

Sarita and Bir Bahadur's Love Letters

Letter #1

[End of Jet, 2049]

Dear Sarita,

Warm love.

Life is an infinite circle. I find that it has not been possible at any time to have enlightenment ever since that day when you [*tapaī*] and I had our “introduction.” In the whole “world” there must be few individuals who do not bow down to love. Sarita, I’m helpless, and I have to make friends of a notebook and pen in order to place this helplessness before you. Love is the sort of thing that anyone can feel—even a great man of the world like Hitler loved Eva, they say. And Napoleon, who with bravery conquered the “world,” united it, and took it forward, was astounded when he saw one particular widow. Certainly, history’s pages are colored with accounts of such individuals who love each other. In which case, Sarita, I’ll let you know by a “short cut” what I want to say: Love is the union of two souls. The “main” meaning of love is “life success.” I’m offering you an invitation to love. If you are capable of accepting it, then accept; otherwise, in this, my time of suffering and life’s last moment, please return this revealing letter.

I have tried on many occasions to offer you an invitation to love, but there was no good time. Sarita, from the day I first saw you I gave you a place in my heart. Finally, waiting for a long time and even until life’s last, ultimate limit in hope of a letter etched by your physical body, I take leave with uncertainty.

Bir Bahadur



Letter #2

Date: 2049/3/5

Time: Around 11:00 at night

Place: In a deserted room

Dear Sarita,

Extremely pleasant remembrances.

In particular: Actually, there is no news or novel presentations that must be written. Because you didn't return but instead accepted the first love letter I have ever written in my life, giving a "reply" in a contented manner, I am distinctly grateful. I received the "reply" you gave only today, so I couldn't finish a "second letter" before this. Yes, Sarita, love is not life's means for titillating trickery; one must love truly and actually. And so, let's do so, and let's keep doing so. Let's neither of us engage in deceitful actions. My true thoughts are none other than that. This is only the "second letter" of my life.

Sarita, also give me your photo, okay? All right, Sarita, what more should I write? After writing it's never finished, so for today I'll defer. The rest we'll discuss slowly when we meet. Awaiting your letter and trusting,

Bir Bahadur

The source of the water coming out of the hills can dry up,
But the tears coming out of my eyes cannot dry up.
You will be able to forget me, perhaps,
But I cannot possibly forget you.

Your friend who remembers,
Bir Bahadur

[In English on first page of stationery:]

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Then [*sic*] never to have loved at all.

Tennyson



Letter #3

Date: 2049/3/11

Place: In a deserted room

Time: 11:00 at night

Dear Sarita,

From wretched Bir Bahadur hundreds of thousands of remembrances and love. I am well; I hope you are well, too.

In particular: Actually, there is no news, or novel presentations, that must be written, only past memories of you keep tormenting me. Under these circumstances, I'm going to etch only two or four words. Sarita, love letters, even without the give and take of conversation, remain in the form of a true trace until the end of life.

Trust me, you are the first person I have ever loved. Love shouldn't be really steady on one side only; it must be steady on both sides. So, love truly, you also. I, too, will put aside my heart for you as long as my life lasts. Life is such an understanding of trust that if anyone moves forward to interfere with you and me, once we show that individual the actuality, it will no longer happen. Love is not the sort of thing that is the impudent one's means for titillating trickery.

Sarita, before today I used to be the sort of person who, upon hearing the sound of the word *love*, used not to want it. You also know this.

In our "section" [i.e., class], with the exception of you and Jhili, I have yet to speak to any other girls.

Sarita, why have I changed so quickly that my own soul can't even explain it? Thinking of the relationship between you and me every moment, at all times, your image keeps appearing. When it's time to study I make an effort to forget, but this heart's beating won't obey. In this way I'm delayed all night, and as it gets light I feel like I've gone to heaven.

All right, Sarita, there were thousands and thousands of things to write, but just writing isn't enough; when we meet it'll be complete. Saying this much for today, I'll defer the rest. Goodbye.

May it not only be in my imagination,
 But may your feelings also grow.
 Love is not just for today;
 May it endure until the very last moment of life.

Bir Bahadur

[In English on first page of stationery:]

Two souls but with a single thought
 Two hearts that beat as one.

Anon.



Letter #4

Date: 2049/3/16

Time: 12:00 at night

Dear Sarita,

From wretched “B. B.,” heartfelt remembrances. I am well and hope that you are well, too.

In particular: Actually, there are no new feelings of mind that must be written, only images of you and my own pitiful agonies make me want to comfort my heart by writing just two or four words today in this short letter.

Sarita, trust me, I’m not loving you in order to make a game out of your life. In my life this is the first time I have ever loved, and it’s with you. So, I don’t know many things. Yes, in your feelings that kind of hesitation may exist, thinking that I might deceive you, no.....?

Make an effort to forget that kind of doubt. Let’s not control each other’s “life,” making a game out of it. Let’s make an effort to make true promises.

Life will be bright.

Sarita, life is made up of trusting, trusting; without trust nothing will succeed.

Love is such a thing that between two lovers “life success” occurs. Don’t you think as if life were desolate. In other words, it’s not enough for only one person to give true promises. It’s not enough if only one person gives one-sided love. Both must depend on truth, and only then will it be possible to find the road to nothing other than success.

Sarita, it seems to me that if two people allow feelings of mistrust and doubt to come between them, then in such a condition in which fears and apprehensions torment, love will only be partially complete and will continue to be so. Therefore, trust me. Yes, I can’t say that I won’t also have such feelings toward you, but moving those feelings far from me, I am offering you only true promises and will continue to do so. I’m helpless, Sarita, as long as you won’t look toward me with feelings of trust. Until then I’ll keep worrying.

Yes, there may be boys these days who have written letters only in order to gain experience with girls. I can’t say that’s not so. But the connection between us binds so strongly that even life’s most terrible cruelty couldn’t cause a separation. If you also love truly, then there will be truth between us as well, and if neither of us tries to make a game out of the other’s “life,” then

between us there will certainly be the strongly binding connection of “life friend” [*sic*].

The future is bright if we continue to love truly. Wait, and I’ll also wait. May separation never occur once a union has been created.

