One unexpected event can really change one’s life. It can be concise or prolonged. I had enrolled myself for photography lessons to pass my time in summer breaks. I didn't have a keen interest in it  and didn’t  understand the joy people used to get just by taking a few normal pictures until I actually started understanding its essence and  relishing it towards the end of my lessons’ tenure. The class was based in the Basantapur area, the place which has numerous cultural and old edifices, whose streets are busy all day and night. The place was completely new to me ~~as I had never been to such places~~. My life was limited to my school, home and music classes. Every day for one hour we were taken to different places and taught various styles of capturing things. I used to do what I was told to in my initial days until I actually started to admire and value everything around me.

I started liking roaming around in the busy streets, observing people and capturing. Photography gave me the freedom to see things differently, in a way I wanted to see them. I got to see my people more closely and got to observe their way of functioning. Everyday witnessing things which were quite normal for them but amusing for me. This used to excite me. Art amazed me every single day. The buildings intrigued me. I used to spend hours in front of one temple admiring and scrutinizing it, trying to capture every detail, every angle with my camera looking for that one perfect shot. It changed my way of looking at things. My perspectives kept changing day by day with my encounters with buildings and people around me. My inquisitive nature used to compel me to ask the local people about the establishment and the stories behind the origin of the places. This gave me an opportunity to talk to people. It was gratifying to spend my hours in vicinities filled with genuineness and ethnicity. Taking an image, freezing a moment, revealed how rich reality truly is.

As time passed by, I started understanding the true meaning of freedom and hopefulness which used to be just words to me before. I witnessed many street cultural dances and activities, observed their costumes, show pieces, paintings, lifestyles, etc. Shooting and imaging these things brought me close to my country’s various practices and traditions. Asking people to speak for my video, interrogating them and ultimately empathizing with them made me fall in love with their cultures. Not only was I becoming acquainted with the functioning of a camera, but also experiencing various doctrines of life. It taught me the importance of gratifying oneself by seeing one’s country from different perspectives. I got to see it all: children playing with minute lit diyas, a pregnant woman praying, an old man selling small statues, businessmen dealing with customers, tourists wandering about with curious minds. And the most special thing above all this is that I could capture all such moments in my little device. Those photographs made me fathom what my life meant to me.

I think I would never fraternize myself with Nepali art and style if it wouldn't be for that engaging photography lessons. It all started with just a camera and normal pictures and ended with an eye opening realization.

That one triggering experience motivated me to preserve the deteriorating Nepali art and culture by becoming an architect in future. And I know I can never get bored of this one profession. I want to imply the creative, aesthetic and intellectual skills into working out plausible design solutions. One thing that I have learnt so far is to explore in order to  do serious realizing, learning, absorbing and eventually implementing.