

## INTRODUCTION

Tshe dbang rdo rje ཚེ་དབང་རྡོ་རྗེ། (Caixiangduojie 才项多杰)

While I (b. 1980) was a child, living in Ne'u na (Sne na, Nina) Village, Khri ka (Guide) County, Mtsho lho (Hainan) Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Mtsho sngon (Qinghai) Province, I heard many stories from my grandfather, Rdo dpa' (1918-1996). I was told to call him Abu<sup>1</sup> 'Grandfather' in the local A mdo Tibetan dialect. Many villagers called him Abu Rdo dpa'. Locals said he was good at many things aside from telling stories and singing folksongs. He was known as the toughest man in the village because he had escaped from Ma Bufang's army three times. He could hide and live alone in the mountains for years. He was also the best swimmer. He could hide from enemies in the Yellow River for hours and steered rafts with heavy goods, even when water reached above his knees in the rushing current. Moreover, he was known as a sharpshooter because he could shoot down flying eagles with an old firelock that he cleaned almost every day until his death.

I was very lucky to have been born in Abu's home where, from the 1980s until I left home for schooling in Zi ling (Xining) in 1998, I heard many stories about ghosts, Uncle Ston pa (Donba, Tonpa), and Abu himself. In September 1987 and July 1991 Abu told me the Uncle Ston pa stories I present here. My older brother retold some of the stories in July 1998 and at other times in my life.

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Tshe dbang rdo rje. 2017. Introduction. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 47:202-216.

<sup>1</sup> *Abu* is a colloquial term used in certain Tibetan villages. To my knowledge, there is no accepted literary term. Those knowledgeable in literary Tibetan whom I consulted suggested *pa po*, which is colloquial and common in A mdo Tibetan, but it is pronounced quite differently than *abu*. Another suggestion was that I use *a po*, but this term means 'baby' in my local dialect. For these reasons I use *abu*.

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**STORIES FROM ABU IN 1987**

On 2 September 1987, I heard many stories from Abu. Let me give you some background...

It was a wet, cloudy morning with fine drizzling rain. Father gobbled down two big bowls of hot noodles, looked at the sky through the skylight, and announced, "Raining! The fields can't be plowed today." Then he stood up, put on his dark, blue-patched coat that he had been wearing ever since I could remember, and started to leave.

"Going to Hezuoshe<sup>1</sup> again!?" asked Mother.

"Yeah, nothing can be done on this rainy day! So..." replied Father.

"Then don't forget to buy salt. We've only had raw salt for months," said Mother.

"We don't have any money!" Father replied as he walked out of the kitchen. "There is still more than a half-sack of raw salt that I got from Caka.<sup>2</sup> We can use it for a few more years!" As soon as I learned that Father was going to Hezuoshe, I put down my unfinished bowl of hot noodles and ran after him. I loved that place because there were many goods and local village children gathered there.

"Stay at home with Mother," said Father as soon as I got near him. But I didn't go back and followed him from a distance. After I had followed him for a few minutes along a muddy path, Father finally waited for me and carried me on his back to Hezuoshe.

Most of the village men and many children were in Hezuoshe when we arrived. The village men - mostly fathers - were chatting, joking, laughing, and sipping and passing around a bottle of Golden-

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<sup>1</sup> Hezuoshe is a Chinese term that refers to the only shop in the village that was run by local people in 1987. It translates as 'cooperative agency/society' and is Mnyam las khang in Tibetan. Both Tibetan and Chinese locals use the term "Hezuoshe."

<sup>2</sup> Caka is the local name used by both Tibetan and Chinese locals for Caka Salt Lake, located in Chaka Town, Wulan County, Mtsho shar (Haixi) Mongolian and Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Qinghai Province, PR China. It is "Chaka" in Chinese and "Tshwa kha" in Tibetan.

