

凡间之神

来自凯拉什、冈底斯、冈仁波钦的故事

FOLK GODS

STORIES FROM KAILAS, TISE, AND KANG RINPOCHE



RETOLD BY
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JIGME, KELSANG CHIMEE
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民间故事的作者说明

讲述和重述故事始终是一种集体共同努力的过程。如果没有这么多人与我们分享他们的时间和故事，也就不可能有这本书。这些民间故事是在过去的三年里对喜马拉雅区域的国家即印度、尼泊尔和中国西藏自治区进行探索过程中收集的。在我们的研究小组走访诸多地区时，当地的人们与他们分享了本地的民间故事和传说。故事和传说的收集有时是在山间泥泞的小路上，有时是围着公共大厅里的篝火边，有时是进行一对一的家庭做客时，有时是在拜访喇嘛、牧师、讲故事者以及村里的长者们时。通常情况下同一个故事会有多个版本。知名作家 Prawin Adhikari, 从中挑选出这些故事并重新进行了整理。对此，我们深表感谢。最为重要的是，我们想要向为了子孙后代的利益而乐于分享他们的故事的当地村民们表达我们深深的谢意。您现在手里拿的这本书就是大家集体劳动的结晶。在书的序言中有更多关于收集故事的团队成员的个人信息。

同时，还要感谢我们优秀的译者，是他们确保这些故事翻译成通俗易懂的本地语言文字。他们是：Govinda Adhikari, Jigme, Kelsang Chimee, Ten Phun, Tenzin Sangmo, Bhuchung D Sonam, Chandresha Pandey 和 Xiaoqing Liu。

Note on Folk Story Authorship

The process of telling and retelling stories is always a group effort. This book would not be possible without many individuals sharing their time and stories with us. These folk stories were collected over the course of three years of exploration in the Himalayan areas of India, Nepal and the Tibet Autonomous Region of China. The stories were shared with our research team in many places—on dirt paths in the mountains; in communal halls around a fire; with locals one-on-one in their homes; and in meeting with lamas, priests, storytellers and village elders. It was often the case that we would hear the same story told in multiple versions. The well-known Nepali writer Prawin Adhikari helped edit a selection of these stories for readability. We are very grateful to him for his help. Most importantly, we would like to express our deep gratitude to the local villagers who shared their stories for the benefit of future generations. What you hold in your hands is the result of this collective effort. More information about the individual team members who collected the stories is included in the Introduction.

We also would like thank the talented translators who helped make sure these stories would be understandable in each local language: Prawin Adhikari, Jigme, Kelsang Chimee, Kunga Yishe, Ten Phun, Tenzin Sangmo, Bhuchung D Sonam, Dorje, and Chandresha Pandey.

Kailash Sacred Landscape Region

Mount Kailash ★ Tibet Autonomous Region (CHINA)

INDIA

NEPAL

Disclaimer: This map does not imply the expression of any opinion concerning the legal status of any country, territory, city or area of authority, or concerning the delimitation of frontiers or boundaries.

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序言

尽管喜马拉雅山脉有众多的神山和圣湖，但其中最著名的是凯拉什山（Kailas）。西藏人民又称之为冈仁波钦（Kang Rinpoche）或者是冈底斯山（Kang Tise）。印度教徒，苯教徒，佛教徒，耆那教徒，锡克教徒和泛灵论者都公认凯拉什是一个神圣的地方。许多宗教都相信凯拉什山是最接近人类可以到达的天堂。

这本来自尼泊尔湖姆拉（Humla）、印度北阿坎德邦（Uttarakhand）以及中国西藏自治区的民间故事书集中探讨了凯拉什地区的人们如何理解他们与这片土地以及与世代生活在这片土地上的祖先们之间的联系。故事中探讨的一些问题包括：我们与这片养育自己的土地有着怎样的关系？追溯到记忆力或想像力可以触及的年代，那时，我们和我们的祖先是与这片土地上的神圣的树林，湖泊，山峰和河流和谐共处？而我们的祖先又为我们留下了怎样的美丽，警示或智慧呢？

几千年来，虽然凯拉什地区的人们分为了不同的国家和宗教，但他们仍然拥有共同的空气和水域，仍然崇拜共同的湖泊和山脉。他们的梦想里有喜马拉雅山皑皑白雪的光芒，有仙鹤飞过天空时留下的鹤鸣。位于美国纽约的新学院印度中国研究所与国际山地综合发展中心希望通过这些故事能够吸引这个区域的年轻人对自己的这片土地、这一缕空气以及民间传说中

所描述的故事进行再次反思。该书旨在提醒本地区的年轻读者以及世界各地的读者，认识到群体、国家和历史的某个时期所存在的共同特点，同时，也认识到每个群体的独特遗产是什么。

本故事书是纽约新学院印度中国研究所设计和主导的一个为期三年的项目成果之一。除了来自新学院的贡献之外，项目一开始就得到了亨利·卢斯基金会和国际山地综合发展中心的大力支持。我想借此机会感谢我们所有的支持者，感谢他们的合作和慷慨的资助。在此，还要特别感谢我们的田野团队成员：Sagar Lama, Himani Upadhyaya, Kelsang Chimee, Kunga Yishe, Pasang Y. Sherpa, Sheetal Aitwal, Nabraj Lama, Shekhar Pathak, and Tshewang Lama (Chakka Bahadur)。他们在收集本地区的故事上发挥了重要作用。我们还要感谢国际山地综合发展中心的Abhimanyu Pandey, Rajan Kotru 和 Swapnil Chaudhary 的不懈支持和参与。我还要特别感谢卢斯基金会的Toby Volkmann多年来给予的不懈支持和鼓励。

Pasang Sherpa, Sagar Lama, Sheetal Aitwal 和 Tshewang Lama (Chakka Bahadur) 从尼泊尔的湖姆拉和达尔楚拉地区 (Darchula) 收集并整理出这些故事。在 Shekhar Pathak 的帮助和指导下 Himani Upadhyaya 从印度的北阿坎德邦的比托拉格尔县收集了这些民间故事。Kelsang Chimee、Kunga Yishe 从中国西藏自治区阿里地区收集了部分故事。

研究人员们通过步行或乘车一路寻求有趣的民间故事，从许多不同的来源收集了这些故事并进行翻译。随后由 Prawin Adhikari 用英语将故事整理出来，扩展成现在的形式。Govinda Adhikari 将这些故事翻译成尼泊尔语。为了反映这些民间故事出处的社会、文化和宗教的多样性，故事以双语的形式出版了四本书籍。故事以英语为原文，翻译成汉语、印地语、尼泊尔语和藏语。

更多故事内容和资料包括图片、地图、录音和其他相关信息,公开在印度中国研究所的官网作为其“喜马拉雅神山山水文化倡议项目”的一部分。这是一个由卢斯基金会资助的为期三年的项目,旨在探索喜马拉雅山区的宗教、自然和文化。每种语言的电子版本可以从印中研究所的官网免费下载,用于个人或教育用途: www.indiachinainstitute.org/sacred-landscapes-book 或者在国际山地综合发展中心的官网免费下载: lib.icimod.org/record/32801

Ashok Gurung

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Introduction

There are many sacred mountains and lakes in the Himalayas, but the most famous amongst them is Mount Kailas. It is also called Kang Rinpoche or Kang Tise by the people of Tibet. Hindus, Bönpos, Buddhists, Jains, Sikhs, and animists all consider Kailas a sacred place. Many religions believe Mount Kailas to be the closest humans can get to the heavens.

This collection of folktales from Humla in Nepal, Uttarakhand in India, and the Tibet Autonomous Region in China explores the ways in which people from the Kailas region have understood their relation to their land and ancestors. Some of the questions these stories explore are: How are we related to the land where we grow up? What do we and our ancestors, going as far back as memory or imagination can reach, share with the sacred groves, lakes, peaks and rivers of our land? And, what beauty, warnings or wisdom have our ancestors left behind for us?

For thousands of years, people of the land around Kailas have been divided into different nations and religions, but they still share the same air and waters, and still worship the same lakes and mountains. Their dreams have the brilliance of Himalayan snow and the clamour of cranes in the skies. Through these stories, the India China Institute at The New School in New York and the International Centre

for Integrated Mountain Development (ICIMOD) hope to reach young readers from the region and invite them to once more reflect on their own land, air and stories as found in these folktales. This book seeks to remind young readers in these countries – and readers all around the world – to recognize what is common across communities, nations and periods in history, while also recognizing what the unique inheritance of every community is.

This book emerged out of a three-year project designed and led by the India China Institute at The New School in New York City. In addition to contributions from The New School, primary support for the project came from the Henry Luce Foundation and ICIMOD. I want to use this opportunity to thank all of our supporters for their partnerships and generous contributions. Also, a very special thanks to our fieldwork team: Sagar Lama, Himani Upadhyaya, Kelsang Chimee, Kunga Yishe, Pasang Y. Sherpa, Sheetal Aitwal, Nabraj Lama, Shekhar Pathak, and Tshewang Lama (Chakka Bahadur) – for their crucial role in gathering stories from the region. We also thank Abhimanyu Pandey, Rajan Kotru and Swapnil Chaudhary of ICIMOD for their tireless support and participation in the project. And my special thanks to Toby Volkman of Luce Foundation for their continued support and encouragement over the years.

Pasang Sherpa, Sagar Lama, Sheetal Aitwal and Tshewang Lama (Chakka Bahadur) collected and retold stories from Humla and Darchula districts in Nepal. Himani Upadhyaya collected stories from the Pithoragarh district of Uttarakhand state in India, with the support and guidance of Shekhar Pathak. Kelsang Chimee collected stories in the Ngari Prefecture of Tibet Autonomous Region in China, with participation from Kunga Yishe. The research associates collected and translated these stories from many

different sources, traveling by road and by foot in search of interesting tales. Later, Prawin Adhikari expanded them into their present form in English. Govinda Adhikari translated the stories into Nepali. Thanks to Tenzin Norbu Nangsal for editing the Tibetan, Liu Xiaoqing for editing the Chinese, and Shekhar Pathak for editing the Hindi. To reflect the great diversity of societies, cultures and religions from where these folktales were collected, the stories have been published as four bilingual books, with stories in English, alongside translations in Mandarin, Hindi, Nepali, and Tibetan.

Additional stories and materials, including photographs, maps, audio recordings and other related information, are publicly available on the India China Institute's website as part of its Sacred Himalaya Initiative, a three-year Luce Foundation-funded project exploring religion, nature and culture in the Himalayas. Electronic versions of each language may be downloaded free of cost for personal or educational use from the ICI website at: www.indiachinainstitute.org/sacred-landscapes-book/ and from ICIMOD's website at: lib.icimod.org/record/32801.

Ashok Gurung

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萨卡吡吡亚的故事

在许多宗教和文化里都会想象在很久很久以前有那么个时候，那时神和魔鬼以凡人的容貌居住在普通人当中。这个故事就发生在那个时候。很久很久以前，喜马拉雅山上有个神，他有五个年轻强壮的儿子。最小的儿子名叫吡吡亚（Pipihya），是“有四个哥哥的男孩”的意思。

这五个兄弟彼此相亲相爱，形影不离。他们把喜马拉雅的岩羊追赶到西藏的草原上。他们在恒河（Ganga）的冰川水域里沐浴，又或在胡姆拉（Humla）的科密（Kermi）温泉里洗澡。他们每个人都有辆会飞行的双轮战车，所以他们四处旅行。在囊噶措（Langar Tsho）的岛上他们看着鸟儿在春天里筑巢。在黎米（Limi）的峡谷里他们看着雪豹飞奔。他们伪装成牧羊人来到拜恩（Byans）的峡谷在芥菜田里跳舞。

有一天，当他们在加瓦尔（Gharwal）的鲜花之谷用金盂花和罌粟花编织王冠时，听到了迷人的歌声。

“哥哥们，”吡吡亚说道，“我们也许是神，但如果我看不到是谁在唱这首歌我就会死。”

“吡吡亚，”他的哥哥们警告说，“有些欲望只对有生死的普通人而言，对我们来说，青春是永恒的。如果使得天神们不快乐，凡夫俗子的欲望也会永无止境。”



但是毗毗亚坚持要找到这位唱歌的人。他的大哥说道：“好吧，毗毗亚。但是我们必须发誓永远不吃人类提供给我们的任何东西，甚至是一粒米都不能够进入到我们的嘴里，否则我们都将永远被困在地球上。”

他们乘坐战车做了短暂的搜索后，在拜恩河谷也就是现在的被称作绒巴（Rung）人居住的地方发现了唱歌的人们。绒林老爷的五个女儿是这个世界上最美丽的少女。毗毗亚和他的哥哥们做了自我介绍，他们立刻成为了朋友。

绒林老爷为他的女儿们建造了一座欢乐宫殿。在那儿，姐妹们可以看到东北面的赛珀山（Saipal Mountain），以及马哈卡里（Mahakali）河从山谷下流过。在那里，众神和年轻女子们在红丝绒的床上下棋，赤脚在柔软的草地上跳舞，整个晚上都欢声笑语。但是，毗毗亚和他的兄弟们总是寻找各种借口躲避任何食物，他们在日出前离开了欢乐宫殿。

经过几天愉悦的交往，姐妹们发现所有提供给她们客人们的食物一直未动。“从他们的地位和英俊的面容来看，很明显，这几个兄弟是神。也许他们认为我们的食物不纯洁”，姐妹们讨论着。她们决定自己亲手剥每一粒米，用自己的双手做米饭布丁。她们讨论着“什么样的朋友会拒绝吃这样投入了我们这么多情感的东西？”

姐妹们花了一整天时间剥米粒皮。她们一边唱歌一边干活以赶走劳动时的无聊。但她们非常高兴，因为她们知道布丁会让这些神们微笑。把纯纯的大米在纯牛奶中煮熟后加上来自喀拉拉邦（Kerala）和喀什米尔（Kashmir）的最好的香料，姐妹们准备了五大碗的炼乳、牛奶和米饭布丁。

众神在傍晚抵达。姐妹们请众神坐在用最细的羊毛编织的地毯上，她们用牦牛尾做的扇子为他们扇风，并把布丁摆放在他们面前。

哥哥眨眨眼，点了点头，示意兄弟们假装吃布丁，但从不让一粒米进到嘴里。这是一个严格的规则，它将纯粹的神与不纯洁的人类区别开来。打破这个规则就是违反造物者的底线。兄弟们明白大哥的信号，所以他们笑着称赞布丁：“哦，豆蔻香味！”一个兄弟称赞说。“是啊，藏红花的香味更诱人！”另一个补充到。

众神假装把布丁拿到嘴边，巧妙地将食物从肩膀上扔到身后。可是，当吡吡亚大笑着称赞布丁如何美味时，不小心一粒米进到了他的嘴里。

随着夜晚流逝，众神和姐妹们窃窃私语或搂着对方的腰跳着舞。他们玩游戏，用一支孔雀羽毛搔痒看谁能坚持最长时间。他们玩智力游戏和身体游戏，直到黎明女神将东方的天空描红。众神答应晚上再来，便轻轻推开姐妹们的拥抱，骑上战车离开了。

五架双轮战车从欢乐宫殿飞出来，五个姐妹们挥舞着丝绸流苏的围巾告别。但是，吡吡亚的战车很快开始缓慢下降，好像一个无形的累赘将他拉回到地面。兄弟们看到这个情景非常担忧。当战车最终降落到萨卡（Sirkha）时，兄弟们从云端上对他说道：“吡吡亚，你一定是吃了人类的食物，现在你必须承受你的惩罚。在这里定居，住得像一个国王。我们会给你所需要的一切。”

吡吡亚同意了，并在萨卡的山坡上为自己建造了一个伟大的城堡，在庭院的中间摆放着他的战车，这座十八层高的城堡是全世界最壮丽的建筑。他的兄弟们给了他需要的财富，雇用了泥工和木匠，织布工和陶工，以及这个大城堡需要的每一种工人，吡吡亚还雇佣和训练了一支军队。他开始吃人类的食物，他终究被困在了地球上。那么他为什么不应该享受他在这里的时光呢？

吡吡亚拥有如此多的财富以至于都从城堡的屋顶和窗户往外溢出。他通过军队将他的财富分发给拜恩

河谷贫穷的农民和牧羊人，还有他的厨师、清洁工、牧牛者和裁缝们。他修筑道路、桥梁以及驿站以便捷与西藏的贸易。他培训年轻男女辨别、处理和储存山上的草药，以便他们可以医治病人和谋生。

但是时光的流逝速度对叱叱亚和对他的周围的人是不一样的。他去拜访了五位姐妹，她们已经变老最终死去。他庭院中间的战车也已生锈坏掉了。一代一代的仆人用他们的精力和热情服侍着他，然后最终腰身变得越来越粗，弓腰驼背眯着双眼，最后死去。从出生到死亡的旅程让叱叱亚觉得没有了乐趣，他也开始渴望得到解脱。

“但愿我的兄弟能从天堂下来，把我带走！我厌倦了这一切的财富与繁荣，因为它们让我留在了这里”，有一天当女佣在给他剥葡萄皮时他低吟道。这位女佣在为叱叱亚剥葡萄皮中慢慢老去，她已厌倦听到他的抱怨。毕竟她没有抱怨每天将一粒粒的葡萄皮剥去如何弄伤她的眼睛，再或者使她的手指得了关节炎。

于是这位女仆就对叱叱亚说：“如果你厌倦了富有和英俊，那么在一年一度的盛宴上，你为什么不给你的祖先供一个由灰烬而不是面粉制成的盾牌，供上一只狗而不是山羊呢？”

社会和宗教的一些规则在制定时是非常明确的，而且大多数人都知道这些规则。有些规则鲜为人知，但如果违反了仍会带来惩罚。一些规则在不知不觉中被打破了。但是，有时神甚至是会故意违反社会规则来创造变化。叱叱亚把他最信任的人召集起来宣布道：“我要彻底毁掉我的财富。”

“不！这将对我们非常不利，”他的大臣和军官们说道，他们担心失去财富和权利。但是叱叱亚已经选择给祖先供奉一个由灰烬而不是面粉制成的盾牌，供奉一只狗而不是山羊。这是一种侮辱。没有人在打破社会的基本规则之后，还会得到如此的财富和繁荣。

吡吡亚的财富减少了。盗贼偷走了他的金，银和铁锈的战车上遗留下的东西。终于，这一天到来了，他的城堡躺在废墟里，他不得不吃着陌生人丢给他的残羹剩饭。

吡吡亚只剩一个吃饭用的木碗了。所有的辉煌和英俊都从吡吡亚那消失了。当一颗牙齿在嚼米的时候脱落时，他像一个疯子一样笑了起来。

“哥哥们！你们忘了我吗？”他对着上苍大声说道。

他的哥哥们乘着华丽的金银做的战车，把吡吡亚从地上拉进天空。吡吡亚吃掉一粒米的过失终于被原谅了。从那天起没有人再听到过他的消息。

城堡伟大繁荣时，其500户绒巴商人和农民定居在城堡的西部。它的东部住着300户铁匠服务于城堡和军队。但是自从吡吡亚向他的祖先供奉了一个用灰烬制作的盾牌和一只狗之后，人们知道在这块土地上再也看不到财富了。于是人们永远离开了这里。

今天来参观萨卡的游客可以看到山上的废墟。这些废墟是一个警醒，告诉人们当神打破了一个简单的规则后，引发了什么样的后果。

Mortal Gods

Many cultures and religions imagine a time very long ago when gods and demons lived among the people. In such an age, a god in the Himalayas had five young and strong sons. The youngest was called Pipihya, and his name meant ‘one who has four older brothers’.

The five brothers loved each other and went everywhere together. They chased blue sheep over the Himalayas into the meadows of Tibet. They bathed in the glacial waters of the Ganga and in the hot-water springs of Kermi, in Humla. Each of them had a flying chariot, so they traveled widely. On the islands in the Langar Tsho they watched birds build nests in the spring. In the Limi Valley they watched snow leopards. Disguised as shepherds they traveled down to the Byans Valley to dance in the mustard fields.

One day, when they were making crowns of marigolds and poppies in the Valley of Flowers in Garhwal, they heard an enchanting song.

‘Brothers,’ Pipihya said to his elders, ‘we may be gods, but I will die if I don’t see who sings this song!’

