Royal University of Bhutan
College of Science and Technology
Rinchending, Phuentsholing, Bhutan

Royal University of Bhutan

ANNUAL MAGAZINE 2020

THE QUEST



College of Science and Technology, Rinchending, Phuentsholing, Chukkha: Bhutan,
Post-Box No: 450, Postal Code: 21101

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From the desk of the Chief Editor

The college editorial team is excited to unveil its thirteenth issue, the Annual College magazine with much appreciation to the writers, students, the esteemed faculty, and the literary club members for working painstakingly to come up with such publication. Strategically, this semester, the college editorial team decided to publish in autumn, unlike the past.

To create the sphere of beauty in words, one should have a parachute mind to play with imagination, creation, emotion and experiences, so did the authors and poets articulated well in each article. Therefore, the reflection of the students' creativity and accomplishments is the archetype of the magazine.

The Editorial Team has truly savouredthe essence of editing section, as it embarked the world beyond science, technology, and literature. Indubitably, the magazine is a story within the story and it is sufficient to develop the interest and admiration of the readers. This souvenir comprehends inspiring anecdotes, thrilling ideologies, free versed poems, and persuasive/narrative essays which would take readers through surreal world of pleasure reading. The young potential writers have put in relentless efforts to bring the finest piece of writing. Moreover, the write-ups are based on individual thoughts and are fictitious in nature.

The magazine also promotes the college spirit which is constructed through the collective actions, opinions and aspirations. It gives me immense pleasure to thank each person engaged in college magazine. This mind-numbing task of the inquisitive young writers would not have been possible without the support of the members of the Editorial Board starting from selecting, compiling and proof reading articles. I take the opportunity to thank Ms. Pema Youden (SHD) for editing Dzongkha Articles, Mr. Penden Wangchuk (CEAD) for layout and designs, Ms. Sonam Deki for publication, Mr. Shivalal Sharma (BE-ECE) and literary club members for making this magazine appealing to our readers.I would also like to acknowledge Ms. Pema Choezom (HoD, SHD) for familiarising me to the literary world of CST.

I whole-heartedly wish all the readers my best wishes. Please do read the authors' articles, and be one of the writers in the next issue.

Karma Yangdon
Chief Editor

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Gratitude- Making of "The Quest"

We live in a programmed world engaged in schedules more than what nature has in store for us. As we live so we design our own cosmos but at times man himself needs a resting stone to reflect back on his own life, the footprints he has left behind. "The Quest" is one such bountiful collection of memoirs and reflections that brings its readers the tale from the country's future engineers. The quest is a proof that we have the capacity to become more than engineers. "There are chords in the heart of reckless which cannot be touched without emotion" (Edgar Allen Poe). The quest in itself is a bouquet of emotions and our thirst for learning to make the difference. As one unfolds the pages, the quest shall offer you much more than smiles and memories. It comprises of fabulous collection of poems, essays, narratives and stories with diverse themes and the glimpses of fantastic moments that CSTians have walked thus far. The memories are engraved and can be rejoiced forever.

The making of the quest was a daunting task but when we stand unified for a cause there is nothing called impossible. It gives me immense pleasure to present "The Quest" to all the fellow readers. With yet another dream come true, I would like to extend my heartfelt gratitude to the president Dr. Cheki Dorji, for his inspiration and continuous support. I would like thank Mr. Tsheten Dorji, Dean of Research and Industrial Linkages and miss Sonam Deki, Research officer for the publication. The best of the quest is brought to the readers through a sequence of edition. I would like to extend my gratitude to the chief editor Madam Karma Yangdon and the dynamic student editors, designer and photographer for their passion and dedication. Lastly, I would like to acknowledge all the authors, staffs and students without whose effort and dedication "The Quest" would not have been possible.

Happy Reading!!

"for so long, books neither made me cry nor did grades embarrass me. And then everything happened all at once. I cried and rose, that was engineering for me"

~ Shivalal Sharma

Literary Councillor(2019-2020)

Celebration of the 18th College Foundation Day

The memories are still fresh and green. I can vividly remember the tranquillity in the air and merry feeling that dwelled in my heart which almost reached at the peak of the Everest. It gives me warmth when I think of that day. That very day was when every individual in the college gathered jubilantly together to mark the day remarkably. The day was graced with exchange of smiles and laughter of all excited people, assembled to celebrate ecstatically. It was cherished with the blend of the Foundation Day and Sports Day which coincided in the auspicious week of blessed Rainy Day.



Dechen Tshomo(02180205)

2nd yr.Electrical

College of Science and Technology celebrated its 18th foundation day on 26th of September, 2019. College of Science and Technology celebrated its 18th foundation day on 26th of September, 2019. This significant event was celebrated with the core intention to reminisce the beginnings of the college and its founder. The objective also included as a reminder to the family of CST on the significant developments that took place since the inauguration of the college and to reconnect every individual with the continuing journey of the college.

DAY 1

With the sun amidst the sky, the leaves dancing on the rhythm of the wind and was a beautiful morning, I could see. The students were smiling to the beauty of the day eagerly waiting for the arrival of the chief guest. The staff and the students wholeheartedly welcomed the guests. The program was then graced by the chief guest, Dasho Thrompon of Phuntsholing Thromde, who shared his words of wisdom and advised to be treasured. The most thrilling part of this year's foundation day was the active presence of the members of CST Alumni Association. The chief guest, the President of the college, Kaka Dawa, the first batch graduate from Electrical Engineering Department in 2005 and also the president of CST Alumni Association gave commendable speeches. Their presence in such a festive occasion multiplied the rejuvenated the atmospheric serenity. Upon personal interview, a second year student, Chador Wangmo said that "alumni have always been a source of inspiration to me and a person to look upon. Their work, art, talents and success tell us that we are at the right place to pursue our dreams. I am always reminded by them that I can do it , for they have already done it". The program continued with cake cutting ceremony wherein all staff received their share of love, trust, affection with a piece of yummy cake. Series of cultural program by the students and the alumni were performed. The morning few hours of the first day ended happily ended with a captivating speech by Leki Bumpa, the chief councillor of the college.

The lunch was served in the college mess with varieties of appetizing menu. The after lunch session begun with the most awaiting fete activities with several stalls selling the best of cuisine and games with attractive prizes were available to play. Although it was raining, both the staff and the students enthusiastically took part in the games and stalls. That wasn't the end, towards the evening, there was friendly and thrilling basketball match played between the staff and the students. At night, different departments gathered in their own designated rooms where the alumni shared the students about their experiences and the information related to the department in the current era.

The message I could take in was “despite the hardship we experience during the course of our study, we get to reap the fruit of success later.” Similarly, Mani Om a second year electrical engineering student highlighted that “All the alumni now are enjoying the success that has been paid off through their hard work.”

DAY 2

With the start of the brand new day, 27th September was marked as the college Sport’s Day. Regardless of the heavy schedule, the staff and students fall into daily routine activity; health is what stands our top most priority. Therefore, this very day was marked where the students took part in the various track events and the most staff, cooks and students were involved in the tug of war. The winners in each of the category were awarded with certificates and medals. A friendly football match was also played in between the staff and the alumni to value the bonds of the family. In the evening, everybody gathered for a bond fire and to feel the warmth of becoming human being. Some danced while the other sang, the laughter combined together and the smiles got exchanged. The day ended with the offering of gratefulness to the God for making the two days of event a grand success and praying for the same lovable time in the future.

I am immensely grateful to the organizers for giving me the opportunity to take the role of Master of Ceremony. Standing in front of the dignitaries were my great experience. Every small thing of the events has turned into a very big memory to me which I feel that I can express more in the form of a poem.

Amidst the crowd,
Chosen I was,
To be the MC of the day.
Excited I was to spill my unspoken words,
But nervousness was all that followed me along.
The start was a little bad,
But enjoyment was what lingered in me,
As everything progressed.
Love was all I gained,
Applause was all I hear,
Compliment was all people showered me,
All in all,
Experience is what I have taken
Unreservedly with me
To implement on, in the days to come.
Thankful I am,
To each of the organizers
For entrusting me,
To carry the most significant days,
Thankful I am for every small thing

The engineering

I walked down the pavilion
Down to the horror class,
The ultimate battle field.
Mightier than a sword, a pen I hold.
A man short yet charming
Defined by his principle
Circulates the question in black and white.
Friends breathe the air of solace
But me, oh poor me!
Be seated at the last
The question was yet to arrive.
And when it ultimately did
My heart warmed up
To begin the race for marks.

