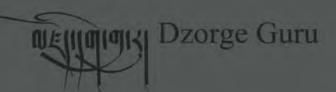
Ranigalinining Inchinal



JAHZONG

Tibetan Tribal Leader





ACCLAIM

Il too often the Tibetan experience is filtered and conveyed to the outside world by accidental tourists and other non-Tibetan sojourners. In this remarkable first novel, an authentic Tibetan voice painstakingly reveals to us the complex interior tapestry of a society, a culture, and a family in transition." *Richard Baum, Director, UCLA Center for Chinese Studies*

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"Anyone anywhere with any interest in the underlying story of modern Tibet must read this fascinating first novel by a young Tibetan." *Lewis M. Simons, Pulitzer Prize winning journalist;* author of Worth Dying For and The Next Front

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"An electrifying, revelatory experience. In it, we learn much about the lives of Tibetan tribal groups that cannot be found in any academic treatise." *Victor H. Mair, Professor, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia*

•••

"I am still gasping from Guru's novel that I have just finished reading. I read it on the edge of my seat and did not put it down from beginning to end. He is a truly gifted storyteller, and the story he is telling, based on his grandfather's life as he told the story when Guru was growing up, is magnificent. I can barely believe that a mere twenty-two-year-old could tell it - the horrible fighting between hostile tribes, the coming to leadership of his then very young grandfather, the marvelously

nuanced complications of love and eventual marriage. One of my greatest worries about many Tibetans is that their stories are not being told. And of course, we in the United States have often made our own stories of Tibet that often have little to do with the lives of real Tibetans. That the storytelling talents of someone like Guru could be nurtured, that he could come to write and to publish, would be a wonderful contribution both for his fellow Tibetans and for us who would be given the opportunity to learn." *Anne Thurston, Johns Hopkins University*

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"Blood, love and the challenges of leadership - this novel evocatively captures the dynamics of rural life in early twentieth-century Tibet. Using an epic style, but built from transmitted personal family narratives, the story powerfully evokes the sights, sounds, and even smells of a disappearing village life. This young Tibetan author provides a unique insight into the social framework, conflicts, and moral dilemmas of these communities. Highly recommended for scholars of Inner Asia and explorers of the human spirit." *Hildegard Diemberger, University of Cambridge*

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"A dramatic story from the tribal society of Tibet. A text that rolls like a great movie. An exceptional literary talent." *Juha Janhunen, University of Helsinki*

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"A rare insight into an intriguing world of violence and compassion that has all but disappeared." Fernanda Pirie, Oxford University

"A gripping account of a vanishing way of life on the Tibetan Plateau, full of vibrant detail and personal perspective. Often poignant, but never sanitized, the tale challenges us to accept Tibetan life as it was in reality, with all its conflicts, violence, and passion." *Bill Bleisch, China Exploration and Research Society*

•••

"This gripping tale of war and love brings to life a time and place little known to the outside world and is nearly forgotten in its own. Action leaps off the page from beginning to end, drawing the reader into a narrative where danger and heroism define every turn." *Keith Dede, Lewis & Clark*

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"A fascinating story about the real life of Tibetan tribes prior to the PRC. For anyone truly interested in understanding the Tibetan situation, it is important to learn about the difficult and often violent life of Tibetans without myths of Shangrila. This book tells that story in an interesting and readable way from the viewpoint of one who knows. Amazing that it was written by one who started with A, B, C just three years prior to writing this novel." *Ron Anton, Peking University*

•••

"Ethnographic and immediate, Guru's novel brings readers into a world of Eastern Tibetans generations ago. The spell-binding chain of events echoes the dynamics of traditional heroic epic and folktale." *Mark Bender, The Ohio State University* "An exceedingly revealing first foray into English language fiction by a young Tibetan writer. His vivid and unflinching account of war and romance among Tibetan tribes in the early twentieth century tells us as much about the historical shape of life on the Tibetan grasslands as about the nature of cultural memory in contemporary Tibet." *Charlene Makley, Reed College*

•••

"It is almost unbelievable that Guru was able to write such a text after only three and a half years of training in English, and I congratulate him for this. It adds a new dimension to fiction writing by Tibetans in Tibet. Until now, most writing was done either in Tibetan or Chinese. The topic is also compelling as it represents a side of Tibetan village life in Amdo that few Westerners could ever imagine, namely the khyod shi nga gson'cut throat' and ageless rivalry between communities. It also gives an interesting and precise account of how tribes unite and split that was common in pre-1950 Amdo society, but which is never described precisely in historical writings. The plot is well woven and I felt compelled to reach the end to learn what would happen to Jahzong and his community." Françoise Institut National des Langues et Civilisations Robin. Orientales. Paris

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"This sensitive, realistic story of life in the eastern Tibetan highlands captures the vision and spirit of the author's local heritage." *Paul Nietupski, John Carroll University* "A beautiful story: simple, direct, and engaging. It is acutely revealing of both the author's compassion and his candor. The novel will appeal to all those seeking a more genuine understanding of Tibetan culture." *Katherine Morton, The Australian National University*

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"A treasure. A window to the past and present of a dynamic Tibetan culture. A story full of life flowing with harsh reality and vivid imagination." *Douglas Duckworth, Florida State University*

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CITATION: Dzorge Guru (CK Stuart, English ed; Huadan Zaxi (Dpal ldan bkra shis) English-Tibetan translator). 2013. Jahzong: Tibetan Tribal Leader. *Asian Highlands Perspectives* 25.

FRONT COVER: Storm clouds gather above a *lab rtse* on the banks of the Yellow River, Khu sen Township, Rma lho Mongol Autonomous County, Rma lho Tibetan Autonomous Prefecture, Qinghai Province (photograph by Gerald Roche, 2011).

BACK COVER: The peak of Gnyan chen thang lha rises above prayer flags, 'Dam gzhung County, Lha sa Municipality, the Tibet Autonomous Region, (photograph by Elena McKinlay, 2009).

SUMMARY: This novel in English and Tibetan traces the life of Jahzong from childhood until the time he unites warring tribes before 1949.

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Note: This is an edited version of Guhruh (K Stuart, ed; Tsepakygap, illustrations). 2005. *Jahzong: Tibetan Tribal Leader*. Morrisville, NC: Lulu.com. The Tibetan translation was prepared using the original English version.

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THE AUTHOR

uhruh was born in 1983 in Rangnan Village, Qiujie Township, Zorgay County, Nahwah Tibetan and Qiang Autonomous Prefecture, Sichuan Province. At the time he wrote the story, Guru was a student in the English Training Program, Qinghai Nationalities Teacher's College, Qinghai Normal University, Xining City, Qinghai Province, PR China. Since the book was first published, he has completed a graduate degree in International Studies at Miriam College in the Philippines.

INTRODUCTION

y grandfather (1910-2003) was the chieftain of eight Tibetan villages - the Holy Wind Tribe. After 'Liberation' Grandfather lost his position and his property and was imprisoned for many years.

I was born in 1983 when Grandfather was already in his seventies. He was the kindest and most compassionate person I ever met. My parents thought that if he took care of me, he would stop doing heavy housework, but this plan failed. He good-humoredly added taking care of me to his other voluntary duties.

He never stopped working and remained very active even in his late eighties. He said if he stopped working his joints would get rusty and he would be unable to move even his fingers. One of my earliest memories is of Grandfather weeding the fields while carrying me on his back. I did not leave Grandfather until I started school.

Conflicts between neighboring Tibetan tribes were frequent before the Red Army's arrival. These conflicts had a long history and were not easily solved. Later, when Grandfather became chief of our tribe, he married the daughter of an enemy chieftain, even though many in our tribe opposed the marriage. This marriage brought a time of welcome peace to our tribe.

I wrote this novel in English based on what I remember Grandfather telling me, what I heard from others, and what I imagined. A leader retains his leadership only as long he serves those he leads.

he Holy Wind Tribe lived in a village situated at the end of a narrow, flat valley. In front of the village ran Deep River, fed by the melting snows of surrounding mountains. In front of the village towered perpetually snowcapped Benefiting Mountain, barren at its higher level but covered with grass at the foot. Densely forested Rear Mountain stood at the back of the village. The choice of the village site by long-dead ancestors was wise and understandable - grass for livestock abounded at the lower levels of the mountains, Deep River provided a clean source of water, the forests gave fuel, and the valley floor was ideal for farming.

Jahzong slowly sipped homemade barley beer from a well-polished copper cup under a boundless darkening sky. The rich, pungent smell of the beer wafted around his white hair and snow-white eyebrows before journeying heavenward. The stars seemed intoxicated too, winking ever more quickly until a big white chunk of cloud buried them inside its soft body, like a loving, plump mother caressing her children.

I squatted between Grandfather's legs, burying my jaw in my hands and staring at the glimmering stars. Suddenly, I asked, "Grandfather, where are all the stars now?"

Grandfather slowly put his cup down on a small black wooden stool beside him and answered, "They are in bed with their mother."

"Then do all mothers love their own children?" I asked with widened eyes.

"Of course. They give what they have without expecting anything back," said Grandfather, stroking my slender braid worn like that of all the other village boys. Some boys had one or two pieces of coral tied in their braid. Grandfather braided my hair every morning.

I moved closer to Grandfather, not caring about the pungent smell of beer and embraced his neck tightly. I wanted him to hold me in his strong arms forever. "Mother didn't give me her earring, Grandfather. You said all mothers give anything they have to their children. Am I really her boy, Grandfather?" I asked sleepily. There were no more words. Everything was utterly still, except for my even breathing that vibrated with the gentle breeze through the darkness.

I enjoyed sitting in the darkness and listening to Grandfather telling his life story: "Listen my boy, a real man shows his greatness only in hard situations. There's nothing wrong with having difficulty, it only adds character."

Even though Grandfather passed beyond suffering when I was eighteen, he still is the most vivid figure in my memory - like a flower that withers in autumn, but whose fragrance is never forgotten.

t was a freezing winter. A furious wind invaded every corner, picking up whatever was in its way and swirling it high into a dusty gray sky. The small village was deadly quiet. Only the incessant barks of dogs came from among scattered homes. In a dilapidated house around a twinkling fire, old men periodically raised their heads as the house creaked in the battering wind. In time they were assured the house would not collapse and then everyone pretended nothing of importance was happening. Some spun their prayer wheels automatically. Others stared blandly at the arhythmically swaying fire. Two men mumbled to each other and then concluded with deep sighs. Suddenly it became abnormally silent. Everybody was as motionless as the carved stone image of Buddha on the table.

An old lady tossed open a cracked, sagging door next to the offering table. The image rocked dangerously back and forth but then stood firm. She ran in with bloody hands and clothes. "It's a boy! Thank Buddha, it's a boy!" she burst out. Then the stoically waiting men smiled at each other as though relieved of a heavy, unbearable burden.

An old man went to the table and knelt before the stone Buddha image. "Thank you my Lord for sending a son to this poor girl. Thank you, and may Buddha show compassion to this unfortunate little creature. His father was a hero and died for this village. Please, my Lord, bless this poor creature."

At this time the old lady called, "Hey! Guhhay, even a dog won't eat nameless bread. Everything comes to this world with names but not this little boy. Since you are a man of respect and the leader of the Holy Wind Tribe, why don't you

give him a name? Our lama is busy with religious rituals for our tribe."

Guhhay continued kneeling and staring at the stone Buddha, as if waiting for approval from the Benevolent One. A moment later he stood vigorously, despite his sixty years, and tears glistened in his eyes. Nobody knew what he had seen during his session with the image, but everybody later said the stone Buddha image smiled at Guhhay. Everyone gathered around a small altar and made offerings to the mountain deities. Every time before battle, before harvesting, and before the start of any celebration they made offerings to the mountain deities, beseeching protection and blessings from the omnipotent ones.

The old lady paced anxiously back and forth in the house. She stuck her head out from the cracked door now and again. The wind still howled above the shaking house, as if it were going to tear the fragile house into pieces. The exhausted mother lay with her baby in a yak-hide-covered bed. The sorrow of her husband's death, like a sharp knife, had carved still more wrinkles on her tired face. Although the baby was compensation, pain still seared her pale face. She slowly turned her face towards the baby and tears dribbled down her bleached cheeks as she said, "Oh my Lord Buddha! Why are you so unfair! You leave this innocent child no father, and me no husband! Show compassion if you still are what people say you are!"

The door curtain lifted and Guhhay entered the room, strode to the bed where the mother was sobbing, sat on the edge, and murmured, "Don't cry Bahnso, my child!" Everyone in their tribe called him 'Grandfather', and he also regarded them as his own children. Whoever had a problem, he took it as his own without hesitation.

"Look at this little creature! He's got his father's nose and your eyes. Let's call him Jahzong (Iron Awl). His father was brave so let's wish this little one to be like an iron awl. Nothing will stop him from gaining what he wants," Guhhay said. He removed a turquoise bead from his own necklace and tied it around Jahzong's neck with a thread. Turquoise protects from all harm and evil spirits and when Bahnso saw this, she felt something catch in her throat. Turquoise beads were very expensive and she had never had one in her life. There was so much in her chest she wanted to remove, but she did not know where to begin. She clutched Guhhay's hand in hers and sobbed her heart out before this Buddha-like grandfather, who was even kinder than the Lord himself. He was human, and knew exactly what people needed. He kissed the little one on his forehead as he was leaving, and the infant twiddled with the turquoise as though he had not a care in the world.

His first day in this world was exciting and wonderful. When he first stuck his head out of that dark cave, his new world seemed peaceful and a place full of love. Even though his welcome to this new world was not grand or significant, everyone around him seemed pleased. He was the happiest among them all and thought he had stayed inside too long. He liked this new world - wondrous, bright, and mysterious. Everything seemed encased in a thin foggy veil - the beginning of a thorny, hazardous journey.

ime passed quickly, but nothing much changed except the people. Youngsters grew up rapidly as elders grew older. Guhhay remained chief of the Holy Wind Tribe. There had not been a major conflict with their neighboring tribe - the Divine Goat Tribe - for several years. Was this a good omen, or the calm before a destructive storm? Jahzong's life was ordinary, although sometimes other boys bullied him because he had no father. Sometimes they sang, "A fatherless child, a homeless dog; if you don't believe there are such lamentable animals, please ask Jahzong," then burst into malicious laughter and fled, leaving him alone and feeling he no longer belonged in what had once been a wonderland. When cruel boys tormented him, his mother patiently said, "Dear son! Ignore them. Although your father is not here, he was a hero and lives in our hearts and in the hearts of all the villagers. Be proud of him." Pride swelled in Jahzong's heart. Although he had never seen his father and did not know what he looked like, he imagined him to be the most handsome and kindest person in the world.

As he fed his pigs by a river near the village one day, a rock plunked nearby, splashing water on his clothes. The alarmed pigs rushed into the river and were soon in danger of being swept away by the powerful current. Hearing giggling behind him, he turned and saw Jikmed, Guhhay's grandson. Jikmed was eight years old - two years older than Jahzong. He seized every chance to bully Jahzong and was the nastiest person Jahzong had ever met. He led the children because of his age and his family's status. Of all the children, only Jahzong was not afraid of him. A ball of fire burned in Jahzong's

stomach and his eyes became blood red. Jikmed was frightened by this unusual reaction. Then an unseen voice called, "Son, be tolerant. Forgive those who act rashly because of their ignorance. Be a good boy." He bowed his head and left, ignoring the pigs.

Jikmed then regained his courage and shouted, "Hey! Bastard! Why don't you acknowledge me, a great king, and then you can leave like the guilty cowardly dog you are." He laughed arrogantly. "A child like you should know how to be polite when someone important comes!"

Jahzong pretended not to hear, although he could not help but hear Jikmed's loud adult-sounding cackles. Jahzong secretly vowed that one day he would teach Jikmed a lesson and make him remember that his father was a hero and that Jahzong also had his father's courage. The deities are sometimes the only ones you can communicate with but, actually, prayer must never be answered for if it is, it becomes mundane correspondence.

nother year swiftly passed. One morning Jahzong got up early. While his mother was tending the fire in their small adobe stove, he decided to walk around the still-sleeping village. He climbed up a small hill behind the village and was struck by the beautiful morning scenery. The village seemed peaceful and carefree as slender columns of light blue smoke curled and twisted above the homes before joyfully dissipating into thin air. Majestic surrounding mountains protected this small village.

He heard the crack of breaking twigs and turned. It was Guhhay. Maybe he, too, was carried away by his own village's impressive morning scenery.

"Hey! Early bird! What were you thinking? Anything wrong? Tell your grandfather," said Guhhay with a big warm smile.

"What a beautiful place!" Jahzong chirped, pointing at the awakening village.

Guhhay came closer, patted Jahzong's shoulder, and said, "Boy! If you climb atop that distant mountain what do you think you would see?"

Jahzong blinked twice and said, "Will I see the whole world from there?"

The distant snow-capped peak was a holy mountain. Folks from neighboring villages came and circumambulated it annually. Jahzong's mother had carried him to the holy mountain when he was an infant, although he had no memory of the event.

