

# PAPA'S HOUSE MAGAZINE

## EDITION NUMBER THREE MARCH 2019

### THE STORIES OF OUR LIVES



PHOTO: MICHAEL HESS, 2009



# FROM THE DIRECTOR'S DESK

Welcome to the third edition of Papa's House Magazine. It's been quite some time that we have been waiting for the third issue and here it is, finally after the long wait! And I couldn't be happier.

"Something very special" are the only words I can seem to find to describe my feelings about the hard work involved in preparing and presenting Papa's House Magazine 3rd Edition. "Special" also describes all the staff team and the children of Papa's House who have contributed giant enthusiasm and creativity to make this edition possible.

Papa's House was established in March 2005, and in 2019 it began its fifteenth year with the intent of offering support to children in need. The mission of Papa's House is to provide basic needs of food, shelter, clothing, education, and health care by providing a safe and nurturing environment to grow. This year, Papa's House has been providing support to the 63 children at our homes and 40 young adults in college. The Chelsea Education and Community Center began its seventh year of vocational and life training skills for the children of Papa's House and fifth year of literacy classes for the local women in the community. Volunteer Nepal hosts nearly a hundred international volunteers. The outreach program assists with many projects throughout Nepal.



For our first-time readers, Papa's House Magazine is a magazine developed and designed by our own Papa's House children. For those who have been waiting for a third issue, this edition has so much to offer. I could see the enthusiasm, the dedication, and the hard work that the team has put into this magazine.

We have a wide range of poetry and some informative and inspirational articles for you, from our children. I would like to thank the staff team as this could not have been possible without your support and co-operation.

Happy reading!

Best regards,  
Sunita Pandey  
Director of Operations



# FROM THE EDITOR



Dear Readers,

When I was first assigned to work on Papa's House Magazine, I literally did a little happy dance!! I knew how wonderful it would be to work with my extended family.

One evening, I was at the coffee shop drinking a strong Espresso, reading the first draft of the articles. To my amazement, I was so touched by our children's stories and how beautifully and creatively they were able to convey their emotions onto a piece of paper. I spent two hours constantly staring at those scribbled stories and eventually came up with the theme, "Stories of Our Lives."

"Stories of Our Lives" portrays the colourful stories of our children's life. It reflects the inner beauty of life at Papa's House and captures

the momentous moments of Papa's House Journey. And most importantly it highlights the reality that humanity is not embedded in a person solely as an individual; humanity is revealed to us through the existence of others. To paraphrase this: We belong to each other and WE are because YOU are!!

A lot of effort has gone into the making of this issue. Amidst the busy schedule with exams, assignments, too many events, and problem sheets, we still managed to create work that we could be proud of and that brings satisfaction.

It is rightly said, "A flower makes no garland." Thus, this magazine is not the outcome of the effort put in by any individual, but is the result of immense effort put forward by each one of us.

We have made an attempt to bring out the talent concealed within our children. This issue includes poems, articles, stories, and artwork. We hope you enjoy reading this issue as much as we enjoyed making it.

As you peruse the third edition of Papa's House Magazine — "Stories of our Lives," a creative production of the Papa's House family — I invite you to reestablish right relations in your own individual lives.

Waro Hang



## EDITORIAL STAFF



Kailashi, Bhumika, Saraswati, Juna



Saraswati, Kailashi, Sandhya,  
Juna, Bhumika

## FEATURED ARTISTS



Sita Timilsina



Anita Basnet



# MY HOBBY

**David Chaudhary**  
**Grade V**

My name is David Chaudhary and I am 10 years old. My hobby is to play basketball. I didn't know what basketball was before I came to Papa's House. When I was a kid, I used to watch my senior brothers playing basketball. I also wanted to play like them. Then one day, Sam brother taught me how to play basketball and slowly I learned how to play basketball. Sometimes there will be a tournament in our school and I always participate in it. My heart beats faster every time I play basketball because it really means a lot to me.

I am not perfect but I try each and every day to perform my best. Now, I believe, I am better than before. I want to professionally play basketball someday and turn my hobby into passion.





# WE GET THIS MONDAY!!

**Pretty Chaudhary**  
**Grade V**

Every week on Monday, we always have writing class. Sometimes it's a bit funny and sometimes quite interesting. Learning new things every week and becoming better and better is what we do on Mondays. We learn both how to write and speak. In the beginning, I didn't know how to write articles or what we would learn in writing class.

