

# Sufferings of Youth

## Born a Girl

Father's name was Drangsong Puntsok. His ancestry was Sepa. His place was Zolung. He was a Buddhist, but he practiced Bon. In terms of exoteric, esoteric, and arcane qualities he was a scholar.

When all the patrons had faith and reverence, my consciousness was residing in father's body and then went into my mother, Kunga Zangmo's womb. My mother's ancestral line was Gyamo. Her place was Peson.

Nine months later they were hoping for a boy, but a girl came. Mother was depressed. They gave me the name Kyilo, "Happiness Dashed."

Then father was stricken with leprosy. [I] sang this song of mother's suffering:

Homage to Father, Omniscient Master, and Avalokiteśvara.

A nun, I'm not leaving the door of religion.

But if I was a lazy troublemaking son with no religion,  
Would mother want this boy instead of my religion?

In so many bad stories it is a daughter that comes:

"Great yogin, fantastic lord Drangsong Puntsok,  
Boasting of drawing up the channels and vital winds: look  
at this girl!

The shame and depression are unbearable" [said mother].

A nun, I'm not going among the masses.

This girl will not show herself to people, but take refuge in  
the mountain crag.

Many such sorrowful songs did I sing.

## Sufferings of Youth

Now I will speak of the sufferings of youth.

Mother said she hated me.

"Girl, you tell awful stories!" she would say to me.

The people said that I did many unkind things, and because of this untold mental anguish came [to me]. As I remember now, from five to ten years of age there was suffering, yelling, unnecessary beating, and the food was not good. Untold mental anguish came [to me].

Father Drangsong was covered with leprosy and was at the end of his rope. He was miserable. He said he hated me. Everybody saw this.

"What a pity!" said many people.

Now, father had two *dzo*, a mother and a calf. Some bad person took [them] away, and [I] wept a great deal. Now thinking about what was best, [I] went to father, and got hit. Dirt got in my mouth and my hair, and then a rock went down my mouth.<sup>1</sup> I thought about going to mother, that demoness, but she was very terrifying, and untold anguish came [to me].

I went to Peson, but mother was not there. In Shapku the monk Kunga Pendar and Ani Paldzom saw me.

"Kyilo girl, come here!" they said.

They gave me some soup which was like water. They both wept [when I told them my tale].

"What suffering has come to you, girl!" they said. I told them a long sad tale.

"What a pity!" they said.

Ani Paldzom drew a washing tub for my face. "Girls should not suffer in mind so!" she said.

I then said, "May [I] never be born into laziness and strife<sup>2</sup> in all [my] future lives."

She brought solace to my mind. I was feeling both joy and sorrow, and I wept a great deal.

## Learning to Weave

Father was covered with leprosy for about five years. One night he was hitting me. Dolma the monk and Puntsok the yogi saw this.

"Drangsong, this girl is not the cause of your leprosy," they said. "Do not act like this. Be kind."

Untold mental anguish came to me.

Then there was no one to carry father's leprous corpse away, so [somebody] said, "In the little valley make an offering house and bury him secretly."

Mother worked like a donkey. Her woolen [clothes] were filthy and covered with manure.

"Carry them!" [she] said [to me].

So I threw the pile of wool in the fire. Well, mother heard this, and said, "If a low-born girl does not know how to work with wool, from where will happiness come to you?"

Then she threw a spindle at [my] head and I was sad and wept a great deal.

Being around father had been miserable, [but now] I thought, "Mother now will still not be nice to me." I was in mental anguish.

Ani Paldzom then said to Mother, "You should not hit a small girl like that. Be kind, go slowly. You need to teach her how to work with wool." Then she left.

I then learned how to weave. I could not remember [anything], however, and mother threw a weaving shuttle at my head. Much mental anguish came [to me]. Then I learned something of working with wool, but I didn't know anything about weaving. Since my body was not strong<sup>3</sup> I couldn't even work in the fields well. I did not know what to think.

One day mother looked at me. "Learning spinning and weaving is for you." She said. "Do not create this mental suffering."

"Mother is right," I thought.

These are a few tales of the mountain of suffering that arose in my youth.