I will love you truly. Even if difficult actions torment me, I won’t hesitate to give up my life for you. If you also want to spend your life together with me, then certainly the relationship of life friend will bind us strongly for sure. [~~crossed out: If you don’t wish to love truly, then, still, nothing’s been broken; separation can be prevented.~~] But let’s not turn the future into darkness. I also want nothing but that; I love you truly. No matter how far away you might be, certainly you will have success if you create a life friend. Saying this much, for today I’ll say goodbye. At a future time there will be complete union. Saying so with hope, goodbye.

Thousands love, it seems,
 But let’s keep on loving truly.
 Life is an unlimited time, it seems;
 Therefore, let’s try not to deceive.
 Let’s keep truth steady
 No matter how difficult it gets.
 Let’s keep on loving truly.
 We will certainly create a sign of success.

Waiting in expectation, your faithful
 Bir Bahadur

[In English on first page of stationery:]

Two souls but with a single thought
 Two hearts that beat as one.

Anon.



Letter #5

Date: 2049/3/23

Dear Sarita,

From “B. B.” unbreakable remembrances and boundless love.

In particular: A circumstance for clarifying words doesn’t really exist; only because of past memories of you am I coloring this small piece of lifeless paper.

Sarita, I am extremely grateful to have received the letter you etched with

your physical body, and the photo. It seems to me that if there are no actual feelings between two people who love each other, then until the end of the lives of those who love each other, no existence remains. Therefore, by means of just one letter the road of trust cannot be followed because one must explain one's own personal matters not only in writing but also verbally. We have already exchanged many things through letters, but we have never sat at any place and made our own personal feelings of mind clear and distinct. Because I'm helpless, let's sit in some deserted place and talk.

Sarita, trust me; I won't deceive you. Touching my beating heart, I say that until my life's last moment I will keep you in my heart. Now, make an effort not to put on me the distressing responsibility for the titillating trickery or deceit of others in matters of love relationships because in my heart I absolutely despise such titillating trickery and such mimicry of love. "so that no because by other letter" [*sic*]

Yes, there are many boys and even girls who destroy each other's lives.

But may such a condition not exist between you and me. From me it will not be at all, trust me, but what there will be from you depends on you alone. Let neither of us between us do the sort of thing that would be a blow to the other's "prestige."

Life is awaiting those who love truly. Therefore, Sarita, the connection between you and me is getting closer and closer. Let's wait. Certainly, separation won't occur after a union has been created. Therefore, let's keep making an effort to lengthen the true road. Certainly, we will create a sign of success. May our love reach a place where we can in our lives overthrow any difficulties that arrive and obtain success. Such are the feelings of mind between lovers.

Sarita, with this letter is a photo. Put it away with extreme secrecy. It's not that good. Still, I'm giving it to you under compulsion. You have to give me a passport-sized photo, you know. All right, Sarita, I certainly won't deceive you, but don't refuse to talk out of shyness. In letters you use very literary [i.e., standoffish] words, but make an effort to change that habit. It's getting to be exam time. Make an effort to study really hard. Everything else will be fine because "student life is the very poare" [*sic*]. That's all for today. Again, until a future time, goodbye.

Staying in your imagination,
"B. B."



Letter #6

[No date. This letter was in fragments, worn from having been read so often and from having gotten wet.]

[PAGE 1:]

. . . feeling this way, I'll etch out two or four words.

Sarita, how many different things I've written to you, and yet you still don't trust me, do you? I can't understand why you've made fun of me because in relation to "Love" I have no knowledge about anything. I can't discern your heart/mind's feelings. The reason for this is that even though we've exchanged many letters about our "Love," we still haven't talked verbally. In every letter I write that we should sit in a deserted place some time and make clear our real feelings about life. But you haven't paid any attention to this suggestion in any letter. Also, the day before yesterday you went to see the film only out of obligation, and you wouldn't agree to anything else, either.

Sarita, if you think such things about me, it will be a great sin. In my whole life my heart/mind probably hasn't suffered so much. The stuff in my "English note" notebook—the four or six lines about a love letter, or about marriage—that letter was written by a "Teacher" from my village. He requested permission to marry a girl there, it seems. The girl's father and mother didn't like him. Maybe the girl didn't, either. The girl's older brother said they'd give her away only after looking into the boy's earnings and wealth. The brother went to that village and . . .

[PAGE 2:]

. . . [your] having written such a thing amazed me. That Brahman girl [the one who told Sarita about the entry in his English notebook] can't understand Magars. That you should have made such a terrible thing out of such a small matter—forget it. There's nothing else to say. I don't even know that girl, never mind saying anything about "Love"! In the end, the teacher didn't marry that one; he married someone else. That's all there is to this matter. Trust me, Sarita, this is only the first time in my life that I have loved anyone, and it's you alone. I certainly want it to get better and better. In the end, if you don't make an effort to forget me or to deceive me, you alone will be my "Life friend." I will definitely marry you if you agree to do so. Yes, I also trust that you won't deceive me, but what's in your heart/mind depends on you alone.

Sarita, the reason I said I gave you my photo only under compulsion was because it's a little bad, not because I didn't want to give it to you.

Sarita, let's both make clear to each other in a trusting manner the matters of our heart/minds. And let no one have a "mood change." My "Habit" is to continue with an action once it's started and to worry about it. Why shouldn't I worry? My habit is to quit it only after it's complete. Why shouldn't someone make a difficult request of me? I'll make an effort and with competence will obtain success.

I have complete trust in this.

[PAGE 3:]

If you really . . .
 you are awaiting, then your . . .
 there are your older brothers and sisters . . .
 I have forgotten. Or if you really . . .
 Again, our studies, too, will be disturbed . . .
 after taking "2nd year" exams, we'll do it . . .
 we'll do it. I'll . . . the second year . . .
 nor having requested permission properly, to marry . . .
 the kind where they go along with it; otherwise . . .
 no one can find fault.

Our age also isn't that . . .
 to marry so quickly also . . .
 Wait, Sarita; I'll . . . you . . .
 I won't . . . Yes, Sarita, I, too, . . .
 I keep floundering . . .
 thinking of . . . our own bright future . . .
 families . . .

