

## UNDER THE SHADOW: A STORY

Huatse Gyal

All through my schooling in Amdo, I admired the 'selfless soldiers' in the many stories that we were taught – stories that originated in the Chinese Communist revolution, and were supposed to provide the foundation for our new society, since the 1950s. Our heroes were modest, self-sacrificing, and thought only of the greater good of those around them. Comrade Lei Feng<sup>1</sup> was one of those we admired most, especially in elementary school. At recess, the boys ran around with make-believe guns, pretending to be the exemplary and selfless soldiers we kept hearing about, willing to die because our country told us we should.

But there came a time when I remembered lessons I had learned even earlier, from the Tibetan folktales Grandmother had told me when I was a very young child. *Ri bong lo den* 'Wise Rabbit' was my favorite; he often used his wisdom to save weak animals from stronger ones. This story describes an incident that forced me to find my own voice, and that made me wish to become someone like Wise Rabbit.

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"Breakfast is ready Huale!" Mother said, calling me by my nickname. She then resumed chanting *Om mani padme hum*, the six-syllable Sanskrit mantra of Chenrezig 'Avalokiteśvara'. Along with Mother's gentle wake-up call, the soothing crackle of dried yak dung burning in our home's adobe stove, the whistle from the tea-filled kettle boiling,

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<sup>1</sup> Lei Feng (1940-1962) is depicted as a selfless, modest soldier of the People's Liberation Army. These qualities, plus his devotion to Chairman Mao, led to him being vaunted as a model citizen through the post-Maoist years. A bit of a story I remember has Lei Feng eating lunch at his camp when he sees an elderly woman carrying a big load of wood. Lei Feng immediately goes to help her carry the load, and even happily offers her his lunch. Lei Feng's picture was hung up on the wall of classrooms, blazoned with the motto, '*Xiang Lei Feng xuexi* Learn From Lei Feng'.

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and the fragrant smell of juniper incense (burned to purify the house) woke me up.

Every day, like all Tibetan mothers in my hometown, my mother wakes up at the crack of dawn to prepare breakfast, and makes offerings to the mountain deities on the family's offering altar, which is located right behind my family's adobe house. First, she places some smoldering yak dung on the offering platform. She then places three spoons of roasted barley flour mixed with butter on the fire. After that, she pours a few drops of milk tea on top of it, and then uses the ladle to make the libations in the direction of the mountains, where the village's protective deities reside. Finally, she prays to the mountain deities – eyes closed, palms held together with fervent devotion – beseeching them to bring good health, prosperity, and safety for my family and for all sentient beings. After making offerings to protect the family, Mother then starts preparing breakfast before she wakes everyone up.

I stretched and yawned. Mother turned to me and said, "Hua le, it's snowing heavily outside. You probably can't go to school today," before adding more yak dung and wood to the stove. The yak dung and wood started burning immediately. The flame inside the stove grew bigger and bigger and the sputtering of the fire increased, as large yellow flames rushed into the chimney hole, as if the flames were deliberately avoiding the center of the teapot.

"It's going to be very snowy and windy, Hua le. Do you have to go to school today?" Father asked while still lying in bed, wrapped in his blanket to avoid the icy wind coming through the open spaces around the window frame.

"Yes, I have to go today. My class teacher has recently started taking student attendance very seriously. I am also the class vice-monitor, so I have to be at school on time," I said, while looking for some warm clothes. I began worrying about returning late to my senior middle school, where I boarded, after winter break.

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Typically, each class has a teacher who is in charge of checking sanitation and organizing student work. They are addressed as *ban zhuren* in Chinese and *dzin dak* in Tibetan. Just as each county town or prefecture government has a principle leader and a vice-leader, each school has a principle headmaster and vice-headmaster, and each class typically has a *zong banzhang* 'principle monitor' and a *fu banzhang* 'vice-monitor'. This centralized hierarchy extends right from the principle all the way down to each dorm room. Each level has the right to punish the one below them, but is also responsible for their conduct, and can be expected to be punished by those above them. I was the vice-monitor of my senior middle school class. It is a mark of honor and respect, and all students in positions like these are expected to be just like Lei Feng – models of exemplary behavior and performance at all times.