‘Pipihya,’ his brothers warned, ‘some kinds of desires are only for humans who live and die. For us, youth is eternal, and so will longing be if we are made unhappy.’

But Pipihya insisted upon finding the singers. His eldest brother said, ‘Alright, Pipihya. But we must all promise never



to eat anything the humans offer us. If even a grain of rice goes into our mouths, we will be trapped on earth forever.’

After a short search on their flying chariots they found the singers in the Byans Valley, where the Rung people still live. The five daughters of Lord Runglin were the most beautiful in the world. Pipihya and his brothers introduced themselves and immediately befriended them.

Lord Runglin had built a pleasure palace for his daughters. From there, the sisters could see the Saipal Mountain to the north-east, and the Mahakali flowed in the valley beneath it. There, the gods and the young women played chess on beds covered in red velvet and danced barefoot on soft grass and spent the entire night laughing and talking. The gods played flutes and drums while the young women danced. When the sisters asked, the gods happily danced for the young women. Pipihya and his brothers always made excuses to avoid eating any food that was offered to them. And they left the pleasure palace before sunrise.

After a few days of blissful friendship, the sisters noticed that all the food they laid out for their guests was left untouched. ‘From their stature and beauty it is clear that the brothers are gods. Maybe they think our food is impure,’ the sisters said. They decided to peel with their own hands every grain of rice, and to make rice pudding themselves. They wondered – ‘What kind of a friend would refuse to eat something made with so much affection?’

The sisters spent the entire day peeling rice grains. They sang to chase away the boredom of the work. But they were also happy because they knew the pudding would make the gods smile. After boiling the pure rice in pure milk with the finest spices from Kerala and Kashmir, the sisters prepared five big bowls of *kebeer*, milk-and-rice pudding.

The gods arrived in the evening. The sisters asked them to sit on rugs made of the finest wools, fanned them with yak-tails, and put bowls of pudding before them.

With a wink and a nod, the oldest of the brothers signaled to the others to pretend to eat the pudding but never let a single grain of rice into their mouths. This was a strict rule that separated the pure gods from the impure humans. To break this rule was to defy Creation itself. His brothers understood the signal, so they laughed and praised the pudding. ‘Oh, the cardamom smells beautiful!’ one said. ‘Surely the fragrance of saffron is more enticing!’ another added.

The gods pretended to take the pudding to their lips, but cleverly threw it over their shoulders. But as he was loudly laughing and praising the pudding, a grain of rice went into Pipihya’s mouth.

As the night passed, the gods and the sisters whispered secrets to each other and danced with arms around each other’s waists. They tested who could resist the tickle of a peacock feather the longest. They played games of the mind and of the body, until the goddess of dawn painted the eastern skies red. The gods promised to return in the evening, gently peeled away from the embrace of the sisters, and mounted their chariots.

Five chariots of gold and silver flew up from the pleasure palace as the five sisters waved silk-tasseled shawls in goodbye. But Pipihya’s chariot soon began descending slowly, as if an invisible burden pulled him back to earth. His brothers saw that and worried. When the chariot finally settled at Sirkha, they spoke to him from beyond the clouds.

‘Pipihya! You have eaten human food, and now you must endure your punishment. Settle here, and live like a king. We will send you everything you need.’

Pipihya agreed with his brothers and built himself a great fort on the Sirkha hillside with the chariot in the middle of the courtyard where he had fallen. The eighteen-story fort was the most magnificent building in the whole world. His brothers sent him the wealth needed to hire masons and carpenters, weavers and potters, and every kind of worker needed for a large fort. Pipihya also hired and trained an army. He began eating mortal food. After all, he was stuck on earth. Why shouldn't he enjoy his time here?

But he had so much wealth that it spilt out of the windows and roofs of the fort. Pipihya used his army to distribute his wealth among the poor farmers and shepherds of the Byans Valley, and to his cooks and cleaners and cowherds and tailors. He built roads, bridges and rest-houses to make trade with Tibet easier and faster. He trained young men and women to recognize, process and store the herbs in the mountains so that they could heal the sick and also earn a living.

Time passed at a different pace for Pipihya than it did for the humans around him. He visited the five sisters as they grew older and finally died. The chariot in his courtyard rusted and broke. Generations of servants joined his service with energy and enthusiasm, then grew thick around the waist, then stooped and squinted, and finally died. This journey from birth to death stopped amusing Pipihya and he, too, began desiring liberation.

'If only my brothers would come from heaven and take me away! I am tired of all this wealth and prosperity because it keeps me here,' he moaned one day as a maid peeled grapes for him. This maid had grown old peeling grapes for Pipihya and was tired of hearing him complain. After all, she didn't get to complain about how peeling grapes strained her eyes or gave her arthritis in her fingers.

‘If you are so tired of being rich and beautiful, why don’t you offer your ancestors a shield made of ashes instead of flour and a dog instead of a goat for the yearly feast?’ the old woman said.

Some rules of society and religion are very clearly established and most people know them. Some rules are not clearly known by everybody, but they still bring punishment if broken. Some rules are broken unknowingly. But sometimes even gods knowingly break society’s rules to invite change. Pipihya called the people he trusted and said, ‘I am going to destroy my fortune.’

‘No! That would be bad for us,’ said his ministers and commanders, fearing the loss of wealth and power. But Pipihya made a shield of ashes instead of flour and chose a dog instead of a goat to offer to his ancestors. This was terribly insulting. That misfortune soon befell Pipihya should surprise nobody. His wealth decreased. Thieves stole what was left of his chariot of gold, silver and rust. Finally, a day came when his fort lay in ruins, and he had to eat scraps thrown to him by strangers.

Pipihya only had a wooden bowl to eat out of. All splendor and beauty disappeared. When a tooth fell off while he was chewing rice, he laughed like a mad man and rolled in the dirt.

‘Brothers! Have you forsaken me?’ he said to the heavens.

His brothers appeared on their magnificent chariots of gold and silver and picked him up from the dirt and pulled him into the skies. Pipihya had finally been forgiven for eating one grain of rice. Nobody has heard from him since that day.

When the fort was great and prosperous, five hundred Rung families of traders and farmers had settled to the west of the fort. To the east lived three hundred families

of blacksmiths who served the fort and its armies. But after Pipihya offered a shield of ashes along with a dog to the ancestors, the people knew that the land would never see wealth again. They left, never to return.

Tourists who visit Sirkha today can see the ruins on the hill. These ruins are a reminder of what happened when a god broke a simple rule.

一位母亲的悲伤

世界各地的人们会绕着对他们而言有神圣意义的物体、寺庙、山脉以及湖泊行走。这是一种非常古老的崇拜造物者的习俗。在藏语中这种绕大佛塔、佛像、湖泊和山脉行走的活动称作廓热（Kora）。

西藏自治区阿里地区境内的神山冈仁波钦（Khang Rinpochin）自古以来就是一个神圣的地方，久远于人们的记忆。不同信仰的朝圣者远赴神山进行转山即“廓热”。这座神山也被称作凯拉什（Kailas）或须弥（Meru）。这座神山深受印度教、佛教、耆那教，锡克教，苯教和许多其他宗教派系的崇拜。苯教是逆时针方向转山，而其他教派则顺时针方向转山。佛教徒们笃信围绕神山冈仁波钦转上13圈将会功德无量。这种信念是从何而来的呢？

相传在阿里地区的最北边也就是西藏的康区（Kham），住着一位虔诚的妇女。她生下了一个儿子，迫切希望能够积累功德。“听大家说最大的功德是能够围绕神山冈仁波钦走上一圈”，于是她想，“我要带上我的儿子一同转山的话，我们俩都能赢得功德和老天的仁慈”。

在同她的亲朋好友道别后这位妇女带着儿子开始了数月的长途跋涉。他们不得不横跨干燥寒冷的沙漠和广阔的草原，时而碰见成群奔跑的野驴，时而遇见一群天鹅飞过天空，时而在膝盖高的沼泽地里与成群飞奔的鹿儿相遇。在路上有时他们会遇到许多



朝圣者，微笑着，默默地背诵他们的经文。苯教徒背诵着“唵嘛咪吽吽萨咧哪”（Om Ma Tri Mu Ye Sa Le Du）佛教徒背诵着“唵嘛呢叭咪吽”（Om Mani Padme Hum），来自喜马拉雅山脉南部的苦行的印度教徒背诵着“唵呐谟湿哇哑”（On Namoh Shivaaya）。而有时候母子俩几日都遇不上一个人，只见野狗游荡在平原上。

经过数月的长途跋涉母子俩终于到达了冈仁波钦脚下。母亲用披肩将儿子牢牢绑在背上然后开始了她的转山。当她爬上山时，她感觉又饿又渴，但是她知道卓玛拉山口是转山路上的最高处，如果到了山的那一边呼吸就会变的顺畅。

她每呼吸一次便诵一遍“唵嘛呢叭咪吽”，让孩子紧紧贴着自己的身体，艰难地往上爬着。她终于爬到了卓玛拉山口，她祈祷、感恩。此时的她饥渴难耐，可周围没有任何饮用水，薄薄的雪已被烂泥覆盖。这时她看见在卓玛拉山口下方50米处有几个水池。

这位母亲知道那便是空行母（dakini）的天浴池。空行母善恶分明，她对善良的人非常友好而对恶人非常憎恶。印度教徒称这些水池皋日神（Gauri）的浴池，而皋日神是伟大的湿婆神的妻子。在藏语中空行母被称作康卓玛（Khadroma）。干渴的朝圣者都明白打扰空行母的住处她会不乐意的。但是干渴难耐的母亲最终还是走向浴池低头去饮水池里的水。

当干渴难耐的她匆忙弯下腰去饮水池里的水时，背在背上的孩子一不留神滑落到冰冷刺骨的水池中。

“不、不、不！”她撕心裂肺地尖叫着，不顾一切将孩子从水中捞出，但是冰冷的湖水即刻将孩子冻死了。

母亲伤心欲绝，她不停地抓挠自己的面庞捶打着自己的胸口。她往自己的头发上撒上灰土，哀求老天爷能够让她的孩子起死回生。但是老天爷并未能挽回她孩子的生命。她将孩子紧紧抱在怀里希望自己的心

跳能使孩子的心跳复苏。伤心的泪水不停地滴在孩子的脸上，但却不能使其冰冷的身体变暖。

她不远千里来到冈仁波钦是为了得到更多的功德，可是一瞬间的大意使她失去了最亲爱的孩子。谁能想象到这位母亲因为自身失误而导致了孩子丧生。这一过失使她的内心深处感到极度内疚和罪责。

母亲整夜哀悼哭泣。第二天早晨，当她泪水已经哭干，嗓子已经哭哑，此时她觉得自己的痛苦有那么一点点减弱。于是她意识到她必须继续走完这转山道以求赎罪。“神山冈仁波钦，我向您祈求，祈求您饶恕我的罪过，让我从这无法承载的痛苦中解脱出来。我将不停地围着您转，直到看到被原谅的迹象。只有完全的宽恕或死亡才能使我解脱。”她对神山说。

就这样她开始不停地转山以使心灵得到宽恕。她走过了朝圣者，他们用他们的身体测量了整个五十二公里的路程，一路都在做着祷告。她走过那些在洞穴里祈祷和练习瑜伽的长发苦行僧们。她不向任何人索要水或是食物。每当她爬上卓玛拉山口，她都会用渴望的眼神向失去她孩子的水池望去。

转山道上她走完了7圈、10圈、12圈，但是痛苦和负罪感仍在内心深处。就这样她继续围绕神山走着。当她走到第13圈时感到非常疲劳，无法再向前迈动一步，两个眼皮直打架，于是她躺在一块岩石上小憩一会儿。

当她醒来时，发现睡过的岩石上有自己的身体、手和脚的深深的凹印。此时此刻她明白了神山冈仁波钦已经原谅了她的罪过，并将罪恶感和痛苦从她身体里带走了。岩石上留下的印迹就是证明。她深深感谢神山，然后返回到家乡的村庄重新开始新的生活。

去冈仁波钦，也被称作凯拉什的神山朝圣的人们至今仍能在转山道上看到这位失去了孩子为赎罪绕神

山13圈的母亲留下的印迹。自从岩石上留下印迹后，佛教徒们深信顺时针绕神山13圈（kora）必能带来极大的功德。

Mother's Grief

People all around the world walk around objects, temples, mountains or lakes that are sacred to them. It is an ancient way of showing respect to the Creator. In the Tibetan language, such a walk around a great stupa, statue, lake or mountain is called a *kora*.

Kang Rinpoche, the holy mountain in the Ngari region of the Tibet Autonomous Region, has been a sacred site for far longer than anybody remembers. Pilgrims of many faiths travel there to perform *koras* around the mountain, which is also known as Kailas or Meru. The mountain is respected in Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism, Sikhism, Bönpo, and pilgrims from many other religious traditions visit. The Bön walk the *kora* in the anti-clockwise direction while others do it clockwise. Buddhists believe that performing 13 *koras* around Kang Rinpoche brings most merit. How did this come about?

In the Kham region of Tibet, far to the east of Ngari, lived a devout woman who gave birth to a son and was overcome with the desire to earn religious merit. 'Everybody says that the greatest merit comes from performing a *kora* around Kang Rinpoche. I will take my son with me, so that we will both gain merit and the kindness of the gods,' she thought.

After saying goodbye to her family and friends, she walked for many months with her young son. They had to



cross dry, cold deserts and vast grasslands where wild donkeys ran in herds. Flocks of black-necked cranes crossed the skies and deer darted through the knee-high grass of the marshes. On some days they met many pilgrims on the road, smiling and silently reciting their mantras. The Bön recited *Om Ma Tri Mu Ye Sa Le Du*; the Buddhists recited *Om Mani Padme Hum*; the ascetic Hindus from the south of the Himalayas recited *Om Namoh Shivaaya*. On some days the mother and baby boy met nobody but wild dogs scurrying across the plains.

After many months, the mother and son finally reached Kang Rinpoche. The mother tied her son securely to her back with a shawl and started her *korā*. As she climbed the mountain, she felt hunger and thirst; but she knew that the Drolma Pass was the highest place on the *korā*, and that it would be easier to breathe on the other side of the mountain.

She chanted *Om Mani Padme Hum* with each breath, hugged her son close to her body, and climbed. She finally climbed to Drolma Pass and offered her prayer of thanks. She felt very thirsty. But there was no water to drink, and the thin snow around her was covered in trampled mud. She saw a few small ponds about fifty meters below the path.

The mother knew that these were the bathing pools of a *dakini*, a goddess who can be very kind to good people and very angry towards bad people. The Hindus call these ponds the bathing pool of Gauri, who is the wife of the great god Shiva. In Tibet the *dakini* is known as Khadroma. The thirsty pilgrim knew that the *dakini* didn't like it when someone disturbed her home. But unable to bear her thirst anymore, the mother climbed down to a pool.

She was so thirsty that she hurriedly bent down to drink water. Her baby boy slipped off her back and fell into the ice-cold water of the pond.

‘No, no, no, no, no!’ she shouted. She tried desperately to pull him out, but the cold water instantly killed the baby.

The mother was heartbroken. She clawed at her own face and beat her chest. She threw dirt into her hair and cried and begged the gods to make her son live again. But the gods didn’t bring the child back to life. She hugged her son close to her chest, but the beats of her heart didn’t make his heart beat again. Hot drops of her tears fell on the baby’s face, but it didn’t bring warmth to his body.

She had walked all the way to Kang Rinpoche to earn merit. But one moment’s carelessness had taken away everything that was dear to her. Who can imagine guilt greater than that of a mother who has caused the death of her own baby?

The mother mourned and cried throughout the night. In the morning, when her eyes had run dry of tears and her throat hurt from crying, she felt her grief decrease a little. She realized that she needed to continue her *koras* to pay for her sin. ‘O, Kang Rinpoche! I pray to you to forgive my sin and lift this unbearable grief away from me. I shall walk around you until I see signs that I have been forgiven. Only complete forgiveness or death can set me free,’ she said to the mountain.

She set out to perform as many *koras* as were needed to set her heart free. She walked past pilgrims who measured the entire length of the fifty-two kilometer path with their bodies, saying prayers all the while. She walked past long-haired ascetics praying and performing yoga in caves. She asked nobody for food or drink. Every time she climbed up to the Drolma Pass, she looked with longing at the pond where she had lost her child.

She finished seven, ten, twelve *koras*, but the grief and guilt stayed. Still, she walked around the sacred mountain.

On the thirteenth *kora*, she became very tired. Unable to take another step forward or keep her eyes open, she lay down on a rock to take a short nap.

When she awoke, she saw that her body, hands, and feet had left deep dents on the rock where she had slept. She understood that Kang Rinpoche had forgiven her and taken away the guilt and grief from her. The marks on the rock were proof of that. She thanked the mountain and made her long walk back to her village in Amdo where she started her life anew.

Pilgrims who go to Kang Rinpoche can still see the marks left behind by the mother who lost her child and performed thirteen *koras* around the sacred mountain. Ever since, Buddhists believe that performing thirteen *koras* will bring great merit to the pilgrim.

兄弟间的战争

印度北阿坎德邦（Uttarakhand）的盘古（Pangu）村里有一个湿昂斯（Shyangse）的寺庙，他是当地人的神。附近丘丹斯（Chaudans）是女神普那吉日（Purnagiri）的寺庙，普那吉日的家原来是在南部炎热的平原塔那普（Tanakpur）。湿昂斯是拜恩斯（Byans）山谷里绒（Rung）部落人的祖先。普那吉日是位远近闻名的印度教女神，那么她是如何从一个炎热、潮湿的平原来到了山区里的村庄？

很久以前，一个崇拜和代表湿昂斯的达米（dhami）巫师与他的弟弟一起到塔那普旅行。当他们抵达现位于印度和尼泊尔之间的边境塔那普时，一场霍乱正在该地区蔓延，当时正是霍乱和天花经常在喜马拉雅山麓泛滥的时代，夺去了成千上万人的生命，摧毁了无数个家庭和一座座村庄。

“如果我们留在塔那普，我们一定会死的”，俩兄弟决定尽快回到丘丹斯。他们也担心他们可能会把霍乱带回他们的村庄，造成他们的朋友和家人生病。

但是无形的细菌已经侵入弟弟的身体，他试图尽可能地走快，但很快他开始落在哥哥的后面。他哥哥是一个强大的神的巫师，看着他的弟弟，意识到霍乱可能会要了他弟弟的命。

“哥哥，不要那么快就离开，我还能走，如果你能煮点水，我能走到家，”病人大声地叫着。

“你已注定要死了，我不能冒险感染这种疾病。



必须有人到村里警告大家。”哥哥说完就赶紧离开了，将躺在路边生病的弟弟留在了那儿。

“在未充分了解事情的前因后果前是很难判定你的行为正确与否？”病人心里想着，“我的哥哥留我在这里等死，但如果他能到达村庄而没有感染霍乱，他会拯救更多的生命。”

在到达丘丹斯后，这个巫师诚实地把发生在他弟弟身上的事告诉了村民们。村民们急忙准备应对霍乱。他们煮沸饮用水，不让任何人从村外进入。结果村里没有一个人生病，没有一个人死亡。

但是，人们心中总会抱着一线希望，丘丹斯的人等待着这个病人的归来。但几个星期过去了，他仍然没有回来。他们非常悲伤，就准备为这个人举行葬礼。他们认为他已经死了，逝去的人需要一场葬礼进入天堂。那些活着的人还需要通过葬礼来存放他们心中的希望，和继续他们的生活。

但是，在葬礼仪式还没有举行之前，湿昂斯神恍惚地进入巫师的身体，并告诉他，这个年轻人在塔那普还活着，他还没有到进入天堂的境界。

在塔那普和丘丹斯之间的路上，哥哥抛弃了他，没有任何人帮助他，年轻人已经快要死了。就在这生死一刻，一个瑜伽士带着两把其姆塔（chimta）钳子走向他，这些钳子由苦行者携带作为献歌时的乐器伴奏物，并用作烧火棍。两把钳子中，一把是金子，另一把是铁。

