



THIS ISSUE IS WHOLE HEARTEDLY DEDICATED TO TIBETANS IN EXILE FOR 50 YEARS

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Crossing the most precious border lines from the eastern part of Tibet, with their fire guns, the Chinese invaders engulfed more than six thousand of Buddhist monasteries and other traditional institutions during the years of Cultural Revolution in Tibet. It was the darkest period in our history. It started to suck the beauty of our mother nation we so proudly call Tibet. Since then a number of our great forefathers were murdered and groups of innocent Tibetan girls raped in front of the public under the repressive Chinese rule. Indoctrination educational system in Tibetan schools and patriotic re-education sessions in monasteries were forcibly introduced.

This is the story, a very tragic story of our pitiful countrymen including your family members. This story demands you to do some thing for your brothers and sisters who are in the darkness.

In such circumstances, you had left every thing behind and headed towards the most blessed shelter of H.H the Dalai Lama and Tibetan Exile Government. Since that day, you became the members of this big refugee community. They nurtured you up with your full wisdom and sense of humanity. Have you ever thought about your life here, the beautiful school where you can engage to study as your wish, the sincere teachers who kindly guide you to right direction, the delicious meal that you are eating, the fine uniform that is on you. It is so clear that everything around you is provided from your community and your most benevolent spiritual leader. It is because of your noble role in Tibetan freedom struggle and preserving its own culture that we are taken so well taken care of.

In a nut shell, during this critical period of time what sort of responsibility that you have to take in order to serve your community- no matter wherever you are living and whatever you are doing. A sense of loyalty and gratefulness must be there in your mind as long as the Tibetan blood flows through your veins. Step by step you should have to stand by your country and people through every sphere of your life. I think, this will be a valuable contribution and sweet memory in Tibetan history.

-Darig Thokmay(Editor)



It is sad that the existing Tibetan tradition has deeply branded woman's mind with the marks of their inferiority - to the degree that, so far there is not even one Tibetan nun who has been confident enough to debate with the monks.

Almost everyone who has been the daughter-in-law knows the pain of being a servant or the property of her husband's family .No matter how unfairly she is treated. She is not allowed to complain, to talk back, or to leave .This is her fate.

Professor Dawa Norbu



"Red Star Over Tibet" always reminds our Professor Dawa Norbu even he was passed away. So, We heartedly remember the great works of him. The passage of time could never fade up his glorification in our Tibetan History.



I make distinctions between the ordinary sense of love and what I mean by love. What I mean by love can arise on the basis of a clear recognition of the existence of the other person, and a genuine respect for the well being and rights of others. However, love based on strong attachment towards one's close ones is form the pont of view of religious practice, something that has to be ultimately purified. A certain degree of detachment must be developed.

- H H The Dalai Lama



The presence of H H Dalai lama in our Tibetan society is like a banyan tree, under which we are pleasant but little grow.

-Jamyang Norbu



Dear Gopur staffs & students,

STORY COLUMN

Love versus Fate

- Palden Dakpa(xii D)

Dear readers, this is a story happened to one of my friends in USA and his charisma in Lhasa. I am offering this for your speculation without his permission, I hope I am not making any mistake in doing so. It was not long before Tashi was planning to return back to Tibet within one or at most two more years. He was simply sure that



his age-old dream could be developed into reality at last. But whether the nature is cruel or the god is blind, an unacceptable news shattered everything, his heart, his body and most importantly his dream. He heard that Choedon, the girl who had suffered untold sufferings for him and with whom he had many dreams to fulfill, had met an accident in lhasa.

He could not believe himself at first, he believed that his heart would not miss the occurrence of such mishaps to its kind

owner. But he called Wangchuk, the apple of discord of their sufferings in a hope that everything was just mistaken. Unfortunately what he heard earlier was not mistaken by his ears, only his heart was wrong not to believe and accept it. He learnt that Choedon had met not just a simple accident, but one so immense that she was still lying unconscious in the hospital. Whether she would be recovered or remain lying like that forever was something no one could predict.

