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ରିଦେହ ୪୩୧



ରିଦେହ ଯେଥିନି ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଶ୍ରାନ୍ଦୋନନ: ମାନ୍ବଶୀମିତ ସଂସ୍କ୍ରତାଢ଼



ସଢ଼ପାଦକ: ଗଜେନ୍ଦ୍ର ଠାକୁର।

[রিদেহ- প্ৰথম মৈথিলী পাম্বিক গ্ৰ-পত্ৰিকা ISSN 2229-547X Videha e-Journal (since 2000) at www.videha.co.in]

ঐ পোখীক সৰ্ৱাধিকাৰ স্বৰক্ষিত খ্ৰিষ্টি। কাৰ্পীবাগ্ৰাণ্ট (©) ধাবকক নিখিত অৱমতিক ৰিৰ্না পোখীক কোনো ঋশীক ছায়া প্ৰতি ঐৰী বিকাৰ্টিগ সৰ্হিত গনেক্ৰুটানিক অখৰা ষাঁত্ৰিক, কোনো মাধ্যমসঁ, অখৰা জ্ঞানক সঁগ্ৰহণ ৰা পুনৰ্ণয়োগক প্ৰণালী দুবা কোনো কপমে পুনৰুপোদন অখৰা সঁচাবন-প্ৰসাৰণ নে কএন জা সৰ্কেত খ্ৰিষ্টি।

(c) ২০০০- ২০২০. সৰ্ৱাধিকাৰ স্বৰক্ষিত/ ভাবসৰ্বিক গাছ জে সন ২০০০ সঁ য়াল্লিসিঠীজপব ছন http://www.geocities.com/.../bhalsarik_gachh.html , <http://www.geocities.com/ggajendra> ষ্ৰাদি ৰীকপব ষ্ৰা অখৰো গ জ্ঞানগ ২০০৪ ক পোস্টি <http://ggajendrathakur.blogspot.com/2004/07/bhalsarik-gachh.html> কেব কপমে গ্ৰন্থবনেঠপব মৈথিলীক প্ৰাচীনতম উপস্থিতক কপমে ৰিগ্ৰহমান খ্ৰিষ্টি (কিছু দিন তেন <http://videha.com/2004/07/bhalsarik-gachh.html> ৰীকপব, স্ৰোত wayback machine of https://web.archive.org/web/*/videha 258 capture(s) from 2004 to 2016- <http://videha.com/> ভাবসৰ্বিক গাছ-প্ৰথম মৈথিলী বঁনাগ / মৈথিলী বঁনাগক এগ্ৰীশেঠব।

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(c)২০০০- ২০২০. ৰিদেহ: প্ৰথম মৈথিলী পাম্বিক গ্ৰ-পত্ৰিকা (since 2000) ISSN 2229-547X VIDEHA. সম্পাদক: গজেন্দব ঠাৰু। Editor: Gajendra Thakur. In respect of materials e-published in Videha, the Editor, Videha holds the right to create the web archives/ theme-based web archives, right to translate/ transliterate those archives and create translated/ transliterated web-archives; and the right to e-publish/ print-publish all these archives. বচনাকাব/ সঁগ্ৰহকৰ্ত্ততা ষ্বপন মৌনিক ষ্ৰা ষ্বপ্ৰকাশিত বচনা/ সঁগ্ৰহ (সঁপূৰ্ণ উত্তবদাযিৰ বচনাকাব/ সঁগ্ৰহকৰ্ত্ততা মধ্য) editorial.staff.videha@zohomail.in কেঁ মেন ষ্ৰেটেচমেষ্টক কপমে পঠা সৰ্কেত ছথি, সঁগমে ও ষ্বপন সঁফিপ্ত পবিচয় ষ্ৰা ষ্বপন স্ৰকেন কএন গেন ফোঠো সেহো পঠাৰিথি। এতত প্ৰকাশিত বচনা/ সঁগ্ৰহ সৰ্ভক কাৰ্পীবাগ্ৰাণ্ট বচনাকাব/ সঁগ্ৰহকৰ্ত্ততাক

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समानात्रव पवम्पवाक रिङ्गापति- चिअ रिदेह सम्मानसँ सम्मानित श्री पनकलान मठन द्वावा।

मेथिनी भाषा जगज्जननी सीतायाः भाषा आसीत् / हवमत्रः उँज्जन- मावशीमिते सँस्रताम्।

अनुक्रम

রিদেহ ৪৩১ ম ঞ্ক ০১ দিসম্ব ২০২৩ (রর্ষ ১৮ মাস ২১৬ ঞ্ক
৪৩১)

ঐ ঞ্কমে ঞ্ঠি:-

১.১. ঞ্ক ৪৩০ পব ঞ্ঠিপ্পলী

গত্

২.১. কন্পনা মা-মৈথিনী সাহিহমে ঞপেন্দ্র নাথ মা 'রাস' ঐর
ক্ষনক পবিরাবক যোগদান -18

২.২. হিতনাথ মা-মৈথিনী সাহিহমে তাবানাথ মা ঐর ক্ষনক
পবিরাবক যোগদান-10

২.৩. নানদের কামত-নঘুকথা- জুডো কবাস্ঠ

२.४. पबमानन्द नान कर्ण-रूँठापाक जिनगी

Maithili Literature in English Translation

3.1. *The pod of a tree, Peerar- Jagdish Prasad Mandal*
(Original Maithili Short Story) Dr Ram Ashish Singh
(English Translation)

3.2. *GLIMPSES OF RURAL LIFE- Dr. Ram Ashish Singh*

3.3. *World Peace- Jagdish Prasad Mandal* (Original
Maithili Short Story) Rameshwar Prasad Mandal
(English Translation)



S.S. খক ৪৩০ পব ঠিঙ্গ্পাণী

ছাপ কংপঠন (ডা) বী এন জা

আদবণীয় গজেঁদ্র ঠাফব জী !

১. বিদেহ সম্পাদন মেঁ বঁহুতোঁ সান সঁ খপনেক খতি সবাহনীয যোগদান খতি আ হম নোকনি খনেকোঁ বাজ্য মেঁ মেঁথিনী কে ননধা বস-স্বাদ চাখি বহন ছী, ওহি নেন সমগ্র মেঁথিন সমাজ সঁ খপনে কেঁ শিত-শিত নমন I

২. হম তঁ বঁেশী নেখ বঁেঁ পঠোঁনেঁ ছী স্কদা গা দেখি বহন ছী জেঁ খধিকশি নেখ মেঁ ফর্মেটিং মেঁ ত্রুটি ভ বহন খতি I Word Format মেঁ জতেক নেখ পঠোঁনেঁ ছী সৰ মেঁ paragraph ৰ line spacing বঁেঁ জেঁ ছাপেঁ মেঁ ঠুটি জেন খতি I সন্ত subtitle bold মেঁ বহএ জেঁ ছাপএ মেঁ নহিঁ আএন খতি I যহাঁ তক কি ফোটেঁ মেহোঁ বঁদনি গেন আ ওকবা সঁগ ছোটেঁ পবিচয, জেঁ নেখ কেঁ খঁত মেঁ চনি গেন আ ওকবো ফর্মেটিং বঁিগঁি গেন খতি I পত্রিকা মেঁ সন্ত নেখ কেঁ formatting মেঁ যদি সমানতা বাখন জাএ তঁ বঁেঁহতব স্তব বহত I

৩. হমব মঁতর্য এক স্তমার মাত্র খীক জাহি সঁ বিদেহ সঁস্কবণ আকর্ষক দেখাগত I

সপ্রেম নমস্কাব

-Gp Capt (Dr) V N Jha, Bangalore

খপন মঁতর্য editorial.staff.vidaha@zohomail.in পব পঠাউ I

गद्य

२.१. कम्पना सा-मैथिली साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ सा 'र्यास'
एरं हुनक परिवारक योगदान -18

२.२. हितनाथ सा-मैथिली साहित्यमे तावानाथ सा एरं हुनक
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२.३. नानदेर कामत-नघुकथा- जूडो कबाठे

२.४. पवमानन्द नान कर्ण-रूठे ापाक जिनगी

२.१. कम्पना सा-मैथिली साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ सा 'र्यास'
एरं हुनक परिवारक योगदान -18

कम्पना सा- मैथिनी साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ सा 'राम' एरं हुनक परिवारक योगदान -18



कम्पना सा

(उपेन्द्रनाथ सा 'राम' साहित्य अख्यता, आनोचक एरं कथाकार)

मैथिनी साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ सा 'राम' एरं हुनक परिवारक योगदान -18

मैथिनी महाभावतक बचयिता 'राम' जी

किछु नोक 'राम' जी बचित मैथिनी महाभावत केँ अन्नरादेक कप मे देखेत छथि। ऋदा रासुरिकता की अछि से हुनकहि शिद्ध मे देखन जाए-

"हम महाभावतक अन्नराद नहि कएन अछि। मून महाभावत (गीता प्रेस) केँ आगाँ बाथि, ओकर यथार्थसंभर सभ ऋथा राँत केँ ध्यान बथेत, अपना हिसारै

ସବିଧାରେ ନିଧେୟ ଗେନୁଁ । ଚମବା ରିଶ୍ମାସ ଶୁଦ୍ଧି, ଚମବା
 ବୁଝେ ଜେ ଶ୍ରୀ କାଜ ଭେନ ସେ 'ରିଶ୍ମ-କମ ରାମ'କ ଧମ୍ମା
 ମୁଁ - ଓଏହ ଜେନା ଧେବିତ କରେତ ହୋଧି । ଭୁନମୀଦାମ
 ଜେନା ନିଧନେ ଛୁଧି-'ତମ କହିଲୁଁ ହିଧ ଚରି କେ ଧେରେ ।
 ନିଧେୟ କାନ ଧରାହ ମେ ଜେ ଛନ୍ଦ ଜେନା ଶ୍ରୀଏନ ଗେନ
 ତେନା ନିଧେୟ ଗେନୁଁ । ମେଧିନୀ ମେ 'ଏ', 'ଓ' ଏକ ଯାତ୍ରିକ
 ଏର ଦ୍ଵିଯାତ୍ରିକ ଦୁନୁ ହୋଗତ ଛେକ । ତଦନ୍ତସାବ ମେଧିନୀ ଶେଢ଼
 ମଭ ଶ୍ରୀ ଗେନେକ ଶୁଦ୍ଧି । ଧେମ କାମ୍ପୀ ତେଧାବ କରେତ
 କାନ ଶ୍ରୀ ଶୁଦ୍ଧା କରେତ କାନ ସେହୋ ଶ୍ରୀ ଧାନ ବାଧନ ଗେନ
 ଜେ ଜତଏ ଛନ୍ଦ ରିଦନେକ, ତତଏ କିଚ୍ଛ ସ୍ଵାନ ଛୋଡ଼ା
 ଶ୍ରୀଗାଁ ରିଦେ । (ମଂଭରତ: କତହ ଛୁଡ଼ିଓ ଗେନ ହୋ) ରିଚ୍ଛ
 ପାଠକ ପଠେତ କାନ ଛନ୍ଦ ପକଡ଼ା ନେତାହ, ସେ ରିଶ୍ମାସ
 ଶୁଦ୍ଧି । ସାଧାବଂଶତ: ପୂର୍ବକ ଚୋପାଗ ରା ଶ୍ରୀନୋ ଭାଷା ଛନ୍ଦ
 ବଚନା ମଭ ମେ ଧମ୍ମେକ ପାଠୀ ମେ ପ୍ରାଧ: ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଶ୍ରୀ ଦେରାକ
 ଚେଷ୍ଠା କଏନ ଜାଗତ ଛୁନ । ଏହି ମେ ଓହି କମକ ରାଧାତା
 ନହି ବାଧନ ଗେନ ଶୁଦ୍ଧି, ଭାର ଶ୍ରୀ ଧରାହ କେ ଧାନ ମେ
 ବାଧି କଏ । "

'ରାମ' ଜୀକ ଓଞ୍ଜ ରଞ୍ଜରା ମୁଁ ସ୍ପଷ୍ଟ ଶୁଦ୍ଧି ଜେ ମେଧିନୀ
 ମହାଭାବତ ଶୁଦ୍ଧାଦ ନହି ଶୁଦ୍ଧି । ରସ୍ତୁତ: ଶ୍ରୀ 'ରାମ' ଜୀକ
 ମୌନିକ ଧ୍ରାତି ଛୁନି । ଦୁ ଭାଗ ମେ ନିଧନ ଗେନ ମେଧିନୀ
 ମହାଭାବତକ ପହିନ ଭାଗ ଶୁଦ୍ଧି 'ଶ୍ରୀଦି ପର୍ବ' ଶ୍ରୀ ଦୋମବ
 ଭାଗ ଶୁଦ୍ଧି, 'ମଭା ପର୍ବ: ରନ ପର୍ବ' ମହାଭାବତକ ବଚନା
 କ' ରସ୍ତୁତ: ଶ୍ରୀନ ନାମକ ସାର୍ଥକତା ସିହ୍ନ କଏନେ
 ଛୁଧି 'ରାମ' ଜୀ । ଏହି ପ୍ରମଂଗକ ଚର୍ଚା ଶ୍ରୀନ ନିଧନ "ଦୁ
 ଶେଢ଼"କ ଶୁକଶ୍ରାତେ ମେ କଏନେ ଛୁଧି 'ରାମ' ଜୀ । ଏକ ଦିନ
 ଗମ୍ପକ ପ୍ରମଂଗ ମେ ଧବଡ଼ାଧ କେ ଶ୍ରୀ ଦଧାନାଧ ନା ହୁମତ

কহনে ছনখিন, "হম খহাঁ কেঁ 'রাস' তখন বুনরঁ জখন
খহাঁ 'মহাভাবত' নিখরঁ। " সে হুনকব
রাঁত 'রাস' জীক মোন মে রৈসি গেননি জেনা। খা
ও খপন নামক সার্থকতা সিহ্ন ক' ক' বহনাহ।

'রাস' জী বচিত মহাভাবতক দুনু ভাগ খন্বরাদ তাঁ
নহিএ খছি, একবা ভারান্বরাদো নহি কহন জা সকেছ।
ও গীতা প্রেস সঁ প্রকাশিত মহাভাবতক খধায়ন কৰেত
বহনাহ খা ওকব ভার গ্রহণ কএ খপন ভাষা মে কিছু
নরীনতা, কিছু রিশিষ্টতাক সঙ্গ বচনা প্রাবম্ব কএননি।
জেনা বামাষণ কগখক গোঠেঁ নিখননি খা সভ বামাষণ
মূনে কহরৈত খছি। জখন কি খাদি কারা তাঁ
শ্রীমদ্বাখীকি বামাষণ খছি। তথাপি রাঁদক নিখন সভ
বামাষণ মূনে কহরৈত খছি, চাহে ও ত্তনসীদাস প্রত
শ্রীবামচবিতমানস হোখএ কি খছ্ত বামাষণ, খা কি কয়ঁ
বামাষণ। মিথিনাভাষা বামাষণ হোখএ কি বমেশ্বিবচবিত
মিথিনা বামাষণ। তহিনা সভ মহাভাবত মূনে কহন
জাএত। চাহে গুশিনাথ না প্রত হোখএ কি ঔপেন্দ্র
নাথ না 'রাস' প্রত খা কি বৃক্ষিনাথ না প্রত ঔ
মহাভাবত হোখএ। এহি মৌখিনী মহাভাবত
মে 'রাস' জী মহাকার্যক খন্বকপেঁ খনেক ছন্দক প্রয়োগ
কএননি খছি। ঠাম-ঠাম পব পাঠক কেঁ খতি-খাকর্ষক
দোহা সভ ভেঠতনি পঠরাঁ নেন। তহিনা কপক খা
খর্নকাব হাজ দোহা সেহো খভবতনি পাঠক কেঁ। মানে
পঠাি ক' খানন্দ খারি জেতনি, সে নিশ্চিত রাঁত!

'রাস' জীক খধিকতব মূন পোখী, জেনা
ঔপন্যাস, কথা-সংগ্রহ, করিতা-সংগ্রহ, খন্দ-কারা, সভঠা

पातव-पातव पोथी सभ छनि । माने सए सँ कम पृष्ठक । झुदा महाभावतक दूनु भाग नगभग 270-270 पृष्ठक छनि । पहिन भाग, 'खादि पर्र' केँ दू पृष्ठक "दू शिद्ध"क अतिविज 269 पृष्ठ मे समेठन गेन अछि । दोसर भाग नेन 'सभा पर्र' निखननि । 'खादि पर्र'क अपेक्षा 'सभा पर्र' रहत छोर्ट रूमना गेननि । तेँ गछा भेननि जे दोसर भाग मे 'रन पर्र'क ओतेक अंश द' देन जाए, जाहि सँ पुस्तक कप मे 'खादि पर्र'क पुस्तक जकाँ, माने ओतरेँ मोठेगव पोथी भ' जाए । आ सएह भेननि अंततः । महाभावतक दूनु भाग नगभग समान आकार-प्रकारक पोथी अछि । दोसर भाग मे 'सभा पर्र' आ 'रन पर्र' मिला क' 265 पृष्ठ अछि । "दू शिद्ध"क चाबि पृष्ठ छोडा क' । माने फन 269 पृष्ठ दोसरौ भाग मे । प्रायः दूनु पोथीक समान आकार-प्रकार पव ध्यान दैत 'रन पर्र'क किछए अंश 'महाभावत'क दोसर भाग मे आरि सकन । दूनु 'महाभावत'क प्रकाशिन सेहो संग-संग भेन अछि, एहन अनुमान नागि बहन अछि । ओना 'राम' जीक कोनो पोथी मे प्रकाशिन रर्य नहि भेटैत अछि । लेखक द्वारा निखन "दू शिद्ध" मे निचाँ देन तिथि केँ प्रकाशिन तिथि मानन जागत बहन अछि । तदनुसार पहिन भागक प्रकाशिन 23 जून 1994 मे भेन अछि । एहि पोथीक रिमोचन 'राम' जीक पठना स्थित निराम स्थान पव भेन छनए । रिमोचनकर्ता छनाह सुबेन्द्र ना 'सुमन' आ रिमोचनक तिथि छनए 22 जूनाग 1994 । से उँज पोथीक गनव करव पव भीमनाथ नाक कनय सँ अंकित अछि । एहि राँत सभ सँ पोथीक प्रकाशिन रर्य 1994 होएरौक अछि

होगत खड्डि । आ 'महाभावत'क दोसव भाग 'सभा पर्र; रन पर्र' प्रकाशित भेन खड्डि सन् 1999 मे ।

'र्रास' जीक गछा तँ छननि जे सम्पूर्ण महाभावत केँ मैथिनी साहित मे खानथि रूदा महाभावत ग्रन्थक रिशीन आकाव-प्रकाव, श्लोकक भारी संख्या आ रँएसक संग हनकव अपन स्यास्य गडरँड् । जाएरँ, कावण बहन जे ग् गछा अपूर्णे बहि गेननि हनकव । रूदा जतरँ, जएह दू-तीन 'पर्र' केँ मैथिनी मे खानि सकनाह, से हनक खड्डत कारा-कौशनक पविचायक तँ खड्डि ।

बमण ना जीक पोथी (भावतीय साहितक निर्याता : उँपेन्द्र नाथ ना 'र्रास') जे साहित खकादमीक सौजन्य सँ सन् 2022 मे प्रकाशित भेननि खड्डि, तकव किछु संदर्भ नेनहँ खड्डि हम एहि लेख नेन ।

संपादकीय सूचना-

1) करौंग खबरौ-हावसी-उँदूक एकठा कठिन रिधा छे । एहि रिधाक समग्र जानकारी प्राप्त कबरौक नेन आशीष खनचिहावक पोथी "मैथिनी गजनक र्राकवण उ गतिहास" पठन जा एकै ।