Our major responsibilities as class monitors were taking attendance, collecting class fees from students and, most importantly, conducting 'sanitary inspections' of students' dormitory rooms, including the girls' rooms, under the jurisdiction of our class teacher. We would conduct these inspections almost every night at around ten o'clock, alongside schoolteachers and other staff, including our class teacher, Tshe ring. The results of the 'sanitary inspection' were publicly announced each week in front of all the students on the school's soccer field where we also did daily morning exercises. Two rooms, one boys' and one girls', in the dormitory were selected as the best rooms of the week and were awarded a new hand towel, a bag of detergent, and a red flag.

I shared Room 111 with the principle monitor and four other boys. Ironically, despite being the inspectors, our room was only chosen once as 'exemplary'. Room 302 was a girls' room; they frequently were rewarded for keeping their room clean and tidy. Many of our classmates made fun of us by referring to us as 'the two hypocritical class monitors'. Frankly, we cared neither about the inspection nor the awards. We just followed our class teacher and enjoyed inspecting the girls' rooms because they offered us hot water

during our inspections, as a gesture of hospitality, and we, or at least I, thought it was cool to walk with the class teacher to inspect the girls' rooms, because the very act of walking with teachers also gave us a sense of authority and power.

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"Hua le, if you have to go, then you had better get ready soon before the weather gets even worse in the afternoon. I made some offerings to the mountain deities early this morning, and I will also make more offerings now and later today. Hopefully, the snow will stop and the sky will soon clear," Mother said, bringing me some pants and a warm-looking pair of old sports shoes.

"Sure Mother, it will be fine," I said worriedly.

"I'll check the weather outside. It's dangerous to ride a motorcycle to the county seat in this weather," Father said. He stood up, putting on his sheepskin robe. Clearing his throat, he opened the door and went outside. As he went into the courtyard, the squeaky, crunchy sound of snow under his boots came in with a wintry gust of air. The sound was clear and deep, and then it gradually faded as he walked a dozen steps further, until only his footprints were visible in the snow.

Father usually gave me a ride to the county seat on his motorcycle, and from there I would take a public bus for about two hours to my school in a nearby county. We had to go through hundreds of zigzags and steep slopes on the mountains to reach the county seat from my village. Since my family lived far from school, I usually only went home one or twice each semester.

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"You'll freeze in this weather. Wait 'til the snow stops," Father said when he returned, using a towel to wipe the snow off his head.

"If I wait too long, I will miss the bus at the county town," I replied, concerned about the consequences of returning late to school. I began to worry. "Would I be commanded to stand and be beaten in front of the class? Would I be asked to clean the classroom for a week? Would I, would I, would I...?"

"Tell your teacher there was too much snow," Father said.

"Father, he won't listen," I argued, hopelessly.

So I waited and waited in the house while my parents went to give some fodder to our sheep and yaks. Mother came back and said, "Two lambs have frozen to death. There is no way you can go to school in this weather."

"I have to make it to school today, Mother," I replied, beginning to panic.

It snowed almost all day. The next day was even worse, with a very sharp wind that blew snow in the air.

So, just like that, I had to wait at home for three days. I was nervous because I was afraid of being punished and embarrassed in front of the whole school. Such things had happened to other students before. I felt if there were one magical thing that I could do in my life, I would stop the snow at all costs. Almost every half hour, I went outside and checked the weather. Every time I saw a clear spot in the sky, I would run back to the house and inform my parents about the weather, because they were also very concerned about me returning late to school. Then, when I saw the clear spots in the sky give way to dark clouds rising up from the mountains in the west, I was deeply downhearted. During three days of waiting for the sun, my hope was probably killed more than a hundred times.

Finally, there was some sun!

My father took me to the county seat on his motorcycle. The road from my village to the county seat was covered in snow; some sections were still frozen. Along the way we fell at least three times. Fortunately, we were not seriously hurt, although passing cars, trucks, and motorcycles spattered our shoes and pants with mud.

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I arrived at school just in time to see the Tibetan headmaster's fancy Hongqi 'Red Flag' brand car coming through the school's rusty metal gate. My buddies from Room 111 nicknamed him Xiaozhang ken khyok – Principal Crooked-neck. Schoolteachers, school administrators, and staff feared him, including my class teacher, Tshe ring. Our school headmaster never smiled. He ruled the school like it was his own personal fiefdom, by insisting that only the vice headmaster

had the right to report school issues to him. He used fear and intimidation to run the school. He had surveillance cameras installed in classrooms, dormitory hallways, and above the school gate. When he saw students loitering in the classroom through the surveillance camera on his computer, he would call the teacher responsible for that class and roar, "Control your students or lose your job!" Then the class teacher would angrily run from his office to the classroom, and coerce students to behave by scolding or beating them.

