

## Jungli Jaagran

December 2015



### What does 'Jungli' mean?

*(by Shiba)*

This time, during the festival, someone got angry and said "What kind of name is Jungli school? Are our children jungli?"

We are the members of Jungli School. Are we jungli?

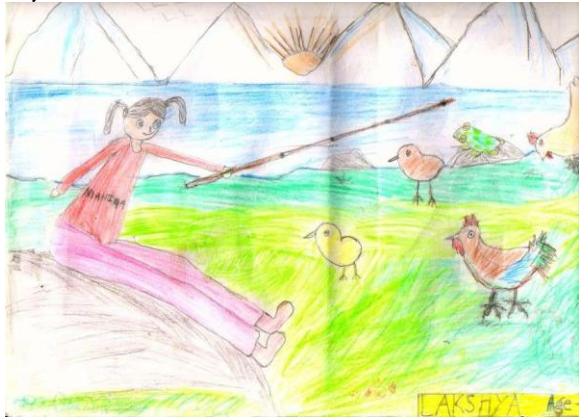
It is not very surprising that people look down upon that word. After all, we have all seen the word 'jungli' being used to tease persons whose behavior is not perfect.

This kind of use makes it seem as if a 'jungli' person would not know how to do everyday things. But if we really think about it we can't figure out how the word 'jungli' can get connected to not knowing or not understanding. Because the direct meaning of 'jungli' would have to be 'connected to the jungle'.

And can there really be any shame in being connected to the jungle?

## A cat, A dog, birds, and a dead rooster- some experiences narrated by us

### Dead rooster (by Mahima)



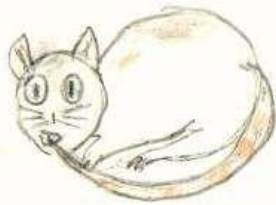
One time when I went inside the hen home to feed the hens, there was one dead rooster there. I screamed and said to mother, "Look the rooster is dead". She said "show him to me". So I tossed it out. She looked at it and said, "Kalu will eat him". But our dog's stomach was full. He had just had a buffalo's leg. So Kalu took the rooster away but did not eat him. Next our cat Aashiru quietly took it away from the dog and started clawing at it but even he did not eat. Then my mummy told my brother to bury him. My brother took it and put a big rock on the rooster's belly. You could see the head sticking out and leaves scattered here and there. I could also spot a leg sticking out. Then I got angry, took the rooster with both its legs and threw it such that it got stuck on a tree. I told Tashu. He said, "Nishant has hidden it here.

They are having a picnic. By then, Sanju came along. We lied to him that Nishant has hidden it. Sanju said let's hide it from him. He got the rooster back to ground and said but this is not a jungle fowl. I said, "but Nishant was hiding it". By then Nishant had come up. I said "your rooster" and said will I hide a rooster? He started laughing. Then I said, "Tashu, a boy who looked like him was hiding the rooster. Tashu kept nodding to my lies. Then Nishant said "let us eat it". I said, "just check if the rooster is good or bad". He said, "This rooster has been shot by a farmer. Killed by a single bullet. I said, "Hmmm.. possible". I was laughing inside my heart. They all looked happy. Just then, Panku reached. He asked, "what are you doing". We told him everything. Then he said, "let us take it away somewhere". Then I got some onion from my home, Taashu got a kadhai, Sanju got a knife and matches, and Panku brought turmeric, salt, chilli and chicken masala. Nishant cut the rooster. They heated oil in kadhai and fried onions in chicken masala. Then they put the meat of the rooster inside. I had decided that I would just let them eat it but it was so deliciously cooked and was smelling also so nice and they asked me to taste it once. They forced me to taste it but I found it so delicious that I ate a whole plate full and then told everyone at home later.

## My Aashiru (by Lakshya)

Aashiru is my cat. I got him on 28 January 2015. Naina didi had picked him up from the way. It got scared and started running, and i followed

him. I fell and hurt my head.



Munnu didi came to me and I shouted "leave me, get the cat" Munnu didi

caught hold of the cat and brought him back. I gave him a lot of milk. I kept him in my cap. Mummy said "Chhee chhee, what a dirty cat. Take him back where it was". I started crying. Next day we gave him a bath and he became shining clean.



Aashiru is loveable but also very naughty. He eats our and other people's chickens. One day he had

gone to somebody's house to hunt chickens and people beat him. His foot got hurt.

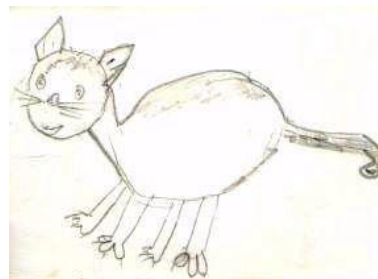
Papa and Munnu took him to the hospital.



But he got lost. Then papa and Munnu came back without him. When I got to know I cried a lot.