That evening he felt for the first time that his life without her presence was indeed going to be as colorless as a dried leaf. He began to hate Wangchuk, her mother, the fate and he hated each and everyone who were involved in forcing her back to Tibet when they themselves and Wangchuk were in India. But he had none to empty his hatred-filled heart, he just went to the near by sea beach with his cold shadow as he used to do whenever he felt unhappy. Fortunately that was a full moon night and there were many people

all around. He stayed there in a quiet corner, admiring the couple of pairs hanging around in front of his blurred vision while treating many bottles of Miodowell as if he wanted to drown all his sorrow. How truthful it is said that *'Drink is the best comforter to man as tear is to woman!'*

Usually he used to share his sweet memories to the wine-seller with a smile of embarrassment and a vivid feeling from deep within. But that night he had none except his cold shadow and his pieced heart. So he looked up at the twinkling stars and began to narrate his painfully-sweet memories with his broken heart. He felt that he had become the Rose, narrating her love tragedies with her hero- Jack to the world people. He began from how they met first and then the story continued on with no ending.

Staff members and students,

Class xii

For last few years, we have shared the love and care of this big family as the brother and sister. No matter where we will go and live, we will never let you down and regret of providing us this platform of progress. To stand on your expectation by keeping your sweet memories that you have given us within my stay here. Good bye my respect teachers and dear brothers



Dear Gopur staffs & students, Class X

It was indeed nice to be here in this school for those long years and I am very glad to be a part of this institution .Upbringing in this school means a lot to us, something that couldn't fade away from our living memory. I believe we will be able to realize the essence and grace of this

school. We can not get such an opportunity in our lifetime so try not to waste your school life here indulging in all the mischievous things. Lastly thank you Gopalpur.

congratulation



Wangtang Kyi of class XII D was awarded the first position prize in the Tibetan national girl-students' Tibetan essay writing competition organized by the TWA (Tibetan Women's Association). We happily congratulate her for this success. It is an encouragement to all other students and let them know how important it is participating in different programs in one's life. More over, we highly appreciate her donation made for the publication of present class XII batch's own magazine.



ARTICLE COLUMN

The Unforgettable Moment In My Life

-Tenzin Dawa(XII)

Actually, I feel very depressed by recalling this sad moment. How should I narrate my griefness which still lies in the depth of my heart? That day will remain as the saddest day of my life. The day was gloomy, remorseful and regretful one. It brought painful tears into my family's eyes. I often feel and visualize the burden of pain as pricking of thorn into my heart.

That day I was returning back to my home for 2 to 3 days holiday. Before reaching over there my mind was totally blank as I didn't have any information about the incident. When I reached there an unusual group of people had gathered there and everything was silent like a grave yard. I slowly paced into my house and saw my mom's red teary eyes. She was reciting some mantra (OM MANI PAD ME HUM). I sat beside my mom and she clutched my hands and lamently tears rolled down her eyes.

Then I realized that my father had passed away .Ultimately tears trickled from my eyes and felt like shedding bloods through heart as rivulet. After my father had passed away my family had to carry a burden of pain and sorrow on their back. All little joys and happiness that we had in our family were lost like a curse of magic. He was the back bone of our little family. How should I express my feelings of guilt and hollowness since the day you left us? I will always wish to be born as your son in an other life. Even though you are not with us but our eternal love is still there. We all miss you very much. Till I take my last breath, this moment will be remembered as an "unforgettable moment in my life" May his soul rest in peace!

Great -Penchen Lama Lak



Tashi Lhamo(ix)

In such a way, dark years have passed and gone away. Since, the cruel wind blew your shadow away. You must have had unending days and nights behind the irony cold bars. You are one of the youngest political prisoners around the world and the one who spent whole his childhood in the jail. It is hard to imagine what they have done to you. They have deprived you of your child rights. The way what they have engaged is heartless and merciless behavior.

How ever, we feel very sad and unlucky that we can't visit you. For us you are the source of happiness and peace. But sadly you are not here with us. Our heart feels hollow and dark since the day you disappeared. We are waiting earnestly to hear about your well-being! Where are you and how are you? It's very hard to survive without your ray. You are the life supporter of six million Tibetans. We will always pray

to god and wait for your soon release. Long live H. H Pan chen la!