It was lunchtime. The schoolteachers were coming out of the school gate one after another. There were groups of students coming out to buy some snacks. Those who could afford it were rushing into a well-known meat dumpling restaurant right outside the school.

To avoid the possibility of being scolded in front of everyone, I did not enter through the gate, but climbed over a crumbling school wall behind the school buildings. I headed straight for my dormitory.

My plan utterly failed. As I approached my dorm, Teacher Tshe ring, a short, stout man who usually wore a gold-colored suit and combed his thick hair up onto his head, came towards me. I tried to avoid him, but he called out to me.

"Hi, come here!" he exclaimed.

I approached him, hoping the girl I was dating was not nearby. But when I saw some of her friends coming towards us in the distance, my heart pounded and my face started burning. *What can you do when class points, awards, rankings, and red flags are the only measure of your worth?* I was very angry and felt hopeless. I was not really thinking of 'human dignity' at the time, but I was very angry and felt hopeless.

"Why on earth have you come to school so late!?! Do you have any idea how many points our class has lost because of your absence!?! Do you think you can come whenever you want to!?! This is a school, not a free marketplace!<sup>2</sup> Don't you know that!?! Don't you

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<sup>2</sup> Free marketplace '*ziyou shichang*' alludes to the winding streets in the town, where pool halls and Internet cafes are located. Teacher Tshe ring was suggesting that a free marketplace is unruly and one can come and go there as one pleases, but school is different.

know you are the class's vice monitor!?! You should be a role model for the class!" the class teacher yelled, without giving me a chance to explain. Students stared at me as I stared at my shoes, feeling trapped, like a small rabbit standing in front of a giant tiger.

After his long speech, I said under my breath, "I am sorry. It snowed heavily in my home place, so I couldn't come to school on time."

"It snowed in other places as well! How come students from other places could still come to school even if there was snow?" he shouted.

He totally ignored my explanation. I was thinking that he at least should have known that when snow falls throughout a big region, it snows more in some areas and less in others. But trying to reason with him was, as a Tibetan proverb says *chang ki na nang la chö shé go ni dra mo ré* 'Like teaching the Dharma in the ears of wolves'. So I kept my mouth shut.

He continued, "Today is Sunday. We are going to have our weekly class meeting tonight. At the meeting, you must read a letter of self-criticism, apologize to the class, and promise you will never repeat this mistake again. Now Get out of here!"

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I went straight to my dorm, feeling humiliated. Worse yet, I was very embarrassed that he had created such a scene in front of my girlfriend's friends, who would surely report everything to her.

When I got to my room, at least my dorm room buddies greeted me warmly.

"How come you came a few days late?"

"Did something happen to your family?"

"Our class teacher was very angry about your absence, but it should be fine. Don't worry."

Still stinging from the harsh encounter with the class teacher, I simply said, "There was just too much snow..."

I put my backpack on my bed and went to the classroom. I got similar questions from my other classmates, and I replied in the same way as I had replied to my dorm mates. I was not sure if my

classmates from towns could really understand when I said I couldn't come on time because of bad weather. Classmates from herding and farming areas definitely understood what I meant, or should have. Of course, my classmates did not expect me to apologize to the class for my absence, but our class teacher seriously thought that having such a ritual performance was very important.

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At home, my parents chanted Om mani padme hum. At school, *our* mantra was the two-syllable word *gaokao* 'college entrance examination', and was the central topic of most discussions, conversations, meetings, and even classes. The phrase *mi tsé kyok tsam* 'life-changing event' or 'turning point in your life' was used constantly to heighten the importance of the *gaokao*, as if life would be perfect after enrolling in a good university. Many of my classmates were studying for the *gaokao* in the classroom when I entered. I took a piece of paper and a pen from my desk and started thinking about writing my self-criticism.

The basic structure of a letter of self-criticism is always the same: in the first of its three parts, you have to say what violations you committed. Second, you have to admit or recognize your violations. Third, you have to promise that *it* – whatever your violation was – will never happen again. I don't think there is a custom of writing a letter of self-criticism in Tibetan history, but it was commonly practiced during the Maoist years (1949-1976) in China. Basically, if your beliefs, thoughts, actions, or behaviors are deemed unhealthy or not in alignment with Party ideologies, you must undergo self-criticism, producing either written or verbal statements detailing how you have been ideologically mistaken.

