

बिन्दु



अप्सरा



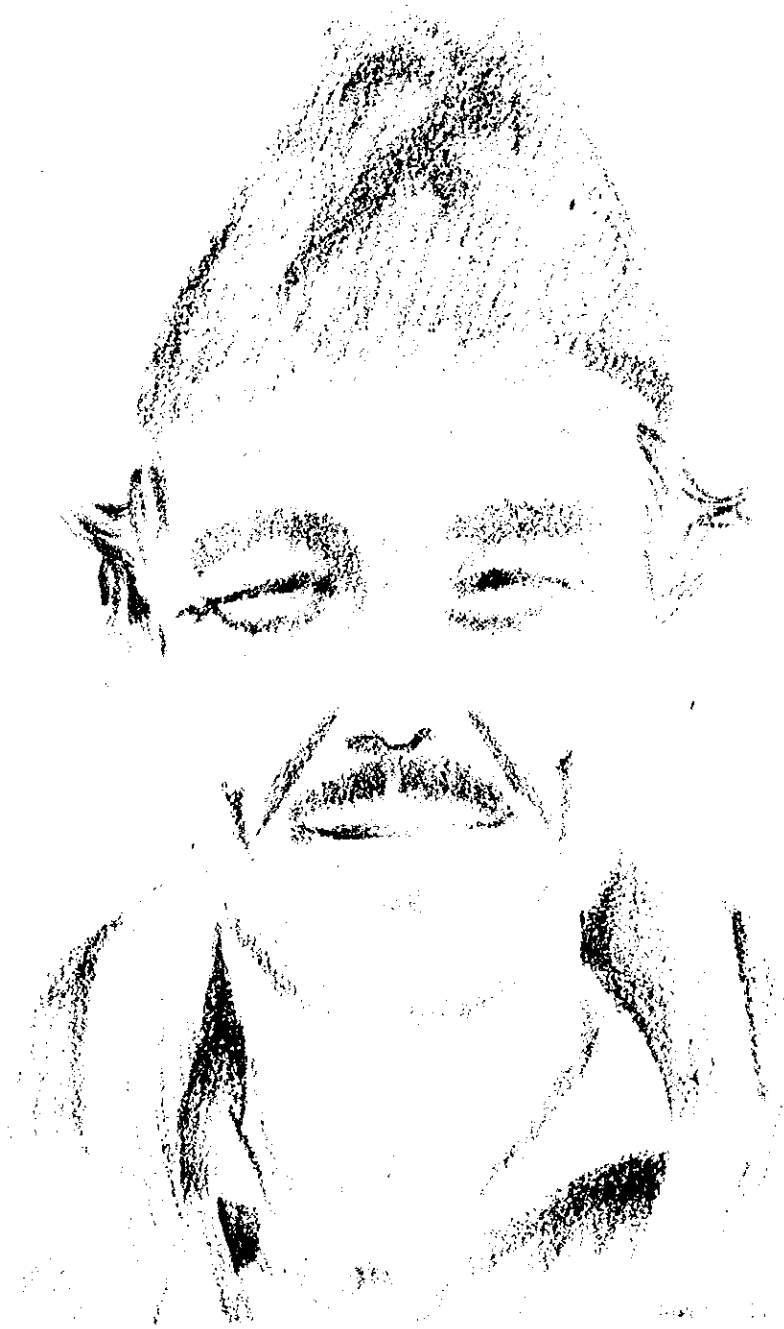
दरिद्र

अर्चानि



धर्मा

ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय



अनिता



हिम



प्राणा



सरिता



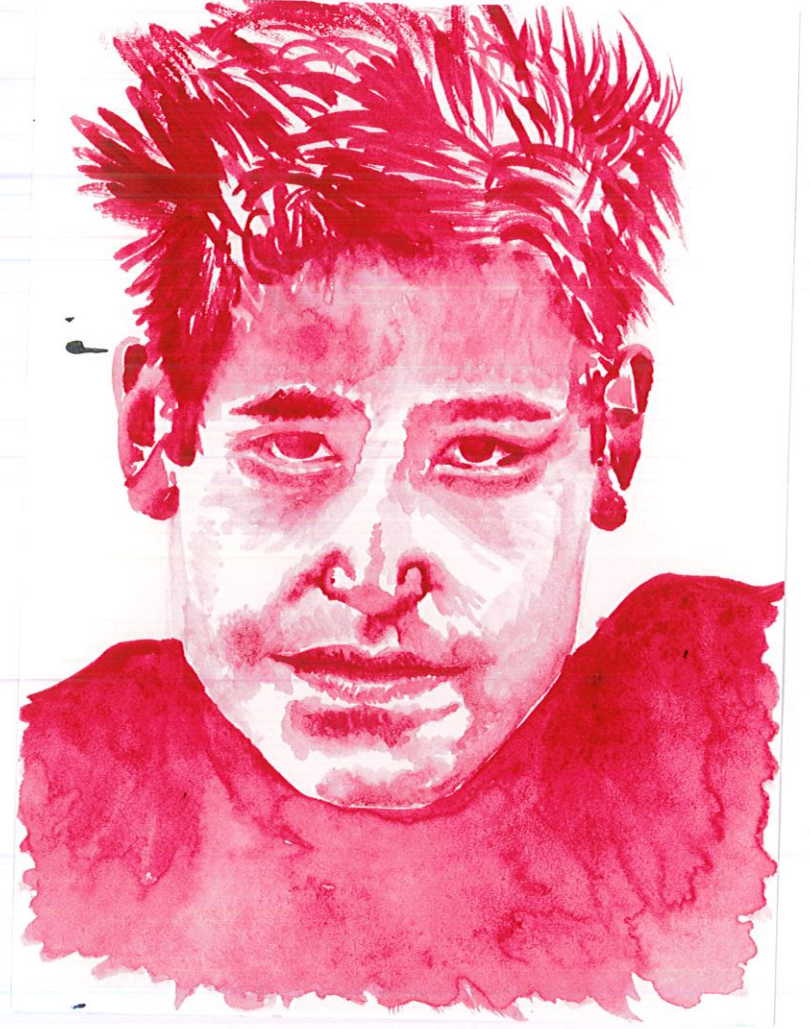
अस्मिता



समिता



विक्रम



गार



विजया



पुष्पा



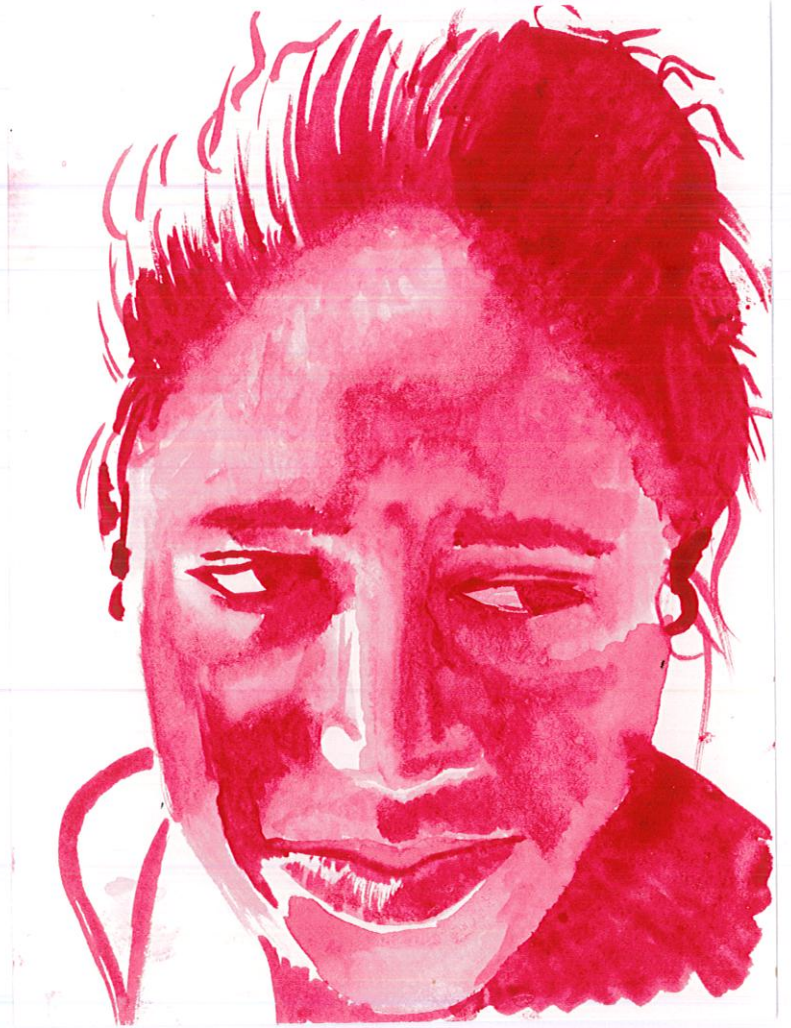
सिद्धा



अर्चान



आनिता



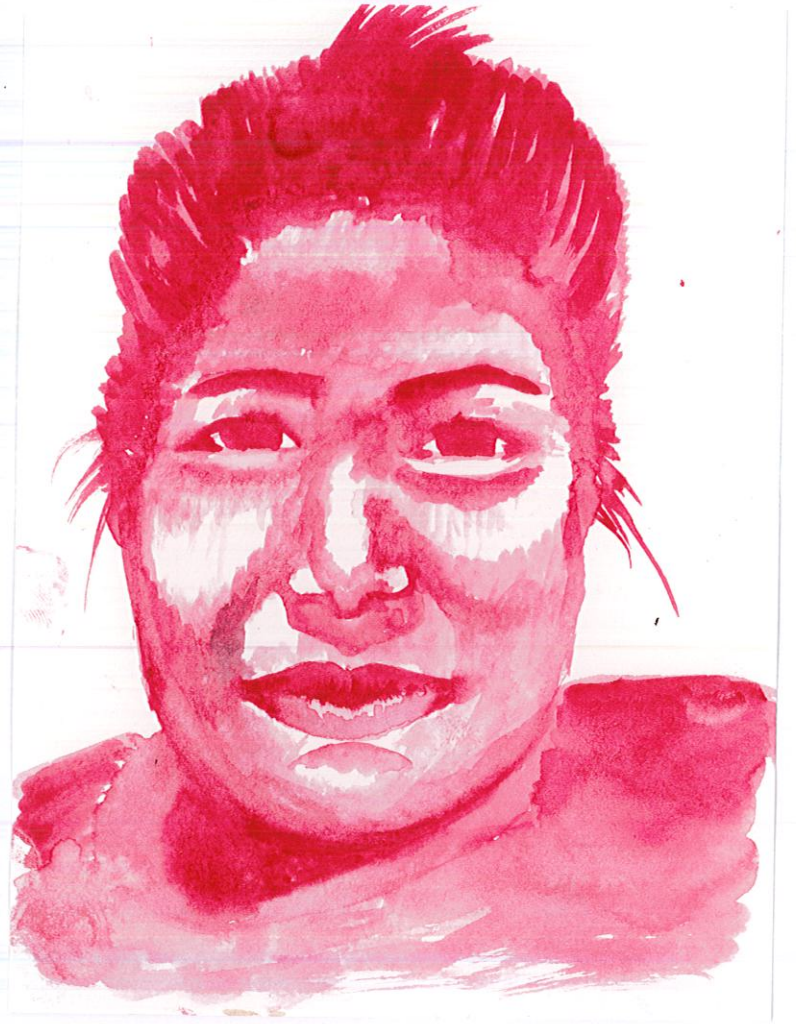
विद्या



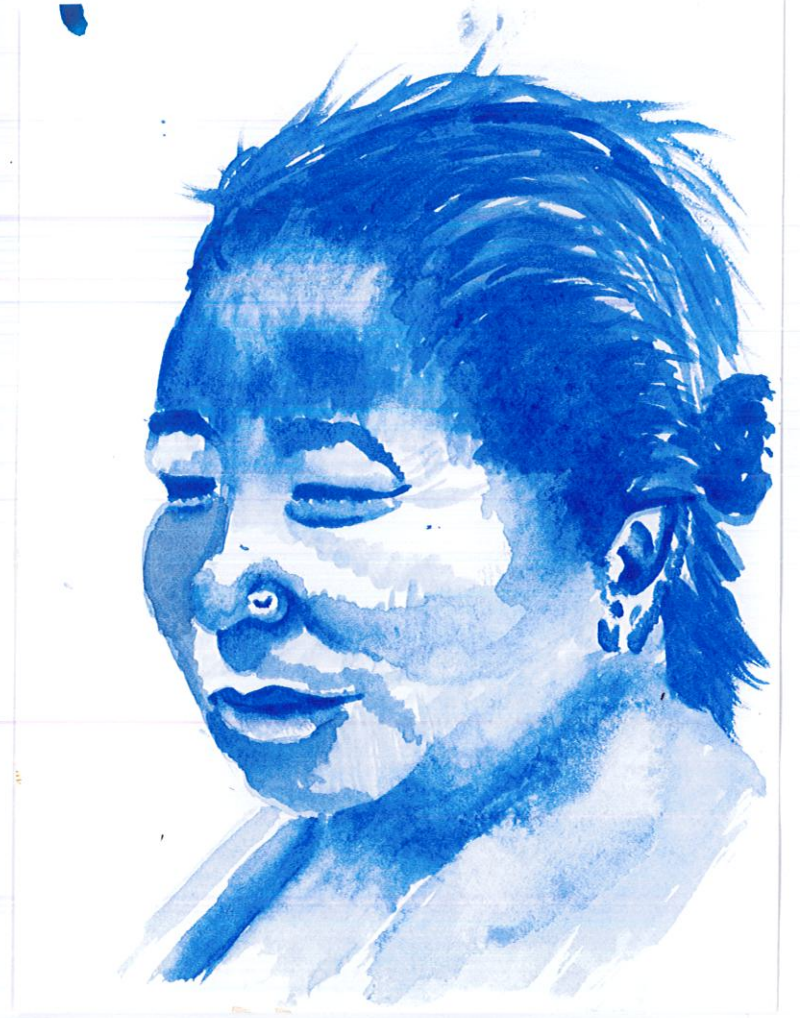
मिना



हिमा



मान कूमारी