2) एहि सिबीजक खवान हम एहि निंकपव जा कइ

पठ्ि सकेत छी-

येथिनी साहित्ये उँपेन्द्र नाथ सा 'र्यास' एरं हनक
पबिरावक योगदान-1

येथिनी साहित्ये उँपेन्द्र नाथ सा 'र्यास' एरं हनक
पबिरावक योगदान-2

येथिनी साहित्ये उँपेन्द्र नाथ सा 'र्यास' एरं हनक
पबिरावक योगदान-3

येथिनी साहित्ये उँपेन्द्र नाथ सा 'र्यास' एरं हनक
पबिरावक योगदान-4

येथिनी साहित्ये उँपेन्द्र नाथ सा 'र्यास' एरं हनक
पबिरावक योगदान-5

येथिनी साहित्ये उँपेन्द्र नाथ सा 'र्यास' एरं हनक
पबिरावक योगदान-6

येथिनी साहित्ये उँपेन्द्र नाथ सा 'र्यास' एरं हनक
पबिरावक योगदान-7

मेथिनी साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ सा 'र्यास' एरं हनक
पबिरावक योगदान-8

मेथिनी साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ सा 'र्यास' एरं हनक
पबिरावक योगदान-9

मेथिनी साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ सा 'र्यास' एरं हनक
पबिरावक योगदान-10

मेथिनी साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ सा 'र्यास' एरं हनक
पबिरावक योगदान-11

मेथिनी साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ सा 'र्यास' एरं हनक
पबिरावक योगदान-12

मेथिनी साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ सा 'र्यास' एरं हनक
पबिरावक योगदान-13

मेथिनी साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ सा 'र्यास' एरं हनक
पबिरावक योगदान-14

मेथिनी साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ सा 'र्यास' एरं हनक
पबिरावक योगदान-15

मेथिनी साहित्यमे उपेन्द्र नाथ सा 'र्यास' एरं हनक

पबिरावक योगदान-16

मेथिनी साहित्यमे ँपेन्द्र नाथ सा 'र्रास' एरं हनक
पबिरावक योगदान-17

अपन मंतरा editorial.staff.videha@zohomail.in पब
पठाँड ।

२.२. हितनाथ सा-मैथिनी साहित्यमे तावानाथ सा एरं हुनक पबिरावक योगदान-10

हितनाथ सा- मैथिनी साहित्यमे तावानाथ सा एरं हुनक पबिरावक योगदान-10



हितनाथ सा

(मैथिनीमे ग्रामगाथा रिधाकेँ नर जीरन
देनिहाव, पाठकीय रिधाक खगुआ । संपर्क-
9430743070)

मैथिनी साहित्यमे तावानाथ सा एरं हुनक पबिरावक
योगदान 10

बानी चन्द्रारतीक कीर्तिगाथा

कोजनथक प. उग्रदत्त सा रैयाकवणक पुत्री बहथि गंगा ।
हिनक रिवाह रँनेनी बाज(पूर्षिया)क क्रमाव चन्द्रानन्द सिंह

संग भेननि । सासुवमे हिनक नाम पङ्क्ति गेननि पतिक नामपव चन्द्रारती । दुर्भाग्या, अ रूत कमहि खरश्रामे रिधरा 'भ' गेनीहि । खपन योग्याता-स्मृता, चतुवता तथा दृढ गङ्गाशीङ्गिक रूतपव बाज्यक शोसन-सूत्र खपन हाथमे नेननि आ एक-सँ-एक महत्त्वपूर्ण ओ स्थायी कीर्ति स्थापित कऽ गेनीहि, जे आगयो हिनका जीरित बखने छनि ।

हिनक कीर्ति देखि नार्ड रिनमिगण्टन (**Viceroy and Governor General of India**) एक सनद प्रदान कऽ हिनका 'बानी'क उपाधि दऽ अनंतत कयनथिन । सनद मे निखन अछि- **I hereby confer upon you the title of 'Rani' as a personal distinction.**"

'प्रभात'क बानीसाहिरौक रिषयमे अनेक अंकमे हुनक कीर्ति-यशक आनेथ आ करिता (धारारहिक सेहो) प्रकाशित अछि, किन्तु सब अंक उपनछ नहि बहनाक कावणसँ, जतरहि उपनछ 'भ' सकन अछि, ओ एक ठाम समेष्टि प्रसृत क' बहन छी । एक समस्यार्थिक सेहो हिनक नामपव बाखन गेन अछि ' जत चन्द्रारति बानी', ओ समस्यार्थि अध्यायमे पछिना अंकमे प्रकाशित भेन छन । 'प्रभात'मे एक रिशेषाक निकनरौक घोषणा भेन छन 'चंद्राकि'जे क्रमाव चन्द्रानन्द सिंह एरं बानी चन्द्रारतीक कीर्तिगाथा बहत । हरक संघ कोअनख द्वारा प्रदत्त दू अतिनन्दन-पत्रक प्रतिनिपिमे मात्र एक उपनछ अछि, दोसब जे अंक नष्ट 'भ' गेन, ओहीमे बहन हेतैक ।

শ্রীমতী বানী সাহিরাঁক চন্দ্রারতী জীকেঁ হরক
সংঘ,কোণনখক তবফসঁ দূ ঋভিনন্দন পত্র দেন
জয়তেহি । প্রথম ঋভিনন্দন পত্রক প্রতিনিপি নিম্ননিখিত
ঋষ্টি :- সম্পাদক ।

শ্রী ৩. মতী বানী চন্দ্রারতী সাহিরাঁ জীক কব
কঁজমে 'বানী'ক ঔপাধি প্রাপ্ত হযরাঁক ঋরসবপব সাদব
সমর্পিত ।

ঋভিনন্দন পত্র

দযারতি !

ঋপনেক ' বানী ' ঔপাধি পযরাঁক সঁরাদ দ্রাবা জাহি
ঋনিরচনীয ঋনন্দক সৃষ্টি এহি গামক সমস্ত ঋরান-বৃহ
মন্ডনীমে ভেন ঋষ্টি ওকবা রাজ কবরঁ ঋসম্বর ।
ছদয হর্ষ রাজ কবরাঁক ঔপহাজ সাধনাভাজেঁ
হমবানোকনিক ছদয -সাত্রাজ্য ঋন্দানিত ভয গেন
ঋষ্টি ।

ঋপনেক ঋকার্ণি -সুর্গা-কীর্তি-নতাক প্রতিনিধি সুকপ
কাশীস্থ শ্রীঋমা মন্দিবক গগনমে গুর্মঁজকেঁ দেখি
সামপ্রতিক ভাবতাধিপতি ঋপনা জন্মতিখিক শুভ
ঋরসবপব ঋপনে কাঁ 'বানী' ঔপাধি দয ঋপনাকেঁ

গৌবরান্নিত কয়লৈন্থ খ্ৰিষ্টি ।

হে কীৰ্তি-স্নকপে ! হে পবমোদাবাশীয ! ! হমবহু
নোকনি খপনেক মন কীৰ্তি চন্দ মঁ চন্দিতা, বিদ্যা-
বুক্ষি, বন-ৰৌভর, শ্ৰভা-প্ৰতিভা, জ্ঞান-বিজ্ঞান খ্ৰাদি
দেৰোচিত গুণমঁ খনঞ্জতা খধিপতিক ছব্ৰছাযামে বহৰাক
স্বখরসব পাৰি কোগনখকে পুন: পূৰ্বরত বিদ্যা-বুক্ষিক
কেন্দ রঁনায খপনেক জন্মভূমিক গৌবর কঁয়রাক গঙ্কক
ছী ।

প্ৰাচীন মিথিনাক ফনপতি কল্প ধৰ্ম রশিগ্ৰরত খপনা
পিত্ৰদেৱক পদ-চিন্তক খন্বশীষণ কয় বিদ্যাদানক নিমিত্ত
খপনে মৰপ্ৰথম চিবকান পূৰ্ব উগ্ৰত ভেনহঁ । কতেক রাঁধা
কতেক ৰিপৰ্যয দুৰ্দ্ধা গিবিরত খপনেক পথ-ৰোধ কযনে
ঠঙ্ক ছন পবন্তু চিবন্তন খশীরাদিনী খপনে জাহি খদম্য
উমোহ, উকেঠ খভিনাষা এৰঁ য়োব কৰ্ত্তৱ্য পবাযণতাক
খরনস্বন কয যনে জাবী বাখন, তকব ফনস্নকপ এহি
গ্ৰাম মধ্য ৰিশ্ৰুতনামা খংবেজী স্কূন ৰিহমান খ্ৰিষ্টি ।
খপনেক খঠন ৰিহ্যান্ববাগ দেখি হমবা নোকনিকে পূৰ্ণ
খাশী হোগঙ্ক জে য়েহ স্কূন ৰিশীন কপ ধাষণ কয
জ্ঞানক খানোকমঁ খজ্ঞান তিমিবাঙ্কন হমবা নোকনিক মনো
মন্দিবকে উডঙ্কন কৰেত খপনেক ধৰ্ম্ম-কাৰ্যক শীঘ্ৰত
ৰৈজযন্তী রঁনন বহত ।

হে কোগনখ-ভাগ্য-ৰিধাত্ৰি ! হে বিদ্যাদানেক ব্ৰতী !
খপনেক উপকাবক ভাব মঁ দৰঁন বহনহঁ, মন্তানক ভাৰী
উন্নতিক উপকৰণক হেত্ৰ ফেবি খাশীন্নিত নেত্ৰমঁ নিশচন-

নিঃসন্দ কপেঁ ঋপনহিক দিশি তাকি ঋপনেক দীর্ঘ
জীরনক হেত্ত ভগরানসঁ ঋান্ত্রবিক প্রার্থনা কবৈত ঙ্গী ।

ঋপনেক সেরক

হরক-সংঘ, কোগনথ ।

(রর্ষ-02, ঋক-08, ঋগন্তু-1934 ঙ্গা.)

কাশীক যত্তমে ঋদম্মা উসোহ

শ্রী বমানন্দ ম্মা, কোগনথ ।

1934 ঙ্গা.মে তা. 13 জুনাগক শ্রীমতী বানী চন্দ্রারতী
মাহোদাবাশিয়া, এহি ঋসাব সংসাবমে কেরন ধর্মহি কঁা
সাবরান রুঁনি স্নর্গোপমা কাশীস্থ মণিকর্পিকা ওব রিশ্নিনাথ
ঋল্পপূর্গাকি স্নর্গিত মেঁ এক মনোহব ওব ঋতি রিশ্নান
স্নর্গিমিত মন্দিবমে জগজ্জননী জানকী সহিত জগন্নিযন্তা
জগদীশ্বিব শ্রী বামচন্দ্রক স্বেদুহ ওব স্বেদব প্রতিমাক তথা
নক্ষ্মণা মহারীব ওব নক্ষ্মাক প্রতিমাক স্থাপনা কেনে
ঙনৌহ । এহি ঋল্পম কীর্তিক বৃতান্ত যত্ত দিরসসঁ কিঙ
কান পূর্গিসঁ মেঁথিন সমাজকেঁ কর্পপথ ভেন ডনৌহ ।
ঋনন্তব ওহি স্বেথরসব কেঁ ঋলন্ত ঋসন্ন কান রুঁনি
নিমন্ত্রিত গ্ণী কুর্দুসঁ সঁ ঋতিবিজা হমব মেঁথিন
মন্ডনী, ঋবারথকো স্নর্গহকার্যকেঁ তিনাজনি দয কাশীক
যাত্রা কবৈত গেনাহ কিঙ কাশী গমনেঙুকর্যাজিসঁ

ष्टशेनपव एक छोट-मोठ मेना भ' गेलैक । ओहि
 मेनाकेँ देखि कतिपय जेठिनमेन नोकनि द्वि, चावि
 कोठनी क्लिर् कय नेलेन्ह ठुव रहूत गनहसुक भोग्य
 करैत भारी खानन्दक रेगरती धावा मे गौता खागत
 धूम जान सँ रिदा भय रँनावस पहुँचैत गेनाह ।
 ओहिठाम किछ कान पूरहिंसँ खागत्रुक राजिक स्वागतार्थ
 मोठैव, रँग्गी, ठमठम खादि सरावी नय कर्मचावी नोकनि
 उपस्थित भ क यथा योग्य स्वागत कय निश्चित स्थानमे
 पहुँचाय दिरा प्रामादमे स्थान देनथिन्ह ठुव उपसुक राजि
 सहित सभे गौठा केँ भोजनादिक सुप्ररँह्र यथेछान्नहन
 कय देनथिन्ह । यत्र दिरस तँ अति सुदिन छन
 सुप्रभातक राँद शुभ ऋहूर्त मे यत्र खुरँ धूमधामसँ
 प्रावसु भेन । ओहि कानक दृष्ट अति वमणिक
 छन । रेदत्र नोकनि मार्गनिक मंत्राचावण सँ यत्र भरणकेँ
 र्गजायमान करैत छनाह । कतिपय रेदपाठी नोकनि
 रेदपाठ करैत छनाह । का वामायण पाठ करैत
 छनाह, का दुर्गापाठ करैत छनाह । स्रुति राचकादि
 रँहसंख्यक ब्रौह्मण सभ, समयोचित नूतन सयग्यापरीत
 कर्षि सूत्राग्नीयक रम्वारवृत्त भय ङ्ग स्रुति गवादि
 मन्त्र दीर्घस्रुतेषोऽचावण करैत
 छनाह । आचार्य, ब्रौह्म, ऋग्निज, प्रबोहित खादि अपन-अपन
 यथा रिहित मानकवण पष्ट रम्वानंश्रत भय स्रुकार्य मे
 दउचित छनाह । प्रह्लनितान्नि, प्रचुव हरनीय पदार्थसँ
 जठवाग्निकेँ शोभु करैत छनाह । होम धूमन सँ आकाशि
 मन्दन आहुन्न छन । गानरती ननना गण अपन-अपन
 रेशे धावण कय सुस्रव सँ गान करैत छनीह । का अपन
 नेत्र केँ खानन्द दैत छनीह । रिद्वान नोकनि अपनामे
 रिद्याक रिचाव करैत छनाह । का यग्यासेरक सम्याकतया

পর্যায়োচন কৰেত ছনাহ। কতিপয় কৰ্ণ সুখদ রাগ্য সমূহক শ্ৰেণ কৰেত ছনাহ। ঘৰ্ম পীড়ি তজন, বিজনী পৰ্থা দ্বাৰা ঋপন ঋপন সূন কায কেঁ সুখ পহুঁচেৰেঁত ছনাহ। বঁহুত এহনো মহান্নভাৰ নোকনি ছনাহ জে ঋপন ঋপন ডেৰে পব ঐশি ঋবামমে নীন ছনাহ। বঁন্দুকক শ্ৰবন ঋৰাজ সঁ কাশী নিরাসী বধিব প্ৰায় ভে গেন ছনাহ। মানু ওহি কানক ঋনুপম শৌভাক ঋরনোকন সঁ দৰ্মকিগণ, ঋপনাকেঁ জন্ম সুফন ঔব ঋহো ভাগ্যরান বঁমৌত ছনাহ। যত্নক ঋরমান কবীৰঁ চাবি বঁজেমে ভেনেক। কমন্তি মে নিমন্ত্ৰিত ঋদি ঋসখা ব্রাহ্মণ নোকনি, ঋমৃতপ্ৰায় মেৰা,মিসবী, মিগ্ৰান্ন, পূবী, বারুঁ ী ঋদি ঋনেক বিধ ভক্ষ্য পদার্থ সঁ ঋপৰ্যাপ্তি কপেঁ স্নকীযোদব কেঁ ভবনৈহ। ঋনন্তুব নিমন্ত্ৰিত গ্ৰাণী, বঁদুঁঐ ঋদি রাজি, যথাযোগ্য বস্ত্ৰ,দ্রব্যাদি সঁ সম্মানিত কৈন গেনাহ। ঋন্তুমে দযাদ্ৰুদ্রদযা শ্ৰীমতী উঁজ বানী সাহিৰী, ঋনাহুত রাজিক দুঃ ঋরনোকন কয মেখিন মাত্ৰক রাষ্ট্ৰ এগ্যাবহ বপযাক মহতী সভা কয ঋসীম সুযশীক ভাগিনী ভেনীহ। কমচাবিয়ো নোকনি কেঁ যশে ভেনৈহ। গবনম । (শ্ৰী বমানন্দ ঋা)

(বৰ্ষ-2, ঋক-9, সিতম্বব-1934 ঋ।)

বঁনৌনী বাজৰশীক দানশীনতা

শ্ৰী ঘনানন্দ ঋা, বানীঠেন।

(1924 ঋ.মে 'ঘটকবাজ' (পঁজীথৰঁঋ)প্ৰস্তুক হিনক

प्रकाशित छनि ।)

मानर समाजमे नाना तबहक ग्रुण रिशिष्ठ नोक सरँ बहैत थछि । ताहि सौँ संभावक कार्य सरँ सम्पन्न भ बहन थछि । नाना प्रकारक ग्रुणमे दया ओ दान सरँ सौँ रूढन थछि । जाहि दानक फन सौँ भगवान रैनिक दवरारा पब सतत स्थिर बहैत छथिन्ह । तथा अक्षय कीर्ति भूमंडनमे रापु भगछ । से एहि रनेनी बाजरुशेमे जेहेन दानक कीर्ति कौहुदी मिथिना-मैथिन समाजमे रापु छन ओ सम्प्रतिओ थछि । तेहेन कीर्ति अत्र स्थानमे देखयमे देखयमे नहि थछि । यद्यपि उँज बाजरुशेक दानशीनताक रणन ओ छद्म अत्रचव बृते द्वैर अममुर, तथापि किछ दिग्दर्शन कवरौक प्ररन गछा काँ नहि बोकि सकनहुँ । तेँ निथैत छी जे गत बाजा नीनानन्द सिंह केँ नियम छनैन्ह जे प्रति दिन सहव्र बजत हुदा दान कय तखन अन्न जन ग्रहण कबथि । ओ दवभंगा नवेशे केँ रागस नाथ ठाँकाक बजिमुद्री दस्तारेज ओहिना असूनी निथि रापस कय देने छनथिन्ह । ताही तबहै बाजा पद्मानन्द सिंह प्रवह शैतारथि ठाँका दान कय तखन भोजन कबथि । हिनका समयमे प्रायः भनमानुस मैथिन रखा कियो एहेन नहि छनाह । रो छथि जे हिनक दान पात्र नहि रनन होथि । उँज बाजा साहरँ काँ कर्क उँपमा दैत छनैन्ह । रासुरिक हिम अत्रमे शीताखाछादन (शीन-दुशीना) प्रति ररुष हजारो मैथिन परैत छनाह । एथनि धवि कतेक गोठेँ काँ हुनक देन शीन-दुशीना ररुमान थछि । कमाव चन्द्रानंद सिंह सरँ तबहै भोनानाथ जेकाँ उँठव दानिये छनाह । जखन जे रसुक याचना नोक करैत छन तक्षेणे भेठि

জাগত ছত্ৰেক । সমপ্রতি শ্রীমতী বানীচন্দ্রারতী সাহিরায়ে
 উজ রহত গুণ রতমান ঠেহ । হিনক কাৰ্তি তঁ রহত
 ঠেহ । তথাপি কিছু দেখবৈত ছী । জে
 শ্রী 108 কামাখ্যা সিংহ পাঠমে জেঁ কি পহে ৷ ভূমি
 খছি । তাহি ঠাম খুরঁ ধনধব সরোরব রঁনরা দেনে
 ছথি । ও কাশীমে থামা মন্দিব রঁনরায় তাহিমে সয
 গোঠেঁকে প্রবহ ভোজনাছাদন ভেটী বহন খছি ।
 কোগনখমে পতি স্মাবক মিডন গল্লিশি স্কুন খোনি দেনে
 ছথি । জাহিমে দু সয নগভগ রিছার্থী পহি বহন
 খছি । ও প্রতি রষ 20,24 রিছার্থী পাস কয হিনক
 কাৰ্তি কৌহুদীকেঁ রহবৈত খছি । এহি স্কুনমে ছাত্ররস্মাকেঁ
 একো কেঁচা স্কুন কে ফীস নহি নগৌত ঠেহ । তথা
 শিক্ষক রস্মা কোনো ছাত্রসঁ কোনো তবহক দরারঠ
 দরাদিক নহি কবৈত ছথিন্হ । শ্রীমতী বানী সাহিরা নহ্ন
 হজাব কপেয়া জমা কয দেনে ছথিন্হ । তকবে সূদি সঁ
 শিক্ষক রস্মাকেঁ মাসিক রেতন পূর্ণ বীতিএঁ সময়পব
 ভেটেঁত ছহি রো কতেক সন্ন্থনী রস্মাক নিরাহি ভয বহন
 খছি । ও, পুরাঁবি কাত জনধব সরোরব খছি । তকব
 যত্তমে দর্য রিতবণ কযনৈহ । তথা 108 কোগনখ
 দেৱীক মন্দিব রঁনরৌ মে প্রচুব দর্য দান কযনে ছনি ।
 পুনঃ উজ মন্দিবক রাস্তু রিচাব- রিমর্শ কয বহন
 ছথি । রো কোনো খস্পতানমে এক নক্ষ ঠাকা দান
 কেনে ছথি ।

(রষ-2, ঝক-10, খকটুঁরব 21934 গা.)

