go there for studies . They not only study but also help their mothers in rearing mountain goats , fill the water and also bring the loads of wood for cooking

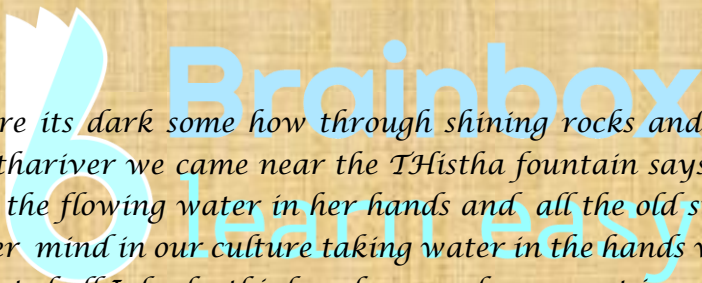
Now the dangerous has started coming ..the roads have become narrow and steep ... one feel as though the they have taken tape measurement of the road so that a jeep can cross . even if little of the concentration goes . the vehicles will move here and there and we are all in the ghats .There were warning boards written every where and making us aware of the danger ahead . The author says in fort them itself there was a sign board saying “Go Slow kids are waiting in the house

Little further there was a board written “ we care man eater around” but the author says for them did not get any man eating animal they got milk giving yak black black many yaks . Thich black haired yaks which protects them naturally from thick snow falling glaciers .

It was going to be sun set we saw some mountain women rearing the cows going back to their homes some had a huge bundle of wooden sticks on their head and again the sky became dark and cloudy . with the falling evening the jeep was moving across the tea gardens but for the author one scene caught her. down it is the green garden of the tea some of the woman wearing boku(sikkims dress) were plucking the tea leaves , they looked young and pinkish because of their tired ness ,one young lady had worn dark red dress in the midst of the sun set her red dresswas gelling well with the sunset color orange . in the midst of thick green with the chatakred color and also the setting sun's golden color was brining in the purity feeling and was seemingly spreading the rainbow in the sky the author got so engrossed in the scenery that she started screaming “ I CANNOT BEAR SUCH A BEAUTY.

To reachYumthang they had to take shelter in layung , layung was a small village in the hilly regions which seems to kiss the mountains.The author says it's a silent place of sleep which is away from the Lifes run - sun .

We stayed in the laungvillage , on the banks of the river Thistha in a beautiful wooden house. Immediately I washed my hands and feet and sat on the rock stone on the banks of the river Thista in front of us the water falls where from great height water was falling and getting united with river with a khalkhal noise it was indeed a beautiful .Slow breeze was there and the trees and plants were dancing ,The thick dark clouds had hid the moon outside the people and the birds were returning back home .There was silence in the atmosphere .like the bells of the temple or the Noopur of the dance .The eyes were filled with joy The eye opening of the knowledge happened to the author and enlightenment started entering in her and she found there is happy peace and bliss every where there is fullness around ,, trees animals plants and human all are in their own pace . she mentions our generation have played with the pace of the nature and landed up in a big misery . Now himayas has not only become a place to visit but also place to learn says the author .



Before its dark some how through shining rocks and stones of the Thisthariver we came near the THistha fountain says author . she took the flowing water in her hands and all the old started popping in her mind in our culture taking water in the hands we do Sankalp ..what shall I do she thinks . she says she was not in a position to do Sankalp .but some prayer was inside her that let all the poison and negativities vanish and flow in this water and the night became deeper. IT WAS SEEMING AS THOUGH HIMALAYAS IS WEARING A BLACL BLANCKET ...,,

the author describes this way in her travelogue when Jiten with his sticks toy and made a loud noise and started dancing along with other travellers for the author it was seeming to be like a fairy tale story and a probably night better than that couldnot have been imagined .enjoyment and entertainment combination how nice it is says author when all the travellers joined hands and started dancing around and making a circle that's usual nepali style of dancing then the authors friend 50 year old Mani danced and danced she beat all the youngsters and showcasted a wonderful dance ,,somuch of happiness in her dance ... from where that happiness came. god knows obviously out of joy right children .morning is beautiful and pleasant like the sounds of tistha