瑜伽士蹲在病人前，用金钳子和铁钳子一个一个地触碰他，问道：“你要的话，你会选哪把钳子”？

病人想，“我得霍乱病又那么虚弱，如果我要黄金钳子，我可能遭受土匪的抢劫，如果我能活着回到丘丹斯，我可能会被攻击和杀死”。他对瑜伽士说：“我要铁钳子”。

瑜伽士将铁钳子留给病人后立即消失了。“我不是在做梦？”病人问自己。他睡的迷迷糊糊，无法

知道什么是梦，什么是现实。但当他看到身边的铁钳时，就知道这不是个梦。

“你还好吗？”他听见一个小孩的声音。

这是一个穿着藏族服装的年轻女孩，一个山里的孩子。他用尽力气回答，可是由于太虚弱了，根本说不出话来。这个孩子跑走了，不一会带着她的父母回来了，将他带进他们的帐篷并照顾他。

当弟弟得以康复并恢复了足够的体力可以回到丘丹斯时，女神普那吉日选择了他作为她的巫师并前往丘丹斯。是普那吉日假扮成瑜伽士测试他，给他铁和金钳子？还是亚玛（Yama），让他选择生死呢？又或者，普那吉日编织了这么一个帐篷和藏人的幻觉，帮助她选择巫师。也许女孩就是女神自己。

巫师和他的新女神普那吉日到达丘丹斯，但通过哥哥的身体来统治这个村庄的主神湿昂斯不喜欢一个新的女神的到来，他要求普那吉日离开。

“我是一个女神，我不会屈服的，”普那吉日对湿昂斯说，或者说她通过她的巫师萨满向湿昂斯的巫师说。

神在人类世界中选择通过战斗决定优势，一个巫师攻击另一个巫师，他们在一群惊奇的村民面前施展众多魔法。

普那吉日选择了一块磨石，并把它砸向自己的胸口，磨石破碎了。湿昂斯没有选择大岩石来显示他的力量，相反，他选择了一些米粒，并用一种只有神可以创造的巨大力量投掷它们。争斗还在继续，每个神显示出比另一个更强的力量，直到湿昂斯终于当着普那吉日接受了失败。从平原来的女神击败了山区的神，为此为普那吉日建造了一座寺庙，但湿昂斯仍然不喜欢她。

另一波霍乱在山区泛滥，迅速传播，有的地方整村的人都死了。人们惊慌失措，逃离故土。但是，普那吉日的巫师曾经得过霍乱并存活了下来，所以人们

把希望寄托在他的身上。

“普那吉日的巫师，你曾经战胜过霍乱，请救救我们吧。”

年轻的巫师向他的女神祷告，普那吉日出现在他的头脑里。“别担心，按照我的吩咐去做，点个大火，并提供大麦，酥油和芝麻”。

仪式上的烟雾笼罩着盘古村，保护了这个村庄的每个人，而此时其他村庄的人却因霍乱而死去。普那吉日的荣耀更加辉煌，当湿昂斯看到普那吉日的法力后，最终接受了她的。从那以后，普那吉日在丘丹斯受到崇拜，一个山神和一个来自平原的女神和平共处。

Battle of Brothers

In the village of Pangu in Uttarakhand of India is the temple of Shyangse. Nearby in Chaudans is a temple of the mother goddess Purnagiri whose original home is in Tanakpur, in the hot plains to the south. Shyangse is an ancestor-god of the Rung people of the Byans Valley. But Purnagiri is a famous Hindu goddess. How did Purnagiri travel from the hot, humid plains to a mountain village?

Long ago, a *dhامي* (shaman) who worshipped and represented the god Shyangse traveled with his younger brother to Tanakpur. Just as they arrived in Tanakpur, which now lies on the border between India and Nepal, a wave of cholera swept over the region. This was an age when cholera and smallpox regularly attacked the Himalayan foothills, killing hundreds of thousands of people, destroying families and entire villages.

‘If we stay in Tanakpur, we are sure to die,’ the brothers decided and hurried back towards Chaudans as quickly as they could. They were also worried about bringing back cholera to their village and making their friends and families sick.

But the invisible germs had already caught the younger brother. He tried to walk as fast as he could, but soon he started falling behind his brother. The elder brother, who was the shaman to a powerful god, looked at his brother and realized that cholera would kill him.



‘Brother! Don’t walk away so quickly,’ the sick man called out. ‘I can still walk, and if you boil some water for me, I can reach home.’

‘You have been marked for death. I cannot risk catching the disease. Somebody has to run to our village and warn everybody,’ the older brother said and hurried away. He left his sick brother lying by the roadside.

‘It is difficult to say if an action is good or bad without understanding everything,’ the sick man thought. ‘My brother left me here to die, but if he can reach the village without catching cholera, he will save many lives.’

After reaching Chaudhans, the shaman told everyone what had happened to his brother. Villagers made haste and prepared themselves by boiling their drinking water and not letting any outsider enter the village. Nobody became sick, nobody died.

But the heart is always full of hope. The people of Chaudans waited for the sick man to return. When he didn’t return even after many weeks, with great sadness they prepared to perform the man’s funeral. They thought he had died, and he needed a funeral to pass into heaven. Those who were alive also needed the funeral to lay their hopes to rest and carry on with their lives.

Just before the funeral rites could be carried out, the god Shyangse entered the shaman in a trance and told him that his brother was still alive in Tanakpur. He hadn’t passed into the realm of the spirits.

On the road between Tanakpur and Chaudans, where his brother had abandoned him, and without anybody to help him, the younger brother had been close to death. As he suffered between life and death, a wandering yogi carrying two *chimta* tongs walked towards him. These tongs were carried by ascetics to use as a musical accompaniment for

devotional songs, and to help them tend fires. Of the two pairs of tongs, one was of gold, and the other of iron.

The yogi crouched by the sick man and touched him, one by one, with the gold tong and the iron tong. He asked, 'Which of these tongs will you take?'

The sick man thought, 'I am weak from cholera. If I carry gold, I may be robbed by bandits who covet gold. If I live and return to Chaudans, I may be attacked and killed.' He said to the yogi, 'I will take the iron tong.'

The yogi disappeared immediately after giving the sick man the iron tong. 'Am I waking from a dream?' the sick man asked himself. But he saw the iron tong by his side and knew it had not been a dream. He drifted in and out of sleep, unable to separate what was dream and what was real.

'Are you alright?' he heard a young child ask.

She was a young girl in Tibetan dress, a child of the mountains. He tried to answer, but he was weak with disease and could barely speak. The child ran off, and within moments brought her parents, who carried him away to their tent and nursed him back to health.

When the younger brother became strong enough to return to Chaudans, the goddess Purnagiri chose him as her shaman and traveled to Chaudans. Had Purnagiri tested him disguised as a yogi, offering him iron and gold tongs? Or, was it Yama, asking him to choose between life and death? Or maybe Purnagiri had woven the illusion of the tent and the Tibetans to help her chosen shaman. Maybe the girl was the mother goddess herself.

The new shaman and his goddess Purnagiri reached Chaudans. But Shyangse, who was the main god there and worked through the older brother, didn't like the arrival of a new goddess in the village. He told Purnagiri to leave.

‘I am a goddess, and I will not be bullied,’ Purnagiri said to Shyangse. Or rather, she spoke through her shaman to Shyangse’s shaman.

The gods chose to determine superiority through combat in the human world. Each shaman attacked the other shaman, and they performed many miracles before a crowd of amazed villagers.

Purnagiri picked up a millstone and thumped it on her chest. The millstone shattered. Shyangse didn’t pick up large rocks to show his strength. Instead, he grabbed a handful of rice grains and threw them with the great force that only a god can create. The battle continued. Each deity displayed more strength than the other until Shyangse finally accepted defeat before Purnagiri. The goddess from the plains had defeated the god of the mountains. A temple was built for Purnagiri, but Shyangse still disliked her.

Another wave of cholera reached the mountains and spread rapidly. Entire villages died. People panicked and fled their ancestral lands. But the shaman of Purnagiri had survived cholera before, so people put their hopes in him.

‘You defied death once, O shaman of Purnagiri! Save our lives!’

The young shaman prayed to his goddess, and Purnagiri appeared in his mind. ‘Don’t worry, and do as I command. Light a large fire, and offer it barley, ghee and sesame seeds.’

The smoke from the ritual covered the village of Pangu and protected everyone while cholera killed people in other villages. Purnagiri’s glory increased. When Shyangse saw Purnagiri’s powers, he accepted her as a sister. Ever since, Purnagiri has been worshipped in Chaudans, and a mountain god and a goddess from the plains have peacefully coexisted.

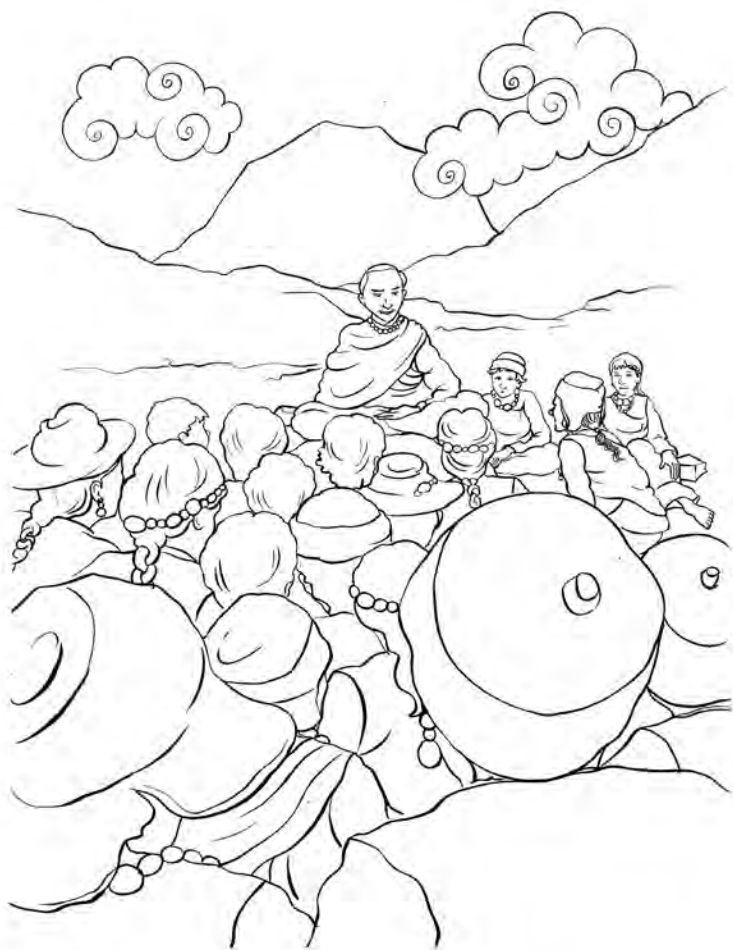
森林里的七匹骏马

数千年前，西藏一个古老的宗教正在一座神山周围兴起，一些藏人称这座神山为冈底斯神山（Kang Tise），而另外一些人又将他称为凯拉斯（Kailas）或者是冈仁波钦（Kang Rinpoche）。这个宗教它践行慈悲和善良之举，试图消除人们的无知。这就是雍仲苯教（Bon），是伟大的古象雄帝国（Zhang Zhung）的国教。在那个时期古象雄帝国统治着古老丝绸之路沿线的大片土地。

大慈悲王子敦巴辛饶（Tonpa Shenrab）诞生于古象雄帝国。命运注定他将是雍仲苯教的祖师。他的到来是为了带领人们远离苦难。当他看到人们把动物献祭给大地上的善良和邪恶的神灵时，这些动物在临死前发出微弱的呼叫声，他心里充满了悲伤。所以他决心教导人们要慈悲为怀。

“不要用绵羊的生命来献祭，而是可以用面团做的羊来代替。”他说道。他花了大量的时间和耐心说服人们同意他的观点，而当人们真正理解慈悲的价值时，便都跟随于他。敦巴辛饶祖师成了这片充斥着暴力和无知的黑暗土地上的一座明亮的灯塔。

然而，黑暗也有它的崇拜者。众神、恶魔和国王需要普通人的赞美和恐惧，否则他们就会变得软弱。只有当人们相信上帝所宣扬的，上帝才会传播仁慈。同样，如果人们感到害怕和恐惧，散播恐惧的恶魔也会随之变得更强大。



当时，离冈底斯不远的一个叫贡域（Kong）的地方有个叫切巴拉刃（Chapba Lakring）的妖魔王。他与敦巴辛饶正好是对立面。他通过掌控人们的衣食住行，霸占安康的生活来统治他的人民。对那些不崇拜他的人他制造各种灾难，他只奖励那些献祭给他动物活体或提供黄金和珠宝的人。没有人可以自主选择是否愿意跟随他，因为他掌控着粮食、衣服和药品。

当妖魔王切巴拉刃听说敦巴辛饶在冈底斯山周边对人类讲解真、善、美的佛理后，非常恼怒。懂得慈悲和美丽的人会相互尊重，因为这样社会上的恐惧会不断地减少。但是恐惧是妖魔王的力量，因为担心如此这般自己的权利会慢慢失去，妖魔王来到神山攻击敦巴辛饶。

妖魔向人类宣扬不信任、贪婪、嫉妒、愤怒、谎言、傲慢、违抗，并企图带领他们远离敦巴辛饶撒向人类的慈悲之光。但人们已经懂得了敦巴辛饶的教诲，所以这些招数都没有奏效。

于是切巴拉刃引来强暴凶残的百万魔军对付敦巴辛饶祖师。当这些恶魔攻击敦巴辛饶时，他表现出了自己的大慈悲心和智慧。那些傲慢自大无知的恶魔放弃了武器，成为了和平的牧羊人和商人。他们跟随敦巴辛饶一路向远方走去传播慈悲的光芒。

然而妖魔王的愤怒并没有平息。邪恶的想法在他的脑海里就像苍蝇围着烂肉一样嗡嗡地转着。有一天，趁着敦巴辛饶周游到一个叫恰域（Cha）的地方给更多的人带去慈悲之光之际，切巴拉刃假扮成一个精疲力尽的旅行者走进敦巴辛饶的帐篷，向里面的妇女讨碗水和粥喝。

他赞美着其中一个女人的美貌，同时又赞美另一个女人精湛的编织技能。他低声地在敦巴辛饶的一位妃子的耳朵旁悄声说了什么，引起她对另一个妃子的妒忌，从而挑拨离间诸妃子。他还让母亲心生猜忌，让女儿心生愤怒。就这样，他用漂亮的词句做成的魔

法绳抓住了女人们的心，把她们带走了。

敦巴辛饶回来时发现人去楼空。帐篷内没有生火、没有为祖先点香，风也肆意地从帐篷中吹过。敦巴辛饶祖师飞到切巴拉刃魔王的王国，用富有逻辑的话语和慈悲之光将绑在妃子们身上的恶魔王的邪恶想法和行为消除了。在敦巴辛饶和妃子们返回之前，他们祈愿切巴拉刃能弃恶从善。

可往往无知是顽固的。切巴拉刃就像是一个双手捂住眼睛而想要比赛爬山的盲人一样，战斗带给他愉悦和快乐，使他感到活着和强大。所以他又赶在敦巴辛饶的前面来到他的牧场盗走了七匹骏马然后逃至一个叫贡布（Gongbu）的地方。

敦巴辛饶意识到除非他向切巴拉刃指出一条慈悲和光明的道路，否则这场较量将永无止境。于是他特意来到切巴拉刃藏身的地方。恶魔王见光芒之王子正靠近贡布地区，便念咒语将七匹骏马变成七棵大树，暗藏在贡布地方的森林里。

但是敦巴辛饶有一双慧眼，他认出这七棵大树正是他的七匹骏马。一旦谎言被戳穿，人们摇头暗自思索为什么他们看到的是树而不是马。这时树根变成了马蹄，长满青苔的树干变成了骏马闪亮的外套，骏马未在风中摇头，而是仰天嘶叫。

妖魔王切巴拉刃再次被打败。他恼羞成怒高吼一声，一瞬间将天色变黑。整个山沟变成了云雾的海洋，一切都看不清了。切巴拉刃再次把七匹骏马抢回手中，把他们暗藏在一块红颜色的巨石下面，将黑暗蔓延开来，此时没有人能看见任何东西了。

敦巴辛饶一边冥想一边问自己，“人的耐心该坚持到何时？”答案非常清楚：如果耐心允许另一个人继续做一个无知的罪人，那么耐心不再是善举。为了让众生脱离恐惧和灾难，敦巴辛饶祖师决定灭绝妖魔王。他以慈悲和智慧的法力变出一道白光，黑暗顿时消失得无影无踪。

尽管敦巴辛饶祖师的白光蒙住了切巴拉刃双眼，可他还是将自己变成了一座黑颜色的大山，打算压死敦巴辛饶祖师并将他碾成一堆红色的血液、骨头和头发。敦巴辛饶祖师瞬间变成了一座更大的药山，把妖魔王压在了下面。

这时，慈悲的力量让妖魔王感到窒息，他把自己变成一堆巨石，而敦巴辛饶祖师又变出了一把金碧辉煌的剑，把巨石切成碎片。敦巴辛饶祖师以其无比慈悲的心怀将妖魔王的攻击一次次化解。最后魔山崩塌，变成了苯日青布山-苯教的神山。

西藏人民看到慈悲的力量远远大于武器，宽容和善良比恐惧和暴政更能长久。自这场发生在苯教祖师敦巴辛饶与妖魔王切巴拉刃之间战斗起，诸多恶魔势力曾试图击败慈悲心怀。可是，即使到今天，在西藏你仍能看见不断兴建的苯教寺院，在这个世界上善良无处不在。

Seven Horses in a Forest

Thousands of years ago in Tibet, an ancient religion thrived around the mountain known to some as Kang Tise and to others as Kailas or Kang Rinpoche. The religion practiced compassion and good deeds, and tried to erase ignorance from people's minds. It was called Bön, and was the religion of the great Zhang Zhung empire which ruled over a vast stretch of the ancient Silk Road.

A greatly compassionate prince named Tonpa Shenrab was born into the Zhang Zhung empire. He was destined to be a great leader of the Bönpo. He had arrived to lead humans away from suffering. He saw people sacrificing animals to the good and evil spirits of the land. The animals bleated with terror before dying, and that filled his heart with sadness. So he taught the people compassion.

'Instead of offering the life of a sheep, offer a sheep made from dough. Instead of offering blood, offer milk,' he said. It took time and patience for him to convince the people, but when people truly understood the value of compassion, they followed him. Tonpa Shenrab became a beacon of bright light in a land darkened by violence and ignorance.

But darkness also has its worshippers. Gods, demons and kings need the praise and fear of ordinary people, otherwise they grow weak. Gods spreading kindness grow powerful only if people believe in what they preach.



Similarly, demons spreading fear can grow stronger only if people fear them.

Chapba Lakring, the demon king of a place called Kong, far from Kailas, was the opposite of Tonpa Shenrab: he ruled over his people by controlling everything in their lives. He created trouble for people who didn't worship him, and rewarded only those who sacrificed animals to him or offered gold and jewels. Nobody was free to choose if they wanted to follow him, because only he could give them grains, cloths and medicine.

When Chapba Lakring heard that Tonpa Shenrab taught about truth, kindness and beauty, he was very upset. People who understand compassion and beauty treat each other with respect, because of which fear in society decreases. But fear was the strength of the demon king. Worried that he would lose power, he came to Kailas to attack Tonpa Shenrab.

He spread mistrust, greed, jealousy, anger, lies, arrogance, disobedience, and laziness among the people to lead them away from the light of compassion shown by Tonpa Shenrab. But the people had already understood Tonpa Shenrab's teachings, so his tricks failed.

Chapba Lakring commanded his army of a million demons, who were always intoxicated with power, to destroy Tonpa Shenrab. When the demons attacked, Tonpa Shenrab showed them compassion and shared his wisdom with them. The demons, who were humans distorted by arrogance and ignorance, gave up their weapons and became peaceful shepherds and traders. They followed Tonpa Shenrab as he traveled even farther to spread the light of compassion.

But the demon king's anger hadn't disappeared. Evil thoughts buzzed around him like flies around rotting flesh.

One day, when Tonpa Shenrab was traveling around the Cha area to bring the light of compassion to even more people, Chapba Lakring entered his tent as a tired traveler and asked the women inside for water and porridge.

He praised one woman's beauty and the fine weaving skills of another. He whispered into the ear of one wife to make her jealous of another wife. He put suspicion in the heart of the mother and anger in the mind of the daughter. In this manner, with magical ropes made of clever words, he captured the women and took them away with him.

