

# Weekly Newsletter

## Teacher's Day

Jigme Pema Wangmo 9A and Sonam Peldon IX C

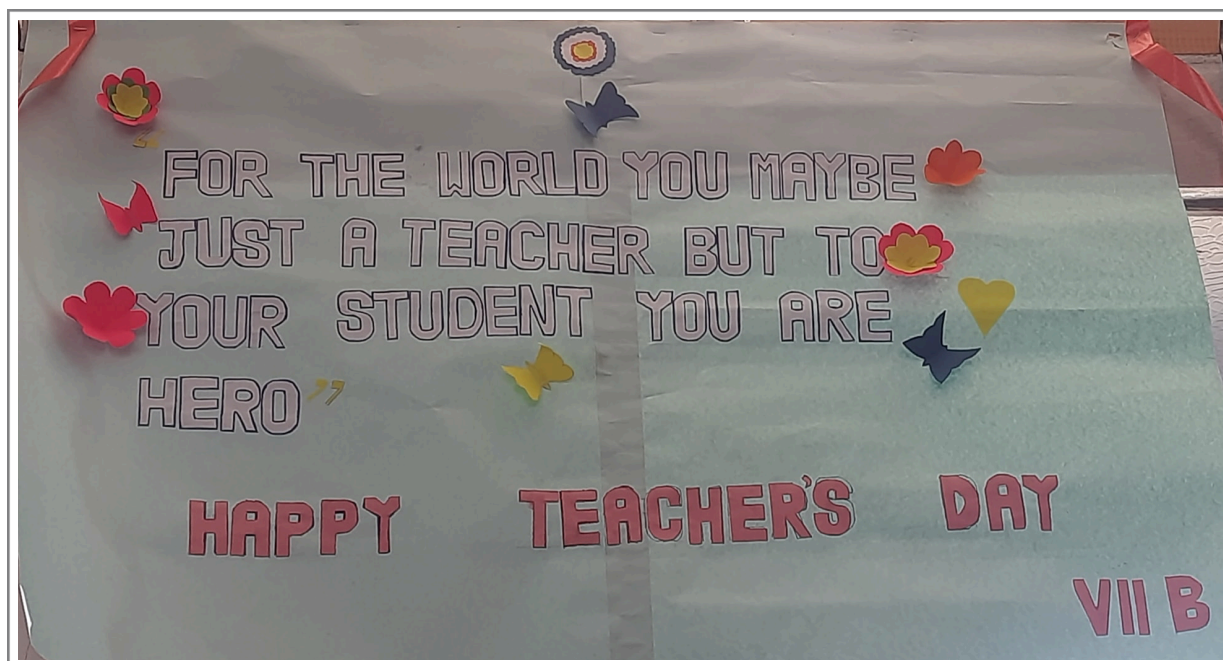
Since May 2nd is also the birth anniversary of the Third Druk Gyalpo Jigme Dorji Wangchuck, we observe it as Teacher's Day. Every year on May 2nd, we pay tribute to His Majesty the Third Druk Gyalpo, the Father of Modern Bhutan. Different accounts credit the Third Druk Gyalpo as the Father of Modern Bhutan for ending the previous policy of isolation, bringing planned development to the nation, and presenting Bhutan to the outside world on par with other nations. The Third Druk Gyalpo is remembered for his steadfast dedication to Bhutan's modernization. We commemorate May 2nd as Teacher's Day to show our appreciation to the educators who help to shape the future of our nation and its citizens. As the saying goes, "A teacher can inspire hope, ignite the imagination, and instill a love of learning." According to Erad Henry, teachers serve as the students' eyes. Inspiring the students to pursue bright futures, they act as their second parents. They give kids motivation to believe in themselves and never give up. They are the lighthouses that point us in the direction of our own goals. Among many other crucial roles in our lives, teachers act as a stick for the elderly, a doctor for a patient, a parent for a child, and a nurturer. Thus, it is imperative that we express our gratitude to His Majesty the Third Druk Gyalpo for his unwavering developmental actions over the past few years. Additionally, we must not overlook the importance of showing our teachers, the people who have shaped our lives, our sincere gratitude.