Papa went back for him, Papa found him and brought him back. I was very happy.

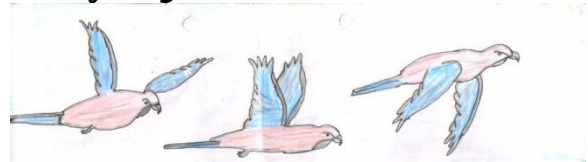




Then one day some bad person in a car killed my dog. The person who killed my dog will never have a good life. He will also die like this.

### Bird festival

*Pankaj Pangti*



This year I will complete two years in jungli school. This was my second bird festival.

### Dog's story

*(by Neha, 11 years, class 7th)*



My little dog. So lovely. I felt very good whenever i would hold my dog. The name of the dog was Megha Topi. When the dog started growing then she got two puppies. We gave one puppy to somebody. Then we had one puppy.



We had a lot of fun and play. We learnt different bird sounds and names. Ram da and Ashish Kothari are bird counters. They also told us bird names and sounds. Diba di did bird paintings and drawings with us. Ram da also told us bird names like rose finch, great barbett, spotted dove.

Whatever bird we saw we ticked in the jungli school bird book and had a good time celebrating *Pakshi Tyohar*.

## The Forest Guard

(a Jungli school story, put together by Mahima, Neha, Priya and Shiba)

In the midst of mountains, near a stream, there was a beautiful forest. Trees like *chetar, gyan, mehul, kharsu, timsu, baanj, utees* and *deodaar* abound in this place. You could hear the great barbet (*nyoli*)'s sad calls, the songs of cuckoo, the sound of wings fluttering, water flowing, tweets of baby birds, jackal's screams at night, the sound of bears scratching a tree bark, the buffaloes mooing, the woodpecker pecking away, the honey bees buzzing, and the sound of wind and the leaves blowing around the forest.



One day, a bird came to that forest. A small dark coloured bird that was looking for a place to build a nest and lay eggs. The most special thing was her tail, which divided into two and curved inside.

The other birds looked at her in wonder. Some made fun, " Did someone cut your tail into two?" "Did your tail lose its way?"

She quietly kept making her nest.



One evening, there was fear all around the forest. All birds were quiet. You could only hear one harsh caw-caw sound. It was the crow- Kabzu Kauwa. Black with a dangerous beak and sharp eyes. He had a bad reputation for breaking eggs, eating baby birds and other birds' food and attacking anyone who opposed him.

When all the other birds were hiding, the new bird kept on flying round and round her nests to guard the eggs. Taansen tota, the forest elder, was a good bird. He tried to explain to the newcomer, 'child, perhaps being new you don't know, but Kabzu Crow is a scoundrel. You must hide while he is around.'

The new bird didn't listen. Everyone was now convinced that she was crazy and would bring trouble on herself and

on the rest of them.

Just then Kabzu Crow came flapping his big wings and squacking "kaa kaa" and swooping in, sat on a branch right in front of the new bird.

"Don't you know anything? Why are you not hiding? I will count till 3 and you should be out of my sight.

One

Two

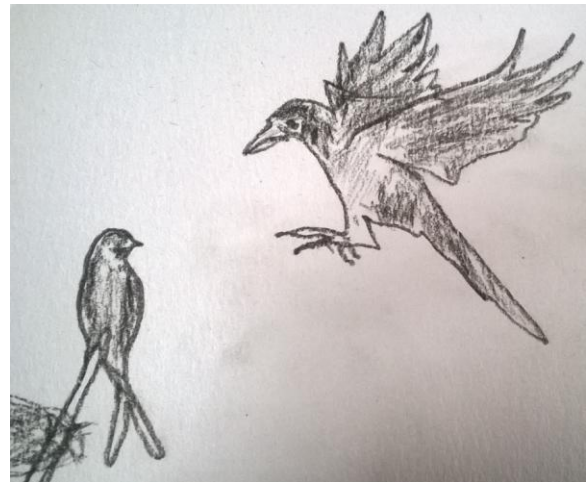
Three

The new bird was right there.

The other birds were looking at everything from the cracks in their nests. Their hearts were beating fast. Some started betting. Others started mumbling "Why is she inviting her own death!"

Scared and trembling, Tansen Tota took a step towards them saying "Kabzu master, She is new. She doesn't know the rules around here" Kabzu would not hear of it. He flew towards Tansen squacking. In fright, Tansen fell down from his branch and his head started bleeding.

Then Kabzu Crow started moving towards the nest where the eggs were. The very next moment, the new bird was standing in front of the crow, blocking his way.



Pushing her beak up, fearlessly she started moving towards Kabzu. Kabzu was taken by surprise. The crow had never thought this would happen.