रैनेली बाजरंशिक ग्णान्तराद

नूठन सा

रैनेली बाजरंशिक ग्णान्तराद निखरँ महम्म 'राहू समेत काँ दूर्घट्ट छैन तखन एक हस्तु सँ खस्यदादि कहाँ तक निथि सके छी । तारतापि दृष्टु ठुव श्रुतग्णक नेथ यथा साधा निथि खपना चित्रक रेग काँ पूर्ण करै छी । एहि बाजरंशि ये बाजा सरँहिक शिरोमणि दानरीब नीनानन्द सिंह कर्णबाजाक खरताव भेनाह । एक महम्म निलदान रिना कयने खल्लजनहि कबथि जाहि हेतु 36 नम्ब स्टुठमे देनाय भय गेनेक ताहि समयमे दवभंगा महाबाज नम्बाम्शिव सिंह रँहाद्वक जिम्मा 22 नम्ब कपेयाक डिग्री छनैन । उऊ महाबाजाधिबाज काँ तकव खदाय कवरौक चित्रा अधिक छनैन पवतु पूर्णिया कोठीमे जखन मिथिनेशि सम्प्राप्त भेनाह, दानरीब बाजा नीनानन्द सिंह ओहि डिग्री काँ साक्षात नम्बाम्शिवक रँहिंसँ पयवपव छह । य दम्बिण हस्तु सँ माथपव खाशीरदि कयनथीन जे हयव समान दान कवरौक उँसोह पवमेश्वर खहाँ काँ देखि । उऊ मिथिनेशि पवम् सुप्रसन्न भय यमोगान करैत खपना बाजा काँ कय दवभंगा खयनाह । के दानरीबता बाजा नीनानन्द सिंहहि ये छनैन । हिनक खामेज बाजा पद्मानन्द सिंह रँहाद्वह काँ एक शेत निल दान कवरौक ब्रत छनैन । हिनक बानी श्री 108 यती चन्द्रारती खपना रंशिक मयादि ठुव धर्मक बम्बा कवरौमे निवतुव दउठित्त बहै छथि । काशीमे श्री 1008 यती कानी जीक मन्दिर रँनराय

প্রতিষ্ঠা কয় মৌখিন বিদ্যার্থী নোকনিক হেতু পাকশীনা
কয় খল্লদান কয় বহন ছুথি। এহি ধর্মকর্মক মাত্ৰা কাঁ
রঁনায় খনেক ধনরানক চিত্তমে উঁসোহক উঁপেত্তি কয় বহন
ছুথি। হিনক ধন্যরাদ খনন্তানন্ত ব্রৌহ্মণ কয় বহন
ছুথি। হম ছদয় সঁ খাশীরাঁদি কবে ছী ঙা চিবঁজীরিনী
বহথি।

(বর্ষ-01, ঋক-12, দিসম্বঁব 1933 ঙা.)

রঁনেনী কীর্তি নতিকা

বামচন্দ্র স্মা, বানীঠেন

ধন্য কোগনখ গ্রাম খছি খক,
মাত্ত ও ধন্যা থিকী।
ধন্য নব ও জনক প্বনি,
জনিক চন্দ্রারতি কন্যা থিকী।।
জেহি রঁশি শৌভিত ছুথি শ্রীমতি,
তকব রঁর্নি কী কক।
জে ভবন খছি স্বধা বস সঁ তেহি--
রাবি কণ সৌঁ কে ভক।।
পব ছুদ্র মতি মানৈত নহি খছি,
কীর্তি খছ্ত সূনি কয়।
তৌ কিছু হম ভাখেত ছী,
শ্রী শঁঞ্জি যগপদ চূমি কয়।।
বাজা নীনানন্দ সিঁহ নিত,
হজাব কপয়া দান কয়।

स्वरुर्षि लादि भूषण,
 दविद्र के पव दान कय । ।
 करैत छुनाह भोजन खादि, नृप
 तखन खति मानन्द भय । ।
 शीसन वीति ओ नृप नीति नखि
 प्रजा छन खानन्द मय । ।
 बाजा पद्मानन्द सिंहक
 प्रख्यात दान शीनता ।
 कत रूह्य जन ओखन करै छथि,
 कर्ष नृपक तुनाता । ।
 प्रातः बजत क्रुद्रा एक मत नित
 दान कय रिपेन्द्र ओ ।
 दीन जन मत्तुष्ट कय भोजन
 कवग छना नरेन्द्र ओ । ।
 दवरौव त फुजने बहग छन,
 रिप्र दुथिया नय सदा ।
 खजग्य नहि केर घुबि सकना,
 पौने रिन धन सम्पदा । ।
 तुम्ना को भव दो रँजेत केओ
 साधु गेना तहाँ ।
 कपया नगा देन टेव भवि
 चनना खानन्दित द्वै महा । ।
 के के नहि खानन्द भेन ओहि
 नृपति शीसन कानमे ।
 ग्ण गान घब-घब होगत छन,
 नव नावि हरती रँन मे । ।
 तेहि सिंहासन पव এখন
 शौभैत श्री सबकाव छथि ।

कन धर्म मे तपेव अधिक
 श्रीमती धर्मगाव छथि । ।
 जनिक उँडङ्गन यशे पताका,
 अति उँच भय शोभेतछनि ।
 काशीक थामा भरनमे नित,
 द्विजक जय ध्वनि होगत छनि । ।
 अछि सब सुशोभित सनिन सुन्दर,
 सुष्ठु कामाख्या जनिक ।
 कत ँषधानय खनाथानय,
 गणगान होगये जनिक । ।
 निज जन्म गाँर ह्री.एम.डा.
 स्कून पति स्यावकी ।
 कत छात्र शिक्षा प्राप्त होग छथि,
 एँ सँ अधिक उपकार की । ।
 स्रत आर्य कन जॉर्ज पॉसरा
 श्रीमतिक गण सूनि कय ।
 'बानी'पद सँ कयन सुशोभित
 बाह्यपति तिय गूणि कय । ।
 ' प्रभात ' भेन हिनके प्रपा सँ
 उँठन हरक उँसोह कय ।
 एकवा निमाहरँ श्रीमती के--
 हाथ छनि प्रामोह दय । ।
 पानित छनाह पूँरज गण हमर,
 जिहि बाज्य छायामे सदा ।
 वामचन्द्र श्रीमतिक दयाक,
 अधिकार हमरो सरदा । ।
 श्री वामचन्द्र सा ,बानीठैन ।
 रर्य-02, अँक-10, अँकठूँरव-1934 डा.)
 धन्य कोगनथ ग्राम अछि अँक,

मातु ओ धन्या थिकी ।
 धन्य नव ओ जनक पुनि,
 जनिक चन्दारति कन्या थिकी । ।
 जेहि रंशे शोभित छथि श्रीमति,
 तकव रंशे की कर ।
 जे भवन खड्डि सुधा बस सँ तेहि--
 राबि कण सौं के भक । ।
 पव छुद्र मति मानेत नहि खड्डि,
 कीर्ति खड्डत सूनि कय ।
 तै किछु हम भाखेत छी,
 श्री शक्ति ह्यगपद चूमि कय । ।
 बाजा नीनानन्द सिंह नित,
 हजार कपया दान कय ।
 स्वरुण लादि भूषण,
 दबिद्र के पव दान कय । ।
 कबैत छनाह भोजन खादि, नृप
 तखन खति मानन्द भय । ।
 शोसन वीति ओ नृप नीति नथि
 प्रजा छन खानन्द मय । ।
 बाजा पद्मानंद सिंहक
 प्रथात दान शीनता ।
 कत रूह जन ठुंखन कबै छथि,
 कर्ण नृपक तुनाता । ।
 प्रातः बजत रुद्रा एक मत नित
 दान कय रिपेन्द्र ओ ।
 दीन जन मनुष्य कय भोजन
 कवग छना नरेन्द्र ओ । ।
 दवरौव त हुजने बहग छन,

রিশ্র দৃথিয়া নয় সদা ।
 খাজন্য নহি কের ঘৃবি সকনা,
 পৌনে বিন ধন সম্পদা । ।
 তুম্মা কো ভব দো রঁজৈত কেও
 সাধু গেনা তহাঁ ।
 রুপযা নগা দেন টেব ভবি
 চননা খানন্দিত ট্টৈ মহা । ।
 কে কে নহি খানন্দ ভেন ওহি
 নৃপতি শাসন কানমে ।
 গুণ গান ঘব-ঘব হোগত ছন,
 নব নাবি হরতী রাঁন মে । ।
 তেহি সিঁহাসন পব এখন
 শৌভেত শ্রী সবকাব ছুথি ।
 ফন ধর্ম মে তপেব ঋধিক
 শ্রীমতী ধর্মগিব ছুথি । ।
 জনিক উঁজ্জ্বন যশে পতাকা,
 ঋতি উঁচ ভয় শৌভেতছনি ।
 কাশীক ষ্ঠামা ভরনমে নিত,
 দ্বিজক জয় ধ্বনি হোগত ছনি । ।
 ঋষ্টি সব স্বশৌভিত সনিন স্বন্দব,
 স্নুছ কামাখ্যা জনিক ।
 কত ঔষধানয় খনাখানয়,
 গুণগান হোগযে জনিক । ।
 নিজ জন্ম গাঁর হ্রী.এম.ঙা.
 স্কূন পতি স্মাবকী ।
 কত ছাত্র শিক্ষা প্রাপ্ত হোগ ছুথি,
 ঐ সঁ ঋধিক উপকাব কী । ।
 স্নত ঋর্য ফন জর্জ পাসঁরা
 শ্রীমতিক গুণ সূনি কয় ।

'बानी'पद सँ कयन सुशोभित
बासुधुपति तिय गृषि कय । ।
' प्रभात ' भेन हिनके प्रपा सँ
ऊठन हरक उमोह कय ।
एकरा निमाहरँ श्रीमती के--
हाथ छनि प्रामोह दय । ।
पानित छनाह पूरज गण हमब,
जिहि बाज्य छायामे सदा ।
बामचन्द्र श्रीमतिक दयाक,
अधिकार हमरो सरदा । ।
श्री बामचन्द्र मा ,बानीठैन ।
बर्ष-02, अंक-10, अक्टूबर-1934 (ग.)

काशीकाबु मिश्र 'मधुप' जी सेहो बानी चन्द्रारतीक
धावाराहिक रूपमे कीर्तिगाथा ' बानी चन्द्रारती चवित '
'प्रभात'मे निखने छथि । दुर्भाग्यरशे सब अंक उपनछ
नहि अछि, तेँ समग्रतामे तँ नहि, आशिके रूपमे
उपनछ अछि, जे रिदेहक अग्निना अंकमे प्रस्तुत
कवरँ ।

संपादकीय सूचना-एहि सिबीजक प्रवान फ्रम एहि निंकपब
जा क२ पठ्ाि सकैत छी-

मैथिनी साहित्यमे ताबानाथ मा एरँ हुनक पबिराबक
योगदान-1

मैथिनी साहित्यमे ताबानाथ मा एरँ हुनक पबिराबक
योगदान-2

মৈথিলী সাহিত্যে তাবানাথ ম্মা এর হুনক পবিরাবক
যোগদান-3

মৈথিলী সাহিত্যে তাবানাথ ম্মা এর হুনক পবিরাবক
যোগদান-4

মৈথিলী সাহিত্যে তাবানাথ ম্মা এর হুনক পবিরাবক
যোগদান-5

মৈথিলী সাহিত্যে তাবানাথ ম্মা এর হুনক পবিরাবক
যোগদান-6

মৈথিলী সাহিত্যে তাবানাথ ম্মা এর হুনক পবিরাবক
যোগদান-7

মৈথিলী সাহিত্যে তাবানাথ ম্মা এর হুনক পবিরাবক
যোগদান-8

মৈথিলী সাহিত্যে তাবানাথ ম্মা এর হুনক পবিরাবক
যোগদান-9

খপন মন্তর editorial.staff.vidaha@zohomail.in পব
পঠাও ।

১.৩.নানদের কামত-নঘুকথা- জুডো কবার্ঠে



नानदेर कामत

नघुकथा- जूडो कवाठे

सतजीत था चैनसी नर दम्पतिके रैराहिक जीरन हानिमे श्रवह भेन बहय । दूनू श्रीठे था समनदाव रूमन जागत बहेक । से चैनसी क' नेहव था मास्रवमे रैठे मान थादव होय । सतजीत सेहो थपन गाममे थपना सूमरूमन था सदरारहाव सँ गामक समाज था परोपष्टामे सवाहन मास्रव बहय । मास्रवाङ्गवमे तँ थारो नामी राजि कहने छनैक । कावण एको पाङ्ग दान-दहेज नहि नेने बहथि । एक वाति दूनू प्राणीमे जूडो कवाठे मादे पेद्योतक गप सबक्का चनननि । एकतँ १२/११ फिठक शियन कम्कमे जगह चीजरौस्त सँ थजरौवन , दोसव दिशि जूडो कवाठे म के रैशी पावंगत,जाहि

सँ सदा खपन झुंय बझा कवि सकतथि ! से तेहन ठूसी
हसतीमे नागननि जे सिनाडा मशीन सहित नैहब गाडी
मँगार्के सदा नैन चनिए गेलीह । खरँ हब हठात्
मेनजोन तँ रँठेन झुदा बहतीह घबजमेये धबि ।
जबनाहा जूडो-कवाठे कतय सँ धबहवाएने छुनैक ।

खपन मंतरा editorial.staff.vidaha@zohomail.in पब
पठाउ ।

२.४. पबमानन्द नात कर्ण-रँठे ।पाक जिनगी



পবমানন্দ
কর্ণ

নান

বুঁট পাক জিনগী

জেঠক দূপহবিয়া খপন কুবতা সঁ খাগি উগনৌত মৌসম
মে স্মনজী ঘবক ওমাবা পব বাখন খাঠ পব রৈসন
ছনাত । তুনক বুঁট শিবীব পসীনা সঁ তব রঁতব ছন
। সান্ন ভেন তহন কিছু বাহত ভেননি ঋদা খাঁখি সঁ
নীদ গায়র ছননি । নীদ কোনা খাওত ? ভোরে সঁ
খনাজক একত্ দানা তুনকা পেঠ মে নহি গেন ছননি
। ভুখ সঁ পেঠ রৈসন ছন । বাতি মে খাসমান
দিশে দেখেত খপন পনৌ সবস্নতীজী কেঁ যদি কবেত
খাঁখি সঁ ঠর-ঠর নোব গিরেত ছন । খাখিবকাব
স্মন জী কেঁ রঁদশিত নহি ভেননি । ও খাঠ পব সঁ
উঠি ভনসা ঘব মে এহি খাশী সঁ গেনখি জে ঘব মে
কিছু বাখন হোয়ত তহন খা নের, ঋদা ভনসা ঘব মে
গেনা পব দেখনখিন জে ঘবক সর রঁতন খানী খছি
। তকব রাঁদ ও ফ্রিজ খোনি দেখনখিন জে কিছু
বাখন হোয় ঋদা ফ্রিজ মে সেহো কিছু নহি ছন ।

স্বমন জী এক গিনাস পানি পীর ফ্বেব খাষ্ট পব ব্ৰৈসি
গেনাহ । ঘব মে ওহি দিন ভানস নহি বঁনন ছন,
কিএক ত২ ব্ৰেঁঠা থা প্তোহ্ কোনো শীদী সমাবোহ মে
গেন ছনাহ । বাতি মে স্বমনজীক নেন ভিনস্ববকা
রাঁচন দৃগ্ ঠা সোহাবী ভনমা ঘব মে বাখন ছন ।
শীদী সমাবোহ মে জাযত খন হনকব প্তোহ্ কহনখিন
জে রাঁবুঁজী হম সর সংগীক ব্ৰেঁঠীক বিখাহ মে জা বহন
ছী । খহাঁক নেন সোহাবী বাখি দেনহুঁ খছি, চায বঁনা
ক২ ওহি সংগে খা নের । হম সর দেব বাতি নৌঠর
। হুদা জখন ও ভোজন কবরাক নেন ভনমা ঘব মে
গেনাহ ত২ দেখেত ছখিন জে সোহাবী খবার ভ২ গেন
খছি ।

গ্ৰ কোনো নর রাঁত নহি ছন । সবস্নতী জী কেঁ
গ্বজবনাক রাঁদ খক্লব এহিনা হোযত ছন । বাতিক খানা
জে বঁচন খুচন বহেত ছন ও দিন মে থা দিনক খানা
বাতি মে মিনেত ছননি । গ্ৰ দিনচর্যা ভ২ গেন ছন
। স্বমন জী সর রাঁত মে হাঁ কহি খপন দিন গ্বজাবি
বহন ছনাহ । ও সোটেত ছনাহ জে ঘব মে বঁহম
কবনা সঁ কোনো ফাযদা নহি হোযত । কিছু বৌনর
তহন ঘব মে মহাভাবত ভ২ জাযত তেঁ ও চুপচাপ
বহেত ছনাহ । ভুখ সঁ বঁনবঁনাগত ও খাষ্ট পব
পড্া বহনাহ । খোড্কে দেব মে নীন খারি
গেননি । ভিনসরে ওঠনাক রাঁদ দেখনখিন জে প্তোহ্
ভনমা ঘব মে চায বঁনা বহন ছনাহ । প্তোহ্ চায-
পানি দেনখিন থা কহনখিন জে রাঁবুঁজী চায পীর ঘবক
সামান খানি দীখুঙ । নেহব সঁ কিছু নোকনি খার২
রানা খছি । স্বমন রাঁবুঁ কহনখিন , কনিয়া ঘব মে

