

NEPAL EMERGENCY RELIEF AND PSYCHOSOCIAL SUPPORT



Issue 2 | September 5, 2026

On the Ground. In the Moment. For the People of Nepal.

DAY 2 FIELD REPORT | FLORINA | NAWAKOT & DEVIKOT, NEPAL | PUBLISHED 5 SEPTEMBER 2026 | NEXT UPDATE 6 SEPTEMBER 2026

Into the Flood Zone: Day Two in Nawakot and Devikot

A drive into the hardest-hit districts brings the scale of the disaster into focus — through a witness's account, a grieving young volunteer, and a landscape the river has redrawn.

SECTION 1

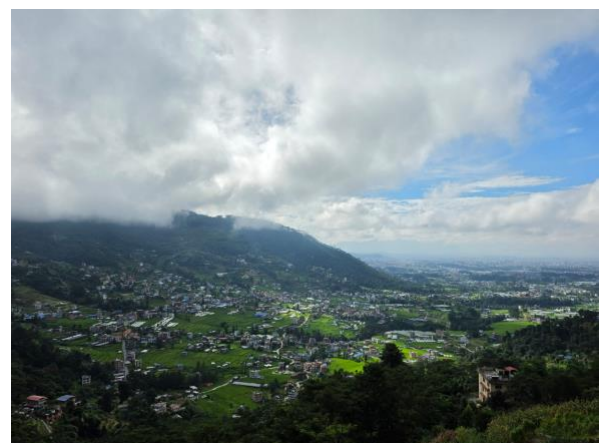
Five in a Car, Heading North

Day Two was supposed to be intense, because we were finally heading to the field. We started with the good old omelet and toast again, debating whether to eat first or pack first, and decided to eat. We left at eight. Five of us made the trip: Lakshman, our driver; Kiran, an activist and organizer with the Gen Z movement; Ashish, Pradip's staff member; Pradip; and myself.

The route was meant to take us up over the hills, down the other side, and out onto the plains where the flooding had struck hardest. Three districts had taken the worst of it, and we were heading first to Nawakot. The drive there was beautiful — hills, valleys, wide skies, paddy fields terracing the slopes. We knew what we were driving toward, but we could not help admiring what we were driving through. It felt like the drive was preparing us: for the good in the world, and then for what we were about to see.



Normal village life along the route



The Kathmandu Valley opens up below the hills, paddy fields terracing the slopes.

SECTION 2

The Helicopter Zone

We stopped first at a site under full military control — a staging ground with six or seven helicopters, taking off almost every five minutes. Each one left carrying relief material or personnel and came back loaded with people or supplies from the worst-hit areas. The operation ran the whole time we were there, hectic and constant, before we moved on toward Nawakot.



A relief helicopter prepares for another run into the flood zone.

SECTION 3

What the River Left Behind

The first thing we saw at Nawakot, once we reached the river, was devastation — too much to take in at once. Whole houses were gone; only fragments were left standing. What struck me most was the speed of the water. We were seeing this a week after it happened, and I could not imagine what it must have looked like while it was still happening. A week earlier this would have been an ordinary river, running gently past ordinary homes. Now it moved so fast it was frightening just to watch. One tree was still standing in the middle of it all, and looking at it, I felt certain it had seen everything — it sent a chill down my spine.



A lone tree still stands where a house once stood — the only living thing left on this stretch of riverbank.



Houses along the river at Nawakot, half-buried in the silt the flood left behind.



The riverbank itself gave way in places, taking stairways and shrines with it.



A wider view of the same stretch of riverbed — what had been a row of buildings before the flood.