"Yes, you can see the whole world from there. Remember, mountains are high, but you can be the peak. The sky is infinite, but it's for you to fly in and explore. Have a will, a dream, and fight for it," said Guhhay just as the unselfish sun broke through thin morning clouds covering the horizon. Guhhay had cared for Jahzong since his father had been killed. Jahzong's father had been his best friend. Together they had united eight villages that later became the Holy Wind Tribe. He cared more about Jahzong than his own grandson.

After thinking for a moment Jahzong said, "I want to be a leader like you, Grandfather," and looked into Guhhay's face curiously.

"My boy! Bravery and wisdom make you real. Your mother may be looking for you. Let's return," Guhhay said, and then they left for home, hand in hand. The boy's laughter mixed with the twittering of birds as they descended the steep meandering path.

Nobody understood why this reticent boy laughed so joyfully that morning. Bahnso, his mother, was astonished. She had never heard him laugh so delightedly. His joy made her laugh, too, but then she suddenly sensed something was brewing beneath this perhaps-provisional happiness. She stopped laughing, knelt, and prayed. Jahzong was her everything and she knew that she must not lose him.

A person who can't take revenge has no seat among others.

Never pass your shoes over a stove if you want to keep your tutelary deities, and never let women touch your weapons if you want to conquer your enemies.

he crops awaited harvest. The sun scrambled up from the foggy horizon, gilding everything yellow. The fields became a golden lake. Waves surged, one after another. Villagers were busy reaping a bounteous harvest like scampering bees. Guhhay stood, belted out a few lines of a harvest song, and then everyone in the field joined in. Though not a battlefield, it was a great place to demonstrate your abilities. In rhythm to the songs, the men competed to reap their allotted area first. The women and children came behind, trussing up the fallen stalks into large bundles. Jahzong straightened his back and looked around. What beautiful scenery! Then he was shocked to see a stranger behind a nearby bush aiming a gun at Guhhay. Nobody noticed because all were engrossed in the fieldwork.

"Grandfather! Someone's about to shoot you!" Jahzong yelled. Guhhay immediately dived into uncut stalks tall enough to hide him. He had remained alert since the outbreak of the fighting with the Divine Goat Tribe, knowing that with Jahzong's father dead, he was next on their enemies' list.

The would-be assassin missed his target and tried to escape, but was quickly shot dead by some sharpshooters who,

as always, had brought their rifles to the fields. From that day on, the villagers were on guard, knowing the other tribe would take revenge.

Jahzong had heard that it was his responsibility to avenge his father from the very beginning of his life. The war between the two tribes was like a volcano. Nobody knew when it would erupt, but it would sooner or later. And now, after the failed attempt to assassinate Guhhay, harvesting was ignored. The crops might rot in the fields and then everybody would starve the next year but their enemies were in the same predicament, bringing some solace. The men stayed at home, polishing and oiling their guns and swords, preparing for the unavoidable coming conflict. The men went in turn to a fortress between their territory and that of the Divine Goat Tribe to keep watch. Jahzong was also on guard several times.

Meanwhile, children played as usual. Only Jahzong seemed concerned about the coming war, though he was only thirteen. Whenever he had time, he went to Guhhay's home to practice shooting a gun at a target, and learn how to sharpen a sword. He practiced with his father's gun and sword, soon became a good shot, and took his father's gun with him wherever he went. He became the youngest hunter in the village. His mother was proud. Jahzong's home had meat when others had none. Gradually, the other children drew closer to him, ending his isolation. He then replaced Jikmed as the new leader of the children.

Others may forgive you but that only makes you feel worse. When you have done something, can you really undo it?

here was less vigilance the next year. Villagers went out to herd, collected fuel, and held several festivals.

One unusual day, Jahzong went hunting and returned empty-handed. Bymaguhreh and Gongbuya were waiting for him to have lunch at the fortress. It was their third day there. As Jahzong neared he mumbled, "What a day! All the animals seemed to know I was coming. I didn't even see a rabbit's tail!"

"Hey boy! It's fine. We still have some tea and *tsamba*.¹ The animals can't hide forever, try tomorrow," said Gongbuya, pouring Jahzong a bowl of tea.

Then Bymaguhreh quickly stood, gestured to a nearby hill, and said, "Look, something is moving."

Gongbuya instinctively snatched his gun from the ground as he stood next to Bymaguhreh.

"Boy! Are you scared? Why are you still sitting there like a log? Get your gun loaded. I'm sure they're from the Divine Goat Tribe," said Gongbuya, loading his own gun.

Jahzong sprang up, looked in the direction Bymaguhreh was pointing, and could make out a group of about ten people

¹ *Tsamba* is made of ground, whole-grain roasted barley mixed with hot tea, and then rolled into small lumps and eaten. Butter, dried cheese, and sugar are often added, depending on availablity and personal preference.

moving towards them. Shaking like a leaf in the wind, he tried his best to stand still and not show fear. Even though he had killed many animals he had never shot a person. Then he was jerked to the ground, "You want to die? If you keep standing there, they'll shoot you," said Bymaguhreh.

Jahzong's face suddenly became pale. He asked, "Do we really have to shoot them?"

"Of course, if you don't want to die. Just shoot them like shooting rabbits," said Bymaguhreh.

Everything abruptly became quiet. Jahzong listened to the throbs of his own heart. He was not sure if he was afraid or excited, and then nervously remembered his mother saying, "When you kill someone, his soul will return and torture you brutally until you die." He looked at his calm, more experienced companions who had fought in many battles and won respect from others as men of bravery.

The enemies were drawing near. He aimed at the head of the nearest man. He thought it would be easy to blow his head off. His palms sweated desperately. He remembered he had no father. Because of these men, his mother had become a widow at the age of twenty-seven, while her contemporaries enjoyed their husbands and families. He suddenly longed to blast all their heads off. Jahzong looked at Bymaguhreh eagerly with blood-red eyes, silently asking for permission.

"Let them get closer and then we'll miss nobody," murmured Bymaguhreh, as though whispering to himself. Although Jahzong heard, a fire burned in his chest, pushing him to squeeze the trigger. The atmosphere around them became stiff and he felt it was difficult to breathe. Something extraordinarily heavy was pushing down on him. He told himself to be calm and wait for the proper time to fire.

"Bang!" Jahzong fired. The earth-shaking sound of the gun swiftly penetrated the thick air and rushed far inside the small valley, where the Holy Wind Tribe lay shrouded in a deceptive semblance of peace. Villagers thought the gunshot was from hunters in the nearby mountains and ignored it.

The bullet missed its target and warned the enemies, who seemed to vanish into thin air. Bymaguhreh and Gongbuya looked at him distractedly. Both were about to erupt, but an instant later Gongbuya's body jerked fiercely, as though a snake had bitten him, then fell flat before he could utter a word. The other two stared at the log-like body blankly. Next to Gongbuya's spine, near his neck, blood streamed out, feeding a small pool of dark red blood that quickly grew bigger. He was very dead.

Bymaguhreh stared at his friend's corpse motionlessly. Another brave man called back to his origin. Jahzong knelt by the already stiffening body, sobbing quietly, and wondered, "Why are human lives so fragile? Such a small bullet can take your life away without warning. Maybe it is this impermanence that makes life so precious."

"Jahzong, let's go home," Bymaguhreh said a few minutes later, putting the corpse on his back.

"Go home? Gongbuya died because of my mistake. I won't leave. I'm no coward. I'll make them pay, even if my life is taken!" replied Jahzong stoutly.

"It's not your fault. If there is someone to blame, then it's me, Bymaguhreh, not you. You are a child. It's good of you to think that way, but never forget to use your special gift - your brain," he said as they headed home.

The way back was short and quiet, and soon they were in the village. Several black crows flew in lazy circles above, cawing huskily. They were always the first to announce bad news and when the villagers heard them, they came out, one after another, surrounding the living men and the corpse. Several old men scolded Bymaguhreh for coming back without his friend alive. Gradually the crows grew quieter as the villagers went to the martyr's home to console his aged mother, his only close relative. Jahzong stood motionless, unable to forgive himself. The north wind struck his face like a sharp knife. The death of Gongbuya permanently scarred his heart.

A warm hand touched his shoulder softly. "My son! Don't reproach yourself," said his mother tenderly. "It won't change anything. Learn from your mistakes, son."

As this familiar voice came to him, he broke into tears and long mournful sobs. He had thought he was alone in this tremendous world, too weak to survive amid such ruthlessness. Now he realized his mother would always be with him. When he was about to reach out for his eternal refuge - his mother's arms - his legs failed and he fainted.

We shed tears for what we have done but after the tears dry, the same events are repeated amid yet more tears.

hen he awoke the next day, his mother was kneeling in front of the stone Buddha, praying, a slight figure praying piously for her beloved son, tears streaming down her face. She turned at once when she heard Jahzong and said, "You're awake. How do you feel now?"

"Mother! Water! I'm thirsty," he said.

"Don't move, dear! I'll get some. You haven't eaten for a day," she said as she stood to fetch water for him.

As Bahnso handed Jahzong a bowl of water, the signal-bell sounded. Jahzong grabbed his gun, leapt out of bed, and was running unsteadily towards Guhhay in the village center before Bahnso could stop him. All the village men were already gathered around Guhhay, listening intently to his instructions. He squeezed his way through the crowd and stood next to Bymaguhreh. Only Jahzong and Guhhay remained after Guhhay's directives. "Your job is to protect the elders and the children here," Guhhay said.

Jahzong immediately realized that he was not going with the others to the battlefront. "I'm going with you. I want to shoot off the killer's head. I promise I'll obey your orders this time," he pleaded.

"Somebody like you is needed here. Our enemies may attack the village while we're away. Keep both your eyes open in the daytime, and keep one eye open at night, boy," said Guhhay as he mounted his horse and sped like an arrow after the others.

Jahzong stood staring in the direction the others were headed for a long time. The dust left by the rushing horses was drifting away, and the narrow winding path came into view again. The once vibrating path became drab and normal again as he stood there. After many generations, people still trod the same path as their ancestors.

There was nothing to do in the village with the men away fighting. Every day, old women anxiously stared at the same narrow lane, hoping for the men to return. There was little news and the days crawled by like a heavily burdened snail. Even the messenger crows seemed to have grown bored for they had vanished without a trace. The valley became eerily silent. Though Jahzong was only fourteen, he obeyed Guhhay's order. He was the last to sleep every night, though there was little possibility of an attack. The enemies were busy fighting the Holy Wind Tribe, but he still guarded his own post alertly. He did not want to make a fatal mistake twice.

The conflict between the two tribes dragged on for another year. One day while on guard, Jahzong saw a group of exhausted men with tired-out horses behind them lumbering towards the village. Corpses burdened their backs. More widows and fatherless children. This time he was unsure what the reaction to this catastrophe would be.

When the group drew near, Jahzong sensed something terribly wrong. Every time the villagers had retuned from a battle in the past, Guhhay had ridden ahead on his white stallion, majestically leading his loyal followers. Jahzong noticed something missing, something very familiar - Guhhay. Instead of sitting in the saddle, he was bound tightly to his horse's back. Not only his men, but his old horse too, moved feebly forward, as if a heavy burden were pushing them from all directions into the dusty ground. A presumptuous whirlwind started its way through the exhausted people as they inched forward, burying them in furious dust, but nobody paid

attention to this intrusive wind, as they moved mechanically towards the trembling village.

he next day, the villagers gathered in front of the old village prayer wheel house - small groups of people here and there. Nobody spoke, they only looked at each other's faces now and again, waiting for somebody to break the silence. Finally, a stocky man burst forth, "It's no use sitting here without even a fart. Now we, the leaders of the eight villages, are all here. Who has the balls to speak up?"

"Doorgee! I know what you want. You have been waiting a long time for this," responded the leader of Longwa Village, Dorgo, who had always been Guhhay's loyal assistant. He had advised Guhhay to unite the eight villages in order to keep all the villagers safe from the Divine Goat Tribe. Now that Guhhay the great tribal leader had passed away, only a few village leaders wanted to remain united under a single tribal chief. After Guhhay had become the leader of the eight small villages, the village leaders had lost most of their power. Even though they assisted Guhhay with all their might, they secretly hated him and longed for a return to the time when they were more powerful local chiefs.

Another leader stood and said, "We won't reach a decision if we continue like this. Why don't we return to the lives we had before?"

Jahzong was there as the leader of Rangnan Village, according to Guhhay's wishes. He knew nobody would listen to him, a child. He sat silently, but when he heard the discussion about breaking up the Holy Wind Tribe, he wanted to remind these heartless men of the benefits they had enjoyed by being a part of the larger tribe.

The meeting went on for hours without reaching a consensus. Just as everybody expected, the meeting finally broke into a fight - Guhhay's old loyal followers under Dorgo's lead against Doorgee's followers. Jahzong did not join either side but, instead, went to see his grandfather for the last time.

Standing next to Guhhay's naked corpse, Jahzong wept bitter tears that trickled down to his almost-stopped heart. Awakening from his grief, he whispered, "What a kind grandfather and a great leader you were to us all! But now, see? None of your beloved grandsons put even a blanket over your departing body. Your so-called loyal assistants came before the vultures to tear your body into pieces," and his eyes filled with tears again.

A filthy curtain hung in the doorway, keeping the little room dim, warm sunrays hesitating outside the disgraceful screen. Jahzong wondered if there was also such a curtain between Heaven and Hell. Jahzong turned and glanced once more at the motionless corpse with nothing covering it. He stepped to the curtain, grabbed it in his left hand, took his sword in his right hand, and brandished it at the mild-mannered curtain. The sword suddenly paused. The flesh on Jahzong's cheeks jerked and he fell deep into thought, standing with the sword in his right hand before the calm curtain. He realized it was not vital to cover the corpse with something that did not really belong to it. "After all, people enter the world naked," he thought, then strode out towards the village men who were still fighting in front of the sacred prayer wheel house.

The dull sun was falling behind the magnificent mountain behind the shocked village. Some people had stopped fighting and sat on the ground, looking bored and dejected. Others still twisted on the ground with their previous friends. A group without a leader is like scattered sand on the ground.

Doorgee and Dorgo continued to pound each other.

"Stop!" shouted Jahzong as he approached. "Do you want to be conquered by our enemies?"

"You little dog! Don't tell my men to stop. Kill us all if you're brave enough. Nobody can make me stop!" roared Doorgee, not forgetting to launch blows at Dorgo. Doorgee was the best fighter in the whole tribe, and nobody could defeat him.

Jahzong felt his blood boiling under his skin and charged Doorgee. Everyone stopped and turned as they heard a sharp, horrible cry. Jahzong stood with Doorgee's head in his hand, blood streaming from the stump. The headless body lay twitching next to Jahzong's feet, dark red blood spurting from the headless neck.

Everybody was shocked, especially Dorgo. He knew Jahzong, but never expected a fifteen-year-old boy could kill someone like Doorgee in an instant. Meanwhile, Jahzong furiously stared at the open-mouthed people around him. "Our enemies are ready to take our land any time because the most feared one, Guhhay, is gone. And at this critical moment you fight among yourselves. Do you understand what kind of situation we are in now?" Jahzong roared, like an offended lion ready to pounce on its prey.

Those gathered bowed their heads. Nobody uttered a word. Dorgo picked his sword up from beside the stiffened body and walked through the astounded people. He slowly turned as he stepped out of the group. The dilapidated houses creaked as a world-shaking cheer for a new leader drifted vigorously through them. When the warm, exciting cheer reached his ears, Dorgo wondered where this new leader would lead them and then walked to his home, sighing deeply.

Jahzong was lost in thought, thoroughly stupefied by what he had just done. When he recovered from the shock he noticed that he was standing in the village center. A sudden chill passed through his body as he stared at those around him. "Oh! My Buddha! What have I done?" Jahzong asked himself, now regretful. But he also understood that he could not escape from the trap he had set.

"I knew he wasn't a common boy when he was born," an old man said, spinning a big clacking wooden prayer wheel piously.

"Did you hear the thunder the day he was born?" asked another gray-headed man.

Rumors reached the Divine Goat Tribe the following day. The leader rejoiced in the news of an inexperienced boy taking leadership of the Holy Wind Tribe and prepared to lead an attack on them at this moment of weakness. Meanwhile, Jahzong instructed the villagers to prepare to defend their homes. He knew it was difficult to make someone trust you unless they see action. Therefore, he double-checked the tribe's preparation and also asked the elders for advice.

arkness as thick as a blanket seemed to cover the sky. The once noisy village fell silent. Jahzong stared at the dark trees silhouetted against the quiet stars. For the first time in his life he could not sleep. Suddenly an amiable face popped into his mind, and a gentle voice said, "My last thoughts are of you, though I've entered into complete peacefulness. Believe in yourself!" Jahzong would never forget this gentle, touching mirage.

A warm hand drew him back. Standing behind him was his mother. "Get some rest, son, and welcome a new beginning with enthusiasm," she said worriedly.

Warm sunshine filtered through the creviced wooden wall as Jahzong woke up the next day. Outside, birds were singing joyfully in warm sunshine. The air was filled with the aroma of just-brewed milk tea, whetting Jahzong's appetite. His mother was waiting for him when he got downstairs. "Had a good sleep, Son? Bymaguhreh came this morning. He saw you sleeping like a log so he didn't disturb you. He asked you to come and give our people encouragement," she said gently.