Stupa Liquor.<sup>1</sup> They were also sharing a Mango cigarette.<sup>2</sup> Some fathers held their babies in one arm while drinking and smoking. Most children under five sat in their father's lap. Older ones chased each other, fighting and crying. Some children also played games such as *doko*,<sup>3</sup> *pardo*,<sup>4</sup> *dolav*,<sup>5</sup> and *thejol*.<sup>6</sup>

Father joined the village men's circle, sat on the ground cross-legged, and started smoking, drinking, and chatting. I looked around and didn't see my best playmate, Bkra shis 'bum (1981-1998, who was

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<sup>1</sup> Jintajiu 'Golden-Stupa Liquor' was a local barley liquor made near Sku 'bum Monastery in the 1980s.

<sup>2</sup> For background on how China came to worship the mango during the Cultural Revolution (1966-1976), see Malcolm Moore (<http://googl/WKM7Dm>, accessed 4 November 2016).

<sup>3</sup> *Doko* 'stone hole' is a colloquial Tibetan name for the game. It was often played by boys. We dug three holes. Each player threw a ball into the holes in turn. Whoever finished one round could kill others by hitting their balls with their own ball. Children of poor families often make their own balls with wood or stone, while rich family children bought metal or glass balls from Hezuoshe.

<sup>4</sup> *Pardo* 'the other side stone' is a colloquial Tibetan name for a game that was often played by boys. It was also called *ardo* 'noisy stone' because we made a lot of loud, excited sounds such as "Ah!" when we were playing. We played the game by setting up a big flat, face-size stone five to seven meters away, and trying to hit the big stone with a small fist-sized stone in easy to difficult ways, such as using the right hand, left hand, right foot, left foot, and throwing the small stone between our legs, overhead, and trying to hit the big stone without looking at it.

<sup>5</sup> *Dolav* 'flat stone' is a colloquial Tibetan name for a game girls often played by drawing six connected squares in a "T" shape, or drawing eight connected squares that formed a 干 shape. We passed a small flat, fist-size stone using both feet and then using one foot from the bottom first square to the top squares without repeating any adjacent squares. Whoever finished one round won the game and scored a point. At the same time, the winner had to pass the stone in more challenging ways to earn more points, such as passing the stone with one foot on one leg and skipping through the odd numbered squares.

<sup>6</sup> *Thejol* is a colloquial Tibetan name for a shuttlecock game, which was often played by girls in my village. The shuttlecocks that we had were often made of goat or pig hair stuck into the mouth of an air cock from discarded bicycle or cart tires. Children from rich families had shuttlecocks with copper coins.

also my cousin. He was a month younger than me. So, I just sat in Father's lap as usual, enjoying the fragrance in the air from the liquor and the cigarette being passed around.

Having soon finished the bottle of liquor some elders started teasing some younger men to buy another bottle. When Father was teased to buy more liquor, I declared "We don't have money!" in the angry tone Father often used with us.

Everybody laughed and Father blushed. He picked me up, spanked my buttocks, and told me to go out to play with the other children. I knew he was unhappy, so I obeyed. I went out, but I didn't play with the children because none were my age. Instead, I went straight to Bkra shis 'bum's home, which was near Hezuoshe.

I didn't dare enter the gate of Bkra shis 'bum's house because I knew there was a ferocious black dog chained near the gate. I called to Bkra shis 'bum and the dog started barking. Soon Bkra shis 'bum's father came out.

"Oh, you came! Come, come. Don't be afraid. I'll hold the dog," he reassured me. While I was passing the furiously barking dog, he asked where my father was.

"At Hezuoshe," I replied.

"I see. Bkra shis 'bum is in the bedroom. You two play, but don't fight!" he cautioned and then left.

Running to the bedroom I found Bkra shis 'bum holding an old green army bag decorated with a red star in front as his mother patched the bag's worn-out holes.

"My school bag!" exclaimed Bkra shis 'bum excitedly as soon as he saw me.

"School bag?" I queried.

"Yes, school bag!" replied Bkra shis 'bum in excitement. "I'm going to school tomorrow!"