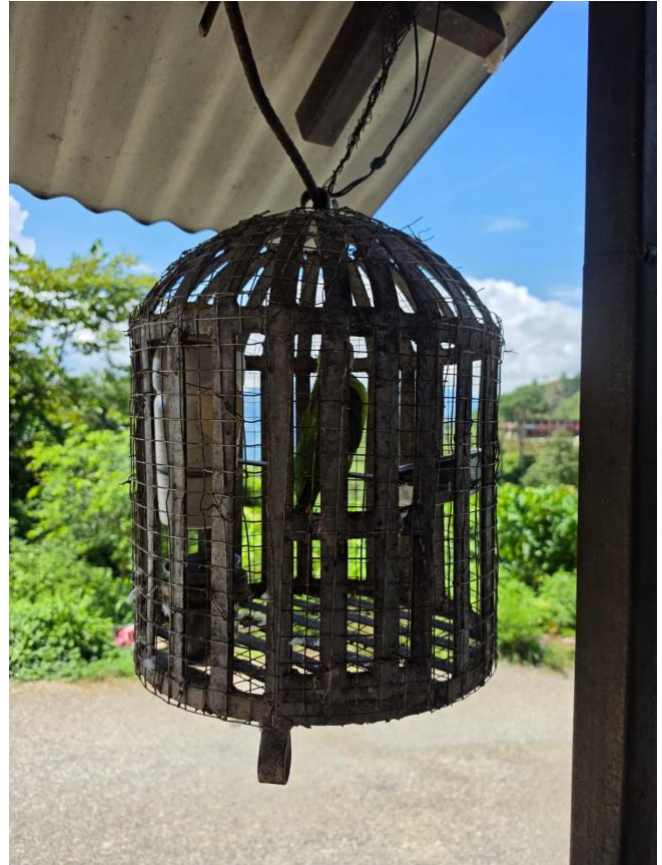
SECTION 4

A Cup of Tea, and a Witness's Account

From Nawakot we set off toward Rasuwa, stopping along the way for tea. We met Kalpana, a lovely woman who kept a parrot on her porch and made us tea while she talked. Her house wasn't directly beside the river, but she could see it from where she lived, and she had watched the disaster unfold from there.



Kalpana's parrot kept watch over the roadside stall where she served us tea.



Its cage hung from the porch overhang, just above where we sat.

One Witness's Account

Kalpana told us the water rose at around nine that morning, and that she watched families being swept away. By her count, roughly 500 people lived in the area; she believed close to 300 were unaccounted for, with perhaps 200 having reached higher ground in time. She also described a nearby school of about 300 children, of whom she feared some 200 had died. These are one resident's recollections, offered in the days just after the flood, not a confirmed toll — we pass them on with that caveat.

SECTION 5

Turning Back

Continuing toward Rasuwa, we met another car coming from that direction, completely caked in mud. We asked the driver whether the road ahead was passable.

“Please go only if there's an emergency, because the way is not okay and you may be stuck.”

— A driver, met on the Nawakot–Rasuwa road

As soon as he said it, our driver — after a word with Pradip — turned the car around without hesitation. We agreed: if people who had just come from there were telling us not to go, we would not go.

Do No Harm

In disaster response, presence is not automatically help. Turning back when local knowledge says the road isn't safe, rather than pressing on to see for ourselves, is its own kind of discipline — one less rescue the road ahead might otherwise have to make.

SECTION 6

The Road That Isn't There

We backtracked and took the other direction out of Nawakot, toward where the Nawakot–Rasuwa highway used to run. It had been a proper road, with the river flowing gently alongside it — the kind of drive that would once have been beautiful. Now the river had run straight across it, and the road was simply gone.

We walked as far as we could, to a point where the road disappeared entirely into the riverbed, then climbed to a temple on higher ground for a clearer view. From there you could see the river had come straight into the village without turning, washed through it, and thrown itself back against the far bank.



From a hillside temple above Nawakot, the river's new course cuts through the valley below.

SECTION 7

Supplies and Shelter

On the way back we stopped first at the district office to meet local government officials, then visited a military-run godown holding water and essential supplies. Stock looked solid — the population here isn't large, so there was no sense of people rushing or competing for what was available. Supplies were there; people came for them when they needed them, and moved on.