"I slept very well, Mother. Can you make me a bowl of *tsamba*?" asked Jahzong as he washed.

"Oh! What will your people think if they discover their leader cannot even make *tsamba*?" she chuckled and then got a bowl to make *tsamba*.

The door slammed open before Bahnso finished making *tsamba*. Bymaguhreh stood in the doorway and wheezed, "They're coming."

"Good! It's been too long since our grandfather was killed in that terrible battle. I've been looking forward to this

chance. Today will be the best day of my life. Let's go!" said Jahzong, reaching for the gun and sword hanging on the central pillar, and then he kissed his mother goodbye. Bahnso watched her son disappear among the others. Two glistening, tremulous tears rolled from her eyes. Once her husband had also told her that the battle was going to end and that they would eat together when he returned, but he never did. Suddenly she stormed back into the house, picked up the bowl of still-warm *tsamba*, and ran after her son.

Everybody was lying still in the newly made trench, waiting for the approaching enemy. Jahzong lay next to Bymaguhreh. Many thoughts tumbled about in his mind. He remembered Gongbuya shot to death at his feet, and the wornout horse carrying Guhhay's corpse, approaching him. Jahzong shuddered. A warm hand softly touched his shoulder. It was Bymaguhreh, staring at him sympathetically, a glint of passion in his eyes. "Will you always stand by me, Bymaguhreh?" asked Jahzong, looking at him fixedly.

"Of course, as long as you need me. I've only met one trustworthy man in my life, but now he isn't with us anymore because of me," Bymaguhreh said, looking into the blue sky. There was no sign of an approaching storm. He continued, "Once a respected lama told me my birth date was an evil day, and I would bring death to those with me. And I brought the devil to Gongbuya and our great leader Guhhay..."

"No. It has nothing to do with you. It was already fated before we came into this world according to our past deeds. No one can change this, not even Buddha," Jahzong replied sincerely.

The click of guns being loaded disturbed their conversation. Jahzong stuck up his head and saw the leader of the Divine Goat Tribe riding his steed majestically ahead of his fellows. Jahzong whispered to the others, "First let's pray," then he bowed his head a little and prayed as the others followed

him. Jahzong then hissed, "OK, let's greet our 'friends'. Fire after me." The men nodded and moved to their posts.

ahzong breathed deeply before he fired. His hands trembled, but nobody noticed because all were busy finding their own targets. He aimed at the head of a man riding a red horse next to the leader. The man fell off his horse as Jahzong squeezed his trigger, landing on his back. As the rest fired after Jahzong, the enemies' horses whinnied and ran wildly in all directions. The fighting continued for several hours. Only a few enemies finally escaped. Jahzong led his men down to the field where the corpses lay to look for anyone still alive, but those who seemed to be dead were, indeed, dead. It was a complete victory and the first time they had defeated their enemies so utterly. Although Guhhay had led them to several victories, both sides had suffered casualties. This time, however, none of the Holy Wind Tribe had been casualties.

Jahzong searched among the corpses for the enemy leader, whom he had not seen escape. Jahzong was sure he had not fled back to his village. As he was about to rejoin his men, he saw the leader's white horse wandering among the corpses. Jahzong ignored this, and walked toward the others, feeling pity for the horse looking for its master.

"Look! Someone is escaping!" someone yelled. Jahzong loaded his gun instinctively and turned toward the fleeing horse.

"It's the enemy leader!" shouted another man.

Jahzong immediately aimed at the man lying flat on the horse's back, quickly diminishing as the horse galloped away. Though Jahzong could only see a black dot on the horse, he fired just as the horse disappeared into the distance. Several men immediately ran after the horse. Some shouted it was impossible that the bullet could have found the man. Some even whispered Jahzong had deliberately missed in fear of the leader's relatives taking revenge. The discouraged runners stopped. All eyes focused on Jahzong, who was still staring into the distance. Suddenly Bymaguhreh jumped out from behind Jahzong and began trotting in the direction the horse had disappeared.

Jahzong felt the air grow warm and squalid, making it hard to breathe. The others watched Bymaguhreh's eversmaller figure. Jahzong closed his eyes and stood still, waiting for Bymaguhreh to reappear empty-handed.

Time seemed reluctant to step forward and Jahzong felt growing panic. He wanted to be a leader like Guhhay but, now that he was almost there, this unexpected escape had leapt into his life. Jahzong wondered if obstacles would continue to present themselves in this way, stopping him before he really got started. Then a figure appeared in the far distance and came slowly nearer. He watched intently, hoping to see Bymaguhreh carrying something. Jahzong closed his eyes, not wanting to see the result he expected. Everyone moved automatically forward as Bymaguhreh approached but Jahzong's feet seemed to no longer obey his commands.

"Oh! Something's on his back! Look! I bet Jahzong's bullet found the bastard," someone shouted.

"Are you sure? Why can't I see that bastard's corpse?" another retorted.

Meanwhile, Bahnso stood waiting for her son at the village entrance, a bowl of *tsamba* in her left hand. The other hand spun a small prayer wheel. Now and again she raised her head to see if her son was returning. The battlefield was just a few miles from the village. The elders, children, and women remained in the village and crowded into the small prayer-wheel building. Though they had been told to stay in their own

homes, everyone gathered in the same place. They felt a need to talk, but when they assembled not a single word was uttered. Only the sound from the small bell hanging in the room next to the big wooden wheel tinkled again and again as the metal bar from the wheel hit it rhythmically, seemingly trying to awaken the worried people from their deep concerns about their loved ones.

When Bymaguhreh drew closer, he dropped the corpse and shouted, "Jahzong, you got him! You got the bastard! You got him right in the head!" Bymaguhreh then ran to Jahzong, who was still standing with his eyes closed, while others rushed toward the stiffening body. "I knew you wouldn't miss that one," said Bymaguhreh, glancing back at the men joyfully kicking the corpse.

"Thank you for going after that bastard," Jahzong said, his eyes shut.

"Can you guess what I saw over there?" asked Bymaguhreh, pointing into the distance.

"What?" Jahzong said.

"I saw the white horse kneeling by that bastard. How sad! It became mad when I tried to capture it for you. It nearly kicked me in the nuts, so I let it go," said Bymaguhreh, disappointedly.

"How can an animal like a horse have such strong feelings for its master?" wondered Jahzong, scratching his head in puzzlement.

"Sometimes they are more human than humans themselves, don't you think?" Bymaguhreh said.

"Yes. Maybe that's the reason why people always ride horses. They're good companions. Do you ever ride a horse? I've never seen you riding one," said Jahzong.

"No. To tell the truth, I'm afraid of riding horses," Bymaguhreh said and blushed. Jahzong had thought Bymaguhreh was not afraid of anything. Jahzong felt someone more real was standing by him now.

"Hey! Do you really think that man deserves this death?" asked Jahzong, looking even more puzzled.

"Certainly! A man like him will burn in Hell for centuries," pronounced Bymaguhreh with absolute assurance, and then joined the men still kicking the increasingly battered corpse.

ahzong also wanted to join his boisterous fellows, but his body turned against his will and he slowly plodded home. On the way, he saw a group of men kicking a man madly. Jahzong was shocked when the tortured man turned to face him, for it was Jahzong himself - a helpless lamb among fiendish wolves - being tormented by an enraged mob.

A bell clanged clearly and passionately and he was relieved to realize it was only a dream and that, somehow, he was at the village entrance. For some reason, Jahzong did not feel happy, though he had won the battle and slain the leader.

When his mother saw Jahzong coming home alone, she did not offer him the bowl of *tsamba* but instead demanded, "Where are the others? Why are you coming home alone? Anything wrong?"

"No. Things went very well - the way we all wanted," he said and left Bahnso standing alone as he trudged on to their home.

Bahnso wondered what had really happened, though her son had told her things had gone well. He had wanted to lead the villagers to defend his own village, but now that he had done just that, he seemed depressed. Bahnso felt tremendous relief but this emotion was restrained when Jahzong appeared to be under such great pressure. She trailed her son home.

Jahzong lay face-down on his small, narrow bed, thinking about his strange dream, wondering what the final destiny of all leaders was. The cracked door opened before he found the answer. His mother entered with a bowl of steaming noodles and said, "Son, eat this. You must be famished."

"Mother, I'm not hungry. Did the other men return?" he asked, sitting up in bed.

"I guess they're back now. Son! What's wrong? You don't look right," Bahnso said and stepped closer. "Son, remember, don't lose passion for your dream. Also remember that reality may not be what you expected when you achieve your dream, for the gods may punish us by granting us our desires."

The bowl of noodles cooled as they talked. Bahnso said she would reheat the noodles and left. Jahzong lay back on the bed. He could not sleep. Every time he was about to fall asleep, the dream returned, keeping him awake. Jahzong looked out the window and saw black clouds rolling east. His mind was full of questions about the troublesome dream.

Bahnso returned with the reheated noodles, but Jahzong was already fitfully sleeping. She covered Jahzong with a wool blanket and left.

Jahzong awoke. He peered through the half-closed window and saw many people hurriedly passing outside. Nobody was in the house when he got downstairs. A wooden bowl sat next to the stove, its lid pushed a little to one side. The family cat had been eating the food prepared for Jahzong. As he stepped to the front door, he wondered why the cat habitually did not eat from its own bowl.

"Ah!" came a sharp cry. He turned, realizing he had bumped someone, and saw Pema standing with noodles all over her robe, staring at him fiercely.

Jahzong laughed and said, "Hey! Pema, look at you! Why were you in such a hurry to eat noodles?"

Pema, Jahzong's childhood sweetheart, suddenly bowed her head as tears streamed like water through a broken dam.

Jahzong was shocked. They had known each other since childhood, but Jahzong had never seen her so distressed. "I'm sorry, Pema, I'm really sorry," Jahzong said, picking up the empty pot. "This pot of noodles was for someone very important, right? I'll ask Mother to cook another pot for you," said Jahzong, heading inside with the pot in his hand.

Before Jahzong reached the threshold Pema said, "Actually, it was for you, Jahzong."

Jahzong halted, slowly turned, and asked, "For me?"

"Yes. This morning the village will celebrate victory over our enemies. I heard that you fought very bravely in the battle," she said, flushing, and then stammered, "And I cooked this for you, myself. But now look..." Pema again broke into tears. Jahzong was astonished. He had never imagined anyone but his mother cooking for him. Jahzong looked above Pema's head in a fluster. He remembered his mother saying, "The prettier a girl, the greater trickster she will be." But when Jahzong saw Pema still sobbing because of his carelessness, he reached out a hand and gently wiped away her tears. He still did not understand why women had such a powerful weapon tears. Guhhay had told him to be courteous to all and intimate with few, especially with women, whose tears soften a man's passion for life, and erode his strength to live. Even a man of steel may fall on his knees before a woman's tears. Nevertheless, the seed of love was already sprouting in Jahzong's heart.

Before Jahzong could say more to comfort Pema, Bymaguhreh arrived and informed Jahzong that everybody was waiting for him to begin the celebration. Jahzong was puzzled. Why were they waiting for him? Whenever there was a celebration or a meeting, it was an elder's duty to start it. Although Jahzong did not understand, he walked with Bymaguhreh to the gathering, then turned and saw that Pema was gone. He felt something strange tickling his heart something he had never felt before with other girls. A hoarse voice pulled Jahzong back to life. "Hey Jahzong, are you still asleep? You young people never understand how important it is to get up with the early sun and go to bed with the mild moon," Dorgo croaked, rejoining the group of elders.

People stirred a little when someone shouted, "Here comes Jahzong! Make way!" Standing timidly at the center, Jahzong looked around before announcing the beginning of the celebration. People were rejoicing in this moment of peace and joy. Still, Jahzong saw fear and sorrow in the eyes around him.

Just as Jahzong was about to make the announcement, an old man said, "Listen, my people! We've been waiting a long time for this moment. Now, due to this boy, that moment has come." Moistening his throat with barley beer, he continued, "Buddha sent this boy to deliver us from suffering. I have lived ninety winters, and I am very glad to see the sun brighten once again because of Jahzong."

Jahzong did not know what to do except stand silently as everyone happily looked at him. Nobody spoke. The focus had moved to the group of elders at the far end of the crowd. Jahzong also looked over to the group of elders, but he could hear nothing. Only their heads nodded now and again.

"Attention please," a man said, standing up from the group. He smiled at Jahzong and said, "Here I declare by the Sky and the Earth as our witnesses, and in our Lord Buddha's name, that Jahzong is the new leader of the Holy Wind Tribe."

The crowd burst into cheers. Jahzong was astounded, thinking over what Dorgo just said. He slowly moved near Dorgo after calming himself and whispered, "Uncle Dorgo, I'm only sixteen, I'm afraid..."

Dorgo patted Jahzong's shoulder and said, "I know you can do well, better than your predecessor. This is our wish, and Guhhay's as well."

Jahzong looked around at the reveling people and trembled, unsure if he could shoulder this responsibility, but he secretly pledged, "Unless my fragile bones break, I'll never give up."

Bymaguhreh handed Jahzong a large cup of barley beer. As Jahzong offered some to the Three Jewels,² those gathered fell silent. He then swallowed the remainder in one mighty gulp, feeling the strong beer burn all the way down, deep into his gut. And with it, his fear vanished. That cup of beer made

² 'The Three Jewels' refers to the Buddha, the Dharma (Buddha's teachings), and the Sangha (spiritual community).

his speech eloquent, though later Jahzong could not remember much of what he had said.

He was no longer a child.

he revelry continued and Jahzong got very drunk. The next morning when he woke up his head seemed about to explode and he could not understand why some people drank so often. He had found no pleasure from that pungent beer and was never drunk again.

While Jahzong was suffering in bed, a gentle knock sounded from his bedroom door. "Come in," grunted Jahzong without opening his puffy eyes. "Mother, I'm dizzy and don't feel like getting up this morning," Jahzong said, pulling the cover up over his head. There was no reply. Jahzong felt something was odd, reluctantly stuck his head out from under the cover, and saw Pema standing in the door with a bowl of steaming broth. When she saw Jahzong staring at her without blinking, she placed the bowl of broth next to his bed and left. The appetizing smell next to his bed suddenly attracted his attention.

Jahzong felt better after the broth, got up, and went out for fresh air. He closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and understood why Dorgo said it was important to get up early. Jahzong remembered something important and paced to the prayer wheel building where several black crows wheeled about the small building. Other crows perched atop the roof from which dangled the enemy leader's head, its orbits empty. Vivid traces of black blood from the gaping eye sockets added more horror. Jahzong stepped back a little, and felt the broth churning in his stomach.

At that moment an aged, gray-haired woman emerged from the prayer wheel house, chanting the Six Sacred Syllables.³ "Boy, killing never brings complete peace," she said, lifting her head, and gazing at the bloody head. "It is a lack of understanding, a fear of something different and thus beyond understanding, that makes people act in hateful ways," shaking her head disapprovingly from side to side, and sighing deeply at the sight of the ghastly head. "May the words that flow between people connect us and create for us a world of peace, *Om mani peme hung...*" she intoned.

The head was gone the next day. Nobody expressed knowledge of where it had gone. Elders came to Jahzong to discuss holding a ritual in the face of this disturbing omen. Jahzong said it was unnecessary. Others insisted on inviting a lama from their local monastery. To lessen his fellows' worry, Jahzong eventually agreed and all the monks from the nearby monastery were invited to the village the following day for a ritual that lasted seven days and seven nights. At the end, the lama said the dead man's soul had been delivered to Heaven and would not harm the villagers. The monks were given butter, *tsamba*, and cheese in return, and then they left.

The head was gradually forgotten and life returned to normal, until a pig rooted out a head near the village some days later. The missing head was again recalled. Shortly thereafter, villagers dug out the body from the same place. It was clear someone had buried the head with the body there. When Jahzong was asked what should be done, he told the villagers not to worry since they had already done the ritual. Villagers then offered the corpse to vultures. Enemies or traitors were usually hung from the prayer wheel house till the crows ate all

³ *oM ma Ni pad+me hUM (om mani peme hung*), an oft recited mantra associated with Avalokiteshvara, the Bodhi-sattva of Compassion.

their flesh. Jahzong also did not understand why he had asked his people to feed the corpse to vultures instead of crows. ahzong did not see Pema for several days after the ritual and missed her as though he had lost his soul. Sometimes he stared out the window for hours thinking about her. Worse, he could not sleep well at night, had little appetite, and was becoming progressively thinner. His mother noticed these disturbing changes, but thought Jahzong was a leader and had many things to worry about, and pretended nothing was amiss.

Jahzong passed Pema's home several times hoping to meet her. He talked to her parents more often. Sometimes he had little to say but still visited her home and expressed concern. Every time he visited, it seemed Pema was intentionally hiding.

Bahnso noticed her son was absentminded at breakfast one morning and asked, "Is anything wrong? What bothers you so much that you can't enjoy your meal?"

"Nothing. Nothing is wrong, Mother," Jahzong replied in embarrassment.