[PAGE 4:]

. . . going to do it
 . . . I don't care about girls
 . . . you trust; rather,
 . . . I won't be able to trust, either
 . . . it seems.
 . . . relation is my decision
 . . . Write . . . without being shy because
 . . . to be shy these days with me
 . . . is there, if on campus
 . . . after marrying you, what
 . . . I certainly won't deceive you
 . . . Try to . . . these things
 . . . if you feel . . . All right, Sarita, I
 . . . trusting in you fully
 . . . if you have honor and

... All right, Sarita, one day some
 ... I'll do it ... Only in letters. ... the whole
 ... if you're bored by it, rip it up
 ... I await ...



Letter #7

Date: 2049/4/5

Morning, at a peaceful time
 Because past memories of
 you keep tormenting me

Dear Sarita,

With daily remembrances, boundless love!

In particular: There actually wasn't any reason to write, except that I can't forget past memories of you either day or night. What to do? The human condition causes one to be coerced into performing difficult actions in order to achieve success. Therefore, if there is a complete action to do for a particular condition, unless one makes an effort to stretch out that work, it will certainly be unsuccessful, and others as well.

Therefore, Sarita, when your and my relationship, or "love," had its "state" [i.e., start], from that day on I have been conducting our dialogue with full trust in you, and until the very end of my life with trust in you I will not make an amusement out of love. I had trust at that time when you didn't trust fully, but I have reached a condition such that if you passed your life with someone other than me I would accept it with suffering if that is what you want. Sarita, how do you feel about this? But I already consider you to be my life friend; I'm keeping you in my heart. My life friend is none other than you, and yours is none other than me. In other words, let's both have feelings of trust. It's only because I want you that I've sent you letters through [the grace of the god] Ram. I already knew about your familial and domestic relations; it was only your "careter" [i.e., character] that I didn't know. If I had been intending to "love" only for entertainment and "time pass" [i.e., to pass the time], I wouldn't have given you my correct "address" and I wouldn't have described my family relations correctly. Trust me. If you also love truly and only because you want me, then don't attempt to start a relationship with anyone other than me. Also, even if you have restricted

yourself to a momentary love, then I will be compelled to say “O.K.” I really trust you—actually, what talk has there been, after all? Only from your letters have we gotten to know each other truly. I just won’t start a relationship with anyone other than you; if it works out well, I’ll just wait for you. There’s no proposal [from my parents] for me to get married at present; when my older brother marries, then they’ll make a proposal. I intend to marry boldly on my own. But if your father and mother propose to give you to a rich, handsome boy and you don’t consult me you’ll commit a great crime. Remember this well. These days a marriage certainly won’t take place without conversation between the boy and girl. Conditions used to be such that when a daughter’s father and mother gave her away in marriage, she was forced to go. But under today’s conditions, the law doesn’t allow this, and it’s against the law. These things you know as well because you’re not uneducated. If you have a strong wish, no one can interfere contrary to it. Sarita, there’s no connection between good and bad for me. A “simple” sort of girl suits me, and you’re “simple.” Because it always seems to me that I’m “simple.” I’m fed up with today’s changing “fashions” and “stale” [i.e., styles], not because I can’t follow these “fashions” but because I’m sick of seeing them. The difference between rich and poor is distinguished not by “fashion” but by character and conduct. Sarita, drinking and smoking aren’t good. Yes, I also know that up to now in what I have spoken and written to you there are no lies. I only use chewing tobacco, and even that I can quit. Yes, Sarita, boys are like that. They’ve probably written you “love letter[s]” without restricting either truths or falsehoods. There’s nothing in that. Either you didn’t have the desire to accept them or they clearly went elsewhere after a short time. How would I know? A person who hasn’t done this wouldn’t know. This is just the first time I have written a “record” of a “letter.” Even so, which.....you accept depends on you alone. But my love is real, so may there be no deception for sure. I will be waiting. Saying this, I beg leave to go for today. Again in another letter we will be fully united. Saying this, I close this little letter here. Sarita, if I have written mistaken or unrefined things, remember my ignorance and forgive me.

Your
Bir Bahadur

“O.K. by”



Letter #8

Date: 2049/4/8

Dear Sarita, from B. B. heartfelt and boundless love.

In particular: There is really no news that must be written; only because of past memories of you am I putting sense into a few words. I'm not the only one who should trust; you should trust me, too, and believe that I won't deceive you. Sarita, I also know that they shouldn't find out in our section. In case you and I become weak, it's because of that backward old-fashioned reason. There's no question that they shouldn't find out, but often they already know, but they can't say. While giving a "letter," don't take it carefully out of your book or notebook. Yesterday they saw it. Two boys were watching you take it out at that time. Later I forgot and went outside, and they had the opportunity to look at it. Why should you have given it to me yourself, why? Between two people who love each other there is not existence possible from just "letter[s]." Actual knowledge must also be verbal. Your shy "hebite" [i.e., habits] are a blow. Change a little bit. Even more than the boys in our section, outsiders like my and your families—if they find out about this at home, then I won't be allowed to study here next year; they'll transfer me. Sarita, in the future don't write things such as, "So many boys have written me letters, but I didn't go along with them!" Fine, you didn't go along with them—either you didn't wish to or else they or you broke up after only a short time. It depends only on you. In this matter, "no consol'd" [i.e., I'm not consoled? Sarita did not understand this phrase when we went over the letter together.]. What I want is for the relationship between you and me to be clear. May the difficulties that occur in the future not last. Also, I'm surviving in the hope of a successful love. What to do, Sarita? Now, I tried many times to suggest that we write letters a little less often and meet in person instead because if we meet every day we can write less often. The reason I called out to you at 3:00 was that only the thirsty one drinks. Because I didn't know that your "uncle" and younger cousin-brothers were there and will come there from now on, forgive me. I didn't call out to you in words suggesting a love relationship or a relationship of dishonor. Never mind. Between people who love each other there will certainly be unconscious mistakes because we're human. Sarita, the boys who wrote the letters aren't in our section, are they.....? In that case, if you accepted my letter under unconscious circumstances, then the love between us in our relationship isn't under mature circumstances, is it.....? I can't understand your true feelings; you illuminate some things clearly, while others are unclear. Since this is the first time I have loved, I can't understand such roundabout words because I don't have the experience. Some girls are even the kind whose appearance is such that they deliver a shock to a