From there we visited one of the holding centers — what Nepal calls its relief camps. A group of Nepal Red Cross volunteers from the village was there, willing to talk about what had happened and the work they were doing.

At the holding center, as described to us on 5 September 2026:

Category	Detail
People Sheltering	About 158, including roughly 77 women and children
Young Girls (10–15 years)	An estimated 10 to 15
Facilities	Separate spaces provided for women and men; toilets available
Water	Available, though limited
District Godown	Military-run; water and essential items in stable supply

Kopila

One of the volunteers serving food at the holding center was a young woman named Kopila. When we asked if she had eaten, she said no — the food that day was chicken, and she is observing 46 days without meat, as her Buddhist tradition asks of the grieving. She is 20 years old, from Rasuwa, and had been living in Kathmandu, studying hotel management, when the flood struck her family's home near the river.

She lost her mother, her younger sister, her grandmother and her aunt. When the water came, her father grabbed her younger brother and ran; her other sister ran too. Her mother and remaining sister could not get away in time.

46 Days Without Meat

In Kopila's Buddhist tradition, close mourning is marked by abstaining from meat for 46 days after a death in the family. She is observing it now for four family members at once.

Kopila told us she doesn't want to stay at the holding center much longer, and she doesn't want to go back to where her house stood, either — the place holds only memories now, not a home. She would rather start again somewhere new. Nepal, she said in her own quiet way, has a great deal of rebuilding still ahead of it — and for families like hers who lived along the river, no one yet knows where the new land will come from.

SECTION 8

Lunch, and a Different Kind of Damage

We stopped for a late lunch — dal bhat, simple and good, with bitter gourd and spinach alongside the dal, and mutton on offer for anyone who wanted it. It was 3:15pm and we were the last group still eating. Talking with the woman who ran the small eatery, we learned she had built the business herself after her husband, who struggled with alcohol, left the family; she had raised her two sons alone, and both are doing well now.



The dal bhat lunch we shared on the road — simple, hot, and exactly what the day called for.



Rice served straight from the pot — the small roadside eatery was still feeding our group at 3:15 pm.

After lunch, Pradip suggested a detour to Devikot Bajar, another affected area, before we headed back to Kathmandu. The damage there took a different shape than at Nawakot — the river hadn't run as deep, but the water and slush had pushed directly onto the road and into houses and shops, breaking them apart just the same. A large bridge had been destroyed entirely, along with the road on its far side; the army was already at work rebuilding both.



The mud-caked road above the river, days after the water receded.



Recovery work continues amid the ruins in the town center.

A temple that had been almost fully submerged stood visible again, and the height the water had reached was written on the trees around it. Teddy bears and jackets lay scattered in the debris — small, ordinary things that made the scale of what happened harder to look away from. We saw a few dogs on the road with no clear owner in sight; we didn't see any other animals, though organizations are working to rescue and support them in the area.



Two men survey the damage in Devikot.



A child stands before collapsed buildings in Devikot.



The Agricultural Development Bank — lower floors destroyed, upper structure still standing, signage still legible.



Through a doorframe that somehow survived — a corridor of rubble where rooms once were.