रिक्कुठ र नमकीन रगेवह होयत त२ हमबा द२ देतहुँ
 । बाति हम थहाँक बाखन सोहारी नहि था सकनहुँ
 किएक त२ सोहारी खवार भ२ गेन छन । अ सुनेत
 ओ आगि रँवूना भ२ गेनीह था सुमन जी पव ठूँठि
 पडनीह जे थहाँ की कह२ चाहित छी जे हम थहाँ
 के रँसिया बोठी देने छनहुँ । हे भगरान ! थहाँ
 हमबा पव गज्जाम नगा बहन छी । एहि उँमिब मे
 सखेद सुठ राजि बहन छी । पहिने रँजाव सँ सङ्गी
 सर नारि दिखुँ । भानस रँननाक रँद खाना मिनत
 । एहि पव सुमन जी कहनथिन ठीक थछि, हम रँजाव
 सँ सामान नारि दैत छी । अ रात कहि ओ एकठा
 कठेरी मे रिक्कुठ देनथिन । सुमनजी रिक्कुठ था के
 पानि पीर चाय पीनाह । कप बाथि पुतोह सँ
 कहनथिन जे कनिया मोबा नारु हम रँजाव सँ सामान
 नारि दैत छी । मोबा न२ सुमनजी रँजाव सँ सामान
 न२ खननाह । तहन हुनकव पुतोह कहनथिन जे थार
 थहाँ थपन रँहव बाखन जे करौड सन सामान बखने
 छी तकवा थपना घब मे बाथि निख था ओहि ठाम आवाम
 सँ बहर । हमबा नेहव सँ जे नोकनि थारि बहन
 थछि हुनकव नजबि एहि करौड पव नहि पडराक
 चाही । एक पन त२ सुमनजी के भेननि जे कही
 कनिया अ थहाँक करौड रँमना जायत थछि ।
 अ हमव जिनगी भविक मिहनत नतीजा थछि । अदा
 मन मसोबि के बहि गेनाह । सुमनजी सोचि चप
 बहि गेनाह कि रँठाक थरैत पुतोह आसमान माथ पव
 उँठा नेताह । रँठा मोहन सेहो रिन्या रँमने घबरानीक
 पक्क न२ नैत छथि । दून प्राणी सदिखन रूहाश्रम मे

ছোডরাক ধমকী দৈত বহৈত ছুথি । মোহন খপনা ঘবরানীক রাঁত স্ননৈত ছুথিন খাঁথি মে ত২ কিছু নহি দেখেত ছুথিন । ভবন মন সঁ কাঁপৈত হাথ স্নমনজী খপন খাঠা উঠা ক২ খপনা কমবা মে ন২ গেনথিন । খাঠা পব খপন রিছৌনা ঠীক ক২ রৈসি গেনাহ । খাঠা পব রৈসি খপন খতীতক পন্না পনঠা২ নগনাহ । হনকা মন পডা২ নাগন জে কতেক মিল্লত কেনাক রাঁদ ভগরান একঠা রাঁনক ভেন ছন । সপনা দেখনে ছনহুঁ জে রৈঠা পেঘ হোযত তহন বুঠা পাক নাঠা রঁনত খা মহাবা মিনত । তখন ও নহি জানৈত ছনাহ জে খাপ্তা নাঠা হমবে পব পডা২ । ও খপনা রৈঠাক নানন পানন মে কোনো কমবি রাঁকী নহি বাখনাথি । শহবক নীক প্রাগরেঠ স্কুন মে হনকা পটা ১৩ন গেন । হনকব হব জিদ্দ পূবা কেনে ছনহুঁ । মোহন জখন কাঁনেজ মে গেনাহ তখন মোঠবসাগকিনক মাঁগ কেনে ছনাহ । পাগ্গাক খভার বহিতহুঁ হনকা মোঠবসাগকিন খবীদ দেনে ছনহুঁ । হম সোচেত ছনহুঁ জে একঠা রৈঠা খছি, হিনকব সর শৌক খা পসঁদ পূবা হোরাক চাহী । সবস্নতাজী ঠেঁকা ঠেঁকী সেহো কবেত বহৈত ছনথিন জে খহাঁ মোহন কে মাথ পব চটা ১ নৈত ছী । খহাঁ কে হনকা খপন পবিস্থিতি সঁ খরগত কবার ক চাহী । হুদা স্নমন জী ওহি রাঁত কে ঠানি দৈত ছনথিন । মোহন রাঁরুঁ খার সোচেত ছুথিন জে ও হমব পেঘ ভূন ছন । মোহন কে কাঁনেজক পটা ১গা সমাপ্ত ভেনা পব খপন কারোরীবক এক-এক ঠা রাঁত সিখেনথিন । কোনা হিসার-কিতার বাখন জায ? কোনা গহকী সঁ রাঁত কএন জায ? এহি সরহক হনব হনকা দেনথিন

। सुमन राँरूँ एक छोट्ट-छीन दुकान सँ अपन कारोराँव शुक केने छुनाह, अपना दम पव ओकव राँजावक पैघ शोकम मे तछीन क२ देने छुनाह । आनीशीन मकान रँनेने छुनाह । मोहनक रिखाह हुनकव मनपसंद नडकी सँ कवा देने छुनहँ जे सुखी सम्पन्न आ पठन-लिखन छुनीह ।

सबसुती जखन धवि जिंदा छुनीह तखन धवि सर किछु नीक छन । आ घब सुखा छन । सुमन राँरूँ घबक झुथिया छुनथि आ हुनकव एक-एक शिछ कानून छन । रँैठी मोहन आ हुनकव कनिया मान-सम्मान दैत छुनथि । सास पुतोह मिन के घब सम्मानैत छुनीह । राँहवक सर काम सुमन राँरूँ करैत छुनाह । झुदा आशुव के आ मंजूव नहि छुननि । सबसुती अचानक राँमाव पडि गेनीह जाहिमे सुमन राँरूँ पाआ पानि जकाँ रँहा देने छुनथि, झुदा ओ दुनिया छोट्टा एहि संसाव सँ रिदा भ२ गेनीह । तकव राँद त२ सुमन राँरूँक दुनिया उँजवि गेन । आर ओ रँैठी पुतोहक नेन रँोम रँनि के बही गेन छुनथि । मोहन कारोराँव अपना कछ्छा मे न२ नेने छुनाह । आर एकठा छोट्ट कमवा हुनकव दुनिया छुननि । खून पसीना रँहा क२ एतेक पैघ मकान रँनेने छुनाह, झुदा आर ओ कतह नहि जा सकैत छथि । सबसुतीजीक शोक मे सुमनजी राँमाव पडि गेन छुनाह, तखन दुकान संभानक जिम्भारावी मोहन के देन गेन छन । सुमनजीक ठीक भेना पव मोहन कहननि जे राँरूँजी खहाँ कमजोव भ२ गेनहँ अछि, उँमिब सेहो अधिक भ२ गेन अछि

। खहाँ घब पब बहु हम दुकान समझानि बहन छी ।
 सुमनजी सोछैत छनाह जे हम खखन नीक जकाँ दुकान
 समझानि सकैत छी, मोहन हमवा मना क२ खपने दुकान
 पब जायत छथि । खखन जेँ दुकान पब बहितहूँ त२
 खपना मन सँ जे खर्चा होयत से कबतहूँ । खार
 एक दिशे रैँठा दुकान पब कङ्का क२ नेनक त२ दोसब
 दिशे एहि ठाम कनिया ठीक सँ खाना दैत छथि । ज़
 सोछैत सोछैत हुनका खाँथि सँ ठर-ठर नोब गिब२
 नागन । थोड्े देबक रौद सुमनजी के पिखाम
 नागननि त२ भनमा घब मे पानि पिराक नेन गेनाह
 । गिनास मे पानि नेनथि झुदा पानि भवन गिनास
 हुनका हाथ सँ छुटि गेन । पानि फर्ष पब रिखवि
 गेन । गिनासक खारज सुनि मोहन दून प्राणी
 दोड्ाि भनमा घब मे खारि मोहनक कनिया सुमनजी
 सँ कहनथिन जे खहाँक कतेक मना करैत छी जे खहाँ
 भनमा घब मे नहि खारू झुदा खहाँ त२ कोनो रात
 मनराक तैयाब नहि बहैत छी । पूवा भनमा घब मे
 पानि फैन गेन खछि, खखन दाज्ा सेहो खाओत ज़ पानि
 खार कोना साहू होयत । मोहन कह२ नागनथिन
 रौरूजी खार खहाँ ठीक सँ नहि देख पावैत छी ।
 रिना मतनर भनमा घब मे खारि जायत छी ।
 ज़ सुनी सुमनजी छुटि गेनाह । नोब सँ भवन खाँथि
 नजबि मूका क२ खपना कयवा मे चनि गेनाह खा
 किराड्े रँद क२ नेननि । खार्ठ पब रैँसि खपना
 भाग्य पब सोच२ नगनाह । एक दिशे खाना नहि मिनन
 दोसबा दिशे पानि सेहो नहि पीर सकनहूँ । पियाम
 खनगनाक कावण फेब हिम्यत क२ ओ किराड्े खोनि
 रौहव खारि खपन रौनक मोहन सँ कहनथिन रौँखा

मोहन ! किछु खाना रैनन अछि तऽ हमबा दऽ दिख नहि तऽ एक गिनास पानि दिख । मोहन एकठौ रिक्कुठक पैकेठु आ एक गिनास पानि देनथिन । पानि पीर ओ खाठु पब रैसि गेनाह ।

खाठु पब रैसन सुमन राँवूक धान सोना मे ठाँगन सबस्रतीजीक होठे पब आ ओकब नीचा मे पैठी पब गेन । ओ समय कठराक उद्धुगु मँ पैठी मे मँ एनरँम निकानेथि । एनरँम निकानि होठे देखऽ नगनाह । होठे देख पैठी मे एनरँम बाखनथि । पैठी मे नुखा सर समेठु बहन छुनाह तऽ देखनथिन जे सबस्रतीजीक पर्स बाखन अछि । पर्स खोननथि जे देखनथिन जे ओहि मे पाँच-पाँच सौ आ सौ-सौ ठकाक किछु नोठु छुननि । सुमन राँवू ओहि कपया जेरौ मे नऽ के घब मँ राँहब निकननाह । तखन मोहन राँवू दूनु प्राणी रैसन छुनथि । दूनु मे मँ केओ नहि ठेकनथिन जे अहाँ कतऽ जा बहन छी ? पहिन रैब मोहन राँवूक एहसास भेननि जे आरँ हम आजाद छी । ओ सोचेत छुनाह जे आरँ घूबि के नहि जायब । सुमनजी के भूख नागन छुननि तेँ सरसँ पहिने एक ठाँरा पब रैसि खाना खेनथि । तकब राँद ओ सोचनथि जे खाना थाय मे ग्रा पाग्रा सर खमे भऽ जायत तेँ कोनो कारोराँब कएन जाय । ओ रँस पकडि शिहबक थोक राँजाब गेनाह । जाहि ठाम मँ चिन्म, नमकीन आ रिक्कुठक पैकेठु खरीदनथि । बेनरे स्टुशन पब एकठौ चठाँग खरीद कऽ रैसि गेनाह । स्टुशन पब धीरे-धीरे ओकब रिफ़ी होमय नागन

। ভবি দিন রৌচনা পব সাঁস ধবি এক সঞ ঠঁকাক
 ঙ্গনাফা ভেননি । হুনকা মন মে শীতি মিননৈন থা
 সোটেত ছনাহ জে থার হমব দিন নীক সঁ কঠি জায়ত
 । সাঁস মে হোঠন মে থানা থা ক২ স্টুশেনক বৈন
 রঁসেবা মে স্বতরাক নেন চনি গেনাহ । ভিনসবে স্বনভ
 শৌচানয মে দৈনিক দিনচর্যা সঁ নিবৃত্ত ভ২ সামান জে
 রাঁচন ছন ওকব রৌচি নাশতাক নেন চনি গেনাহ ।
 নাশতা কবনাক ঔপবাত ফেব খোক রাঁজাব সঁ সামান
 খবীদ থাননথি থা ঋপন নিশ্চিত স্থান পব রৌসি সামান
 রৌচ২ নগনাহ । ঋর স্বমনজীক ঙ্গ দিনচর্যা ভ২
 গেন । সর দিন নাশতা, দূপহবিযাক থানা, বাতিক
 থানা থা ক২ সামান সমেঠি বৈন রঁসেবা মে স্বতরাক
 নেন চনি জায়ত ছনাহ । হুনক বিনয স্বভার থা
 ঙ্গমানদাবী সঁ নোকনি ঋকর্ষিত হোযত ছন । ধীবে-
 ধীবে রিঁধী মে বৃষ্টি হোময নাগন জাহি সঁ ঋমদনী মে
 রঁঠা ঔবী ভেনা পব একঠা গুমঠী খবীদ ক২ গুমঠী
 মে পানি থা ফন সেহো বাখ২ নাগনথি । ঋরঁ হুনকব
 দূকান নীক সঁ চন২ নাগন । দোসব দিশে মোহন দূব্ব
 প্রাণী রৌখরঁব ভ২ কখনহ্ হুনকব খোজ বীন নহি
 কেনথিন ।

স্বমনজীক পোতা বোহন বিদেশে মে পঠা ঙ্গ ক২ বহন
 ছনাহ । পঠা ঙ্গ পূবা ক২ ওহি ঠাম নোকবী কবৌত
 ছনাহ । হুনকা দাদা-দাদী সঁ রঁডু নগার ছননি ।
 দাদা-দাদী সঁ মিনরাক গছা হোযত ছনৈন ঙ্গদা ছষ্টীক
 ঋভার মে ও গাম নহি ঋবৌত ছনাহ । ফোন পব
 মায-রাঁবুজী সঁ দাদা-দাদীক হান-চান জানি নৌত ছনাহ
 । দাদীক দেহারমান পব ও গাম ঋযন ছনাহ ।

तकव रौद ओ हेव अपना काम पव चनि गेन छनाह । नेनपन मे दादा सदिखन हुनका कहैत छनखिन-
 रौखा अहाँ पेघ आदमी रँनू रुदा अपन माँठि नहि
 बुनायर । बोहन के अपन दादाजीक यादि आरैत
 छन । किछ महीना सँ बोहन माय सँ होन क२
 दादाजीक हान जान२ चाहैत छनाह त२ माय नाथ नगा
 दैत छनखिन । कखनहु कहैत छनखिन जे दादाजी
 स्वतन छथि त२ कखनहु कहैत छनखिन जे दादाजी
 कोनो संगीक घब गेन छथि । बोहन दादाजीक राँत
 सदिखन यादि बाथैत छनाह जे गाम नहि छोड्-
 राक चाही । छुट्टी मिनना पव ओ गाम अरथु आरैत छनाह
 । दादीक देहारसानक रौद बोहन अपन संगीक संग
 गाम आरैत छनाह । ब्लागुठ सँ दिन्नी एनाह तकव
 रौद गामक नेन बेनगाड् ी पकड् नथि । स्टुशिन सँ
 रौहव भाड् ीक गाड् ी कवराक नेन जायत छनाह
 कि हुनकव संगी कहनखिन जे बोहन ! देखू ओ ग्वमठी
 पव अहाँक दादाजी मनक केओ पानिक रौतन रैच बहन
 अछि । पियाम सेहो नागन अछि । चनू ओहि ठाम सँ
 पानिक रौतन न२ नैत छी । बोहन ग्वमठी पव एनाह
 त२ हुनकव दिन धक सँ बहि गेन । समयक पहिया
 मानू बकि गेन । बोहनक आँखि फुटन के फुटन
 बहि गेन । दौड् के हुनका नग गेनाह आ गोव
 नागि कहननि- दादू ! हमवा नहि पहचानहुँ, हम
 अहाँक कछू । स्वमनजी कहननि - आडू !
 आडू ! हमव कछू ! कहु गाम कहिया एनहुँ ।
 बोहन कहनखिन जे दादू अखन हम गाम पव कहाँ
 गेनहुँ अछि । हम त२ अखन गाड् ी सँ उतबनहुँ

थुडि । त॒ त॒ ह॒म॒व॒ स॒ग॒ी॒ सु॒भा॒ष॒ क॒ह॒न॒क॒ जे॒ ह॒म॒वा॒
 थुडि॒ क॒ दा॒दू॒ ज॒काँ॒ ना॒गै॒त॒ थुडि॒ । त॒ह॒न॒ ह॒म॒ ए॒स॒व॒ ए॒न॒हूँ
 थुडि॒ । सु॒म॒न॒जी॒ क॒ह॒न॒नि॒ - थुडि॒ क॒शे॒न॒ म॒ंग॒न॒ सँ॒ छी॒ ने
 ? बो॒ह॒न॒ क॒ह॒न॒नि॒ - हाँ॒ दा॒दू॒ , ह॒म॒ त॒॒ ठी॒क॒ सँ॒ छी॒
 दू॒दा॒ थुडि॒ ए॒हि॒ उँ॒मि॒व॒ मे॒ ए॒हि॒ ठा॒म॒ ग॒म॒ठी॒ प॒व॒ कि॒ए
 दू॒का॒न॒ खो॒न॒ने॒ छी॒ ? थुडि॒ क॒ त॒॒ घ॒व॒ प॒व॒ ब॒ह॒रा॒क
 चा॒ली॒ । थुडि॒ क॒ ग॒ स॒र॒ क॒व॒रा॒क॒ कि॒ए॒ ज॒क॒व॒त॒ भे॒न
 ? मा॒य॒-रौ॒बूँ॒जी॒ क॒त॒॒ छु॒थि॒ ? ओ॒ थुडि॒ के॒ न॒हि
 बो॒क॒न॒थि॒ ? थुडि॒ क॒प॒ना॒ पो॒ता॒क॒ झूँ॒ह॒ सँ॒ पा॒व॒ थुडि॒
 थुडि॒ क॒प॒ना॒प॒न॒ भ॒व॒न॒ शि॒द्ध॒ सु॒नि॒ सु॒म॒न॒जी॒क॒ स॒ब्रूँ॒क॒ रौ॒धि॒ ठूँ॒ठि
 गे॒न॒ । ओ॒ काँ॒पे॒त॒ थुडि॒ क॒रा॒ज॒ मे॒थुडि॒ क॒प॒ना॒ प॒व॒ भे॒न॒ ए॒क॒-
 ए॒क॒ थुडि॒ क॒वा॒चा॒व॒क॒ क॒हा॒नी॒ ह॒न॒का॒ क॒ह॒न॒थि॒न॒ । ग॒ सु॒नि॒
 बो॒ह॒न॒क॒ पा॒ग॒व॒क॒ नी॒चा॒क॒ ज॒मी॒न॒ थि॒स॒कि॒ गे॒न॒ । ह॒न॒क॒व॒
 मा॒थ॒ घु॒म॒॒ ना॒ग॒न॒ । ओ॒ सो॒चि॒ ब॒ह॒न॒ छु॒ना॒ह॒ जे॒ जा॒हि
 मा॒य॒-रौ॒बूँ॒जी॒ के॒ ह॒म॒ भ॒ग॒रा॒न॒क॒ द॒र्जा॒ दे॒ने॒ छी॒ ह॒न॒क॒व॒
 ग॒ क॒व॒तू॒त॒ ह॒म॒वा॒ स॒म॒न॒ मे॒ न॒हि॒ थुडि॒ क॒रि॒ ब॒ह॒न॒ थुडि॒ ।
 थुडि॒ क॒रि॒ बो॒ह॒न॒क॒ थुडि॒ क॒थि॒ मे॒ नो॒व॒ न॒हि॒ थुडि॒ क॒पि॒तु॒ थुडि॒ क॒गा॒व॒ ध॒ध॒कि
 ब॒ह॒न॒ छु॒न॒ । बो॒ह॒न॒ ठा॒नि॒ ने॒न॒नि॒ जे॒ दा॒दा॒जी॒क॒ स॒ंग॒ ओ॒
 स॒र॒ ए॒ह॒न॒ स॒नू॒क॒ के॒न॒नि॒ थुडि॒ ता॒हि॒ ने॒न॒ ह॒न॒का॒ स॒र॒के॒
 स॒र॒क॒ ज॒क॒व॒ सि॒था॒य॒र॒ । स॒र॒सँ॒ प॒हि॒ने॒ ओ॒ हो॒ठे॒न॒ मे॒
 ए॒क॒ क॒म॒वा॒ रूँ॒क॒ के॒न॒नि॒ थुडि॒ क॒ दा॒दा॒जी॒ सँ॒ क॒ह॒न॒थि॒न॒ -
 दा॒दू॒, थुडि॒ क॒ ए॒हि॒ ठा॒म॒ ब॒ह॒ । ह॒म॒ त्र॒व॒त॒हि॒ नो॒ठे॒ के॒ थुडि॒ क॒रि॒
 ब॒ह॒न॒ छी॒ । थुडि॒ क॒रि॒ थुडि॒ क॒ के॒ थुडि॒ क॒प॒मा॒न॒ न॒हि॒ स॒ह॒॒ प॒ड॒त
 । बो॒ह॒न॒ स॒ट्टे॒शे॒न॒ प॒व॒ कि॒वा॒या॒क॒ गा॒ड॒ी॒ ठी॒क॒ क॒॒ घ॒व
 ए॒ना॒ह॒ । घ॒व॒ प॒हूँ॒चा॒ना॒ प॒व॒ मा॒य॒ क॒ह॒न॒थि॒न॒ - थुडि॒ क॒ थुडि॒ क॒चा॒न॒क॒
 ए॒न॒हूँ॒ , ह॒म॒वा॒ स॒र॒के॒ थुडि॒ क॒रि॒वि॒ क॒वि॒त॒हूँ॒ त॒॒ थुडि॒ क॒प॒न॒ गा॒ड॒ी
 भे॒ज॒ दे॒त॒हूँ॒ । बो॒ह॒न॒ क॒ह॒न॒नि॒ - मा॒य॒ ! ह॒म॒ जौँ॒
 प॒हि॒ने॒ रौँ॒ता॒ दे॒त॒हूँ॒ त॒॒ ग॒ स॒र॒ थुडि॒ क॒ ह॒म॒ न॒हि॒ दे॒ख