The staff and students of Dungtse Central School commemorated Teacher's Day and the birth anniversary of Third Druk Gyalpo as a way to honour the two important figures in our lives. The captains greeted the teachers at the start of the programme. And then there was the staff member who offered a butter lamp. The school mess captain, Ms. Pema Deki of XA, then gave a classy welcome speech. Additionally, the principal and other senior staff members took part in the cake-cutting ceremony following the welcome speech. The gift exchange was without a doubt the most heartwarming part of the occasion. Thanking the teachers for our little contributions was a great way to show our appreciation. In the end, the cultural programmes resulted in entertaining events such as dance competitions and balloon fights between the teachers. There was a graceful, upbeat vibe throughout the entire programme as it came to an end.

Finally, let us always remember and express our gratitude to The Third Druk Gyalpo and all of the teachers for their graceful and steadfast support over the years. We ought to cling to their gratifying advice and support and proceed along their significant blessing route. I want to express

my gratitude to everyone who has helped to make our educational experience at DCS so meaningful on behalf of all the students. HAPPY TEACHER'S DAY!

“A teacher's impact goes far beyond the classroom; it lingers in the hearts and minds of their students forever.”



## Chapter 6

Sonam Peldon 9C

Drukgyel's mind was filled with questions as he travelled to the meeting; he didn't realise where he was going until his legs stopped near the Chorten, where the villagers had gathered. "Drukgyel, please take a seat." Everybody was waiting for you. After observing Drukgyel standing close to the Chorten, Gup said this: Drukgyel sat with his villagers in obedience, but he felt uneasy. Of course, Drukgyel knew about the unrest among the villagers as a result of the theft of their most valuable gold, but he felt something else and was uncertain about his own feelings. The well-liked Gup in the village, Drukdra, was quite concerned about the community's welfare. Their village forbade stealing, and would forbid any found thieves from staying there. "Drukgyel, I hope you know the exact reason behind this meeting, and I'm so glad that you came here today," the turmoil gup said, breaking the tense silence. Regrettably, thieves stole the most valuable gold your great-grandfather had installed in our village last night. We are extremely unfortunate to be in this day and age and dealing with such a predicament. "Gup, has anyone discovered who took this chorten's gold?" Drukgyel spoke to them, and the Gup nodded in agreement. "So, who are they?" Drukgyel enquired. They're the five brothers in our village. The five brothers had also left our village this morning, according to Pempa, my servant. Gup expressed his regret that the villagers

had taken the gold. 'How absurd! It's unbelievable how they managed to pull that off. Gup, I think you might have taken the situation incorrectly. Drukgyel expressed his surprise at what he had just heard, saying he could not believe it. ' It's true, Drukgyel. It's true, even though at first, I didn't think it was possible. You realise how important those golds are to our village, right? They stole the gold and fled. Because of these golds, we can live in harmony with nature, just like any other village. In addition, our village's profusion of fruits, vegetables, and crops is largely due to these golds. I can't even begin to imagine what would happen to us all if we didn't have these golds. As a result, we have chosen someone to return those golds to our village. That individual must possess extreme bravery, boldness, tenacity, and dedication. Together, we have carefully considered our options and chosen them to fulfil this task. You've been selected, Drukgyel. Drukgyel was startled to hear this order from Gup, but he maintained his confidence. With courage, Drukgyel stood up and remarked, "Up until now, my villagers and Gup have trusted one another and remained as one family." You are all my mothers, fathers, sisters, and brothers. And how could I say no to this mission now that you've all picked me to finish it? I'll do everything in my power to complete this task, and I'll give it my all for the good of our village. I would even give up my very own life to be with you all! Drukgyel proudly stated as much. The village's Gup stood and gave Drukgyel a hug. Subsequently, every villager got up, cheered, and gave Drukgyel a hug. I was aware that you would put your life in danger to keep this village safe. Drukgyel, you're my undying pride. If your father were still alive today, he would be extremely proud to have had a son like you. I'm grateful. Don't worry, though; my servant Pempa will travel with you to assist you if needed, and he will prepare meals for you. We've also talked about giving you both the most magnificent horse in our village to ride on the journey. To Drukgyel, Gup said, "But Gup, what happened to those five brothers?" Drukgyel inquired. Take comfort in knowing that you and the other villagers will be visiting my house tonight. Another village has requested the services of one of our village's best astrologers. In addition to revealing the locations of those evil spirits, he will carry out a ritual to guarantee your safety. As such, Gup addressed the villagers.