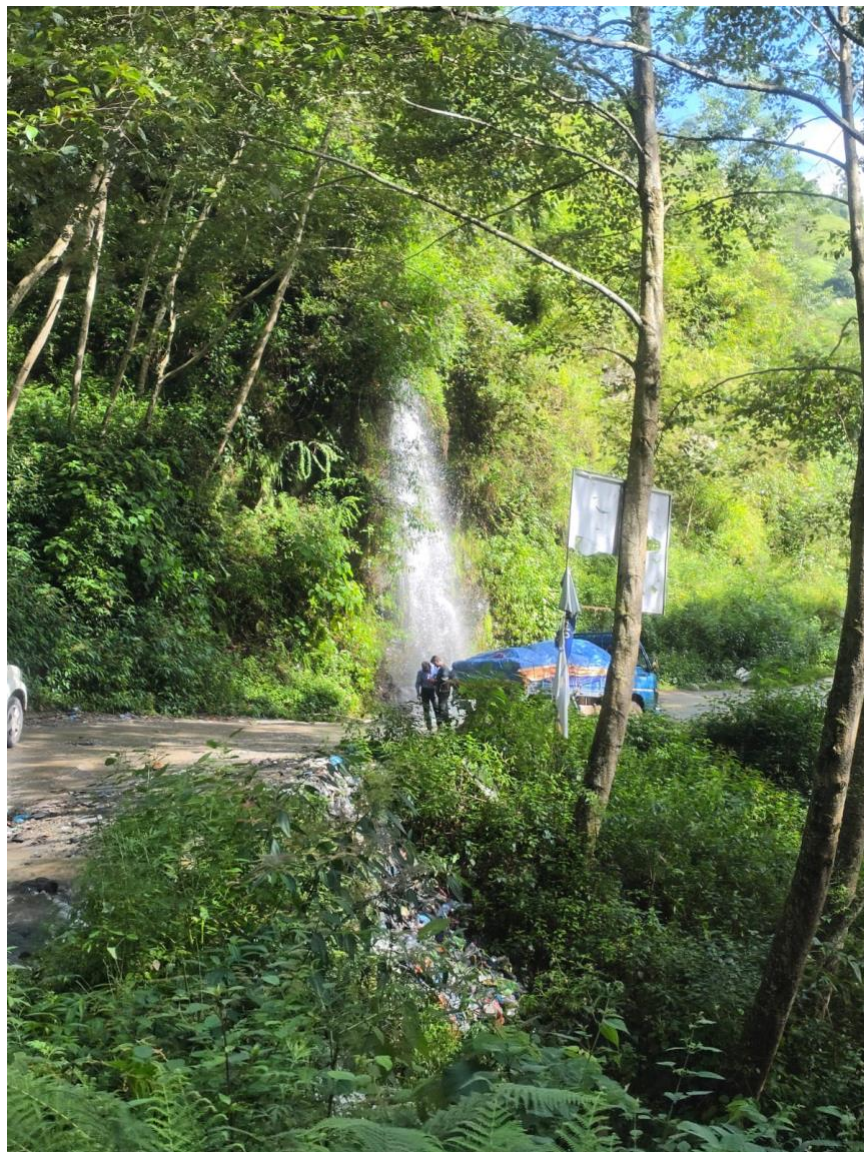
A corn cob, still rooted to its stalk, half-buried in the silt — a small reminder of the fields the flood swallowed along with the homes.

SECTION 9

Impressions of the Day

It broke our hearts to see what had happened, but there was no panic. Things were calm. The army was there, the police were there, ordinary people were there — along with a few outright disaster tourists, curious rather than helpful, but even so, there was no chaos. Some of that, I think, comes down to how few people live in these areas; there was a sense that things were, in some way, under control.

For those still missing — including people from India — it is hard to say there is much hope. The water is still moving too fast for that. On the drive out that morning we saw a handful of waterfalls; on the way back, in the dark, we saw many more. We reached Kathmandu at about 8:30 pm, in total darkness and total silence — the roads dark, and our mood darker. Tomorrow is another day, with many meetings ahead.



One of the waterfalls we passed on the road — swollen by the same rains that added to the flooding downstream.

About This Dispatch

Compiled daily from field notes sent home during a ten-day psychosocial support mission to Nepal, following the floods and landslides of late August 2026 the visit was coordinated by Pradip Pariyar, Dalit Lives Matter Global Alliance.

 Newsletter: a new issue each day, 3–16 September 2026

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 Dateline: Nawakot and Devikot, Nepal

“The country is fragile and needs attention. It just hasn't stopped.”

— Florina, Day 2 report, Nawakot–Devikot road, 5 September 2026

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