

## MY ONE AND ONLY GARDEN

Once I used to have a garden on a far-flung peak.

As a gardener I took good care of the garden to become a beautiful one.

Before the flowers I have grown not yet blossom fully and lovely, I have to leave that garden. It was so many years ago.

Oh, it has passed even over 20 years.

I couldn't forget it. Up to now I still remember it. I miss my garden a lot.

I started writing a novel with the title, "A Garden on a Far-flung Peak" when I miss my garden with all my heart in June 2008, the month when the new academic year resumes and schools opening season.

A teacher's benevolent and devoted heart and sentimental injuries are expressed in a figurative language.

To highlight the devoted job of a teacher in order to pass the information regarding the true nature of a teacher to the generations to come, a lot of effort was made in composing this novel.

To expose the tasks carried out than the missing feeling, the prose was not that written in a pure figurative language. After reading this book, if nothing sentimental feeling is left, I will be very sad.

As for me I still have sentimental feeling for it. I would like to know more about my garden.

With a devoted teacher's heart, I am still missing it.

If any chance occurs, I would like to visit that garden on a far-flung peak again.

I would be very happy and worth putting much effort in writing this novel if it could fulfill its main intention of giving guidance or eliciting the youth of younger generation who wish to become teachers.

With love,  
Kaung Thant

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

My heart-felt thanks to the original author of this book, Kaung Thant, without whose encouragement the translation of this book would never have come a reality. As this is my first effort, there might be unexpected shortcomings in converting the literary meaning of the original text into a foreign language with entirely unrelated linguistic origins. Anyway, the translator invested tireless efforts so as not to lose any literary essence of the original text while translating it into English. Since the natures of the two languages are different, there might be small areas where the translation task could not fully-cover the original meaning, especially with poems. If this is the case, I would accept full responsibility for these weaknesses.

In fact I like the subject of this book and almost immediately after I began reading it, I yearned for the opportunity to translate it into English. As I myself am a teacher, I understand the difficulties of the author, Kaung Thant, while performing his duty as a Head-master of a State Middle School in the Chins State in Myanmar with very limited facilities in the early 1980s. Under such difficult circumstances, he tried to create a very nice atmosphere at that school and even tried to develop it to

become an outstanding institution. I also appreciate his duty consciousness and benevolent dedication towards his students in the hilly region. The love and respect he gained from his students and their parents was quite evident in some parts of the book. The very active nature of a youth as well as his personal feelings as a human being was also obvious from the narrative.

I truly feel like he has successfully cultivated a very beautiful garden on a far-flung peak with flowers in different colors. To honor his dedication towards his job, I tried my best translating his book so that those from the other parts of the world would see how a person with the true spirit of a teacher tried his best to achieve what he wanted although he had to endure through seemingly endless adversity.

Debt of thanks are owed to Daw Jennifer Aung and to Ko Kyaw Ko Ko who have painstakingly done the editing job.

**NYI NYI PE (BKK)**  
Translator