God bless you, Drukgyel, and may our village's local deity also bless you. You serve as a champion for us. I prayed for your good health and unwavering happiness in life, because we are all so lucky to have such a brave young man as you! An elderly grandmother in their village spoke to him and gifted him with a beautiful *sungkey*. With a soft smile, Drukgyel said, "Thank you, grandma."

### **Explore in Life**

Pema Deki 10B

Our lives' time ends in a fraction of a second. If we waste our time inappropriately, we lose the ability to control time and achieve our dreams. Our school days are dedicated to acquiring diverse knowledge, enhancing our skills, and preparing us to face any challenge in the future. Our days at

school should not be dull without meaning. When a great opportunity comes your way, seize it. Build the skills you need in life. Communicate with everyone and be socially competent, since you cannot change the world or make a difference in life.

It's an opportunity to make as many friends as possible in school. We are all here because of our past karma. We should cherish it. We don't cheer each other up. Motivate and assist each other in growing and grooming into good and great people.

## **Unlocking Creative Genius: Impact of Education 98% to 2% Change**

### *How Schooling Affects Creative Potential?*

**Source:** Operation Echo, Medium

Nov 6, 2023

In the 1960s, NASA embarked on a unique quest, a quest not to explore outer space, but to delve into the inner space of human creativity. Their mission was to understand what makes a genius and how they could harness this knowledge to recruit exceptional minds for their space missions. To carry out this mission, they turned to George Land and his team, who would go on to conduct a groundbreaking study that would reveal fascinating insights into the nature of creativity.

### **The Genesis of the Study**

George Land and his team began their investigation with a group of five-year-old children. They devised a creativity test that aimed to measure how these young minds used their creative imagination to solve problems. They defined genius not as an innate quality but as the ability to think creatively and solve problems in innovative ways. This definition laid the foundation for their research.

### **The Astonishing Discovery**

The results of the initial study were nothing short of astonishing. When the five-year-olds were subjected to the creativity test, a staggering 98% of them qualified as geniuses by NASA's definition. The findings were not only surprising but also profoundly optimistic, suggesting that creativity was a quality inherent in the vast majority of young children.

### **The Erosion of Genius**

However, the study didn't stop there. Land and his team decided to follow up with the same group of children over the years. When they returned when the children were ten years old, the percentage of those who still qualified as geniuses had plummeted to 30%. Another five years later, when the children had reached the age of fifteen, only 12% still met the criteria of a genius.

These findings raised the question: what was happening to these young, creative minds as they grew older?

### **The Role of Education**

George Land didn't stop at this point. He continued his research, this time focusing on adults. The results of this follow-up study were even more revealing. Among the adult population, a mere 2% qualified as geniuses, by NASA's definition. The implications of this decline in creative thinking were striking.

The most remarkable aspect of Land's findings was the attribution of this decline to one primary factor: the educational system. He argued that the transformation from a 98% genius population of five-year-olds to a mere 2% of geniuses in adulthood was primarily due to the way our educational institutions functioned. It was, in essence, a stark commentary on how traditional schooling methods stifled creativity and innovation.

### **Uncreative Behavior is Learned**

One of George Land's thought-provoking quotes from this study is,

“Uncreative behavior and thinking are learned.”

This succinctly encapsulates the essence of his research. It underscores the idea that individuals are not inherently creative or uncreative but rather shaped by their environment, especially their educational experiences.

### **Conclusion**

The NASA-commissioned study led by George Land in the 1960s shed light on the nature of creativity and how it evolves over time. It demonstrated that children are naturally inclined towards creativity and problem-solving but lose a significant portion of their creative potential as they progress through the educational system. Land's work serves as a poignant reminder that our educational institutions have a profound impact on shaping the future of young minds and that fostering creativity should be a central goal in our pursuit of nurturing the next generation of geniuses.

Do you believe that creativity is a skill that can be imparted through teaching? Is it possible to train our minds to adopt a more creative thought process?

