



CHUTHIK



Vol: 3

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER OF TCV GOPALPUR

Aug, 2009



Fate sternly sits at destiny's hard loom
And irrevoked her tangled pattern weaves

The winds are blowing around my father's
tomband I but dream of those still summer
eves,

When -child -I listened to my mother's
voice,
Whose stories made my youthful heart re-
joice.

-Gendun Choephel

Autonomy or Independence?

You, indeed the pillar of nation who should be alert and sensitive to the case of your country. I am not demanding you to be a politician if you don't prefer. But I let you know that you can never escape from the fact that you are a Tibetan who lost his won country. You can change your hair color and the way of dressing but you could never change the Tibetan blood that flowing in your veins since you were born. So, let talk some thing that you should have to know about.

Things keep changing around you with the passage of time. So, it is the fake promise (1979) of Chinese chain-smoker **Deng xiaoping** who softly turned our political direction from the complete Independence to genuine autonomy. Under the handsome name of negotiation, first Tibetan envoy team flew from Dharamsala to Beijing and came back after a short tourist like trip in few places of China without any result. No matter, how many mistakes that we have made in the past but the danger is we are yet not ready to point our fingers at ourselves rather than others.

European Union Agreement-2000, World bank investment proposal-1999, Beijing Olympic games-2008 and so on. How many golden opportunities that we had before were missed by us since we started to step on such an idealistic political path without a realistic plan? But we are always blaming the Chinese leaders but not our leaders. **Mai Bon** once friendly reminded "there is no permanent friendship in political field that Tibetans must know" But no Tibetan knows, not even heard about it.

Wang le Shong is deliberately shaking Tibetan democracy by using his invisible bloody pen and **Ma Rong** and his greedy members are raising the question of Autonomy to Chinese Government, demand to change their constitution particularly on Autonomous cases. I am asking you, how many of you know these events. Do our leaders keep tract of the events in China? But luckily we have a small but very effective youth group < **Jamyang Norbu, T. shak kya, E. Sperling** and etc > who are always proving wrong the fake tales of Chinese politicians. This is the battle field of Sino-Tibet where your reasonable pen is more powerful than thousand of nuclear weapons.

Khashag, the Tibetan Govt. in Exile and the Tibetan-Parliament need to do more than simply delivering the ideas of Dalai Lama to the people. However, blame game will not get us anywhere. So, never give up your own great vision because tomorrow is our turn -my school fellows.

-Darig Thokmay(editor)

How do you look at reading? Boring? Yet, some finds it amazing!

I have always loved reading and I will love it till the end. To me reading is the only drug that helps me. And once you are addicted to it, you can never live a day without reading something. The more you read, the more you will want to read. Today, I am happy that I am addicted to this drug. Reading is more like watching a self directed movie. You can imagine the characters and the scenes as you like them to be. You will never know how much fun it is until you try it on your own. The words are so strong that they make me cry and laugh. People around me might think I have gone nuts, but only me knows that I am having the greatest fun. If you are really into it then you will not be bothered even when others call you names (possibly 'a book worm'). There will be times when you are reluctant to stop and put the book down. I have always wondered why reading is not a fashion. I am not asking you to read so that you will improve and the blah blahs. But read just to have fun!

Reading -Pema Dolkar (xii-d)
at gopur.org



I don't hear the voices, cannot make out the shapes of those around me. I see only the book in front of me and the small printed words running across the pages. And this world is not where I am. I am the lady riding through the castle gate in the 12th century, not a teen in a jeans and a tee. Reading is my refuge, my escape, the only thing that keeps me sane when reality becomes too much. It picks me right off where I am and carries me to another world. And I am enchanted and enthralled. It wasn't always like this, for when I was younger I preferred TV more. But now I find that movies can't compare to the rawness of written words. It may sound hard to imagine but you just have to find the right kind of book for yourself. Every one gets hooked on to different things. I like magic, fantasy and romance. You could be drawn by horror or mystery or biographies or maybe picture books. Whatever it is, find the right type of book and viola! You are now a voracious reader!!