But when we joined writing class with Waro Sir, I knew about writing class. I got new ideas and learned how to be creative. I still recall the days when my writing was too poor. From the first day to now, my heart makes me thank Waro Sir each and every second for teaching me how to write and giving soul to our pen.



# GROWING WITH FRIENDS

## Mankumari Bote Grade VII

This is me, Manney and I am here to tell you about my crazy friends, how am I growing older and stronger day by day along with them. I have such a wonderful moments with them that include sharing Tiffin, clothes, food and being there for each other in thick and thin.

Way back when we met each other we were just kids not knowing each other well. I still remember the good old days when we studied together, played “Ram ke bhoot” and were naughty enough. We even got punishment together and cried together.

Now we all are growing well together as we know each other very well. We sometimes remember our past and laugh together. Every day we grow love among each other. Whenever we want to go somewhere, we tag along and even eat together. We have a plan to go to Thailand and European countries together someday and I hope we will make it possible but only if we hold each other's hand.

So, my friends are: Juna, Angdoma, Purnima, Pushpa, Shova, Apsara, Selina, Kama-na and Hemant. Let's grow older, stronger and happier together. I love you all and will always be by your side.



DRAWING BY ANITA BASNET





# PAPA (MY SOURCE OF HOPE)

**Mary Singh**  
**Grade IX**

My mother used to come to wake me up every morning. but one early morning my father came to wake me up. I asked my father where my mother was and he replied, “She is sick and from now onwards don’t wait for your mother to wake you up, make a habit of waking up by yourself.” Day by day, I heard that my mother’s health was getting worse.

Gradually, I grew up and started to help my father. I couldn’t go to school anymore and continue studies; I still recall the day when my mother took her last breath and I broke down completely.

One afternoon my cousin brother brought me to Kathmandu where I met a tall man

with a grey cap on his head, in whom I found a form of an angel. Since that day, my life changed drastically. When he first spoke to me I could not understand what he was speaking but I saw warmth in his eyes and that gave me hope.

Despite painful circumstances that I had gone through, hope was rising within me as soon as Papa took a step into my life. I believe he is my source of hope — the one who I can rely on and a shoulder to cry on. Words are not enough to show my gratitude towards the man for whom I have pure form of respect. Papa gave me hope, showed I’m important too and made me believe that I can make a difference in my life.





# PLAYFUL SATURDAYS

**Deepa K.C.**  
**Grade IX**

On Saturday, all the members of NOH family gather together at Papa's House enjoying the sun and food.

Our playground is like a beach. Everyone is busy doing their own stuff. Half of the boys enjoy playing basketball whereas some remaining play football. Some of the girls play swing and others engage themselves on the ground reading novels and sleeping. Some students help in the kitchen to prepare lunch.

Well, we girls are mostly busy talking about celebrities. During lunchtime it seems like we are attending a party on the beach and Papa is always there with his camera. He takes our photos secretly and gifts us on our birthdays along with chocolates.

Every Saturday all the brothers and sisters feel special. I love to spend my time every day with the NOH family.





# THANKSGIVING LETTER

**Saraswati Thapa**  
**Grade VIII**

Dear Dai (BRO),

We have been together for the last three years. Each time spent with you is one of the best memories. You are one of the special people in my life. I don't know how to thank you for being part of my life. Time passed so quickly and it's almost time to say good-bye. I can never imagine you being far away from my life. I don't know what will that moment be like! I don't even know if we will be meeting each other or not! But I can promise you that I will never forget you. I can't express how much you mean to me.

Being around you makes me forget all my sorrow. You have become like a shadow in my life, walking beside me. So when my shadow leaves my side it's hard to move on. May you have a bright future wherever you go. Thank you very much for being so good and kind to me. Thank you for fulfilling my wish to see my favorite singer. Your classes are so fun and interesting to attend. I believe that you are not only teacher or brother but also a friend to everyone. At last I just want to say that I will always be missing you brother.

Yours,  
Mata



# MOTHER'S WARMTH

Whenever I think of you, tears roll out of my eyes.  
You are the one who encouraged and held my hand on every step.  
I was a little girl then, I recall; when you used to hold my hand,  
Taught me how to walk, and held me closer every time I cried.  
I still remember the time when you looked confidently into my eyes  
And said, "My little girl, don't worry everything will be all right!"  
MOM, today I have learned the meaning of love and care,  
Whenever I reminisce about your smile, I wish I could wrap you in my arms,  
Look into your eyes, and say, "Look Mom I have made everything alright."  
I pray to Lord that the time we had spent together would come again, so that you  
would know how much I love and miss you every moment.