"Son, you're getting thinner and I can't help but worry," said Bahnso, tears starting to swim in her loving eyes.

Jahzong was shocked to see his mother's tears of concern. Since he had no father, Bahnso was his everything and he vowed he would never let his mother shed a tear. He knelt in front of Bahnso and said, "I'm truly fine. I must manage many things."

"You're like your father," said Bahnso, staring blankly at the bowls, as if trying to recall the time they had spent together. "He also never wanted me to worry. He often awakened at midnight and paced back and forth near our bed. I knew he was concerned about the newly formed tribe and about the villagers. Whenever I asked, he just said everything was fine." Beads of tears gathered in the wrinkly corners of her eyes. These tears fell on Jahzong's heart. He understood how much she suffered. Many people had lost loved ones. He also knew that much of this suffering was caused by the never-ending conflict with their longtime enemy.

"Mother, can't we make an agreement with our neighboring tribe?" asked Jahzong.

"Son, you don't understand how greedy they are. They took most of our land and still want more," said Bahnso, wiping away her tears.

"If we don't try, we'll never succeed," said Jahzong, standing up abruptly from his stool.

"We did try but they didn't keep their vow," said Bahnso, her attention drifting from Jahzong. "Do you know how many brave men lost their lives last time they broke their promise? I understand what you're thinking, but don't forget they are untrustworthy," she concluded, got up, and went out to feed the complaining pigs.

Jahzong knew maintaining a good relationship with the village elders was critical. He was the nominal leader, but the real decision-making power was in their hands. Jahzong was still a boy in their eyes. He was the leader only because this was their former leader's command. Some young men also thought he was capable, thus there was general agreement over leadership.

Jahzong called the elders and Bymaguhreh to come to his home, and asked what they thought about the conflict, and whether they should stop. As Jahzong expected, the answer was unanimous. None wanted to end the conflict since their enemies were insincere. Jahzong then agreed it was useless to urge them to negotiate, although he believed killing would not bring real peace.

The meeting was soon over. After all the elders left, Jahzong was about to close the door when a familiar figure passed by. Jahzong rushed out. It was Pema, carrying a wooden bucket of water on her back, moving along like a snail. Jahzong paused, unsure of what to say. When he made up his mind to speak, she had vanished.

Jahzong blamed himself for not acting more decisively. He was puzzled why he was desperate to meet her, but then wilted when she was just several steps away. He returned to his room as deflated as a punctured yak bladder and went to bed without eating. His mother knocked on his door several times. Though he was awake he did not reply. He lay on his bed, his mind full of images of Pema.

Finally giving up the idea of sleeping, he quietly slipped outside where the only sound he could hear was the pulsating of his heart into which everything seemed to have merged. He stopped by the high wall of Pema's home, hesitated for several minutes, and wondered if he should climb up the wall or just go back to bed. At last he decided it was wrong to disturb somebody so late at night, though climbing over walls to sleep with unmarried village women was a common nighttime activity for young men. He heard his mother coughing loudly on purpose when he entered his bedroom. This time when he lay down, he quickly fell asleep.

year passed and nothing happened between Jahzong and Pema. Then, suddenly, Jahzong heard the news of Pema's impending marriage one crisp spring morning. He could not believe it, and climbed over her home compound wall for the first time that night. When he entered her chamber it seemed she was expecting him. They sat next to each other on the bed for a long while. "I've been waiting for this moment all these years. Finally you're here, but I think it will also be the last time," said Pema, removing her robe.

"Why didn't you tell me about this?" asked Jahzong, fire burning in his eyes.

Pema dropped her robe on the floor and said, "Why didn't I tell you about this? Why didn't you propose? You idiot!"

Regret flooded Jahzong's heart. "I'm sorry. It's all my fault," he said, lowering his head in shame.

Pema reluctantly smiled. Was she really waiting for this late apology as she stood naked before Jahzong, displaying beauty shaped by nature? Her light-brown skin beamed soft and smooth in clearly-carved curves. Jahzong's heart sank and he dared not look at her, though he had longed to hold her in his aching arms. "OK, since you are here tonight, there's no reason to refuse. Let's just do it quickly," said Pema, lying down.

This pierced Jahzong's heart like a dagger. He stood, his lust gone, took a last glance at this natural beauty, and dashed home. His mother came out of her room when his bedroom door slammed behind him, gently pushed the door open, and found Jahzong sitting on the edge of his bed, his face buried in

his hands. Bahnso went over and stroked his tousled hair. He slowly lifted his head and glanced at his mother, noticing more wrinkles on her face. He had been so occupied by thoughts of Pema that he had almost forgotten his dear mother. This frail woman standing silently before him radiated warmth from her glimmering eyes. Jahzong felt bitter happiness. Every time he was depressed, she was the one he turned to. What an undutiful son he had been! A son meant happiness to a family, but he could not remember when he had brought happiness to his kind mother. She had been living in grief and mourning since he was born. Her strong shoulders were increasingly stooped by worries and troubles created by her only child. He thought if his deceased father could see what had become of Bahnso, he would not forgive his careless son.

Bahnso told him to go to bed early because, as the leader, he had to bless the bride the next morning, and left the room after covering Jahzong with a blanket. Although he had to wish his loved-one happiness as the leader and not as a husband, he felt the heavy burden was completely gone. He realized how warm and comfortable the home made by his mother was that night for the first time.

Loud singing awakened Jahzong, who thought he was dreaming, then immediately understood that he was late for the bridal departure ceremony. Everybody looked joyful when he arrived a short time later, but Pema's eyes moistened with tears when he wished her happiness. Pretending not to notice, Jahzong escorted her to the groom's home with the other villagers.

Our ancestors made a home in the wilderness, where a man and a woman could live. We are people who take our joy, our courage, and our greatness from pasture and tilled earth, but now this land is the cause of countless deaths.

ymaguhreh stopped Jahzong at the gate, looked around, and whispered, "The Divine Goat Tribe is choosing a new leader today."

Jahzong looked puzzled and said, "So? What's your point?"

"Don't you think it's a very good chance?" said Bymaguhreh, grinning like a naughty boy who had just done some mischief.

Jahzong was totally lost, unable to fathom what Bymaguhreh was thinking. Bymaguhreh always kept a cool approach, and was very straightforward. He liked him for his calm, frank manner. Today he seemed another man. Jahzong knew he had something important to say, but he did not know how to get him to talk. He stared sharply into Bymaguhreh's eyes and then said nothing, knowing sometimes it was better to remain silent.

"Hey, Leader, don't look at me like that!" said Bymaguhreh, his face flushing as red as an apple. "Don't you think it's the best time to give them some bullets?"

Jahzong would surely have agreed a couple of years earlier, and galloped back home to get his weapons. Now he was more restrained and asked, "Who else knows about this?"

"Nobody except Dorgo. I heard it from him but I think all the others are ready," said Bymaguhreh, sensing criticism in the way Jahzong stared at him.

Jahzong knew Dorgo had been waiting for such a chance ever since Guhhay's death. Though he had been loyal, Guhhay had never entrusted much power to him, having concluded that Dorgo, while faithful, did not have much of a brain. Without saying anything more, Jahzong rushed to the gathering place and found Dorgo giving orders to the villagers. "How can you decide this without me?" he calmly asked Dorgo. That was Jahzong - he never showed his real thoughts to others.

All the villagers but Dorgo bowed to Jahzong when they heard him. Jahzong said not a word to the elders, though they never bowed to him. He was convinced that one day they would all show him respect.

"I didn't want to bother you with such trifles, son, so I decided," said Dorgo, smiling complacently.

Jahzong's eyes swept over the still villagers and then he turned to face Dorgo, who was still smiling proudly. "Did any of the other elders agree with your decision?" Jahzong asked in a still calm tone.

Dorgo looked a little confused. This was not what he had expected. As his smile disappeared, he replied in a slightly shaky voice, "They don't know about this, but I think they would agree if I informed them. I know they are all determined to avenge Guhhay. I'll surely go, even if everyone else stays," he concluded forcefully, stirring the gathered villagers' morale.

"Yes, what you say is right, Uncle. But I suggest that we not go because nobody is really sure about this leader selection," Jahzong said.

"You think it's a trap? Let those who think so stay here," Dorgo sneered.

"No, Uncle, I mean..." said Jahzong.

"I'll be responsible for what happens," said Dorgo, and ordered the villagers to set out at once.

As Jahzong saw them disappearing from sight, he remembered the last time Guhhay had led men to the battlefield and had returned dead. Jahzong thought many innocent people from the other village would die. He felt helpless that his men were going to kill children and old people, but he could do nothing to stop it.

"I know you tried. Let's go home," Bymaguhreh said, standing beside him.

"Do you think what I'm doing is right?" asked Jahzong, doubting himself.

Bymaguhreh shrugged and said nothing. Jahzong slowly headed home. Pigs rooted around, looking for food. He stopped at Pema's gate for a few seconds, and then went straight home. He knew news from the battlefield would come soon.

Jahzong waited impatiently at his home with the elders, who feigned unconcern as they sipped tea and talked animatedly. Only Jahzong sat near the fire pit without talking. The door opened and everybody turned around. Bymaguhreh came in with a worried look and said, "No news?" then sat next to Jahzong, who shook his head helplessly without looking up.

"Hey, you two look like someone died. Things will be fine. Boys, come over here and have some tea with us," said an elder as the others laughed vigorously.

Jahzong and Bymaguhreh ignored them. Both were lost in their own thoughts. Bymaguhreh was thinking about the time with Jahzong at the fort - the little boy who had trembled when the enemies approached was now worrying about the men he led.

Jahzong was quietly praying for his men's safe return when the door opened again. All eyes swept to the door as a man stumbled in. Everyone held their breath. "It was a trap. We were attacked," he wheezed. "Some were killed. The rest were captured. Only I ... " he trailed off and then sobbed like a child.

Everybody stared at the man openmouthed. Jahzong slowly got up, moved to the door, suddenly turned, and said, "Bymaguhreh, get your gun. Let's go." It was already dark as rain began to fall. Bymaguhreh returned quickly with his gun and, though some elders objected, they rushed into the night's dark jaws.

The Divine Goat Tribe was not far away, but the heavy rain and the darkness made the meandering path difficult and hazardous to navigate. When Jahzong and Bymaguhreh finally reached their destination, only a few families were still up, signaled by sparks blowing out from the small open vents on the roofs and then quickly extinguished by the pouring rain. Streams of muddy water ran along worn-out paths. No human could be seen.

"Leader, where shall we go now?" asked Bymaguhreh, wiping away the bothersome water from his forehead.

"I'm not sure," Jahzong said, pushing wet hair away from his eyes as he looked around, "but I know this tribe has a meeting hall. We'll find our men when we find that building."

"We haven't a clue where it is. It's so dark, I can hardly see my own fingers," Bymaguhreh said in frustration.

"Let's find their meeting hall," said Jahzong, standing in the rain, the water invading the surface of every part of his body.

"Yes! Somewhere at the village center," said Bymaguhreh through clenched teeth.

"Let's find it, and the quicker the better," said Jahzong, entering the labyrinthine village.

Amid unrelenting rain, Jahzong and Bymaguhreh searched a long time, but all the buildings looked the same in the dark. Jahzong climbed up walls several times hoping to see something familiar. Surprisingly, not even a single local man appeared. It seemed all the locals had vanished without a trace. Panting heavily, Bymaguhreh suddenly ran up to Jahzong, who was atop a wall, searching for anything promising. "Leader! I found it!" he said, pulling Jahzong down from the wall. "I found their meeting hall!"

Jahzong was a little disappointed Bymaguhreh had not found their men, but it was a ray of hope. They ran swiftly to a majestic, rectangular hall. Jahzong pulled out his knife without hesitation and pried the lock from the door. Bymaguhreh pushed it open and entered first.

"Leader, here! They're here," yelled Bymaguhreh. Dorgo was tied to a stout pillar while the others were lashed together around the building's other pillars. They tried to rise from the ground when they heard Bymaguhreh, but failed. Some could not stand because they had been tortured, as evidenced by still-bleeding lash wounds. Dorgo's robe was cut to pieces and his messy hair clung to fresh wounds on his face.

"Can you walk?" asked Jahzong in concern.

Everybody nodded, though some had injured feet. Jahzong told them to walk as quietly as possible, while he and Bymaguhreh protected them.

"I'm staying with you, Jahzong," said Dorgo.

"No. Uncle Dorgo, the path is very dangerous. Your task is not to let anyone slip off," ordered Jahzong. Most men were soon outside the village. Only the men carrying their friends, who were unable to walk, hung back. Jahzong and Bymaguhreh were behind them, prodding them to hurry and catch up with the others.

s Jahzong expected, a local man soon sounded the alarm that the prisoners had escaped. The silent village sprang to life and lit up as men emerged with torches. As their enemies tried to surround them, Jahzong fired at them, attracting all the enemy's attention. Now the enemy chased Jahzong and Bymaguhreh, which was Jahzong's intent. He knew his men would be in danger again if he did not do this. Fortunately, Bymaguhreh knew another path back to the Holy Wind Tribe settlement. They fired at their enemies without aiming as they ran, leading them in the wrong direction. It was too dark to see much of anything.

Jahzong and Bymaguhreh were near their home territory after about an hour of running. Their pursuers' torches fell farther behind. Just as Jahzong slowed his pace something struck his right shoulder followed by a warm stream of blood combined with cold rain dribbling down his back. He suddenly felt he had no energy to continue. Bymaguhreh did not notice and continued trotting ahead. As Jahzong touched the aching place he felt his own warm blood spurting out from the wound.

"Leader, why are you still here? I thought you were right behind me. Rest after we get back to our own territory. Let's go!" urged Bymaguhreh, reaching out to pull Jahzong to his feet.

Though the burning wound on his shoulder made Jahzong nearly faint, he knew it was not the right time or place to stop, for the enemy might catch up with them at any moment. He pushed hard and stood. It seemed his mind had lost control over his body. He wanted to run after Bymaguhreh but his heavy feet did not obey.

Utterly exhausted, Jahzong could no longer walk after some minutes and nearly fainted. Darkness crashed down from everywhere. Though he had never felt so physically challenged, he was unafraid and told himself that he could not die because he bound all his tribesmen together. Bymaguhreh was squatting next to him when he opened his eyes again.

"My Buddha! Are you OK?" Bymaguhreh exclaimed.

"How long was I unconscious? How far are we from home?" asked Jahzong, touching his wound, now wrapped by a piece of cloth torn from Bymaguhreh's robe.

"Within several miles. I'm very worried. You were lying here when I came back searching for you. I thought what the lama said was true - that whoever walks into my life will die," said Bymaguhreh sorrowfully.

"Don't believe what the lama said. I'm not dead," said Jahzong, managing a faint smile.

"Let me carry you. It's been a long time since we separated from the rest. They're probably waiting for us back in the village," said Bymaguhreh, squatting and gesturing for Jahzong to get on his back.

"I can walk. A man can't be defeated by such a small bullet," Jahzong said, trying to stand.

"There's no time to argue! Get on my back!" Bymaguhreh barked. "I wanted to be tough at your age, too, but toughness is situational. You don't need to prove your toughness to me," said Bymaguhreh.

Jahzong insisted on walking back to the village on his own two feet. The rain lessened as they neared their village and then the early-risen roosters crowed.

vercast faces brightened as Jahzong and Bymaguhreh trudged dolefully into the village. When the villagers saw Jahzong's hands trembling, they all put their heads down like children about to confess mischief. Nobody uttered a word, understanding that words do not undo what has been done. Jahzong yearned to go home and rest, but nobody else showed any sign of going home. He went through the crowd holding Bymaguhreh's hand. His eyelids were so heavy he could hardly keep them open. It continued raining, but none sought shelter. Jahzong stood in the center of the village, his right arm in a bloody sling. The elders were all there, their bloodshot eyes testimony that they had not slept all night. "It's good that all of you returned," said an old man.

Everyone bowed their heads lower and kept still. Dorgo bowed his head down to his heels in guilty remorse. Jahzong slowly stepped out from the crowd and said, "Everybody go home and rest. We'll discuss this later," and left for home with Bymaguhreh helping him.

A bullet had passed through Jahzong's right shoulder and he was weak from losing blood. All the captured men were back in the village before noon the next day. Everyone visited him and paid their respects. Jahzong had gained complete respect and trust from his people.

Jahzong recovered after several days of rest and then called a meeting. Jahzong was then informed that Jikmed, Guhhay's grandson, had not returned. Men had gone out the next morning hoping to find him, but had returned emptyhanded. Since there seemed to be no hope for Jikmed, no one had told Jahzong in concern for his convalescent health. Dorgo

apologized for his wrong judgment and for Jikmed's death, and said he would keep his promise. According to tribal law he deserved twenty lashes for defying his leader, but that was insufficient because Jikmed had died. Strict tribal law dictated that he be hanged in the presence of all tribal members but Jahzong pardoned him.

All the elders presented strips of silk to Jahzong indicating their respect at the meeting, signaling that Jahzong was now the true leader of the Holy Wind Tribe.

he year was busy with opening more land for cultivation, repairing several key bridges, and building a new two-story house for Jahzong that he did not move into because Bahnso thought their old house was perfectly fine. That year saw a very good harvest. Some villagers had no place to store their excess grain; consequently, Jahzong's new home became a storehouse.