"Oh! To do what?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Bkra shis 'bum.

"You're going to study!" announced his mother.

"Study?" asked Bkra shis 'bum.

"Learn how to write your name," replied his mother while smiling and putting her hand gently on his head.

"Why?" I asked.

She smiled at me and said, "So he won't get hungry."

"Oh, then I also want to go to school," I said.

"Good! Tell your mother," she advised.

She soon finished patching the bag and gave it to Bkra shis 'bum, who clutched it and dashed out of the room excitedly. I chased him. Before he reached the gate, I grabbed the bag and he fell on his back in the mud. For a moment, he made no noise. I didn't know what to do, but as soon as I saw his mother running towards us from the kitchen, I dashed toward Hezuoshe because I was afraid she would scold and beat me.

"Apa..."<sup>1</sup> I called to Father and looked around for him as soon as I entered Hezuoshe.

"Hi, boy! Your father went home with your uncle," said the village leader, Ban de rgyal. Then I ran home falling many times on the muddy path.

"A ma... A ma 'Mother... Mother!'"<sup>2</sup> I called as soon as I entered our home compound gate and then ran to the kitchen.

Mother was sitting on a small wooden stool washing potatoes in the rusty helmet that my elder brother had found when he was looking for our family mule in fields near the military base, Dmag chang.<sup>3</sup> I jumped on her back and put my arms around her neck.

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<sup>1</sup> Apa 'father' in the local Tibetan dialect is *a pha* in literary Tibetan. I called Father "Apa" without knowing his real name until the age of eight when I went to school to register.

<sup>2</sup> Ama 'mother'.

<sup>3</sup> Dmag chang was the military base, located east of our village. This is a combination of the Tibetan word *dmag* 'army'/'military' and the Chinese *chang* 'area'/'base'. Dmag chang was a mysterious place for us, because it was surrounded by high adobe walls and we were forbidden to get near or enter. My childhood playmates and I often went into Dmag chang fields to herd sheep, goats, and donkeys, and to steal fruits and vegetables that our families lacked. Mother once carried me inside Dmag chang on her back to get intramuscular injections when I had pneumonia, from which I almost

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"Oh! You're getting heavy!" said Mother gently, "Get off... get off!"

"Mother?" I said, putting my face on her head, "Bkra shis 'bum is going to school."

"Oh," said Mother.

"I also want to go," I said.

Mother stopped washing the potatoes, gently lifted me up by my arms, and put me on her lap. I automatically tried to nurse her so she sent me off to tell my father about my desire for schooling.

"Where is Father?" I asked.

"In the west room," replied Mother and started chopping the washed potatoes.

"Apa! Apa!" I called, while running to the west room. I flung open the door with a "bang!"

Father was holding a half bottle of Golden-Stupa Liquor, which he had bought on credit from Hezuoshe. He had saved it for a few months. He was pouring liquor into the bottle lid on the table. The bang of the door opening startled Father. He spilled a mouthful of liquor onto the table. He immediately put down the bottle, scraped the spilled liquor into his left palm with his right hand, and sipped it. He glared at me and yelled, "Bastard! Can't you open the door gently!"

I thought of running away, but I did not because I knew Father rarely beat me when guests were present.

"Awu,<sup>1</sup> ignore it. Let's play now," said Bkra shis 'bum's father.

Father swallowed his anger and started playing the local drinking game loudly with Bkra shis 'bum's father. After playing a few

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died at the age of six. At that time, I saw many interesting, unusual things, such as rows of red-tiled roofed-rooms, blue army tents, trucks, and many soldiers and wolfhounds. According to Grandfather, Dmag chang was built east of our village in the 1950s because some locals were wild and aggressive. It became Ninaxincun (New Nina Village) when a few groups of Hui families migrated there in the late 1990s.

<sup>1</sup> Awu 'elder brother' in local Tibetan is *phu bo* in literary Tibetan.

