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 AN OLD YAK FINDS YOUTHFUL ENERGY
 

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Mo lha dgu 'khor མོ་ལྷ་དགུ་འཁོར།

A herdsman was riding his old yak bull into town. The yak walked slowly, with his head down. Sometimes, the herdsman thought the old yak would stop completely, and then he would kick it in the sides. The old yak would then walk a little faster for a while, but then slow down again.

After about two hours they got to the county town, which had only one road. There were shops along the sides of the road selling the usual food, clothes, shoes, and various beverages. The herdsman noticed one shop that had a picture of a big yak on top. The yak looked very energetic. It was running very fast across the grassland. The sign said: Pay fifty *yuan* and your old yak will run like a young yak! Your money will be returned if the yak doesn't run very fast!

The herdsman said to himself, "Great! If that's true, it's surely worth fifty *yuan*." He rode up to the shop and knocked on the door. The door was unusual because it was very wide. "I wonder why this door is so wide?" the herdsman thought.

Uncle Ston pa opened the door and gave the herdsman a big smile. "Hello! Just one look at your old yak and I know why you have come here! You are here to because you want your old yak to run like a young, energetic yak! Right?"

The herdsman said, "That's exactly right. I'll give you fifty *yuan* and you'll make my yak run like a young yak, right?"

Uncle Ston pa said, "Sure! And if your old yak doesn't run fast, I'll return your money immediately! Now, sir, please dismount and back your yak into my shop. I'll then begin my work. The whole process will take less than a minute."

The herdsman dismounted and slowly backed his yak into the shop through the wide door. When the yak was inside the shop, with

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Mo lha dgu 'khor. 2017. An Old Yak Finds Youthful Energy. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 47:191-192.

only its head and front feet outside the shop door, Uncle Ston pa said, "OK! Stop! That's far enough. I'll now begin my treatment."

Uncle Ston pa took two bricks, pushed the old yak bull's back legs apart, and then smashed the yak's testicles together between the two bricks. With an angry roar, the yak raced down the street so fast that only a cloud of dust remained several seconds later.

"Oh, my Buddha! Your treatment really works!" said the herdsman. "Wonderful! It is surely worth fifty *yuan*! But I have one question - how will I ever catch my yak?"

Uncle Ston pa smiled, held a brick in either hand, looked at the herdsman, and said, "Sir, that's no problem. Just pull down your pants and you'll soon run so fast that you'll catch your yak in a jiffy!"

#### NON-ENGLISH TERMS

mo lha dgu 'khor མོ་ལ་དགུ་ཁོ་རྩ་དགུ་འཁོར།  
*yuan* 元