

Crises clamouring for attention

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Every day the media explodes with yet another news of corruption with thousand queries strewn ubiquitous upon the sentiments of the people. The news teases their mind playing sadistic tantrums. Another bout of frustration burdens their mind. This time too the culprit is no one else but the leaders. Yesterday also it was the same. This clandestine act accomplished by the "Netas" has drastically changed the definition of politics in the minds of the multitudes.

Once the "CIAA" had shown itself as a neon sign in the obfuscation of darkness but the same sadistic politics gobbled its spirit and once again the whereabouts of justice is in a quest for its existence. Now the Nepali almanac is accounting upon another epoch of dark days. Now it's a high time for intellectuals stepped forward from their situational exile and saved the country from further turmoil.

Let's use the syllogistic compass to see who our parliamentarians are. A college dropout, an illiterate, a hooligan who chanced his way out blackmailing the conscience of the populace. The numbers will sigh away to count more than ten as far as true parliamentarians are concerned. Do we ever hear about a teenager who would pursue politics when he grows up? Rarely do we find. The visage of politics has been malignantly distorted in the minds of the youths. A year back, we have witnessed the puerile display of one of our MPs during the aftermath of the royal massacre. Bhatata.....ta

What does that signify? That silly act was enough to refute his limited conscience, his desperate verbal effort in crossing every obstacle of English vocabulary just to get recognition from the foreign correspondent and media giants

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like BBC and CNN. He may have regretted those acts later and must have tried to justify it with another volley of hypocrisy? But will that moment ever excuse his justification. We have another sample who saw solution in the punch of his friend's nose. Even patience isn't a virtue for these people. A trifle misunderstanding amongst their colleagues sponsors their ego to open yet another party with a slightly different outlook.

A small difference in their ego-balance gives rise to an enormous rift disturbing the entire history and geography of our country. The party workers can't but emancipate themselves and have to perforce bias them in one of the tags out of necessity and recognition. There are other vulnerable traps of power and pelf that makes this drama more melodramatic. It's not the ideological differences but the views of the leaders that procreate demarcations.

A prefix or a suffix before the mother party does wrought their will like "Congress" and "Congress democratic". The former "UML" and the "ML". Democracy does not only mean the verbal catapulation of your tongue neither it means a doggy conflict between the leaders of same or different parties. The breach of faith in the congress latterly revealed how an ego in the wrong heads can obtrude an entire system. Even the savants who run the educational institutions have learnt much from these political pontiffs. The "PABSON" and the "NPABSON" is another live example. We have

proffered enough space in our political lineage to let every leader satiate their ego. During these twelve years Singhadurbar has served nothing more than a kindergarten school for the parvenu leaders to learn the A's and B's of politics. A simple oratory skill and some acts of curtsy doesn't definitely lend one a license to run the country. How can you expect a dunderhead to understand all the nitty-gritties of state-de-affairs? All those hefty ideas and logic of planning and implementation just can't comprehend his ken. Knowledge fears to be a part of his reason due to his flat profile. We have to pore demure about where has our moral code excused these vagabonds to sneak in and create commotion in the life and blood of our country. Certain constitutional filters have to be introduced to checkmate the wrong heads fiddle in our system.

The state must formulate stringent laws allowing only the graduates to burden their shoulders as a member of the parliament. Just floor this resolution in the parliament and just see honestly who ever dares to reject it? The one who does possibly are the ones this resolution is proposed for. Some old, illiterate and the ugly who acknowledge themselves as the next founders of modern Nepal are the significant nosy boils transmogrifying the entire course of state-de-arts.

The decision taken by His majesty is not an outburst of a momentous mood. It has taken many months for the monarch to hold the constitutional horses. The leaders were there

at the beck and call facilitating the circumstances to deteriorate. Until penultimately, having no feasible solutions, the king had to lay his hands on. We often hear that the portals of Narayanhiti had been frequented by these leaders' time and again just to manage themselves a safe nook in the forthcoming government. Rumours have it that some even opted for a clandestine rendezvous with foreign intermediaries. Shame! Shame! we have let these leaders juggle our emotions time and again. Despite frustration, despite rejection, by every possible and legal chicaneries, the intellectuals have to sneak into the constitutional frame and confer a better promise for the future of our country. The foreign soil may provide every bit of materialistic paraphernalia to occupy every bit of our sensual realm but what about our intuition and our soul? Its no better than an orphan. Our senses may be a subject of trade but not our soul.

Due to the ignorance of some pairs of acts of nepotism and flattery, intellectuals of our country have to live a life of self-imposed exile. Beware! The time has come for every astute brains to try and share the brain to save the country from further rapes and tortures. The tomorrow will not excuse us if not acted today. Every pulse of the future is going to question our existence of our "NOW". Please scoop your curiosity and concern out of your comfort zone be it domestic or international and help Nepal save herself from a historic suicide. Your brain may be satisfied in foreign land but what about your heart? Your every breath is attached to your motherland.

How long can you not see? When you are not blind, How long can you not hear?

When you are not dumb, How long can you not think? When you are sane? How long can you not feel? When you have a heart, How long can you not love? Your mother Nepal