“simple” boy’s “life”—they make a momentary sexual relationship seem like a large feeling. That kind is extremely disgusting. Sarita, life is eternal. If you worry, it won’t be possible to achieve success with anything. Remember these sound words—how to achieve “life success,” how to make “love” succeed. Sarita, we can admonish each other for the mistakes we make in what we do, or if we take a worthless path, not just because we love each other but also because we are “class fried” [i.e., class friends]. That’s okay—I’m quitting chewing tobacco not because I feel coerced but because I want to myself, starting with the time of the writing of this letter. All right, I want to say goodbye at this point in my short letter. If there are small mistakes between those who love each other, let’s make an effort for one of us to remember that they were unconscious and forgive each other because if we illuminate the malevolent feelings when one of us is obsessed then remorse will be felt. Saying this, finally: let’s not pervert feelings of true love. Not from happiness but from suffering is a person made. If I’ve illuminated mistaken feelings, consider it unconscious.

Keeping on loving you and keeping my vow,
 “B. B.”
 “Palpa”



Letter #9

Date: 2049/4/21

In the morning

Dear Sarita,

Lifelong love and boundless affection!

There is nothing now to report, shall we say; only because of past memories of you and because between you and me, in our relationship, there is only separation between worthlessness and union. In our state of love, let’s not take those worthless feelings into a state of doubt. This, and nothing else, is my “Real” truth.

Sarita, I don’t love you in order to make a joke out of your life. I love you truly and will continue to do so. However many pitiful circumstances I must endure in my “life”—and why wouldn’t they occur?—I’m making a vow to take a step toward my “new life,” having full trust in you.

What to do, Sarita? Girls don’t have to endure as much difficulty as boys do. This is what I want: may our separation not occur. In life, whatever society we live in, may we not be “down;” it’s absolutely necessary to feel this

way. In the struggle of a virtuous life, one certainly must endure both happiness and suffering because we're human. Every person will be tormented by some condition or other. Now is our "student life"—it's necessary to think about the future.

Sarita, what do you think? I didn't show any of that kind of feeling toward you. You said that I was angry because you didn't come to Tundikhel Field. I didn't feel that way, Sarita. Yes, I didn't know that your "relative" [i.e., relatives], related people, come there, so.....They were there only for "some time." The actual reason was nothing, but you had the wrong feeling. It's nothing. If you have that kind of feeling, you yourself will suffer.

Again, at that time, when I gave an "arder" [i.e., order] to write letters less frequently, it was natural for you to anger quickly and have feelings of suffering. Yes, the reason I said we should write letters less often wasn't because I was angry, Sarita, because they can illuminate one's feelings every day. If we speak and laugh in class, everyone will say there's "love," and that's okay—you can say it, I can say it, or anyone else can.

If one keeps one's own spirit pure, then that kind of doubtful feeling goes away. Again, you're extremely shy and you have no desire. It's bad for a "student" to have shy "habite" [i.e., habits]. Sarita, the love between you and me will not possibly be broken up by me—don't even ask yourself, will he deceive me and leave? The "love" between you and me will not be broken up under any circumstances, and no one can do so, including my mother and father. The reason I went to Kathmandu was that a friend's "T.C." [i.e., teaching certificate] and citizenship papers had different birthdates on them, and so it was necessary to go to the Ministry of Education. We tried here, but it didn't work. On Sunday morning, because we couldn't get the stamp here in Tansen, our brother-relative in Bhairahawa sent us to Kathmandu, and I returned on Monday. There was really nothing else; I couldn't write while I was in a hurry.

All right, Sarita, don't under any circumstances have the worthless feeling toward me that I might deceive you. What's inside you depends on you alone. Forgive me for not being able to see a film when you suggested it. Again, we'll see it—there's plenty of time. Otherwise, there are other films left to see. Again, "exam[s]" are approaching. Let's study, okay, as much as possible. Sometimes entertainment is necessary. It's not good to be too absorbed. Sarita, during the time of exam break, we'll sit down one day and have a discussion about true love, okay? "O.K. by Sarita you get me any time"

[no signature]



Letter #10

Date: 2049/5/8

While past memories of you
are tormenting me

Dear Sarita,

From “B. B.,” daily affection.

In particular: What news is there worth writing, after all? Let’s just say that I offer you actual, pure love and will continue to do so my whole life, right? The main thing is that when I told you the reason we should write letters less frequently, those suggestions made you think things might change. But the misfortunes you thought might happen never occurred. You’ll even forget you thought such things, right? Where is the sense of separation? I don’t feel anything from my perspective. Nothing is contrary to true and real feelings and cannot possibly be so. You said not to get angry because you wrote a letter; that’s making me suffer. When I told you not to write letters so often, I said so with an extremely unkind heart because I wanted to understand whether you didn’t want to meet in person because you were shy or because you didn’t want to. But these days your shyness has decreased, hasn’t it? Thousands can love, but thousands can’t offer loving, true love.—Sarita, memories of you come to me, too, at all times. Love is like this, it seems. I’d rather have memories of my family—younger brothers, younger sisters, as well as my father and mother—because such memories wouldn’t come so often. But memories of you make me feel guilty at all times and under all circumstances. When I have memories of you I look at your three former photos when I’m alone. Because of my daydreams I also keep seeing you in my nighttime dreams. What to do? What does worrying get one, after all? When love and affection have become steady, one will certainly be able to obtain the things one has thought and worried about. It’s natural for things to be early or late because time is even more complicated than circumstances, it seems. In actuality, for a loving couple, even a shocking rumor can’t break down such a huge feeling. Yes, it seems that love is found not after searching for it or buying it, right? Sarita, don’t be suspicious that I could possibly at any time feel like breaking up; it is not possible for me to deliver a blow to your life. If I survive on this earth all right, we’ll spend life’s suffering and joyful days laughing and laughing; we’ll share joy and suffering. This will be the goal of true love.