Quickly, I ran my eyes through the pages
Intently smiled and reminded myself
Twenty is my lifeline.
The hall was then silent
Only the arms of the clock tickling
And when it exactly read 9'O clock
You may start, uttered the hero of the hall.

Consoling my thumping heart.
The questions seemed easy

But it was just a lust at first sight.
I tried to ink the answer sheet
But then, the brain betrayed
Thoughts were compact and complex
Either confused at the first step
Or mixed up at the middle.
I failed to proceed
After few numerical satisfactorily done.
Was it just me running the race?
I hurriedly stared an angle of 360,
Was I in despair?
A man before me
Had turned reddish then.

Further away from me I could sense some friends
Expressing as, "We knew everything".
The clock was unstoppable
Neither was my aching fear
To flunk the paper.

After an hour of half past two
I flipped again the pages I wrote
And began to see myself
In the shoes of an evaluator,
With bit wise addition at the end
Hopefully, I examined to reach my lifeline.
But I bleed sweat and tears
For theories, thesis and assumptions they proposed.
Sitting in an armchair

A wounded bumblebee,
Electrocuted, triggered
And with signals unprocessed at the end
Kicked off I was,
From the hall that shall remain
Even in my fading memoirs.
Then I walked off shattered
Hoping never to look back
With the crackle of my empty stomach.



Shivalal Sharma(0215429)

4th yr.ECE

The God



Karma Wangmo (0215207)
5th yr.Architecture

Who created this universe? Most of us remain confused; is god 'The God' who created this universe or is science 'The God'? This is a common debatable question raged between science and religion. Throughout the centuries, science has been answering to the simplest question of our own existence to the existence of this universe through its scientific researches and theories. Yet a parallel universe of controversies and contradictions exists to claim the creation of this universe as a supreme work of gods and angels.



Several theories have surfaced and among them, science pays its tribute to the widely accepted theory origin of universe called the Big bang. According to this theory, the universe formed from a point of massive energy called the singularity which exploded to form the galaxy. Its massive explosion resulted in suspended neutrons, protons and electrons in the air which slowly settled and formed the mass of this universe. Since then, every living organism was believed to be created from a single cell which divides, sub-divides and grows to form the world that we see today. For them, this progression is a never-ending process which takes ages to form and re-form. On the contrary, god created the earth in seven days! He wished for light in the darkness to distinguish good from the evil, for water to mobile all living creatures, for the sky, animal and human being. Nevertheless, both have discovered an opposite twin of the existing one to even the forces of the nature. Science confirms of an electron to a proton and an antimatter to a matter. Similarly, in the world of religion there exists a good to a bad, a yin to a yang and light to a darkness.

However, science fails to explain the origin of the massive source of energy that exploded to form the crusts of this universe and on the other hand, religion fails to convince the world of their godly figure that is said to have created this universe. I am neither an atheist nor a theist. The truth is, there can never be a definite answer to the existence of god or the creator of this universe and the galaxies, just like the egg or a chicken. Both of it complements one another without which none will exist! They serve the same purpose of answering to why and how of our life. A perfect union. They are God.

My Thoughts: The Purpose and the Reality

Buddhism is my religion, and I am Buddhist by birth. But, to what extend do I know about my religion? The great Lord Buddha in the 6th Century and his successor, the great Guru Padma Jungney have written voluminous scripts for us to read and explore. In those texts, everything is crystal clear and explained about the true essence of what one has to do and what our true purpose is. Contritely, how do I take those forward to entrust myself in knowing and practicing much of what I should be doing and act upon?

An Age is one of the factors that is used as a determinant to define the time left for us to stay in this world. The religion and its practices are what we save it for later part of our lives. You and I always believe that there is tomorrow for us, and the sun is going to rise the next day from the east. And with this perception, it is obvious that the practice of accumulating merits, chanting religious mantras, the act of circumambulating the great stupas, Lhakhangs and Dungkhors are safely stored for later exposure in ones' old age. But the question that ponders upon is, "Am I going to stay that long where I can enjoy those enchanting days wearing white-blossomed hairs on my head and unevenly crafted wrinkles all over my body?"

The equation that I can see around is that you and I tend to weigh the age and religion. The older the age, it equates the notion to it as the perfect time for religion and its practices. The gentle steps that one's age takes, the tender fear of getting old and dying comes in our mind like a sharp dagger which is about to slice away any thing that comes its way. Hence, the thought of collecting good merits comes in ones' mind at that point for few if not for all. For some, this will be the least and the last thing that will be thought about in entire life. Contrary to this, younger the age, people feel that they have time, hence lots of hesitation erupts to kick start the journey of assembling good merits. The age when one is young and could do many summations of good merits goes in vain by losing oneself in non-desirable thoughts, actions, dreams, greed, and jealousy. We wait for the particular right moment to start accumulating good merits, which may not knock our door or come on our ways. Therefore, we need to act at this hour, before one is handicapped or repent later. Even today, at this hour, I contemplate on these mindful thoughts.



Kezang Dema, Associate Lecturer
IT Department

"The religion and its practices are what we save it for later part of our lives."

"Leadership and learning are indispensable to each other."

-John F. Kennedy



President, Deans and HoDs

"The mother art is architecture. Without an architecture of our own we have no soul of our own civilization."

– Frank Lloyd Wright



5th Year Architecture

"Architecture is the learned game, correct and magnificent, of forms assembled in the light."

*– **Le Corbusier***



4th Year Architecture

"A doctor can bury his mistakes, but an architect can only advise his clients to plant vines."

– Frank Lloyd Wright



3rd Year Architecture

“Architecture should speak of its time and place, but yearn for timelessness.”

*– **Frank Gehry***



2nd Year Architecture

"Simplicity is the ultimate sophistication."
– Leonardo da Vinci



1st Year Architecture

Sketchy stars

How I wish it was just about the stars
Forcing my chin up and dilating the dots
Thoughts that feel close, yet so far
If only it was just words drooling with rhythm
Would it have satiated the rum-bling heart?
Those what ifs' which shields the space
Hurdle to cherish that grace
Rather, it simply is a quest
To fly across the cloud to its nest



Pawan Kumar Koirala (02180418),
2nd yr.IT

Flicker

Well, the thoughts flow through
Not all allude to the lips
Even eyeballs fail to capture the dreams
While you hear those unuttered voices
When the heart strolls across the shades
You tend to troll the possibilities
Unsure of it being to you
Not all the colour gets the canvas
Nor the sea to shore
While it all turns rhetorical
In the quest of truth

Frank and I



~Sonam Choden(0215212)

B.Architecture

Frank Gehry's works exceed the perspectives of any art form that it makes you believe that dreams can be woven with steel or concrete, or even titanium. However, not everyone will believe the same, or read Gehry as the kind of architect to be admired and worshipped. Some people think that his buildings are purely about spectacle than function, and that they are nothing more than just monumental sculptures. On the contrary, I am one of those millions, who have been frozen to death by the impeccable Guggenheim Museum.

Guggenheim rejuvenates the glory of Bilbao in Spain with its magical folds of titanium tiles reflecting the ripples of Nervion River and a prodigy such as this, revolutionizes the face of architecture. Again, not everyone would agree to it.

Some people stand clear on the fact that they hate curves. I, for some reason, love the parallelism of curves and lines. In fact, sometimes, I think, I fantasize too much as a final year student whose wildest dreams include building another Guggenheim right in heart of Thimphu City. And right before I come back to my senses and speak to myself why this is the wildest dream of erroneous, yet, this imagination of Frank Gehry's art on Bhutanese Architecture is bliss, I cannot afford otherwise.

Being an architecture student is difficult and what makes it even more difficult is the undeniable idealization, we have for structures, materials, form, and the colour, you name it. This could be one of the reasons why most people associate architects/architecture students as arrogance, self-righteousness or egoistic, and I honestly accept these stands. Although it may seem like arrogance; architects are built to defend our ideas, not just against the world but against the very nature of the idea itself.