# MY NAME IS SHOVA AND THIS IS MY STORY

**Shova Chaudhary**  
**Grade VII**

I am 14 years old girl and I study in grade 7. I am from Dang District, miles away from the capital city. It has been 8 years since I came to Papa's House. I was five years old when I first came to NOH family. I didn't know how to speak Nepali at all. I neither spoke to anyone nor would anyone talk back. As time passed by, I understood Nepali and everyone in the hostel started to talk to me. I am very happy in Papa's House because now I can understand them.



Sisters are so good to me and always encourage me to do something good for my future. I love Saturdays at Papa house, as all of the NOH family gathers, chats and eats together. I still recall Sumi who is my sister kidding around with us



just like kids. She used to play "Ice and Water" game with us and many other games too. But now every sister and brother have completed lower secondary and left us for further study.

Nevertheless, now I have very loving, caring and funny friends. Purnima, Man-kumari, Apsara, Pushpa and Selina are my best friends as well as my classmates. They all are friendly. Whenever one gets something to say we all gather together and talk. Sometimes we celebrate each other birthdays. I feel that I am very lucky to get friends like them who always care and encourage me.



# UNCONDITIONAL LOVE OF PAPA

To many people, I believe, I will always be a young, small and shy girl for the rest of my life. But there is one person for whom I will always be a large part of his heart. He is the person who protects us from every difficulty. He is the person who taught us to read and write. He is the person who sacrificed his needs and desires to fulfill ours. He is the person who makes us feel that failure is the stepping stone to success, and in life there are ups and downs. He is the one who has smile on his face despite his worries and tensions.

He wakes up early and stays up till late nights. He is the one who taught me to walk and that life is a journey of happiness and sorrow. He has taught us that

everyone has different opinions and says even I have a unique capability. He is the one who brings us to the right path when we are wrong and who cracks jokes just to bring smiles on our faces.

For him we are angels sent by God, and for me he is the best and most precious gift given by God. He is the kindest and most honest person in the world I have ever met. I have seen him hiding pains and sorrow inside his heart just not to make us sad. I cannot imagine any better person like him do exist in this globe. I love and respect him from the bottom of my heart and soul. I will always walk the path he guided and will always have the soul he created.



Selina Tamang  
Grade VII



# HOME IS WHERE HEART IS

Everyone has their own story about their life and I too have one, but in different colors. My name is Selina Tamang with capital S.

I was just 6 years old when I came to Papa's House as a new kid. I saw lovely people here but felt nervous at the same time. I met a funny friend who used to tell us a story but her story used to never end. She was very funny person who used to laugh at herself and fall from her bed. She used to laugh really hard. I also met a scary friend too; she used to flip her eyelids and grab our neck. Then, I met new friends who are really loving and caring. They always cared about me and they still do. They were the one who understood, made me smile and helped

me a lot when I was hurt. If they see me sad then they always make me laugh by cracking jokes.

I came here and learned a lot of new things. My friends used to crack jokes and sometimes when we were in toilet they used to turn off the light. I came to know lots of things like how we hold each other and make each other smile. As I am growing every day I haven't stopped learning new things here. There are many people to support me. When I am in need and there is always my big Papa's House family to help me. I have lot of funny and lovely memories in Papa's House and I still wish to be small. This is my Home where I have my whole heart on it.



**Suman Chaudhary**  
**Grade V**

## **MY DREAM TO BE A BASKETBALL PLAYER**

My name is Suman Chaudhary. I am 13 years old. Since I was small I was fascinated by basketball. When I was kid I didn't know how to play basketball. Gradually, I grew up and learned how to play basketball and I turned better than before.

Now I am in grade 5 and I have improved my basketball game. We had inter-school tournament and I was selected for the junior school team. We played up to five games winning all the teams and reached the finals but we lost at the end. We stood in second place but we had tried our best.

I go to school early in the morning to learn to play basketball. I feel happy and gleeful every time I play basketball. I am passionate about basketball. My aim is to be a professional basketball player and compete with other countries. I will not stop playing basketball throughout my life.





# MOVIE NIGHT AT CHELSEA

Chelsea is a part of NOH where we are guided by different teachers to improve our academics. Its main aim is to make us capable of doing something when we grow older.

In Chelsea, we not only learn different subjects each day but also have fun learning environment. We attend different kinds of workshops which always makes Friday special and exciting.

Among most of the fun activities, Movie Night at Chelsea is the most awaited activity for all of us. Watching a movie on a gloomy night at Chelsea is the best feeling ever. We get a grand opportunity to spend our time with different hostel mates and enjoy along with them.