The Great Jewel In My Heart

- Dhondup gyatso(X D)

Looking through the old photographs, my ever beloved person was found. I felt tremendous pleasure, with full emotions of my red bloody soul, a hard pain appears in my heart. I can't remember anything except her inspiration of love towards me. That was so pure and so true. Since the day you had left me alone in the sorrow of departure finding my self hard to express. I am so lonely. By looking at the moon through blue sky your gorgeous face appears with expressions of missing me. Now I realized, I can't live without you. I want to sacrifice my life for the cause of love. The sound of my heart beating filled the entire valley. You are apple of my heart. In every full night, I have been sleeping in the heaven of dream to walk on the road of endless love but you are not lonely as I am. I

A funny Thing Happened To Me

Dolma Yangkyi IX D

Last year I met a very stern looking woman when I was in a cafe. She was only a stranger to me. But still I can tell that she was an incredible human being.

I bought a packet of cookies and went to order a cup of hot coffee. I guess I had placed the cookies somewhere on the table.

But later when I returned to my table I saw a woman eating my cookie. I was so confused to see a grown up eating someone else's cookies. I was awestricken that my mouth might have opened up a bit that she stared at me with a what-have-I-done look. So I just pretended not to notice her. I also went there and took one piece of cookie for myself.

After sometime she left. By then, I had also finished with those cookies we had shared. So I just picked up my bag thinking about the really unmannered woman who haven't even thanked me for sharing my cookies with her. But to my bewilderment my new packet of cookie was still under my backpack. Unharmed! And I felt my face blushing and getting hot with embarrassment. Oh! That woman, how am I going to face her if I ever bumped into her again?

ESSAY COMPETITION

How I spent my winter vacation!

- Tenzin Dawa xii B

Every year, for the past few decades I had spent my winter vacation traveling around places and having short tours with my friends and cousins. But this year was different. Unlike the past few vacations, I decided to spent my last high school holiday with my sweet pala!

I decided that, this vacation would be entirely dedicated to my sweet father who has always been my supporter, protector and advisor. As the school ended, he asked me where would I like to go? I told about my plans and decided to go nowhere but stay at my home and spent the last vacation together. I could see the happiness in his eyes spreading over his face... And I ensured that this winter was really going to be special unlike any of the previous.

I and my Pala would get to know a lot of new unknown things about each other and also get to do lots of special yet sweet things together. For example during the morning we would get tired even if we've walked only fifteen minutes and would hit a restaurant to have something. We made a rule that we would make the lunch turn by turn and the dinner together. But the fun thing about it was, most of the time we would order our meals from outside and then accuse each other of breaking the rule.

After dinner we would sit together and start a game of chess..... While playing we used to tell each other about the things we did and experienced when we were away from each other. We would even tell how much we missed each other when we felt in need of each other. But the sweetest thing about it was, while playing chess when I was about to loose, I used to cheat and he would let me win. And when I used to argue with him regarding this thing, he would change the subject and act as if he had no idea about it.

Every weekend, we used to have family get-together and there always used to be a fight between us before it because of the uncompleted works and the mess all over the place. But at the end, we were always there to help each other. This winter I got to know my Pala and even got courage to share some stuffs, some personal issues, some unexpressed emotions which I never thought I would open up to him- not even in my wildest dreams.

Longtime back, when I was a kid my Pala in his own words used to say, " there comes a time, when a parent not only completes his/her responsibility of being a parent but also becomes a friend of his child!." Well as my father said, I found my closest friend this winter and am glad I did!!! Love you pala!!!

My Notion of Tibetan Youth

-Pema Norsang (X-D)

Being a youth, a teenager, an adolescent, the world seems more complicated than what we had seen when we were younger. But it isn't as serious as the adults take it for. Being in this category in this the 21st century, we are lured to many interesting and exotic things. We might be young now, but in the future we are expected to shoulder the future of our country. Adding the name "Tibetan", the weight on Tibetan youth is much greater anheavier than other country's youth.

His Holiness the Dalai Lama has a very special name for the

Tibetan youths; we are called "**The Future Seeds of Tibet**". To be more specific we are those living seeds who are ready to bloom with the required amount of water, sunlight and air. We should be preserving Tibetan culture, religion and language while on the other hand, we also learn more about this modern world. We should be grateful for what we are getting even in exile and work harder if not for your own future but for the sake of Tibet.

Tibet needs hardworking youths, who can take the responsibilities of building a stronger country; who can improve the country's all -round development. Tibet needs creative youths, who can put forward new ideas while protecting our own culture and has the awareness regarding the environment. Tibet needs youth, who can fulfill their own duty, follow rules and bring the country to a global standard.

