# ‘My Nepal – MyPride’

Drip! Drip! Drip! The tiny drops of dew fell from the fresh flowers blooming on the early morning. I was waiting for my dad to get ready so that I could drop him off to his office and I go on my own. I look around the garden, leaning on my car – a shining new Wagon that I got a few months ago. Sigh! “How life has taken a new turn…” I wonder.

Where my childhood was before and where I am now!

I saw my reflection on the rear view mirror. I saw the man with a suit amd tie, back combed sleek hair, neatly shaved face and a office educated look! Wow! “Who are you?” I questioned the man looking at me through the mirror.

“I’m the same Rau Kayastha, you were many years back! Living with your father in the village far away in that remote area!” The reflection replied back to me. I smiled back with pride indeed for I’m going more forward that this.

“Raju! Come on lets go fast, you’re getting late!” my father came rushing from the house, briefcase in one hand and – a piece of bread in another “Oh dad! Didn’t you have bread earlier? Again one more?” I questioned him – a bit surprised and yet a bit jokingly. I knew he loved the taste of the fresh breads I bring every morning.

Father grinned, obviously with some bread in his mouth “Yes I had already, but I’m still hungry” he replied and slammed the door of the car. “Lets go! We are late!” He said with a mouth full and I pushed on the accelerator of the car.

Traffic Jam! Sigh! This is what I hate the most. I craned my neck to see how long the lines of cars were and Holy mo! Sure indeed I couldn’t see the beginning nor the ending.

I looked at dad – busy playing with the new mobile I gave him on his birthday a few years back.

The smile on his face – it was so heavenly and he was happy I knew it and so was I. The long traffic – my thoughts drifted back to my childhood among the Terai lands – plowing the small land with Laxmi – our Ox. The hot scorching sun penetrating the skins that had darkened with time on the fields, my father beside me – teaching me to control Laxmi.

Ho! Ho! Go forward Laxmi! My father hollered beside me. “Ho! Ho! Go! Go!” I shouted with him. My father nuzzled my head, “Say it a bit commanding then it listens to you my son!” He said with love and smiled at me. “OK!” I mouthed back.

The entire morning dad and I worked in the small field and returned home for lunch.

My mother had died – soon after I was born and it was dad all along who held on to me, took care of me and stood me up my legs. He was my mother so was my father – he was my world, his happiness my heaven. He was the only family I had and I had a huge family indeed. Honk! Honk! I heard a horn beep.

“Raju!” My dad shook me and I came of the trance I was having… the cars in front of me was moving ahead already… and the cars behind… God! They were pressing those irritating horns. I rolled my eyes and moved ahead with the car.

I dropped dad in his office where he now worked as a lower employee in agriculture and drived to mine only a few bocks ahead from his.

I parked my car beside a blue one and looked up the big huge building where I worked. The entire building a creation of a glass tower.

I remembered my house back in Nepal in Terai from where I used to run along the stairs – my house painted a merry colour of orange and a great fading shade of off-white colour. It surely was 20 times smaller than this building here – but really it gave me enough memories and shelter I never felt here.

My eyes turned moist all of a sudden as I remembered my village – my fields – my house – the green trees – the days filled with games – my friends ho I left behind years back. And here I am – standing as a successful engineer on one of the most reputed offices in Hongkong.

Proud? Yes! Happy? Yes! I wiped my tears and closed my eyes. I remembered my country – my unique country Nepal that has filled me with pride all the way. The same country where I took my first steps – Nepal from where I have come and established myself here today.

A long time has passed that I left Nepal, my village and come to Hongkong to study and to work with my father. But still I haven’t forgotten my respect for Nepal. Sure! It is a small country still not as developed as Hongkong but yet its where I truly belong and where I originally come from.

My steps builded up from the fields in the Terai and now today those steps in hot scorching sun has brought me this far and I am standing strong as the ox, Laxmi listening to my boss that instructs me to my work like my father did.

I haven’t gone back to Nepal since last 10 years but have I not missed my country? D I not love it anymore? Surely… I do reminiscence every time te food of Nepal, the smell of mud… everything.

People say-No need to return to Nepal, you are doing fine here. I nod my head but somewhere inside I know I’d be returning back soon, very soon to my Nepal where my orange/white house awaits for me and the fields wait for my step to take on it again.

My country Nepal… Please forgive for all those years I never returned to you. But today I realize that I’d come back and you are the place I belong to, where my identity lies… I’m coming back to bask in the sun in the heart of the fields. You are my country and my Pride! I take a deep breath and open my eyes, take a few steps to the building where very soon I’d be saying a goodbye.