The group of girls in the first row (Sandhya, Mary, Ramila, Juna, Sita, Muskan and Alisha) enjoy commenting on different movie scenes which makes everyone laugh out loud. It's the best moment for us. We all chat with each other more than watching a movie which compels other audiences to shout at us which we enjoy too. What I feel is like without us, i.e. the group of girls in first row, movie night becomes incomplete and silent.

We all love to watch movies at Chelsea and hope they will continue.



## COMPUTER CLASS AT CHELSEA

I still remember the time when I first came to Chelsea when I was small. I was very excited to see new things at Chelsea.

It was my first time that I used and saw a computer. I was very excited to use a computer. Every week we always have computer class on Saturdays. I always wait for Saturday to arrive. Computers can teach us many things and it's fun to use a computer.

I love computer class very much and I'm very thankful for the classes I attend.





## MY HERO, PAPA

We all are in this beautiful world which is created by God and my world would not exist without my father. Because of him I got to see this beautiful world. There is one person whom I can trust blindly and that is my father, my Papa. He is one of the people who held my hands, taught me all the moral values since my early age. He is one of the people who brought good changes in me.

My father is 65 years old and he is a social worker. He is the person who believes

that faith and right values make a great person. I always study hard, do good things but sometimes I make mistakes. My father is the one who helps me to realize my mistake and guides me to correct it at the same time.

My father is one who finds happiness in others' happiness. My desire and my first priority is my father. He is my role model. He is my hero.



# ENDLESS EVENING WALK

After long hectic days, working on schoolbooks day and night, to refresh our mind, we set a time and go for evening walk with the Chelsea teachers. We head to different local places.

Usually, vehicles are not seen on the way, so we do not fear them on our walk. We walk without any destination to reach, chattering all the way and making noise on our endless and bumpy way.

Sometimes we discover new things like a hillside or barren land. The interesting part is when we compete with each other to be the first person to reach the top of hill.

Sometimes we play the role of “Miss World” where my pals act as photographer, speaker, and participant, or as a model. Basically we crack jokes and laugh so hard that even sometimes it scares people’s heart out. We write our names on the leaves of plants with the help of a sharp stick and we check on the next evening walk whether it is still there or not.

Senseless activities, being ourselves and having endless fun is what we enjoy on evening walks.



# REMINISCING US

**Bhumika Rana**  
**Grade VIII**

Running out of the crowd  
Just to be with you  
Every day I walk by  
Those old streets  
Where we were together  
When the sky turned black  
You see, my love for you will always  
Remain as the shadow remains  
Beside its body.  
You and your presence make  
Me complete and pure  
When I found you  
In the light  
Of the sun you pull me close  
To my heart  
I own you my world.  
And now you are my world.

It's still you and me  
In our little world  
And that's  
All I need! All I need!  
When you leave my life  
My life will be like sun  
Without its light  
My life is meant to be with you  
So, running out of the crowd  
I want to  
Just be with you





# MY LOVE FOR DANCE

**Manisha Chaudhary**  
**Grade V**

My aim is to be a dancer. Since I was kid I loved dancing. I have performed dance at school too. I fell head over heels with dance when I performed in front of a mass of people.

Every week on Thursdays, we have dance class and I really love it! I want to perform in front of well-known people. I want to be a great dancer like some of the YouTube artists CARTOONZ CREW

and NEXT TEAM. I want to be like them, following the passion and living each day doing what you love.

Now, I have learned to dance pretty well. Every Saturday I come to Chelsea and watch dance videos. I have learned many cool dance moves and I want to thank dance ma'am as she has taught me to dance. She is my role model and I want to be like her someday.



# BITTERSWEET STORY OF MY PAST

Alina Shrestha  
Grade VIII

I was six years old my father passed away due to an accident. He died on a Saturday. Every Saturday we used to eat meat at dinner. My father used to bring meat for us always in the evening time. But one evening, while returning home my father died due to hit and run accident.

Actually, my father rode a bicycle on that day and he was very tired so he kept his bicycle in the river side and started to wash his face. A big truck came from behind and hit him. My father didn't know the truck was coming from behind.

On that Saturday, we all were waiting for him to come back. As he did not show up at usual time, I asked my mom "Mom, where is my father?" And mom told me, "Your father will come soon." But he didn't come back.

