

Weekly Newsletter

Photojournalism





On May 11, 2024, the senior student scouts (Kuengao and Sheribu) led by Scout Masters, visited Merak for scouting excavation. The team also performed a cultural show at Merak Primary School.

Scout Fundraising Show

Sonam Peldon 9C



Along with the troop leader and scout master, the senior scouts from Dungtse Central School, *Kuengao* and *Sheribu* held a fundraising event in Vidhya Hall on May 10, 2024. The primary goals of the initiative were to raise funds for the school and provide the scouts with a platform to display their many skills.

Every kid at Dungtse Central School was excited to see the performance, and as soon as they walked into the hall, the professors took their seats. The audience and teachers were then told to stand and sing our national song by the anchor, Sangay Wangchuk of IX C. After they had all finished singing, the programme opened as usual, with Choki Wangmo of XA giving the welcome address and a welcome dance. Subsequently, the programme featured an array of other captivating dances, including Tibetan, Nepali, English, and many more. Subsequently, Mr. Dechen Dorji, the Dungtse Central School's economics teacher, performed a lovely, vintage song, which made the audience happy. All of the professors and students enjoyed his music. The last dance was conducted by the senior scouts.

As the event was coming to an end, anchor Sangay Wangchuk expressed gratitude to everyone in the crowd and apologised to the teachers for any faults they had made throughout the dance performance and any disappointment the audience may have caused. The vice principal was asked to impart some expertise by the anchor, but he promptly stated that he had nothing to contribute.

The Icy Hand of Death

Sonam Yangdon 8B

When we are born in this world,
Everybody wishes we could stop time.
To spend forever in this world
But none; nobody can live such a life.
When we think of death,
We are stuck in the moment with it.
We never know where we will go after death.
But we all know that death will lay its icy hand once.
Some believe it is good.
But some cry, bursting their hearts.
We are afraid of our deaths.
But we are living in our sorrows.

Father's Motivation for His Daughter

Sonam Peldon 9C

Actually, this writing might be personal, but I want to share it because I want to say that I am a very fortunate daughter to have parents who support me in every circumstance of my life. My father would say, 'Zamin, you don't worry about the school's expenses. I'll take care of it, but I want you to work and study hard. I want you to be independent in the future.' But I understand my father's pain and how he is suffering for his three children. My father would hardly stay at home. He would hardly spend his precious time with his family. It is because he will be somewhere sweating under the scorching sun, building the houses of the people in the high land, especially Laya, and sometimes trembling with the snow of Laya.

One day, me and my father were having a conversation outside our house, and during that time, he told me something that I will never forget in my life. I could even vividly remember and hear his voice sometimes in my ears, echoing every word that he had spoken during that particular day. He said proudly, 'When I was small, I went to school for three days.' I laughed a lot while he said that to me, because I saw it as funny—going to school for only three days. But I was surprised that he said it proudly. 'Why Apa? Why didn't you go to school after three days?' When I finished with my laughter, I asked. He looked into my eyes directly, and I could see the sorrows that he had experienced when he was my age, when he was very small. The first and second days of school were great, and it was my third day at school. After school, when I came back home, my mother's body was lying on the bed, unmoved. My father told me that she was dead when I was in school.

Indeed, Zamin, this period marked the most arduous juncture of my life; thereafter, I am obligated to remain at home with my father. Helping him and working with him. At that time, my brother, Aku, was in the process of preparing to start school. Our father gave us a choice. Either I go to school or my brother stays at home, working with him. But I chose to stay at home and help my father. For my brother, I had to sacrifice going to school. But soon, our father also died, and me and your Aku were not fortunate enough to stay a long time with our parents. I worked for other people, working as a labourer and earning my own money. I would use that money for my brother when he goes to school.' I could feel his pain as he spoke. But he continued: Zamin, from a very young age, I have resisted lots of pain, and I have sacrificed lots of things for my brother, but you are lucky that you are getting an opportunity to study. So, don't waste your time, and work hard. I may not have been as fortunate as your Aku, but I encourage you to create your own opportunities. His story completely captivated me, and for a brief moment, I remained silent, reflecting. I couldn't think of the pain that my father had endured, and it was hard to imagine a small boy looking after his brother when their parents had left them in this world. I realised how fortunate I was, as well as the importance of education. My father was keen to go to school, but he was not able to. His story inspired me to strive hard, emulate his bravery, and pursue my studies in his place.

One day in the winter, the temperature was extremely low, and it was likely even colder inside our house. My mother, my sister, my brother, and I were desperately trying to wrap ourselves in thick blankets, shivering as if we were stranded in an icy land. My father chuckled as he observed my brother and me arguing over blankets. He said, 'I can't imagine you two staying in Laya. It would be extremely cold, but regardless of the weather condition—snow, rain, or sunshine—our pioneers would never grant us holidays, not even on Sundays, allowing us to remain free. During winter, my ears would turn red from the cold, and I would feel extremely cold. However, I would work diligently, understanding that I had my family to care for and that I needed to earn money to provide the best possible education for my children. I wanted them to attend school like other children, not like me. After he finished his explanation, I hesitated and slowly handed the blanket to my brother, akin to a shy bride removing her veil at a wedding. He accepted it, and my father smiled a gentle smile at me. I could hear his voice in my heart. 'Good girl'. He said.