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I vividly recall the anger I felt as I brooded over the words of the class teacher and the embarrassing scene he had caused in front of so many students. I felt mistreated and humiliated. So, before putting even a single word on the paper, I decided *not* to write a letter of self-criticism. Instead, I wanted to take that opportunity to write about how unfair the class teacher had been to our class in general, and how



unreasonable he was in my case in particular. I honestly thought that if I did that, my classmates would support me. To my knowledge, nobody in my class genuinely liked him.

The more I thought about the situation, the more confident I became. I could not promise that I would never be late to school because no one can stop the snow. If someone had to write a letter of self-criticism, then it should have been the ruthless snow, which had not only prevented me from coming to school on time, but had also senselessly frozen two of my family's lambs to death! But there was hardly room to reason with a sentient human being, let alone with the senseless snow.

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I shared my ideas about speaking out against our class teacher with a few good friends, including the class's principle monitor, who himself was from a herding place. He was, unlike me, very good at finding subtle ways of handling internal classroom politics. Most of us liked and respected his well-honed ideas and calm personality. To my relief, he was supportive and enthusiastic when I told him that I would neither write nor read a letter of self-criticism.

"Yes, don't write it. Our class teacher should understand that there was no way you could make it to school under such horrible weather conditions. *khyö kyi shok né ka lang lang yé* I will stand by your side like the pillar of a house'."

About an hour later, most of my classmates had heard that I would not read a letter of self-criticism. It didn't really matter much to them. They were all too busy and stressed about the *gaokao*, our 'life-changing event'.

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The weekly class meeting started at around seven p.m. every Sunday. As the hour drew near, I became nervous, but this did not weaken my resolve.

Silence prevailed in the classroom. Then our class teacher kicked open the wooden door, covered by a metal sheet, and strode into the classroom.

We courteously stood and chanted in one tone, "Greetings Teacher!"

He threw a book on the desk in the front of the classroom and flippantly said, " Sit, sit, sit."

Silently, he walked around the rows of desks. After several circuits he approached my desk and said, "You just came to school today?" as if he hadn't seen me earlier. I stood up, looking down at my desk, my heart in my throat.

"Huatse Gyal is our *banzhang*," he said, "and as a *banzhang*, he should know that he should be at school on time. But he was three days late. So at tonight's meeting, he is going to read a letter of self-criticism. Okay, read your letter to the class."

As I left my seat, he took mine, folded his arms across his chest, and sat stiffly upright. I went to the front of the class. Standing behind a tall wooden desk on a concrete stage, I leaned forward, putting my hands on the desk. This irked our teacher who bellowed, "Hey, get your hands off of the desk! Who, do you think you are – a lecturer with a PhD?"

At his command, I jumped and snatched my hands back up and started reading my 'letter of self-criticism.' I said, "You know I am from a herding village that is forty kilometers from the county seat. Unfortunately, it snowed a lot in my home area last week. It was impossible to travel to the county seat by any means. This is why I couldn't show up at school on time. I know I am supposed to read a letter of self-criticism here tonight, but I don't think..."

The teacher exploded from his chair, his face as red as fire. "Stop! Shut up! Who do you think you are?" he hollered.

At that moment, the class principle monitor stood up and said, "Teacher, we should let him say what he has to say." Our teacher stared at my friend for a moment, his eyes wide with shock. It was unheard of for a student to openly contradict a teacher in this way. Then, slowly, he drew in a deep breath and sat back down. The room was utterly silent.

If my heart had been a container where I had stored all the bitterness from waiting for days for a glimpse of sunshine at home,

falling off the motorbike on the icy road to town, enduring the blustery wind and coldness for about two hours, and going through the embarrassing scene he had caused in front of my classmates, that container was about to explode. Tears streamed down my cheeks as I continued, "Teacher, why do you never listen to your students? Do you think you're a good teacher? You teach us mathematics and all the people in this class were top students when they were in junior middle school. But why do you think nobody in this class has ever scored above thirty-five percent on math exams? If you are really concerned about this class, *that's* a real issue. Why is being late because of a snowstorm such a big deal to you?"