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rounds, I thought Father was not angry any more. I sneaked behind him and said, "Apa...?"

"What?" asked Father.

"I want to go to school," I declared.

Father ignored me and kept playing. I hit Father's back with my head and repeated more loudly, "I want to go to school."

"Go help your mother," he said and resumed playing the drinking game.

I continued hitting Father's back with my head while chanting "I want to go to school." After a minute, Father pushed me off yelling "Get out! I've no money to send you to school!"

I went to the door but I didn't leave. Instead, I kept chanting "I want to go to school..." while hitting the door against the wall.

Suddenly, Father took off one of his shoes, threw it at me, and yelled, "Get out!"

I turned back fearfully, covering my head with one arm. I tried to run out, but the shoe hit my buttocks hard. I screamed from the pain, and ran out. When I looked back, I saw Mother laughing as Father picked up his shoe.

Father said, "Bastard! I'll beat you to death when I catch you!"

When I saw Father pointing at me with a trembling hand and walking toward me, I turned and started running. I decided to go to Abu for protection. I ran about one kilometer to where Abu was living with my elder brother, Tshe dba', in a small adobe cottage they stayed in to herd sheep and goats in an area called Bkra zhing kha 'Beautiful Farming Land'. It was almost noon when I reached Bkra zhing kha. I could smell boiling meat and hear Abu singing in the distance. I cried loudly as soon as I saw Abu lying on the adobe bed, teaching a folksong to my elder brother, who was imitating Abu quietly, while scooping boiled pigeon meat onto a plate.

Abu quickly stood up, enfolded me in his warm arms, and asked, "Oh, Lolo,<sup>1</sup> don't cry! What's wrong?"

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<sup>1</sup> Lolo is a local Tibetan name used for lovely babies. Grandfather called me "Lolo" until he passed away.

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"Father..." I started and then couldn't stop crying, "...beat me when I said I wanted to go to school!"

Abu comforted me, rubbing my head gently, showing me a nipple-sized fleshy growth on his left arm to distract me, and telling me some Uncle Ston pa stories that I have retold in this book.

I only stopped weeping and started eating when Abu told me that he would give me money for schooling by taking me to town to sell a fine wildcat skin that he had gotten by hunting with his firelock a month earlier. For both lunch and supper, we had dry crunchy bread with pigeon meat and soup. Early the next morning, we had the same food - reheated leftover pigeon with dry bread. Abu told Elder Brother to herd the sheep and goats and to be sure to take the firelock. Elder Brother happily took the firelock, which was almost as tall as he was, and followed the flocks of sheep and goats while singing the folksong he had learned from Abu. Abu and I then started to Hexi Town, which was about thirteen kilometers from our village.

We reached the central garden of the town around noon and then rested. A Muslim man with a long white-beard came and talked to us. Abu then sold the wildcat skin for eight RMB plus a big bowl of *santuk*.<sup>1</sup> The Muslim man owned a nearby noodle restaurant.

Abu and I were very happy as we gobbled down the big bowl of noodles and took the eight RMB. On the way back, Abu told me many interesting stories, some of which I tell in this book.

Early the next morning (3 September 1987), Abu gave me 2.5 RMB, which I gave to our village school teacher, Mr. Zhang. I thus started my school life.

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On 5 August 1988, I heard Abu's funny stories from Tshe dba', with whom I had a remarkable time with five *yuan*. It was during the Sixth

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<sup>1</sup> *Santuk* is a local Tibetan name for hand-pulled noodles (*mianpian*). *San* denotes *sen mo* 'nail' and *tuk/thug pa* is "noodles" in literary Tibetan. My family often cooked *santuk* by boiling many small pieces of fingernail-sized dough made of wheat flour and warm salty water in a pot.

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Lunar Month Deity Festival,<sup>1</sup> which is the most famous and popular festival in Khri ka County.