According to the author, Paul Goldberger, Frank Gehry is often scorned for taking criticism with rage and rusty behaviors. But the way, he is described in his book itself is unbeatable, for I cannot stop myself with great admiration. It fascinates me, how Frank Gehry, whose buildings pronounce courage and rebellion, are built on the foundations of simplicity and moral values. It is a lesson, I always hold dear to me, that simplicity is the most powerful form of being and thus, the hardest.

Know Yourself

I envy “Sue Austin” the empowered lady,
who believed in the life beyond the wheel chair.
A talented famous lady of creative arts,
Reshaped and falsified, how we think about disabled people,
Parents supported her through thick and thin,

So, shouldn’t life be sanctified with influential words rather filled with contagions?

Life is an option, imagine your life as a garden and fill with flowers.
Lead a positive life without negative thoughts.
Uproot the bad weeds to grow in your life.
We cannot live alone in life.
We can exist in team.
Because we live in co-existence

Shouldn’t we be happy or to let others be happy?

Life is a great experience.
You can be different, if you do things in different manner.
Mind should not blame age; 28, 35 as it keep on rolling;
our mind is always young.
Jim Carrey can become from nobody to somebody than why not you.

S***houldn’t we have positive thoughts for success?***

No one can stop you, when you believe in yourself.
Believe in unseen with life basket of 10% fate and 80% mind in hand.
If you see it and believe it, it will be easier to achieve it.

For some people, positions do not define them, but their words do.
We are driven by unconscious mind.
Changes can be only fixed in due course of time.

Our life is meaningful, we are magnetic, and we attract many things in life.
Every day comes with surprises, we need to visualize it.
Mistakes are to be corrected but one should know how to correct it.
When you focus, ill-timed matures.

Shouldn't this determine, a cancer patient is 30% medicines and 70% believe?

Life is all about relationships.
We are all human beings,
Let us not disremember who we are,
Let us not overlook what others are doing,
Let us respect each other's,
Let be mask with smile throughout.
Life is a magical journey.
If you share anger with others, expect anger from others.
If you share love with others, expect love from others.
Let us use self empower words first then mutual empower second.
Life is uncertain,
So, start everyday with the magic words
THANK YOU
Life is beautiful
Shouldn't we enjoy every moment to discover ourselves?



Tshering Yangchen,
Head Librarian)



~Pushpa Lal Thapa (02190214)
1st Yr. Geology

Call for Humanity

And she asked me,
How is it to be born poor?
Err half my days in hunger and half in dark-
ness.
I suppose, you see me die

And that one hatred,
is a blind death.
Neither we die completely nor live fully.
Yet it obliterates all the truth,
Love and faith, hope to hopelessness.

Eyes bounded with stars, blinds the light,
Face adorned with smile, masks the wound.
And I call it division,
Division of life and living.

Too scared to run, too tired to stand.
Paralyzed by pain and abandoned in solitude.
This is why I am still living.
The poor don't die of hunger but of malice.

18th College foundation day















fete day celebration

The system of 'indoctrination'



Most days, I would never volunteer to perform something I had personally written, or for that matter to even perform. See, I believe one should speak only and only when you have stumbled upon a truth that just must be heard. So, like I said, most days fearing I have nothing worthwhile to say, I sit among the audience. I take naps, get irritated at speakers who take too long and poke fun at some of them. But sometimes, I leap out of my seat with passion because a person would have spoken a truth that resonated with me. Turns out, I have truths to speak as well; all I can hope to accomplish is to relish with just a single person who might still be listening. This is the step I take today to try to transform the kind of education that I receive. Thus, education is seizing opportunities.

~Nima Lhamu(02161049)

4th Yr.Civil

We can see a trend in Bhutan, in our college where we simply forgo the opportunities. Especially among girls, we have this culture of just vigorously nodding our heads "no" in the face of participation. I can still recall how a friend was forcibly appointed the one of the female representatives because no one volunteered. I see much of the opportunities go completely unexplored simply because we let it. Now, the higher systems in place could be to blame. A finger could be pointed at everyone from an uninspiring teacher to an ignorant administration system to the government, education sector and their policies. Further, to blaming the entire education system that had started at the dawn of civilization, that is the system of "indoctrination". These are ones that starts as early as 8 in the morning; to feed us information that may become obsolete in the next century or so.

We could also point fingers to ourselves and start there. This classification is the best civilization that we could build. It gives if not anything, an environment to participate, to engage with peers and access to adults with life experience. It falls upon us to spill upon our truths and that is what education is. Volunteer to do a job that you know you cannot do and then prove yourself wrong or better yet, fail. Because nothing seems to be more educational to what it is. So stumble. Take wrong paths. Fall flat on your face. But for god's sake, at least travel a path.

See, there is a wheel in place that keeps going round. The ones who volunteer to seize opportunities get a taste of the victory that follows. And they keep on participating and winning, while most of us sit in the aisle watching wheels go round. I know I sound angry at this. And, I am not at the people who are succeeding but at us for doing the bare minimum, and being happy with the bare minimum. I am not recommending spiking their wheels. I am pleading that you get yours started. I am asking each and every one of you to go that extra mile, to spend that extra hour revising, to contest in that competition, to volunteer. To imbibe as much as you can from a system that yes, is a fixer-upper but is all we have. To seize that opportunity and transform what we learn every day.

Winter

There was one drop of nothing and another of pain
and another and another
falling down like rain
I shut all my windows and turned up the bolts
the stories of these storms
were never one I told
So I lived up the heartache
and labelled it a phase
hurt under the covers
made a house in the haze.
I couldn't tell you about the hours
even if I tried
that I tried to think of spring
but all the flowers had died
and it was not until the morning
I shattered the windowpanes
that I saw it was sunny
and there were colours in the rain.
There was one drop of something and another of hope
and another and another
like a giant kaleidoscope.
I turned up the sound of the spring setting in
dismantled my little house
to build a new home in my skin.
I couldn't tell you about the first time
even if I tried
when I saw all the flowers
coming up alive.
The seasons keep on flowing
and we can't really say when
but even though winter comes and goes
it's never that cold again.



~ *Ayeshwini Lama(02161004)*
3rd yr. Civil

Two plus Two is four

The first day, the first hour was when I got to know about a programming language C titled 'CPL101', that I was supposed to learn. The curiosity that existed in some of my mates would have led them to already have researched the vast areas covered in the module, but I would be among many who awaited the module to be briefed by the tutor.
Mathematics, I had been learning ever since I had joined the school and when asked to add two numbers, I would promptly take the opportunity. "Yes, I know how to add two numbers!" I said, "Two added with another two yields four."

CPL101 was going to take my route differently, wherein; it will be a different subject to learn. Moreover, it seemed like a new discovery, a challenge, and new concepts that would stimulate the brain cells at a higher speed. Mathematically, everyone knows that two plus two is four, but now, CPL101 was going to make the addition of two numbers tiresome and difficult.

It all started with the explanation of basics that should be included to get the solution. The format to write a program was made known to us. The solution began with the variable declaration and value assignment with the little creature titled 'semicolon' that always ended the statements. The printf ( ) function was what I needed to use so that the added result got displayed on the black screen. This hard-earned black output screen scripted with a few white texts was what every new leaner enjoyed and aspired to witness. The internal smile that I put on my face when I reached that destination and also, the satisfaction and calmness that I got no matter what and how I programmed was immeasurable. Finally, we could see two plus two equals four.
Why was it too difficult to get the solution?

The true beauty of CPL101 came down the line when the journey stepped into the selection and iteration statements. I was again, entrusted to get four with the use of numerous selection statements. Various decisions were made and again, I got to the solution two plus two equals four. CPL101 brought another milestone, popularly known as the 'function'. A call to a function was made and the respondent, the function that added two plus two and yielded a four. Yet, again it gave me the solution. An array was invited to help get the solution. An array of size three with the name "my array" was declared so that a solution would be obtained. The values are made to sit in index 0 and 1 of the declared array. The added values of two plus two are made to occupy the third index. Using the locator, with the array name and its subscript, two was called. The output displayed yet another four.