I had more to say, but I looked up to see our class teacher charging ferociously toward me, looking like a bull ready to trample a mouse. My friend, and some of the larger male students, threw themselves in his path to prevent him from reaching me. Of course, he was not easily stopped. He was throwing his fists in the air as if to beat me, fiercely pulling away from the male students who were trying to stop him, shouting, "You arrogant little boy, I am going to kick you out of this school. Get out of this school now!!"

"Okay, you can kick me out of this school any time. This is not the only school on earth. I'm going to leave tomorrow," I replied heedlessly. The whole classroom was a mess. Our class teacher was still shouting, as he was pulled outside by some male students.

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Fortunately, he didn't beat me, since my friends stopped him. He left the classroom. That night's 'meeting' was over, just like that. I went back to my seat. The whole classroom was deadly silent. Everybody's eyes were transfixed on their books. It seemed as if their bodies were glued to their desks. Fear haunted my mind. It was inconceivable to some of my classmates that I would be so 'rude' to our class teacher. Many, except for a few close friends, did not like my open confrontation, or at least I felt that way, as nobody talked to me on our way back to the dormitory. I also received some rather unwelcoming words and looks from my classmates in the following days and throughout the semester. As the famous contemporary

Tibetan comedian and writer Manla Kyabb said in his memoir, *Views on my Hair and Hairstyles (tra dang tra lö kor gyi sam zhik)*:

It might be exaggerating to say that schools at that time were like weaponless armed forces, but most would agree that they were like training grounds. All the great teachers were *la ma* and their thoughts and words, whatever they were, had to be viewed as containers of gold.

This was written based on Manla Kyabb's own schooling experiences in the late 1970s and early 1980s, but his descriptions of his school environment back then very much spoke to my own schooling experiences as well. Now I neither blame my classmates, nor myself, I blame the authoritarian school environment.

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Our class teacher summoned me to his office the next day. I thought he might beat me up once I arrived, but I went anyway. It would not have been the first time a teacher had beaten me. I knocked, and when he said, "Come in," he did not sound angry. I opened the door and went inside.

He said, "Sit there," pointing to a couch opposite his desk. I sat, and he continued. "So, it's good that you spoke out from the depth of your heart. That is a *tak sha ra zhik gi tak ré* 'sign of a good man', but you did not have to do it in front of the whole class. If you were dissatisfied with me as a teacher, you could have come to my office and shared your thoughts with me privately. Then, I would have really appreciated your thoughts. Why did you have to do it in front of the whole class? I heard that you were even talking to your friends about speaking out against me prior to our meeting."

I was totally shocked to hear this from him. I could see from his face that he was hurt by my open confrontation. There was a trace of humanity in his voice and words. I felt I was talking with someone who was constituted of flesh and feelings, not rules and rankings.

Afterwards, pondering his heartfelt words during our private meeting, I started to regret my abrupt words to him. I *had* made him look bad in front of the whole class, just as he had made me look bad

in front of the whole school. It seemed we were both hurt and embarrassed by such public denouncements. Deep in our hearts, we both wanted to be respected and treated humanely. Really, who doesn't? I believe that the problem was – and still is – that basic human dignity became buried under piles and piles of rules and rankings, rewards, and red flags.

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Looking back now, I don't think Teacher Tshe ring was a bad person. There were times when he invited students from distant areas, including me, to his home, and treated us to very nice meals during short school holidays when the students from the nearby town left for home. Sometimes we would insist that he sing a song for us during Sunday night meetings, and at our request, he would sing a relatively old Tibetan song that ends with a rap:

*White flowers blossom on snow-capped mountains*  
*My mind is as pure as the snow*  
*Blue flowers blossom beside the riverbank*  
*My mind is as clear as the river*  
*Cha cha cha!*

We would sing after him when he was rapping the *Cha cha cha* part and burst into laughter simultaneously.

Also one time, he was involved in a fight, and a drunkard knocked out four of his teeth. Our class went to see him in the hospital with some fruit and drinks. When we got there, we saw him surrounded by his mother, wife, and kids. He tried to sit up on his bed when he saw us, and greeted us warmly. He was delighted to see us. His mother, just like any wonderful and compassionate mother, seemed very anxious. She told us to follow school rules while her son was in the hospital. Of course, she also knew that her son would get in trouble if our class did something that went beyond the confinement of school rules. Before we left, our principle class monitor comforted the class teacher, "Take care. Don't worry about the class. I will take responsibility for them."

Teacher Tshe ring turned to his mother, and with tear-filled eyes, said, "This class has all the top students. It's a very good class."