Jahzong the sent a message to Divine Goat Tribe to negotiate, but there was no response. Some days later he heard that Pema's husband had been struck by lightning and died. That night he dreamed about his childhood with Pema - they were playing with Guhhay's saddle. She fell from the saddle, and Jahzong reached out to catch her. He awakened when he rolled against the wood wall by his bed. Unable to sleep, he went to the window and found it was unnaturally bright outside. He stuck his head out the window and then his heart nearly stopped - his new house was on fire! Fierce flames whirled and twisted cruelly into the sky.

Jahzong grabbed an ax and raced outside. He heard a crack near the gate and thought it was from the fire. Then he heard another crack, a bullet whacked into the wall near him, and he realized someone was shooting at him. More men ran out when they heard the gunshots, but nobody knew the sniper's location. They went back inside as Jahzong ordered.

The new house and the grain were nothing but ashes by daybreak. Time passed and then some women went out first to see if the sniper was near. The men emerged from their houses after they thought it was safe. Everybody was about to explode with anger as they stood next to the pile of smoldering ashes.

Dorgo said nothing, only looked at Jahzong, who said that they still had enough food for the rest of the year and no one was wounded. The villagers began building another new house that day at the same site.

The elders suggested bodyguards should go with Jahzong wherever he went, and that nobody should go outside the village unless they were armed. Jahzong thought, however, that their enemies would not soon attack. Life in the village did not change much, though people were more alert. Then news came that the Divine Goat Tribe would soon attack. Some said they should strike before their enemies attacked, while others said they should negotiate. Jahzong ignored them all, understanding it was not the right time to negotiate and wanting to avoid more bloodshed.

People trusted Jahzong with their lives since he had rescued many of the village men from certain death. With their lives in his hands, he also understood that there was no room for mistake. Every day he gathered the elders and discussed the next step. Although it was difficult for him to go out because of his bodyguards, he still went to spy on the other tribe.

middle-aged mother told Jahzong one morning that her son was missing, adding that he had never before spent a night out without telling her. Jahzong was not very concerned because he knew a boy would not always stay with his mother. He told the mother to go home and wait for news, and then he visited several families and asked if they had seen the boy. Someone said the boy had gone to look for a lost yak. Jahzong sensed something was amiss because the place he had gone was near the Divine Goat Tribe's territory. Jahzong asked Bymaguhreh to take some men and search for the boy.

Bymaguhreh was gone for two days and there was no news. Jahzong then sent Dorgo after Bymaguhreh. Dorgo soon returned with the news that Bymaguhreh was returning. When Jahzong asked if the boy had been found, Dorgo said he was not sure because he returned when he had seen Bymaguhreh in the far distance. Everyone stood at the village gate waiting for Bymaguhreh's return. The mother fainted when she saw a horse carrying a corpse mutilated to the point that the child could hardly be identified. This greatly offended Jahzong. The boy was only ten years old. Jahzong immediately gathered the men and said, "I had hoped we would not need to shed more blood, but look at this poor little boy." He closed his eyes for a moment and continued, "They are inhuman. They are monsters. As long as I live I will make them pay for this little boy's blood." He jumped onto his horse and galloped away and the other men followed.

The village women gathered at Jahzong's home after the men left and performed religious rituals for the dead boy under Bahnso's guidance. The place where the boy had been killed was deserted except for yaks belonging to the Divine Goat Tribe, which Jahzong ordered them rounded up and driven to their village.

Just as the women were about to go home after finishing the death rituals, they saw many yaks being driven towards the village. They understood when the men appeared behind the yaks, and quickly made a pen with ropes. The yaks were driven inside, and then the men dismounted and waited for Jahzong's orders.

"Listen! We must have no mercy because they ignored the consequence of killing an innocent child," Jahzong said, looking at the captured yaks. "Everybody get your knives ready. Let's share this meat!"

The men jumped in among the penned livestock and began slaughtering the terrified, bellowing yaks. The women were soon busy dividing the meat fairly between each household. Rivulets of blood trickled from the piles of hides and the village reeked with the smell of fresh blood. Flocks of frustrated, squawking crows circled the village, making quick dives at the heaps of fresh meat they had no hope of stealing.

Jahzong understood he had lit the fuse of battle and that terrible conflict would ensue. He pondered how outdated their weapons were - all artifacts passed down from their ancestors - and how they lacked weapons and ammunition. He wanted to equip his men with better guns and adequate ammunition, but where was the money? Old weapons ensured losing the battle. Jahzong was on the horns of a dilemma.

ymaguhreh came to Jahzong's one night after dinner a couple of days later, worried about their weapons. "Leader, how confident are we of defeating the Divine Goat Tribe?" asked Bymaguhreh, as Bahnso retreated to the small kitchen.

"I don't know," sighed Jahzong.

"Our guns are too much for little birds, but our despicable enemies? Can we blow their heads off with our rusty matchlocks?" asked Bymaguhreh, smiling ironically.

"Honestly, we can't win with our old weapons, and we lack ammunition," Jahzong said, adding wood to the fire. He looked up as the fire suddenly burned more energetically. "I understand and I'm also very concerned about having new guns, but how can we get that much money?" said Jahzong helplessly, and then slowly stood and paced back and forth.

"Leader, I have a solution. Why don't we collect the meat we distributed to the families? We can exchange it for barley," Bymaguhreh said, admiring himself for coming up with such a good idea.

"Should we put barley into our guns instead of bullets?" asked Jahzong, his worried face darkening, as though Bymaguhreh had profoundly offended him.

"Oh! My leader, please be patient," said Bymaguhreh, handing a bowl of warm tea to Jahzong. "We can sell the meat to other villages. Then do you still think we have to put barley in our guns?" he asked.

"Bymaguhreh, why didn't you suggest this earlier? I knew you would come up with a solution," said a now delighted Jahzong. He quickly put the bowl of tea on the floor and said,

"Go tell the others to collect the remaining meat, then ask Dorgo and other elders to come meet me here."

The young village men busily collected the meat. No one understood what was going on, but when they were told that it was Jahzong's idea, they knew he was planning something.

"Jahzong, who do you think you should send to sell the meat?" asked an old man.

"Our lives depend on this," said another man anxiously.

Jahzong nodded and calmly said, "Yes, that's why you're all here. I want you to choose a trustworthy man to lead this caravan."

"What if our enemies attack before our trade caravan returns? What shall we do?" asked Dorgo.

Jahzong's overcast face lit up and then he said, "I have a plan. At present the most important thing is to start. How about Bymaguhreh leading the caravan, and one of you go with him to assist?"

"Let me go," Dorgo volunteered.

"No, Uncle Dorgo, I have something else for you to do," Jahzong said as he looked at the quiet men, silently demanding a volunteer.

Cewang, another of Guhhay's loyal men, looked around. Everyone stared at their feet and kept abnormally quiet. Cewang turned to Jahzong and said, "OK, I'll go. I'll do whatever is necessary to protect our caravan." Jahzong approved. Cewang had served Guhhay the longest time and had always been reliable.

"Uncle Dorgo, go to Dali and order new rifles. You are the only expert on guns in our tribe. Take no more than four men with you," said Jahzong, waving his right hand, indicating dismissal.

After the meeting, Dorgo started out first with four men to Dali, which was two days away by horse to the southeast. Bymaguhreh prepared to leave the next morning to sell the meat. Jahzong told the other elders to keep this decision a secret from the other villagers. If everybody knew about it, then there was no doubt that the enemy tribe would quickly learn it, too. Jahzong had set not only himself, but also the whole tribe on fire. As long as this was kept secret, there was no increased danger to them.

ahzong took several men and made an inspection tour around his territory after Bymaguhreh left. He designated several new sentry posts for his men to patrol every day.

Seven days passed and Bymaguhreh and Cewang returned with enough money to buy the needed rifles. There was no news from Dorgo.

When Dorgo arrived in Dali, Lhamojew, the local tribal leader, warmly welcomed him with a splendid reception. Lhamojew was Guhhay's old friend, asked Dorgo nothing, and told him to stay as long as he wished. Dorgo was sure Lhamojew had heard about the conflict with the Divine Goat Tribe and was also certain that the leader had guessed why he had come to Dali. Dorgo decided he should not waste any more time enjoying himself in Dali since his tribesmen were waiting for guns. He went to Lhamojew's home that night and said, "My old friend, today I am here to ask a favor," bowing his head in respect. "The Holy Wind Tribe is in a great predicament and we need your help, Leader."

"I heard something about your tribe and your old man. Why didn't he designate you or Cewang as the next leader?" asked Lhamojew, shaking his head from side to side, clucking disapprovingly. "I also hear that a child is now in charge of the whole business," he said patting Dorgo's shoulder sympathetically.

 $\mbox{\it "I}$ don't have the money with me now, but I'll send the money later, Leader, $\mbox{\it "}$ said Dorgo.

"I understand your situation, but this is business, my friend," Lhamojew said, turning away. "I would surely give you the guns if this were the past, but now everything is different. The old man is no longer the leader. Instead, a child is leading stupid people against another tribe. I don't mean to insult your young leader or his people, but that's reality," said Lhamojew.

"My old friend, you don't trust me?" asked Dorgo.

Lhamojew thought for a moment and said, "No, I just can't afford to lose my guns. If you want me to help you retake the territory that belongs to you, I won't say no."

Dorgo replied, "I'm not the leader. I need your guns to defend my tribe and my land. Please don't refuse my request."

"I don't understand why you are so loyal to this little child. Why don't you lead the people yourself?" asked Lhamojew in puzzlement.

"My friend, everybody is waiting for the guns. Please believe me and believe my leader," said Dorgo, falling to his knees.

"Since you have nothing to give as a deposit why don't you leave your right hand here?" asked Lhamojew with a malicious grin.

Dorgo swiftly unsheathed his sword and chopped off his right hand in one fluid motion, astounding Lhamojew. He had said he wanted Dorgo's hand in jest, not believing Dorgo would do it without blinking. Lhamojew paced back and forth near the blood-covered hand. The hand's fingers were tightly clenched as though angry in memory of the pain it had endured in being severed from its master. Lhamojew wondered why this stubborn man trusted his young leader with his heart and soul.

"My friend, will you now give me the guns? I swear in Buddha's name that I will bring you the money!" said Dorgo, clenching his bloody stump, and beginning to shake as shock set in.

Lhamojew had no choice and called a boy to get the guns for his old friend, Dorgo. If a leader did not keep his word, then no one trusted him. Though Lhamojew asked him to stay some days for his wound to heal, Dorgo said he had already stayed too long and left with the rifles.

Dorgo fell off his horse halfway to the Holy Wind Tribe. He could no longer ride because the wound had become infected. Weak and feverish, he ordered the other men to proceed with the rifles.

ahzong was awakened by a loud knock on his door. He grabbed his long knife by his bed and sprang up. "Who is it?" Jahzong demanded.

"It's me," Bymaguhreh said.

Jahzong slowly opened the door, knife in hand. It was indeed Bymaguhreh, wearing a grief-stricken face. "Anything wrong, Bymaguhreh?" asked Jahzong.

"One of our guards came with the news that the men are back from Dali," Bymaguhreh said as his eyes moistened.

"Good news! Good news! Why aren't you happy, Bymaguhreh?" asked Jahzong, sheathing his knife.

"Dorgo's lying somewhere between Dali and our village, or maybe he's already dead," Bymaguhreh said, twisting his hands together in anguish.

"Tell me what happened," Jahzong said in a trembling voice.

Bymaguhreh buried his head in his hands. Tears dropped onto the floor through his fingers. "He cut his right hand off to make the heartless leader of the Dali Tribe trust us. He became so ill halfway back home that he could no longer ride. He ordered the others to return with the guns," concluded Bymaguhreh, tears trickling down his cheeks.

Jahzong's heart sank. He was touched by such loyalty, which gave him increased confidence that they would win the coming battle. Jahzong looked at the sinking moon and marveled that he had changed so much that sometimes he could no longer recognize himself. At first he had wanted to end the conflict without shedding blood, but now he wanted to

slaughter whoever threatened his tribe. He had decided preparing for war was the best way to ensure peace.

"Bymaguhreh, send two men to find Dorgo at dawn, and tell them I want him brought back alive," said Jahzong, as the eastern sky began glowing.

ne or two early risers were fetching water from the nearby stream when Bymaguhreh left Jahzong's home with disheveled hair. He stopped outside the gate as a gentle breeze blew his sleepiness away, his eyes bloodshot from tears and tiredness. Another busy day began.

Bahnso made a generous breakfast for Jahzong and herself as usual. The elders had suggested that Bahnso keep helpers to manage the housework, but she refused. She waited downstairs for Jahzong to get up, but went upstairs when he failed to appear after a long wait. She knocked on his door several times, received no reply, pushed the door open, and found the room empty. She went downstairs and tried to eat breakfast but the food was not tasty without a companion. She covered the warm food with a big wool pad and began repeating Buddhist chants in the small shrine in the house. Chanting was now her main occupation since villagers did much of her usual work.

A lama had told Bahnso that if her son committed any sin she, too, was a sinner, for she was his mother. She had been praying to accumulate merit for both her son and herself ever since. Now she spent most of her time praying and chanting, though she was not sure her devotion was enough to cleanse her son's sins.

Jahzong and his men were admiring the new rifles. Jahzong held one. The new gun's odor of oil roused his interest to test it. As he looked about for a target, a man suggested putting a cartridge atop a wall. Jahzong agreed and the man ran over and positioned a cartridge case on a wall. The target was

not very clear but he confidently aimed at it. Everybody was utterly quiet. "Bang!" went his gun and the cartridge case flew into the distance, amazing everyone there with this display of marksmanship. Jahzong faced his men with satisfaction, nodded slowly, and said, "Make a line. Each of you will receive a new gun," handing the just-fired rifle to the first man.

The men stood in front of Jahzong with the new rifles and cartridges, radiating the aura of an unconquerable army. Jahzong did not take one because he had been using his father's gun ever since he could shoot and refused to change. "Each of you fire three times to check your guns now," he ordered, like a commander-in-chief.

Jahzong watched as the men shot, and was pleased. He had been concerned about the coming conflict, but was now confident.

His men fell back in line after the gun test, and waited for the next order. "Listen! These guns are not to be used for hunting, but for shooting our enemies. Remember that only one side will survive," Jahzong said, gazing again at the shining rifles in his men's hands. "Take good care of your guns. Dorgo left his right hand in Dali for them. There is still no news about him. We hope he isn't dead." The men's lowered heads featured eyes smoldering with hatred. Bymaguhreh stepped out from the front line and said, "Leader, we shouldn't let Dorgo's hand lie in a strange place. Leader, it was your father and Guhhay who helped Lhamojew become the leader of the Dali Tribe. Many of his followers starved to death and later, when he became the leader, our tribe gave them fifty bags of barley for free. Lhamojew promised he would help our tribe if we ever needed it," Bymaguhreh shook his new rifle vigorously in the air, studying everybody's face. He continued, "And now this heartless bastard insults Dorgo like a dog. This will be recorded in the history of our tribe, and we will live in shame forever."

Jahzong understood what Bymaguhreh meant, but it was not the time for an eye for an eye. They would soon face the Divine Goat Tribe. "We will get his hand back, but not now," Jahzong said, glancing at Bymaguhreh, whose face was dark with fury. "I understand, but I hope all of you understand this situation. Our greatest danger is from the Divine Goat Tribe, not from Dali. If you want your children and women to lead a peaceful life, then the Divine Goat Tribe is the first obstacle we must overcome."

Bymaguhreh was as silent as the others for he understood Jahzong better than anyone else. Though he was older than Jahzong, he respected and obeyed him and regretted what he had just said. The problem from the other tribe was already annoying enough that Jahzong could only sleep fitfully. Mentioning Lhamojew had added more pressure on his trusted leader. Bymaguhreh stood like a log when the others left.

"Bymaguhreh, do you have anything to say?" asked Jahzong, as though nothing had happened.

"I'm sorry, Leader," Bymaguhreh said.

"What you said is right. I don't blame you for what you said. Indeed, I should thank you," said Jahzong, smiling warmly.

Instead of being angry, Jahzong thanked him. Bymaguhreh was really puzzled. "Thank me? For what?" he asked.

"For helping me understand what others are thinking about all this. I know they think the same way, they just didn't tell me," said Jahzong with a shrug.

"I know you inside and out, but I still couldn't control myself. When I think about Dorgo, the only thing in my mind is revenge," said Bymaguhreh, shaking his head.

hen they both went home, laughing like two friends who had met after a long separation. Nobody was in the kitchen when Jahzong arrived. The covered food was still near the fire pit, but the fire was dead. Jahzong heard somebody chanting in the shrine, followed the sound, and found his mother, whom he joined, kneeling before newly bought Buddha images. The stone Buddha was also there, but looked inconspicuous among the new colorful images. Jahzong made three prostrations and then pleaded, "Mother, I'm hungry, please cook something," rubbing his mother's back, like a kitten showing intimacy to its master.