river, most of the people living will be on mountain potato, grains and the selling of alcohol mentions the author here in this travelogue, morning she went alone for a walk, she thought she will be getting the snow to see but unfortunately not..even though they were above 14000 feet high. the author was very eager to see the snow she says for us the people from plains seeing the snow is like the heaven

there she met a young Nepali man he said because of the pollution there is less of snow but if she goes to kataoo she can see the snow there .. katauu means india's Switzerland ..because it doesnot fall under tourist spot it still maintains its beauty .katau was above 500 feet from laung at about 2 km from thereh, the young man was giving them the information and his wife and the daughter was seeing them from no where a cow came and eat muhuuaa which was spread outside, she with a shaky and a very peculiar voice made the cow go from that place,

Expectations, Enthusiasm and josh now they were heading to katoh. The road leading to kataou is very tough it was cloudy and rainy. JETEN was driving the vehicle in his own way. the trees roads and every where there were clouds, Our vehicle used to tear open up clouds and move ahead. We were aware of the trouble some roads or the tough roads hence we were all silent. even a little bit of hasty ness would cause our death we were just watching our jeep move through the steep and narrow roads apart from our breath we could not notice any thing even a small pieces recollects the author. Later her eyes fell on the board which says if you are married divorce the speed little later they could see one more sign board which says be careful with the danger ahead ... be slow so that your death is slow.

After they went little further into katau the dense clouds cleared and the silence between them and the nature also cleared off. Enthusiastic narge said katau is india's Switzerland ...immediately the authors friend Mani who had been to switzerland replied .. but switzerland is not that high and its not this beautiful.

We were moving closer to katu that we saw the mountains covered with snow from very far distance mentions the author

The mountains were looking half blackgreen ,it was seeming as though some one has put powder on the mountains .seemed like little powder left on the mountain and it got melt away with the heat .narge was informing us that it was fresh snow it would have fallen the last night ..little further they went ahead they could see the mountains covered with snow fully.like the soap jahg it was on the mountain and every where around .the author looked outside taking out her head from the jeeps window to see the mountain shining like moon.quite often it seems

Immediately Jiten asked how does it look ?

The author replied ram roach very beautiful ‘

He jumped “ that’snepali language from where did you learn “ he was proud of his language immediately he blushed and his eyes glared immediately like one magic the snow started falling on us like small pearls .

Timromayaomainsaindhemaalaiisataauooncha “ it’s a nepali song ..your love always makes me cry seeing this spreaded beauty he was so impressed with this nature and its beauty have made him sing the song while driving he was very happy .

Now all the co travellers jumped from the jeep and started playing in the snow ,the snow were till the knees .Here the snow was every where . the sky and the snowcoveredmountains were seeming one .some of the co travelers were sleeping on the snow and capturing the moment in their cameras . the author was also liking to sleep on this snow covered places and take the photos of the snowvy heaven but she did not had the long boots to wear which is overn in snow covered places . she thought she will hire on rent but katu was not a tourist place like yoontang and jhangoo lake ..here not even a single shop was seen .

Instead of clicking the phots in camera the author was capturing those moments in her mind and eyes so that she can think and recollect about those scenes. in big cities , in those fullness of moments .this snow claded mountains was taing her back to her spirituality .therefore because of this unbound beauty itself our sage have written the vedas she feels .they would have gone in search of the reality of life let all be happy this mahamantra they would have got it guesses about them here .natures fullness and beauty was so beautiful that even the toughest of the tough sinner also seeing this beautyalso becomes like buddha the embodiment of peace

At that time something crawled in my mind ,, was that Milton of Kaundha has described Eve as the one of the most adorable natures beauty and seeing her the Shaitan or the bad deed forgot his act and was involved in her beauty .the author immediately turned towards Mani and wanted to ask whether she has read about that poem , Mani was engrossed in her own thoughts and she started telling to her fellow mates the snow cladded mountains holds the water . during rainy seasons it has snow covered and when the same winter starts they all get melted and runs through the river and we get it ... she was also appreciating the water management of the god

Mani was so involved that she was rubbing her fore head ... she was thinking that we should be grateful to these mountains and the nature for all the things they have given it to us . But the author was thinking how beautiful the world is ...immediately the author became sad when the glimpse of those mountain women breaking rocks scene came in her mind .

