

བྱིས་སྐྱུང་ལོ་དུ་འགྱུར་ལས་གཞི་ནི་སྐྱུར་གཞི་མ་དཔེ།

Grade I- III (Age: 5-8)

Mother, your baby is silly! She is so very childish!
She does not know the difference between the lights in the streets and the bright stars.
When we play with pebbles, she thinks they are real food.
She even tries to put them into her mouth.
When I open a book before her and ask her to learn *a b c*,
She tears the pages with her hands and roars with joy at nothing.
This is your baby's way of doing her lessons!

When I shake my head at her in anger and scold her, or call her naughty, she laughs and thinks it's a great fun.
Everybody knows that her father is away, but sometimes I call out "father" playfully. She turns around quickly in excitement and thinks that her father is near.

She often makes noise in the class and makes her clothes dirty. I warn her that I am a schoolmaster and that she better not make any noise.
Only then she keeps quiet. I insist that she should call me "dada".

Grade IV-VI (Age: 9-12)

I knew him from the days of my extreme youth, because he made my father's boots. He lived with his elder brother in his shop, which was in a small by-street in a fashionable part of London.
The shop had a certain quiet distinction. There was no sign upon it other than the name of Gessler Brothers; and in the window a few pairs of boots. He made only what was ordered, and what he made never failed to fit. To make boots—such boots as he made—seemed to me then, and still seems to me, mysterious and wonderful. I remember well my shy remarks, one day, while stretching out to him my youthful foot. "Isn't it awfully hard to do, Mr Gessler?" And his answer, given with a sudden smile from out of the redness of his beard: "*Id is an ardt!*" It was not possible to go to him very often—his boots lasted terribly, having something beyond the temporary, some essence of boot stitched into them.

Grade VII-VIII (Age:13 above)

"Grandma! Grandma!" She woke up shivering to see Father beside her bed, a candle in his hand.
"What's the matter?" he said. "Oh, a butcher — a knife — I want Grannie." He blew out the candle, bent down and caught up the child in his arms, carrying her along the passage to the big bedroom. A newspaper was on the bed. He put away the paper, and then carefully tucked up the child. He lay down beside her. Half asleep, still with the butcher's smile all about her it seemed, she crept close to him, snuggled her head under his arm, held tightly to his shirt. Then the dark did not matter; she lay still.
"Here, rub your feet against my legs and get them warm," said Father. Tired out, he slept before the little girl. A funny feeling came over her. Poor Father, not so big, after all — and with no one to look after him. He was harder than Grandmother, but it was a nice hardness. And every day he had to work and was too tired to be a Mr Macdonald... She had torn up all his beautiful writing... She stirred suddenly, and sighed. "What's the matter?" asked her father. "Another dream?" "Oh," said the little girl, "my head's on your heart. I can hear it going. What a big heart you've got, Father dear."