"Go eat the food by the fire," said his mother, not bothering to open her eyes.

"It's cold already," he said.

"Of course it's cold because I cooked it this morning for breakfast," said Bahnso.

"Mother, I had something very important to do this morning," said Jahzong, holding his mother.

"What was so important? Even more important than your mother?" Bahnso asked, pushing Jahzong's hands away.

"Mother, we got some new guns. Now we don't have to be afraid of our enemies," said Jahzong with glistening eyes.

"Didn't you say you were not going to let our tribe shed more blood?" asked Bahnso.

"I now understand the value of preparing for war if you want peace. I used to believe that killing couldn't bring us peace, but now I believe that if you don't hit the man bullying you, he'll hit you again," Jahzong said.

"Don't say such things here in the shrine. Remember that you can get anything in this world except medicine for salvation," said Bahnso, standing up after having knelt a long time.

"I don't do things I'll later regret, Mother, but I'm already regretting not having breakfast this morning," said Jahzong, rubbing his grumbling stomach and smiling.

Jahzong gorged himself on the food Bahnso soon prepared and served. Bahnso sat looking at her son and could not help but giggle, and then gave him her food since she was not hungry. Jahzong polished off his mother's food without looking up from his bowl. Once full, he yawned then remembered he had another duty, and went outside to see who was on guard. There was no room for carelessness.

Bymaguhreh was at the first post and then they inspected the night sentinels, who seemed well prepared for any unexpected incident.

There were few people outside, though darkness had not completely descended. Every home door was tightly closed, as if there was a general fear of intruders. Jahzong wondered when the storm would come to his beloved tribe. Luck and misfortune favor the same person time and again.

ahzong set out for the sentry post the next morning and, on the way, encountered a nun sweeping the area in front of her nunnery. Jahzong greeted her as he passed, thought she was somehow familiar, and turned back. She was also astounded and stared at Jahzong's face, her eyes quickly shifting away once their eyes met. The broom in her hand shook slightly.

"How are you, Pema?" asked Jahzong, pulling his horse around, not knowing how to initiate a conversation. He had tried to eliminate her from his mind since she had walked away with another man months ago. But now, face-to-face in this unexpected situation, all his memories about her flooded back from deep within a hidden part of his mind.

She took a deep breath to calm herself, but could not stop shaking as a cold morning breeze swept over her slight body. "I'm fine," she whispered, as though talking to herself. She had thought if she got engaged then Jahzong would propose. She had known Jahzong would come the night she left her bedroom window open, but he had not proposed. She understood everyone viewed him as the tribal leader, and as a trustworthy model. Her heart broke when Jahzong wished her good luck the morning of her wedding. Luck and misfortune favor the same person time and again, for calamities soon fell upon on her one after another and she then determined to make a new beginning.

Her family found that she was gone one morning and instinctively knew she had gone to seek refuge from suffering.

Though life in the small nunnery was peaceful, she could not forget Jahzong. She piously prayed for Jahzong each time she heard of conflict between the two tribes.

"Why didn't you tell me about this?" asked Jahzong in embarrassment.

"Should I have asked our mighty leader for permission to become a nun?" retorted Pema, with a timeworn smile.

"I didn't mean that, but at least you could have told me for the sake of our old friendship," said Jahzong.

"All my past was desire. Then when there was nothing left but an empty heart, I found a way to fill it," she said, flushing a little. She had not changed much. Her angelic face was slightly eroded by the rivers of time that gave her an aura of maturity, making her even more attractive.

Jahzong saw from her eyes that she was not yet beyond the clutches of this worldly cycle. Her body still radiated a lustful woman's attraction and energy.

"Did you know I'm still single?" asked Jahzong.

"I heard, but why ask me this?" asked Pema, her eyes drifting away from Jahzong, yet not knowing where to let them rest.

Jahzong was delighted that she still cared. "Of course, you're the cause," he said, not knowing where the courage to speak in this way to a nun came from.

She was astonished that Jahzong had said what she had yearned to hear for years. "Do you know why I refused several marriage proposals?" he asked, looking directly at Pema's lovely flushed face.

Pema's crescent-shaped eyes widened. "I don't know the answers, and I don't want to reply to your questions. Just forget about our once impetuous ignorance," she said.

"Forget about our old relationship?" Jahzong said in disappointment. "How can I forget? Even if the wound in my

heart heals there will always be a scar. Do you really want me to forget, Pema?" asked Jahzong.

The broom fell from Pema's hand as she sank to her knees. Neither Pema nor Jahzong said a word. Jahzong slowly turned as Pema began silently sobbing. The morning sun had climbed above the sleepy mountains, gilding the world gold with its shimmering rays. A blaring white conch shell from the nunnery disturbed the two gold-gilded artistic sculptures near the road. Both glanced at the nunnery simultaneously with a certain sense of guilt.

Pema jumped to her feet at the white conch shell's persistent, shrill blast and ran to the nunnery, wiping tears away with her sleeves. Jahzong stood motionless until she disappeared inside the nunnery's gate. Recalling why he was out so early, he rode on to the first sentry post.

he smell of a roasting hare aroused Jahzong's appetite as he approached the small post. The guards stood as Jahzong neared. After they resumed sitting around the fire, the guards reported in turn to Jahzong, who could not take his eyes off the roasting meat, paying little attention to what the guards said because he was so focused on the smell and sight of the meat turning over the fire.

"Leader, I bet you didn't have breakfast. Let's have breakfast together," said one guard.

"Sure. Why not? Who shot this pitiful hare?" asked Jahzong, rubbing his hands over the fire.

They all looked at each other's face perplexedly, and then one murmured, "I'm sorry, Leader. We didn't listen to what you said, but we only used one bullet." Everybody fell silent, waiting to be scolded.

Jahzong glanced over the men waiting for his reprimand and said, "Well, it smells pretty good. Shall we eat now or wait until it burns to ash?"

Everyone relaxed and got ready to eat. Jahzong was given a thigh and the room was soon filled with laughter once again.

"I heard the leader of the Divine Goat Tribe has a daughter," said one man, refilling Jahzong's empty bowl with warm tea.

"Yes, I also heard that," said Jahzong casually, sensing something strange. "Are any of you in love with her?" he asked, looking at the men around the fire.

"None of us are in love with her. We don't dare love her," a man said.

"She's yours, my leader," said the man next to Jahzong.

"How come she's mine? I don't know her. Maybe she is the ugliest girl in the world," said Jahzong, laughing.

"Leader, since the girl you love doesn't love you, wipe away that rotten love with tears of the soul, and get ready for someone else," the man advised.

Jahzong thought they were making fun of him and said, "What you say is true. Love is not always an even giving and receiving. I'll get this girl tonight, and you all are more than welcome to have fun with her." He was quite amused by his own eloquence.

"Leader, you don't have to go yourself. I think Bymaguhreh should be in on this. What you must do is wait at home. We'll manage the rest," said the man, looking pleased for his leader.

After the next group of guards came, Jahzong returned home with the off-duty men. As they drew near the village, Jahzong saw people rushing in and out of his home. His heart chilled, for Bahnso was often there alone. Worrying that something had happened to her, he ran ahead of the other men. As he got closer it seemed someone was going to marry. People were carrying brightly colored cloth and silk into his home. It seemed they were decorating the home. Many buckets of homemade barley beer were also being carried into the home. Everybody looked so blithe he doubted misfortune had befallen his mother.

He asked several people what was happening as he entered the gate. They looked at each other and laughed uproariously, as though he had made a very clever joke. He noticed Bahnso busily directing the decorating. Consumed by overwhelming curiosity - his family had not held a real party since his father's death - he held his mother's hand and whispered, "What are all these decorations for? What's special about today?"

"Son, why didn't you tell me earlier? I only discovered a few hours ago that you were planning this," she said, pointing to the decorations. "What do you think? Anything you want changed? Now I'll have someone to talk to in my spare time," she said.

"Mother, I still don't understand. Is a relative coming to visit?" asked Jahzong in puzzlement.

"Of course all our relatives will come as soon as they receive the message. But it's fine, since all the villagers are here to help their leader," concluded Bahnso. "How sudden! It would have been much easier if you had told me earlier."

"Hey Bahnso, still remember our bet?" a neighbor woman said, stepping inside with a big wooden bucket of barley beer tied with a piece of white ceremonial silk. "My son still hasn't met the girl of his heart. Your son has, so here is my present!" said the woman, handing the bucket to Bahnso.

"To be honest, I only heard the news this morning from Bymaguhreh. Jahzong wanted to please me with such a big surprise," said Bahnso, tasting the barley beer and happily nodding approval.

The woman joined the other busy people. Jahzong felt utterly lost. Thinking he might be dreaming, he pinched his thigh fiercely and then jumped at the pain. "Mother, I'm truly puzzled. Who did you say was getting married?" asked Jahzong, his brows drawn together in thought.

His astonished mother felt his forehead and said, "Are you well? I know it's exciting to get married, but don't be silly!"

"Just tell me who is marrying," said Jahzong.

Bahnso was shocked. Afraid he was overexcited and disoriented, she told him to sit.

"Mother, look at me. Do I look confused?" asked Jahzong in irritation.

"No, but how is that you don't know about your own marriage?" responded Bahnso, looking at her son cautiously.

"I also heard something about this at the sentry post this morning, but I thought it was a joke and ignored it," said Jahzong, who then summoned the elders to discuss this seemingly ridiculous marriage. Once they assembled, Jahzong asked if it was their idea for him to marry a girl he had never seen. They said they had heard the news that morning and added that it was now too late for him to turn back. Bymaguhreh had been gone for several hours, which meant they were probably already on their way back. Finally they decided that Jahzong should play it by ear, since invitations had already been sent to nearby tribes.

Jahzong and the elders waited anxiously at Jahzong's home, hoping the girl was not terribly ugly. The others were still busy as bees preparing everything. The whole tribe pulsated with anticipation.

Bahnso could not calm herself, wondering what kind of girl her daughter-in-law would be and continually peered through the door, looking in the direction from which the bridal group would come. Jahzong fidgeted in a corner. He had just seen Pema and all his old memories had flooded back. Now a strange girl was suddenly entering his life. He wished his sagacious father and grandfather were with him to sort things out. The elders in the room were intelligent and experienced, but he lacked intimacy with them. Images of a nun with a freshly shaved head played over and over in his mind. He had already caused Pema enormous suffering and thought it was time to compensate her by spending the rest of his life with her. Now this stranger? His friend's kindness? What should he do?

heers erupted and Bahnso shouted, "They're coming! They're coming!" The elders vigorously stood and rushed outside to see the bride. Jahzong hesitated, wondering if he should also go out to meet her. He was full of curiosity when he heard the cheers outside increasing in volume and hesitatingly joined the crowd who had gathered around a girl. Jahzong could not see her face because she was talking to Bymaguhreh, as those around her noisily commented.

Bymaguhreh smiled over her shoulder at Jahzong. The noisy crowd moved aside, leaving Jahzong and the girl alone at the center. She slowly turned, facing her groom. Jahzong could not believe it. He had thought Pema was the most beautiful girl in this world, but now he understood another type of beauty. This woman standing before her groom's luminous eyes was anything but bashful - a very different person than timid Pema.

Bymaguhreh stepped away when he saw Jahzong and his bride both in a daze and then said, "Leader, just a minute. You're not supposed to meet your bride until this evening," pulling Jahzong by a long sleeve of his robe back inside the home.

Jahzong was now eighteen and much more of a manboth physically and mentally - than a boy. He was tall, strongly built, and his broad shoulders accentuated his narrow waist. A single thick braid of jet-black hair was wrapped around his head and fastened into place with coral and turquoise ornaments. His sharp, not-too-long nose sat under doublelidded large eyes in a tanned, squarish face. The only imperfection in his face was a left upper incisor that was noticeably longer than its neighbors. He had a deep voice that was growing deeper and he spoke slowly and clearly.

At this moment a woman put a fox hat on the girl's head and pulled it down over her eyes. Then several women squeezed out from the crowd, and escorted her away.

Jahzong slammed the door shut after Bymaguhreh followed him inside. Bymaguhreh went straight to the small kitchen and served himself a bowl of cold tea. He was a frequent guest at Jahzong's place and he now made himself at home. When he emerged from the small kitchen, sipping the tea, he saw Jahzong still standing by the door, his chest heaving. Jahzong became enraged when he remembered his own situation and directed his ire at Bymaguhreh, who had put him in this dilemma.

Bymaguhreh realized his recklessness had deeply upset Jahzong. "Leader, I know what I did was a little rash, but..." he said, moving near Jahzong.

"A little rash? Do you know how much I am hurt by your bit of rashness?" panted Jahzong.

"But you must understand, my leader, sometimes you have to give up something small for your people, for yourself," said Bymaguhreh, gulping a mouthful of cold tea.

"What? Give up my love for my people and for myself?" Jahzong said.

"Leader, never bet on love," Bymaguhreh said, putting his right arm around Jahzong's neck though Jahzong tried to push him away. "I know you can't forget Pema, but she's a nun now," he said tugging Jahzong towards the fire pit. Bymaguhreh added wood to the dying fire and planted himself near the fortified blaze.

Jahzong flopped down by Bymaguhreh and said, "Nothing can stop me from loving Pema. I've already caused her to lose too much. I can't let her suffer further."

"You can't give her up because you feel it's your fault that she went through all this alone, but does sympathy equal love?" said Bymaguhreh, rubbing his stiff hands above the crackling fire, warming them.

"Do you really think this strange girl is trustworthy? Isn't she an eye that her father wants by my side, observing and reporting everything to our most hated enemy?" asked Jahzong, leaning against Bymaguhreh.

"Leader, don't worry. She's very straightforward. She was promised to a tribal leader's son by her father," said Bymaguhreh, staring at Jahzong's questioning eyes.

"Then why did she come to me instead of going to her groom?" Jahzong asked as Bymaguhreh put the empty bowl aside.

"Well, that's another story. What I heard is that she dislikes the leader's son and quarreled with her father about it," said Bymaguhreh, grinning mischievously.

"That's interesting, but I don't pity her and I'll never trust you again, Bymaguhreh. You did this without my permission," said Jahzong helplessly.

"I thought this would heal the wound deep in your heart and also better our current situation. But if you really can't accept this, then I'll offer her to someone else. I promised her I'd find her a dependable husband," responded Bymaguhreh dejectedly.

The bride was surrounded by enthusiastic women who were decorating her like a doll in the adjoining room. They were reminded of their own special clothing and adornments when they had been brides. However, none had had such a beautiful Tibetan robe and silver milk hook attached to her sash as did this girl. How simple their marriages had been! As they dressed the bride, everybody complimented her on her wedding clothes and praised her good fortune.

Jahzong sat by the fire, forgetting that Bymaguhreh was there. Finally, he reluctantly looked up at Bymaguhreh's dark red face and said, "OK. Bymaguhreh, I'll marry her." This was followed by a long uncomfortable silence. "But I'll not give up Pema," he said, already standing.

"Is there anything I can do to help you get ready, Leader?" asked Bymaguhreh, staring blankly at the winking fire.

"I'm ready. I want to be alone for a moment, Bymaguhreh. Don't let anyone bother me," said Jahzong, trudging upstairs to his bedroom.

As Bymaguhreh looked at Jahzong's retreating back, he felt his heart pound. He went to the small kitchen, and found a bucket of barley beer. He needed it to wash away the unhappiness from his buzzing, confused head.

arkness slowly wrapped its wings around the sun as the whole village seemed to suddenly hold its breath in fear this regular visitor would swallow it. Villagers were rushing to Jahzong's home where the bride waited impatiently in the stifling room. Nobody had seen Jahzong and Bymaguhreh all afternoon. "Our leader is a shy creature. I wonder what he will do tonight?" someone said.

"Maybe he'll need someone to show him what to do," said another man, making a funny face.

Soon singing could be heard at the bride's door, encouraging her to come out. Children crowded at the door as the singer started the wedding ceremony. Young, unmarried men made a human wall all the way from the bride's room to the main part of the house, where the wedding ritual would take place. Holding silver bowls brimming with barley beer in their hands, they sang praises and extended good wishes as the bride passed by.

The elders had already taken their seats in the house, drinking exuberantly from their big wooden bowls. The bride came in with her companions leading the way straight to the oldest man in the house. She removed the fox-skin hat and bent before the ancient man to receive his blessing and good wishes. Now the ancient melodies of the time-honored weddings songs merged with the smell of the mellow liquor, wafting through the whole village. Everyone felt invigorated, hearing the wedding's melodious sounds.

Jahzong stayed in his room, for he was not to meet his bride until the end of the wedding ceremony. He felt lonely after a while and wanted to talk to Bymaguhreh. He walked downstairs and found Bymaguhreh lying in the kitchen by an empty bucket. Jahzong slowly sat by him, a flood of sentiment submerging his heart. He understood why Bymaguhreh was drunk. He was unmarried and had planned all of this for his young leader and for his tribe, risking his life in enemy territory to kidnap this girl. To his surprise, he was scolded rather than praised. Jahzong lugged Bymaguhreh upstairs, undressed him, and put him in his bed.