The keyboard could access the asterisk symbol; the multiplication symbol as in mathematics. CPL101 taught me to name it as a 'pointer'. The pointer was going to point to the addresses of those stored two values and add them. The solution obtained was again a four. A big achievement, and yet I could feel that, I still haven't learnt much of addition, I still have a very long way to go

~Kezang Dema,Associate Lecturer(ITD)

To Ace

To Ace; in Life. Could you forget old memories
If you create new ones?
Did you?
I suppose you did.

For a while, days or maybe weeks.
But old traumas barge in,
Like the tide waves.
But much stronger.

I turned my back too.
Surfed in new waves too,
But my old tides pulled me backwards
Even when moving forward.
Life went on and so did you and I.
Different directions yet crossing each other's path
Each and every day.

And my bandaged heart
Breaks each and every day.

I'd like to know
If it happens to you too
The tides rushing in flooding feelings
I couldn't stand to see you sing

In your gho and guitar, you kissed me in once,
Hearing your voice after two years
Made me realize old memories can never be forgotten
Even if there's a million new ones.



~Chimi Wangmo (02180203)

2nd Yr. Electrical

"One has to watch out for engineers – they begin with the sewing machine and end up with the atomic bomb."

– Marcel Pagnol



Faculty of CEAD

"It is never too late to achieve what you really wanted to achieve in life."

—Anonymous



In-service Candidates

"Engineering is the art of modelling materials we do not wholly understand, into shapes we cannot precisely analyse so as to withstand forces we cannot properly assess, in such a way that the public has no reason to suspect the extent of our ignorance."

– Dr AR Dykes



4th Year Civil

"The joy of engineering is to find a straight line on a double logarithmic diagram.

—Thomas Koenig



3rd Year Civil

"The road to success is always under construction"
Get it right....CIVIL ENGINEERS
—Anonymous



2nd Year Civil

“‘“The fewer moving parts, the better." "Exactly. No truer words were ever spoken in the context of engineering.”

—Christian Cantrell



1st Year Civil

Masters or Slaves of Technology

The future is something one cannot predict but at the same time, the future is something one creates as one lives in the present. Technology is always evolving and influencing human lives in adverse ways. One may not notice it but from the day one wakes up to the time one sleeps everything is determined by machines; one's school schedule, curfew and work are all determined by machines which are always right and precise. Even the plans for the future are made by technology and those who control technology control the world. The richest people on earth are not the kings or politicians who have power over an entire nation but the Tech Moguls. The word 'nerd', according to urbandictionary.com refers to an individual who does not adhere to social norms and enjoys learning and these so called 'nerds' are the ones who become Tech Moguls and obtain wealth beyond measure. The present we live in, right now used to be the future for those who lived in the past. Many would have had no idea about the technology that can make a studious child; one of the richest on earth and through technology could achieve what was once thought impossible.

The future consisting of levitating cars, glass like phones and space exploration are at the corner and all of these are achieved through the help of machines, but is the bright future of humans trying to pursue through technology or is it just a fool's dream. One may imagine a technologically advanced world of utopian but may turn out to be the reverse. Technology has become an essential part of human life and integrated with everything existing on earth. The future would confront with machines and incredible discoveries; however, disadvantage could overweigh advantages. Advanced technology can exploit the creation of nature. Many people around the world have become victims of technology; the advancement of technology exposes people to cybercrimes and digital addiction. Through the advancement of machines, humans are able to go outer space and communicate with those on earth in order to discover new things about the universe but disrupt the lives of the ones on earth and technology is observant and it helps people monitor other people and invade their privacy.
Human beings do not like being denied of their fundamental rights, this was proven when people began to fight for things like equity and justice. A world going through the advancement of technology has a lot to offer even the power to become supreme. Technology can give a person the power to monitor the moves of any living thing and it can also give answer to almost all questions. To monitor or control every move of beings won't be a problem anymore, people would be able to commute to places faster, and they would be able to complete their task quickly. Artificial Intelligence is a popular concept whereby AI bots would do house hold chores, be friends with people, solve the toughest of questions in an instant, feel emotions identical to those of humans is not too far. With its benefits, there are many critics of the AI research, who claim that the world would be overrun by the super computer having artificial intelligence with the capability to learn and improve. A future having machines more than people is what the world is heading towards and machines may be the ones behind the wheel

Technology in the life of humans is always on debate; it can make lives of people easier while on the other hand, it can also harm human beings. The power of technology is something to be in awe of as it came from nothing and was made from nothing but innovation. The world is a warped place, one cannot predict how it is going to turn out, and the future of people along with technology is likely to be an amusing dream to some while a nightmare to others. Life in the future may not be as sweet with AI as it seems there can be increase in cyber-crimes and increase difficulty level in the managing common and may pose a threat to humanity. The future may not safe and secure as it is now. Therefore, for the cause of comfort zone at present, should we distort the lives of future with our own innovation?

~Palden Ongmo Lhendup(02180417),

2nd Yr. IT

True Lies

Not so long ago
I still remember;
the echoes
still reflect the wall
"Love me like there is no tomorrow,
Take me long till I long"
"I promise! I will not lend you sorrow"
If he was Chaplin who told me that,
obviously, I would laugh.
But it was someone who rented my life.
I believed;
I suppose the bravest lie
But love?
For you, was a comical theatre
You were entertained but I cried
It was your stage,
You won the game you played.

~Pushpa Lal Thapa (02190214)

1st Yr. Geology

A Chapal Story

At three or four,
My Apa stared as huge as a mountain.
I would follow him everywhere because he was my favourite.
I would keep my pink slippers next to his gigantic Eva Chapals on the foot mat.
He would always go for “dark blue”,
“Men like blue, and women like pink!”
I would think innocently, rather stereotypically.

Triple that age to when puberty hit me,
I was obsessed with sandals
with sparkly beads inside their glass heels.
The beads inside bounced in random directions with every step,
And the ‘tok-tok’ sound excited me.
I would walk around my neighbourhood feeling like Cinderella,
As, I knew that was the only way to let them feel jealous.
After an hour or two, my mother would scream and holler to ask me to get into the house,
it was then children’s curfew!
Hurriedly, I would rush home
and carefully place my sandals next to my Apa’s Eva Chapals on the doorstep.
Though the Chapals looked sturdy,
I would sigh at his terrible fashion sense.

Fast forward to winter of 2018,
My College closes for vacation.
I am standing near a door,
and I get a familiar sight of Eva Chapals again
with an empty spot next to them.
I realize, I am home!
I remove my ankle boots and slide my feet into the Chapals.
I can feel the smoothness of the rubber against my sole.
So smooth that I wonder if he can even stand in these during the rainy days,
And their lightness speaks volumes about the heaviness of the burdens he has had to carry.

Talk about the loyalty my old man has towards his belongings.
I swear, I am not PMS-ing,
The Chapals tore me apart, really!
Suddenly, someone opens the door.
It is my Apa, his hair looking grey-er than the last time,
Smiling his best smile.
“Apa, if we sell these Chapals to the antique shops, we will be rich!” I blurt out.

~Kinley Gyem 0215312 BE4E

School

As I walk into my classes,

I see little children,

Colourful schoolbags

And packed lunch boxes.

I ruminate

of what it was like

going to school:

Long hours of sleepy classes,

And avoiding the teacher's gaze

to not be questioned,

Lunch time chatters

by classroom slapsticks.

Grew up a little too fast

And I did not realize,

I would be missing those days;

Bags would be heavy,

But the heart would be light.



~Jamyang Seldon(02171015)

3rd Yr. Civil









college sports teams


Glimpse of college games and sports events

The Metaphysical Mind

Physics today has given views till the maximum edge of the universe, the galaxy, the gravity, the black hole, the worm holes, fourth dimensions, and the shape of time, and logical world which seems to define the life as it is. With Hawking; the beginning of time, a space-time singularity, but where is the God? It has gone till the depths we can reckon, depths we can understand. Like in some movies, they tried to claim the purpose in a similar manner. I am a simple student pursuing a bachelor degree; the two hemispheres of my brain have questions of foolishness or uniqueness in itself where the answer is unknown forever.