Tonpa Shenrab returned to find his tent empty. No fire had been lit, no incense had been offered to the ancestors, and the wind passed right through without permission. He flew to Chapba Lakring's kingdom and with words of logic and the light of compassion took away the evil thoughts and deeds that had tied the women to the demon king. Before traveling back, Tonpa Shenrab and the women prayed that Chapba Lakring would abandon evil.

Ignorance is stubborn. Chapba Lakring was like a man who wants to race over a mountain while covering his eyes with his own hands. Quarreling gave him pleasure and made him feel alive and strong. So he ran ahead to Tonpa Shenrab's pastures and stole seven beautiful horses and fled to a place called Gongbu.

Tonpa Shenrab understood that unless he showed Chapba Lakring the light of compassion, the fighting would never end. So he traveled to the place where Chapba Lakring hid. The demon king saw the prince of light approach Gongbu and transformed the horses into trees and hid them in a thick forest.

But Tonpa Shenrab possessed eyes of wisdom, so he correctly recognized the seven trees that were his horses. Once the lie was caught, people shook their heads and

wondered why they had seen the horses as trees. The roots of the trees became hooves, the mossy trunks became the shiny coats of fine horses, and instead of nodding in the wind the horses snorted and neighed.

Chapba Lakring was defeated again. He roared in fury and turned the sky black. The valley became a churning sea of fog. Chapba Lakring quickly stole the horses back from Tonpa Shenrab and hid them under a large red rock and spread thick darkness over everything. Nobody could see anything.

Tonpa Shenrab meditated and asked himself: 'Until when should someone be patient?' The answer was clear: if being patient allowed another person to continue being an ignorant sinner, patience is no longer good. Out of compassion for the people who lived in fear of the demon king, Tonpa Shenrab created a bright white light and the darkness disappeared completely.

Even though the brightness of Tonpa Shenrab's light blinded him, Chapba Lakring transformed himself into a black mountain and leapt on Tonpa Shenrab with the intention to crush him into a red paste of blood, bones and hair. Tonpa Shenrab took the form of an even larger mountain with the ability to heal the body and the mind and softly covered the black mountain that was Chapba Lakring.

When the weight of compassion smothered him, Chapba Lakring turned himself into a rain of rocks, which Tonpa Shenrab scattered by dancing with a gleaming, bright sword. The demon king's attacks were defeated one by one by Tonpa Shenrab's great compassion. Finally, he collapsed and became Bonri Chinbu, the sacred mountain.

The people of Tibet saw that compassion is more powerful than weapons, and that tolerance and kindness outlive fear and tyranny. Since this great battle between

Chapba Lakring and Tonpa Shenrab, many evil forces have tried to defeat compassion. But even today, new Bönpo monasteries are being built in Tibet, and kindness is alive all over the world.

魔女灭亡记

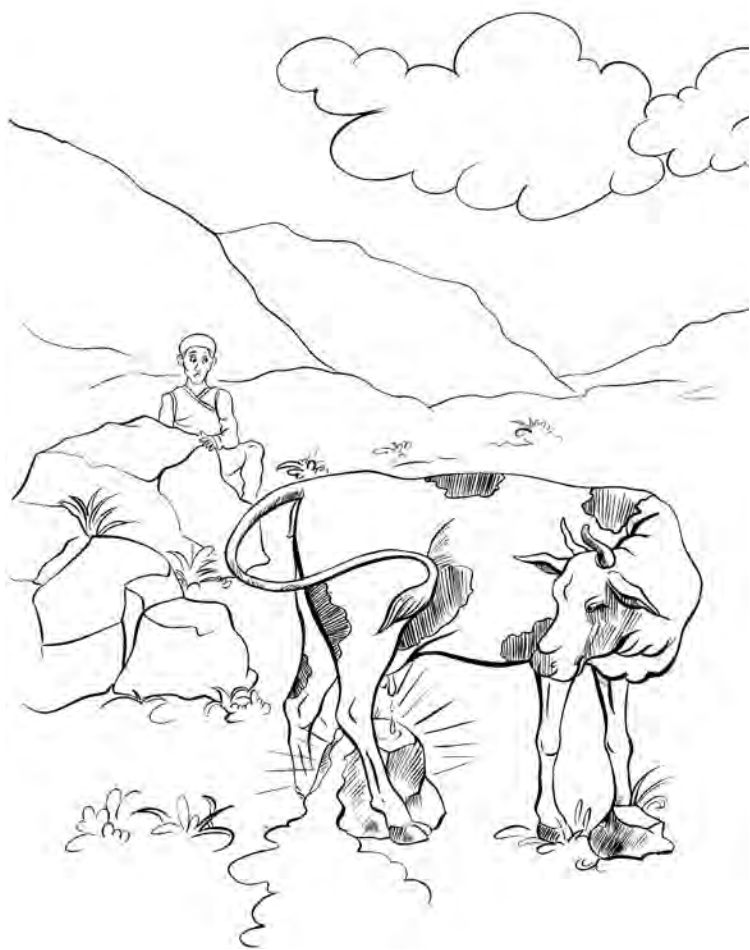
在尼泊尔觉姆拉（Jumla）地区的嘉拉（Jaira）村发现了那位萨吉神（Sarki）。一头奶牛每晚都会给一块石英石喂奶，牧人很愤怒，于是就砸了这块石头，这块石头裂成了三块，神奇地飞到了三处建有萨吉神坛的地方。

几个世纪后，一个来自帕里亚种姓（Pariyar）的妇女从父亲的村子嘉拉（Jaira）前往丈夫所在的湖姆拉塔荷（Thehe）的村子。她坐在卡那里（Karnali）河支流旁的山丘上，这里是沿途的最后一座村庄卡斯（Khas）村。几百座房子密密麻麻地建在一起，孩子们在屋顶相互玩耍。他们在一根圆木上凿出支脚点做成梯子，这样就能拾级而上。每户人家将房屋隔成越来越小的房间，而不是搬到别的地方。男人们常常会去印度和西藏自治区阿里（Ngari）地区的普兰（Purang）找活儿干。

这位帕里亚妇女曾在特荷见过所谓“上层种姓”的神，兰姆帕（Rampal）以及他弟弟的神坛。但是作为一个帕里亚人，她没有自己的神，而其他的神只关注别人的行为，他们根本不理睬她的祷告，也不友好。

“爸爸，”她请求道：“给我一个鼓，那样我的儿子可以敲着这个鼓召唤我们村里的神。”

她父亲说道：“兰姆帕的神坛上的鼓太大了，但我可以给你萨吉神神坛上的鼓，你要小心把它藏好，不要让人知道你把它带到了塔荷。”



于是，她将典姆果（tyamko）鼓藏在衣服下，将儿子放在一个柳编框里背在肩上离开了嘉里，途经卡那里前往塔荷。

和她同行的人听到典姆果鼓自己发出声音感到很困惑，走了几天之后，他们再也按耐不住好奇心，最终到达塔荷后他们就挤到这个女人的家里，询问这个鼓自己发出声音预示着什么。

在深冬玛格（Margh）月的第十四天，村民们围在这位年轻的妈妈和一岁的男孩及自我发声的典姆果鼓周围，这个小男孩已被萨吉神选为了他的达米（Dhami），取名阿什·帕里亚。

这个小男孩神情恍惚地对所有的人说：“我是来自嘉里的神萨吉。”

但已经在塔荷的神对这位新到来的神很生气，他们生气是因为萨吉是和一个裁缝种姓的女人一起到这儿的，而且还选了她的孩子为达米。

兰姆帕神和他的弟弟贝泰（Betāl）、玛湿塔（Mashta）和班帕（Banpal）一起联手抵制，驱赶萨吉神离开塔荷。他们很不礼貌地说：“离开这儿，这里不需要你，我们也不欢迎你，你选择和低等种姓的人生活在一起是对我们的侮辱。”萨吉神礼貌地回答道：“我会和我选择的人们一起生活在塔荷。”

在那段非常时期，有一个居住在村庄下游卡那里河中洞穴的魔女果迪亚麦（Kodiyamal），时时威胁着塔荷。她沿河向北到西藏高原，向南到印度平原掳获小孩，惊恐的村民看到她吃掉小孩后从水里冒出血来。甚至有时在西藏，有时在湖姆拉，有时在乌尔都（Urdu）激流咆哮的卡那里河中都能听见小孩的尖叫声，母亲们把自己孩子的耳朵捂住不让他们听到，并且还会尽量掩盖卡那里河中的血色泡沫。但是骨头断裂，吸去骨髓的声音会在山谷里回荡许多天。

塔荷的人们认为他们的神无法保护他们免受果迪亚麦的威胁，而贝泰、玛湿塔和班帕一个一个地贪婪

地接受着供奉跳到河中同果迪亚麦战斗，但是打了几个短暂的回合之后，会毫发无损地逃回来，而女魔随着同神战斗赢得胜利，变的越发强大和愤怒。

回到家后的第二天，阿什·帕里亚的母亲在太阳下给他按摩四肢的时候，果迪亚麦从她的洞穴中伸出长长的舌头，抓住了另一个在阳光下由母亲按摩的婴儿，母亲的哭声撕碎了每个塔荷人的心。他们等着听到那碎裂和大嚼的声音，但没看见血冒出来，相反，他们听见果迪亚麦打嗝的声音。

“兰姆帕，你是神里最年长的，也是最强大的，也比别的神先受到敬拜，如果你都不能保护我的孩子，那还有谁能够做到呢？我发誓我会把最肥美和纯洁的贡物供奉给你。”

兰姆帕不情愿地下到水中同魔女战斗，但他也逃回了他的松木树林里的神坛躲起来了。

阿湿·帕里亚作为萨吉神的凡人化身，从他的屋顶飞过，飞过帕里亚邻居的屋顶，向南飞过青稞、芥菜和大麻地飞到卡那里上空盘旋。

“果迪亚麦，把孩子交出来或准备受死吧，”萨吉神清楚地、大声地用让所有的人都能听到的声音说道。班帕、贝泰和玛湿塔出来躲在一旁看，他们既希望果迪亚麦能把这个自命不凡的神吃掉，又希望阿湿·帕里亚能杀掉打败他们的魔女。

果迪亚麦的回答非常恐怖，很难在这里描述出来。但阿湿·帕里亚还是勇敢地潜入卡那里水中，他们的战斗整整持续到玛格月的满月出现在天空中。在果迪亚麦水下的洞穴中战斗了很长时间后，河水被血染成了红色。

就在塔荷的人们和神聚精会神地观战时，这个神奇的孩子带着从果迪亚麦肚子里取出来的婴儿从卡那里水中飞了出来。

看到萨吉神的法力后，兰姆帕、贝泰、班帕和玛湿塔聚在一起商量萨吉神在塔荷的地位。他们对萨吉

神有偏见是因为他们认为他更优秀，但萨吉神杀了果迪亚麦后证明他们错了。经过整晚的讨论，第二天，也就是玛格月的月满之时，他们来到萨吉神的住处。

兰姆帕吞吞吐吐地说：“你是一个强大的神，你可以在这里生活，在节庆日期间，人们会在敬拜我之前先敬拜你。”从此之后，腊月的第十四天，也就是正式节庆的头一天成了萨吉神日。

萨吉神的达米阿什·帕里亚在村子里生活长大，同更多的魔鬼战斗，过了很多次腊月节，活到了84岁。萨吉神选了一个阿什·帕里亚的后代作为他的新的达米。如果一个所谓的“上等种姓”的人粗鲁地对待帕里亚人，或者欺骗他们，他们会记得帕里亚人的神是一个强大的神，杀死过魔女，而他们的四个神联合起来也没能打败魔女。虽然种姓制没有公平地对待塔荷的帕里亚人，但他们当中有一位主持正义，为弱小而战，从不恃强凌弱的神。

The Fall of the Demoness

The god Harki was found in the village of Jaira, in Jumla district of Nepal. Here, a cow offered her milk to a quartz rock every evening. When her angry cowherd attacked the rock, it broke into three pieces and miraculously flew to three places where shrines were built for Harki.

Many centuries later, a woman of the Pariyar caste was making a long journey from her father's village of Jaira to her husband's home in the village of Thehe, which is in Humla. Sitting on a hill above a branch of the Karnali, it is the last Khas village in that direction. Hundreds of houses huddle together. Children play on rooftops joined to each other. Steps are carved into a single tree-trunk to make ladders that go from one level to another level. Families divide the same house into smaller and smaller homes rather than move to another part of the country. Often, men migrate to seek work in India and Purang in the Ngari prefecture of the Tibet Autonomous Region.

The Pariyar woman had seen the powerful gods of the so-called 'upper castes' in Thehe – the elder Rampal, with his own shrine, and his younger brothers. But, as a Pariyar, she didn't have her own god, and the god of others often behaved as the others did: they didn't respect her wishes, nor were they friendly.

'Father,' she begged, 'give me a drum, so that my son may play it and call upon a god from my village.'



Her father said, 'The drums at the shrine of Rampal are too big, but I will give you a drum from the shrine of Harki. Careful! Hide it well. Let nobody see you take it into Thehe!'

She left Jaira with a small *tyamko* drum hidden under her dress and her son in a wicker basket on her shoulders. They headed up the Karnali towards Thehe.

The travelers in her group were puzzled to hear the sound of a small *tyamko* drum beating on its own. After a few days of walking, they couldn't control their curiosity any longer. When they finally reached Thehe, they crowded at the woman's house and asked what was meant by the omen of the drum that beat on its own.

It was on the fourteenth day of the waxing moon in the month of Magh, in the deepest of winter, when villagers gathered around the young mother, the year-old boy, and the *tyamko* drum that played itself. The year-old baby had been chosen by the god Harki as his *dhامي*. His name was Aashe Pariyar.

The year-old baby went into a trance and said to everybody, 'I am the god Harki from Jaira!'

But the other gods already living in Thehe were angry at the new god. What they hated the most was that Harki had traveled there with a woman of the tailor caste, and had chosen her baby as his *dhامي*.

The god Rampal and his younger brothers Betal, Mashto and Banpal banded together to chase Harki away from Thehe. 'Go away,' they said to him. 'You are not needed here, neither are you welcome among us. You have insulted us by choosing to live among people of low caste.' That wasn't very polite of them. But Harki replied politely, 'I will live in Thehe with the people I choose.'

In those very days, Thehe was being terrorized by the demoness Kodyamal, who lived in a cave deep inside the

river Karnali, just below the village. She traveled as far up north as the plains of Tibet and as far south as the plains of India to snatch children from villages along the river. As horrified villagers watched, blood gushed out of her underwater home whenever she ate a child. Even from under the fast and roaring waters of the Karnali the screams of children could be heard, some in Tibetan, some in Humli, and sometimes even in Urdu. Mothers blocked the ears of their children and tried to hide the bloody foam coloring the Karnali. But the crunching of bones and sucking of marrow echoed through the valley for many days.

The people of Thehe thought that their gods were incapable of defending them from Kodiyamal. One by one, Betal, Mashto and Banpal had greedily accepted sacrifices offered by the villagers and jumped into the river to battle Kodiyamal. But they had come running back after short battles, barely escaping with their limbs intact. With every victory over a god the demoness grew stronger and angrier.

The day after arriving in Thehe, Aashe Pariyar's mother sat massaging him in the sun when Kodiyamal stretched her tongue all the way from her cave and snatched away another child. The cries of the mother broke the hearts of everybody in Thehe. They waited in dread to hear the crunch and slurp, but no blood was seen. Instead, they heard Kodiyamal burp.

'Rampal! You are the eldest and most powerful god. You are worshipped before any other. If you can't protect my child, who can? I promise you the fattest and purest sacrifice!' the mother cried.

Rampal reluctantly entered the river to fight the demoness, but he too fled back uphill to his shrine to hide in a pine grove.

Aashe Pariyar, as the god Harki in human form, flew from his roof, over the roofs of the Pariyar neighborhood.

He flew south over fields of barley and mustard and hemp until he hovered over the Karnali.

‘Kodiyamal, give up the baby, or prepare for a fight to the death!’ Harki said in a clear and loud voice which everybody heard. The gods Banpal, Betal and Mashto came out of hiding to watch, half-wishing that Kodiyamal would eat this upstart god, but also hoping that Harki would kill the demoness who had defeated them.

What Kodiyamal said in reply is too horrifying to write here, but it was arrogant enough that Harki dived into the waters of the Karnali. Their fight continued until the full moon of the month of Margh shone in the winter skies. After many hours of battle inside Kodiyamal’s underwater cave the river frothed with blood.

As the gods and the people of Thehe watched, the miraculous child flew out from the Karnali carrying the baby that he had torn out from Kodiyamal’s belly.

Having seen Harki’s strength, Rampal, Betal, Banpal and Mashto met to discuss Harki’s place in Thehe. They believed themselves to be superior to Harki, but they had been proven wrong when Harki killed Kodiyamal. After debating through the night, they came to him the next day.

‘You are a strong god,’ Rampal said reluctantly. ‘You may live here. During festivals, people will worship you before they worship me.’ Ever since then, the fourteenth day of the waxing moon, a night before the main festival, has been the day of the god Harki.

Aashe Pariyar, the *dhami* for the god Harki, grew up and battled more demons from around the village, saw a thousand moons, and lived to the ripe old age of eighty-four. Since his passing, the god Harki has chosen men from among the descendants of Aashe Pariyar as his *dhami*. If a person of the so-called ‘upper caste’ treats a Pariyar person

rudely, or cheats them out of wages, they remember that the god of the Pariyars is a powerful god who killed a demoness who had defied their four strong gods. The caste system may treat the Pariyars of Thehe unfairly, but they have a god among them who loves justice and fights for the weak, and who doesn't accept bullying.