परितर्हँ जे हम अखन देख बहन छी । बोलनक माय किछु नहि बुँमनथिन । ओ सुमनजी के जेब सँ कहनथिन - सुने छी ! बोलन आयन अछि । सुमनजी खुशी सँ एनाह आ बोलन सँ कहानथिन - कश्मेर मंगन सँ छी ने ? बोलन कहननि - हाँ राँबूजी ! बोलन माय सँ पृष्ठनथिन - माय ! दादू कहाँ छथिन हुनका नहि देख बहन छी । ओ सुतन छथि की ? एहि पब हुनकब माय कहननि - दादाजी शिहब कोनो मंगीक घब गेन छथि । घब पब सुतन-सुतन रौब भुँ बहन छनथि तऽ हमहि कहनहँ जे राँबूजी कनि राँहब घूमि आबू तहन मन रँहिन जाओत । बाति मे खेब माय सँ पृष्ठनथिन जे दादू नहि एनथिन तहन माय कहनथिन जे ओ मंगीक घब पब ककि गेन हेताह । भिनसबे बोलन उँठि शिहब गेनथि आ दादाजीक संग नास्ता कऽ कहनथिन - दादू ! घब पब चन्न । सुमन जी कहनथिन - अहाँ जाडू ! आर हम घब नहि जा चाहित छी । एहि ठाम समय नीक सँ कर्षि जायत अछि । एहि बोलन कहनथिन - दादू ! अहाँ कतेक खून-पसीना रँहा कऽ घब रँनेने छी आ अहाँ घब छोड्दि देर । हमबा अछैत अहाँ ग्वमठी मे बहर, अ नहि भुँ सकैत अछि । चन्न अहाँक संग हम चनेत छी । बोलन दादू के नऽ के पहिने थाना गेनथि, ओहि ठाम अपना माय - राँबूजीक रिक्कह एकठाँ शिकायती पत्र दऽ घब आरि गेनाह । घब पब सुमनजी के देखि मोहन दून प्राणी अकचका गेनथि आ बोलन सँ कहनथिन - दादाजी अहाँक कोन ठाम मिननाह । बोलन ग्वसा सँ कहनथिन - माय-राँबूजी तऽ भुगरानक कप होयत अछि । दादा

খহাঁ সর তহ হৈরানক কপ ভহ গেনহুঁ খছি । দাদু কে
 খহাঁ সর এতেক কষ্ট দেনহুঁ জে ও গুমঠী মে খপন
 সময় কাঠি বহন ছনাহ । খহাঁ সরহক জীৱন পব
 নানত খছি । ভগরান কখনহুঁ খহাঁ সর কে মাফ নহি
 কতবাতাহ ।

খোড়্কে দেব মে থানা সঁ প্বনিস খারি গেন । প্বনিস
 দেখ মোহন দুন্ন প্রাণী কাঁপহ নগনাহ । প্বনিস হুনকা
 সঁ কহনখিন জে খহাঁ সরহক রিকফ এক শিকায়তী পত্র
 মিনন খছি, জেকব খনুসাব খহাঁ সর খপনা রাঁবুঁজী কে
 প্রতাড়া ত কহ বহন ছী । খহাঁ সরহক নেন
 গিবহতাবী রাবঁট খায়ন খছি । গা স্বনি দুন্ন প্রাণী
 খচঁভিত বহি গেনাহ । মোহন রাঁবুঁ
 স্মনজীক পাগব পব খসিত কহনখিন - রাঁবুঁজী, খহাঁ
 খপন শিকায়তী পত্র রাপস নহ নিখ । খহাঁ কে কোনো
 তবহক দিক্কত নহি হোযত জৌঁ খহাঁ খপন শিকায়তী
 পত্র রাপস নহি নের তহন হম কোনো গনী মেঁ নহি
 বহর । স্মন রাঁবুঁ রেঁটা-প্বতোহুক খান্নিসন পব খপন
 শিকায়তী পত্র রাপস নৌত প্বনিস সঁ কহনখিন জে
 গা দুন্ন প্রাণী স্বধবি জেতাহ তহন
 শিকায়তক খারখকতা খছি । এক মৌকা হিনকা
 সরকে দেন জাউ । এহি প্বনিস চেতারনী দৌত কহনখিন
 - ঠীক খছি, দোসব রেঁব জৌঁ শিকায়ত মিনত তহ ও
 রাপস নহি হোযত । তকব রাঁদ স্মনজী রেঁটা-
 প্বতোহুক সংগ খাবাম সঁ জীৱন যাপন কবহ নগনাহ ।

अपन मंतरा editorial.staff.vidaha@zohomail.in पब
पठाड ।

Maithili Literature in English Translation

3.1. *The pod of a tree, Peerar – Jagdish Prasad Mandal (Original Maithili Short Story) Dr Ram Ashish Singh (English Translation)*

3.2. *GLIMPSES OF RURAL LIFE – Dr. Ram Ashish Singh*

3.3. *World Peace – Jagdish Prasad Mandal (Original Maithili Short Story) Rameshwar Prasad Mandal (English Translation)*

3.1.The pod of a tree, Peerar – Jagdish Prasad Mandal (Original Maithili Short Story) Dr Ram Ashish Singh (English Translation)

1.Lotus Root (Bisandh)/ 2.The Parched Seeds of Lily Fruits (Bhentak Lava)



Jagdish Prasad Mandal (Original Maithili Short Story)



Dr Ram Ashish Singh (English Translation)

English Translation of the Maithili Story The pod of a tree, Peerar

Original Author: Shri Jagdish Prasad Mandal

English Translation: Dr. Ram Ashish Singh

The pod of a tree, Peerar

Round, green, and tender in abundance fruits hung along the branches as lush and bright as the leaves themselves. These were the pods of the Peerar trees. Five such trees stood in the village, old and majestic. The great mango, jamun, and shisham trees that grew later were said to have sprouted in their shade.

The eighty-year-old Kariya Baba would often say,

For as long as I can remember, those five trees have looked just the same. So many storms have struck, lightning has fallen again and again, yet not a twig of those five has ever broken.

They were not very tall, perhaps ten yards at most, nor wide and sprawling like banyans. Their branches were close and compact, strong enough to block the light rain, not letting a single drop reach the soil below. Dense green leaves dressed

each tree like a festival garland, and the sharp, neat thorns stood along the branches like silent guards. The leaves were broad and even, as if carved from the petals of sacred lotus or the tanger flower. Their blossoms were just as beautiful. Through hundreds of storms, rains, and summers, the five Peerar trees had stood together, never fighting for space, never shading one another out. Alike in height, colour, and grace, they seemed like five sisters in quiet companionship. When they bloomed, it felt as though each smiled at the other's youth, laughing in the joy of shared life. No one had ever cared for them, no one watered their roots, no one trimmed their branches, no one ever tended their growth. All sixteen signs of good fortune depended only on God's care. Perhaps that was why the five trees stood proud and self-reliant, owing no debt of gratitude to anyone. Every day they smiled and swayed gently in the mild village breeze.

Each year the five trees would bloom together. Their flowers ripened into pods, then fell away. Afterward, the mature pods, having lived a full life, would invite the wind like a final guest and send it to summon the birds. The birds came, pecked the ripe fruits, and carried away the seeds. In this giving of themselves, the trees fulfilled their lifelong duty.

People avoided working the land beneath those

trees, for it was believed that green serpents, called Sugba lived on the trees. It was said to be so green and vine-like that no one could see it until it struck. Whoever was bitten by it, people believed, would find the gates of heaven and hell open before them, with nothing in between.

The northern part of the vast agricultural tract had once been guarded by an old couple, Ratna and his wife. Both had died two years earlier, and since then no one had dared to take the job. Everyone feared the Sugba snake that lived in the Peerar trees. Who would risk life and limb for a few handfuls of grain each year ?

A year earlier, Pichkun had gone to Morang to find work. When drought came, even the farmers suffered, so what chance did the labourers have ? Many evenings went by without a single hearth being lit. The poor sold their cows and goats; some went to Morang, some to Siliguri, others to Assam. Pichkun too had borrowed fifteen rupees from the caretaker young woman before leaving. Since then, the village had spoken of him as a man lost to debt.

Of the many men who had gone out to work, some reached Biratnagar, some Rangeli, some Siliguri, and some far into Assam. Everyone had given up Pichkun, thinking him a hopeless case, and begun to search for work.

Pichkun sat alone by the roadside near Itahari,

under a tree just beyond the crossroads. He ate flattened rice and ghughni from a small leaf bowl. While eating, he saw two men walking northward. Gathering his food quickly into the edge of his towel, he began following them, eating as he walked, listening to their talk, and joining their easy chatter as they went along the dusty path.

As they walked on, they reached near Dhankuta. The two men with whom Pichkun was travelling were farmers. One of them offered him work.

The man's name was Mangat Ram. He and his wife employed more than fifty labourers. He owned a three-storied house built entirely of sal and timber. Some of his fields lay on the hills where he grew finger millet, foxtail millet, and other hardy grains. Around those plots he had planted lemon and orange trees as well.

When Pichkun looked up at the sunlight glimmering on the hills, the slopes appeared to him like a bleached desert. Everywhere he saw small trees, large trees, and layers of forested ridges. Watching it all, he thought he had stepped into another world. Yet because the path was known, he trusted that in three days' time he could find his way home again.

The vast barns, the large straw piles and the huge sheds filled his heart with contentment. His employer was wealthy; his job felt secure. He thought, He will never dismiss me. When I wish

to visit home, I can go on leave and return. I have already learned the road.

After a full year of labour, the longing to see his village grew strong. In all that time he had sent no money home. How could he have ? He knew nothing of post offices, and no one travelled that route to carry news.

During that year he grew close to a young Tharu woman named Dhaniya, about eighteen or nineteen, a servant in Mangat Ram s household. She agreed to travel back with him.

Before leaving, Pichkun bought a woolen sweater and a blanket for his mother, and for himself a pair of full trousers, a long-sleeved sweater, and another blanket. For his neighbours he bought oranges and lemons. He packed the clothes and fruit carefully in a bundle, tucked his money inside the pocket of his trousers, and wrapped the bundle with care. For the journey s snacks he carried some puffed rice.

Dhaniya packed all her savings, clothes, and belongings that night. They did not dare to leave through the forest after dark, so they waited until dawn. As soon as the morning light appeared, both of them quietly set out with their bundles. They took the same road by which Pichkun had once travelled. Reaching Itahari, they boarded a bus, got down at Bathnaha, and continued on foot. Crossing the Kosi by boat, they walked to Nirmali and from

there took a train to their village.

Pichkun wore full trousers, a shirt, and sandals. His hair was uncombed, a bundle slung over his shoulder. He walked ahead, Dhaniya followed behind. Reaching home, both bowed and touched his mother's feet. The neighbours barely recognized him.

Inside the house, Pichkun removed his sandals near the hearth, untied his bundle, and quietly showed his mother the roll of rupee notes. The sight of the thick bundle made the old woman tremble with joy. She gathered all the clothes, pushed the money deep beneath them, and tied up the bundle again, placing it carefully in the corner of the loft. Dhaniya sat quietly in the veranda.

The mother looked toward her son and asked,
Who is this girl ?

Smiling, Pichkun replied, Your daughter-in-law. I married her there.

Within moments, women from nearby houses began to arrive to see the new bride. Pichkun's mother gave each of them a lemon from the bundle. Pichkun took out a ten-rupee note and handed it to his mother, saying, Mother, I am hungry. Go and buy some rice and spices from the shop. Cook first, then I will bathe. After three days of travel, my body feels heavy with sleep.

The news of the new bride spread through the entire neighbourhood. Women came calling her to

visit, and the elders decided to arrange a small feast in honour of the wedding.

On the seventh evening after their arrival, Pichkun and Dhaniya went to visit Somni Dadi. The old woman was sitting in her courtyard, spreading a mat and playing with her grandchildren. Pichkun bowed and touched her feet, then gestured to Dhaniya to do the same. Dhaniya touched the grandmother's feet and then sat at the corner of the mat. With a glance, Pichkun asked her to start pressing the old woman's legs. As Dhaniya began to massage them, Pichkun said softly, Dadi, everyone in the village had thought I was lost for good. But I had gone to Morang, worked for a year, earned something, and even got married there. Now we'll stay here in the village. You are the eldest among us, give us your blessings.

In the northern embankment lay the largest stretch of land belonging to Somni Dadi. For two years no one had watched over it. She asked Pichkun to take charge of its guarding, and also offered him five kathas of land to cultivate on share.

Seeing the chance for steady work, Pichkun agreed. The old woman gave him two bamboo poles for the hut, a bundle of straw, and a handful of rope to build it.

The next morning, Pichkun and Dhaniya went to the northern embankment to mark the spot for their hut. They chose a slightly raised patch of

land where rainwater never collected. Pichkun stood there, measuring and imagining the place.

Meanwhile Dhaniya's eyes wandered toward the Peerar trees. She walked closer and began inspecting the pods. Seeing them hanging thick and heavy, she tore a strip from her sari, tied it around a branch, and climbed up the tree. The sight of the green, plump pods filled her with delight. She picked ten of them, each one shining and full like hidden coins newly unearthed from the earth.

While she worked, Pichkun started digging and levelling the ground with his spade. Dhaniya kept breaking off pods from the tree, her thoughts bright with hope, poverty turning toward fortune, hardship giving way to a faint light of prosperity. Her joy overflowed into song. She began to hum softly and called out to her husband, Our fate has awakened ! Look, the tree is full of ripe pods. Tomorrow we'll pick them and take them to the market. They'll sell for a good price.

Pichkun did not understand. He did not believe her words. Irritated, he asked, Do you even know what this is ? If it were something people could eat, wouldn't everyone have already taken them ?

But just as Dhaniya saw in the Peerar pods a sign of luck and renewal, Pichkun too felt happiness at his own fortune, the new job guarding the embankment and the five kathas of land for

cultivation. So he decided not to quarrel and said gently, I don't know much about trading in the market. How will we sell them ?

Dhaniya was used to market work in her parents home. She knew every kind of farm labour and was equally skilled in raising ducks and hens and selling them in the bazaar. With that same boldness she said, I'll make a hook from a bamboo pole, pluck pods every day, and sell them in the market. You stay with me and watch.

The month of Asin arrived. The rains stopped. It was the season of movement. The heavy monsoon had left the fields shining with green rice plants. Wherever the eye turned, the same lush green stretched endlessly. At sunrise, dew glistened on the leaves like pearls. The fields looked like brides in green saris and green blouses, wearing the morning light like a head ornament.

A soft east wind began to blow, spreading a gentle laziness through the air. Along the embankment, Pichkun dug three small channels for the rainwater to flow down into the lower fields. Then he blocked the ends to make little pools. As water collected, small fish leapt and fluttered in them.

Dhaniya would drain the pools and catch the fish. Pichkun carried them in a basket to sell at the market and even went around the village selling them door to door. One of the other fish sellers advised him to buy a bicycle, saying that carrying

the basket on his head left the body smelling of fish.

The thought of a bicycle excited Pichkun, though he had never learned to ride one. For a moment he hesitated, then imagined himself pedalling slowly through the village, the basket tied behind him, selling fish with ease. That night, while returning from the market, he told Dhaniya, We should buy a second-hand bicycle.

Earnings always brought a spark of joy to Dhaniya. Smiling, she said, Why second-hand ? We ll buy a new one.

It was the time of Jitiya festival, when millet bread and fish were eaten in celebration. The day before, villagers had already given Pichkun baskets of fish to sell. Before dawn, he woke Dhaniya, saying eagerly, I ve already sorted all the fish from the pools.

But Dhaniya, thinking it was only a dream, went back to sleep. In the darkness before dawn, Pichkun quietly lifted the baskets and nets and went to the fish pools. It was still too dark to see the fish clearly. Pichkun sat beside one pool, Dhaniya beside another. He lit a bidi and smoked as they both began to gather the fish.

It was the day of Jitiya. People were eager for fish. Before long, men and women started arriving near the pools. With no weighing scale or balance, Pichkun began selling by estimation. The best of

the fish sold quickly. They carried home the remaining catch and spread across the courtyard. More than half was still unsold.

Knowing that on a festival day one could not depend on the market alone, Pichkun said to his wife, Cook the meal quickly. I ll go sell the rest around the village.

Dhaniya hurried to make flatbreads and fry the fish curry. After eating, Pichkun loaded the basket onto his bicycle and went door to door. By noon, every last fish was sold.

The sun blazed fiercely. On his way back, Pichkun stopped by the toddy shop. The place was crowded with tipsy men. There was hardly space to sit, so he bought a small pot of toddy and drank it standing. Then he paid and rode home.

From a distance, Dhaniya saw him pedalling the bicycle unsteadily and felt her heart twist. She had feared this, Pichkun had taken to toddy. She spread a mat and lay on the veranda, covering herself with a sheet, and began to weep.

When Pichkun entered the courtyard and saw her crying, he went near and asked softly, What happened, eh ?

Hearing his voice, Dhaniya wailed even louder. Bending down, Pichkun opened her mouth gently and asked again. Sniffing, Dhaniya said, I m dying ! A deep pain has seized my chest. Go, bring mustard oil from the shop. Rub it all over

me; only then will the pain leave.

Staggering a little, Pichkun brought a bottle of oil from the shop and began to massage Dhaniya. Turning on her side, she made him rub her body thoroughly. When his hands began to ache, she said, Now it feels lighter around the chest.

The word lighter filled Pichkun with hope. He continued to massage her. Gradually his intoxication faded, and her anger too began to soften. He was relieved that his wife had survived; she was pleased that she had given him a good lesson for drinking toddy.

With the earnings of Asin and Kartik, the foundation of their life was laid. From Peerar pods to fish, everything brought profit. The man who had once lived a life poorer than cattle had finally stepped into the realm of human dignity. Just as humankind once lived in huts and now builds houses, Pichkun too began to dream of replacing his thatched hut with a small brick house.

There was still no sure source of drinking water, so the couple decided to make arrangements before the next year. They had no bed, no utensils, yet they were content to plan gradually for each need. The paddy in the embankment ripened beautifully. The fields gleamed with heads of grain, green, golden, red, and black. Pichkun and Dhaniya spent most of their days there, living in home only at night. If they stayed away, stray cattle and grass

cutter women would destroy the crop.

Every evening Dhaniya visited old Somni Dadi, speaking joyfully about the ripening rice. The old woman blessed her from the heart.

By the time of the Sama festival, the crop was ready. Seeing the heavy panicles bending low, Dhaniya told her husband, We should dig and clean around the roots of the Peerar trees, so that they bear well next year.

Pichkun agreed. He carefully loosened the soil around each root and spread goat and sheep manure around the five trees. Then he poured two buckets of water at each trunk.