Humanity has its own changes, if I am to talk about living on the earth. I am 20, and it seems I have been living in two worlds- humanly in two atmospheres. I grew up as an average IQ child; the world to me was just as it is. No question of curiosity as physics was far apart from my grade. I guess from the age of 15, grammar, space, light, songs, science non-fiction, quotes of Plato and Socrates fascinated me. I started collecting the work and learned myself and to the extent that religion was embedded within. A week in the school library, I got hold of a book by Osho, in fact it created more confusion to me and my friends.

At 18, I made a girlfriend. The feelings were precisely as mentioned in poems of Tagore and William Blake but it was just a pretence, boy in red for an orgasm. 11 minutes was another great book by Brazilian author Paulo Coelho where a prostitute called Marie describes her life of sex. When I was a child, we suffered my father's death in my family, and that is when I stopped uttering the word "dad". I can't recall him but he was an alcoholic. I am growing, at a slow rate that isn't practicable to measure normally.

The strong quotes of Sherlock and Watson; the irony, humour, logic, and order keeps on juggling and intriguing in my conversation. The KungFu Panda movie was inspirational and funny that is even greater than Chaplin in modern time. I laughed all alone and my mother thought I was drunk. I prefer Hollywood for the creativity of the director. I watched Steve Jobs premier, yet, his creation was beyond the league of the movie. I remember Sherlock Holmes solving the hardest case of abominable bride where a giant question between a myth of horror and science exhausts Holmes. He is lost in his own nightmare or some unknown memory of his own.

The unacceptable incident in "Curious case of Benjamin Button" teaches the twisted shape of fate, which would be hard even for astrology to predict. The wrinkled old-age baby grows younger and strong and dies as a baby. It was not overwhelming for my fat roommate, rather he yawned while watching (What a waste!).The creativity of different people was astonishing, they have something new in it, something untouched.
If telepathy was strong enough, I wish for an identical twin of mine. The mind is different, the world is different and one cannot understand the whole thing. It is the Mind and it is not blind.

~Kuenzang Namgay(0216326) 4th Yr. Electrical

No sir!!!



~Sangay Rinchen(02190191)1st Yr. Architecture

No sir!!!
No sir, never!
Not now, not ever, sir!
How it is, sir, that you think
My love can just sink
Into such simplicity of looks
Of a girl, two eyes took
The entire heaven and I need not
Love the nature heaven, but
I love it the most, as you know, sir!
You see there is no point I should love her
I could have loved her, her hair
Falls and the snow fall of winter are
Just the same, I like the snow fall
And there is no need to like it, if all
By my heart, I had loved her
It would have been enough, sir!
Even if I just look at her
And her cheeks where I can kiss
Forever, and never look at the cypress
She has it, that evergreeness of all
Is unbeatable, so two love birds' dwells
In its eternal countenance till days
That fate counts last on their gays
It's just the same sir, that in her soul
Where if I must enter, I will have to crawl
Through the perfections of her air
Or all at one step I will stir
But sir, look sir, your office window clears
The view over those hills, doesn't it cheer?
Please sir, think sir, won't it end?
If she be my girl friend
Or don't you think sir, it might even displease
The deity of the hill, right sir!!! Yes sir, please
Pardon!! Couldn't hear you well
Yes sir! yes sir! ahhh no sir, am ill
To think I love her, even if I have her,
My study, I do it on time sir, it should not matter
Yes sir, please!!! Are u sure sir?
Okay sir, thank you sir, thank you sir!!

We're Strong

We're strong, but not like those weightlifters
We're strong for what we think
We're strong for that sparks in our eyes, for things we love
We're strong for our ability to smile in miserable days
We're strong for the determination we inhibit
We're strong for the kindness to help others
We're strong for working towards dreams and promises
We're strong for that conscience to choose good over bad
We're strong for stepping through thick and thins
No, we are not strong for something as temporary as our looks
We're strong deep down in our heart.

~Choki Tshering (02180009) 2nd Yr. Civil

Little things matter

Just like droplets of water
Accumulating to make a mighty ocean,
Just like single step
A beginning to thousand miles.
Every little things means a lot
As it is rhythm to the soothing music,
Seconds to the Hours
And days to the years.

We can't deny little things
Though small in sizes
It matters a lot
To make best of its larger size.
As bits to bytes,
As electrons to molecules,
As cells to life
And as sparks to fire.
Every little things matter
It is foundation to a tower,
Little effort to your success
And words to your novels.



~Rinchen Rabden (0216337)
4th Yr. Electrical

Let's stop rape



~Rinchen Dema (02171046)

3rd Yr.Civil

The bell rang, classes got over
As she peeped through the window
Students started to rush out
Excited to go home
She carried her bag pack
Slowly dragged herself towards the door
With a heavy-heart, she stepped outside
The unwillingness to go home
For her home was far away
As she started to walk
The darkness made its way through the big forest
A series of silence followed
Something strange popped out behind her
She started to panic
She could feel the gust of blood through her veins
She walked faster as the giant shadow followed
She started running; feeble was her knees

She was held back with all his strength
Before she could shout for help, the man threw her into the bushes
As she struggled to escape with all her strength
She was slapped brutally
Her clothes were torn into pieces
Her body felt numb, it was painful
She screamed her heart out
Her painful cries echoed deep down into the woods
In that dark forest, where people often passed by
She was raped.

People often ignore issues unless it happens to someone related to them. Just recently, Bhutan has seen a drastic increase in the number of criminals indulged in all sorts of unethical and unimaginable activities. This is all due to the ignorance of people on such issues. The issues on rape are not something people should be left unheard of. For rape has not only destroyed the lives of many innocent young growing buds but also shattered their dreams and their faith towards humanity. A flower that could blossom gorgeously has been plucked and smashed. What else can be worse?

Measures must be taken to educate people on this. Every individual must be responsible to advocate people about such concerns. Rapist must be punished for destroying many lives. Those heartless criminals must be penalized and punished for their inhuman behaviours. Justice should be given to the family of deceased. The innocent souls should no longer be lost to the wicked doings of those black-hearted monsters. Let's raise our voice for all the lost souls and the victims of rape. Let's stop "RAPE".

"I never teach my pupils; I only attempt to provide the conditions in which they can learn."

–Albert Einstein



Faculty of SHD

"In a battery, I strive to maximize electrical potential. When mentoring, I strive to maximize human potential"

—Anonymous



Faculty of EED

"The electrical engineer has an enormous advantage over other engineers; everything lends itself to exact calculation, and a completed machine or any of its parts may he submitted to the most searching electrical and magnetic tests, since these tests, unlike those applied by other engineers, do not destroy the body tested"

—Anonymous



4th Year Electrical

"No resistance can drop your potential."

—Anonymous



3rd Year Electrical

"With more power comes more electricity bill"

—Anonymous



2nd Year Electrical

“No resistance can drop your potential “

—Anonymous



1st Year Electrical

Grit over talent



~Khamdruk Dolma,

3rd Yr. Architecture

Orison Swett Marden said, “success is the child of drudgery and perseverance, it cannot be coaxed or bribed; pay the price and its yours to keep.” Similar to that, I believe that having growth mind-set using grit and resilience brings success. Hence, comes a series of questions of what is? why? how to achieve regarding the grit?” So, basically grit is sticking with your future, day-in, day–out, not just for a week, not just for a month but for years. A person with true grit has passion and perseverance to follow through their commitments.

Sometime life throws us curveballs. We have had those days when just getting out of bed in the morning can seem like a burden that we simply can’t bear. However, know that life is about learning to persevere beyond the adversities that we face. Understand that the reinforcement for the happiness we want to achieve is the grit and perseverance we show towards our goals.

Duckworth’s discovery of “***Grit over talent***” came in the form of grit questionnaires wherein she asked high school students to answer a series of questions and compared the results. Surprisingly, things like family income or talents were not the strongest indicators of who would graduate at the end of the year. Hence, Duckworth came to the conclusion by saying, “In order to achieve success, it wasn’t social intelligence, good looks, physical health or IQ that mattered. It was grit,” which is reliable to believe in.