Sarita, just the other day in relation to that.....It seems to me that you felt bad because I did it. Because this is the first time in my life that I’ve loved and that I’ve had a relationship, I, too, felt so.....But between those who love each other truly, this sort of thing seems to me to be “vary simple” [*sic*] because since we’re human to ask for and receive forgiveness is no big thing. Even though it was my suggestion, you went along with it reluctantly. Right?

Whatever happened, if I made a mistake, please forgive me. “Sarita—I expect love is not happy to youg thong so that real love is can abou done do not” [*sic*].

Sarita, it seems to me that a blow cannot be delivered to a loving couple in the absence of circumstance and time. Having said this, “exam[s]” are approaching. Let’s try to study hard, even if we only “just pass.” What is there to say, after all? You might know even more than I do, right? I can’t guarantee that I’ll pass the exam. If passing depends on diligence, then I have hopes. Then again, how can I show my mark sheet at home if I get only the minimum fraction required to pass? With a lot of fear. And now I’m trying to get the power to think for myself. Let the difficult “subject[s]” come—let’s try. I’ll teach you what I know; you can teach me what you know. If we sit together and study, nobody can say anything; they can’t talk. If not, then sit in your room and study peacefully. The relationship between us, between you and me, is continuing. It feels like I’ve written too much; we’ll say goodbye, okay? [Written sideways alongside poem below:] It’s extremely difficult for girls—that’s okay; sit in your own room and study.

Not just in real life but also in my dreams
do I keep loving you.

Not just for a momentary, titillating fling
but until the end of my life.....

“I hoped in your letter. Sarita you meet me any time thank you your lover by
B. B.” [*sic*]



Letter #11

Memories of you keep
tormenting me even in this
time of preparation for
“exam[s]”

Date: 2049/5/23

Time: 2:40

Dear Sarita,

From “B. B.,” daily remembrances and affections of the past.

In particular: There are no past agonies that must be clarified, let’s say. And yet, since your love has become an actual representation, not just a daydream, I can give particular consolation to my own beating heart.

Yes, human life demonstrates the life cycle, it seems. When unacquainted

people are introduced, “young” men and women become loving couples. Also, even in that condition there is a sense or a possible sign of lifelong love, it seems, right.....? The relationship between you and me is slowly.....developing that kind of feeling.

Following actual daydreams, on every page of “old and new history” [*sic*], “Real” things worth writing about are presented to me after theoretical, learned people have sorted through them. And it seems to me that love is the kind of thing that....., it seems, one can’t describe by price and weight.....It seems not to be so.

In life one has to experience everything on one’s own, I find. Until the relationship between you and me started, just hearing the word *love* used to make me sick. Life is like this, I find: when something hasn’t begun yet, blows can be delivered to it; but even when things are started with active and capable feelings and with contentedness, it’s natural for them to take some time to complete, otherwise wishes will be destroyed. Even if a large ship comes across a terrible storm, it’ll be shaken for a moment. Similarly, every time and circumstance has created my true feelings, and that’s what it feels like to me, right.....?

A life of titillating trickery can theoretically attempt to cause a loving couple to fall apart. But if one attempts to join clarity and truth without delivering a blow to theoretical ideas, one will obtain the appearance of the acquisition of truth, and whatever goals one has will certainly be successfully obtained.

Yes, sometimes when, because of a lack of time and circumstances, the things one has thought about and risked can’t be done, one must worry. This is a natural feeling. If we keep on creating “Real” feelings, then certainly true and right feelings will shine clearly and capably.

If one puts forward new enthusiasm and wakefulness, then certainly there will be the appearance of contentedness, right?

It seems to me that whenever a couple becomes “Life friend[s]” or has a “marrige” [i.e., marriage], compared to the time when they first loved each other, after “marrige” their love won’t change, or will it.....? Or is the love only meant to obtain a marriage? Love requires neither the condition of being life friends, nor the condition of being a loving couple; from the moment when a relationship joins one to the other it will be the same until the end of their lives, and a loving existence will continue. I read somewhere that [only] before marriage one feels extreme love; if so, what is one to do? That’s what the words were.

So, if after marriage interest in love is destroyed, then why is marriage so important? I find that they’ve lived that kind of life. Of course, it’s possible that what was written was mistaken. Right.....?

Sarita, what to do? At one time, who were you to me, and who was I to

you? But now it feels like an important relationship has joined us! Time and circumstances come and go. Nothing can be done about the passage of time, I find. That's okay. We're waiting for bright times and circumstances. Even if it's difficult for us to reach that place, we'll certainly get there, right.....?

What to do? Love and memories come not only to you but to me also. What's the point of being in a hurry to marry? Because we are young, there's plenty of time. Let's spend our days, months, and years laughing, talking, and exchanging letters like this. Then I'll certainly marry you. Moreover, if my family makes a proposal on my behalf to marry someone else, I won't agree. I find that things certainly take time. I've abided by your proposal[s?], haven't I? Or haven't I? I have abided by them, haven't I? The arrival of the right conditions will certainly take time, I find. All right, we studying students—let us study, and after studying we will certainly be successful, not unsuccessful, right.....? Okay, goodbye to you. Writing and writing, I see that I've gotten this far. I've delivered this expanded description to an educated person like you—study it without getting too bored. I, too, find it difficult to pass the days. I live with daydreams of living with you. First, let's get through “2nd year,” and then we'll have a discussion and make a decision, okay?

“thank you Sarita Good by”

“your”

“Bir Bahadur”

“West Palpa”

- 1/ Let's not endure a dark life
But always lengthen our steps in the direction of
brightness.
Let's follow whatever path
By which we can obtain success.
- 2/ These feelings of love that can't be written,
Probably can't be weighed, either.
These lives that can't be captured
Can't be searched for and found, either.
- 3/ If you're hurrying in sunshine as strong as that of Chait
and Baisakh

I'll give you a shady place by making clouds
If knifelike winds torment you, I'll put you behind me.

If memories of love torment you,

I'll give you lifelong love.

“Sarita I am sorry, the letter has been”

“too long. Look forward to meeting”

“you next time.”

“your [*sic*] sincerely”

“B. B.”



Letter #12

Date: 2049/6/11

Place: Palpa, Tansen

Dear Sarita,

From “B. B.” unbreakable remembrances and boundless love.

I’m fine and hope you are the same.