It was almost midnight and people were leaving one after another. Jahzong was shown into a newly decorated room where his bride was sitting coyly on the edge of the bed. He stood timidly, looking at her covered face. She pulled off her hat and said matter-of-factly, "Jahzong, why don't you come over here?"

Jahzong moved his wobbly legs forward and stood nervously, his heart pounding, with a face as flushed and red as an overripe wild strawberry.

"Come sit. I won't bite you unless you bite me first," she said, scooting aside to make space.

"I don't even know your name," said Jahzong, sitting carefully by her.

"But I know your name. Jahzong, right?" she said, starlike eyes glinting in the dim light.

"My name has reached the further tribes and soon all the tribal leaders will kneel at my feet," boasted Jahzong proudly. Jahzong turned to look at her and saw she was giggling uncontrollably. Jahzong felt a little sick at heart because no one dared laugh at him in his tribe, but now this girl sitting by him was laughing insolently.

"What are you laughing at? What's so funny?" asked Jahzong, his face overcast.

"Look at you! Still acting like a child. Don't be angry. I'll tell you my name," she said, moving closer to Jahzong mischievously.

"I can find out your name even if you don't tell me," Jahzong said. And then a deeply disturbing and arousing scent struck his nerves. "I wasn't angry. I was just..." said Jahzong in embarrassment.

"Though I'm sure you can learn my name, call me Dehgee. I've heard many things about you. Why is your tribe's most feared man so timid?" Dehgee said, holding Jahzong's hot sweaty palms in hers.

This time Jahzong did not resist. He felt irresistibly attracted and stimulated. Jahzong tentatively put an arm around her as she leaned against him.

"I've never thought I would be in your arms, Jahzong. My father's enemy's arms. I'm not his property. He cannot just give me to others as he likes," said Dehgee, unrestrained tears streaking Jahzong's chest.

Jahzong gently stroked her charcoal-black hair, surprised this seemingly happy girl had such bitter tears to shed. He wondered how many of his joyful-appearing men were really happy. Were they all like this poor girl with such pain in their hearts?

awn broke. Jahzong and Dehgee lay in bed, not yet recovered from the night's activities. Suddenly someone rushed in. "Leader, get up! Get up quickly!" yelled Bymaguhreh, picking up Jahzong's robe from the floor.

Both Jahzong and Dehgee were surprised by Bymaguhreh's sudden intrusion. "Didn't you know we were sleeping, Bymaguhreh? How dare you rush in without knocking!" said Jahzong, pulling the coverlet up to hide his naked wife.

"We're under attack, Leader! Put on your robe and get ready," said Bymaguhreh, tossing Jahzong his robe.

"Under attack? Whose attack?" Jahzong said.

"We are surrounded by our old enemies. Their leader said that if we don't send his daughter and you to him, he'll kill all the villagers," said Bymaguhreh, peeking out the window worriedly.

Jahzong sprang out of bed, grabbed his gun, rushed to the door, and then halted suddenly, looking at his still wife strangely. "I got it. I got it!" said Jahzong, approaching his wife, who was still timidly holding the coverlet in her arms.

"Leader, you got what? Let's go. We're in terrible danger!" urged Bymaguhreh.

"I told you she was an eye planted by her father. Now you see? Her father is already here. This is all planned, Bymaguhreh," said Jahzong, jerking Dehgee out of bed.

"Jahzong, leave her alone. This has nothing to do with her. Even if it is as you say, then it was me who brought her here, I'm responsible," said Bymaguhreh, heading out. Jahzong turned abruptly and followed Bymaguhreh. His men were ready, hiding in every village corner. A man came to Jahzong and said, "It seems there are many more people than just our old enemies. I saw men who are not from the Divine Goat Tribe. Maybe some other tribes are supporting the Divine Goat Tribe."

"I can't think of any tribe that would help them," Jahzong said worriedly. "Without outside help, we are evenly matched, but if another tribe has come to their aid, we are outnumbered and in great danger, especially since they have taken key positions around our village," said Jahzong, searching for a solution.

"I know who's helping my father," Dehgee said, suddenly appearing in her new robe beside Jahzong. "It's the Black Hat Tribe. They made a deal. You've surely heard that I was promised to a tribal leader's son. He is from this tribe. They agreed that the Black Hat Tribe would help us, but the prerequisite was that I had to marry the son," said Dehgee in an aggrieved tone.

"Do you think we can win this time?" asked Jahzong in embarrassment.

"It's very clear that you have no chance of winning," said Dehgee, moving closer to her husband.

"I can see that," said Jahzong, shrugging helplessly.

"Then what shall we do? Shall we just sit here and wait for them to kill us?" asked one man.

"Of course not. Since we have enough guns and ammunition we won't just sit here and wait to be killed," said Bymaguhreh, full of confidence.

"Leave me alone for a while, please," said Jahzong, dismissing his men.

Bymaguhreh led the others to inspect their current positions. Jahzong sat in a corner, trying to think of a solution. Dehgee quietly sat by him, gently stroked his tangled hair, and

said, "Jahzong? Don't worry too much. The situation is crystal clear. You and your people don't have much choice."

"No. There must be a way," Jahzong said calmly. He was no longer the same shy man who dared not look in his bride's eyes. "I can't let my enemies kill my loyal people," said Jahzong, gazing into Dehgee's sparkling eyes.

Dehgee was delighted and now sure she had married the right man. She had been regretful the night before when she saw the man she had heard so much about was unable to look her in the face, but now he stood, personally shouldering tribal responsibility. Her rejoicing heart ached at seeing how her husband was dreadfully bothered by the tribal conflict.

"I'm sorry, Jahzong. I brought you and your people disaster, not happiness," said Dehgee.

"It's too late to blame yourself. Blaming won't change anything now," said Jahzong.

"I don't regret marrying you. Actually, I'm happy that I made this choice, but today the man who causes my husband so much worry is my father. I don't want you or my father to die," said Dehgee, fiddling with her fingers.

"I also don't want to die and I don't want to kill others, but it's not up to you and me, Dehgee. There is only one who can live - your father or me. That's already fated," said Jahzong, trembling a little.

"Why? Why must you or my father die? I won't allow it," said Dehgee, wiping tears from her rosy cheeks.

Bymaguhreh and several other men suddenly raced up to Jahzong and whispered in his ear. Jahzong's face paled. He sighed weakly, stood, reached out, took Dehgee's hand, and said. "We have no choice. I'll go meet him alone."

"No. You can't. What they really want is you, Jahzong. Why do you decide this?" asked Dehgee, gripping his hand.

"Dehgee, you may return to your father. He's about to attack. Our people have no place to hide. Your father sees every move we make."

"They'll kill you, Jahzong. I can't let you do this," said Dehgee in concern.

Bymaguhreh said he would accept whatever decision Jahzong made. Some elders even said if Jahzong led they would follow him, whatever the result might be. Some women joined the crowd with axes and sickles, determined to kill enemies intent on depriving them of a normal life.

Jahzong tried to restrain his gathering tears, turned, and wiped them away. He could not persuade himself to lead these devoted people in a rush at the enemies' muzzles. Everyone was impatiently waiting for the order to fight. He looked over his loyal, devoted people and said, "Thank all of you for trusting me. I also want to fight, but it's different this time. It's not worth sacrificing your lives. I've made up my mind. No more words. Everybody return home."

Nobody moved. All stood solidly in front of Jahzong. "I've an idea!" shouted Dehgee, squeezing through the crowd surrounding Jahzong.

"I've thought of every possible way of dealing with your father. My going there is the only possibility," said Jahzong dejectedly.

"I've an idea, Jahzong. He's my father. Take me as hostage and tell him to leave. He'll do it because I'm his only child," said Dehgee.

Everyone was shocked, never imagining Dehgee would oppose her father to help Jahzong. After prolonged insistence, Jahzong agreed and then went out to meet Dehgee's father, Sahnguh.

When Sahnguh heard Jahzong was coming, he laughed menacingly, sure Jahzong would die at his hands. When his chief assistant told him that Jahzong was not alone, he ignored it. He told Sahngee-Renchin, his new ally and the leader of the Black Hat Tribe, that the men coming with him were bidding farewell to their young leader.

Sahngee-Renchin and the other leader strode to Jahzong with their bodyguards. The three tribal leaders stood face-to-face, seething with hatred. "You are Jahzong? How do you feel now that you're a prisoner?" sneered Sahnguh.

"This is what you deserve, Jahzong, for stealing my son's wife," added Sahngee-Renchin.

Some men jumped out from the crowd to capture Jahzong as Sahnguh nodded. Bymaguhreh stepped before Jahzong, a shining rifle at the ready, staring at the approaching men, who halted abruptly, and then everybody reached for their guns. Jahzong glared at the men, who were aiming at each other, and ordered his men to lower their rifles.

The other two leaders looked pleased by Jahzong's rationality. "You're very clever, Jahzong, in realizing that it's useless to oppose us," said Sahnguh, looking proudly at his friend.

"Where is my daughter-in-law? You can't separate people who really love each other," pronounced an enraged Sahngee-Renchin.

"Yes, we can't separate those fated to be together, so why don't you give up? Dehgee doesn't love your idiot son," said Jahzong, without looking at Sahngee-Renchin.

"How dare you insult my friend! Though your tribe is big, it's still under my thumb. Don't you believe my men will stamp your tribe flat at my word?" said Sahnguh, gently patting his friend's shoulder.

"I believe you, Sahnguh. But don't forget that your daughter is in my hands," responded Jahzong.

"What? Are you threatening me with my daughter's life? How is she? Where is she, Jahzong!" demanded Sahnguh.

Jahzong's men hustled Dehgee to the front at Jahzong's order. Sahnguh and Sahngee-Renchin were astounded, staring at each other open-mouthed.

"Since we have no choice, I'll kill your innocent daughter first," said Jahzong, cocking his rifle as if he were going to kill Dehgee right then and there.

"Stop! Jahzong! If you kill her, I swear to Buddha that I'll slaughter all your people, including the old ones and the children," said Sahnguh.

"All my people have been ready to sacrifice themselves at my command ever since I became their leader. We do not fear death. It comes to all of us in time. Do you want your daughter to go first?" said Jahzong, aiming his loaded gun at Dehgee's head.

"Don't kill her, Jahzong. Please don't kill her! We can make a deal," said Sahnguh as Sahngee-Renchin approached him and whispered, "Friend, don't negotiate. We won't have this chance again. Now is the best time to avenge your predecessor, who was killed by this little son-of-a-bitch. Don't make a stupid decision."

Jahzong and his tribesmen looked at the two men anxiously. Nobody could hear a word. Jahzong's heart pounded ever harder. Dehgee was his last ace. His life and his people's lives depended on this. Only Dehgee noticed that the gun aimed at her head was shaking slightly. She turned and gave Jahzong a comforting glance as Jahzong and his men prayed secretly in their hearts.

"You say that because the girl on the edge of the razor is not your daughter. I don't want to lose my only child, Sahngee-Renchin," shouted Sahnguh, breaking the silence.

"You think I don't care about Dehgee? She is my daughter-in-law. I care about her as much as my own son, Sahnguh. We can live in peace the rest of our lives if we kill this bastard," said Sahngee-Renchin, trying to persuade his friend.

"Live in peace? How am I supposed to live in peace without my only daughter? Will you live in peace if you lose your son, Sahngee-Renchin?" asked Sahnguh, looking at his daughter.

Dehgee's tears streamed down her cheeks when she saw her father losing his ally to save her. She knew how hard he had worked to gain this support and wondered why she stood by Jahzong's side, against her own father.

"Sahnguh, it's simple: Leave now and nobody will hurt your daughter," said Jahzong.

"Everything will be fine, Jahzong, just please don't hurt my daughter," pleaded Sahnguh, ordering his men to lower their rifles.

"What about my son, Sahnguh? Will you keep your promise?" asked Sahngee-Renchin, pulling Sahnguh to his side.

"Saving my daughter is the most important thing, right? I don't want to lose my daughter and you don't want to lose your daughter-in-law," said Sahnguh.

"You've made up your mind, Sahnguh. Let's go home," said Sahngee-Renchin, staring menacingly at Sahnguh, whose face paled like death. Sahngee-Renchin assembled his men and marched off, leaving Sahnguh and his men. As Sahnguh watched his hard-earned advantage leave, he sluggishly looked up at the ardent sun, lurched, and was then supported by his bodyguards.

"Jahzong, now I think you can release my daughter," said Sahnguh in a melancholic tone.

"Of course. She is your daughter and I've no right to keep her here. Take her if she wants to leave," said Jahzong, lowering his rifle.

"Dehgee! Come to your father. My dear daughter! Let's go home," Sahnguh said, stepping forward.

Dehgee knelt before her father and made three prostrations as tears rolled down her pale cheeks. "I'm sorry, Father. I can't go home with you," said Dehgee.

"What? Why? Jahzong, you promised I could take her home," said Sahnguh angrily.

"Yes. I promised you could take her back home. But if she doesn't want to go, I can do nothing, Sahnguh," said Jahzong, feeling pity for his opponent.

Everyone looked at Dehgee, still kneeling and whimpering before her surprised father. Bymaguhreh comforted her and felt guilty for having arranged this. He sat by her and daubed her tears with his dirty sleeve.

"Why is it you who have come to comfort me? Why not Jahzong?" gasped Dehgee as she masked her wet face in her hands, sobbing desperately.

"My dear, let's go home. I'm sorry I didn't take better care of you. I was wrong to betroth you to Sahngee-Renchin's son. I'll do whatever you say," Sahnguh said, his bloodshot eyes moistening.

"I'm sorry Father. I really can't go. I married Jahzong. I'm sorry that I didn't tell you earlier," said Dehgee, feeling even guiltier.

Now her father understood why she could not return home with him, and why she had risked her life to save Jahzong and his people. Sahnguh knew Dehgee better than anyone else and realized nothing he could do would change her mind.

"I'm happy. Do you know why, Dehgee? I'm happy that you've found someone to rely on," said Sahnguh tenderly. "Jahzong, please care for my daughter. If anything happens to her I promise that you and your people will never know peace."

Jahzong nodded slightly, and then Sahnguh took a final look at his daughter and left. Dehgee remained kneeling in the same place, sobbing bitterly. Bymaguhreh stepped back as Jahzong gestured. Jahzong stood by her side for a moment, looking at the crowd. Then he knelt by Dehgee as some villagers gestured for him to comfort her, and silently embraced her from behind. Bymaguhreh told those curiously watching to go home. Everybody left reluctantly, looking back over their shoulders at the two entwined figures, and then Bymaguhreh slowly turned away from the reconciled lovers.

ime passed and Jahzong and Dehgee were at home in their small dining room, which was unusually full of joy. After many dark thorny ventures, Jahzong and Dehgee had found missing love in each other. Bahnso and Dehgee were busy cooking in the small kitchen. Jahzong wanted to help, but was told that there was nothing he could do. He waited in the dining room alone, constantly peeking into the smoky kitchen. Once dinner was finally ready, all three sat on a brand new carpet in a semi-circle near the warm fire.

Jahzong noticed an extra pair of chopsticks and a bowl, but the appetizing smell from the newly cooked meat meant he could no longer restrain himself. He picked up his knife and attacked the steaming meat, and then noticed Dehgee and his mother's chopsticks were idle. He asked them to eat before the meat got cold, but they only smiled mischievously, and nodded joyfully when he asked if someone was joining them for dinner. He put down his knife and waited impatiently, wondering who the special guest would be. At that moment, the dining room door slowly swung open and in came Dorgo. Bahnso and Dehgee quickly stood up in welcome. Jahzong could not believe his eyes and stared at the visitor in surprise. Dorgo stopped and said, "Leader, shall I come in or just stand here?"

"Is it really you, Dorgo?" asked Jahzong, glancing at his mother and Dehgee.

"Of course it's me. Why didn't you invite me to your wedding?" asked Dorgo, feigning anger.

"Please come in, Dorgo. I thought you were..." said Jahzong in embarrassment.

"You thought I was dead? Actually I visited the King of Hell, but he thought I was no use there and sent me back," he said as Bahnso and Dehgee giggled.

Now Jahzong was sure the man standing in front of him was Dorgo, not a ghost. He jumped to his feet and warmly embraced him, then felt something missing. "Your hand?" asked Jahzong, gently touching the stump.

"Now the meat and food are really getting cold. You two can talk during the meal. Come, let's eat," said Bahnso, motioning to Dorgo to sit first.

"I donated my right hand to Dali. Don't worry about it," joked Dorgo, waving the stump.

"Tell me Dorgo, how did you come through all this? Everybody has been worrying about you for ages," said Jahzong as they all sat down around the food.

"I'm sorry to make you worry about me," apologized Dorgo, putting down his chopsticks.

"It was my idea not to tell you," said Bahnso, putting a piece of meat in Dehgee's bowl. "I got news of his leaving the night before he left from Dali. I was afraid someone would waylay him on the road home. I saw Bymaguhreh was exhausted from his long journey, and you were always busy, so I sent several men to protect them without telling you and Bymaguhreh." She paused, offering Jahzong and Dorgo more meat, and then continued, "The men I sent found Dorgo dying alone by the road. They took him to a nearby village for help. He insisted on going home after two days, but our men told him it was your idea that he should wait until the wound was well healed."