After fifteen days, the trees changed colour, bright green and fresh. New buds began to bloom at every tip.

Just as parents care tenderly for their children, the couple tended to those trees. And seeing such devotion, the five Peerar trees seemed, in their quiet, swaying way, to bless Pichkun and Dhaniya in return. θ

English Translation of the Maithili Story The Foundling Son

Original Author: Shri Jagdish Prasad Mandal

English Translation: Dr. Ram Ashish Singh

The Foundling Son



It was the third evening of the lunar fortnight. The moon of Chauth had not yet risen, but a pale glow had begun to spread from the east. In that quiet darkness, a young unmarried woman, fearing the gossip and shame of society, crept out and left her ten-day-old infant by the roadside. For nine days she had hidden the child, pretending illness to her family. But when the truth began to press upon her, she could no longer bear it. On the tenth day, she placed the baby at the edge of the path, covered it lightly, and hurried back home.

Five or seven minutes later, Gangaram was returning from the market. Suddenly he heard the cry of a newborn. His steps faltered. Standing still on the road, he listened carefully.

That was no sound of bird or beast, it was unmistakably the cry of a human child.

Startled, Gangaram's mind was filled with doubt. How could a baby's voice be here, in such a place? There was no one in sight. He stood motionless like a stake driven into the ground, staring into the dim light. After a moment, he began to move slowly toward the sound.

It was too dark to see clearly. Around him, insects and tiny creatures sang their many-voiced songs some calling to their mates, others humming

in contentment filling the embankment with restless murmurs.

At last, Gangaram reached the spot and saw the infant. One part of his mind said, yes, it s a human baby. Another whispered, but how could a child have come here ?

He set down the bag of vegetables he was carrying and gently placed his right hand on the baby s small body. A chill ran through him; his whole skin bristled. Yet a strange warmth of joy rose within. Steadying himself, he lifted the baby in both arms, pressed it against his chest, and held it there. With one hand he brushed away the bits of grass and leaves clinging to its skin.

The child kept crying. Gangaram took off his shoulder cloth and wrapped the baby snugly in it. Slinging the vegetable bag over one shoulder, he carried the infant against his chest and walked home through the deepening night.

Reaching home, Gangaram smiled and said to his wife, Today God has been kind. He has given us a son.

The words given us a son startled Bhuliya. She rushed forward, took the baby from her husband s arms into her own, and stared at it closely. Where did you find this child ? Ah, what a beautiful boy he is ! "

I found him on the roadside while coming back from the market, Gangaram said calmly. Take

care of him. If he is meant to be ours, he will live. If not, he will go back the way he came. Hearing this, Bhuliya's mind began to race. We don't have a cow or even a goat. How will we feed him milk? She herself could not nurse, for age had dried her body. A wave of helplessness rose in her, then faded. A thought struck her. My sister-in-law next door, still has a nursing child. The thought lit a spark of hope. Bhuliya folded her hands toward the sky and murmured in gratitude, O Lord, just as you make flowers bloom in a withered forest, you will surely arrange food for this child too.

Gangaram was fifty, Bhuliya forty-eight, but the difference between them showed more than numbers. Gangaram still stood strong, while Bhuliya, wrinkled and frail, looked past sixty. Yet as soon as she held the baby in her arms, a strange warmth flooded her veins. It was as if youth itself had returned. Her face glowed, her eyes came alive. Their hearts filled with joy, bubbling like air trapped beneath water. To calm the crying child, Bhuliya pressed it to her breast. For a moment the baby grew quiet, then began to cry again, for no milk came.

Next door lived Gangaram's younger brother, Rooplal. His wife, Kabutri, was nursing their own three-month-old baby. Hearing the wail, Bhuliya went over with the foundling in her arms.

Kabutri, seeing her neighbour carrying a crying infant, gently laid her own child on the cot, took the foundling in her lap, and offered it her breast. The hungry baby latched eagerly, sucking noisily. Watching this, Bhuliya said softly, her voice trembling with emotion, May God bless you with seven more sons.

Kabutri laughed at Bhuliya's words and said, I already have four of my own. If I manage to raise seven more, how will I ever keep up? Take back your blessing, sister. Whatever is written in my fate will be enough.

Changing the subject, Kabutri added, Sister, it is strange that in this old age your husband has got such a fine-looking son. He does not resemble either of you. His eyes, his face, his nose, nothing matches. He looks nothing like Brother.

Bhuliya frowned. You never learned when to speak and when to stay silent. You have no sense of respect for elders or shame for what you say.

Still smiling, Kabutri teased, Come now, sister, what has happened to you? You scold me as if I were the one who caused it. If you two ever get another child, perhaps that one will resemble you.

Bhuliya did not lose her temper. The child's presence had softened her heart like water soaking dry earth. Looking tenderly at the sleeping baby, she said quietly, Your brother found this child on

the road while returning from the market.

Kabutri replied sharply, Then why does the foundling's face resemble him so closely? He must be hiding something from us.

Bhuliya, a little vexed, said, All right then, let it be ours. At least now you can rest your tongue.

Kabutri laughed again and said, Sister, I will nurse this child just as I nurse my own. I will not let him go hungry. God has given me enough milk to feed both. It is a joy to see light enter your dark home.

Hearing this, Bhuliya's heart overflowed with gratitude. The hungry child drank his fill and soon fell asleep. Kabutri laid him gently on the cot and said, Let him stay here, sister. If he wakes in the night and cries, I will feed him again.

Very well, Bhuliya said softly, and returned to her own courtyard.

She told her husband, Now the child will live. The woman from Godhanpur has plenty of milk. She will raise both children.

Gangaram looked toward the other house. The thought of the baby being fed elsewhere made his heart ache, but Bhuliya's words calmed him. Still, a doubt lingered in his mind. He asked quietly,

Why did you leave the child there? Shouldn't he be brought to our own courtyard? After all, he is ours now.

Looking at her husband, Bhuliya said, You are a

man. How could you ever understand what a mother feels ? Only a woman can know that. Once a mother presses a child to her breast, she can never again think of that child as anything but her own.

Gangaram fell silent. A thought stirred in his mind, and he asked, Since we are to be his parents now, shouldn't we give him a name ?

Bhuliya smiled, and the image of the Chhath festival came to her mind. Usually the women of the house gather and name a newborn together, she said. But no such ceremony was held for this child. Let the two of us choose his name ourselves.

Gangaram laughed softly. Then call him Mangal, he said.

Seven months passed. The boy began to teethe and soon could stand and toddle on his own. He started eating solid food and drinking water. The love that grew between the couple and the child became so deep that neither wanted to let him out of sight, even for a moment. Bhuliya stopped working as a field labourer. She began spinning thread in the veranda and selling it in the village. Though she owned no loom herself, she worked on others' looms and earned a little money.

The couple felt young again. They worked the whole day without feeling tired. Whenever Mangal called her Ma, Bhuliya's heart overflowed with joy, and she would lose herself in the sweetness

of that word.

When Mangal turned five, his father enrolled him in the village school. He studied there through the fifth grade and was now ten years old. But by that time, Gangaram's body had weakened so much that people no longer called him for labour work. Somehow, the couple managed their living by spinning and selling thread.

Life was growing heavy, but in ten-year-old Mangal's mind, a spark of awareness had begun to shine, like the sun rising in a child Hanuman's grasp. One day he said, Baba, you and Ma cannot work as you used to. I want to open a tea stall. If you build me a small thatched shed on the road, I will run the shop.

The idea struck Gangaram's mind. But then he wondered, who in the village even drank tea? How would the shop run? Still, he built a small thatched stall for his son. There was a neem tree in their yard. He sold it for twenty-five rupees and used the money to buy the utensils needed for making tea.

Mangal opened his tea stall. It was the first of its kind in the village, and the first shop always has an advantage. At first, people hesitated, unsure about this new drink, but soon they began to like it. Gradually, the shop became popular, and the earnings were enough for the two of them to manage their living.

Within three years, both Gangaram and his wife passed away. While they were alive, no one in the village had ever spoken ill of Mangal. But after their deaths, murmurs began to spread, and people started looking at him differently. Yet, the sales at his shop did not decline, for tea had already become a habit among the villagers.

Even after running the shop, Mangal's thirst for learning remained alive. Whatever little money he could save, he spent on buying books, paper, and pens. He studied by himself and practised writing every day.

Before his death, Gangaram had told Mangal the story of his birth. That story revealed to him how superstition and cruelty still clung to society like the roots of a weed. From then on, Mangal began to study not only books but also the ways of the world around him.

Running the tea stall gave him the gift of conversation. Sitting there, he learned to talk to people. In the evenings, after the rush of customers had thinned, Roopchan would come to the stall. Mangal would make two glasses of tea, and as soon as Roopchan drank, his mind would brighten. Roopchan was the village storyteller, though a poor man. He had a few regular customers, but between them he would spend hours at the stall, spinning tales. He told a different story each time, sometimes of kings and queens, sometimes of lovers like Rani

and Saranga, or Rajni and Sajni. Other days he spoke of Gonoo Jha, of the brave ballads of Alha and Rudal, or of Dina-Bhadri, Lorik, and Salhesh. In this way, Mangal's store of wisdom began to fill up with the knowledge of books, the knowledge of society, and the wisdom of folk tales. Whatever story he heard at night, he wrote down the next day whenever he found time. The more he wrote, the smoother his lines became, and his curiosity grew stronger.

One afternoon, as the sun tilted westward, a man came to Mangal's tea stall for a cup of tea. His appearance was simple, and he carried a leather bag in his hand. The man was the editor of a magazine called *Bharat Jagaran*. He had come to the village to study its condition and culture.

While talking with Mangal, the editor became completely absorbed. He felt as if his heart and Mangal's heart had set out on the same journey together. When the trance broke, both of them laughed. The editor said, Boy, make some tea. I have not had any all day. Tonight I will stay here and talk to you in detail.

Mangal prepared tea, and they both drank together. After eating and drinking, they sat side by side late into the night, talking. Mangal placed before the editor all the stories he had written so far. The editor flipped through the pages. The language and style might not have been refined, but the

themes touched his heart. Smiling, the editor said, These are wonderful pieces. This is exactly what I came searching for.

He opened his bag, took out some magazines and books, and said, These contain the proper methods of writing. Study them carefully. Once you understand the foundation, write on that basis. I am an editor. I run a monthly magazine. I will publish one of your stories every month and send you a copy.

For three or four hours, the editor explained everything to Mangal. The next morning, after tea, he left.

From that month onward, Mangal's stories began to appear regularly in the magazine. Among his many readers was a girl named Sunayana. She was pursuing her M.A. in philosophy. In the fifth issue, the editor also mentioned that Mangal was working on a novel titled *The Dead Village*.

The name stirred something inside Sunayana. Her heart danced. She thought, our country is a land of villages, and if the village itself is dead, what will become of the nation ?

The idea struck Sunayana's mind like a spark. The same Sunayana who never spoke openly in front of her father was now ready to discuss the matter with him.

That evening, her father, Advocate Sahab, returned from court, drank his tea, and went for a walk.

When he came back, he took out a case file to prepare for the next day's hearing. His wife brought him another cup of tea. As he sipped it and chewed his betel, Sunayana entered the room, sat on the chair in front of him, and said, Father, there is a question running in my mind. Could you please explain it ?

What is it ? he asked.

I read in a magazine today that the village is truly dead. If the village is dead, and our country is made of villages, then what do we call the country ?

Advocate Sahab did not pay much attention to the seriousness of the question. He said lightly, That is the concern of writers and thinkers. I have nothing to say on it.

But writers are also part of this same society, Sunayana replied. They live lives like everyone else. Then why would a writer write something like that ?

The words of a writer can be understood only by another writer, her father said. I am a lawyer. I understand the law. Now go, I have to prepare a case.

Sunayana rose quietly and went to her room. She sat down and began to think. In a country where there is no clean water to drink, no balanced food to eat, no proper clothing to wear, and no decent shelter to live in, what else can one call it but

a dead land ? People still drink impure water, somehow manage a few morsels, sit beneath trees to keep warm, and live surrounded by countless diseases. What can such a country be called ?

And beyond all that, in a civilization thousands of years old, where the light of knowledge symbolized by the goddess Saraswati has still not reached every person, what kind of nation is that ? So many questions stood before her, shaking her mind. Lost in thought, she sat on the chair and drifted into deep reflection. At last, one decision settled in her mind: she would first read *The Dead Village*. But where could she find the book ? Then another thought came. She would write to the author directly and ask for it. She took out the magazine, copied the writer's address from it, and wrote it carefully on a small slip of paper.

The next day, Sunayana set out to find Mangal's address. It was around nine in the morning. After serving the early customers, Mangal had arranged the kettle, teapot, saucepan, and glasses in front of the stall. He was cleaning the hearth and clearing out the ashes.

Sunayana came to the tea stall because it was the place where one could easily find anyone in the village. Reaching the stall, she asked, Could you tell me where I might find a man named Mangal in this village ?

Hearing his own name, Mangal was startled, but

he stayed silent. It was as if he were searching for himself through her eyes. Sunayana sensed it too. After a moment of silence, Mangal spoke,

Sister, if Mangal lives in this village, I will certainly help you find him. But since you have come all the way here, how can you leave without tea ? Please sit down. This is Mithila, after all. Here, welcoming a guest is as natural as welcoming one's own family.

Hearing his words, Sunayana felt as if a thirsty traveller had suddenly found cool water. She sat on a bench made of split bamboo.

Mangal washed his hands, cleaned the small pan, lit the fire, and began to make tea. As Sunayana stood up from the bench to come closer to the hearth, the edge of her kurti caught on a bamboo splinter and tore slightly. She did not bother about it and quietly sat near Mangal.

Seeing her sit beside him, Mangal asked, What brings you to Mangal ?

Sunayana replied, Mangal is a writer. He has written a novel called The Dead Village. I tried to find it in the market but could not, so I came to locate the author himself.

Mangal let out a long breath and said softly, And how do you know Mangal ?

I read his stories in Bharat Jagaran, Sunayana replied. There I came across a mention of his novel The Dead Village. I wanted to read it, so I

came here.

Mangal understood everything. His heart overflowed with quiet joy. He thought, to quench someone's thirst is as necessary as feeding the hungry. But I have only one copy of the manuscript I've written. If I give it away, a whole year's labour will be lost. Yet not giving it would be a greater sin.

Then another thought came: I could tell her that once my circumstances improve, I will have it printed. For now, there is only this one copy. Yes, once it is published, I will surely send her one. Until then, she can stay here and read it.

By then the tea was ready. They both drank together. After finishing her tea, Sunayana said,
Please give me Mangal's address.

Surprised, Mangal replied, My name is Mangal. I am the one who wrote that novel. But it has not been printed yet. Only this handwritten copy exists. I would request you to read it here. When it is published, I will make sure you get your own copy.

Sunayana was astonished. She looked at Mangal from head to toe. His face was darkened by smoke from the hearth; his clothes were coarse and faded like old rags. Poverty seemed to shine from every part of his body. Seeing him like that, her eyes were filled with tears. Wiping them quietly, she

said, I cannot read the novel here. Reading a book means understanding it deeply, and that cannot be done in haste.

The sincerity of her tone touched Mangal deeply. He looked at her, and in her eyes he saw a hunger for knowledge. He thought, I wrote this for others. When it is published, it will reach thousands of hands. For now, it will reach one reader. That is enough.

Just then, Sunayana said softly, If I take the copy with me, I promise to return it after reading. There is no chance of it being lost. I only wish to read it peacefully, but I must return home before sunset.

Mangal's heart melted with affection. He said, Very well, I will give you the book. The rest is in your hands.

The moment the book touched her palms, joy lit her face. She glanced at its pages, then looked up at Mangal and smiled. For a brief moment, Mangal read her heart as she read his.

Smiling, Sunayana took her leave and walked away. Sunayana completed her M.A. with distinction. Her father, Advocate Sahab, was a strong supporter of women's rights, yet his thoughts often drifted to one realization: women are bound not by one or two chains but by the entire structure of life itself. Breaking those chains would demand struggle, sometimes intellectual, sometimes physical.

Lost in such reflections, Advocate Sahab sat in his chair one evening. His wife entered with a cup of tea, placed it on the table, and sat beside him.

It is good that Sunayana was born into an educated family like ours, she said. Had she been born in a farmer's house, people would never have let her live so freely.

Taking a slow sip of tea, Advocate Sahab said, Please speak clearly. What do you mean to say ?

I mean you should get Sunayana married. Manoj will stay with us; he is the son, the support. But arranging a son's and a daughter's marriage is every parent's duty.

I have a new idea, he replied after a pause. What if we ask Sunayana's opinion too ? His wife flared up immediately. What will people say ? Have you ever seen any parent asking their son or daughter before fixing a marriage ?

Hearing her words, Advocate Sahab thought silently. It struck him that not only men but women too often conspire, knowingly or unknowingly, to keep women bound. What a strange trap this is, woven by both hands.

He kept his thoughts to himself and called, Sunayana !

She came out from her room and sat on the chair before them. Her eyes went to her mother first; her mother looked sharply toward her husband.

Advocate Sahab spoke in a calm, measured tone. Daughter, you have now completed your M.A. It is every parent's responsibility to see their children settled in marriage. I too wish to fulfill that duty. Do you have anything to say about it ?

Hearing her father's words, a tremor ran through Sunayana's body. Yet beneath that tremor, a quiet strength stirred. Speaking softly but with conviction, she said, Father, marriage is indeed a necessary process for both man and woman. It sustains the cycle of creation itself. But the question is— what kind of marriage ? What we see around us today, ninety or ninety-five percent of it, is mismatched. Some are arranged for wealth, some for dowry, some for caste or lineage, and some for mere convenience. In my view, marriage should be based on the union of minds. Only then will it be lasting and joyful.

Before she could finish, her mother burst in, visibly agitated.

Daughter, in Mithila our tradition has always been that such matters are decided by parents, not by sons or daughters. If children start deciding their own marriages, society will collapse.

Sunayana replied calmly, That is a fine thing to say, Mother. But along with preserving tradition, we must also see the flaws it hides.

Advocate Sahab sat silently, his hand covering his

mouth, listening to both sides. Sunayana's reasoning began to unsettle her mother, yet she refused to yield.

Seeking balance, Advocate Sahab said gently, All right, daughter, tell me your view clearly.

Sunayana asked, Father, how much do you plan to spend on my marriage ?

The question startled him. But regaining composure, he replied in a low voice, You already know my means, child. But whatever is within them, I will not be miserly. The little we have belongs to both you and your brother.

Hearing her father, Sunayana spoke with quiet determination, her voice steady yet full of warmth.

Father, greatness does not come from wealth or the body. A person becomes great through knowledge and duty. Every woman wishes for a life partner who is wise and hardworking. I am not giving you a final decision today, but I will say this much, there is a man named Mangal in Sonapur who runs a small tea stall. He has no one of his own. Yet his work and intellect will one day make him known to the world as a great writer. Poverty has trapped him deeply, but if someone helps him rise above it, he will shine in the sky like the rising sun.

Advocate Sahab listened quietly, then said,

Daughter, if your heart truly feels for him, I

have no objection. But think carefully while there s still time.

Sunayana replied, There may be many differences between us, but our souls are equal. I too wish to write about the condition of women, because the injustice done to them from ages past still shakes my heart. Even the most beautiful things in the world seem dull before that pain.

Advocate Sahab nodded slowly.

Very well, I accept your thought. Go and see for yourself how much help Mangal needs to stand on his feet. I will provide whatever support is required.

Hearing her father s words, Sunayana smiled and quietly returned to her room. Advocate Sahab sat deep in thought, reflecting on his daughter s conviction, while his wife s anger kept growing stronger.

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3.2. GLIMPSES OF RURAL LIFE – Dr. Ram Ashish Singh

GLIMPSES OF RURAL LIFE

Dr. Ram Ashish Singh



Glimpses of Rural Life is the result of my longstanding engagement with the literary universe of Shri Jagdish Prasad Mandal. Translating Gamak Jingi into English has been both an intellectual responsibility and a personal journey. This collection represents a world I have known intimately as a student of literature, a teacher, and a reader shaped by the landscapes of Mithila.