-Tenzin kalsang (xi-b)

Love versus fate

(3)

Fortunately, a homeless hungry wanderer was taking refugee in that building. He appeared noisily in the middle of the night like a messenger sent by the God of love. It was through him that Tashi and Choedon were able to see the world outside at last.

Since then the pure- rays current passed between their eyes joint their hearts like a bridge that connected the two sides of a valley. Almost everyday he used to take her, after class, to many beautiful places and exalted showrooms, however never to the places that did not suit her. Every time she would return home with a heart full of joy and her bag filled with gifts. But the sun of joy, soon past over their head and reached the west horizon. Her mother- Tsomo came to know about this one day. She warned her sternly, merely for the reason that he being a Tiwu Khampa. She, like most of the people in Lhasa, believed that Tiwu Khampas were fierce and war-like.

But as there is no power that can conquer love, nothing could destroy the bond between their hearts. They kept on meeting, sharing and hugging under the bridge in the valley of their heart. Gradually they even began to have their own fantasies for a future of their own despite her mother's objection. This really made her mother very impatient, yet she could do nothing for her daughter's heart was already numbed and her eyes blinded by his manly nature. Forceful prohibition only made her observe her daughter's tears and hear her daughter's sighs.

Then one day, Wangchuk, who was also having an edge on this affair, could make a stitch in time. He manipulated Tsomo to send her daughter to India. He also assured her about the expenses, He thought that in India, Tashi would not be there and Choedon would be left with no option but to be with him. She didnt see what was indeed inside Wangchuk's mind except his seminal words. So, she prepared everything and sent her daughter against her will, to the noble land. After all, it went well under the help of Wangchuk and his economically strong father.

Truthfully speaking, she was really not willing to go. But Tashi encouraged her to go. He promised, as proposed by her, to come after her, even though he had nothing- no passport, no guide and no friend. He had only the belief that the God was watching and would help them in the name of the four letters in English between their hearts.

.....to be continued.....

-Palden Dakpa(xii-d)



My first day in class

-Tips and Jay (xi-a)

My first day in class
Seemed so lonely and boring.
When nobody was talking and laughing.
Everything was so silent and quiet.
I felt so isolated and brassed off.

That period brought my mind to
somewhere.
I missed my dearest friends and classes.
I felt so strange and abnormal,
When I saw new faces surrounding me.
I just took a glance around my side

Willing to see the same familiar faces
But everyone around me is new –comers
No familiar voice to hear and hope
In my notion, that they were dumb.
It seemed all of them were speechless.

That was my first day at my present class.
But these days my class is the most active
class.

We are one family, brothers and sisters.
Love and miss you all.



Michael Jackson

-Tenzin Nyima (viii-d)

This is the feeling of my pen,
Writing what I felt on the blank page.
I am remembering you.
You departed in front of me.

Now, I am missing you, Jackson.
You really are the king of pop.
Hero of the whole world
You are the super star.

You made great history in your life
All people will surely remember you
forever.

You are in their heart always.
So, this poem mourns your death.

this moment, people are crying,
And grieving for your loss.
But I was terribly disappointed,
For you left the unfinished project.
(I pay my condolences, Dear Jackson)

A Deserving Responsibility!

-Thups (xi-a)

As the consequence of Chinese violation
The beauty of my snow land fades away.
Under the indecent and deceitful Chinese
Over 1.2 million of my Tibetans died.

Religious and cultural institutions were
demolished.
Monuments and national heritages were
disappeared.

Since, their arrival in our motherland.
They always created burdens for
Tibetans.

There is no peace and everyone is always
in alarm.

It was one morning on 10th march '08
Troops of armed soldiers

Came to my village in Amdo Ngawa.

And captured my whole family
members
While my grandmother and I were left
alone behind.
They secretly and steadily killed them.
Now I am an orphan, a bereft child.