On the evening of that day, Elder Brother and I put all our sheep into a pen, said goodbye to Abu, ran home, and rushed into the kitchen in great excitement. "Mother! Father! Many trucks have come to our village. They're waiting for villagers to go to tomorrow's Deity Festival," I gushed. "What time will we leave tomorrow?"

Mother stopped cutting noodles and turned to Father, who was sitting on the adobe bed. He raised his brown face and said, "We are not going to the festival."

Father's sentence extinguished the fire of excitement burning deep in our hearts. Brother never begged my parents twice. He stood as motionless as a puppet by the door with his right thumb in his mouth. I threw my head against Mother's chest, beat her arms with my fists, and bawled, "Why? Mother, I will go..."

"Oh, hush my darling," said Mother.

"Don't cry, the festival lasts five days!" Father bellowed impatiently. "We can go to the festival after your Mother and I harvest the wheat."

I didn't listen to anything my parents said. I just cried and cried. Suddenly Father got off the bed, took off one shoe, and spanked my buttocks very hard. It was so painful that I wailed even louder. He tried to spank me again, but Mother stopped him. He sat back on the bed very angrily.

At supper, Mother and Brother urged me to eat noodles, but I ate nothing. I continued sobbing until Father put five *yuan* in my pocket, dried my eyes and cheeks with his big warm hands, and said, "Don't cry my dear. Crying is bad for your eyes. This five *yuan* is for you and your brother to go to tomorrow's festival. Forgive me, I don't have more money to give you. I must prepare twenty *yuan* for you and your brother's school fees before next month. But I do have two nice hats. If you like, please wear them tomorrow." Then he put one hand very kindly on my brother's shoulder and said with a big smile,

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<sup>1</sup> Drug pa'i lha rtse in Tibetan and Liuyuehui in Chinese.

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"You must take care of your little brother tomorrow. Your mother will herd the sheep and I have to harvest the wheat, so we can't go with you."

Brother nodded yes.

I was so happy and excited that night, imagining what I would see the next day - many nice cars, animals, and colorful clothes - that I didn't sleep until midnight.

The next morning, Brother and I got up at four o'clock. Mother put four pieces of bread in our pockets. Father asked us to wear the nice hats that he had stored in his cupboard for twenty years. They were worn only during Lo sar 'Tibetan New Year'. Brother wore the blue one. Although mine was too big for my small head I still wore it. Then we started walking. The Sixth Lunar Month Deity Festival Ground was about eighteen kilometers from my village. Nobody was up so early and nobody saw us, so Brother and I played catch on the road and in the high wheat fields, jumped over walls, climbed fruit trees, ate various fruit, and shared stories that we had heard from Abu. We had a lot of fun.

When daylight came, an ever-increasing number of trucks filled with people passed us on the small dusty road. Several drivers stopped and asked us to get on for one *yuan*, but we refused because we enjoyed walking and we knew we had already come most of the way and would reach the Sixth Lunar Month Deity Festival Ground soon.

We arrived around nine AM. Hundreds of cars, trucks, motorcycles, carts, and horses lined the sides of the road. Many guards were watching them. It seemed all the world's people had come to that place. People from everywhere crowded the road. Many children and their relatives shouted to each other. They had lost each other in the throng. Brother held my hand tightly for almost the whole day. On either side of the Sixth Lunar Month Deity Festival Ground's gate, there were a huge number of traders from Zi ling, the Tibet Autonomous Region, Sichuan, and Shanghai selling Tibetan robes, incense, leather boots, tea, VCD players, radios, and TVs.

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Inside the Sixth Lunar Month Deity Festival Ground, many Chinese troupes were performing excellent acrobatic shows in huge tents. Many Tibetan and Qinghai Chinese singers were singing melodious traditional folk songs. Numerous tents were showing movies.