On our gumnas around Harpe, no matter who you met, they would always be prepared to stop for a chat, whether it was a quick "Namaste!" or an invitation back to their house for bhat. With that came a beautiful smile.

Happy. Happy. Happy.

A smile here.

A grin there.

Beautiful smiles everywhere.



Beautiful Smiles

Young. Old. Concentrated. Pained. Loving. Sad.

Smiley. Laughing. Happy.

Happy. Happy. Happy.

Wherever I look, the beautiful smiles stand out.

The cheeky grins from students. The tired but enthusiastic smile from a passing villager coming home from a day in the fields. A face lighting up when I said an unexpected "Namaste!". The crinkle in the corner of the eyes of the dais and didis when we stopped for a chat.

Happy. Happy. Happy.

I've never met people as happy as Nepali people.

Whether it was Anita washing up or coming back from grass cutting in the morning, students turning up two hours early for school, Pulmoti emerging from her room dreary-eyed or Archan and Milan running around pretending to be bigh (tigers), their ~~smiles~~ faces would always be lit up with a beautiful smile.

Every morning, we would walk into school and immediately be greeted by warm smiles from everyone: the small, glancing smile from Mina miss, the smile in the eyes of Sandeep sir, the laugh of joy from Mina miss and Abiskar, the calming smile from

• Mankumari miss, the crinkle by the eyes of Dinu miss
- contagious, impossible not to feel elated and joyful.

Rosa Hare