But I always feel I have a deserving
responsibility
to get our freedom back soon.
We can challenge them only through
power of knowledge.
Therefore, dear friends,
We should never let our teachers down
nor dishearten them.
Always use your precious time for
studying.

Why Women are so special?

-Miss Deepika (senior section)

They smile when they want to scream,
They sing when they want to cry,
They cry when they are happy and
laugh,

When they are nervous,
They fight for what they believe in,
They stand up for injustice,
They don't take "no" for answer when

they,
Believe there is a better solution.
They go without new shoes so their
children,
Can have them.

They go to the doctor with a frightened
friend,

They love unconditionally,
They cry when their children excel and
cheer,
When their friends get awards.

They are happy when they hear about
a birth or
a new marriage.

Their heart breaks when a friend dies.
They have sorrow at the loss of a
family member,

Yet they are strong when they think
there is
No strength left.

They know that a hug and a kiss can
heal a broken heart.

Women come in all sizes, in all colors
and shapes.

They'll drive, fly, walk, run or e-mail
you to

Show how much they care about you.
The heart of women is what makes the
world spin.

Women do more than just give birth.
They bring joy and hope,

They radiate compassion and ideas.
They give moral support to their family
and friends

Women have a lot to say and a lot to
give.



Dear Mama

-Kunchok Tsetan (vi-s)

Mama, you are the world
Where I live.
With lots of dreams to
Cherish forever and ever.
Mom, you are the song
With the words of truth.
Never to deny but to accept to sing the
song forever.
Mama, you are the ocean so deep, so
blue.
With love of the mermaids
That keep alive the vast ocean
A single thing I can see
In the dark turmoil of life and in the dark, I
saw
My truthful, loving mama
The endless love and care
That radiates from your heart has
strengthen me,
To carry on forever.

That Woman

-David (xii-d)

I saw a woman,
Who was working in a call centre.
She has long brown hair and was good
looking too.
And that was the first time I met her.

The next time, she was nowhere to be
seen.
I had a change in workplace
So, I quickly headed to home
The roads were jammed with wheelers and
cars.

I was forced to halt my car
Because of the traffic, no one can move
Then I saw the woman beside my car
She was talking to me

She said that she saw me at her working
place
And I smiled and said, "I do"
Then a small bud of friendship blossomed
she was bold and dedicated
When the days passed by
Our relation was not an ordinary
It grew deeper and deeper
But I guess she haven't felt the same

Coz she disappeared like the rainbow
And never came back in my youngest
years
And I know that she had gone somewhere
But i am still not tired of waiting.

My Ever Green Writing

-Ngozar samdup (xi-d)

I am just a dabbler and amateur writer
But in my own small world
Writing is my oldest secret document.
One can watch star movies in it
If I don't write a day
I feel suffocated with strong dormant
feeling inside

Especially when my mind is encircled by
peculiar things
Writing is my way to express them out
freely
Whenever I go out anytime and any
where

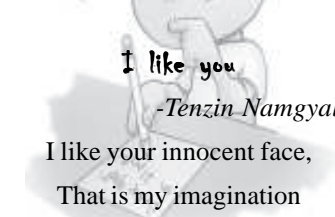
The new encounters inspire me to write.
The mysterious nature compels me to
write

My mind is often on the threshold of new
adventure of life.

Writing is a transparent mirror of the past
Present and future

Reflecting images of every situation in
between.

It keeps every mysterious events alive
I love it as it acts as a big reminder for me



I like you

-Tenzin Namgyal (vi-d)

I like your innocent face,
That is my imagination
I like your cute smile,
That brings light into my life.
I like your sweet voice,

That I'm dying to hear,
I like your true love,
that I need the most,
I like you, only you.

Don't say you don't care for my tears

-Dolkar (xi-c)

lonely in the dark night
Alone and sleepless
Hoping someone will help me to drink
When drunken I would cry out loud,
Holding the pains you have put me
through,
Wondering why you did this to me?
Don't say you don't care for my tears,
When you see me crying, you don't look
back.