Rural life may appear modest from a distance, yet when one approaches it with patience and a discerning eye, it reveals astonishing variety, emotional depth, and cultural richness. These stories have always carried a quiet radiance in the original. My task has been to convey that radiance to readers who may not know the language in which it was born.

Here is what truly matters: translation is not a mechanical act of substituting one language for another. It is an attempt to preserve a world. It demands attentive listening, humility, and emotional intuition. These stories do not merely depict rural life; they emerge from a specific geography, from the diction of everyday labour, from rituals and memories, from rivers that flood without warning, and from droughts that linger for years. Each narrative grows from the soil of lived experience, not from abstract imagination. Translating them into English without weakening their rhythm, emotion, or cultural texture has been a demanding yet rewarding endeavour.

My first encounter with these stories was as a reader moved by their honesty. Mandal neither embellishes nor sentimentalises. He observes. He recognises the dignity of labour, the quiet heroism of women, the complex dynamics within families,

and the weariness that stems from decades of environmental uncertainty. Floods, droughts, soil erosion, and migration are not mere dramatic backdrops in his writing they are the very conditions under which life is forged.

In translating him, I wanted the English reader to feel this pulse: the sense that rural life is not static, but in continuous negotiation with change.

What strikes me most about these stories is their moral clarity. They do not preach or offer solutions. Instead, they allow the reader to witness how ordinary people create meaning in harsh circumstances. The characters seldom have material resources. They are rarely protected by institutions. Yet they possess something deeper: resilience, humour, affection, and an unshaken sense of dignity. Their struggles are real, their hopes fragile and their efforts extraordinary.

This collection reveals a world where labour is not an abstract concept but a daily discipline. People earn with their hands not out of choice, but because it is often the only path available. They work in fields, ponds, forests, and on construction sites. They migrate to cities and pull carts. They dig roots from parched ponds, roast seeds into

edible food, pound grain, stitch clothes, and sell lime, fish, and earthenware. These stories bring such forms of labour to the reader's attention not through statistics or social commentary, but through intimate portraits of individual lives.

Another hallmark of Mandal's writing is his portrayal of women. Their presence is not marginal it is central. The women in these stories are not defined by suffering, even when they suffer. They hold households together. They think ahead. They turn scarcity into opportunity. They negotiate with landlords, contractors, and market forces. They confront social stigma with courage. Their labour, often unseen, forms the invisible backbone of entire communities. As a translator, I have tried to retain their emotional cadence without softening the hardships they endure.

The ecological dimension of these stories is equally vital. Rural Mithila has always existed in a delicate balance with Nature. When rivers swell, they swallow entire villages. When drought lingers, it drains the land of life. When the Kosi or Kamla rivers shift course, once-fertile fields turn barren. Mandal's stories recognise the deep connection between environment and human emotion. People do not merely endure natural disasters they

interpret them. They pray. They rebuild homes on elevated mounds. They search for edible plants. They dig new wells. They survive. This ecological sensibility is one reason his stories feel both deeply rooted and universally resonant.

While translating, I often reflected on how contemporary readers might connect with these narratives. Much of modern literature particularly in English rarely portrays rural life with such depth and clarity. Urban concerns tend to dominate the literary imagination. Yet the moral and ecological questions raised in these stories remain profoundly relevant. Whether one lives in a city or a village, the fragility of livelihood, the burden of migration, the exploitation within labour economies, and the aspirations of youth resonate across contexts. Mandal's stories speak to conditions that extend far beyond Mithila.

My aim, therefore, has been to maintain linguistic simplicity while allowing emotional complexity to emerge. Mandal's Maithili is economical rich in cadence, restraint, and power. English, when approached with equal care, can convey these qualities. I avoided excessive ornamentation and resisted the impulse to explain cultural details within the narrative. Instead, I allowed the stories to

speak through their own internal logic. I believe readers are capable of learning a world by walking slowly through its paths. This preface is an invitation to that walk.

Before presenting a story-wise overview, I must acknowledge something essential: translation is a bridge. But every bridge must rest on two firm pillars. One is the original author, whose vision and integrity make translation possible. The other is the reader, who completes the circle by giving the translated work new life. If this translation succeeds in bringing readers closer to Mandal's world, the credit belongs to both.

What follows is a detailed, sequential introduction to each story in the collection. These insights aim to illuminate narrative patterns, thematic resonances, and emotional undercurrents, drawing from my reading experience and my work with the text during translation.

STORY-WISE CRITICAL OVERVIEW

***The Parched Seeds of Lily Fruits (Bhentak Lava)** presents a striking portrait of resilience shaped by disaster. Set in a flood-ravaged village of Mithila, the story follows Musna and Jeebchi as their world collapses. While Musna sinks into despair, Jeebchi discovers possibility. Her finding of bhentak lava the roasted seeds of wild lily pods transforms scarcity into sustenance and grief into renewal. Through her steady labour, the household rises again, and the fragrance of roasted seeds becomes a quiet declaration of hope.*

Mandal's narrative honours the often-unrecognised strength of rural women who rebuild life with intelligence, faith, and unwavering patience. The domestic sphere frequently overlooked emerges as a site of creativity and rebirth. Jeebchi embodies a truth central to Mandal's social vision: in moments of crisis, courage often appears in the gentlest hands. Ultimately, the story reveals survival as an imaginative act, where dignity grows from the simplest forms of labour.

Lotus Root (Bisandh) portrays a Mithila village pushed to the brink of extinction after four relentless years of drought. Fields crack, ponds vanish, livestock perish, and the social fabric begins to fray under the weight of hunger. Yet the story is not merely a record of devastation it follows Doman and Sugiyā, whose quiet resilience offers a counterpoint to the village's despair.

Doman, a landless labourer, embodies endurance without complaint. He works with unwavering discipline, even as fear gnaws at him. Sugiyā, steady and practical, becomes the emotional centre of the household. Her acceptance of circumstance is not resignation but a form of inner equilibrium that prevents collapse. Through her, the household preserves dignity, even when the world seems hollow.

The turning point arrives when Doman recalls an earlier drought and the hidden bisandh in the great pond's parched bed. Memory becomes a guide to survival. Digging into the cracked earth, the couple uncovers lotus roots and fish symbols of life persisting invisibly beneath barrenness.

The story offers a profound meditation on resilience. Labour restores direction, faith renews strength, and

memory rekindles hope. Even in the harshest drought, the earth like the human spirit retains a hidden reserve of sustenance for those who continue to seek it.

The Pod of a Tree, Peerar opens with the serene presence of five ancient Peerar trees symbols of a natural order that endures without human intervention. Their quiet harmony contrasts with the turbulent lives of villagers struggling against poverty and drought. Into this fragile world return Pichkun, a migrant labourer, and his new bride, Dhaniya, whose energy and instinct for opportunity begin to alter the course of their lives.

Dhaniya stands at the heart of the narrative. Her confidence, market acumen, and courage transform Peerar pods into a source of livelihood. Where others see danger in the Sugba serpent and avoid the trees, she recognises possibility. Her actions from climbing the trees to managing their modest earnings reveal a steady intelligence that reshapes the couple s future.

The emotional strength of the story lies in the

partnership between Pichkun and Dhaniya. Their companionship, patient labour, and mutual trust create a new foundation for dignity. Episodes such as the fish harvest, the bicycle purchase, and Dhaniya's gentle firmness in confronting Pichkun's toddy habit illustrate how affection and discipline coexist in rural survival.

With Somni Dadi's blessings and Munesari's support, the story affirms that resilience grows where labour, community, and hope converge. Like the Peerar trees, the couple learn to thrive through grounded strength and quiet perseverance.

The Foundling Son begins with the haunting image of an infant abandoned in darkness a moment that lays bare the cruelty born of social shame. This bleak act is immediately countered by Gangaram's compassion. Poor, ageing, and exhausted, he chooses responsibility the instant he hears the child's cry. The foundling becomes a blessing rather than a burden, and the story's central tension emerges between society's moral failure and the quiet courage of individuals.

Gangaram and Bhuliya embody a form of parenthood rooted in care rather than blood. With no wealth or livestock, they still offer the child

what he was denied at birth: a sense of belonging. Kabutri s willingness to nurse him completes a circle of communal motherhood. The narrative insists that motherhood is defined by action and emotional truth, not biology alone.

*As Mangal grows, the story expands beyond physical survival into intellectual awakening. He runs a tea stall, reads voraciously, absorbs Roopchan s folk wisdom, and eventually writes *The Dead Village* a perceptive critique of rural decay. Sunayana s recognition of his work connects two different social worlds and challenges entrenched norms of caste and gender. Her choice of Mangal marks a union based on conscience and intellect.*

Through this journey, the story affirms that renewal can emerge from the most neglected lives when empathy, knowledge, and moral strength converge.

Two Paise follows the delicate journey of Fekua, a poor village boy whose dreams lead him to the city and bring him back with almost nothing. What begins as a simple tale of migration evolves into a nuanced exploration of how poverty shapes

imagination, self-worth, and the longing for home.

Fekua departs for Delhi with childlike excitement, knowing little of the demands of urban life. His innocence is anchored by the quiet, steadfast love of his mother, Ramsunnair, whose labour and faith form the emotional core of the story. Though she cannot read or write, her affection offers him a moral compass no city can replace.

Through Ratna, the narrative reveals the harshness of urban labour and the ease with which migrants fall into exploitation. Fekua learns tailoring, works hard, and briefly tastes pride but ambition grows faster than discipline. His grand promises to his mother go unfulfilled, and the city gradually wears down his confidence.

The story's most poignant tension lies between Ramsunnair's hopeful imagination and the grim truth of her son's urban struggle. Her dreams expand even as his collapse. When Fekua finally returns home, it is not in defeat, but in the recognition that dignity often survives only where love and belonging endure. The story becomes a gentle yet piercing reflection on aspiration, failure, and the quiet strength of maternal faith.

The Wage-Earning Woman, Marni presents a compelling exploration of how poverty, labour, gender, and structural inequality shape the life of one woman and, through her, influence the moral fabric of an entire village. Chatoni a settlement without land or official status survives through solidarity, in stark contrast to the pride and self-sufficiency of larger villages.

Within this setting emerges Marni, a woman whose life has been scarred by profound loss. A lightning strike kills Subadh, Manohar, and Taunki, leaving her solely responsible for raising two young grandchildren.

Yet the narrative does not linger on grief. Instead, it portrays tragedy as the crucible that forges Marni's inner strength. Transitioning from agricultural work to construction, she takes up tools traditionally associated with men, rejecting the gender roles that seek to constrain her. Her journey reveals the contradictions of rural development: while road construction is meant to uplift the poor, it dismantles traditional labour systems and brings new forms of exploitation. The contractor's clerk represents a system in which survival becomes the

only wage.

Marni's refusal to bow to social humiliation or to submit to the authority of soldiers and contractors forms the moral backbone of the story. Her quiet dignity unsettles those who expect compliance. Ultimately, the narrative serves as an indictment of a society built on invisible labour. Marni stands as a symbol of unacknowledged resilience, a reminder that true development rests on the shoulders of those whom progress leaves behind.

Defeat and Victory captures the emotional and economic journey of a potter's family uprooted by river erosion and the slow collapse of traditional craftsmanship. The opening scene where Soman and Kapli sit beside their bundles, unable to move symbolizes a profound rupture between their past and an uncertain future. The submersion of Maircha by the Kosi River becomes a powerful reminder that ecological disaster erodes not only land but also cultural identity.

Phulchan Pandit, the guardian of an artisan legacy, owns no land but carries with him the enduring

skill of pottery his family's final anchor. In Lachhmipur, the villagers' warm reception and the building of the family's first home reflect a cooperative spirit that once defined rural life.

Soman's labour, displayed in a yard full of pots, lamps, toys, and ritual vessels, represents the dignity of skilled craftsmanship. Yet Mandal resists romanticizing tradition. The introduction of metal utensils and asbestos roofs marks the decline of clay-based crafts, pushing Soman and Kapli toward hunger and despair.

The narrative takes a turn with the return of Ramdat, their long-lost son. Gifted in idol-making and decorative arts, he reimagines the ancestral craft to suit modern demands. His success underscores the central message of the story: defeat meets those who resist change, but victory belongs to those who adapt. Through Ramdat, the family rediscovers livelihood, pride, and a renewed sense of heritage.

The Cart-Puller offers a deeply moving portrait of labour, displacement, and the unspoken heroism found in ordinary lives. Bhola, born into neglect and scarred by repeated rejection, grows up without protection or affection. His mother dies early, his father remarries, and even minor mistakes invite beatings. When his marriage eventually collapses under the weight of village prejudice, Bhola leaves home not in pursuit of ambition, but simply to escape humiliation.

Calcutta becomes the unexpected setting for his renewal. Though the city overwhelms him at first, it is among fellow migrants that he finds his first true sense of belonging. The dharamshala offers community, food, and dignity. Pulling a cart is grueling and thankless, yet the narrative frames it as a kind of rebirth. Through physical labour, Bhola discovers purpose. Every rupee he earns becomes a building block in the future of his children, Ratan and Lal whose education stands as the clearest testament to his sacrifice.

The ethical core of the story lies in the sons' response. Their academic success is not merely a triumph of education but the harvest of their father's endurance. Their decision to bring Bhola home reflects a deep understanding that dignity must be reciprocated. The story ends not with

dramatic victory, but with quiet fulfillment: Bhola's life, shaped by hardship, becomes the fertile ground from which gratitude, humility, and new aspirations grow.

Livelihood is a sharp exploration of work, morality, and survival within a corrupt social order. Through the contrasting lives of Shobhakant and Umakant, the story examines two divergent paths to earning a living. Shobhakant, forced out of school by poverty, arrives in the city without a plan but refuses any work that would compromise his dignity. His apprenticeship at a bicycle shop becomes his true education. Over time, humility and skill elevate him from mechanic to tempo driver to eventual owner. His journey demonstrates that self-respect and craftsmanship can forge an honest livelihood, even in unforgiving conditions.

Umakant embodies the anxiety of educated yet unemployed rural youth. His degree yields no opportunities, and society ridicules educated men who return to farming. This disdain for manual

labour is one of the story's most incisive critiques. Pressured to pay bribes for a government job, Umakant nearly abandons his principles. His wife's pragmatic reasoning underscores the painful truth: corruption becomes normalized when survival is on the line.

Through Mishrilal's reflections, the story charts the layered nature of corruption in banks, warehouses, block offices, and ration systems exposing a world where honesty is systematically punished. Yet the final metaphor of the mango tree reminds us that ethical choices, though constrained, remain possible. Umakant's decision to leave the dealership and become a tempo driver marks a quiet yet meaningful victory of labour over moral compromise.

The Rickshaw Puller weaves together the intersecting lives of Jibach, Bachanu, Saradha, and the kiln workers Mahakant and Ragini to interrogate what freedom, dignity, and a better life truly mean. Jibach returns from Bombay dressed in urban glamour, but beneath the surface, he is restless, dependent on alcohol, and driven more by

consumption than purpose. In contrast, Bachanu represents a rough, unpolished integrity. He pulls a rickshaw during the monsoons, works at a brick kiln in the dry season, and consistently puts his children's nourishment above his own comfort. He refuses stolen income, avoids driving while drunk, and follows a personal moral code that gives him inner strength.

The story opens with scenes of drinking, gambling, and reckless spending, highlighting how easily such integrity can erode. Yet a quiet moment on the cement platform where Bachanu feeds his family before taking his first sip reveals a richness of life absent in the modern characters. His world is unforgiving, but not empty.

Ragini's monologue serves as the emotional foundation of the story. Though educated and financially secure, she remains confined, isolated, and voiceless within her marriage. Her realization that Bachanu is, in many ways, freer than she is, stops traditional social hierarchies. Through these intertwined lives, the story critiques privilege and gendered power, ultimately suggesting that real freedom lies in self-respect, purposeful labour, and the courage to live without fear.

***The Lime Hawker** is a subtle, finely layered exploration of labour, dignity, and the quiet transformation of rural life. Through Makhni and her family, the story traces how a woman-centered traditional occupation adapts to shifting economic pressures while retaining a core of tenderness and moral intimacy.*

The narrative opens with Makhni's fall on the stairs a moment that symbolically marks the end of an era. Her injury necessitates a reorganization of the household, and the reactions of Phuliya, Kabutariya, and Matkuria reveal the nuanced dynamics of real family life, where affection and self-interest coexist. Phuliya senses a new authority, Kabutariya yearns to inherit her grandmother's ritual knowledge, and Matkuria feels relieved that his ageing mother will no longer carry heavy loads.

The extended reflection on the lime trade functions almost as a piece of social history. Once a hereditary occupation sustained by barter, trust, and memory, it represents a moral economy where livelihood and relationship were inseparable. But with the arrival of stone-lime, cash transactions, and expanding markets, this intimacy begins to fray. Change brings financial gain, but weakens older networks of reciprocity.

Yet the story closes with a quiet gesture of renewal. In the Phagun dusk, Matkuria lifts the basket from Phuliya s head onto his own. No words are spoken. The act embodies shared labour, recognition, and partnership. Through this simple moment, the narrative affirms that true livelihood lies not only in commerce, but in the mutual carrying of burdens.

Division of the Ancestral Homestead transforms a seemingly minor village event the partition of five kathas of inherited homestead land into a powerful critique of moral decline, shifting values, and the enduring ethical core of rural life. What begins as a routine logistical matter gradually reveals a deeper conflict between inherited wisdom and the corrosive habits learned in the city.

Shrikant and Mukund, returning to the village after long years in government service, embody this tension. Their pursuit of prestige, subtle rivalry, and efforts to manipulate the land survey reflect an urban mindset in which influence outweighs fairness and personal gain overrides collective memory. Their distance from the village is not geographical but ethical.

In contrast stand the village elders, who uphold an older moral order. Guru Kaka's recollections of Vaidikji, Jogindar, Mahavir, and Khaliqa evoke a world where responsibility, artistry, and courage once shaped communal life. Ramchandra, the young surveyor, restores balance by measuring the land exactly as it lies, refusing to yield to either brother's unspoken pressure.

The story balances wit with quiet sadness. The discreet maneuvering of Buchai and Sarup exposes the vanity of the educated brothers, yet their isolation also evokes sympathy. The final, fair division becomes a moment of moral resolution, affirming that true order arises not from wealth or influence, but from justice and shared ethical principles.

Brotherhood is a profoundly humane narrative that delicately traces the threads of family, sacrifice, and moral choice. At its heart is Dinanath, a boy raised in poverty but fortified by the quiet courage of his parents, Ramkhelawan and Sumitra. Their sacrifices—his mother parting with her nose-ring, his father working beyond his means—are modest in scale but monumental in meaning. In poor

households, the story suggests, every gesture becomes a promise toward a better future.

The narrative takes a dramatic turn when Ramkhelawan suffers paralysis. In that moment, Dinanath abandons his education to support the family not out of resignation, but as an ethical choice grounded in love and responsibility. His act reveals the story's central insight: responsibility is a form of heroism. The steady support of his maternal uncle further underscores the enduring strength of extended kinship in village life.

Dinanath's marriage to Sushila and his slow, determined rise through labour in the rice-husking trade present an alternative model of progress one built on perseverance rather than ambition. This stands in stark contrast to his younger brother, Kusumlal, whose education leads not to wisdom, but to detachment, indulgence, and eventual self-destruction. His decision to sell ancestral land marks his moral decline, and his lonely death lays bare the fragility of success when severed from duty.

In the closing scene, as Dinanath holds the dying Kusumlal and calls him Brother, the story's moral centre is restored. Brotherhood is shown to

arise not merely from shared blood, but from compassion, loyalty, and the courage to forgive.