Our class teacher was also under immense pressure to perform in certain ways: to become an exemplary teacher by submitting to school rules that are embedded in the Communist Party education system, both in the past, as well as in the present. After all, our class teacher and I were both under the shadow of an authoritative school environment in somewhat different and yet similar ways. It was different because he had more power as a teacher, but similar because we were both expected to act as role models (I as a *banzhang* and he as a *banzhuren*).

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We had a math class the same day our class teacher summoned me to his office. The class bell rang, and our class teacher came in holding a box of chalk in one hand and a math textbook in the other. As usual, he placed the textbook on the desk and walked around the desk rows once. Then he went back to the concrete stage in front of the class, looked around, focused on me, and said, "Huatse Gyal, get out of my math class. You are a bad influence on other students, just like a rotten apple in a box of good apples."

I stood up, looked him calmly in the eye, and then sat down again. He considered me quietly for a moment, drew a deep breath, and addressed himself to the class, "Today I will teach..." and launched into the day's lesson.

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The tension between my class teacher and me did not escalate, although he never again called on me to inspect the students' dormitories. At the end of senior high school, two students in each class in our grade were awarded honorary certificates for being exemplary role models. All the class monitors in our grade except for me received awards. At least, I felt relieved and happy to be able to graduate in 2007. A conflict with a teacher like the one I had had could have ruined all my chances.

While it is true that I failed to live up to the expectations of being a model student, I lost the kind of desire and trust that I had

had in elementary school – to become someone like Lei Feng. I had endured the trauma of the never-ending cycle of ritualized mistreatments and humiliations that often times turn both teachers and students into voiceless, senseless objects of rules and rankings, rewards and red flags. This was the moment in my life when I desired to become someone as thoughtful and capable as Wise Rabbit in the Tibetan folktales that Grandmother had once told me. I aspired to find an educational environment where basic human dignity and human feelings would be respected, and where particular views would be cherished and personal circumstances appreciated. Who wouldn't?

NON-ENGLISH TERMS

Amdo, A mdo ཨ་མདོ།

*banzhang* 班长

*banzhuren* 班主任

*chang ki na nang la chö shé go ni dra mo ré, spyang ki'i rna nang la*

chos bshad go ni 'dra mo red ལྷན་ཀི་ལེ་རྩ་ནང་ལ་ཚོས་བཤད་གོ་ནི་འདྲ་མོ་རེད།

Chenrezig, Spyang ras gzigs ལྷན་རས་གཟིགས།

*dzin dak*, 'dzin bdag འཛིན་བདག

*fu banzhang* 副班长

*gaokao* 高考

Hongqi 红旗

Hua le, dpa' le དཔལ་ལེ།

Huatse Gyal, Dpa' brtse rgyal དཔལ་བཙུ་རྒྱལ།

ken khyok, ske 'khyog སྐེ་འཁྱོག

*khyö kyî shok né ka lang lang yé, khyod kyî phyogs nas ka langs*

langs byed ལྷོད་ཀྱི་ཕྱོགས་ནས་ཀ་ལངས་ལངས་བྱེད།

*la ma, bla ma* ལྷ་མ།

Lei Feng 雷锋

Manla Kyabb, Sman bla skyabs མལ་ལྷ་སྐྱེ་བས།  
*mi tsé kyok tsam, mi tshe'i dkyogs mtshams* མི་ཚེ་དཀྱེགས་མཚམས།  
*Om mani padme hum, oM ma Ni pad+me hUM* ཨོཾ་མ་ཎི་པདྨེ་ཏུཾ།  
Ri bong lo den, ri bong blo ldan རི་བོང་ལོ་དང་།  
*tak sha ra zhik gi tak ré, stag sha ra zhig (zig) gi rtags red*  
སྐྱེ་བ་ལ་ར་ཞིག་ལྷིག་གི་རྟེན་གསེང་།  
*tra dang tra lö kor gyi sam zhik, skra dang skra loi skor gyi bsam*  
གྲོ་ཏང་ཏཱ་ལོ་ཀོར་གྱི་སམ་མཚན་གྱི་སྐྱེ་བ་ལ་ར་ཞིག་སེང་།  
Tshe ring, Tshe ring ཚེ་རིང་།  
*xiaozhang* 校长  
*ziyou shichang* 自由市场  
*zong banzhang* 总班长