三位善良的王子

从前在四方位有四个国王，他们分别是东方的囊卡瓦（Nangka Wa）国王、南方的巴达霍（Bada Hor）国王、西方的囊斯拉（Nangsi Lha）国王和北方的西林察（Shingling Tsa）国王。其中囊卡瓦国王是最强大和富有的。他拥有7700只羊、5500头牦牛和3300匹骏马。

囊卡瓦国王有个儿子名叫囊卡德斯（Nangka Dsi），王子的母亲在他三岁时去世了。国王独自将其抚养长大，其中的艰辛不言而喻。有一天国王想到，“如果我的儿子就这样孤独的成长，对他来说太艰难了，我必须得给他找个玩伴。”于是国王带上王子，一袋金子和一袋银子出发去为他儿子寻找玩伴。

国王和他的贴身仆人廓玉森格绕登（Koryu Senge Rabdhan）来到了一处叫麒夏甲穆（Chisha Gyamo）的地方，在那儿他们遇见了一位带着两个男孩的老妇人。

“你能把你的男孩子们卖给我吗？我有个儿子他没有兄弟。我可以付给你一袋金子和一袋银子，这三个孩子在今后的人生中可以相互照应。”国王说道。

老妇人回答道：“我不能把这两个孩子卖给你，不过请你先转过身去再转回来。”

国王按照老妇人说的转过身去然后又转回来。这时老妇人不见了而两个男孩还留在原地。尽管老妇人消失的无影无踪，但是国王还是将那一袋金子和一袋



银子留在了那里，然后把两个男孩带回了王宫。

国王现在有了三个儿子，他的王子和两个男孩。这两个男孩分别取名叫麒崩达玉敕邦（Chibun Dayu Tribung）和罗平罗布仓巴（Luphun Norbu Tsenba）。

国王待这两个孩子视如己出，两个孩子也把国王当成自己的亲身父亲。国王教育他们做一个忠诚、勇敢和善良的人。在王子7岁时国王不幸离世。王子悲痛万分，虔诚皈依佛陀。

很快国王的财富锐减，起先的7700只羊只剩下了7只，5500头牦牛只剩下了5头，3300匹骏马只剩下了3匹。罗平罗布仓巴非常担忧，于是他对他的兄弟和仆人说道：“我们的父亲给我们留下了7700只羊，可是现在只剩下7只了。我要去寻找一块肥沃的草场，在那儿将羊群的数量增加。你们一定照顾好王子。”

又过了一段时间，麒崩达玉敕邦对王子说道：“我们的父亲给我们留下了3300匹骏马，可现在只剩下3匹了。我要去寻找一个水草丰盛的地方将马匹的数量增加。”他让仆人一定要照顾好王子，便离开了。

王子同贴身仆人还有5头牦牛留在了王宫。王子辛勤劳作，努力照料这些牦牛。几年后，5头牦牛增加到了5000头。他的贴身仆人说“王子殿下，这可是好兆头。善良的人一定会有善报。”

王子回答道：“现在我们有足够的牲畜了，而我很想念我的两个兄弟。不知他们是否安然无恙。烦请你去寻找他们并带回家来，不管他们现在有多少只羊和多少匹马我都无所谓。”

森格绕登遵循王子的嘱托启程去寻找王子的两位兄弟。当他来到麒夏甲穆，此地正好是国王为王子寻得两位玩伴的地方，他遇到了一大群羊，远远超出7700只。他很困惑这群羊到底是谁的呢？边猜测边躺下休息了。

就在这时一只母羊生下了一只浑身带斑点的羊

羔，脖子上还挂了一条海螺项链。这只小羊羔问他母亲：“在东方王国有那么多的小羊羔，可是为什么唯独我生下来时戴着海螺项链，为什么会这样呢？”

母羊回答道：“很快会有许多仙女到离麒夏甲穆不远处的湖泊里来沐浴，其中那位最美丽的仙女叫拉姆彤朵玛（Lhamo Tongduo Ma）。只有用你的海螺项链能够捉到她。如果她与王子成婚，这将是整个东方王国最大的幸事和最耀眼的喜悦。”

这时母羊突然变的很警觉，轻声说道“儿子这儿有个人他能听懂我们的语言，咱们还是赶快离开这里吧”。

事实上仆人森格绕登确实能听懂羊的语言。他跳了起来扑向新生的小羊羔摘下他的海螺项链然后藏在自己的毛毡帽子里，在5000只羊群的蹄子把他淹没在灰尘中之前迅速离开了。

很快仆人就遇到了罗平罗布仓巴，向他传达了王子的口信。罗平罗布仓巴说：“好的，我即刻启程回去。但是你一定要找到麒崩达玉敕邦并把他带回来。”

仆人继续行走追踪麒崩达玉敕邦的行踪，发现他坐在一顶黑色羊毛的帐篷里，而在帐篷外只有一匹马正懒洋洋地吃着草。森格绕登以最大的善意掩饰住自己的失望，说道“现在王子已经拥有5000多头牦牛，罗平罗布仓巴拥有7000多只羊。你们父亲的财富再一次得到积累了。来，我们回家吧。”

麒崩达玉敕邦一下子跳了起来好像他一直在等待这个消息。他说道：“好啊！我们现在就回家。”他骑上唯一的一匹马奔向远处仿佛被羽毛覆盖的摇曳的岩石。森格绕登急忙跟上去。当他们来到这块羽毛状的岩石前时，麒崩达玉敕邦大声说道：“天女帕恰（Goddess Pacha），请为我打开石门。”然后拍手三次。

岩石慢慢打开了，在这岩石里有3300多匹骏马。

麒崩达玉敕邦将他父亲的马领出山洞，然后对仆人说：“我们走吧。其他的马会跟来的。”

骑着麒崩达玉敕邦给他的马走了一段路程后，森格绕登回头望向山洞那边。果然所有的马匹保持着一定的距离跟着他们。马匹色彩斑斓，从森林里午夜的黑到马奶白，马匹的颜色真是绚丽多彩。多么美好的景象啊！

回到家乡他们受到王子热情的欢迎，住进了父亲的王宫里。王子坐在金色的宝座上，麒崩达玉敕邦坐在银色的宝座上，罗平罗布仓巴坐在青铜宝座上。兄弟三人共同统治着这个王国。可是宫廷内需要一位王后来增加它的风采，而王子现在还不是一个国王，因此其他王国的国王们还未看到他的财富和权力。

森格绕登，这位值得信赖的仆人想起了母羊和她小羊羔之间的对话。而藏在他毛毡帽子里的海螺项链使他的头皮痒痒。

“拿着这个海螺项链去抓住这位仙女做你的新娘吧。”他向王子建议到。

虽然他的兄弟们对森格绕登所说的感到好笑，但是王子却说：“森格绕登一直都是我最忠诚的仆人，他从未对我撒过谎。既然他这样建议那么我一定要带上海螺项链去到他描述的地方以探究竟。”

王子带上海螺项链启程了。当他到达所描绘的湖边时看见有许多仙女正在湖里游泳。由于王子是个凡人，正在戏水玩耍的仙女闻道了他身体的气味，惊吓之余她们纷纷飞走了。而此时最美丽的仙女拉姆彤朵却落在了后面，身子一半在水中一半在水面上。

片刻间王子忘记了他此行的目的。他被拉姆彤朵的美丽惊呆了。但是，瞬间像闪电一般，王子找回了他的机智，他把神奇的项链扔到仙女周围，抓住了她。仙女同意嫁给王子并与他一道回到了王宫。王后的美丽与美德为宫廷带来了无上的荣耀

重新获得了父亲的财富，并娶到了天上最美丽的

仙女为妻，囊卡德斯在想：“我的王国比我父亲的时代更加繁荣，我必须要好好庆祝这个成就。”

在仆人和兄弟们的帮助下，王子向这个世界上他知道的所有地方发出了邀请，邀请国王和王子们来参加比赛。王子以礼貌的言辞邀请到：“带上你最好的马，带上像鸟儿一样在天空中飞翔的马，又或者是像鱼儿一样在河水中游动的马，或像风吹过草地一样驰骋的马。如果你们的马匹赢得了比赛，我将奖励你们百余马匹，那将会是多么的壮观。”

来自西藏各地的国王和王子在几天内聚集到一块，希望从王子的马厩里赢走百余匹骏马。在热情款待宾客后，王子宣布比赛将在第二天清晨开始。

出于礼貌年轻的王子们放弃了比赛。只有四方位的四个国王进行比赛。南方的巴达霍国王、西方的囊斯拉国王和北方的西林察国王与王子进行比赛。王子的坐骑是他父王最喜爱的骏马叫杂噶勒钦（Zagar Lheqin）。当比赛一开始，马儿从始至终就像飞一般，人们连眨眼的功夫都没有。但是南方国王的坐骑最终赢得了奖励。因为客人赢得了比赛，没有人指责囊卡德斯作弊。客人们享受着王子的好客和热情，他们的欢声笑语使王子的宫殿蓬荜生辉。

在为尊贵的客人举行的宴会上，主人和宾客们尽情享受美食，歌舞升平。每个人都对自己的生活充满欢喜。王子想起仆人曾经对他说的话：“好人总会有好报。”他虔诚皈依佛陀，公平对待父亲收养的兄弟，尊重和爱着自己的王妃。因为他的善举他得到了善报。王子发誓他将始终做一个品德高尚的人，这样他将一直得到佛陀的保佑。

Three Good Princes

In the four cardinal directions were four kings: King Nangka Wa in the east, King Bada Hor in the south, King Nangsi Lha in the west, and King Shingling Tsa in the north. Of these, King Nangka Wa was the most powerful and wealthy. He had 7,700 sheep, 5,500 yaks, and 3,300 horses.

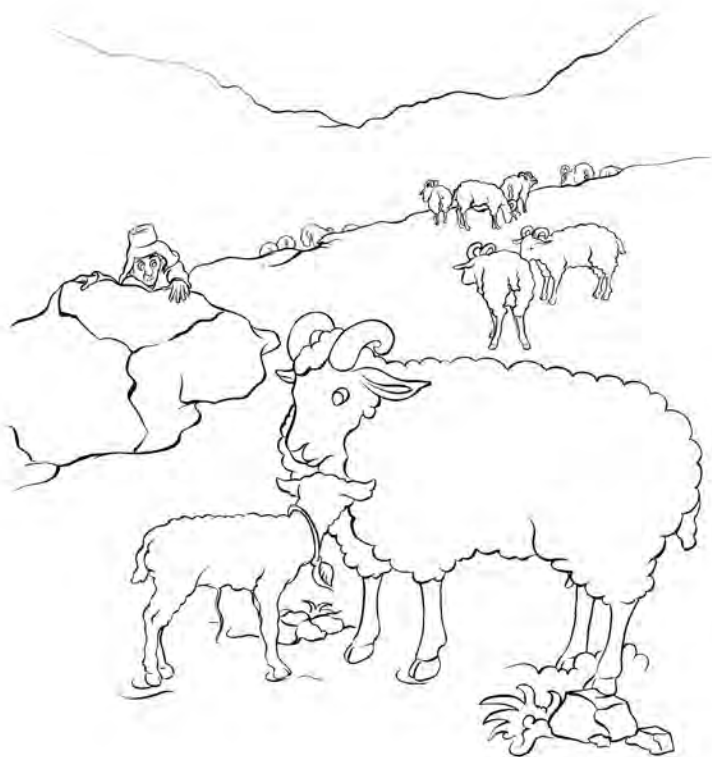
Nangka Wa has a son named Nangka Dsi, whose mother died when he was three years old. The king raised the child by himself and had a very hard time of it. One day, he thought, 'It will be very difficult for my son to grow up alone. I must find playmates for him.' So he took his son, a bag of gold and another of silver, and set off to buy a friend for his son.

The king and his footman Koryu Senge Rabdhan reached a place called Chisha Gyamo. There, they met an old woman with two boys.

'Can you please sell your boys to me? I have a son who has no brothers. I can pay you one bag of gold and one bag of silver, and the three boys can look after each other for the rest of their lives,' the king said.

The old woman replied, 'I cannot sell you these children. But please look away, and then turn back again.'

The king looked away, and turned back again. The old woman had vanished, but the two boys remained. Although the old woman wasn't there, the king left behind the bags of gold and silver and brought the two boys home.



The king now had three sons: his prince, and the two boys. One boy was named Chibun Dayu Tribung, and the other was named Luphun Norbu Tsenba.

The king treated the two boys as his own children, and they also loved him like their own father. He taught them to be loyal, brave and kind. When the prince was seven years old, the king passed away. Overcome with grief, the prince dedicated himself to the Buddha.

Soon, the king's wealth decreased. Of the 7,700 sheep, only seven remained; of the 5,500 yaks, only five remained, and of the 3,300 horses, only three remained. Luphun Norbu Tsenba became very worried. He said to his brother and the footman, 'Our father left us 7,700 sheep, but now only seven remain. I will find a fertile pasture where I can increase the flock. Take good care of the prince.'

Sometime later, Chibun Dayu Tribung said to the prince, 'Our father left us 3,300 horses, of which only three remain. I will find a place with plenty of water and grass to increase their number.' He asked the footman to take good care of the prince, and left on his quest.

The prince stayed home with his footman and the five yaks. He took care of the yaks and worked hard. After a few years, the five yaks increased to over 5,000. The footman said, 'Prince, this is a good sign. Good people are always rewarded.'

The Prince replied, 'We have plenty of livestock. But I miss my brothers. I want to know how they are. Please find them and bring them home regardless of how many sheep and horses they have now.'

Koryu Senge Rabdhan, the footman, obeyed the prince and left to find the other two brothers. When he reached Chisha Gyamo, at just the spot where the old king had found playmates for the prince, he found a flock of sheep

numbering far more than 7,700. He wondered whose flock of sheep they were, and, thus wondering, lay down to rest.

Just at that moment, a ewe gave birth to a lamb covered with spots all over its body and wearing a conch necklace. The little lamb asked his mother, 'There are so many other little lambs in the East Kingdom, but I am the only one born with a conch necklace. Why is that so?'

The ewe replied, 'Soon, many fairies will gather to bathe in the lake near Chisha Gyamo. Of them, the fairest is named Lhamo 'Tongduo Ma. She can be caught only with your conch necklace. And if she marries the Prince, it will be the greatest luck and brightest joy for all of the East Kingdom.'

Then, suddenly, she became alert and said softly, 'But son, there is a man here who understands our tongue. We must run away.'

Indeed, the footman Koryu Senge Rabdhan understood the language of the sheep. He jumped at the newborn lamb and captured the conch necklace and hid it in his felt hat and set off before the hooves of 7,000 sheep could trample him into the dust.

Very soon, the footman ran into Luphun Norbu 'Tsenba and gave him the prince's message. Luphun Norbu 'Tsenba said, 'Alright. I am coming home. But you should find Chibun Dayu 'Tribung and bring him home.'

The footman walked further on and tracked down Chibun Dayu 'Tribung, who was sitting inside a tent of black wool, but with just one horse lazily grazing outside the tent. Disguising his disappointment with the utmost good sense, Koryu Senge Rabdhan said to him, 'The prince now has over 5,000 yak, and Luphun Norbu 'Tsenba now herds over 7,000 sheep. The wealth of your father is sufficiently restored. Come, let's go home.'

Chibun Dayu Tribung sprang up, as if he had been waiting for just this news, and said, 'Yes! Let's go home right now.' He raced off on his only horse towards a rock that shimmered as if covered all over with feathers. Koryu Senge Rabdhan hurriedly followed. When they reached the feathery rock, Chibun Dayu Tribung said, 'Goddess Pacha! Please open the door for me.' He then clapped three times.

The rock opened up slowly. Inside the rock were more than 3,300 fine horses. Chibun Dayu Tribung led his father's horses out of the cave and said to the footman, 'Let's go now. The other horses will follow.'

After traveling some distance, riding the horse Chibun Dayu Tribung had given him, Koryu Senge Rabdhan turned back to look at the cave. All the horses were following them at a respectable distance. And what splendid colors they were! From the black of a midnight in the forest, to the white of mare's milk, there were horses of every color. What a wonderful sight it was!

Each of them was received warmly by the prince, and they lived together in their father's kingdom. The prince sat on a golden throne, Chibun Dayu Tribung sat on a silver throne and Lophun Norbu Tseba sat on a copper throne. They ruled the kingdom together. But the court didn't have a queen to increase its beauty. And the prince wasn't yet a king because other kings hadn't seen his wealth and power.

Koryu Senge Rabdhan, the trusted footman, remembered the conversation between the ewe and her young lamb. 'Take this conch necklace and catch yourself a fairy for a bride!' he suggested.

Although his brothers laughed at Koryu Senge Rabdhan, the prince said, 'Koryu Senge Rabdhan has always been loyal to us. He has never told a lie. If he says so, I will

travel with the conch necklace to the land he describes, and see what happens.'

The prince set off with the conch necklace. When he reached the lake described to him, the prince saw many fairies swimming in the lake. Because the prince was a mortal, the smell of his body scared the fairies playing in the water. They suddenly flew away. But the fairest fairy of them all, Lhamo Tongduo Ma, remained behind, half in the lake, and half out of the water.

For half a moment, the prince forgot why he had traveled to the lake. He was blinded by Lhamo Tongduo Ma's beauty. But, like a flash of lightning, the prince regained his wit and threw the magical necklace around the fairy and caught her. Lhamo Tongduo Ma agreed to marry him and return with him to the palace. Her beauty and her virtues brought glory to the court.

Having regained the wealth of his father, and having found the fairest of the heavenly fairies as a wife, Nagka Dsi thought, 'My kingdom is more prosperous than it was in my father's times. I must celebrate this achievement.'

With the help of his footman and his brothers, the prince sent out invitations to all known corners of the world, inviting kings and princes to come to a tournament. 'Bring your best horses,' the invitation said in polite language, 'Bring horses which can fly like a bird in the sky, or which can swim like a fish in the river, or which gallop like the wind sweeping over the grassland. If your horse wins the race, I will reward you with a hundred more horses that are just as magnificent.'

Kings and princes from across Tibet gathered within a few days to win a hundred horses from the prince's stable. After welcoming the guests and serving them a feast, the prince announced that the race would start early in the morning.

Out of respect, the young prince's brothers did not participate in the race. Only the four kings of the four directions would compete. King Bada Hor, King Nangsi Lha, and King Shingling Tsa would race against the prince. The prince rode Zagar Lheqin, the old king's favorite horse. When the race began, the horses flew from start to finish in the time it takes for the eyes to blink. But it was the horse belonging to the King of the South which won the prize. Because a guest had won the competition, nobody could accuse Nagka Dsi of being ungracious. The laughter of guests enjoying his hospitality brought much honor to the house of the prince.

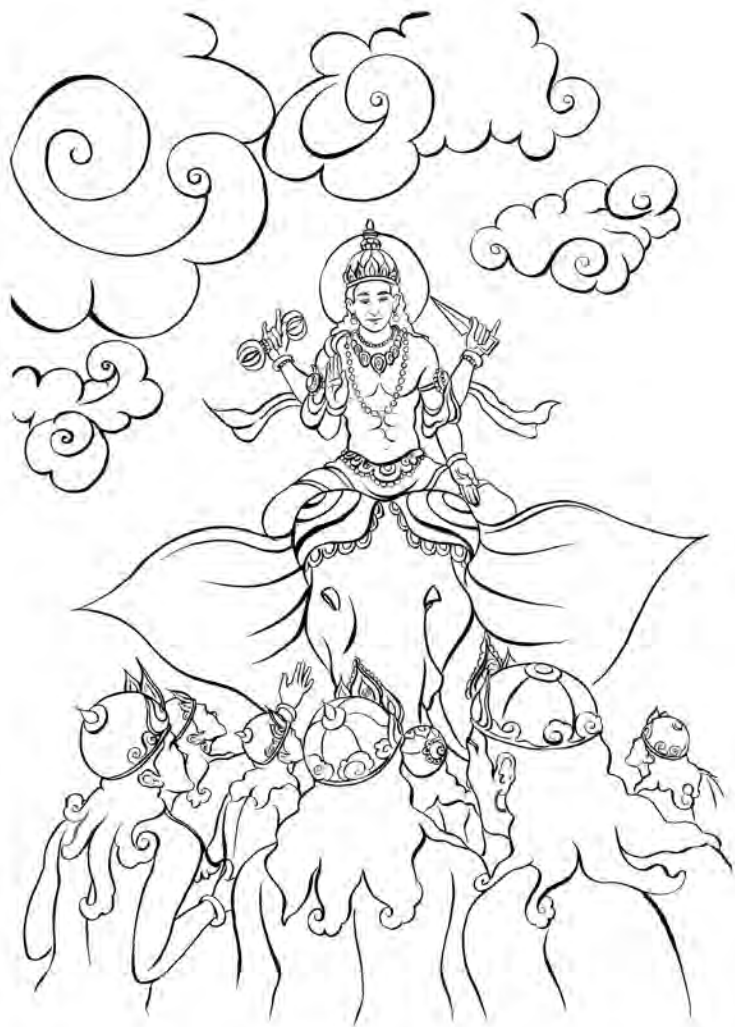
At the feasts held in honor of the guests, the host and his guests sang and danced and ate to their heart's desire. Everybody was very happy with their lives. The prince remembered what his footman had said – 'Good people are always rewarded.' He had devoted himself to the Buddha, treated his adopted brothers fairly, and shown respect and love to his queen. He was being rewarded for his good conduct. The prince vowed to always be virtuous so that the Buddha would always bless him.