Brother and I just looked. We touched and asked the price of the many attractive toys such as cars, trains, robots, and sheep on display. On that day, it seemed the sun would burn us and we were both almost dead from thirst. We went to every part of the Sixth Lunar Month Deity Festival Ground trying to find water, but we could not. Many people were drinking bottles of bubbly, colored liquid. We saw such drinks being sold in many shops. Brother bought one bottle for one *yuan*. It tasted terrible, but we finished it in a minute.

After a while, we both felt odd. Brother's face turned red and I felt very tired and could hardly walk. Brother looked at me and laughed. We both felt uncomfortable and sleepy. We left the festival ground and walked unsteadily into a deep forested area, where there were very few people. I lay on the ground by a tree while Brother lay near me after throwing the empty bottle into the distance.

Suddenly, he thumped me with his elbow and whispered, "Look, look."

I mumbled, "No, no, no..., stop bothering me," and then I turned my head and tried to sleep again, but I couldn't. I had a headache and was very hungry. Brother noticed I was not well, helped me get up, and suggested we eat something.

We returned to the festival ground and went to a restaurant near the gate where we ordered two big bowls of noodles for a total of 2.6 *yuan*. They were delicious. We finished the noodles ravenously. I had never had such delicious noodles in my life. After polishing off the last of the soup we felt much better.

"Would you like to stay here tonight?" Brother asked.

"Yes," I said, hopping in front of him joyfully.

"We have only 1.4 *yuan*. It's not enough for a meal. Mother and Father will worry if we don't come home tonight," he said.

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I scratched my head and suggested, "We can go home very early tomorrow morning without breakfast."

He smiled and agreed, "OK, where should we go now?"

Nearby, I saw a VCD room. The proprietor was shouting in Chinese that for five *jiao*<sup>1</sup> you could stay the whole night. "Let's go watch movies. We can sleep there if we feel sleepy," I said.

Brother's Qinghai Chinese was better than mine at that time and he tried his best to ask the owner to let us watch the movie. He showed four *jiao* to the owner and pointed to himself and me. He spoke half in Tibetan and half in Qinghai dialect.

The owner thought for a bit and then said, "OK, OK," in Chinese. Then we both went inside and sat on one chair. A Chinese martial arts movie was playing when we first entered. I couldn't understand the dialogue well, but the movie was exciting with fantastic effects like people flying in the sky and huge rocks exploding without being touched. I was totally engrossed the whole time.

After two movies, the proprietor spoke to the audience and everyone left except Brother and me. Then he spoke Chinese and gestured. I understood that we should pay two more *yuan* for something. After a long explanation and more gestures, the owner indicated sleeping and two *yuan*. We understood. Brother and I took out all the money from our shirt pockets. There was only one *yuan*. The owner talked to his friend, who nodded his head. Unfortunately, a brown-haired Chinese man came inside with a woman who had her arm around his neck. He said something to the proprietor, put ten *yuan* on the table, and began to kiss the lady on the sofa. Then the proprietor came to us, pulled us both out of the room, and shook his hands to show we should leave.

Actually, we were not disappointed. We saw several old Tibetans sleeping in their leather robes on the performance platform and joined them. Brother found paper boxes in the garbage, flattened them on the platform and covered us with some. I had never had such a bed before. It was so comfortable, soft, and warm that I fell asleep

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<sup>1</sup> Five *jiao* equals 0.5 *yuan*, which was about 0.06 USD at that time.

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before Brother finished telling one of the stories presented in this book.

I didn't wake up until Brother nudged me. Getting up I saw that the sun was about as high as a person above the tip of the east mountain. Brother told me to collect empty beer bottles from the garbage. He explained he had seen an old man pick up the empty bottle that we had thrown away the day before and sell it for five *fen* to a bottle collector. "We can have two bowls of noodles for breakfast if we collect fifty empty bottles," he said.

I was very excited. Within an hour, we had collected a big paper box of empty bottles, which we sold for 2.5 *yuan*. We then had 3.5 *yuan*. We were so happy that we could barely control ourselves. We went to the same restaurant that we had eaten at the day before, enjoyed another kind of delicious noodles, bought a bottle of beer, and then went back home by truck at noon.