The love I want, you refused to give,
The love I gave, you haven't returned.
I don't regret for loving you.

I only hope you'll give me one more
chance.

Let me love, let me care, let me
Protect you throughout my life!!!



The Great Poets



Written In March

-William Wordsworth

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,

The green fields sleep in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,

Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!
Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,

And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The ploughboy is whooping anon-
anon:
There's joy in the mountains;

There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone.



She Is Not Fair To Outward View

-Hartley Coleridge

She is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me.

O then I saw her eyes was bright
A well of love, a spring of light.
But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply

And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye:
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.



Know more about Miss Tibet-2006, Tsering Chungdak

CHUTHIK: Give your introduction. < We prefer more about your family, your hobby, your education, your life style etc....>

MISS TIBET: My family is my life. I have three elder brothers and one elder sister. The eldest brother is a Lama — Alak Tsawa Rinpoche. I feel blessed to have such a brother.

They were very happy when I participated in the Miss Tibet Pageant 2006. They supported and told me that participating is more important than winning. I got double advantage — experience and the title.

I love travelling, singing, art and music. I am doing my masters in sociology and post-graduate in human rights law.

CHUTHIK: How much changes taken place in your personal life after you recognized as a Miss Tibet in 2006?

MISS TIBET: After I was crowned Miss Tibet in 2006, I got the opportunity to travel a lot. I participated in the Miss Earth Pageant in same year in the Philippines and in Miss Tourism in Malaysia in 2007. I was also invited by Miss Taiwan organisation in Taiwan for cultural exchange programme.

The Miss Tibet title gave me more responsibilities. Whenever I got the opportunity, such as the two international pageants, I speak about our cause.

CHUTHIK: Is it possible that a Tibetan woman will be elected as the Kalon Tripa in 2011? Why / Why not?

MISS TIBET: According to the Tibetan Charter, the post of Kalon Tripa is open to all and doesn't discriminate. For a Tibetan woman to be elected first she should fulfil the criteria to be Kalon Tripa like she should be a citizen of Tibet, mentally and physically fit, etc. If she has the potential she can be the next Kalon Tripa or the Prime Minister.

The problem is there are not so many prominent Tibetan women who could be a prime minister. So even if a woman is not elected in the 2011, we should work on to elect a woman in the future. We need more opportunities for women. Women have proved that they can do same works like men.

CHUTHIK: How about your main purpose in your future life? < I am not asking you to predict your future>

MISS TIBET: I can do as much as what a normal human being can do. It is important to know that every Tibetan has same responsibilities. So everybody must contribute whatever they could do.

It could be anything. Even a piece of painting. If that painting becomes famous, not only will the painter become famous, people will also know about Tibet through the painter.

Whenever I get an opportunity I will work accordingly. I will use my own opportunities, like I created by participating in the Miss Tibet Pageant. In the future I want to work in the field of human rights and environment.

CHUTHIK: What is your personal perception about love and marriage in one's life?

MISS TIBET: Love is about understanding and caring for others. Love for others should not be discriminatory though.

Regarding marriage I think commitment and trust between the partners is important. And there should be love and respect for each other, that's probably be the foundation of marriage..

CHUTHIK: Thank You!!!

You are.....

-Ringzin Aushi (xii-b)