On the next morning some of the villagers brought my father's dead body in front of our house. When my mom saw the dead body of him she cried a lot. After my father passed away she was frustrated. My mom used to love me so much and she used to search for me around in the other houses. Whenever she used to look



DRAWING BY SITA TIMILSINA

for me I used to be scared with my own mom because my mom turned a little crazy after my father's case. When my mom found me she used to take me with her and she used to leave me on the road alone.

When my mom used to leave me on the road, my grandmother came to take me in the home but also my mom used to ask my grandmother, "Do you have my little child?" And my grandmother used to say, "No, I haven't seen her since then."

And now, I don't even know whether my mom is dead or alive. But I miss her.



## A STORY OF A LITTLE GIRL

Being born into a Chaudhary family wasn't easy, but being born into a Chaudhary family and brought up in a D.C. family opens the story of my life.

When I was three I was adopted by Mrs. and Mr. D.C. and their two sons and their old mother became my new family since then. I would call Mrs. and Mr. D.C. auntie and uncle, and grandmother to their mother.

Uncle would hold me on his arms, cuddle and bury his spiky mustaches on my face. Auntie and grand ma would me to take bath. Gradually their love and care were what made me forget my past.

As the year passed, auntie and uncle had to leave the house for their work. Me and grandmother were left behind. My grandmother was a pious woman. She would wake up before dawn, take a shower and



# A STORY OF A LITTLE GIRL

## CONTINUED

get ready to go temple. The sound of her footsteps in a passage would wake me up. I too would wash my face and get ready to go with her. Taking small steps as my granny did was how we would start our day. After returning from temple she would prepare tea and I would sit near her in a learning look. I was always beside her to help her. Passing the spatula in a kitchen and plucking tomatoes was what I could do per my ability.

By the time, I was capable of understanding sentences. I got enrollment to school. But then questions like “What is my grandma doing? She might be alone without me” in my mind wouldn’t let me concentrate. The only way was to run away after attendance. And soon I would be in front of the gate carrying my schoolbag where grandma was feeding grains to cows and buffaloes. I would just walk straight, ignoring her bitter scolding, and start helping her. And I turned out to be remarkably naughty and hyperactive kid.

One sunny day, I was having my favorite lunch sitting next to granny when three strange men appeared in a van. They marched straight towards us. They said they had come to take me. Hearing those words, tears started rolling down my cheeks. I tried to hide in back of my granny and hold her weak hands. What could my granny do? She joined her hands saying, “Please let my granddaughter stay with me. I have cared her since she was three and she has nowhere to go.” The voice came, “Do you have paper work regarding this from government?”

One of the men grabbed me in his arms. I was still holding those weak hands of my granny. I pinched his arms, threw my hands in the air and on his chest. I fought with his arms. My pinch was like bite of an ant for him. I was taken away in a van and dropped in an orphanage home where I was neither given care nor well cooked food like my granny did. Then two days passed and grandmother and my uncle came to take me home. Unfortunately, they forbid them.

Months passed and then I was transferred from there to Kathmandu’s hostel named “Papa’s House.” There I was given care and love ever since. And I lived happily ever after.

# ODE TO A KAMALI SISTER

**Ramila Khadka**  
**Grade IX**

You are the soul to our body  
Earth to the nature

Water to the fish  
Hearts with love  
Nature with beauties  
Filled with true colors

But, when you are far from us  
We feel like soul without body  
Earth without nature  
Water without fish  
Hearts without love  
Nature without beauties  
Heart without color

And last we feel like life heart without  
Heartbeats  
Love you sis...





# MUMMY'S LOVE

Tina Magar  
Grade VI



My mummy is a woman of wisdom  
Full of grace  
She is a person who never  
Shows her tears  
And doesn't fear  
Who gives happiness to everyone  
But I can feel her sorrow deep  
Inside  
She lies to me being satisfied  
Wish I could handle all her  
Problems  
Give her the love the way she  
Gives me  
I want to make her proud of me  
I love you my mummy!

# MY CRAZY, WEIRD FRIENDS

**Apsara Neupane**  
**Grade VII**

Thinking of silly things and spending our time;  
Remembering fairy tale  
And celebrating camp fire together.  
Having five best friends is joy and fun.  
If one  
friend gets angry then four of us would try to convince her.  
If one  
would fight then fighting for friends even in small case were one  
of the best moments.  
Cracking silly jokes and laughing together,  
I wish this  
time would stop here,  
waking till late and talking about future.  
Crying  
in sad story and staying together.  
I have no idea where we will be after six or seven years.  
I wish this moment would stop here together and forever.