Talent is not enough, it’s just a component for a starting point. Don’t become fixated on situations where you believe that you won’t be able to proceed. For every moment spent fixating on difficult situations, think of what you may be missing out and challenge that negative mind set because the theory of grit implies that a person’s ability to learn is not permanent or incapable of change. Think every morning in front of the mirror with words, “I am strong. I am motivated. I have the ability to overcome the hindrances that I face,” and make these words your mantra to overcome all the obstacles.

Grit is living life like a marathon, not a sprint. The battle against you over your grit is an emotional roller coaster whereby it’s hard to realize what you are really capable of. You may wake up tomorrow feeling down when things don’t go the way you want in life. However, if you inculcate the mind-set of grit tinged with perseverance and diligence, I believe that you can achieve anything that you have set your mind to.

What matters?

Life, in mere sense, contradicts everything,
Just the way we experience anything.
The written story tells a history now
But we know not how.

Some stories are written with PENS
And some are written with PAINS.
If we learn to appreciate others
For their work done with bothers,
The world of ultimate fallacy
Will turn to an unbeatable legacy.

Zebra, in her love, kicks her baby-foal,
Would nobody think it good but a gaby-fool.
With the fear of harsh-kick instability,
Does the baby find its ability?

Baby, in excruciating pain,
Does receive the lifelong gain.
In no hour does it stand on its feet
From the moment it was born- in any street.

Its resilience takes power over weak-
ness
Making its worth-comparing fitness.
Independence is made not by other,
But by the unfailing self-attempts in
any weather.
Due to which, the mother's magnitude
of pick
Does make the foal's motivations
thick?
What makes us happy is NOT "what we
wanted",
But the way we conceive everything on
us that taunted.
Unless we endure
Will not it ensure?



~Namgay Wangchuk
1st Year IT

Magic behind Miracles



Youths, who are we to this world? Where are we? And why are we here? What about the FUTURE? With these rhetorical questions transmitted in your mind, let me tell you, youths are the future of the nation and our values and responsibilities must be accepted. If you have ever taken the time to think about YOUR LIFE, you must consider the above statements.

Firstly, we are all sons and daughters of a loving mother and a caring father or guardians. We are now on the journey of self-acceptance as a hero, a leader or a good human being. In this journey, we are presently looking for fulfilment in the college of Science and Technology as Engineers and Architects. After that, comes the destination of decision-making. Four to five years from now, it will depend upon us who we should be; lollygaggers or people with opportunities enticed with courage, experience and knowledge of this institution. It will be us soon, working in towns or in the government or in private sectors. Our seniors may be or must be ready to begin the third phase of life and I wish you for the success.

~~ Mani Kumar Basnet(02190120) 1st Yr. ECE

In connection to this, let me share the view of His Majesty during the 14th RUB Convocation held on 24th May 2019:

"... The question I have is how are we able to leverage technology for education; job creation; good governance; effective, timely and efficient delivery services to our people; private sector development and growth for accountability and transparency? In addition, there are emerging new developments such as Artificial Intelligence, Quantum Computing, Block Chain, Machine Learning, Big Data, IOT (the internet of things), Virtual Reality and Augmented Reality...As a small country, unencumbered by the complexities faced by much larger countries, we can do things faster and better than other countries. Our institutions can be flexible, smart, responsive, dynamic, and efficient. It is my aspiration that, when my son, Jigme Namgyel, grows up and when his generation, which includes your children, come of age, they will be able to actualize their full potential and contribute to nation building. With that in mind, one of the key attributes that will set us apart from others is the value of integrity. We must be a nation of honest, reliable and trustworthy people. Secondly, we need to focus on creativity-for what we lack in numbers and we must make up in talent. Thirdly, we must emphasize quality in whatever we do so that we can strive for perfection."

It is just awesome. I do know that most of you are aware of this but we need to rethink again. Aren't these words dictating the students of Jigme Namgyel Engineering College and College of Science and Technology? Aren't we the Technocrats responsible for the future of science and technology in the nation?

Give yourself some time to think over this. Who said that we only need to excel in Academics? Let us apply the 80:20 rule shared by our chief councillor Mr. Leki Bumpa in the one of the meetings.

He rightly pointed out:

80 % - Always give your best to the things that you are good at and you will be able to bring an A+ for yourself, for your family, and then for the country. 20%- for the environment you are in whose norms and necessities are to be considered, like the activities that will be held inside a boring class room.
With this dear youth, keep in mind that, "What we lack in numbers we must make up with talents." For instance, if you like playing football and really believe it is meant for you then give your 100% to it. If you are a writer or an artist, do the same. That's it and it is pretty simple.

Now, let us stop blaming and saying "there are no jobs, no government support and less opportunity". If you continue to do same thing again, you are hitting the hammer on others when your own Instincts-Iron is hot, you are mistaken to not understand "time as existence".

I am always inspired by Mr. Shivalal Sharma's (literary councillor) collection of quotes.

"Yes, we are all different, our choices are different. Our priorities are different and our life is different. But at the end, I guess we are all humans. We can't be the same version of others. All we can do is accept that we are different in the best version of ourselves. Self -truth is worth more than individual differences. You might be perfect but never make someone feel unworthy. He who created the universe made it beautifully different."

So, friends be creative, be energetic, be focused, manage your time properly, don't make excuses to avoid your responsibilities. Try to tap your talent with your potential. It is not late. I would like to acknowledge Mr. Shivalal Sharma, who has inspired me to write my thoughts in words. Within due course of time, I have learnt that we must do what we are good at and interested in while we are in the College. You will find that it is the right choice for the growth of your future. We can do it! "Believe in possibility not in excuses."

LIFE BEYOND EARTH

Our evolutionary history shows that many key adaptations and not just intelligence, complex animals, complex cells, and life were unique, and, therefore was highly improbable. Our evolution may have been like winning a lottery, only far less likely. The renowned science writer Arthur C. Clarke once said, "Two possibilities exist: Either we are alone in the universe or we are not. Both are equally terrifying". So, where is everyone? This is the Fermi Paradox.
As the story goes, one day back in 1940s, a group of atomic scientists, including the Italian physicist Enrico Fermi, most famous for creating the first nuclear reactor were sitting around talking when the subject turned to extra-terrestrial life. Fermi is supposed to have then asked, "So? Where is everybody?" What he meant was, if there are all these billions of planets in the universe that are capable of supporting life, and millions of intelligent species out there, then how come none has visited earth? This has come to be known as The Fermi Paradox.

Fermi reportedly made the initial remark, but he died in 1954. Publication fell to other people, such as Michael Hart, who wrote an article titled "An Explanation for the Absence of Extra-terrestrials on Earth" in 1975."We observed that no intelligent beings from outer space are now present on Earth", Hart wrote in the abstract. "It is suggested that this fact can best be explained by the hypnosis that there are no other advanced civilizations in our galaxies." While Hart was more of the opinion that we were the only advanced civilization in the galaxy; he argued that in Earth's history, somebody could have visited us already unless they started their journey less than 2 million years ago. He outlined four arguments exploring the paradox:


literary events
spoken word poetry
mountain echoes
talk by chador wangmo
Novelist, poet and Teacher
book launch
stand-up comedy
POETRY
COMEDY
2019





cleaning campaign





social service activities







- Aliens never came because of a physical difficulty "that makes space travel infeasible," which could be related to astronomy, biology or engineering.
- Aliens chose never to come to Earth.
- Advanced civilizations arose too recently for aliens to reach us.
- Aliens have visited Earth in the past, but we have not observed them.



~Tshering Pem

(02180432)

The argument has been challenged on many grounds. As Robert (2016),asserts that "Maybe star travel is not feasible, or maybe nobody chooses to colonize the galaxy, or maybe we were visited long ago and the evidence is buried with the dinosaurs –but the idea has become entrenched in thinking about alien civilizations". In 2015, a study looked at the likelihood of world evolving with a habitable environment, using data from the Hubble Space Telescope and Kepler Space Telescope. It suggests Earth was an early bloomer. Even though the study excluded intelligent life, the study suggests that our planet's birth came very early in the universe's history. When Earth was formed about 4.6 billion years ago, the study said, only "8 percent of the potentially habitable planets that will ever form in the universe existed." In other words, most of the material available to form habitable planets is still around –giving lots of time for alien civilizations to form.

