***The tide of life***

The cold snowy mountain was white as ever. The green hills, the sweet music of the chirping birds and the ever wonderful cool breeze which would leave us heavenly mark on, anyone was there I lived. It was not easy earning a living with no education and no knowledge except some farming knowledge on that had ascended from my father to me. But the nature was there with the aid to misery and that was something I could be happy about.

There were no tractors and ploughing the field was not a child's play. The whole day went on with the sweat and blood on the field . But the meal in the evening after the whole night work was as divine as the god's would have . And many more I has my brother with me, the nature and the duty of finding my family consisting of my mother, me , 4 brother and 5 sister to encourage me to feel every blood and sweat was worth about it. And just imaginably how many hungry stomach would be filled from what I had produce never let me down from my work. The nights were dangerous with wild animals roaming around and only oil lamps and moon to light the place . I dis fulfill the duty of being the eldest though , keeping my sibling away from going out in the night.

Years passed on this way, until the nightmare started . Drought took place and no field were left fertile. Plunger spread everywhere and the life turned worse with the duty of my family my shoulders, I had to make the toughest decision of my life, leave the motherland with my brother to work in foreign to leave a hope of a future for my family with the sinking feeling, tearful; eyes I and my brother left for my foreign , the gulf country with my other friends .

The gulf had the worst of the pain left for me. The immense physical work breaking me down with the only vision of my family to keep me in a piece. These two years in the foreign has been as bad as the hell. My brother I brought with time die in an accident only to be sent with coffins of my other friend belonging to my country. The money I got and send was more than I could have ever end. But I paid a price too great to earn it. The misery I've faced here have no words to be explained. Tomorrow I will leave this sorrow land to be back with my family. I leave with the hope no other me be born to face what I've faced to experience what I've experienced. I grieve at how other like me back there are at the mercy of the luck, the poverty , the dreaded condition of the mother land . But I have wish for the better future ,the future without drought, without the bloodshed, the future of spring past the presents winter.

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