It sounds a lot for an adolescent, like us, to handle. But when you take your time and think thoroughly on being simply a Tibetan, you will understand that you can achieve all of it. Because you are asking for your country and when one day when you get back your country, you have the responsibility of taking care of it. Just remember: "Don't ask what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country."



MY NOTION ABOUT TIBETAN YOUTH

Sonam Norbu(VII D)

Our career is indispensable. Everything changes in our life. Modern world has become more complex. Tibetan youths are so delicate and active to change. In such circumstance, we need to provide more awareness about good and bad in one's life. Teachers and staff members should handle Tibetan youths. Tibetan youths are so reluctant and ignorant .We need to give them the true definition of life and education.

Modern Tibetan youth need more advice and moral values. Tibetan youth needs concern and love from others .They need a time to share their views and problems. If Tibetan youths have a willingness and eager to do some good things for the course of Tibet. Then, easily they will succeed in their life .The most important thing is Tibetan youths should be watched about the situation of Tibet at present days. Due to the lack of knowledge, Tibetan youths are very weak about the knowledge of Tibetan situation. Teachers must explain about it in the class. Any way, we are in a critical condition. So, it is Important to contribute as much as you can for the course Tibetan isse.

Tibet: a prison of China

-Samten Tsering(VI D)

Years have been flying swiftly and came to the border of a half century. It is a fifty years of refugee life beyond the Himalayan range but the biggest emancipation is just same as before in the case of Tibet-a prison of China . How and when will we get a chance to go back and get full freedom from the mighty Chinese government? It is clear that we couldn't bring back our country by using demonstration and slogan. Right now, our major hope lies on the policy of "middle path approach" headed by our spiritual leader-H H Dalai lama.

China is a fiber nation in today's world. Their oppression over the heroic freedom fighters and environmental exploitation inside Tibet for the last fifty years is a very sad story. I think, Chinese Government is the ever worst one who uses such unfair treatment of their minority nationalities .Even today many Tibetans are in prison and continuously suffering. So, it is our common duty to study well and struggle for free Tibet. I love Tibet.



Interview with Karma Pema Norsang

Karma Pema Norsang is the name given to her by H.H. the Karmapa. She was born in Hong Kong in 1992, an autonomous region of China. Her family is a middle class family. Her father is a business man and mother a housewife. Her started schooling at the age of 2 in kindergarten (it's something like the Montessori here). Then she moved to primary school for grade one to six. After graduating from primary school she joined the secondary school for form one (class 7). The subjects she studied there are almost the same as here, except that she didn't study Tibetan and Hindi. Instead she learned Cantonese (Hong Kong's language) and mandarin (Chinese/ putonghua). In 2004 September, she came to Upper T.C.V for a summer course and was sent to Gopalpur in October. She came back in 2005 for class six.

CHUTHIK: Why did your parents send you here to join Tibetan school?

PEMA: My Mum is a Buddhist woman. She prefers to send me in a Tibetan school to learn Tibetan language and Buddhism since long time before. So, I came to join Upper T CV for a summer course in 2004. I was very happy in Tibetan school. So again I came to Upper TCV the next year-2005 and was transferred to Gopalpur School.

CHUTHIK: How differences did you find the in your school life in Hong Kong and here in Gopalpur?

PEMA: In terms of material facilities, Hang Kong is much better than this school. Tibetan schools like Gopalpur really makes me feel a sense of peacefulness and happiness from my inner heart. I think that is the value of inner spirit or human morality which could never be found in a modern city like Hong Kong. This is also the reason why I did choose to come here rather than o t h e r schools.



CHUTHIK: From your personal view, which one is more suitable for the Tibetan struggle Autonomy or Independence?

PEMA: According to Tibetan history, it is so clear that Tibet is a clear crystal clear independent country for a very long period of time. But every thing changes through the passage of time and situation. So, due to the situation and power relationship of this century, Autonomy is more suitable for the struggle of Tibetan people. However, first Tibetans should go back to their own land. I think, that is the key of solution. The main thing is that Tibetans should unite for whatever method they choose.

CHUTHIK: What you want to be in your future by using your Tibetan and Buddhist knowledge?

PEMA: I prefer to become a specialist translator or interpreter in three languages - Tibetan, Chinese and English.

CHUTHIK: Thank you – Pema Norsang la for your precious time.