德布米-神的领地

湖姆拉（Humla）位于尼泊尔地图的左上角，其北面是中国西藏自治区的阿里（Ngari）地区，西面是印度的北阿坎德邦（Uttarakhand）。卡那里（Karnali）大河源自西藏，穿过湖姆拉向南流向印度汇入恒河（Ganga）。佛教徒、苯教徒和印度教教徒生活在这一带。在湖姆拉可以看到雄伟的雪山，美丽的草原和陡峭的山峰。这里的人们有的是农民，有的是历史上将印度平原连接到途经西藏的丝绸之路的贸易商。

湖姆拉有很多动人的故事，每个村庄都有神圣的地方用来祭拜祖先和神。湖姆拉的印度教徒敬奉12个神，他们是拉姆帕（Rampal）、哈里帕（Haripal）、甘塔派（Ghantapal）、班帕（Banpal）、玛度姆帕（Madhumpal）、香咋帕（Shankhapal）、凯希塔（Kalshilta）、古拉（Gura）、贝泰（Betel）、淑拉汗萨（Shuklahansa）、达荷玛湿托（Daarhe-Mashto）和度德玛湿托（Dudhe-Mashto）。巴瓦尼（Bhawani）是他们的妹妹，也受到敬奉。而其他的象洛哈苏（Lauhasur）、朗果（Lhango）、哈吉（Harki）等是12个兄弟的侄子。

湖姆拉的每个村子都有敬奉不同的神的神坛，大一点的村庄如锡米科特（Simikot）或着特和（Thehe）比起其他的村庄或许有更多的神坛。每个神和女神是以凡人的面貌出生成为达米（Dhami），另外一个人



被培养成一个讲神的古语的党日（Dangri），他负责将人们的祈祷和愿望翻译给神听，将达米带入一种恍惚的状态聆听祈祷者的祷告。党日还会把神的旨意传达给人们。

在神统治时期，那12个神听说凯拉什山（Kailas）和玛旁雍措（Mansarovar）湖的诞生，他们就请他们的大哥天堂王尹迪拉（Indra）允许他们前往圣地朝拜。他们唱着赞美造物者的赞歌，在圣湖里沐浴，围着神山转经。但是在回来的路上他们被魔鬼旦格钦（Dangechin）抓住了，这些神同魔鬼的军队战斗了几千年，最终打败了他们。他们将魔鬼的头扔到几公里之外，它的血将西藏普兰（Taklakot）周围的土地染红。

他们回到家对尹迪拉说：“我们有几千年没吃没喝了，给我们食物和水吧！”

尹迪拉回答到，“到湖姆拉去吧，到那儿维护我的统治，惩恶扬善，那样那里的人们就会向你们进贡，供奉他们一半的收成。保佑孩子和牲畜，或者让他们生病，在他们向你们祈祷和供奉食物后再治愈他们。”

神听了很高兴，他们来到了希萨（Hilsa）的湖姆拉，在九个泉水形成的水池里洗完澡后进入到湖姆拉不同的村庄。他们在那里唱歌跳舞，并通过达米维护尹迪拉的公平正义。作为回报，湖姆拉的人们唱着赞歌，供奉谷物，决心远离邪恶，做正义之人。

统治湖姆拉南边觉姆拉（Jumla）的国王是一个强势的人，他是毗湿奴（Vishnu）的化身。他听说湖姆拉的人们通过达米来供奉的神奇行为，只需将一斤大米献给达米和党日，这样就能和神对话，这使得国王很生气，因为他相信只有国王才能收取税收和供奉。

当他听说湖姆拉的神惩恶扬善时他更生气了，因为只有国王才能主持正义。神使那里的男人女人，不

同种姓的人们按照古老的法则生活，每个人在社会上有各自的等级地位，不管发生什么也不会发生变化，达米作为神的化身维护着这些法则。

结果觉姆拉的国王就派他的军队到湖姆拉抓达米，要把他们带到国王处。或者按照湖姆拉达米的说法就是毗湿奴的化身抓了神的化身。

“谁允许你们生活在我在的人民当中，谁给了你们权利在我的地方收取供奉？”国王咆哮道。

“我们的哥哥尹迪拉派我们到湖姆拉，他要我们统治这里的人们。”

达米见国王还在生气，其中一个为了显示神附着在他体内，将一把大麦压碎成黑色的粉末。

但是国王作为毗湿奴的化身，也有很大的法力，他也赤手将大麦压碎成黑色的粉末。

“你敢在我面前玩这种把戏？”国王咆哮道。他很高傲，要达米承认他们渺小、无用。

另一个达米将一把大麦压碎成红色的面粉，傲慢的国王也施展了相同的法力。接着一个达米将一把芝麻种子压在手心里直到流出芝麻油，国王笑着，缕着他的胡子，也做出了芝麻油。

达米抓起一块岩石用一种不可思议的力量将它碾碎成灰尘，国王同样也做成了这件事。

觉姆拉国王对湖姆拉的达米说：“这种把戏够了，你们该停止声称自己是神的代言人，你们根本不具备我所拥有的法力，你们该停止接收供奉和维护正义。”

但是达米还未展示完他们的法力，他们烧了一大铜锅油，等油煮沸后，一个达米就像是在喝冰湖里的水一样将油喝了下去，国王端起油锅但没有勇气喝下去。

“我的法力确实不及你们，”国王最后承认了失败，“你们可以以神的代言人统治湖姆拉。我是毗湿奴的化身，而且我比你们年长，你们要在湖姆拉维持

我的法律，要根据我的法律惩恶扬善，不能有通奸、偷盗或者诈骗等犯罪行为。”

神通过达米说，“你是比我们年长，我们会按照古老的法律惩恶扬善。我们会在玛旁雍措里沐浴，会围着神山转经表达我们对凯拉什的敬仰，我们不会接受不属于我们的东西。”

从此之后，觉姆拉成了实行国王法律的毗湿奴布米（Vishnubhumi）。湖姆拉成了实行神的法律的达布米（Devbhumi），也就是神的领地。

Godsland: Devbhumi

Humla is at the top left corner of Nepal. To its north is the Ngari province in the Tibet Autonomous Region of China, and to its west is Uttarakhand, a state in India. The river Karnali originates in Tibet, flows through Humla, and travels south into India to join the river Ganga. Buddhists, Bönpos and Hindus live here. Great snowcapped peaks, beautiful grasslands and steep mountains are seen in Humla. Some people are farmers, and some are traders who have historically connected the plains of India to the Silk Route that passed through Tibet.

Humla is rich in stories. Every village has sacred spaces where ancestors and gods are worshipped. The Hindus of Humla worship the twelve gods, namely Rampal, Haripal, Ghantapal, Banpal, Madhumpal, Shankhapal, Kalshilta, Gura, Betal, Shuklahansa, Daarhe-Mashto and Dudhe-Mashto. Bhawani, who is their sister, is also worshipped. Others like Lauhasur, Lhango and Harki are nephews of the twelve brothers.

Each village in Humla has shrines for various gods. Big villages like Simikot or Thehe may have more gods than other villages with fewer gods. Each god or goddess is born in human form as a *dhama* shaman. Another person trains to become the interlocutor *dangri*, who speaks the ancient language of the gods. The *dangri* translates the prayers and



wishes of the people for the gods, who take their *dhامي* into a trance and listen to prayers. The *dangri* also translates the speech of the gods for the people of Humla.

In the time of gods, before time had become real, the twelve gods heard about the creation of the Mount Kailas and the Lake Manasarovar. They asked their eldest brother Indra, who was the king of the heavens, for permission to visit the sacred pilgrimage sites. They bathed in the holy lake and walked around the holy mountain and sang praises of the Creator. But on the way home, they were captured by the demon of Dangechin. The gods fought the demon's army for a thousand years before defeating him. They threw his head many kilometers away from his body. The soil around Taklakot in Tibet turned red from the demon's blood.

The gods returned to Indra and said, 'We have been hungry and thirsty for a thousand years. Give us food and drink!'

Indra replied, 'Go to Humla. Protect my rule there by punishing evil and rewarding good deeds. So that the people may offer you sacrifices and a part of their harvest, bless them with children and cattle, or make them ill. When they pray to you and offer you food and drink, heal their diseases!'

This pleased the gods. They descended from heaven to Naumule, in Hilsa. After bathing in a holy spring with nine fountains, they danced into Humla to live in various villages. They danced and sang through their *dhامिस* and kept the law of Indra. In exchange, the people of Humla sang their praise, offered sacrifices and grains, and promised to be good.

A powerful king ruled over the empire of Jumla, which is to the south of Humla. He was the incarnation of Vishnu. He heard of the miracles being performed in Humla by the *dhامिस*, for which the people of Humla made offerings. The half-kilo of rice offered to *dhامिस* and *dangris* for making it possible to

talk to the gods also made the king angry because he believed that only a king could collect taxes and accept offerings.

The king became even angrier when he heard that the gods of Humla also rewarded good behavior and punished bad behavior, because justice could come only from the king. The gods made sure that men and women, and people of each caste, lived according to ancient rules. Everybody had a place in the hierarchy of society, which could never change, no matter what happened. As incarnations of the gods, the *dhamis* enforced these rules.

So, the angry king of Jumla sent his fearsome soldiers to arrest the *dhamis* of Humla and bring them to his court. Or, as the *dhamis* of Humla say, Vishnu's incarnation arrested the incarnation of the gods.

'Who gave you permission to live among my people? Who gave you the right to take offerings from my subjects?' the king growled at the *dhamis*.

'Our brother Indra sent us to Humla. He said we could rule over the people of Humla.'

When the *dhamis* saw that the king was still angry, one of them took a fistful of barley and crushed it into black powder to show the power of the god who lived in his body.

But the king was also full of great power as the incarnation of Vishnu. He also crushed barley into black powder with his bare hand.

'You dare challenge me with these simple tricks?' the king roared in anger. He was proud, and he wanted the *dhamis* to say that they were weak and worthless.

Another *dhami* took a fistful of barley and crushed it into red flour. The haughty king did the same. Next, the *dhami* crushed a fistful of sesame seeds until oil flowed from his fist. The king laughed and twirled his moustache, and he also made oil from sesame with his bare fist.

The *dhامي* grabbed a rock and crushed it with divine power into dust, but the king also did the same.

‘Enough of these tricks!’ the king of Jumla shouted at the *dhاميس* from Humla. ‘You will stop claiming that you are the voice of the gods! You don’t have any power that I don’t have. You will stop accepting offerings and dispensing justice!’

But the *dhاميس* hadn’t finished showing their strength. They heated oil in a large copper pot. Once the oil boiled, a *dhامي* drank the hot oil like it was water from an ice-cold lake. The king lifted the hot pot of oil, but he didn’t have the courage to drink it.

‘You do have powers greater than mine,’ the king finally accepted defeat. ‘You may rule in Humla as the voices of the gods. I am the incarnation of Vishnu. Therefore, I am your elder. So, you shall keep my laws in Humla. You shall reward good deeds and punish evil deeds according to my laws. You won’t allow anyone to commit adultery or theft, or to deceive anybody.’

‘You are the elder, and we are the younger,’ said the gods through the *dhاميس*. ‘We shall reward and punish according to the ancient laws. We shall bathe in Manasarovar and pay our respects to Kailas by walking around the sacred mountains. We shall never accept anything that doesn’t belong to us.’

Forever since then, Jumla has been known as *Vishnubhumi*, where the king’s laws apply. Humla, where the *dhاميس* uphold the rules of the gods, is known as *Devbhumi*, or, the land of gods.

机智聪明的祖先

直到最近，历史只谈了国王和他们的战争，而不是记录每个普通人的故事。他们当中有富人和穷人，强者和弱者以及男人和女人。在较早的历史的长河里，在两个国王的战斗中，会被遗忘的往往是士兵和村民，然而，是这些村民和士兵他们参加战斗并献出了生命。

二百多年前，一只来自尼泊尔中部廓尔喀（Gorkha）的军队袭击了加瓦尔（Garhwal）的村庄。这个地区距离喜马拉雅山南部的凯拉什（Kailas）要步行很多天。在那里有一个名叫色当（Sirdang）的安宁的村庄，此时这里的村民和商人担心他们会遭到廓尔喀人的袭击。廓尔喀人声名狼藉，他们掠夺谷物和牛，烧毁村庄。有些士兵甚至认为在战斗中死亡是一种神圣，他们会因此毫无理由地大开杀戒只是为了提醒自己，他们从不惧怕死亡。

在色当的冉（Rang）部落人中，有一位聪明的老人，他有许多孩子和孙子，他很喜欢自己的子孙，他想要用自己的聪明才智保护他的家人，这样他的子孙后代就能铭记他作为祖先为他们所行的善事，并赞扬他。如果他的子孙后代给予他足够多的赞扬，他甚至有可能成为一个神。

根据他的判断，他意识到廓尔喀人可能为掠夺通过与西藏贸易往来而积聚的丰富的谷物，细羊毛，肥牛和金钱来袭击色当。



“我们必须逃到山顶的堡垒才能生存，”老人告诉村民们，“廓尔喀人要来了，他们的贪婪就像他们的残酷一样无底。”村民们收拾了他们的家当和财富，逃到附近山顶上的堡垒。

一个留着胡子的廓尔喀指挥官，携带一把弯刀和一个犀牛皮盾，率领他的那些残忍的士兵进入了色当。虽然留下的房子漂亮干净，但村民们什么也没留给他们，没有粮食、没有黄金、没有牛羊。这时指挥官看到了山顶上的堡垒，于是把他的人带到了那里。

一群手无寸铁的色当男子端着从附近的泉水取来的凉爽的甘泉等在堡垒外面。“爬上来后你们一定很累吧，”他们面带微笑说道，并向指挥官和士兵们倒水。精明的老人先喝了一碗水，以向廓尔喀人表示水里并没有下毒。

“你们为什么要来这里，指挥官？”老人问道。“你们的家乡离这儿有一个月的步行路程，也许更长，你们的妻子一定很担心！”

指挥官怀疑地看着老人，“我是廓尔喀国王的使者，我要扩大他的帝国，要在这里抢劫，掠夺你们的村庄。”

“还有杀戮，”一名士兵咆哮道，当指挥官瞪了他一眼后，他变得安静起来，这个士兵显然是一个无勇无谋之人。

“没有必要进行战争！”老人说。“请你们进来，休息一会儿。我们是爱好和平的人。如果我们可以避免流血，我们会很乐意给你所需要的，我们村的守护神也不喜欢暴力。”

指挥官笑了起来，他烧过许多村庄，杀死过许多男人，妇女和儿童，得到了这个凶残的名声。现在终于是人人畏惧。他捻弄着胡子，进入了堡垒。

里面布置了一长排的垫子和牦牛毛毯，铜碗里盛着新鲜煮熟的肥肉，角落里放着一大锅的小米酒，面带微笑的年轻人随时准备端上肉和米酒。

在指挥官还没有说话之前，他的士兵们就已坐下来，垂涎欲滴，很快就喝起了米酒或者吃起了烤好的山羊肝。

“好的，好的！”指挥官说，“不要喝太多，因为我们还要抢劫掠夺呢。”

贪婪的廓尔喀人开始狼吞虎咽，肉上的油脂粘在他们的胡须上，而米酒又把沾湿的胡须变得凌乱，很快他们喝醉了。

色当的冉部落的人从堡垒后面的一个秘密通道逐个逃走了，老人和孩子先行，其次是年轻的男女。当妻子们开始离开时，她们沉重的银币和金币项链的相互碰撞声引起廓尔喀指挥官的注意，他从座位上爬起来冲到门口。

“大家都是要去哪里？”他喊道。

机智的老人礼貌地说：“你们的胃口很大，你的人还未解渴，我们的人们应该热情款待客人，请回去享受肉和米酒吧！”

指挥官意识到这个机智的老人在愚弄他，他假装回去和他的人坐在一起，拿起一碗米酒，低声地用只有他信赖的助手听得到的声音说道，“你假装出去散步，看看大家都在往哪儿跑。”

他的助手装作要散步，走向大门。此时，这位机智的老人意识到指挥官识破了他试图愚弄廓尔喀人的计策，于是他迅速潜入门外，隐藏在黑暗中。

虽然这个助手很想保持警觉，但他肚子上的米酒让他摇摆不定，反应迟缓。当他走出廓尔喀人的视线后，机智的老人用一只手抓住这个助手的脖子，另一只手抓住腰间，举在空中，旋转着把他扔出悬崖，漂浮在黑暗中。

指挥官在里面等待助手返回时，又吃了一碗肉，喝了一碗米酒，终于低声地向另一位助手说道，要他去外面查查。

老人抓住了第二个助手的脖子和腰，把他从悬崖

上甩了出来，让他在黑暗中漂浮。廓尔喀士兵每五到十分钟出来一个，老人便抓住一个，然后把他仍到黑暗中。

最后到午夜左右，廓尔喀指挥官向堡垒房间的四周望去，看到他最好的士兵们已经不见了，而廓尔喀人的周围有更多的冉部落的人。而这时剩下的士兵就像指挥官自己一样虚弱和胆怯。当他意识到爱好和平，热情好客的色当村民如何巧妙地击败了他时，这个廓尔喀指挥官跑向门口，奋力跳出去，直奔黑暗的天空，根本不需要老人把他扔出悬崖。

在色当下面的黑暗山谷中，廓尔喀的士兵们仍在旋转着漂浮着。整个晚上，他们在半空中彼此碰撞。慢慢地，在日出的时候，他们全都跌落到山谷，只剩四肢，胡须，牙齿，剑和肚子。他们将自己从相互缠绕中解开，互相计数，确保每个人都在现场。当他们抬头看着美丽的色当村庄的山丘时，各个惊慌失措。

“米酒很好喝，”第一个助手轻声地说。他一直在空中，漂浮的时间最长，所以他的胡须和头发现在直立着直接指向色当东边他在廓尔喀的家。

“肉也很好吃，”廓尔喀指挥官伤心地说，仿佛失去了一个亲密的朋友。然后，带着耻辱，他们离开了色当。

色当的村民为这个机智的老人端上美味的食物，将一个崭新的白色无檐帽戴在他的头上，赞扬他。他机智地避免了流血，体面地履行了自己为外来人提供必需的服务的职责，并勇敢地将廓尔喀人旋转扔出悬崖。甚至到今天他的后代还津津乐道地赞美他的机智勇敢。如果有更多的人赞美他的智慧，机敏和荣耀，谁知道呢，他甚至可能成为了一个神！

The Clever Ancestor

Until recently, history spoke only of kings and their wars instead of recording the stories of everyone, rich and poor, strong and weak, man and woman. In older histories, when two kings fought, the soldiers and villagers were forgotten. But it was the villagers and soldiers who fought and lost their lives.

More than two hundred years ago, an army from Gorkha, in central Nepal, attacked villages in Garhwal, which is many days' walk from Kailas, due south of the Himalayas. There, farmers and traders of a peaceful village called Sirdang were worried about being attacked. The Gorkhas had a bad reputation: they would loot the grains and cattle and burn down villages. Some soldiers even believed that dying in battle was a good idea. They would kill unnecessarily just to remind themselves that they were not afraid to die.

Among the Rung people of Sirdang was a wise old man with many children and grandchildren whom he loved. He wanted to protect his family so that they would remember his good deeds and praise him as their ancestor. If enough of his progeny praised him, he might even become a god someday!

Through his wisdom, he realized that the Gorkhas would attack Sirdang for the abundant grains, fine wool, fat cattle and coins gathered through trade in Tibet.



‘We must flee to the hilltop fort to survive,’ the old man told the villagers. ‘The Gorkhas will come, and their greed is as vast as their cruelty is deep.’ The villagers collected their wealth and families, and fled to a fort at the top of a nearby hill.

A bearded Gorkha commander, carrying a curved sword and a round rhinoceros-skin shield, marched into Sirdang with his cruel soldiers. The village was empty. Although the houses were pretty and clean, there was no grain, gold or cattle in them. The commander saw the fort on top of the hill and took his men there.

A group of unarmed men from Sirdang waited outside the fort with cool, sweet water from a nearby spring. ‘You must be tired after climbing up,’ they said with kind smiles on their faces, and offered water to the commander and his soldiers. The wise old man drank the water first to show the Gorkhas that they didn’t need to fear being poisoned.

‘Why have you come here, commander?’ the old man asked. ‘Your home is a month’s walk away, perhaps more. Your wife must be worried!’

The commander looked at the old man with suspicion. ‘I am the emissary of the king of Gorkha. I expand his empire, and am here to loot and pillage your village.’

‘And kill,’ a soldier growled, but became quiet when the commander glared at him. This soldier wasn’t very intelligent or brave.

‘There is no need for war!’ the old man said. ‘Come inside. Rest for a while. We are a peace-loving people. We’ll gladly give you what you need if we can avoid bloodshed. The gods of our village dislike violence.’

The commander grinned. He had burned many villages and killed many men, women and children to build a reputation for cruelty. Finally, somebody was afraid of him. He twirled his moustache and entered the fort.

A long line of mats and yak-hair blankets had been laid out. Freshly cooked meat glistening with fat waited in copper bowls. Large pots of millet beer sat in a corner. Smiling young men stood ready to serve meat and beer.

Before the commander could say anything, his soldiers sat down and quickly took a sip of beer or bit into a nice piece of roasted goat liver. They smacked their lips and salivated.

‘Alright, alright!’ the commander said. ‘Don’t drink too much, because we still have to loot and plunder.’

The greedy Gorkhas started gobbling down the food. The fat from the meat stained their moustaches and beer dribbled down their beards. Soon, they became drunk.

From a secret door in the back of the fort, the Rung people of Sirdang were quietly escaping one by one. The elderly and the children went first, followed by young men and women. When the wives started leaving, their heavy necklaces of silver and gold coins jangled and alerted the Gorkha commander. He leapt up from his seat and rushed to the door.