In particular: Only because the anguish of memories of you torments me do I seek to establish contentedness and momentary consolation for my heart/mind by means of this letter.

Sarita, intending to go home, I left from here on the seventh and stayed in Butwal for two days. After that I went with my younger brother. Because we had to fill out his citizenship papers, my younger brother and I arrived here again on Saturday, the tenth. Because today is also a holiday, we are for this reason remaining here. It’ll probably take a day or two. The reason [we have to get the citizenship papers] is that it’s absolutely necessary in order to enlist in the army. We’ll probably stay here and only after we try out for recruitment on the sixteenth will we return home, perhaps on the eighteenth. I’ll write later whether or not I’ve been accepted for enlistment. After returning home I have to do lots of work [to get in shape for the tryouts later on]. After going to two places, finally we have to go to Pokhara, it seems. And the Pokhara tryout is only in Pus [three months hence]. We’re trying hard. If it happens, it happens. The future will show us.

Sarita, even if I go home I’ll continue to write letters. If a letter from me doesn’t arrive, don’t worry because I have to travel around to lots of places. But you just keep sending letters to my home. I’ll be awaiting your letters. I’ll try to come [back to Tansen] in Kartik [one month hence], but if not, for sure I’ll come by the end of Kartik. Wherever I am, I’ll keep sending letters. On the seventh I met Jhili and some others in Butwal. We only spoke perhaps a word or two. I was in a hurry, and they were, too. And they also said nothing.

Sarita: also give my affection and remember me to Younger Sister and Little Brother. Probably they’re busy studying because their “last exam[s]” are approaching. I certainly hope that they obtain success.

Sarita, when it’s time to start studying in your “2nd year,” don’t stay there in Kailash Nagar. If you have and maintain love for me, then move. The reason is that the social environment there is extremely bad, and they do disgusting business.

It’s nothing, Sarita. Taking into account the time and conditions, put kind

circumstances before you. I find that they're there. Don't worry, therefore. Wherever I go, I can't forget your love or you, and I'll always consider you my own heart/mind's love.

All right, Sarita, for today I want to say goodbye, and until a future time I postpone the rest.

Thank you.

“Your”

“Bir Bahadur”

[Written diagonally across bottom of page:] If you have true love, boundless love for me, please move to another room, okay?



Letter #13

Date: 2049/6/25

Dear Sarita,

From “Bir Bahadur L.” with a full heart of affection and the ties of love. I'm fine and want you to be the same!

In particular: There isn't actually anything worth writing about, only that with past memories of you, I want to make apparent the ties of love, even if only briefly.

Sarita, on the way to Tansen on the tenth I sent you a letter, but you didn't “reply” to it. Was that after having received it or not having received it? Was it because you didn't want to? If you've sent it, it's probably on its way, delayed perhaps by slow workers around the Dashain holidays. After getting my younger brother's citizenship form and trying out for recruitment on the tenth, I returned home on the eleventh. I saw you in the bazaar on the fourteenth with others of your village, but I couldn't call out to you. You were buying goods. I thought that it might be bad for you [if I called out]. Here, well, both of us brothers passed the first enlistment tests. From western Palpa fourteen of us passed. Many boys from your village went. Now on the eighteenth of Kartik [almost a month hence] we have to go to Chirtungdhara. The “R.O.” [i.e., recruitment officer] will be there. After that, finally we'll have to go to Pokhara in Magh [four months hence], they say. They keep us there in Pokhara for one month for selection for the U.K. and Singapore. For those going to the U.K., the flight leaves after they spend two months at home. For those going to Singapore, they stay in Kathmandu for one week, then leave. We'll see. If our connections [i.e., pulling strings]

suffice, it'll happen; if not, it'll be difficult. We have to work hard. If it happens, it'll be okay; if not, well, no one will have died, right? Our mother's brother is a recruitment officer; if he's there it'll be certain. He was the one who arranged it for my older brother. If that one isn't there and others are instead, it won't happen. Compared to effort, only money and connections work. Sarita, now, around the fourteenth or fifteenth of Kartik I have to go to Tansen to register two "first year" friends from the village, and we have to look for a room for them and me. We'll probably stay over. You meet me at 1:00 on the sixteenth at Tundikhel Field, okay? When are you going [to Tansen]? Now, only write me one more letter. Don't write others. They get here really slowly, and if a letter arrives after I've left it'll be bad. May neither your nor my family find out. My father is very dangerous. For this reason, until "marige" [i.e., marriage] let them not find out, and so, when writing letters, send them registered, okay?

Sarita, if you don't "reply," I also won't write letters, okay? If you have no need or love for me, then I will also be coerced into doing something else for sure, okay? I keep feeling love for, and memories of, you—they keep coming. When they come, what should we do as long as we don't see each other? And at the time you were going home you were sick; are you better or not? Don't worry about the exams. If you messed up, there's time; if they're okay, then it's fine. Remember me and give my affection to Younger Sister and Little Brother. Saying that, I say goodbye. In another letter or in person we'll talk slowly of many things. Taking this as my goal, goodbye, goodbye.

Keeping on loving you,
Your Bir Bahadur



Letter #14

"Date": 2049/7/2

In a silent room

Dear Sarita,

From "B. B.," heartfelt remembrances and affections of the past.

There's nothing actually worth writing about; I put forward some words by means of a letter only because memories of you keep coming to me every moment and because we haven't met in so long.

I received the letters you sent on 6/22 and 6/29. I studied those letters' complete written contents with joy.

It's okay—circumstances don't allow us to be together all the time in this life, but as far apart as we may be, we'll keep feeling remembrances and love. However far apart we are, love is not far away. Memories of you come to me at all times and under all circumstances, but looking at your photo gives me the experience of feeling like we're together.

I told you about my circumstances in a letter, but because you didn't "reply" quickly I was worried. And now just send one more letter. I had written one other letter before this one; if you already sent a reply, that's okay; if you didn't, then don't send one now. I'm arriving in Tansen around the fourteenth. If a letter arrives at home while I'm not there, it'll be bad. Our mail arrives in two days, but then the workers process it extremely slowly.