Among the thousand glittering stars
I chanced to see only one
That kept me in high spirit
The closer I gazed at it
The Lesser it radiates.
Thus I kept distance
And it seems I am doing right
When the dark clouds pervade the sky
I feel so gloomy and worried
As I can't see that star
Which gracefully twinkled all night
So I began to weep
Hoping to see its beauty
Glad I am to know its secrets
Thus I smiled as it smiled back to me
In the pitch darkness
I wondered what that star would be
doing
And it brought me immense pleasure
While gazing at it passionately
Now the time has come for me
For me to lose the chance
The chance to see its luminosity
And I decided to see it some other time
So that I won't be in melancholy
And I fear of the gusting wind
That may demolish the star forever
And I may lose it forever
However it may be
However the time may change
I realized that I should be firm
To cope any catastrophes
And be myself
Since that star is in the sky
I can't catch it
Nor can I hold it forever
Thus I began to forget it
No matter how genuine it appears
I feel it is only an object to be
exhausted
And I am mere girl of liberal thoughts
Thus I feel we are not same species
With this perception
I commenced to be individuals
And its really rejuvenating
To know that nothing belongs to me
And nothing has essence
Thus I abhor this human attachment
That holds me in hysteria
That wearied me from the depth
That reduced my joy
That added an extra burden on me
That has left an incurable wound



Apple

Pema yeshi (v-s)

My name is apple .I has different shapes and colors. I live on the apple tree. I have many close friends. They are mister banana, Miss Orange and the bachelor mango. I don't have parents. But they say the apple is my mother. I am very soft and juicy. I am sweet because, I give them more energy than iron for their blood. I can be eaten any time. I think me and you should be loved by all because we are fruits. They cannot get nutrients

STAND UP SPEAK OUT

You have your own views about the English Speaking Project. Here we unfold what some of the senior most students have to say about it. Find out whether their view matches yours or not!

I think speaking in English prepares you to face the outside world. Through mistakes you can get better and better. I am sure that every student faces difficulties when speaking in English for the first time. Initially, every one is not comfortable with it because it's not our mother tongue. I find it hard to pick up the right words to express myself. I make lots of grammatical errors. I think, by shouldering the responsibility, the English speaking members can influence others easily. On the other hand, I think everybody needs to cooperate and work as a team to make this school program effective and successful. For me, it's much easier to speak in English these days as I am getting used to it. Always remember, "practice makes man perfect".

-Tsering Tharchin 12 'C' boy captain

I try my best to speak in English but sometimes I forget and turn to speak in Tibetan. While speaking in English, I am compelled to use some of the Tibetan words in between as they easily come to me. We all know that speaking in English is undoubtedly very beneficial for us. But still I have observed that most of the students don't take it so seriously. This project is not going well as per our expectation. I think the students don't care about the time and energy that the concerned staff and students have sacrificed.. So, I want to request each and every individual to try to speak in English first and then, try to influence others. Please do cooperate.

-Youga 12 'D' Girl captain

I think this project will be very helpful and that it will prepare the students for their years ahead if only the students take it seriously. This has given all the students a chance to speak in English without their peers mocking at you. This has really encouraged me to speak up. While speaking I feel very uneasy at first but it gets better. Some times,

I get stucked in between because I can't think of the proper vocabulary to use so eventually I jump for Tibetan words. I think it will prove better if the members of English speaking club will lead the program and value the card. And not just putting it on as a show off.

-Tenzin Wangmo 12 'B'

I really appreciate the English speaking program. And we all know it will help us in the near future. But at first I really find it difficult to speak in English as I am not used to it. I feel so uncomfortable and unconfident. I am sure that this program will improve your fluency in English and built in you the confidence and the natural flow of the words if only you speak.

-Tenzin Wangdue 12 'A'

This fictional story is written with the hope that, even those students who never read, will also read it only because it's a love story. We are all teenager and what teenager will not love a little romance in the air?

g for me. It was
e paper and shot
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y years. But now
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I understand but
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These Happened In Green Gopalpur

Inter House Cultural Competition

On 9th July: Inter house cultural competition was held. It was graced by the presence of Ven. Tsering Phuntsok – Religious and Cultural Minister of Tibetan Government. He was the chief guest. Other distinguished guests included Gen Tenzin Sangpo la, TCV Education Director and the Directors and the Principals of neighbouring TCV schools. We were also very fortunate to have the abbot of Gyuto Ramochey monastery as our guest.