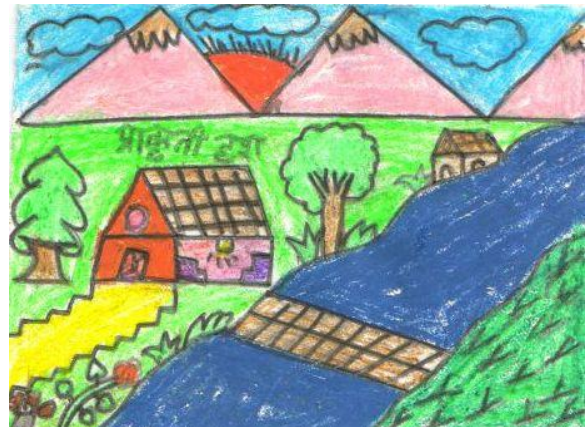
To maintain his reputation, and reduce his insult, Kabzu flew off to a nearby tree and giving warnings in a grumbling, angry tone, flew away into the distance.

Kabzu never came back to that forest patch.

All the other birds started looking at the bird with a new respect. She was honoured with the title of "forest guard" and from then on these birds are also called "Ko-kaati" or crow-cutters.

Some humans who study birds also call these birds as Drongos.

**Paintings**(From top left,clockwise:  
Alka, Neha, Neha, Lakshya, Tashu,  
Priya)



## Munsiari-local history

### History of clothes, accessories

*Priya Rautela*

In old times, people used to dress according to their communities. In old times women used to wear a black *ghaagra* and a white cap called *khopi*. Men folk used to wear woolen pyjamas and a woollen coat. Normally the clothes used to be of wool from goat, sheep, and rabbit. Bags were from yak (*jubu*) wool. People used to take yaks for carrying loads when there was trade with Tibet. There has been a lot of change from then till now. The black *ghaagra* is now worn only during some special event. Since I have been born (2001) I have only seen this in some parties. I haven't seen what men used to wear in old times at all.

Clothes today don't make the body relax but people still wear these for showing off. Till sometime back pants used to be loose and comfortable but today all pants are narrow and uncomfortable. Neither do these clothes last too long. But people wear these because of fashion.

If we kids who are the future of this village, district, state and country decide, we can make the old time clothes applicable in modern times. Modern clothes are not just for giving

warmth but also for giving discomfort.

I feel quite lucky to have seen my mother in a dress of old times.

Earlier people used to wear *galaaband* in their necks. It is a cloth collar with some figures on it. It is worn along with *ghaagra*. Today very few people have it. As far as I know, my grandma (naani) also has it. I think I saw her wearing it once.

People also used to have a large nose-ring made of gold earlier. For ears- there was *musaar*, *dulki*, *murki*. These are so heavy that some women get big holes in their ears because of it.

### Earning money

*Pankaj Pangti*

Our elders used to trade with Tibet. They would take their luggage of clothes, *gud*, barley for Tibet traders and get salt, and goats. They also used to farm. They would sow cereals and harvest. Also ran small enterprises based on wool making *dan*, *pankhi*, *aasan*, sweater and woolen clothes. They also did exchange. Eg, salt-for-mirch, wheat-rice. They also made bamboo baskets.

### Leelam's story

*Neha Sumtiyal*

My village Leelam is very beautiful. In our village there were 30 houses, one school and one hospital and teachers.



People used to farm in the village. Leelam was famous for its green chilli, rice and *mahoor*. It is from Leelam village that people go to Milam, Johar. When there was a landslide in Leelam, it was very dangerous and people left the village. Some went to Munsiri, some went to the plains, some went outside for jobs. Today it feels strange to look at Leelam village. You can only see monkeys and langurs there now. Today people have changed their way of living. Some work as labourers. Our family lives in Sarmoli village of Munsiri and our Leelam is very beautiful. I have gotten this story from my father. I keep going to Leelam and like it very much.

### Smoking and drinking in the earlier days

*Priya Rautela*

Earlier men folk used *hukka* or *chilam* for tobacco. Today *beedi*, cigarettes are used. In the *hukka* one used to put coal and then tobacco. A thin pipe would be fitted and tobacco would rise up, then smoke inside, then smoke outside.

People used to brew liquor at home earlier. Called *kachchi*. It gave warmth to the body. Yeast or *balma* is used. Two big pots. Add water below. On top add things to make the liquor. Water cooks the ingredients above.

This became *daaru*. Today it is replaced by rum and whisky. Earlier people used to also make *jaan* from cooked rice put away in a tight box with *balma* for a few weeks. In some ways it is like a dangerous kind of curd that people would drink.

### About Jungli Jagran

This newsletter is our way of thanking our teachers, parents and friends by sharing stories, poems and drawings. This was made over many weeks by meeting on Sundays and sharing contributions. Contributions were prepared first in Hindi, then translated and typed. The logos and the name was decided by us together (Jagran meaning Awakening).

The illustrations are mainly by Alka Rautela. The illustrations for 'the forest guard' are by Shiba and picture of the three birds for 'the bird festival' is made by Priya Rautela.