Now, upon meeting we'll give each other full accounts. The "end year exam[s]" are in Pus [two months hence]; we'll probably pass, but whatever happens, it won't do to quit school. And because my friends' "admission" [i.e., registration forms] got lost, there's that to do, and a room to look for, too.

Sarita, I've sent three letters, including this one. Now perhaps they might be "last" [i.e., lost] because someone could have looked at them while you were at home, right? I returned after arranging my younger brother's citizenship papers. And for the moment both of us brothers have passed the [first phase of the] recruitment tryouts. On the seventeenth I'm going to stay over in Khorbari because on the eighteenth I have to try out again. The "R.O." [i.e., recruitment officer] does the selection and makes us go around a lot of "obtekal" [i.e., obstacles], and those who pass go to Pokhara in Magh [three months hence], they say. If one doesn't have any connections, it won't work out, they say. Let's see. I have no hope, but I'll make an effort. The junior recruitment officer said my mother's brother is here. If he's here, he'll arrange it for me, he says. Let's see. If it doesn't work out, it's no disaster. I tried out for recruitment not because it was my wish but out of obligation to my family.

It's okay. It's good that you changed rooms. If you did it because you wanted to or because circumstances forced you, that's okay. But if you moved because of my compelling you to, it probably made you suffer. Why is it [that I wanted you to move]? It's because the Kailash Nagar people are extremely bad. I only told you to move because a friend of mine revealed that place's conduct to me. Please don't be sore.

When are you going to Tansen? If time allows, be at Tundikhel Field on the sixteenth at 1:00. Because I'm thinking of traveling, I thought you could submit my registration form for me. My friends have really pressured me, and so I have to go. In case you don't submit it for me, I'll have to go later. I'll have time to submit it myself; it's okay. Submit it. I feel extremely uneasy

because I didn't give you the money. Submit it; I'll give you the money when we meet.

All right, well, now I will make an effort at our next meeting to pour out the anguish of love again. The Dashain holidays were sort of pleasant. On Bhai Tika Day I'll have to go to my older sister's house to get a *tika* [i.e., forehead mark], and I'm thinking of walking there.

Saying that, I postpone the rest, ending this little letter today, taking as my goal the sharing at our next meeting of all our heart/mind's agonies, and finally with a kiss, goodbye! Goodbye! Goodbye!

"Thank you Sarita I love you any all life."

"by your friend Bir Bahadur"



Letter #15

Date: 2049/8/10

Dear Sarita,

From "B.B.," heartfelt and blessed, blessed affection!

Compared to in times past, it is after a "long time" that I engage in these few words on this small piece of paper, expressing in the highest rank the ties of true love.

There is nothing worth writing about; it's only because past memories of you keep offering themselves with caution [that I write]. Also, I was very happy to receive your letter, and while "athest" [i.e., attesting to? addressing?] the complete letter, after only a few words, my feelings of separation, well.....? Disappeared. It was as if it were necessary to feel astonishment upon receipt of those words! Because....., isn't it? Sarita, every day I place you inside my beating heart from time to time. Our life is a life of union. This state cannot possibly be terminated. In a deep relationship, doubts are threats; therefore, it isn't right to give each other the appearance of doubtfulness. Trust alone is human. I haven't changed at all, Sarita. As much as I used to love you in times past, I love you even more now and will continue to do so. After returning on the twenty-fifth of Kartik from home, I moved into a new room. Now I live with two friends from the village. They also attend classes at the upper campus, but they're in the first-year class. I've been attending classes since the first. On the second I went to the campus. At 2:30 we were at the campus. In an attempt to meet with you I stayed for a moment in the bazaar and then headed home. It was nothing—I didn't

“maird” [i.e., mind] that! Rather, whenever I’m about to imagine myself getting angry with you, I remember my own mistakes instead. Why!? If I had made such a big deal out of this small thing, I wouldn’t meet or talk at the campus. Enough; this is enough.

Sarita, I was really trying to meet with you at the campus to talk, but because the boys wouldn’t have allowed me to say much I couldn’t meet you. For that, I beg forgiveness. It wasn’t because I was angry at you at all. I don’t feel that way toward you. It is both our decision and our belief that this fortunate union should not be terminated. I don’t love in a way that will destroy any woman’s life. This, our love, will be our companion until the end of our lives. No one can cause a blow to this relationship. Therefore, trust me, Sarita; you alone are my life, and I am yours. All right, I’ll also attend classes in the afternoon; I’ll abide by your decision. Until now I was attending “morning class,” but as of now I’ll quit. My decision to go to Pokhara to “J.T.” [?] fell through, was unsuccessful. The “R.O.” [i.e., recruitment officer] from Kalarakma wasn’t able to take me. They’re only taking 75 people from all 75 districts because there are so few vacancies, they say. Now I’m going nowhere. I’ll study. I’ll just satisfy my desire to study.

Enough, Sarita, I love you more than a lot. Therefore, I request leave until a future time, and again in another letter we’ll be together. Begging forgiveness for engaging in words of suffering and responsibility, I will meet you in the future.

“I Love You Sarita”

“No I am not angray [angry] in our”

“realetion [relation] Love life—”

“Thank you I weat [await] your letter”

“O.K.”

“by”

“Bir Bahadur”



Letter #16

Date: 2049/8/16

Dear Sarita,

From “B. B.,” blessed, blessed affection.

There wasn’t really anything worth writing about; I’m just writing a letter “for to you” to put before you because of past memories of you and for the purpose of giving these memories consolation.

Just like the days past, future days will also be spent with happiness. There is no “cause” to be worried about this. The future is bright. After a union has been created, separation cannot happen. It was only because I desired you that I delivered to you my “first Love letter.” Sarita, you, too, should attempt to support this decision from time to time! “In actuality, love is the union of two souls.” Whatever love has been merely titillating up until now will be so until the end of one’s life. Along with this decision I say that I love you. And I’ll be saying it at all times. You alone are my life, and I am yours. Don’t you believe this?

It always feels to me like you trust me, and I, too, trust you. I don’t love you in the way that some love is—like a momentary basket of flowers that, after being filled up once, can’t bloom again in the basket; after picking them, they rot. Similarly, if one were to love out of sexual passion only, how much. . . . Therefore, I love you with pure promises and pure feelings. Every time I say it and keep saying it: that small mistakes can’t deliver a blow to couples who have a pure, “real love.” Fathers and mothers only give us birth and love. To obtain life by oneself is everyone’s goal. I will obtain it only with you; I have no interest in any other girls! Therefore, there is no reason for you to worry!