PEMA: Thank you for giving me such chance.

CHUTHIK: Thank You!



My Lonely Heart

-Bon Kusang Dolma(VII P)

Wisdom and goodness shake hand together
Heart to heart in contact with depth of sea
Shared joy and misery are infinite
But yet my heart is freezing

When I was weeping under the tree
All the leaves flying at my side to advise me
But my love a cannot be hidden
At that time you left me alone?

Happiness comes to those who give
happiness to others
But when I feel alone I don't know who I
am
Also my proud hear swaying up and down
like see-saw
But still no one take care my lonely heart

When you are so far away from me
I wait for your voice with pure heart
But during those long time that made me
funny
How can I save my heart?

The sky was growing dark and the stars
were smiling
I started counting them one by one and sew
you
The genuine love stuck in the blue sky
So please fall down on my lonely heart



Flower For My Mother

-Yanykyi VI

When I look at the blue sky,
It reminds me of my lovely
motherland.
When I look at the countless stars,
It reminds me of my dear mother.

I had lots of happiness
If you left so lonely
I felt so sad to remind you earlier.

You share for me is gorgeous
As compare as others
So, you are the only I had
Who gave me real love and
happiness.

My friend, I never ever forget you
I am always with you even a minute
I will miss you as a Titanic film

Liveless Yet, Flawless

Morning

Tashi choezom(XII A)

Eyes raring from the class window,
witness,
The deep, dark, dull, coldness,
Invading the fresh, dewy morning of
Gopalpur ironically
.the sky looming mountains wearing
the thick white cottons
Of ice, timidly crawl under the
polluted thin layers.
My heart yearn with the euphoria
thought of
Bright, lively, navy blue sky smiling
over the whining,
Whispering, eerie trees.
They know, I am consciously happy.
Yes, they all are undeniably right,
My very heart is growing with the
flowers of happiness,
And ecstasy, for eternity.
Despite the dullness of the
unblamable morning,
Crave for the beauty of gopalpur
nature's scenery
Vision is utterly unquenchable.
Deep, dark, dull, death may have
curse the bright, fresh
And every youth of the morning.
Still the legendary mountains,
cheerful sky, rooted trees
Are beneath the blanket of mutiny
and
Rage, boldly, patiently stays in calm
and happy
Brightness may not exist in this
world;
Elation, happiness and glory always
hold
The arteries of my heart firmly.
Live a life F U L L Y

The Day I Lost Him

-Tsechoe XII D

I remember it was a fun day,
But that was a lost ray.

Since the day I lost something
Without that I'm nothing.

I'm leading an expired life
Still I'm willing to strive.

But the day I lost him
My life became so dim.

Waking up early in the morning
I find myself in burdened feeling.

My tears always flow like river
And follow your thoughts forever.
God may take care of you there
That I'm always praying here.

If every road to heaven is dark
I'll be there as a dog to bark.

I'm trying to be a strong girl
But the strength I've is being

Washed away by thinking of him.
Show me a way of going past
time.

The Escape

Jigme Thinley(XII C)

We were at the foot of Himalayan.
Saying our last prayers,
For a safe journey,
Bounded towards south.

Farewell to the holy Himalayan.
Rising high up amidst the drifting
clouds.
Farewell to the flapping prayer
flags,
Promising us of good luck.

I took my first step in hope
Escaped through the rugged
terrains.

I took my last glance, towards my
village
In a hope and wish of safe return.

Farewell to my dear friends
Who had played with me at the
brooks nearby?
Farewell to my yak friends
Who gave me company in those
lonely days?

For My True Friend

-Jamyang

Lhamo(VII-S)

When you are not here,
I feel so lonely and unhappy,
All day is filled
With tears and darkness.

When you are not here ,
I miss those days we had shared
Both happiness and
Sorrow in our life.

When you are not here,
Time moves very slowly
And I miss you so much
That it makes me cry.

When you are not here
I remember our first day
That we had spent together at
dharamsala
The day we had lots of fun.

To my friend

-Pema Dolkar(XII D)

Would you believe me
If I tell you
How much I miss you today
And how much I'll miss you
tomorrow

Days are never the same
Without your shinning face around
Nights are not so calm
Without you to bid me good night

Back then, I was so stupid
Not realizing what
Would become of me
In your absence

When fate binds us together
I thought it would be like
Every other friend that I've met
With hang for a while and soon
forget

But this is something new
You hold a place in my heart
And I know you'll never loosen it
Nor will I let you slip away

I want to go back
Back to the beginning
And take back all the times
that I've hurt you.