## Chapter 7

### Sonam Peldon IX C

“Why are you the one to go, Drukgyel? Can’t they send any other men?” “You just arrived here yesterday, and tomorrow you are going somewhere, risking your life?” When Drukgyel announced the details of the meeting with his family, Zam, with tears in his eyes, expressed his sadness. ‘Please, Zam, don’t make it so hard for me. If you cry like that, how can I go tomorrow?’ Drukgyel said, holding the soft hands of Zam and observing the beauty of his lovely Zam. ‘This village and its people are everything to me.’ I grew up here, and we have remained close as a family until now. When we’re in such a situation, how can I avoid them? If you were in trouble, I would have done the same. Please, dear, try to understand. I know the pain that you are experiencing now, but this is our karma, and my karma makes my tomorrow. It is my duty to protect this village, and please don’t stop me. Drukgyel stroked Zam’s smooth hair, saying, “But this comfort was just the ash of fire.” Aum Pem stood and addressed her son, saying, “Son, if the most brilliant person in the world asks me about my son, I will demonstrate that even if all the mothers in this world give birth to hundreds of sons, they will never give birth like my son, and their son will never become like mine because my son is the bravest and strongest son in this universe.” Go and punish those thieves, son. I will always be the proudest mother for you, and my blessings and prayers will always be with you.’ Drukgyel hugged his mother like he had never hugged before, and he wished his father was here today. His father had died from smallpox, which was a very dangerous disease in those days. ‘Thank you, mother. I am very fortunate to have a mother like...’ His mother interrupted him, saying, “I am very fortunate to have a son like you!” They all hugged each other, including their servants, and moved to the village’s gup house.

‘Hmm... I think that those five brothers are not ordinary people like us. They are the sons of the witch, who stays high up in the mountains. They’ve come here primarily to steal that gold and give it to their witch mother. The witch’s mother plans to use the gold to boost her power. The astrologer said this when he finished his ritual of seeing the past, and all the villagers were listening very carefully to every word that the astrologer spoke. ‘They came to our village last year, but during that time they were telling us that they were orphans and were seeking help from us, so we have all discussed and decided to keep them in our village.’ Gup told the astrologer that he regretted making such a decision. ‘But there is also some problem here... The mother sent all the brothers in four different directions. Nima went to the east, Dawa to the west, Karma to the north, and Tashi to the south because their mother wanted to keep that gold with them right now, and I don’t know the reason for it. Now I am going to perform the safety ritual for Drukgyel.’ The astrologer said this to everyone. ‘I don’t care where they have gone with our gold; even if they hide it across the world, I will definitely find it and bring it back to our village,’ I promised. Drukgyel said this to everyone.

The 15<sup>th</sup> moon of the day was shining so brightly, and Drukgyel and Zam were under the peach trees that had born the pink flowers, staring at the bright stars. "Zam, I will miss you all terribly when I leave this village, but especially my little sweet princess, who is still in your womb." Please take care of our girl while I am away, as well as my mother's. Drukgyel patted Zam's womb, and naturally, tears came out of Zam's eyes. 'Please come back soon; we will also be missing you.' With unbearable pain, Zam touched her head to Drukgyel's shoulder and sobbed as hard as she could. 'Please, Zam, don't cry. You are making it very difficult for me to leave you all behind. I promise to come back soon.' Drukgyel wiped Zam's warm tears away.

### **My World of Fascination**

Jigme Pema Wangmo 9A

I was flying over my country, Bhutan. The clouds seemed very majestic, and they seemed to be in a very content mood, so I was opposite them. As I opened Ngawang's gift, tears flooded down my cheeks. The gift consisted of our yesteryear's memories printed on so many tiny papers. She even sent me a jar of letters that described me and our precious friendship. I just remembered our precious moments together. I slept for about three hours before finally preparing to land in the United States. And when I went out of the airport, I saw my mom and father present in the outdoor area, waiting for my reception, carrying a poster that read "WELCOME DEAR." I gracefully hugged my parents, and they took me to their apartment. Having lived here for an extended period, they have become completely settled. They didn't know that; actually, I wasn't happy at all. But still, I tried to act happy in front of them. Immediately after reaching home, I texted Ngawang that I had reached here safely.