Sarita, our promise of holy love exists only within us. It is undying. I don’t want to be trying to escape the stain of not having maintained a holy love. I don’t want to invent deceptions because I have put this pure love safely away in the bottom of my heart ever since my first meeting with you and our past unparalleled promises. When speaking of life spirit, I am compelled to trace it to the source of extreme attraction. I also place trust in your not being a deceiver and in your not breaking up. The other day while watching the film I wasn’t angry, believe me. I just headed off to my room for no reason. Having said this, if you forgive me for worrying you with doubts about my anger, in the future I won’t do it again at all. I was just walking in a clattering way. You seem to feel bad if I don’t come into your room. Sarita, don’t feel bad. And if Jhili also felt that way then I want to ask her for forgiveness. Please also remind Jhili for me that I consider her like my own sister. She has helped us so much. As long as I live I’ll never forget that quality. Think for yourself: Jhili is our life benefactor. What help is there for wretched me to give her? Life is a struggle; if there ever comes a time when I can help her in any way, I will. But if you were to feel this way, it would be a great sin.

Sarita—all right, I love you, loved you, and will love you. It’s our decision since long ago to have a “marrige” [i.e., marriage], and it really will happen. Supporting that decision, I say goodbye. When we meet today again we’ll talk

slowly. If there are other things left over, I'll leave them for the future; for the present I say goodbye with auspicious expectations.

“I Love you, Sarita.”

[no signature]



Letter #17

“Date: 2049/8/26

“7:00 a.m.”

Dear Sarita, from.....heartfelt remembrances and lifelong, lifelong, blessed, blessed affection! What things must be engaged in here when we see each other every day? There is only that I love you with incessant love and have incessant memories of you. That's why, perhaps, I.....

Well, many letters are being and have been exchanged between us. Looking at this makes me feel like laughing. I've put away each letter safely. It's okay. Now, until the days of our “marrige” [i.e., marriage] I'll continue writing, except that there aren't many days left. We'll marry only after taking our exams. Let's both await that time with great anticipation.

Before that time my older brother's wedding will take place. And because I won't be compelled to study, I'll join in at that time. Until that time, have steadiness of heart/mind. Pay close attention to studying. A student's main work is to study and only then to do other things. Because if one loves purely, then when memories occur frequently, one's studies become extremely difficult, don't they.....?

Sarita, Jhili is correct when she says that I don't deceive the way some other deceivers do; my nature isn't like that. Are you afraid, or what? If I can't make you trust me, teach me a way to create trust; I'll learn it, you know. For you (even though I've sometimes lied), I'll do....., okay? I never dream of deceiving you, and never have; I won't do that at all.

Sarita, I keep thinking of you frequently. Even when I'm studying the “defination” of [i.e., vocabulary for] a course with one mind, then at that time I'll keep remembering you. If you're the entry, then my daydreams will be the definition. Even when the professor is giving a lecture in class, sometimes it's not that understandable. I myself take trouble; why.....? But being a student means that only studying is my “main” aspiration. A student's

life is a poor but merciful life. To take trouble cautiously is a student's duty. I am yours. I love you purely. I won't deceive you. Right. Since you also support these feelings, make an effort to study in order to be successful at higher education. We'll both be successful. Let's become educated people, and then the future will be bright. Yes, I, too, keep having memories when it's time to study. Under compulsion I study, I write. If that doesn't work, then I go to help my friends with their courses. Now, let's remember that there is only one life in which to make offerings. I'm immersed only in my studies, and I seek to obtain success. If some humans have already produced such complicated, complicated things in this world, then we are also humans, so why wouldn't we be able to succeed at our worthless, ordinary education? It's five or six years since I left home to start studying, and five or six years remain. There is no "problem" for us here, except that only if we are successful at our studies will our families be happy. Okay, I'll attend classes in the afternoon [with you, as you suggested]; in the morning classes there's a crowd, and there are many more students who just have fun than there are who study. I'm happy; I'll abide by what you said. All right, Sarita; what else is there to say? Life is like this: because we are human, after appearing on this earth we must support humanity. An ordinary life must have lofty thoughts. You, too, should give me suggestions; I'm content to follow them.

" I Love you Sarita"

"thank you"

"Bir Bahadur"



Letter #18

Date: 2049/9/9

Dear Sarita, from "B. B." the ties of unparalleled love! Now during the 25 days of winter vacation we certainly won't meet every day as we did on campus. Even though I'll flounder for some time like a fish without water, we'll certainly have a renewed meeting in 25 days. Until that time these long tales of the woes of unparalleled love will certainly keep you company. Remembering....., and so doing, I'll pass the days. You can go to your nearby home for any length of time. I'll have to go in a short while. I had said I wouldn't go, but I can't ignore my friends' requests. Therefore, I'll go for two or four days, then come wandering back. For that period of time we'll be far apart, but even though we'll be far apart, our love won't be. There is no

“problem.” After the vacation we’ll laugh, talk, spend time together, and wander around as in days past.

Yes, Sarita, because of love the world looks bright. While we don’t see each other it will be unpleasant. Memories of the past will torment us. Our love I find to be true love. It is indescribable. We are students. Because our main vocation is to study, in order to reflect more, it is necessary to study. Yes, we love each other truly. This union cannot possibly be broken up. Therefore, let’s put more effort into studying. This is the path toward progress.

Why? While talking and writing, you frequently imagine that we’ll break up. Sarita, I’ve never even imagined that I would deceive you. Rather, I daydream most about spending my life with you. I’m counting the days until exams, and after days there are only months—there isn’t even a year left [until we marry], just months. Until that time, let’s wait with pure feelings. Let’s let go of imagining deceptions. Do girls have more of these feelings, or what? But not because their hearts are smaller.

What else is there to write, really? Again in future days I’ll have to write. Therefore, for today, having gotten this far, deferring the rest, and awaiting our future meeting, goodbye!

“I Love you Sarita”

“B. B.”

“West Palpa”