

History of Nepal & Bhutan

Story/Art by
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I am Jharna from Nepal.
I immigrated to the U.S.A in
2010.



They all were living fine, but suddenly the king of Bhutan told Nepalese people to leave his country because they didn't speak Bhutanese language, they had different culture & etc... People felt betrayed by the king, so they started to protest against the King.



Time passed, but the king instead started to torture our people & also killed some people.



They had no choice but to leave Bhutan to be safe.



My mom & dad were sad because they had to leave all their properties that they have worked really hard on.

Then, everyone started to move to Nepal. My parents traveled by train with other people.



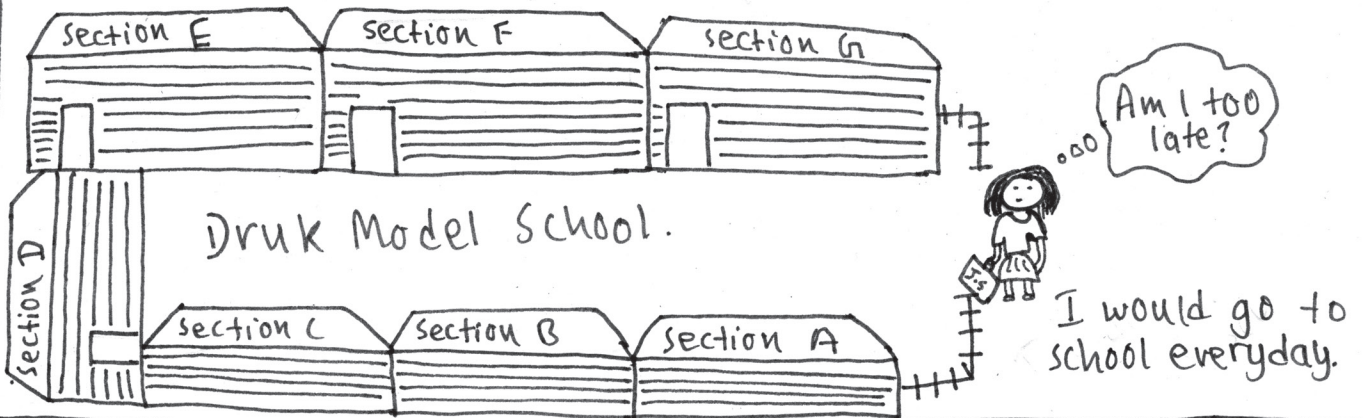
Soon, they found a place to live. They all started to live in a Refugee camp.



After that, my mom gave birth to my sister and brother and finally I was born.



As we lived together with our neighbors, we became more close. It was fun living with them.



Many years later, there were rumors that the U.S. government would bring us here if we want.



This moment was some thing I couldn't ever imagine.



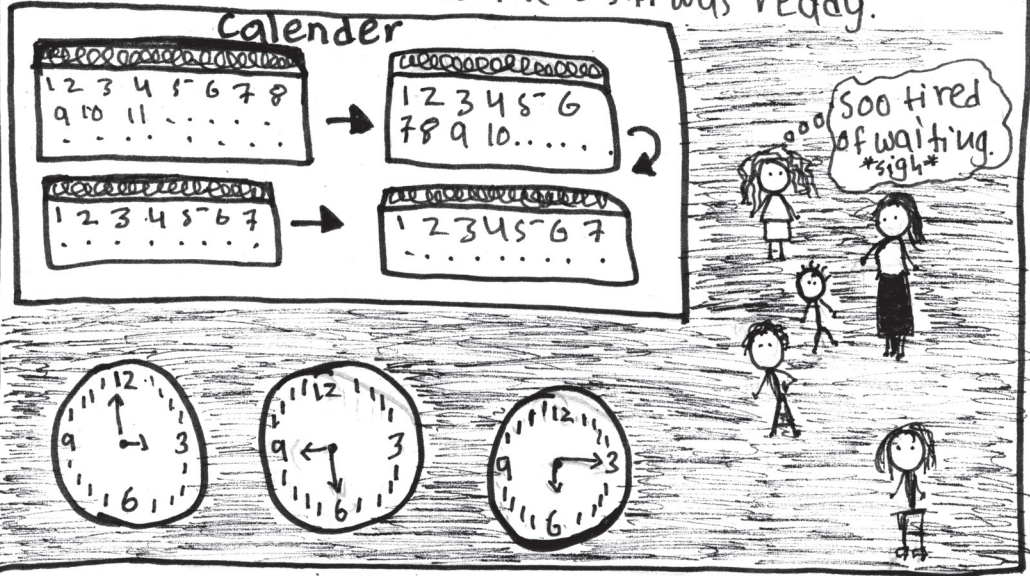
I felt terrible when I thought about leaving my friends and our neighbors.