The day was extremely exhausting, and after about an hour, it became completely dark. This was the first time in my life that I shared a meal with my parents. As I was too tired, I kept my head on the pillow, and after about an hour, there was a sound of a food and water tap. I was astonished and immediately woke up. But I saw my mother waking up and getting ready for work. I said, "Mom, why are you up so early?" and mom said, "Bum, I need to go to work. I have an early morning shift." And in a surprised voice, with my eyes wide open, I replied, "YALAMA! You have to work before sunrise, too." Mom said, "Nothing is easy here; we should work overtime in order to produce more money." And then I realised how hard it could be for my parents to work for many hours. My mother went to work by then, and I went back to sleep. After about 5 hours, it was almost 8 a.m. I woke up, offered to change in the changing room, and prepared a coffee for myself. And afterwards, my father woke up and said, "Jigme, you should just stay home." Because I have a morning shift, I have to go to work, so don't worry. Your mother will be here in a while." And I replied, "Ok, Apa, don't worry; I will stay home and wait for mom." After leaving for work, I continued to watch a video on my mom's laptop. Indeed, during my time in Bhutan, I harboured no positive thoughts or feelings for my parents. I considered that I had no parents, thinking that

they didn't love me, and went abroad. But it was not until I realised that I was wrong. And after a while, the doorbell rang, "Beep, beep!" I completely forgot that my mom would be arriving soon. I immediately opened the door, and I saw my mom, her eyes drowning and her face tired. Mom greeted me, "Good morning, my dear, have you been good?" I responded by saying, "Yes, Ama, Apa left for work almost right now." Mom and I prepared breakfast for ourselves and planned to go out today. I told mom, "Don't you have work in the afternoon?" and she said, "No, I changed my afternoon shift with my other colleagues who were having a midnight shift." And I awkwardly said, "Ohh."

After finishing our meal, we dressed up and went outside. I was completely unfamiliar with the new environment. My mom drove me to famous places in the USA that I had never visited before. During that period of immense enjoyment, I completely neglected my concerns, most notably my closest companion, Ngawang. While mom and I were casually driving on the road, I saw a few mountains, and suddenly, that reminded me of the serene mountains of Bhutan, and together with that, I remembered my friend Ngawang. Before I forgot, I took out my phone and dialled her. And she didn't dare to pick up; all I could hear was, "The number you are trying to call is not responding." I thought she might be in class and didn't call again. That day, I just enjoyed every little moment with my mother. So, it was almost 5 p.m., and we were almost done with our outing. Before we headed home, we went to one of the famous restaurants to have our lunch and dinner. After our meal, we made our way home, where we found Apa waiting for us. I said, "You missed today's precious moments. I and mom enjoyed a lot today, and I especially explored a lot about the places here." Apa responds with a smile, "Is it sad?" It's ok, we will have enough time hereafter to spend together." I just felt an unusual happiness today. After a while, we had our evening snacks and talked about some matters. And I asked my parents if I could also find a small job and work. But they denied it for a year. They said I was still too young for a job and told me to stay for a year. And with that decision, I would not be able to support my friend Ngawang, who resides in Bhutan. With those thoughts, I again tried to call my friend Ngawang, but what I could hear was the same as before. I was a little worried, but I thought she might be busy with some work. It was already 8 p.m. when we went to sleep in our respective rooms. I kept texting Ngawang, but she ignored my message. Some worry came into my mind.

I lost myself in my thoughts, wondering what could have happened to Ngawang while my mom and dad were busy preparing for their night shift work. With the hope of Ngawang calling back some time, I went to sleep. And it was yet another beautiful morning. And fortunately, my mom and father were both at home in the daytime hours today, so I requested that they go on a family outing. They've decided to take me out today. They took me to see the majestic Washington City, which was the USA's capital. I enjoyed the view and even felt happy because my parents were both by my side. This type of time is rare for me. My mom and father cared for me, looked after me very well, and treated me like their only princess, which I am! It was almost lunchtime; we



went to the McDonald's store to get my favourite snacks and found one serene place to have them. Though one day had passed, Ngawang didn't even answer my phone, nor did she text. The worry in me grew very much by that time; my worry had grown significantly. It was almost 3 p.m., and my Apa just realised that we have an evening shift at 5 p.m., so we headed home. Even after reaching home, the thought of Ngawang struck in my mind, and I waited patiently for her to text me. I wondered what could have happened to her. What could be the reason that she is not picking up the phone or sending a text? Let's see what happens next!



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