Extra-terrestrials have been in the lime light for decades, yet, one still does not know much about them. Humans since the beginning have claimed to be the only intelligent life form on earth and have always been a mystery. The mystery is a question as much as it is a fact, so do ask yourself; do you believe in life beyond earth? If you do, where are they now?

A predestined schismatic widow

"Is some part of Bhutan still a feudal and autocratic society? Do we still lock women out? Are we still entangled in "superstitious beliefs" when it comes to particular social attitudes and traditional practices? Are we aware of women's basic rights?

Every nanosecond she questioned herself, "Are we blessed being human or woman?" She recalls the day when every beautiful moment of her life shattered. A situation she had never dreamt of. Out of the blue, a devastating incident brought her happy life to an abrupt standstill. The light and the charm she had so generously given to her family over the years all of a sudden was doomed to give way to a huge cloud of despair and suffering.

On 21st April 2016 in Hamburg/Germany, the family lost their son-in-law and she lost her better half in a fire accident. Her man was on a visit to his dream land to deal with his business clients for a better future for him and his family. He was a man full of life. The man who would do anything for his wife and son to keep abreast with needs and wants. He was an RJ, a delivery man, a broker and a guide, too. His sudden and uncertain death shocked all people connected to him. The last message from him said "I will be there in Bhutan by 3rd May 2016''….instead he arrived on 6th May 2016, and a corpse in a coffin.

Never ever would she have thought that the one who she loved so dearly and who loved her and his family from the very bottom of his heart would leave without a single word. Nor could she foresee the impact of her husband's tragic demise on her life. Everybody started to address her as a widow. And a widow she was. She was fully aware of this and could not ignore it at any cost. Unquestionably and painstakingly she had to get along and cope with this desolate situation. In fictitious movies and books pertaining to the role of women, we sometimes happen to see how women are treated wrongfully in other cultures like in India or Pakistan. But could such a thing happen in Bhutan?

Women are targeted in many places of this world as there remains the legacy of disputes such as the dowry system or the abortion of baby girls from wombs before they are born. Muslim women are deprived of visiting the Mosque. They do "NAMAZ" five times a day, with their sophisticated and refined black gown or veil. In bewilderment we Bhutanese hear, feel and observe such inequalities, and at the same time, we cherish our own culture, because we think in our country everything is in best order. But is our self-perception realistic? Apparently, we haven't realized that women in Bhutan are treated pretty much the same, though in a different manner. No doubt, we do have the liberty to wear what we like, we can voice out what we think, and we can also equally compete with men in politics. Yes, that is true. But this is not where moral justice and equal rights end.

Our self-perception seems to be superficial and deceptive. Ngalops like Punaps, Haaps, Wanduep, Parops are sailing on the same boat with same practices that have been routined ever since they knew each other. Hence they believe to live in a cosmos of a just system. Our communities are accustomed to the belief that a widow ought not touch cookery, cutlery and other utensils, nor is she to serve food to anyone. All this also applies to the funeral meal. She is not supposed to cook for anyone. Instead, she is meant to just sit in a corner and be quiet, desolated and chant mantras for her late husband's soul. "*OM MANI PADMI HUNG*". Everyone near her consoles her and says, "*DON'T CRY, OTHERWISE YOU WILL MAKE THE SOUL GO TO HELL NOT TO HEAVEN."* I argue this is not exaggeration, for it is widely practiced and it is embedded somewhere in the instinct of each one of us. This custom is practiced not for a day, not for a month but for a whole year. The in-laws and in fact the entire society consider the widow a person with an impure body; a body contaminated with poison. Upon doing so, she might filth the people who she would come across. She is deprived of her right to grieve or mourn for her husband's death. It sounds hard-hearted and inconsistent with Buddhist philosophy, and brings up the question: "Does that make sense to the woman who loses her loved one? We are Buddhists but not a heartless human kind, aren't we? I quote an article "Bhutan is still a feudal and autocratic society."

The social attitudes, traditional practices and outlook against women have contributed to the exploitation of women. This has made Bhutanese women lacking in confidence in handling the issues generally affecting themselves even in their day-to-day life. The situation in Bhutan is such that the majority of women are not even aware of their basic rights.

The practice of discrimination, gender-inequality and exploitation of women is not a sudden emergence in the Asian societies. This is the legacy of the past feudal societies. Bhutan is still a feudal and autocratic society. Therefore, the presence of discrimination, gender in-equality and exploitation of women in one or the other form is the main characteristic of the feudal society of Bhutan. The Bhutanese patriarchal system reflects male supremacy making women subservient to men. Retrieved from (https://www.google.bt/#q=women%27s+rights+in+bhutan)

Given the present sad story, the excerpt of this article seems to hit the nail on the head. The article addresses a malpractice that we widely ignore. The story, however, makes it clearly visible.
While going through a book called "Freedom from the past" ;(OSHO, p. 12-13), I extracted the following two paragraphs that illuminate two different concepts and my resulting understanding and sense of reality:

1. Rama Krishna was dying and his last instructions to his wife were …. In India, the moment the husband dies the wife goes through trauma. She cannot wear colored clothes, she has to shave her head - she cannot have hair; she cannot use any ornaments, not even the cheapest glass bangles - she has to break them.
2. But before dying Rama Krishna, called Sharda, his wife, and told her, "Remember, you are never going to become widow. I am dying, but I will be there. I will not be confined in the body, but you have not loved my body; you have loved me, my consciousness. So don't become a widow. Use beautiful clothes; just for my joy, use all the beautiful ornaments that I have given to you. And remember don't forget to create beautiful dishes for me. I will not be able to eat them, but even the aroma of your beautiful food will be a nourishment to me….."

Although there is a strong bond and affiliation between husband and wife, we Bhutanese are confined somewhere in paragraph 1. We never think of going beyond this point – on to paragraph 2 and how Rama Krishna visualized his wife's life after his death. Why don't we do that? Why are we caught in superstitious beliefs that make our life painful? Why do we ignore a woman's right to show her feelings, her right to mourn? Why do we condemn women to suffer even more when they actually need our sensitive support? Is this an acceptable concept of good ethics? Is it humane?

Accepting thoughtlessly without substantial evidence can cause bizarre twists in life. Both our parents and in-laws are part of this notion and by accepting it they are driving us away from the family. Their upbringing and conduct is intricately and explicitly designed to serve what they care the most about. Which is: "what would the society say if we did this or that"? We are anxious and worried about social etiquette. That's where our conscience drags us. Back to obsolete beliefs that are rooted in ancient times when animist attempts to explain things were all we could think of. Aren't these gruesome and intricately hidden claws of social etiquette that ought to be re-evaluated?

In the process of the funeral rites for the deceased, it is very often the widow who suffers most; not only does she have to accept the tragedy of death, but above that, she faces the merciless chains of our society's notion of how to deal with it. It starts with the dress she wears to what she is supposed to do. She is stigmatized and excluded. But is there any woman, any human in this world who deserves to be treated like that?

To illustrate the disturbing implications of such mischief, let's once again look at the story of the wife who lost her husband in a tragic fire incidence while he was on his business trip in Europe. At one time the mother of the deceased asked a nephew to dump the "APPY" (a soft drink) into the dustbin as it had been touched by her sorrow-stricken daughter-in-law. According to the mother-in-law's beliefs, anything the woman had touched could not be offered to others and was considered impure. She had to use a separate plate, cup, spoon and mug wrapped in a piece of plastic. So as to safeguard these things from others' reach. She could eat only when they served food for her. Any of her belongings should not get mixed up with those of others. To follow and comply with the principles of society may be simple and okay as long as one is not personally affected. But to experience and feel the impact of these principles when it comes to one's own concerns is a wholly different story. This hurts and can truly mess up a widow's emotions and make her get lost in bereavement. Do we call this women's rights?

My query now is; how are widowers treated then? When a man's wife dies, does he undergo the same treatment? Is he intentionally and cruelly ignored and ostracized? What about our national credo of equal rights?