I couldn't even figure out if I wanted to come to the U.S.A or just live in a refugee camp.

I kind of felt scared too.

We waited for more than 1 year before the paper work for us to move to the U.S.A was ready.



I knew why my parents wanted to move to the U.S.A. Every parent wants their children to have a better future.

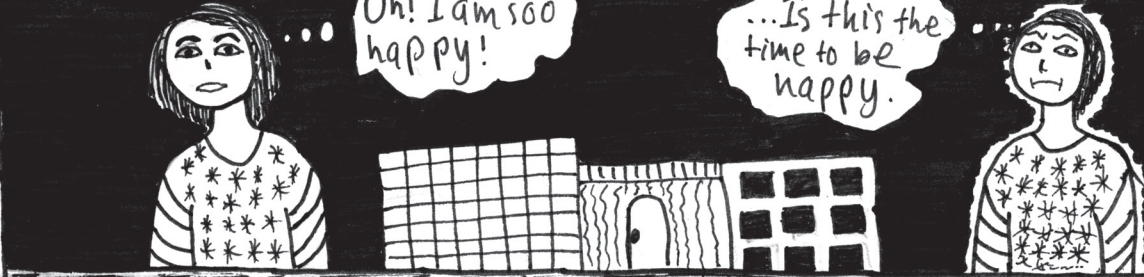
Finally, we got a message from I.O.M...

That means we are leaving soon?

...It said that we should get ready to move to the U.S.A.

Oh! I am so happy!

...Is this the time to be happy.

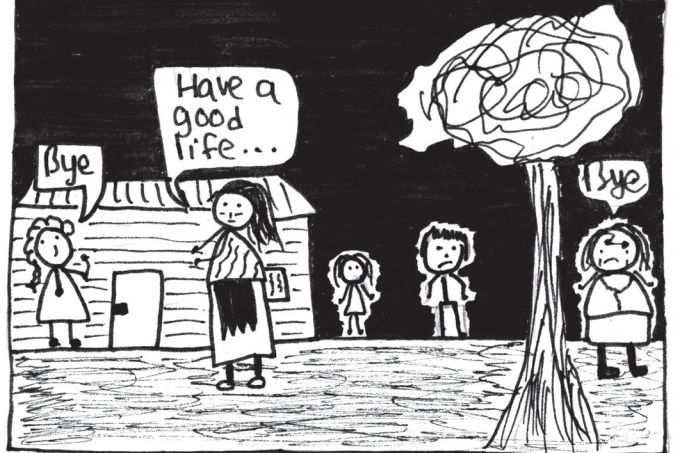


Everyone was so worried.



We took pictures of us in front of our house.

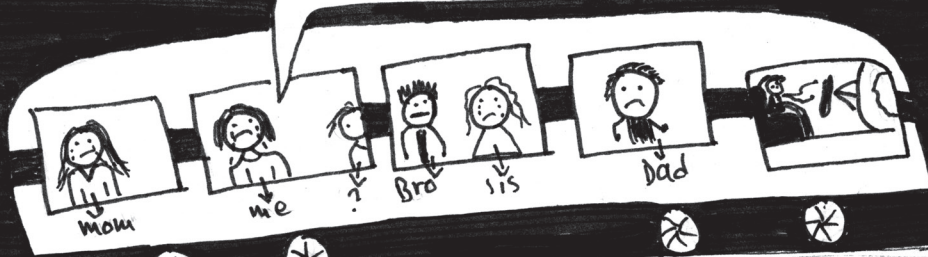
On the last day in a camp, we said farewell to our neighbors.



My friends and other neighbors escorted us to the bus stop.

Have a good life.

Have a safe Journey.





Now, I go to OIHS and I am in 9th grade.



Finally, that's how my story ends, and of course it's a happy ending! (=



But still I really miss the way we lived in Nepal —

— Some times I feel like I should fly away to Nepal because I miss my friends & people in Nepal soo much.