Trisong house emerged as the winner but all the performances were mind-blowing that they earned high praises. Like every other year, this year's cultural show was also of a great success.

Gen Karma Monlam la, one of the judges, spoke about his impressions and commented on the various aspects of the performances. Then the chief guest spoke. He appreciated the the students' performances. He also talked to the students about the need to getting a very good education in the school.

English Week

We observed one week as an English week from 13th-19th July. As a part of this programme, the English Department invited Tibetan author **Thupten Samphel** and Poet **Tenzin Tsundue** to talk about prose writing and poetry writing respectively. Students were given the chance to put forward whatever question they had.

All the classes did various project throughout the week. On the last day of the project all the classes displayed their project work. All and all, it proved very helpful to the students.

Kagyur reading program

One of the most important cultural programs of the year is Kagyur reading. This year it was done Friday, the 24th July by all the Senior School students from class VII to XII and the staff members. The reading got completed in one day. The next day, all the Kagyur texts were taken round the village campus for blessings.

Political seminar by Jamyang Norbu

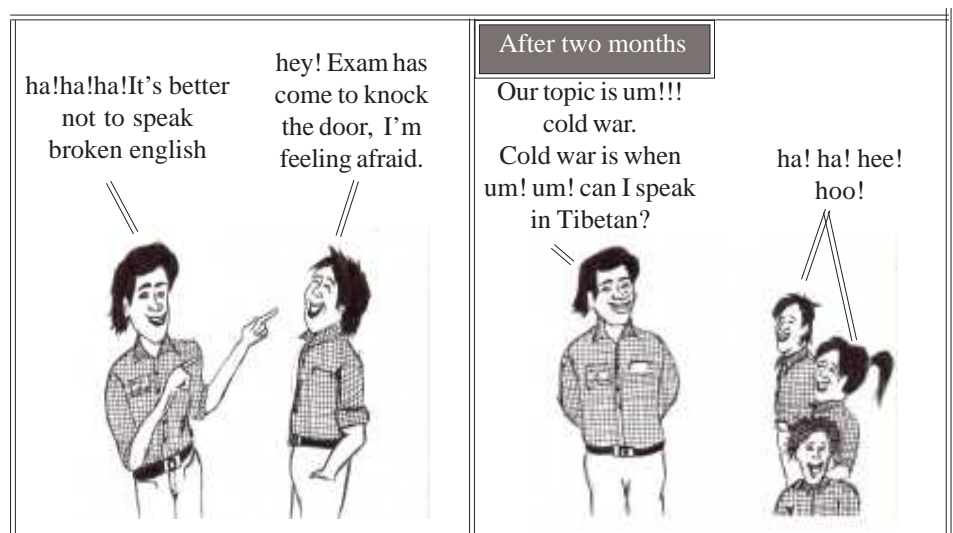
On 20th July, senior students and the teachers had a political seminar by the renowned Tibetan scholar **Jamyang Norbu la**. His talk lasted for about 2 and half hours on the topic "Independent Tibet- some facts" but his oratorical skill left a great influence and encouraged all of us to taking greater interest in the issue of Tibet. At the end of his talk, he had promised to write a fiction work for Tibetan children.

His talk was followed by a question-answer session. Quite a number of students used this opportunity to asking questions to Mr. Jamyang Norbu. The inter-face with him helped to create political awareness among the students and the staff with relation to Tibet's struggle.

Inter-school program

The 9th inter school program was organized by FUR (foundation For Universal Responsibility) it was hosted by our school from 26th-31st July. There were a total of 14 participating schools and around 48 students with their escort teachers. 6 Indian schools have participated in this workshop.

Gen Tenzin Sangpo la, TCV Education Director was the chief guest at the inaugural function. Gen Tsewang Yeshe la the president of TCV was the chief guest at the conclusion ceremony of this program. In his speech, he dealt with the Tibetan oriented Education policy followed by TCV. Mr. Thupten Tsewang -thanked TCV Gopalpur for hosting the inter school program.



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