‘Where is everyone going?’ he shouted.

The wise old man said politely, ‘Your appetite is large, and your men are still thirsty. My people must show hospitality to their guests. Please go back and enjoy the meat and beer!’

The commander realized that the wise old man was fooling him. He pretended to go back and sit with his men. He picked up his bowl of beer and whispered into it just loud enough for his trusted assistant to hear, ‘Pretend to go outside for a walk and see where everybody is fleeing.’

His assistant pretended he was going for a walk and went towards the gate. Now, the wise old man realized that the commander suspected that he was trying to fool the Gorkhas. He sneaked to the outside of the door and hid in the dark.

And, as alert as the assistant may have wanted to be, the beer in his belly made him sway a little and think a bit slower. Once he was out of sight of the Gorkhas, the wise old man grabbed the assistant with one hand on his neck and another by his waist and flung him into the air, spinning away and over a cliff into the darkness.

Inside, the commander waited for his assistant to return. He ate another bowl of meat and drank another bowl of beer, and finally whispered to another assistant to go outside and check.

The old man grabbed the second assistant by the neck and waist and spun him away over a cliff, sending him flying into the dark. A Gorkha soldier came out every five or ten minutes. The old man grabbed each one and sent him flying into the dark.

Finally, just around midnight, the Gorkha commander looked around the room and saw that his best soldiers had disappeared. There were more Rung men around than Gorkhas. The remaining soldiers were feeble and cowardly, just like the commander. When he realized how the peace-loving and hospitable villagers of Sirdang had cunningly defeated him, the Gorkha commander ran towards the door and jumped with so much force that he sailed right into the dark sky. The old man didn't have to throw him over the cliff at all.

There, in the darkness of the valley below Sirdang, the Gorkha soldiers were still spinning and flying in the air. All through the night, they bumped into each other in midair. Slowly, by sunrise, they fell to the valley as a single clump of limbs, beards, teeth, swords and bellies. They untangled themselves and counted each other to make sure everybody was present. They looked up the hill at the beautiful village of Sirdang and shivered with fright.

‘The beer was good,’ the first assistant said in a quiet voice. He had been spinning in the air for the longest, so his beard and hair now pointed straight towards his home in Gorkha, far to the east of Sirdang.

‘The meat was good, too,’ said the Gorkha commander sadly, as if he had lost a dear friend. Then, heads hanging in shame, they walked away from Sirdang.

The villagers in Sirdang served the wise old man with delicious food, put a fresh white turban on his head and praised him. He had been wise to avoid bloodshed, honorable in doing his duty of hospitality towards outsiders, and brave in spinning and throwing away the Gorkhas. He is praised even today by his progeny. If more people praise his wisdom, cunning, and honor, who knows, he may even become a god!

饥饿的食人魔沙布达

很久很久以前，只有在讲故事的时候可以想象时间，但其存在的所有其他证据都已被抹去了。尼泊尔湖姆拉（Humla）地区的巴克扬（Barkhyang），尼雍丈（Nyiondrang）和章雪（Drangshod）的人们生活在一个被称为沙布达（Shabdag）的食人魔的恐怖阴影下。他在米索萨（Mi Sol Sa）的草地周围的森林里，或是在人类祭祀的遗址一带闹的人心惶惶。

这个食人魔具有极大的魔法和让人遭受痛苦的嗜好，因为他认为这才是一个真实的世界。他让无父的孩子和无子女的母亲的家庭充满了哭泣。他阻止下雨，迫使村民在播种新种子的季节时向他乞求雨水，在乌瓦（uwa）小麦的麦穗成熟时，通过冰雹来毁坏作物。他将牦牛和羊的腿打折或更糟，他让村民失去了他们的牛，他将可以出产羊毛的羊屠杀掉。然而失去一头羊是多么令人心碎的损失啊。

因此，为了使沙布达高兴，村民们每年带去一个八岁的男孩到草场供沙布达食用，然后他们匆匆赶回家，提心吊胆地躲藏起来。沙布达首先吃掉脚，然后是腿、手指、手掌、手臂和小男孩的胃。村民们尽量不去听骨头断裂的嘎吱声和肉体的撕裂声，沙布达还会在把眼球一个一个地吸出来之前先嚼碎男孩的耳朵。但只有当他狼吞虎咽地吃完男孩以及小男孩的尖叫声停下来后，村民们才会意识到一种沉重的负罪感压在他们内心深处。



过了一千年或又一个一千年的恐怖经历，圣贤莲花生（Padmasambhava），也称为古鲁仁波切（Guru Rinpoche）来到了巴克杨。他身上带着前往西藏时在沿途很多地方摧毁无知，驱散黑暗的普瓦（phurva）匕首。圣贤早已在幻视里看见自己在巴克杨，就站在他现在所在的位置，他知道接下来的每天、每时、每分、每秒将会发生什么，所以他会让这些问题浮出并通过他进行表达：

“老奶奶，我口渴，能给我点水吗？”

从屋里头传来老奶奶微弱的声音：“孩子，自己从门旁的曲松（chuzum）桶里取水吧，我的人的形状被食人魔夺去了，我现在羞于见人了。”

但是，莲花生大师早在他的幻视中看到了这一点，所以他微笑着轻轻地说，“不管怎样，老奶奶，让我进来吧，看看我能不能帮你。”虽然老奶奶不同意，但圣贤还是说服她让他进屋。

在阴暗的房子中，老奶奶躺在一个已经冷却了的炉膛旁的羊皮毯上。她凌乱的头发长而无光泽，像蛇一样盘绕着。莲花生大师仔细观察，发现这个头发属于另一种生物，头发缠着老奶奶将她困在黑暗中。莲花生大师抓住一缕头发，滚动成一个球。

或许就在这一刻，莲花生大师站在巴克扬、尼雍丈和章雪的三个村庄的十几个不同的房间里，在每个房间里，他滚动着这些施了魔法，缠绕人，夺走了人的形状的头发的头发。在处理完每个房间里的头发之后，莲花生大师越过河流，爬上悬崖，翻越荆棘，飞过深山峡谷。他看到前方的地面随着深处传来的深深的鼾声摇晃着，寻着声音，最终来到了龙彭（Lungphung），深山里的一个小山谷，在那里大师看到了巨大的食人魔沙布达，他躺在一张自己盘绕的乱蓬蓬头发的大垫子上，睡在自己乱蓬蓬卷曲的头发的毯子下，梦想着更多的血和肉，更多的恐怖尖叫带给他的愉悦。

莲花生大师跳到沙布达的头上，把匕首放在食人

魔的头上，大声叫喊：“醒醒，你这个恶魔！在阳光下醒来吧！”

抵在身上闪闪发亮的匕首激怒了沙布达，他跳了起来，张开血盆大口将莲花生大师吞了下去。

莲花生大师在沙布达的身体内将其胃撕裂，爬上他的胸腔，胸腔里的肝脏像两头公牛在决斗般愤怒地狂跳着。他抓住恶魔的心脏，扭动它。沙布达通过一对比容纳三百个学生的寺庙还要大的肺来呼吸，莲花生大师先挤破一个肺，然后再挤破另一个肺，他扭转他的肾脏、脾脏、肝脏和饥饿的肠子。

沙布达在痛苦中咆哮着，他跪下先喝了整条小溪，然后是整个湖，然后是整条大河来解除他的痛苦。但莲花生大师用他的匕首继续捣毁着食人魔的器官。沙布达拼命地在高山草甸乱抓乱跳，搅的山崩地裂，鹅卵石和岩石像雨点一样落向山谷。他试图将莲花生大师挤压在他的肚子里，他痛苦地挣扎，捣毁了一片森林，但是圣贤在他的胃中笑声越来越大了，恶魔的痛苦也随之越来越大。

沙布达吞下一片松树林，使莲花生大师失去知觉，他吞下一些大块石头想压碎他的敌人。莲花生大师将巨石放进炉子并在松树原木上点起一个大火，造成食人魔极度的难以忍受的痛苦。

沙布达咆哮着问道：“你是谁？你想要什么？”

“我是莲花生，驱散黑暗，带来光明的使者。如果你答应不再吃人，不再骚扰这些村庄的人们，我就会停止让你遭受痛苦。”

“不行，不行，”沙布达呜咽道：“这里是我的地盘，这些也是我们的传统，如果没有人们的供奉和牺牲，我就什么也没有了。”

莲花生大师说：“让他们为你提供牛奶，而不是血，粮食而不是肉。让他们在生活上同情和尊重你，而不是惧怕你。”为了解除难以想象的痛苦，沙布达终于同意了。莲花生大师从他的嘴里飞了出来，治疗

恶魔体内的伤，疼痛消失了。随之缠绕和奴役村民的头发也消失了，村民们终于解脱了。

沙布达承诺：“我保证永远不会给我的人民带来痛苦，永远保护他们，以及他们的孩子、牛和庄稼。”

作为交换，莲花生大师祝福他，“干旱时带来雨水，赐福农田收获丰收，让孩子们无忧无虑，做这片土地的保护者！”

就这样，凶猛的食人魔沙布达被圣贤莲花生大师驯服了。这说明即使是一个恶魔也可以开悟，沙布达开始接受牛奶，而不是血液，接受称为“掌亚”（Drangya）的面团，而不是一个八岁的男孩的肉。悲惨痛苦的经历结束了，开始了繁荣和欢乐。几个世纪以后，沙布达——这个土地的守护神被尊称为谿布达（Zhibdag）仁波切，如今他仍然在这片土地上受到崇拜和尊重。

The Hungry Ogre

So long ago in the past that only in stories can we imagine the time, the people of Barkhyang, Nyiondrang and Drangshod in Humla of Nepal lived in terror of an ogre called Shabdag. He haunted the forests around the meadow called the Mi Sol Sa, or the human-sacrifice site.

The ogre had magical powers and a great greed for the suffering of people because he thought that was the true nature of the world. He filled homes with the cries of fatherless children and childless mothers. He stopped the rains and forced the villagers to beg him for water during the season to sow new seeds. He destroyed crops by bringing hailstorms when the ears of the *unna* wheat ripened. He broke the legs of yaks and sheep, or worse, he made them disappear. A sheep that dies in an accident can be fleeced and butchered, but a sheep that is lost is truly a heartbreaking loss.

Therefore, to keep Shabdag happy, the villagers brought an eight-year-old boy each year to the meadow and left him to be eaten by Shabdag. Then they hurried to their homes to hide in fear. Shabdag ate first the feet, then the legs, the fingers, palms, arms and the stomach of the boy. The villagers tried not to listen to the crunch of bones and the tearing of flesh. Shabdag chewed off the boy's ears before sucking out his eyes one by one. But only after he slurped



and swallowed the boy's screams did everything became quiet, then the villagers felt a heavy guilt oppress them.

After a thousand years of this terror, or maybe even a thousand such thousand years, the sage Padmasambhava, also called Guru Rinpoche, found himself in Barkhang. He carried his *phurva* dagger with which he had destroyed ignorance and expelled darkness from many other settlements on his journey towards Tibet. The enlightened mystic had already seen himself in Barkhang in an earlier vision, standing exactly at the spot where he stood now. He knew what would happen in the next moment, and in the next hour and the next day. So he let the question form itself and be expressed through him:

‘Grandma! I am thirsty. May I have water?’

From inside the house came an old grandmother's feeble reply, ‘Grandson! Pour yourself some water from the *chuzum* bucket by the door. My human shape has been taken away by an ogre, and I am too ashamed to show myself to anybody.’

But Padmasambhava had also seen this in his vision, so he smiled and said gently, ‘No matter, grandma! Let me come inside and see if I can help.’ And, although the old grandmother protested, the mystic convinced her to invite him inside.

In the gloom of the house the grandmother lay on a sheepskin rug by a hearth that had gone cold. Her hair was long and matted and alive, like a coil of serpents. When Padmasambhava looked closely, he saw that the hair belonged to another creature. The hair strangled the grandmother, and swept away into the darkness. Padmasambhava caught hold of one strand of hair and started rolling it into a ball.

Or, at that very moment, Padmasambhava was standing in a dozen different houses in the three villages of Barkhyang, Nyiondrang and Drangshod, and from each

house he was rolling the magical hair that strangled people and took away their human forms. Following the hair from each house, Padmasambhava crossed rivers and climbed over cliffs, scraped his shins on thorny scrubs and flew over deep gorges. He saw the ground shake subtly with deep snores and followed the sound to finally reach Lungphung, a small valley in the inner mountains where he saw the giant ogre Shabdag. He lay on a large mat of his own coiled and matted hair, and he slept under a blanket of his own coiled and matted hair, and dreamed of more blood and flesh, more screams of terror to bring him joy.

Padmasambhava leapt onto Shabdag's head, brought down his dagger on the ogre's head and shouted, 'Wake up, you cursed creature! Wake up to the light!'

The force and brilliance of the dagger made Shabdag jump up in anger. He opened his jaws wide and swallowed Padmasambhava.

Padmasambhava tore through Shabdag's stomach and climbed to his chest where a heart as large as two fighting bulls was beating angrily. He grabbed the heart and twisted it. Shabdag breathed through a pair of lungs larger than a monastery with three hundred students. Padmasambhava first squeezed one lung, then the other. He twisted the kidneys and spleen, the blameless liver and the hungry intestines.

Shabdag roared in pain. He knelt and drank first a stream, then a lake, and then a large river to take away the pain. But Padmasambhava kept jabbing at the ogre's organs with his dagger. Shabdag desperately scratched at a high meadow, making the mountainside crumble. Boulders and rocks rained into the valley below. He tried to crunch Padmasambhava in his belly. He writhed in pain and destroyed a forest. But the mystic in his stomach only laughed louder and louder.

Shabdag swallowed a forest of pines to knock Padmasambhava unconscious, and he swallowed large boulders to crush his enemy. Padmasambhava arranged the boulders into a stove and lit pine logs to build a large fire.

‘Who are you?’ Shabdag roared. ‘What do you want?’

‘I am Padmasambhava, the bringer of light and expeller of darkness. I will take your pain away if you promise to stop eating innocent children and stop troubling the people of these villages.’

‘No, no, no!’ Shabdag whined. ‘This is my land, and these are our traditions. I am nothing without the offerings and terrified praises from my people.’

‘Let them offer you milk instead of blood, and grains instead of flesh. Let them live with compassion and respect for you instead of fear,’ Padmasambhava said. Defeated and suffering unimaginable pain, Shabdag finally agreed. Padmasambhava flew out from his mouth and healed him from the inside, so that the pain disappeared. The hair that had strangled the villagers and kept them enslaved also disappeared and the villagers were liberated.

‘I promise to never bring suffering to my people and forever protect them, their children and cattle, and their crops,’ Shabdag promised.

In exchange, Padmasambhava blessed him, ‘Bring rain to end droughts, bless the fields with plentiful harvests, and grant children to the childless. Live as the protector of these lands!’

In this manner, the ferocious ogre Shabdag was tamed by the mystic Padmasambhava. Because even a demon can attain enlightenment, the Shabdag began to accept milk instead of blood and a figure of dough, called the Drangya, instead of the flesh of an eight-year-old boy. Pain and misery ended and prosperity and joy began. After many centuries,

the Shabdag – the lord of the land – was respectfully called the Zhibdag Rinpoche, the precious deity of the land where he is still worshipped and respected.

普恰瓦色宗的故事

在魔法时代，在西藏阿里地区的一个偏远的村庄住着一位年轻的女子，这个贫困的村庄坐落在凯拉斯(Mount Kailas)神山的一隅。虽然她住在离国王城堡很远的地方，但是她的名气却非常大。她拥有一个魔法鸟的鸟皮。当她披上这个鸟皮她就变成了天堂鸟，可以与邪恶作战。她的名字叫普恰瓦色宗(Puchawa Selzong)，也就是会飞的鸟儿色宗的意思。

统治着普恰瓦色宗村庄的国王特别喜爱举行赛马会。每年，他都会邀请强大的国王们和勇士来参加赛马，远至撒马尔罕(Samarkand)和不丹(Bhutan)的勇士和国王都会收到邀请。这时阿富汗和印度帝国的间谍也会来参加比赛旨在探查谁有最好的训练有素的战马。

在那个年代，敌对的国王和商人寻求巫师和邪灵的帮助来伤害他们的敌人。为了保护赛马会和庆祝节日，国王派人给普恰瓦色宗送去口信。

“国王要求你去他的城堡”，信使说道。在与村子里的长者商量后，普恰瓦色宗同意去往国王的城堡。她把闪闪发光的天堂鸟的鸟皮披在了身上。这时她的脚长了爪，她的脖子变得纤细和光滑，她的手臂变成了宽阔的翅膀。普恰瓦色宗一跃飞上天空挥动着巨大的翅膀，遮挡住了阳光。她比信使早四天来到了国王的城堡。

“你有打败女巫和魔鬼的魔法，所以你要看着整



个赛马比赛，让邪灵远离。”国王命令道。普恰瓦色宗鞠躬领旨。

比赛当天，一百多个国王以及他们的成千上万的士兵与村民、僧人和儿童聚集在一起观看比赛。大家押注，喝酒。在这样的时候，贪婪，愤怒和狡猾的想法在一群男人和女人中倍增，邪恶从每个角落蔓延，进入男人和女人的心中。当邪恶占据上风时，朋友就会相互争斗、兄弟之间就会相互行窃、孩子就会不服从母亲、爱人就会彼此背叛。

但是国王已经命令普恰瓦色宗看着这群聚集在一起的人们。当邪灵试图进入人们当中时，普恰瓦色宗从国王城堡的顶上即刻就能看到，她会迅速披上魔法的鸟皮，从天上飞下来，捉住邪灵然后飞到高空让太阳的光芒驱赶走邪灵，或者她会用她的爪把邪灵撕裂。在观众席上的国王，士兵，男人和女人都会为普恰瓦色宗欢呼。

由于有普恰瓦色宗的在场保护，国王的赛马比赛非常成功。年复一年，国王的财宝变得越来越多，直到他的堡垒里的仓库的墙壁由于宝石，金子和象牙的重量而向外鼓起。此时一个新的担忧在国王心中生起，现在普恰瓦色宗的名气比国王还有他的赛马比赛还要大的多。帝王们和勇士们穿过冰冷的草原和寒冷的沙漠，为了一睹这位祥和的少女披上鸟皮与恶魔战斗的情形。在地球最遥远的角落人们向惊奇的孩子们讲述着美丽的普恰瓦色宗的故事。

有一次国王在年度赛马会的前夕的一次大餐后小憩时，一个女巫出现在他的梦里。“你想要什么？”国王问道。

“我想要的和你想要的是同样的事情，”女巫说。“帮助我摧毁傲慢的普恰瓦色宗，我答应保护你的赛马比赛不受巫婆和邪恶灵魂的伤害。”

当国王醒来时，他发现在他的左拳头上有一块燧石（chakmak，火）。他明白，女巫真的拜访了他。

比赛那天，普恰瓦色宗和往常一样爬上了国王堡垒的屋顶，把手伸进她的皮袋里。可是，她发现皮袋里只有灰烬。有人烧了她的鸟皮，随之带走了她的魔法。她看着周围的人满脸困惑和恐惧，直到看到国王诡异的笑脸时，她顿时明白了。

从人群脚下的阴影中，一个丑陋的女巫的轮廓发出邪恶的窃窃私语的杂音并凝固在空中。一股浓烈的腐烂的味道弥漫在空中，普恰瓦色宗试图逃进堡垒，但女巫把她从堡垒的屋顶上拉扯下来，挖出她跳动的核心，并把她摔在了地上。

“普恰瓦色宗，我不会让你死的！”女巫发出刺耳的笑声，同时在惊恐万分的人群上飞来飞去。“三年来，你已经猎杀了我许多的同伴。我会在第三年吃掉你的心脏。但是，在这之前，你会遭受难以想象的痛苦”，巫婆在飞走前说道。

当太阳落山时，每个人都和他们的朋友一起去享受盛宴，普恰瓦色宗痛苦地呻吟着，祈求老天爷能够帮助她。一位年轻的弓箭手在过去三年中一直观看普恰瓦色宗与邪恶的战斗，他无法忽视她的痛苦和无助。