Back home I told the entire story to my parents. After we finished describing our wonderful times, Father said, "I am very happy you both came back safely and that you had a good time, but listen to me and don't drink beer again. It's not a good thing."

We both seriously said, "We will listen to you and we will never forget, Father."

My parents were very happy with that and Mother tried to cook the same noodles that we had in the restaurant. I never drank beer again.

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On 1 July 1991, I took the Grade Four Primary School Entrance Examination. It was very important because it determined if village children could enter higher-level schools. Our village school had only grades one to three. The exam had Tibetan language, Chinese language, and math sections. I failed because my Chinese language test score was low.

More than half of my classmates did not pass. I was embarrassed but not sad, until I saw some of my playmates preparing for school in August. In September 1991, many playmates went to

schools. I was left lonely and sad and then went with Abu to herd sheep. He told me Uncle Ston pa stories to cheer me up.

### NON-ENGLISH TERMS

a khu ston pa ཨ་ཁུ་སོན་པ།  
 a ma ཨ་མ།  
 a mdo ཨ་མདོ།  
 a b+ho [A'bu] ཨ་བོ།  
 Aku Jaku, a khu spyang ki ཨ་ཁུ་སྤྱང་གི།  
 apa, a pha ཨ་པ།  
 awu, phu bo ལུ་བོ།  
 ban de rgyal བན་དེ་རྒྱལ།  
 bkra shis 'bum བརྒ་ཤིས་འབུམ།  
 bkra zhing kha བརྒ་ཟིང་མ།  
 Caixiangduojie འཕུ་མང་ལྷན་འགྲུལ།  
 Chaka ཇ་ཀ།  
 dmag khrang དམག་ཁྲང་།  
 dngul sdong དངུལ་སྟོང་།  
 doko, rdo rko དོ་ཀོ།  
 dolav, rdo leb དོ་ལའ་བ།  
 drug pa'i lha rtse དུག་པའི་ལྷ་རྩེ།  
 Duanwujie ཇུ་འཕྲུལ་རྩེ།  
 Duohua དུ་མཁུ།  
 fen 分  
 Guide ཇུ་ཇུ་ཇུ།  
 Hainan ཇུ་ཇུ་ཇུ།  
 Haixi ཇུ་ཇུ་ཇུ།  
 Hezuoshe ཇུ་ཇུ་ཇུ།  
 Hui ཇུ།  
 jiao 角  
 Jintajiu ཇུ་ཇུ་ཇུ།  
 khri ka ཇུ་ཇུ།

Liuyuehui 六月会

lo sar ལོ་སར།

Ma Bufang 马步芳

mianpian 面片

mnyam las khang མཉམ་ལས་ཁང།

mtsho lho མཚོ་ལྷོ།

mtsho shar མཚོ་ཤར།

mtsho sngon མཚོ་སྒོན།

ne'u na རེ་ལུ་ན།

Nina 尼那

Ninaxincun 尼那新村

pa po པ་པོ།, pha b+ho པ་མོ།

pardo, phar rdo པར་རྫོ། (also ardo, 'ar rdo/ འར་རྫོ།)

Qinghai 青海

rdo dpa' རྫོ་དཔལ།

santuk, sen thug སེན་ཐུག།

Shanghai 上海

shazaoshu 沙枣树

Sichuan 四川

skra ston སྐྱ་སྟོན།

sku 'bum སྐུ་འབུམ།

sne na སྤེ་ན།

ston pa སྟོན་པ།

thejol, 'thu sgro འཇུ་སྒོ།

tshe dbang rdo rje ཚེ་དབང་རྫོ་རྗེ། (Caixiangduojie 才项多杰)

tshe dpa' ཚེ་དཔལ།

tshwa kha ཚྭ་ཁ།

Wulan 乌兰

Xining 西宁

yeye 爷爷

yuan 元

Zhang 张

zi ling ཟི་ལིང།