Breezy Wind

-Rigzin Lhamo(XII-D)

Beneath this scarlet sky view
You came from nowhere
You surprise me with infrequent
visits
Without saying goodbye, you soon
go away.

You swayed the nearby trees
You fresh up my dull mind.
You play with hair lock of
beautiful faces.
Yet you are hard to find under
Dehra's heat.

Your presence rather excites me.
Your energetic skills arouse me.
You seem gentle yet bold,
Remember you are the one and
only I have been waiting for.



History of Basketball

Basketball was invented in
December 1891 by the Canadian
clergyman, educator, and physician
James Naismith. He introduced the
game when he was an instructor at
the Young Men's Christian
Association Training School (now
Springfield College) in Springfield,
Massachusetts. At the request of his
superior, Dr. Luther H. Gulick, he
organized a vigorous recreation
suitable for indoor winter play. The
game involved elements of
American football, soccer, and
hockey, and the first ball used was a
soccer ball. Teams had nine players,
and the goals were wooden peach
baskets affixed to the walls. By
1897-1898, teams of five became
standard. The game rapidly spread
nationwide and to Canada and other
parts of the world.

The basketball court

Although no set of dimensions for a
basketball court is universally
accepted, there recommended size
is 94 ft (28.65 m) long and 50 ft
(15.24 m) wide. Two points are-10
ft (3 m) high. The NCAA followed
suit, beginning in

1986-87, with a 3-point semicircle that
averages 19.75 ft (6 m) from the basket.
Free throws are attempted, undefended,
from a line drawn 15 ft (4.57 m) from
the basket.

How basketball is played?

The referee starts the game by a jump
ball between the two opposing centre
players at the centre circle of the playing
arc. Shooting the ball through the basket
scores two points for a field goal, three
points for a field goal made from outside
the three-point line drawn on the court
and one point for a free throw. If you
have committed five fouls, you cannot
take any further part in the game. When
your team has committed seven player
fouls in a half, any fouls they commit will
be penalized by the one and one rule.
The one and one rule means that, if you
make the first free throw, you are given
a second shot. If you miss the first throw,
you don't get another one and the game
continues in the normal way. Basketball
is one of the most popular spectator as
well as participant sports in the world.

DO YOU KNOW?

Tibetan National Flag



The modern Tibetan national flag was
adopted in 1916. Its first appearance
before the world was in National Geographic
Magazine's "Flags of the World" issue of
1934 and other publications, and was
reproduced in the early thirties in cigarette
card collections in Europe.

Tibetan Passports



The Tibetan government issued its own
passports to travelers entering its borders or
(the few) Tibetans who traveled abroad.
Before WWII, the term passports covered
visas and travel documents in general. The
earliest record of a Tibetan passport issued
to a foreign traveler is in 1688 to an
Armenian merchant, Hovannes (Johannes).

The Tibetan government gave its
approval for the first-ever Everest expedition
(1921). Charles Bell, the visiting British
diplomat in Lhasa wrote "I received from the
Tibetan Government a passport in official
form, which granted permission for the
climbing of Mount Everest." The subsequent
Everest expeditions of 1922, 1924 and 1936
also received passports from the Tibetan
government. Passports were sometimes
issued for scientific undertakings

-Source: www.jamyangnorbu.com

Remembering The Past



Shaping The Future



Know Great Authors

My happiness is an elusive balloon, waiting for me to grab it, floating from side to side with the wind, across ocean, big green meadows, trees and brooks. Rustic pastoral scenes and rain swept side walks. first high ,barely visible , far out of reach, then low, almost with reach ,blown here and there by the vagaries of a playful wind , a wind one moment heartless and sadistic, the next gently compassionate .The wind of fate , and in it rests our lives .

-Charles Dicken

Love, hate and jealousy are universal emotions that everyone understands.

-Dineelsteel

We realize the value of things only after we are deprived of them.

-6 th Dalai Lama

As long as he was alive, the only flag hoisted over the Potala would be the Tibetan national flag. The two prime ministers become folk heroes to the masses.