“天上的公主”，他恭敬地跪拜在普恰瓦色宗面前，“请告诉我我能做些什么让你摆脱痛苦”！

“女巫拿走了我的心脏，而她现在还不想让我死掉。国王烧毁了我的鸟皮随之我也失去了魔法。除非能从女巫处把我的心脏拿回否则我就会死掉”。她把嘴靠近年轻的弓箭手的耳旁，告诉他关于女巫心脏隐藏的秘密。

年轻的弓箭手将女巫摘走普恰瓦色宗心脏的年、月、日及小时都牢牢记住，然后朝冈仁波钦（Khang Rinpoche）南边的高耸的山峰跑去。他走了整整一周，一路爬过冰川走过冰冷的湖水。到了晚上，雪豹嗅着他的脸庞，看看能否把他吃掉。但是，勇敢的弓箭手的心跳是坚定的充满斗志的，这使得所有的不幸

都离他远去。

一个星期后，在松树林的一个开阔处，弓箭手看见一顶牦牛毛的帐篷。他还记得赛马会那天的气味，于是他意识到自己已经接近女巫的帐篷了。

“母亲！母亲！我是您的儿子，我回来了”！弓箭手从他站着的地方大声叫道。

一个女人从帐篷里出来了。她看起来非常困惑，似乎不记得自己是否有一个儿子。

“我从没生育过孩子”，她突然说道，然后大步向弓箭手走去。

“母亲！我是你的儿子”。弓箭手又一次说道。

女巫在离弓箭手的脸一英寸的地方盘旋了一会儿，然后看着他的眼睛。她不记得自己是否一直就是一个杀人并嗜血的邪灵，或者她曾经也是一个母亲。

“如果你是我的儿子，来喝我的奶，直到你的心脏和肺在你的胸口炸开”！她挑战道。

“是的，妈妈”！弓箭手说，抓着女巫裸露的乳房，闭上眼睛像一个婴儿一样愉悦地吮吸母亲的乳汁。女巫首先想到当她把弓箭手的心脏架在火上烧烤，然后在熟肉上撒上盐岩，晚上吃着烤好的肉，一边看着太阳落山一边剔着牙缝里的肉，那种感觉是多么有乐趣啊。

然而，当弓箭手像一个满足的孩子吮吸乳汁一天，然后一个星期，然后一个月和一年，女巫的眼睛被泪水打湿了，她相信自己确实是母亲，弓箭手确实是她的儿子。

弓箭手为女巫拾柴，取水，女巫为她的儿子烹饪，用满满的爱喂养他。当他出去狩猎时，女巫会看护他，确保他不受到任何伤害。他走到哪里都带着弓箭，女巫帮助他保持他的箭锋利无比。他们在长长的冬日里一起坐在帐篷里。当春天的第一批蝴蝶出现时，他们坐在阳光下聊天。作为母亲的快乐感和有人类的陪伴让女巫看起来还能忍受。就这样春去冬来，

眼看第三个春天就要来了。“国王将在两天内举行他的赛马会了”，弓箭手在心里默默数着。

他搜索了女巫帐篷周围的森林，发现了一棵松树的高枝上挂着一个羊肚子。羊肚子内有心跳声。他记起普恰瓦色宗告诉过他：女巫的心脏就在这羊肚子里！

弓箭手假装睡的很香，可是他的脑子片刻没停过。

“醒来了，儿子”！女巫第二天早上说道。她给了他一个水桶。“去取一桶干净的水”，她说。“我会在做饭之前把它清洗干净”！在一个漂亮的陶瓷碗里装有一颗一直在跳动的核心。弓箭手从核心周围的柔光看出它属于普恰瓦色宗。

“好的，妈妈”！弓箭手乖乖地说道。他提着水桶直奔泉水处。挂着羊肚子的松树就在帐篷和泉水之间。弓箭手没有停下脚步他拿出弓箭直接射穿了羊肚子的心脏。他向右转过去对着核心又射了两箭，然后朝帐篷跑去。

在帐篷里，女巫躺在那儿，核心上扎着一把锋利的刀子。女巫试图爬向普恰瓦色宗的核心。她痛苦地扭曲着，转过身满脸仇恨地看着他。

“你不是我的儿子”！她咆哮着。刀在她手里颤抖，弓箭手赶紧把普恰瓦色宗的核心拿走。女巫瞪目结舌。她的牙齿开始脱落，她的头发散落在地，乳房也干枯了。女巫的面部不停地抽搐。

“你确实不是我的母亲”！弓箭手平静地说道。就在临近中午之时，女巫的核心在羊肚子里干枯了，停止了跳动。当生命的气息离开她身体时，女巫发出可怕的哼哼声。弓箭手拿着普恰瓦色宗的核心从山上向阿里跑去。

在遥远的国王的城堡里，过去三年来一直在呻吟的痛苦声突然停止了。随着女巫的死亡，普恰瓦色宗的痛苦结束了，她再次恢复了魔法。她来到国王面

前，此刻国王正在款待宾客。当国王看到普恰瓦色宗脸上愤怒的表情时，吓得颤抖。美丽的少女再次把手伸进袋子里，此时袋子里不再是灰烬，而是她那闪闪发光的神奇的鸟皮。

当把这个忘恩负义的国王撕成碎片，把国王的金银财宝库的屋顶撕扯掉后，普恰瓦色宗拿国王的财富惠及了整个西藏。穿上了神奇鸟皮的普恰瓦色宗向山上奔去。她知道一位年轻的弓箭手带着她的心脏正匆匆赶来。

Puchawa Selzong

In the age of magic, a young woman lived in a remote village in Ngari Prefecture of Tibet. Her poor village was in the shadows of Mount Kailas. Although she lived far from the king's fort, she was famous throughout Tibet. She possessed the skin of a magical bird. When she wore the skin, she became a heavenly bird that could fight evil spirits. She was known as Puchawa Selzong, or, *the girl who wore the skin of a bird*.

The king who ruled over Puchawa Selzong's village was fond of holding horse races. Every year, he invited brave men and powerful kings from as far away as Samarkand and Bhutan to race against his horses. Spies from empires in Afghanistan and India also attended to see who raised the best warhorses.

In those days, rival kings and merchants sought the help of witches and evil spirits to harm their enemies. To protect the festivals and the races, the king sent a messenger to Puchawa Selzong.

'The king wants you at his fort,' the messenger said. After consulting with the village elders, Puchawa Selzong agreed to travel to the king's fort. She put on the shimmering skin of the heavenly bird. Her feet grew talons, her neck became slender and sleek, and her arms changed into broad wings. With a mighty leap and flapping of her wings she



reached the sky and blocked out the sun. She reached the king's fort four days before the messenger returned.

'You can fight witches and demons, so you will watch over the races and keep away evil forces,' the king commanded. Puchawa Selzong bowed obediently.

On the day of the race, a hundred kings and thousands of soldiers gathered with villagers, monks and children to watch the races. Bets were made and liquor was drunk. At such times, when greed, anger and cunning thoughts multiply in a crowd of men and women, evil creeps out from every corner and enters the hearts of men and women. When evil triumphs, friends fight, brothers steal from brothers, children disobey their mothers, and lovers think of betraying each other.

But the king had asked Puchawa Selzong to watch over the crowds. When evil spirits tried to enter, Puchawa Selzong saw them from her place on top of the roof of the king's fort. She would quickly don the magical bird-skin and swoop down from the sky. She would pick up an evil spirit and fly so high that the brightness of the sun would chase it away. Or, she would tear it apart with her talons. The kings, soldiers, men and women in the audience would cheer for Puchawa Selzong.

The king's races became very successful because of Puchawa Selzong's presence. Year after year, the king's treasury grew richer and richer, until his fort bulged outward at the walls from the weight of the precious stones, gold and ivory in his stores. But a new worry ate away at the king's heart: Puchawa Selzong was more famous now than the king or his races. Emperors and brave men traveled across frozen grasslands and cold deserts to catch a glimpse of the quiet maiden who wore the bird-skin to battle demons. Amazed young children in the farthest corners of the earth heard stories about the beautiful Puchawa Selzong.

As the king dozed off after a large meal a few days before the annual race, a witch appeared to him in his dreams. 'What do you want?' the king asked her.

'I want the same thing that you want,' the witch said. 'Help me destroy the arrogant Puchawa Selzong, and I promise to protect your races from other witches and evil spirits.'

When the king awoke, he found a flint-stone and steel in his left fist. He understood that the witch had really visited him.

On the day of the race, Puchawa Selzong climbed to the roof of the king's fort and reached into her bag for the bird-skin. But she found only ashes in the bag. Someone had burned her bird-skin and, with it, taken away her magic. She looked around puzzled and afraid until she saw the king smile.

From the shadows under the feet of the crowd a foul murmur rose as a sound and solidified midair as the outlines of an ugly witch. A strong, rotten smell filled the air. Puchawa Selzong tried to escape into the fort, but the witch plucked her off the roof of the fort, tore out her beating heart, and cast her down to the ground.

'I will not let you die yet, Puchawa Selzong!' the witch cackled as she flew round and round above the terrified crowd. 'For three years you have hunted my people. I will eat your heart on the third year. But, until then, you will suffer in unimaginable pain,' the witch said before flying away.

When the sun set and everybody went away to feast with their friends, Puchawa Selzong cried in pain and asked the gods for help. A young archer who had watched her fight evil year after year couldn't ignore her cries of pain and helplessness.

'Princess of the skies,' he knelt before Puchawa Selzong with respect. 'Please tell me how I can take your pain away!'

'The witch has my heart, yet she won't let me die. The king burned my bird-skin, and with it my magic. Unless my heart is returned from the witch, I will die.' She brought the

young archer's ear close to her mouth and told him the secret about where the witch's heart was hidden.

The young archer memorized the year, month, day and hour that the witch had taken Puchawa Selzong's heart and ran towards the towering mountain to the south of Kang Rinpoche. He walked for a week, climbing walls of ice and wading through frozen lakes. At night, snow leopards sniffed his face to see if they could eat him. But the brave archer's heartbeat was strong with purpose, and that scared away all misfortune.

A week later, in an opening in a pine forest, the archer saw a tent of yak wool. He remembered the smell from the day of the race and realized that he was before the witch's tent.

'Mother!' the archer shouted from where he stood. 'Mother! I am your son! I have returned home!'

A woman came out from the tent. She looked puzzled for a minute. It seemed she couldn't remember if she had a son or not.

'I have never given birth!' she said suddenly, taking a long stride towards the archer.

'Mother!' the archer repeated, 'I am your son!'

The witch hovered an inch away from his face and looked into his eyes. She couldn't remember if she had always been an evil spirit that killed and drank blood, or if she had once been a mother.

'If you are my son, come and drink my milk until your heart and lungs burst in your chest!' she challenged.

'Yes, mother!' the archer said. He took the witch's bared breast and closed his eyes like a baby with its mother. The witch first thought of how much fun she would have skewering the archer's heart and roasting it over a low fire, rubbing rock-salt on the cooked flesh, and eating it in the evening, picking meat from her teeth as she watched the sun set over the mountains.

When the archer kept suckling like a satisfied child first for an entire day, then for a whole week, then for a month and a year, the witch's eyes became wet with tears and she became convinced that she was indeed the archer's mother, and the archer indeed her son.

The archer collected firewood and fetched water for the witch, and the witch cooked for her son and fed him lovingly. When he went out to hunt, the witch watched over him, making sure that no harm came to him. He carried his bow and arrows everywhere, and the witch helped him keep his arrows sharp and straight. They sat together in their tent through the long winters, and when the first butterflies appeared in the spring, they sat out in the sun and chatted. The happiness of motherhood and human company made the witch bearable to look at. The second and third winters passed, and the third spring approached. 'The king will hold his race in two days,' the archer told himself.

He searched the forest around the witch's tent and found a pouch made of sheep-stomach hanging from a high branch on a pine tree. It was beating from within. He remembered what Puchawa Selzong had told him: the bag had the witch's heart!

The archer pretend to sleep soundly that night, but his mind was in turmoil.

'Wake up, son!' the witch said the next morning. She gave him a bucket. 'Fetch some clean water,' she said. 'I will clean this before cooking it!' In a pretty ceramic bowl a heart was beating steadily. The archer knew from the soft light around the heart that it belonged to Puchawa Selzong.

'Yes, mother!' the archer said obediently, took the bucket and ran towards the spring. The pine tree with the sheep-stomach bag was between the tent and the spring. Without breaking his stride, the archer shot an arrow through

the beating heart inside the sheep-stomach bag. He turned right around, shot two more arrows into the heart, and raced towards the tent.

In the middle of the tent, with a sharp knife, the witch was crawling towards Puchawa Selzong's heart. She twisted with pain to turn to look at him with hatred.

'You are not my son!' she growled. The knife in her hand shook. The archer quickly pulled Puchawa Selzong's heart away from her reach. The witch's teeth fell from her mouth; her hair fell on the ground where she crawled. Her skin wrinkled and her breasts ran dry of milk.

'And you are no mother of mine!' the archer said quietly. Just before noon, the witch's heart bled dry in the sheep-stomach bag and stopped beating. The witch died with a horrifying grunt as the breath of life escaped. The archer grabbed Puchawa Selzong's heart and raced away from the mountains towards Ngari.

Far away, in the king's court, the cries of pain that had been ringing out for the past three years suddenly stopped. With the witch's death, Puchawa Selzong's pain had ended, and her magic had been restored. She appeared before the king, who was entertaining his guests. The king trembled when he saw the fierce look on Puchawa Selzong's face. The beautiful maiden once again reached into her bag, and there, instead of ashes, was her shimmering, magical bird-skin.

After tearing the ungrateful king into little pieces, and after ripping out the roofs of the king's treasury and scattering his wealth all over Tibet, the magical bird that was Puchawa Selzong raced away towards the mountains. She knew that a young archer was hurrying towards her, carrying her heart.

About the book

Folk Gods: Stories from Kailas, Tise & Kang Rinpoche emerged out of a three-year project designed and led by the India China Institute (ICI) at The New School in New York City and based on collaboration between The New School and the International Centre for Integrated Mountain Development (ICIMOD). It is the product of a collaborative endeavor with ICIMOD's Kailash Sacred Landscapes Conservation and Development Initiative (KSLCDI), a transboundary conservation and development initiative working to strengthen regional cooperation among China, India and Nepal.

Pasang Yangjee Sherpa, Sagar Lama, Sheetal Aitwal and Tshewang Lama (Chakka Bahadur) collected and retold stories from Humla and Darchula districts in Nepal. Himani Upadhyaya collected stories from the Pithoragarh district of Uttarakhand state in India, with the support and guidance of Shekhar Pathak. Kelsang Chimee collected stories in the Ngari Prefecture of Tibet Autonomous Region in China, with participation from Kunga Yishe.

Additional stories and materials, including photographs, maps, audio recordings and other related information, are publicly available on the India China Institute's website as part of their Sacred Himalaya Initiative, a three-year Luce Foundation funded project exploring religion, nature and culture in the Himalayas. Electronic versions of each language may be downloaded free of cost for personal or educational use from the ICI website at: www.indiachinainstitute.org/sacred-landscapes-book/ and from ICIMOD's website at: lib.icimod.org/record/32580

Mortal Gods

Story by Gokul Singh Tatwal in *Himalayan Dipti*, 28 September, 1987. Sourced and translated into English by Himani Upadhyaya. Translated into Chinese by Jigme.

The Clever Ancestor

Collected in Sirdang, Uttarakhand, India by Himani Upadhyaya. Translated into Chinese by Kelsang Chimee.

Battle of Brothers

Narrated by Jagdish Singh Hyanki, Chaudans, Uttarakhand, India. Collected and translated into English by Himani Upadhyaya. Translated into Chinese by Kelsang Chimee.

The Fall of the Demoness

Narrated by Dabbale Pariyar of Thehe, Humla, Nepal. Collected by Prawin Adhikari. Translated into Chinese by Kelsang Chimee.

Godsland: Devbhumi

Based on conversations with *dhamis* Man Bahadur Shahi, Tul Bahadur Shahi and Suvarna Roka of Humla, Nepal. Collected by Prawin Adhikari. Translated into Chinese by Jigme.

The Hungry Ogre

Narrated by Phuntsok Dorjee, Nyimatang, Humla, Nepal. Collected and translated into English by Sagar Lama. Translated into Chinese by Jigme.

Puchawa Selzong

Narrated by Dawa Sangbu, Chugyang Village, Tibet Autonomous Region, China. Collected and translated into English and Chinese by Kelsang Chimee.

Three Good Princes

Narrated by Grandpa Drudi, Hor Xiang, Purang County, Tibet Autonomous Region, China. Collected and translated into English and Chinese by Kelsang Chimee.

Seven Horses in a Forest

Bönpo legend. Collected and translated into English and Chinese by Kelsang Chimee.

Mother's Grief

Narrated by Trashi Pingtso from Purang County, Tibet Autonomous Region, China. Collected and translated into English and Chinese by Kelsang Chimee.

About ICIMOD

The International Centre for Integrated Mountain Development (ICIMOD) is a regional knowledge development and learning centre serving the eight member countries of the Hindu Kush Himalayas – Afghanistan, Bangladesh, Bhutan, China, India, Myanmar, Nepal, and Pakistan – and based in Kathmandu, Nepal.

Globalisation and climate change have an increasing influence on the stability of fragile mountain ecosystems and the livelihoods of mountain people.

ICIMOD aims to assist mountain people to understand these changes, adapt to them, and make the most of new opportunities, while addressing upstream-downstream issues. We support regional transboundary programmes through partnership with regional partner institutions, facilitate the exchange of experience, and serve as a regional knowledge hub. We strengthen networking among regional and global centres of excellence.

Overall, we are working to develop an economically and environmentally sound mountain ecosystem to improve the living standards of mountain populations and to sustain vital ecosystem services for the billions of people living downstream now, and for the future.

Within its Transboundary Landscapes Programme, Kailash Sacred Landscape Conservation and Development Initiative (KSLCDI) is a flagship transboundary collaborative initiative between China, India, and Nepal that has evolved through a participatory, iterative process among various local and national research and development institutions within these countries. The Kailash Sacred Landscape represents a diverse, multi-cultural, and fragile landscape. The programme aims to achieve long-term conservation of ecosystems, habitats, and biodiversity while encouraging sustainable development, enhancing the resilience of communities in the landscape, and safeguarding and adding value to the existing cultural linkages between local populations across boundaries. The Kailash Sacred Landscape Conservation and Development Initiative (KSLCDI) is supported by partner organizations: Department for International Development (DFID) - UK Aid, and Bundesministerium für Wirtschaftliche Zusammenarbeit und Entwicklung/Deutsche Gesellschaft für Internationale Zusammenarbeit (GIZ) GmbH.

ICIMOD



About India China Institute (ICI)

The India China Institute (ICI) is based at The New School, a university in New York City. Established in 2005, ICI supports research, teaching and discussion on India, China and the United States, with special focus on making comparisons and understanding interactions among the three countries as well as their joint impact on the rest of the world. Through fellowships, courses, public events, publications, and collaboration with a wide range of institutions around the world, ICI promotes academic and public understanding of issues of contemporary relevance. This publication is part of ICI's Sacred Landscapes and Sustainable Futures in the Himalaya Initiative, funded by the Henry Luce Foundation, The New School and ICIMOD. For three years (2014-2017), ICI worked with a team of scholars, policy makers and artists from India, China, Nepal and the United States to study relationships between religion and ecology, sacred landscapes, pilgrimage routes and ecological, economic and cultural sustainability and resilience in the Himalayas.

About The New School

The New School is a university founded in New York City in 1919 by a small group of prominent American intellectuals and educators, amongst them Charles Beard, John Dewey, James Harvey Robinson, and Thorstein Veblen, who were frustrated by the intellectual timidity of traditional colleges and envisioned a new kind of academic institution, an innovative college where faculty and students would be free to honestly and directly address the problems facing society. With over 135 undergraduate and graduate degree programs, The New School offers a more creatively inspired, rigorously relevant education than any other.



This collection of folktales explores the ways in which people from the Kailas region have understood their relation to their land and ancestors. For thousands of years, this region has been divided into different nations and religions, but we still share the same air and waters, and still worship the same lakes and mountains.

这本民间故事集探讨了凯拉什地区的人们如何理解他们与土地和祖先之间的联系。几千年来，虽然凯拉什地区的人们分为了不同的国家和宗教，但是他们仍然呼吸着一样的空气、饮用一样的水，崇拜着共同的湖泊和山脉。



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