Sister begins with the quiet decline of Sarojini, an elderly mother, yet the real drama unfolds around those tasked with honouring her final days. The story becomes a mirror reflecting loyalty, kinship, and the fragile ethics that bind families together.

Radheshyam and his wife Ragini anchor the narrative. Their acceptance of caregiving is immediate, driven by both love and the awareness that in village life, reputation often outlasts a lifetime. A parent's death especially if neglected can leave a permanent stain on a household's name. The emotional burden they bear is thus both private and communal.

The three daughters reveal the modern fractures within familial ties. Gauri and Sunita return without hesitation, acknowledging that certain duties transcend distance and convenience. Rita's absence, by contrast, exposes a harsher truth: ambition and

urban life can stretch bonds until they thin into justifications. Her failure to return wounds Radheshyam deeply, prompting his anguished declaration that sibling ties end with their mother's death.

The story's most striking moment arrives when Shabana, the Muslim neighbour intimately entwined with the family's past, arrives at night despite the dangers on the road. Her presence quietly redefines what it means to be a "sister." Kinship, the narrative suggests, is shaped not by blood, but by courage, memory, and the instinct to stand beside someone in their hardest hour.

In the end, **Sister** poses a simple yet piercing question: when the hour of truth arrives, who stays and who quietly walks away?

Match-seeker's Visit transforms an ordinary social occasion into an intimate exploration of rural honour, economic pressure, and a widow's layered fears. Lukhiya begins her day facing torn thatch, broken boundaries, and rainwater pooling in her courtyard. These are not merely signs of poverty they reflect her deeper anxiety: that visitors will judge her home, her son, and ultimately her

own worth as a widow striving to maintain dignity.

Everything around her becomes symbolically charged. A simple meal of rice and coarse lentils, an improvised curtain, even the utensils reserved for guests all carry the weight of family reputation. Her irritation with Nagesar masks a deeper fear: that society attributes every household flaw to a woman's supposed inadequacy, especially when no man stands beside her.

Nagesar's steady, measured presence gradually softens the tension. His belief that affection, not extravagance, defines respect allows the narrative to shift from anxiety to quiet clarity.

Meanwhile, Domon and Buchan's walk across the embankment reveals another dimension. Rural wealth is being reshaped by borewells, fish ponds, cash crops, and hybrid mangoes. Marriage, too, becomes a negotiation of labour, land, and long-term security.

The story's moral strength culminates in Lukhiya's refusal to accept dowry. Her quiet assertion that she will not buy a daughter-in-law safeguards the ethical foundation of her household. When the

match is finally confirmed, it is her self-respect not material display that gives the decision its true moral weight.

Regret is a quietly reflective story that explores migration, duty, generational distance, and the subtle erosion of inherited values. At its core are Raghunath, his father Shivnath, and his mother Rukmini a triangle of aspiration, memory, and loss.

Raghunath's departure for America follows the familiar logic of modern ambition: the pursuit of money, mobility, and a future unburdened by rural limitations. For Shivnath, however, the decision wounds a deeper layer of identity. He comes from a lineage shaped by sacrifice his father, Devanath, risked his life in the 1942 movement. Freedom, in Shivnath's eyes, was a collective achievement rooted in land and community. To watch his son use that same freedom to abandon those very ties becomes a source of unspoken sorrow. The story renders this contrast not through confrontation, but through silence and quiet disappointment.

Rukmini's pain is more personal. Her son's

absence feels like an unraveling the slow collapse of years of care, love, and devotion. Her grief echoes the emotional cost borne by countless parents whose children leave not out of defiance, but from necessity.

Raghunath's long stay abroad becomes a gradual disintegration. A cramped apartment, mechanical labour, and his wife's deepening loneliness expose the gap between imagined success and lived emptiness. His eventual breakdown and late awakening reveal a buried longing for the very world he once left behind.

The parents' decision to perform their own shradha is the story's most profound moment. It is an act not of bitterness, but of release an acknowledgment that their lineage, dreams, and traditions are slipping away, and that expectations must yield to reality.

In the end, Regret is less a condemnation of migration than a meditation on what freedom means when progress severs gratitude, belonging, and shared heritage. It suggests that the modern pursuit of success carries a hidden price: the quiet severing of roots, realized only when it is too late to return.

Dr Hemant follows a man's journey from confusion and restlessness to quiet moral awakening, set against the vast, troubled landscape of the Kosi floodplains. At the outset, Hemant is burdened by family disputes, avoidance of responsibility, and a drifting inner life. His first moment of clarity comes when he relinquishes his claim to ancestral property a gesture that frees him, revealing that the true weight he carried was not loss, but attachment.

His government posting to flood duty, along with a threatening extortion letter, propels him into a reality he has long evaded. The train, rickshaw, and boat journey becomes a symbolic passage from inertia to purpose. His contrast with Dr. Sunil a colleague whose steady commitment to public service underscores Hemant's own disengagement sharpens this transition. Sunil's quiet resolve illuminates how far Hemant has strayed from the ideals of his profession.

Crossing the Kosi River marks the story's emotional and symbolic turning point. Its waters, filled with both death and resilience, reflect the contradictions of the society Hemant is meant to serve. In the

devastated villages, he encounters courage, endurance, and an ethic of mutual care that had been absent from his insulated, urban medical practice.

Sulochana becomes the emotional anchor of the narrative. Swept away by the flood and later sheltered by Jiyalal, she embodies innocence shaped by suffering. Her image of worms in sugar and chili offers a piercing metaphor that strips away Hemant's illusions of moral superiority. Her quiet wisdom forces him to confront the distance between his training and his choices.

By the time Hemant departs from Lachmipur, he realizes that seven days among the flood-stricken have brought him more meaning than years spent treating the privileged. The story ultimately reflects on duty, healing, and the search for fulfilment in a fractured world. Hemant's renewal affirms that true service begins not in clinics or cities, but in the willingness to step unshielded into the suffering of others.

Bobby *portrays an unlettered village woman who quietly becomes the custodian of her community's*

cultural memory. Through her, the story reveals that festivals, especially Chhath, are sustained not by spectacle, but by labour, care, and the shared strength of women whose lives seldom enter written history.

Bobby knows every ritual, every seasonal rhythm, and every obligation woven into the fabric of village life. Her conversations with Sirkhariyawali highlight how the poor mark time not with calendars, but through baskets, clay, and savings painstakingly gathered over the year. Bobby's calm presence steadies those who fear falling behind, gently reminding them that rituals are meant to sustain, not exhaust.

Rahmat's mother adds another emotional layer. Her offerings, rooted in a vow made during her son's illness, show how faith merges with gratitude and remembrance. Bobby immediately recognizes this tenderness and responds with a warmth that affirms the inclusive ethos of rural devotion.

When Sonrewali confesses that she cannot afford baskets, it exposes the silent shame poverty brings to days meant for celebration. Bobby's quiet assurance that the Sun accepts anything offered with sincerity restores dignity and becomes the

story's moral centre.

Bobby herself carries the unspoken sorrow of the daughter she never had. Yet she transforms this longing into compassion, guiding rituals, settling fears, and ensuring no household is forgotten. In doing so, she becomes the emotional and cultural axis of the village.

Ultimately, the story honours the resilience and quiet authority of women whose labour preserves tradition. Through Bobby, it affirms that culture is not upheld by wealth or temple hierarchy, but by the steady hands and generous hearts of those who hold a community together.

***Kamini** traces the quiet rebellion of a woman handling a world that praises female virtue while restricting female agency. What begins as a simple domestic story deepens into a critique of shifting social values, the decay of educational ethics, and the fragile position of women within patriarchal marriage.*

The opening exchange between the narrator and Bhaiya Kaka frames the ideological tension. Kaka

takes pride in marrying off his daughter but dismisses higher education for girls as unnecessary. His views reflect an older belief that women must labour without ambition. The narrator's gentle disagreement highlights a society caught between tradition and change.

Kamini's marriage to Lalababu exposes the distortions of modernity. Lalababu uses dowry money to purchase a fraudulent degree, secures a college position, and grows increasingly self-important. Kamini's quiet dignity stands in sharp contrast to his vanity. When Mrignayani enters their lives, Lalababu's shallow infatuation reveals the fragile foundations on which women's security is built.

Kamini's turning point is silent but powerful. After overhearing herself being dismissed, she gathers her daughters and leaves without confrontation. Her departure becomes the story's moral center, showing that dignity often speaks through action rather than accusation.

The kindness of strangers—the old murhi-seller, the women cutting grass—offers Kamini the compassion her own home failed to provide. Their instinctive solidarity affirms a truth the story holds dear: in

a society where institutions fail women, other women often become their only refuge.

In the end, Kamini reveals how endurance, integrity, and self-respect allow a woman to reclaim her life, even when society offers her no protection at all.

Translating Glimpses of Rural Life has been more than a literary task it has been an immersion into a world where endurance is quiet, dignity is instinctive, and complexity resides in the smallest human gestures. These stories reveal that rural Mithila is not a landscape frozen in time, but a living terrain shaped by memory, labour, devotion, and the unyielding will to rebuild after every upheaval. What may appear outwardly modest carries within it profound emotional depth and moral clarity.

Engaging with these narratives has reminded me that the rural poor are not merely subjects of sympathy. They are thinkers, creators, caregivers, and survivors. They confront drought, flood, migration, corruption, and social inequality with a calm persistence that seldom finds a place in public

discourse. Their victories may seem small, yet they are ethically luminous. Their sorrows may be heavy, yet they are borne with a grace that commands respect.

If this translation enables readers to step, even briefly, into the inner lanes and courtyards of Mithila to feel the cadence of its speech, the weight of its silences, and the hope that flickers through its harshest days then the labour behind this book finds its purpose. Rural voices often fade unheard in the noise of modern life. Mandal listened to them with uncommon seriousness. My task has been to ensure that their stories travel further, carrying with them the truth, tenderness, and strength of the lives they represent.

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3.3. World Peace – Jagdish Prasad Mandal (Original Maithili Short Story) Rameshwar Prasad Mandal (English Translation)

World Peace



Jagdish Prasad Mandal (Original Maithili Short Story)



Rameshwar Prasad Mandal (English Translation)

World Peace

Returning from school, Adauriya said to his mother – Ma, tomorrow morning I will go to Guru Uncle s house.

The name of Guru Uncle set Aparajita thinking, as she tried to recall who he was.

Sensing her uncertainty, Adauriya asked – You do not know Guru Uncle ?

Aparajita replied – I cannot remember just now.

Adauriya explained – The one who lives in Uttarwari Tola.

At the mention of Uttarwari Tola, Aparajita said – Now I remembered.

At that moment, she went to the courtyard trellis, cut a gourd, plucked about two kilos of brinjal, pulled up ten or twelve radishes, removed their roots and leaves, washed them clean, and placed them in a bag.

Early the next morning, after completing his daily chores, Adauriya came to his mother and said—

Ma, I am going to Guru Uncle s house. I have a question to ask him. If I return late, I will not go to school; if I am back in time, I will attend school as well.

His mother simply acknowledged his words without adding anything more. When Adauriya was about to leave for Guru Uncle s house, she said— Son, there is a gourd, and in the bag there are radish and brinjal. Take them with you and give them to Guru Uncle.

He hesitated for a moment, slightly puzzled, but his mother repeated gently— When you go to someone older than yourself to seek guidance or advice, you should take a gift as an offering.

Until that moment, Adauriya had never truly understood such a gesture, but that morning it became clear. His father Sukhdev s words came back to him: Son, in our time, and even before, when teachers did not receive a salary, the children the students would bring them a shanichara, a pice and a quarter kilo of rice.

Once, Adauriya had asked— Why give them money

and rice ?

Sukhdev had replied – If you receive knowledge from someone, you must give something in return. When knowledge is taken without any offering, its worth begins to fade.

Back then he had heard his father s words without understanding them. But now, seeing his mother s actions, his father s meaning returned to him with sudden clarity. Holding the gourd in one hand and slinging the bag with brinjal and radish over his shoulder, Adauriya set out for Guru Uncle s house. As soon as Adauriya reached Guru Uncle s doorway and saw him, he said – I bow to you, Uncle. I have come to know the answer of a question.

While lowering his gaze Guru chacha blessed Adauriya, but he noticed the bag slung over Adauriya s shoulder and the gourd in his hand. His eyes lifted in surprise. It reminded him of an old tradition long observed here: whenever one received knowledge from someone, one would offer a token of respect in return. Even Dronacharya had taken Eklavya s thumb. Yet, another thought stirred in his mind that if, in exchange for giving something, one always received something in return, if one taught only to be paid, then it became a transaction. The gift of knowledge is the highest of all gifts, and its sanctity remains only when it is given freely, without taking anything in return.

Otherwise, it turns into an act of buying and selling.

Guru Uncle was still lost in his thoughts when Adauriya entered the courtyard and placed the bag of radishes and brinjal, along with the gourd, on the eastern verandah, saying to Guru Uncle s wife – Aunty, here is a gourd, and in the bag there are brinjal and radishes. Please keep them.

Hearing this, Sarojini guessed at once that her husband must have sent the boy, so she took them silently without comment.

Returning to the doorway, Adauriya touched Guru Uncle s feet in reverence. Guru Uncle reconised him by his face that the boy was from Southern colony, but he did not know exactly who he was, whose son he might be, or what his name was. Without knowing, he blessed him much as Ramananda Swami had once said to Kabir – Child, recite Ram – Ram, saying – Be well, child. May you be blessed.

Inviting Adauriya to sit before him with a gesture, Guru Uncle watched as the boy sat down and said – Uncle, I have come to ask you the answer to a question.

Hearing this, Guru Uncle thought to himself that he did not know the boy well, nor his true nature. In such a case, how could he decide what kind

of answer would be right for him ? The world is what it is, full of both good and bad. If he were to call bad what is good or good what is bad, that too would not be right.

Caught in this uncertainty, Guru Uncle decided it would be better to know the boy before answering his question. So he asked— Child, what is your name ?

With the tone of a small child answering proudly, Adauriya said— Uncle, in school my name is Adaurilal. My friends call me Adauri, and my parents call me Adauriya.

Guru Uncle asked— Your father s name ?

Adauriya replied— Sukhdev.

The moment Guru Uncle heard the name Sukhdev, he recognised him. Sukhdev from Southern colony was Adauriya s father. Guru Uncle had once given Sukhdev a cow to tend. As long as the cow remained in milk, Sukhdev kept coming to Guru chacha s place. When the cow grew old and died, that arrangement came to an end.

Guru Uncle asked— What is your question, Adauri ?

Adaurilal said— Uncle, the day after tomorrow there will be a programme at our school. The Education Minister will also be coming. All the teachers and students of our school will be present. There will be a seminar on the topic of World Peace . The teachers will take part, and some

students have also been given five minutes each to speak. I am one of them, and I have come to you for guidance.

Hearing the boy's question, Guru Uncle thought to himself that the greatest scholars of the world have pondered over this subject, and here was a child wishing to speak on it. Yet he reminded himself that even if the universe and the divine are infinite, it does not mean a young mind cannot grasp them in its own measure. In school, in the village, and in the home, children constantly listen to and absorb what their elders and teachers say.

Guru Uncle asked— Son, which class are you in ?

Adaurilal replied— I am in the ninth.

On hearing ninth class, Guru Uncle considered what the boy's level might be. At least he would have heard the seeds of greater thoughts. Hearing is one thing, understanding another. Even if Adaurilal might not yet fully comprehend the subject, he had at least heard of it. Everyone knows that knowledge is of two kinds. One is verbal, and the other is practical. Verbal knowledge comes first, and when it is put into action, it becomes practical knowledge, which is the truest form of learning.

Guru Uncle said— Son, do you understand the two words world and peace ?

Adaurilal was a straightforward boy. A child's mind is simple by nature, and he was the son of such parents and such a family where deceit and intrigue had no place. His dealings and thoughts were open and honest with everyone. Deceit and manipulation creep into families where stomachs are always full and business runs on a grand scale.

Adauriya said— Guru Uncle, Master Sahib told us that everyone will have to speak for five minutes on the topic of world peace, so I have come to you to understand what I should say about it.

Hearing the boy's thought, Guru Uncle reflected that what Adauriya said was indeed correct. As he had heard from his teachers, so he understood, and so he spoke. He could not be expected to grasp that where each individual's life is filled with unrest, bringing peace into the minds of all the world's people is not child's play. If the hope with which Adaurilal had come were not fulfilled, the boy might leave in disappointment.

Guru Uncle asked— Adaurilal, who all will be present at the programme ?

Adaurilal replied— Uncle, the chief guest will be the Honourable Education Minister. All the teachers of the school will be there eleven in all along with students from all four classes.

Hearing this, Guru Uncle thought to himself that five minutes was hardly enough time. It was barely

the time taken to sip a cup of tea.

Guru Uncle said— Adaurilal, any speech begins with a salutation. Then comes the main subject, the matter you have to discuss, and finally you conclude your speech. So first tell me how you will give the salutation.

Adaurilal said— Guru Uncle, Master Sahib wrote it on the board and had us all copy it.

Guru Uncle asked— What did he write ?

Adaurilal took out the piece of paper from his pocket and began to read: Respected Honourable Education Minister, Government of Bihar. Respected Principal Sir, respected Ravindra Babu, Khushilal Babu, Kedar Babu, Vimal Babu, Rudrachandra Babu, Singheshwar Babu, and Shubhkant Babu. Along with the present students and

Hearing this list of salutations, Guru Uncle realised at once that nearly four of Adaurilal's allotted five minutes would be spent just on greetings.

Adding his own suggestion, Guru Uncle said— Son, add one more line at the end: In today's world, unrest is the greatest problem of life. Without peace in life, peace in the world cannot be achieved.

By the time Adaurilal had finished writing, Guru Uncle felt a quiet relief. Yet his mind told him that on the subject of world peace, he should also speak to Adaurilal directly. He asked again—

Adaurilal, are you done, or do you wish to add

more ?

Guru Uncle reflected that Adaurilal was still a child. If he gave him more to write, especially things whose meaning the boy could not understand, the audience might simply conclude that the speech had been copied from a book or dictated by someone else. In that case, a third suspicion might also arise. He decided it would be better to let the written part remain as it was and explain verbally what the world is and what peace is, thus keeping his own conscience clear.

Adaurilal had no real sense of what five minutes meant, how much could be spoken or done in that time. He only felt vaguely that his speech was too short. He said— Uncle, please add a little more.

Seeing the boy's curiosity, Guru Uncle felt not displeasure but satisfaction. Displeasure would have come only if the boy had been shirking work, which he was not. The eagerness to learn was alive in him, and that gave Guru Uncle contentment. Smiling, he said— Son, first listen carefully to what I say. Later, if you feel like adding something from your own thoughts, you may add much, as you want.

This thought arose in Guru Uncle's mind for two reasons: first, he could meet the measure of the boy's curiosity without leaving him the impression that his elder had been careless in guiding him;

second, the deeper ideas he held within himself were not yet within Adaurilal's reach. If the boy could not truly grasp them, then how can he prepare more.

Adaurilal asked— Shall I hear it, Uncle ?

Guru Uncle said— What do you mean by the word world ? What is the world ?

Adaurilal replied— The world means the earth and all that is in it.

Hearing the answer, Guru Uncle smiled inwardly, knowing that the boy was repeating exactly what he had heard from people's lips and from his books. He had no idea that the world is the composite of three elements: Brahma, the soul, and Maya. Brahma is the essence of knowledge and bliss; the soul is the essence of life; and Maya is the essence of action and manifestation. Together they form the world.

In the same way, peace has its own nature. When knowledge transforms into trust and grows, peace is born in the human heart. That peace, as it deepens and matures, becomes a state of profound tranquillity.

Guru Uncle said— Adaurilal, you do not have a watch, but there is one hanging on the wall. Look at it, then read aloud the speech you have written. From that you will know whether it fills five minutes or not.

Hearing this, Adaurilal began to read. Being a

child, he was not yet skilled at reading smoothly, and that too added to the time. By the time he finished his prepared text, the five minutes had been completely filled.

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