Tearing of their expanded soul and mind their travel moved further it seems .. there they could here some tweets of our soldiers .then She realized its our border area .little further is the border of china .The author spoke to one of the soldier and asked at this type of degree how would he be there wont it be difficult it was 0 15 degrees at that time ,he just gave a sad smile and replied saying that you guys are able to have good sleep as we are guarding here .

Lets meet again said Jiten and they moved further ,, not very far she could hear the voice with a board say "WE GIVER OUR TODAY FOR YOUR TOMMOROW

The mind was sad. Feeling distorted. Staying in big cities did not notice that in the snowy regions like this during the month of vaishakahaie march alsowith in 5 mins of time the snow started falling .

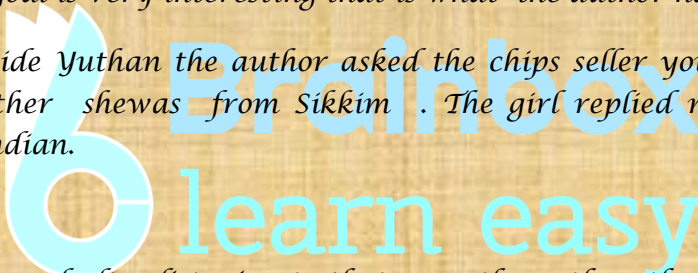
The author says ...We started shivering but our javans even in January and february collect everything apart from petrol and keep themselves ready and the narrow and circular roads.The author recollects and moving in those roads our heart rate increases breath starts shivering but don't know how many of them have given their life for this before their natural death . For me this travel is definitely a research one . Whole travel was like generating waves between the intellect and inner soul.we were going back to laying

and then Yuthang. Jiten has just returned from nepala he was looking fresh .

The ghats of Yuthang added an another attraction to its beauty that was loads of loads of priyatha flower and rodendroflower .Jiten started telling them that in 15 days one could just see the entire mountain would be covered with flowers and one feel as though they are on a flower stage .

This road was than expected little big and the thoughts of danger has come down .in these ghats we saw many monkeys some were alone and some with their family however ghats , valleys mountains and clouds were playing hide and seek and making the mountain pigeons fly over our jeep went ahead to reach yung thang .After seeing katau and the snow covered mountains Yuthang was not that thriller now and also felt that than reaching the goal the path to the goal is very interesting that is what the author has found

Outside Yuthan the author asked the chips seller young lady that whether shewas from Sikkim . The girl replied no mam I am anIndian.



Felt good after listening to that says the author ,the Sikkim people were happy after merging into India When Sikkim was independent then the tourism. industry was not that expanded .Every Sikkim person has got so involved with india that you don't even believe that sikkim was a separate place before .They were about to sit in the jeep that a mountain dog crossed the road . Mani told that was a mountain dog and that doesnot bark always and only on Poornima day it barks .

What “ with surprise and unbelievable thoughts I was listening to it . What like the Seas the dogs also demands for the moon light and the nature is sharing and caring well

While returning back also Jiten was giving us loads and loads of information. he said there is one rock where Gurunanaks foot print was there .They say that where the little grains has fallen form his plate the paddy fields started.

Closely after 3 to 4 kms he started showing his fingers pointing to the place called khedum , he says that kedum is the place where god and goddess live and any one who dirties that place is dead it seems

The author asks Jiten that they don't dirty the mountain place ..

Jiten replies that they worship the mountain stream river water fall and hence if they dirty it they are dead .

The author replied saying that is y the gangtok is so beautiful .

Not gontok madam call it as gun tokmeans mountain .

The author just asked some thing Jiten started narrating that the yathang was not a tourist spot .. after Sikkim got merged into /india.after a vvery long time the captain of the army shekardatta thought that what is the use of bringing jawans here.. If the roads are made inbetween the mountains then it could be converted to tourist spot , Jiten mentions that now also the roads are being laid

Yes the roads Have been laid and searching for new places and its still on .the author feels that man's unfinished exploration of naturesbeautiy . She was just thinking that in my mind it seems that the jeep moved ahead .

Well children we have come to the end of the sessionwith this a wonderful narration of travel experiences.....The author literally took us all the way to Sikkim come backwas it eyecatchingyes truly isn'twith this signing off from here .