# A GIRL UNDER THE BLOOMY MOON

**Kanti Khadka**  
**Grade VI**

A girl with tears in her eyes  
Sitting under bloomy moon and recalling her past  
The painful past!  
But still she pretends to be happy and acts  
As if nothing was wrong  
The little girl whose life was in darkness  
Now has turned into colors  
Her present is joyful and playful  
with the people  
Around her world.



# HOPE TO SEE HOPE AGAIN

**Kajol Mahato**  
**Grade V**

My name is Kajol Mahato. I am 11 years old. I was three years old when I first came to Papa's house. When I came here no one was my friend. After few years, Hope came to Papa's house. She was very small when she came here. She could not even see properly because she was just a month old child then everyone started to talk about her and tried to give her a name. Everyone said that she was as beautiful as an Angel so let's keep her name — "Angel". Then, Papa came and suggested us to keep her name "Hope Angel". As we all loved it so we agreed.

In the beginning, she was not too close with me but after few weeks and months she turned out to be my closest friend. Every time we used to play with each other after school, in the morning at night and on Saturdays too. She used to go to sleep with Papa at Friday and used to call me too. We used to have a lot of fun.

The things remained the same for years until the time when Hope went to America with Anita sister, Sam brother, Alicia aunt and Vinod uncle. Things were not the same after she left me but we still talk on the phone.

I miss her so much. I don't know when she is coming back, but I will be waiting for her and that is my love for Hope. Hope that I could see her again soon!



# MY GRATITUDE TOWARDS MY GUIDERS

**Bhumika Rana**  
**Grade VIII**

**Papa:** My savior, hero, guider, my inspiration and life changer. He is the reason for smiles on our faces. He is the one who taught me how to be brave and face challenges. My love for him is unconditional. My words are not enough to describe him. I love Papa.

**Dhankumari Mummy:** A mother who sacrifices her need and desire to fulfill children's needs and desire. She is a beautiful, strong, loving and caring woman with beautiful nature. Her words always give us positive vibes. I love you mummy.

**Sunita Ma'am:** My first teacher when I came to Papa's House. She is the one who taught me that I could also read, write and make a difference. She has and deserves a special place in my heart. I respect her from my heart and soul. I love you Ma'am.

**Prashanna Sir:** My inspiration who taught me how to be myself and how to live my life. I cannot thank him enough for the changes that he has brought in my life. I love you sir.

**Waro Dai:** He is more like a brother than just a teacher to the NOH family. He is the one who always brings a smile to everyone's face and is my greatest inspiration who always encourages me to do and try something new. He is my role model. I love you Dai.

**Ngawang Sir:** There is some moment in life when you don't know what is your talent. He is the person who helped me to discover my talent and helped me to realize my possibilities. I love you sir.

**Teachers:** Teachers are the one who always guide you in the right path and never let you fall. Teachers include parents, managers, sisters, brothers and even friends. I have great teachers in my life that help me to build my future. I love them.

**Sisters:** My second parent after my Papa. They are godmothers who looked after me after my mother left. I have three loving and caring sisters Laxmi, Gayatri and Madhuri sister, who helped me to get into Papa's House world. They are my greatest strength. I love them more than myself.

**Friends:** Friends are very important in each and every human life. We spend most of our time with friends and share sad and bad stories of our lives and always help each other in need. They are the ones who are always by your side when you fall. I love my friends.

My life is beautiful because I have the best father, sisters, mother, friends, brother and teachers, not only my life but also the life of NOH family.



# JINGLE BELL RINGS AT PAPA'S HOUSE

24th December (the Christmas Eve), we the Papa's House kids, gather around and glow the candles and sing Christmas carols. We celebrate by drinking hot chocolate, and eating muffins and cookies made by Papa and talking to each other like we have never talked before and also take a lot of pictures to create memories.

We, Papa's House family, celebrate Christmas Eve every year and differently than the rest of the other families. Christmas Eve is always fun for the NOH family. We all have fun by blowing each other's candle out and irritating others. After Christmas Eve is over we wait the whole night for our Christmas gifts.

The 25th of December is Christmas. We all wake up early in the morning and search for our gifts. We all get different kinds of beautiful gifts.

Christmas always brings joy to the NOH family. Our sisters and brothers prepare food for us. We mostly eat cake, pie, cookies, meat, chocolate, vegetables and other delicious food and we dance and sing too.

In Papa's House, we celebrate Christmas with full fun and love. We all exchange our gifts with our secret Santa. In this way we celebrate our Christmas in Papa's House looking forward to a new beginning of the year.





Original Painting by Sita Timilsina