I claim women are discriminated in many ways and the above example is part and parcel of this social imbalance. In this particular case the widow was not allowed to pick whatever she wanted to eat from a bowl of edible food or fruit. Instead, others had to pick up these things and hand them to her. As a result she lost her appetite and was unable to eat. Her situation became worse and worse, both physically and psychologically. But that was not the whole story. Although she craved to help her in-laws with daily chores such as preparing meals, she could not. The in-laws were worried that if she got involved in cookery, the guests might leave the house without eating anything. She was even deprived of offering the last meal to her late hubby. In other words, she felt that she was treated like an outlaw. It was unbearable for her to go through this torment. She experienced a hardship that she had never thought of before. She could not understand why. "We are cold-hearted and inhumane, aren't we?" That's what haunted her day and night. Tradition says: a widow must not weep, sob or cry. It would take the soul of the deceased to hell. She thought: "Where is hell? Its right here on earth, isn't it?

Yet, people are looking for it elsewhere!" On the one hand, we believe to be part of an enlightened, modernized and globalized world, but on the other hand, we yell for elusive and often deceptive beliefs. Isn't that self-deception and chimera? And if we hold equal rights dearly, why do not all Tshanglas, Khenpas, Kurtoeps follow the same principles or beliefs? Why and how did all that come into practice in some parts of Bhutan?

It has now been 3 years since her loved one had left and she has not heard anything from her late husband's parents. Nor does she get a call from anyone who seems to care about her and ask how her life is going on. Before her husband's death, there was a time when her in-laws never stopped calling her to verify if she was taking good care of their son. Now, no one is interested in her any more. Doesn't that imply that there is no life after death, especially in relationships? What about our cherished Buddhist principles of mutual care and responsibility?

But this is not the only incomprehensible aspect of her sad and difficult situation. There was also the problem of how to deal with the formalities of corpse transport from Europe to the mother country. Even though the government of Bhutan could have helped the widow to get his body back from Germany they did not support her. Instead, they asked for a marriage certificate which, however, she was unable to provide. Even though the couple had had 8 years of loving relationship, had lived under one roof and shared everything they had, the legitimacy of her being the rightful spouse was not acknowledged. She was deprived of everything - her dignity, her belief in justice and her self-esteem. Can we, the nation that proclaims happiness to be the most valuable thing on earth and has written this slogan on the national banner for the whole world to see, just look the other way when inequality happens at our own doorstep? Are we humans or are we puppets on a string? Are we self-determined or are we actors and actresses on a stage of arbitrary and unjust laws? It is for us to judge carefully. It is our responsibility to treat each other respectfully



Karma Yangdon

"When in doubt go to the library."

– J.K. Rowling



Librarians

"Engineering is the closest thing to magic that exist in the world"

-Elon Musk



Faculty of ECED

"Scientist investigate that which already is; Engineers create that which has never been."



4th Year ECE

"Engineering: Turning dreams into reality"

-Anonymous



3rd Year ECE

"If you want to find the secrets of the universe, think in terms of energy, frequency and vibration"

-Nicola Tesla



2nd Year ECE

"Pure mathematics is, in its way, the poetry of logical ideas"

- Albert Einstein



1st Year ECE

Memoirs of the Night Sky

~ Shivalal Sharma(0215429),4th yr.ECE

The night sky and I
Out on a forgotten canopy
Converse in depth
In our own existence.

Nothing peeps in
But silence,
Shadow of the shades
Whisper of the night air
Some fireflies passing by
Flatter of the prayer flags
Ambient music of Crickets
And murmur of lovers passing by.

Every full moon,
We walk the talk
Or quietly be seated staring,
Me to the night sky
And the night sky back to me
Yet, love keeps on blooming
Among our mere existence
Because of…
Anything I have ever loved
It's just the night sky
That hasn't left me alone
Knowing my flaws
Even in nights,
Devoid of the moon and the stars.

Blessings of the New Year Eve

New Year
11:58 pm

I handed her a match box and asked her to light the candles up, she tried once but the match stick flew off her hand. She put her hair beside her ear with so much grace, I couldn't help but smile. She pulled out another match stick and pushed it against the chequered side and lit the candles.

She faced away from me towards the crowd, it must have been about a hundred thousand people or so as she held her hands high against the slight breeze. I stood there, looking at what seemed to be a river of candle lights with her in the middle. She turned to me and smiled.

I don't believe in the cliché of hearing violins and guitars playing when you look at the person you love, but at that very moment, I felt something I had never felt before. I could see all her scars, all the pain she had been through, all the nights she had spent crying before and lord knows even after meeting me. I could see all the fake smiles; she put on to hide her pain and all the pain she had to go through after losing her loved ones. Her entire life flashed before my eyes and the warmth of her smile filled up my hollow soul. I stood there helplessly smiling, just when my mind spoke out, "you look lovely".



That was the moment; I knew I had a purpose in life, to be with her till the end of time, to know her and to try to heal her while I try to heal myself. Her soul was on the other side of a floor embedded with shattered glass, and of course, I had to walk all over it to the other side to bring her back, but it was totally worth it. After all, she was my everything.

~ Dasrshan Subedi(02190108),

1st Yr. ECE

Black and White into Colour

Do you sometimes wonder why so many people are resisting pride power and keeping the colour away from their lives?
"It is easy being straight" is of course, a wrong statement. It is not easy being a heterosexual, I imagine. You must get stared at by the opposite gender a lot, some people of the same gender may hit on you and you may have to shove them away because that scares you. You may have so many things to worry about, your career, your children, your family, your reputation, your physical health, and your emotional health.

"It's easy being cisgender" is also a wrong statement. I am cis, and I know sometimes it is difficult to fit in even though I am supposed to belong. Gender norms follow everyone and everywhere. Heterosexuals and cisgenders have so much to worry about. Now that is a right statement, right? So hear me out, the lesbians, gays and bisexuals are watched by EVERYONE. They are mistaken for being flirty when they are friendly, they are told to stop pretending when they are only trying to be themselves. They worry about their careers, children, families, physical and emotional health and also they worry about the heterosexuals who want them to be more like the rest, to be more "normal". People are scared of them for some reasons that probably has no justification if asked.

The transgender people are discriminated in ways cis people will almost never understand. Gender norms follow them more than the most, too many people are uncomfortable addressing them using pronouns, too many people are wondering, with an apparent look on their faces, about why they are unhappy with what they were born with.

If it is not easy being heterosexual or cisgender, it is harder to identifying as other genders and sexualities.
I hope we can all remember this before making judgements.
It's 2019, and isn't it time for us to stop making mountains out of our molehill differences and work together with our combined uniqueness?
I think we all need some colour in our life anyway. We are basically back to the black and white ages.

- Ayeshwini Lama (02161004) 3rd Yr.Civil

MY REGRET

Greedy was I, for seeking desire
Wandering with an uninhabited fraidy-cat thought
Often putting out the greatest mischief
Vexing the two with troubles
Even then you never left my side

You came as my favorite star
Glistening over me every night,
Opening my mind and awakening my heart
More valuable than the Universe

Making up my mind, to fight the greatest war
My greedy thoughts, deceived me midway
You came to rescue with open arms
I soared high with your support then

I felt honored, as if I nurtured and emanated me
But now, my mind is pool of repentances
Deserted have now become, heaves of greed
Leaving me bitter and void

Descend my prayer for your deeds
Attained through the brightness you showered
Desecration, I should not have done
Alas! Life is but filled with regret



~Tashi Namgay(02190159)

1st Yr.IT

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dewali celebration
embracing diversity
Threma Tsogpum

Academic and Research Activities















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Student service officers

“Every good work of software starts by scratching a developer's personal itch “

-Anonymous



Faculty of ITD

"Software is a great combination between artistry and engineering"

-Bill Gates



4th Year IT

"So much complexity in software comes from trying to make one thing do two things"

-Ryan Singer



3rd Year IT

"Debugging: Being the detective in a crime movie where you are also the murderer"

-Anonymous



2nd Year IT

"Programming is 10% writing codes and 90% understanding why it is not working"

-Anonymous



1st Year IT