Whenever I am cold, I can remember my father in the snow, working hard with his freezing hand, and when I study outside feeling cold, I can remember the moment when he shared with us his situation in the cold. Then I would say that it is nothing compared to the cold that my father felt in the snow while working. When I study outside, I find motivation to bear the cold.

Father, I know that you have suffered a lot and are still suffering. I know this writing may not reach you, but even if it does, you will not be able to read it. From the bottom of my heart, I am indebted to you. Even if I am born as your daughter for millions of years in the next life, I will not

be able to thank you for the tireless work that you have done for us! Thank you, Father. I am very lucky to be your daughter, and I will make sure not to make you regret having me as your daughter!

Missing you, Mother

Jamyang Lhamo 10B

Dear mother,
You entered like a shooting star,
And shone like a bright moon.
Sister, you were the one.
She always guided me.
When you gave me advice,
I never took it seriously.
But now, in the absence of you
I am missing a single piece of advice of yours.
When others say you are no longer in this world,
I feel as if it's a lie.
Because I can still feel your presence around me.
Oh, God, please give me the answer.
Why are you making me alone?
Why are you taking my mother so far from me?
Please give me an answer.
Mother, my life has become incomplete without you by my side.
I am missing you from the bottom of my heart.
And each one of your jokes and laughter
The day you became my mother,
And the day you left this world
I wouldn't forget in life.
Now you made me realise,
I need to be alert.
Thank you, mother,
For loving and caring for me.
It will be hard for me to forget you.
And I hope,
You will come back soon.
As my mother in my next life
I love you and miss you so much!

Is it a dream?

Sangay Tshomo 10B

My life reads 18,
By then, I had changed a lot.
My dream, my aspirations, and my determination
I vow to you all
In the mist of my sleep,
I lit a candle and kissed my books.
I hope I know everything.
But I know nothing.
I wish I were a police officer.
I would rest on a soft sofa with my king.
My leg crossed and a coffee in front,
So said, I still have 1000 miles to go.
Police, doctors... are my wishes.
They are sons and daughters of hard work.
They came through me, but not me.
And though they are with me,
Yet they do not belong to me.

Chapter 8

Sonam Peldon 9C

It was his mother's loud prayer that woke Drukgyel up. Aum Pem was saying a prayer at the altar. When Drukgyel got up, he started getting ready for his departure from his community. They were all sombre during their breakfast together, acting as though they had just killed someone, then Aum Pem finally spoke, saying, "I would miss my son." Have some more food here; travelling a long distance will make you hungry. She gave Drukgyel some additional food. "I would miss Zam and your food." Drukgyel looked from his mother to Zam as he spoke. Zam said nothing. Today, she was unable to speak. She was aware that if she said anything, she would inevitably start crying. Drukgyel made sure his father's three bows and his arrow were kept in good condition by carrying them with him. He would use it to ward off enemies and defend others.

As Drukgyel was about to leave the village by the Chorten, the astrologer spoke. "Drukgyel, proceed with caution." You'll encounter a lot of distractions, but you need to remain focused and make sensible choices. Subsequently, Drukgyel and the astrologer bowed together and touched heads. Every villager in the area was there, and they all brought rice and regional alcohol for

Drukgyel, along with well wishes. Aum Pem gave Drukgyel a firm hug while doing her best to hold back her tears. Wishing him luck on his mission, she said. When Zam's turn came, they hugged but were unable to speak to each other. Zam, look into my eyes. Drukgyel's eyes were watery as she spoke. "Take care of this infant." As he spoke, he softly caressed Zam's belly. "I promise—just make sure to return soon, Drukgyel." She reported that she was in tears. "We're running behind schedule for the trip." Pemba claimed she had two horses and was waiting impatiently. The village elder gave Drukgyel a hug and wished him safe travels. Riding the horse, Drukgyel gave everyone a khathar wave. The people waved Drukgyel away while breaking into a melancholy song. He inhaled deeply as he turned to face his village. "I'll be back soon," he promised himself.

Before Pemba said, "Dasho la, it's almost lunch time," they rode the horse slowly. Oh, is that right? Then, let's pause and share a meal. stated Drukgyel. They ate lunch together, with Pemba serving Drukgyel local alcohol and keeping their horses close by. "Pemba, please start calling me Drukgyel from now on." He talked to Pemba and Drukgyel. Pemba gave a timid nod.

They made a move following their lunch. They could no longer see the path they were travelling on because it was practically dark. Gradually, the sun disappeared and hid in the west. "Pemba, let's end our journey right here today." We are not going to be able to continue. It's becoming quite dim. In his typical tone, Drukgyel said that he speaks when he is normal. "All right, Drukgyel. Let's build a little shelter for ourselves to stay in, and I'll keep our horse close to this tree." Pemba declared that Drukgyel was right. When Drukgyel's horse produced an odd noise, they were set to eat dinner after finishing everything together. Taken aback, they both turned to examine their horses. Then, to their surprise, they saw a massive snake with five heads directly in front of their horses, ready to devour them all. But Drukgyel pulled his arrow fast, bending to shoot the massive serpent. Drukgyel was about to fire when the snake suddenly disappeared. "What?" "Where has the snake disappeared?" When Drukgyel asked Pemba, he replied, "I don't know where it went, but it just disappeared like an ash in the air; it didn't go in any direction." Drukgyel approached the spot where the snake had disappeared gradually and then noticed something: FIVE BROTHERS!

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