-Tsering Shakya

Nevertheless, only when she begins to trust her own potential and be patient with herself, will she learn to stand up, to walk, and to march towards success and maturity.

It is wrong to assert that woman is all adulteresses either men or women can commit adultery, or sometime, men are more adulterants than women.

-Gedun Choephel

by every on and was even afraid mention his name. There fore, they call him 'you-know-who'.In these series of books, Harry Potter and his friends encounter many strange incidents and at last, he kills the evil wizard.

There are seven books and also you can watch till its fifth series in motion movies. Reading these series of books will help you enrich your English vocabulary and also improve your grammar. These books are surely to keep the readers spell bounded and glued to the book.

Ghost of fear street stories

-by R.L.Stine

There are not many books of this kind in our library, and I think it would be good if there had been the complete series of these books.

These books are very inspiring to those readers who love reading ghost stories. R.L. Stine have created these books very carefully and readable for those reader who have poor level of understanding English. These books are full of ghost stories that were taking place in an imaginative place called 'Fear Street'.

This place is mainly hometown of ghosts, monsters and unknown creatures. These books are very exciting and full of spine chilling happenings. Even some may feel scared reading these books alone in a room. Sometimes, these books scare the readers.

The books of these kinds have very irritating and creative endings. I am sure that these books will improve writing and how to use decorative words in essays or small paragraphs.

Know Your New Staff Member

Senior Section

Name: **Mrs.Deepika Thapa**
Designation: TGT English
Education: 1.M.A. English-Himachal University, B.Ed- Guru Nanak Dev University



Name: **Mrs.Tsering Choekyi**
Designation: TGT Science
Teaching years: TCV Ladakh-(1994-2004), TCV Chauntra-(2005-2008)
Education:B.Sc. Delhi University, B.Ed. Kashmir University

Junior Section

Name: **Tsering Lhamo**
Designation: Teacher
Experience: 8 years teaching at TCV Ladakh
Education : BA & B.Ed- Punjab University, Chandigarh



Name: **Tashi Lhamo**
Designation: PRT (Teacher)
Experience: 2 years teaching at TCV School, Chauntra
Education: BA & TTC



Name: **Pema Yangkyi**
Designation: PRT (Teacher)
Education : TTC



Name: **Yangtso**
Designation: PRT (Teacher)
Education : TTC



Name: **Tsering Chungdak**
Designation: PRT (Teacher)
Education : TTC & B.Com



Name: **Tsering Dorji (Peon)**
Designation: Peon
Experience: 3 years as cook at TCV Chauntra



Thanks for being in Gopalpur School

Gopur update

1) **Class X Graduation Day** was held on 2nd April. Mr.Dawa Phunkyi(ATPD Member) was the chief guest.

2) **Class XII Graduation Day** was held on 3rd April. Mr.Tsewang Yeshe-President of TCV was the chief guest.

3) A **Health Day** concert was organized by the Health Committee on April Seven.

4) **Separate meetings** of students and staff were held on --- for discussing the important issue of improving language teaching and learning and for collecting suggestions for making research education popular among the student.

5) **Tibetan Demographic Survey** of the student and staff was done in the village on 9th April, like wise in all other Tibetan area.

BEFORE 6 BEERS



AFTER 6 BEERS

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Veteran's counsel

A freshly recruited young soldier going to the war zone was being comforted by veteran of many battles. "Don't be nervous", said the veteran. If the bullet has your name on it, you will get it. If not, nothing can harm you. "I'm not worried by those kinds of bullets," said the recruit." What bothers me is a bullet which might have the legend: To whom it may concern.

I will be quite old

Client: "To be very frank you are too young to conduct my case"
Young lawyer: "But, sir by the time the case makes some progress I'll be quite old."

Book Review



-Tenzin Tsang pa

Harry Potter series

-by J.K. Rowling

IT is a magical and adventurous series of books where magic and mythical creatures are present. Spells, ghosts, wizardry and strange things are there. The main characters are Harry Potter, his friends Ron Weasley and Hermione Granger.

Harry potter is the main character whose parents had died fighting against a very evil wizard called "Voldemort" who was feared



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Illustrator: Dolkar Lhamo(XII-C)
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Rigzin Choedon(XII-A)
Gedun Gyatso(XII-C)
Rigzin Lhamo(XII-C)
Tenzin Shenphen(XII-B)

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