"I'm sorry I wasn't with you when you needed help," said Dorgo to Jahzong, looking down at his bowl.

"Uncle Dorgo, please don't blame yourself. You didn't know about it and it wasn't your fault. We all must thank

Dehgee," said Jahzong, putting meat from his own bowl into Dehgee's bowl.

"I'm very glad you two are together, Dehgee. Thank you very much, not only for taking care of our leader, but also for saving our village," said Dorgo as Dehgee blushed.

"Uncle, it's not only your village, now it's my village, too. I'm very glad that I can share some of Jahzong's burden," said Dehgee.

They saw Dorgo off after the meal and then the three returned to the small dining room and sat in the dim, chilly room. Bahnso retired to her room to do evening chanting, while Jahzong and Dehgee sat near the pulsating fire, looking at each other lovingly. Dehgee moved closer to Jahzong and leaned against him, their distorted shadows mingling to dance on the walls in the faint light.

Jahzong's home, reluctant to bother the lovebirds. Several times he turned to go home, but it was an emergency. He braced himself and then pushed open the door. Dehgee stood up alertly when they heard the door creak open, and bumped into Bymaguhreh in the doorway. Jahzong took out his knife and ran to the door when he heard Dehgee's screech.

"It's me, Bymaguhreh," he said.

Jahzong, gripping a long knife, let Bymaguhreh in and pulled Dehgee into a comforting embrace. Jahzong knew Bymaguhreh would not visit at such an hour if it were not important. He took Dehgee upstairs to their bedroom, kissed her good night, and quickly came back downstairs.

"What's wrong, Bymaguhreh? I know it's something important," said Jahzong, leading Bymaguhreh into the kitchen.

Bymaguhreh looked around cautiously and said, "Sahnguh was killed on his way back to the Divine Goat Tribe."

"Really? Who did it?" asked Jahzong.

"One of Sahnguh's men came to me early this evening and said Sahngee-Renchin waylaid them. People who didn't surrender were killed on the spot," he said as his eyes shifted to focus on the dining room door. "Jahzong, don't let Dehgee know about her father's death."

"Where is that man now?" asked Jahzong, dark clouds covering his face.

"He's at my home, resting. He luckily escaped from being killed and came to us for help," replied Bymaguhreh, pitying the unfortunate leader and his tribe.

Jahzong knew the man from the Divine Goat Tribe had come for help because he was the only one who could avenge the deceased leader. Jahzong and Sahnguh had opposed each other, but Jahzong had felt a ray of hope for ending their conflict with Dehgee's arrival. His obligation now was to carry out his filial duty by avenging the death of his father-in-law.

"What shall we do now?" asked Jahzong.

"Since he left his daughter in your hands, you must make Sahngee-Renchin pay," said Bymaguhreh, shrugging helplessly.

Jahzong stayed up until midnight after Bymaguhreh left, thinking about how to break the news to his wife and how to deal with their enemy. Worried that Jahzong had not joined her, Dehgee dragged herself languidly downstairs to find him blankly staring at the smoking fire. She tiptoed into the dim room. Jahzong did not notice she was behind him and jumped when she touched his shoulder. He grabbed the unexpected hand but quickly let go when he saw Dehgee's face distorted in pain.

"Something's bothering you? What are you thinking about?" asked Dehgee.

"Nothing. I just couldn't sleep. You shouldn't come out like this or you'll catch cold," said Jahzong.

"I awakened and found you gone. I was frightened," said Dehgee, rubbing her puffy eyes like a child just awakened from a sweet dream.

They returned to their bedroom, hand in hand. Jahzong lay awake in bed while Dehgee fell asleep, her head on his shoulder. He gazed at his calmly sleeping wife, bitterness churning in his stomach. A girl had lost everything and became a nun because of him. Now the girl lying by him had been disloyal to her own father for him. Her father had been killed

and he was the cause. He was uncertain how or if he could patch the holes in his heart.

he next morning Dehgee awakened Jahzong. He was panting heavily as sweat flowed from his young naked muscular body. "Jahzong, what's wrong? Are you sick?" asked Dehgee, gently stroking his damp hair.

"A nightmare. A ghost was nagging me all night," said Jahzong exhaustedly.

"I heard you calling someone's name. Are you OK? Shall I ask a lama to come and do something?" asked Dehgee, wiping sweat from Jahzong's broad forehead.

Jahzong realized he had been calling Pema's name in his dream. "Whose name was I calling, Dehgee?" asked Jahzong as he guiltily gave her a warm hug.

"It seemed to be a girl's name," Dehgee said. Jahzong's heart did a somersault when he heard this. "You know women are often jealous, but I don't care who you call in your dreams as long as you love me," said Dehgee, stroking and patting Jahzong's bare chest and belly affectionately.

Jahzong felt even guiltier as he remembered how she had saved the whole village. He was sorry to hold her in his arms while calling Pema's name. But the more he tried to forget Pema, the more he dreamed of her.

Jahzong stayed in bed the whole day, unsure if he should visit Pema. Time passed. The sun was almost behind the front mountain, immersing the village in deep, lingering warmth. Women were dashing to the river to fetch water with their young daughters in tow. Clusters of old men were enjoying the soon-to-disappear warmth, complaining about the shortness of their lives.

Jahzong stuck his head out from his bedroom window, resting his aching head in his cupped hands. Some children passed under his window, driving their pigs home and singing joyfully. Jahzong spontaneously hummed after the children but soon stopped. His hoarse, rusty voice was no match for the children's innocent melodies. Jahzong had never sung before an audience but he often hummed when he was alone. Looking at these happy, seemingly innocent children he remembered how short his childhood had been - and how unhappy.

Jahzong heard a gentle step coming towards him. He continued looking out the window, ignoring the person behind him. "How do you feel?" asked Dehgee, brushing up against him.

"I'm better. Look at these children, Dehgee. I was carried away by old memories from my childhood," said Jahzong as another group of children passed near.

"Old memories are often beautiful and don't grow older as we age," said Dehgee, recalling her own childhood.

"There is not a single memory from my childhood that is beautiful except when I was with my grandfather, Guhhay," said Jahzong with a deep sigh.

"I had a very nice childhood, playing with my parents and our servants. I was the treasure of my family, and the whole tribe," she said delightedly. "But I was forgotten after Mother's death. Father and the whole tribe grieved and nobody played with me. Only loneliness and grief accompanied me until one day I heard your name. They trembled when they said your name. I was curious why people were afraid of a child and then I secretly vowed that if I were going to marry in my life, you were the one."

Jahzong put his arm around her shoulder and said, "I never thought about marrying you till Bymaguhreh brought you here. I heard from others that my enemy had a daughter, but I didn't know your name."

"I know you resisted the idea of accepting me," said Dehgee.

"Look at those children! They worry about nothing! All they have to do is enjoy themselves," said Jahzong, playfully gazing into Dehgee's eyes.

"Why do you look at me like that? Is there anything on my eyelashes, Jahzong?" asked Dehgee in embarrassment.

"No. Your eyelashes are the most beautiful in the world. Do you know what I am planning?" asked Jahzong, taking her into his arms gently.

"What?" whispered Dehgee, feeling safe in his strong arms.

"I am planning a baby, a baby as beautiful as its mother," said Jahzong as Dehgee drew back shyly.

hat night after Dehgee and Bahnso went to bed, Jahzong wandered outside without any particular purpose. Finally he found himself at the gate of the nunnery where Pema was seeking enlightenment. Someone standing in the dark like a ghost called to him as he was about to knock on the door. It was Bymaguhreh. "What are you doing here so late?" asked Jahzong in a fluster.

"I was taking a walk," replied Bymaguhreh, standing still in the warm night wind.

"What a coincidence! I also couldn't sleep so I took a walk, too," Jahzong said uneasily.

"Are you ready for an exciting adventure, Jahzong?" whispered Bymaguhreh.

"What kind of adventure?" asked Jahzong.

"Sahngee-Renchin will transport grain to the Black Hat Tribe tomorrow," said Bymaguhreh, glancing around.

"Where did you get this information? Are you sure?" asked Jahzong, already planning an attack.

"From one of our eyes in the Divine Goat Tribe. He said Sahngee-Renchin has hidden his men along the road in case you attack," said Bymaguhreh as Jahzong's eyes widened.

"They are well prepared. That old fox knows we may attack, making it even more dangerous," said Jahzong, squatting beside Bymaguhreh.

"Most of their men are probably strung out along the route between the two tribes," said Bymaguhreh, digging deep into his cache of experiences.

"How about striking when they are packing the grain?" said Jahzong.

"That's the weakest link in their chain, but what if they have stationed men around the Divine Goat Tribe?" asked Bymaguhreh.

"Did our spy say where they have the fewest men?" asked Jahzong.

"No, but I heard the Divine Goat tribesmen will be kept in the meeting hall during the whole process. They're afraid they'll make trouble," said Bymaguhreh.

"I see. Then some of their men will have to guard local people in the meeting hall. That's their weakest link," said Jahzong, still uncertain.

"Right. We'll launch a surprise attack," said Bymaguhreh confidently.

"I don't know why I'm trembling. It never happened before. Is it a bad omen?" asked Jahzong, gazing awkwardly at Bymaguhreh.

"That's what happens when a man marries. Concern about family, a beautiful wife, and future dreams does it," said Bymaguhreh good-naturedly.

Never make an enemy but if it happens that you have one, go get him first, otherwise you'll be the victim.

arkness fell, leaving the exhausted mountains near the quiet village languid in the rapidly cooling darkness. All the households except Jahzong's were dark. Elders from the Holy Wind Tribe crowded into Jahzong's small sitting room. Though nobody had begun talking, something emergent was in the air. Jahzong and Bymaguhreh whispered to each other on one side of the crowded room. Others waited patiently for the meeting to start.

Finally a gentle cough broke the ice. Everybody looked towards where the cough emanated from. Jahzong was standing next to Bymaguhreh, his overcast face emotionless as he said, "Tonight I called all of you to my home. I guess you know why."

A stir went through the men as they stared at each other curiously.

"The Black Hat Tribe is our enemy and the time has come to settle this. Conflict will come to us sooner or later, Jahzong. The Black Hat Tribe is at least as strong as we are since they have taken over the Divine Goat Tribe," said Dorgo.

The group suddenly came alive with animated talk in groups of twos and threes. Suddenly a loud voice from a dark corner attracted everybody's attention. "Can't we settle this in peace? Don't all of you, the fate-controllers of this village, understand that if we make war with this tribe then we will be

the most powerful tribe? But, did any of you think the other tribes will allow this to happen?"

"Do you mean if we fight the Black Hat Tribe the other tribes will interfere?" asked another man.

Bymaguhreh stood up, glancing over the small, dimly lit room and said, "I'm younger than all of you except Jahzong here, but I have fought many battles with our ex-leader and now I am fighting for our young leader. I know from experience that if fighting is the only way to solve the problem, then it's better to take action earlier rather than later."

The room fell silent for a moment. The elders were unsure if what Bymaguhreh said was true, but they had much faith in Jahzong.

Dorgo said, "Jahzong, you have something on your mind, otherwise we wouldn't be here. Don't delay. Our limited minds can't come up with any new ideas. Please get to the point."

"Jahzong, just tell us your plan. Whatever it is, we'll follow and fight beside you," another man said.

Jahzong knew it was time to explain. Before, he had been unsure if the elders would give him unqualified support, but now he was reassured.

"Thanks to the Three Jewels for protecting us from harm and evils so long, thanks to the spirits of our tribe's heroes who have guided us through these thorny journeys, and thanks to all of you for supporting my predecessor and me for the sake of our whole tribe," Jahzong said.

The elders' puzzled faces lit up as Jahzong's eloquent speech proceeded. Seeing the changes in their faces, Jahzong's spirits lifted and he continued, "Bymaguhreh learned from our spy in the Divine Goat Tribe that Sahngee-Renchin will transport grain to his tribe tomorrow. This is a good chance to settle our affair, but I want to hear your ideas. This is why I called you here."

The clear velvet sky allowed the plate-round moon to shine through the window, immersing those in the small room in its cold, milk-like rays that pierced the cracks in the wooden walls. Suddenly the room became deadly silent as the unusually round moon made itself felt. "Hey! Is tonight the fifteenth?" someone asked.

Everyone shifted their eyes to Jahzong, who was gazing at the beautiful full moon. "Jahzong, what sin we have committed tonight!" said an elder, spinning a golden prayer wheel shamefully. Suddenly the crowded room was filled with the hum of the Six Sacred Syllables.

"What's going on?" asked Bymaguhreh, looking lost at this unexpected turn of events.

"Om mani peme hung! Om mani peme hung! How dare we discuss killings rather than praying tonight!" said a white-headed old man, removing his ivory beads from around his neck.

Jahzong now realized it was the fifteenth day of the lunar month - the day of a full moon. His mother had taught him to do nothing bad and to avoid evil thoughts on the fifteenth. He slowly looked over his shoulder at Bymaguhreh, who was standing helplessly by the piously chanting people, pulled himself together, and said, "Listen everybody, I know it's improper to talk about killing tonight, but what do we Tibetans say? 'Chance only favors one once.' Tomorrow may be a turning point in our history. If we can save our tribe, the sin we commit tonight will be worth it."

Nobody uttered a word until Dorgo put his prayer wheel back into his robe pouch and said, "There is no doubt all of us here have taken the lives of many innocent animals and the lives of some of our enemies in our lifetimes. But we consider this heroic and not sinful. Moreover, what we are planning tonight is for all the tribe, not just ourselves. Jahzong, my

young leader, I'll always be with you whatever the situation may be. Is anybody else with us?"

"I think Buddha will forgive me for following Jahzong. Leader, I am here whenever you need me," said the white-headed old man, smiling proudly.

It was almost midnight as the other men also proclaimed their trust in Jahzong. Now a deep soft voice in Jahzong's heart sang as he used to with other children:

Thousands of stars in the dark sky shine so brightly but not by their own light;

The mountains look so beautiful but not by their own nature.

A lonely lion never survives to the next day;

A lonely man never steps over his own threshold.

"Jahzong?" a sleepy voice called from Jahzong's bedroom.

"Did you tell her about her father?" whispered Dorgo, stepping near Jahzong.

"Not yet, Dehgee. I'm coming up right now," said Jahzong, beckoning everybody to listen carefully. "Bymaguhreh, go get all the men ready. We have to be concealed along the road by daybreak. Go! Get ready!"

They left just as Dehgee was making her way downstairs and Jahzong was closing the door. "I was awakened by a nightmare, and you weren't there. I was so scared, Jahzong," said Dehgee as Jahzong turned and held her tightly in his arms.

"It's all right, dear. I'm here," Jahzong comforted, not knowing whether to tell her the truth or wait until he returned from battle.

Dehgee stared up from Jahzong's warm arms into his troubled face for a long time, and said with tear-filled eyes, "I dreamed of my father. I saw him with blood all over his body. He begged me for help. I didn't know what to do."

Jahzong trembled. Not knowing what to say, he held her tightly, fearing other disasters would befall her. Jahzong walked her back to their bedroom and then turned to leave. "Where are you going, Jahzong? Is everything OK?" asked Dehgee, squeezing his hand.

"I must do something tonight, but I'll be back very soon. Tell Mother not to worry," he said, leaving Dehgee in the lonely bed.

Tears fell as she stared at the slowly closing door, thinking it was hard to be human, but harder still to be a woman. She had rarely wept before she married. She had thought she had nobody to worry about but, after marrying Jahzong, she had often shed tears, for he was living on a precipice and she felt she might lose him at any moment. She could not sleep after Jahzong left and at last tiptoed into the quiet shrine. For the first time in her life, she felt the need to pray for her husband, who lived so dangerously.

Bymaguhreh to attack the Black Hat men guarding the grain stored in the Divine Goat Tribe's village. He ordered Dorgo to stop the Black Hat men who would come running when they heard gunfire. Jahzong then personally led a band to the valley he had described as the weakest link in the chain. The Black Hat Tribe leader would pass this way as he and his men rode to the Divine Goat Tribe village.

Bymaguhreh and his men reached the Divine Goat Tribe village first as the round moon rode high in the sky, gently illuminating all that was underneath. They could see the guards around the storehouse, looking around now and then for anything suspicious. Bymaguhreh stationed men at various points and then led other men stealthily near the storehouse to wait for daybreak.

Jahzong arrived with his men before dawn and realized that it was a natural fortress. A path meandered between two huge steep mountains covered with pines and poplars. Jahzong concealed his men along both sides of the forest path, waiting for their prey to fall into the trap.

Dorgo was on his way to the Black Hat Tribe. There was no shortcut, only a narrow zigzagging path. The tribal settlement was located at the confluence of three sky-touching mountains. The Black Hat men had established posts along the path, making it difficult for any creature to pass unnoticed. To Dorgo's surprise, most posts were empty. Only a few men guarded two posts. The others had all gone with Sahngee-Renchin to the Divine Goat Tribe. Dorgo stationed his men near

the two manned posts and then waited for gunfire from Jahzong, as did Bymaguhreh.

The moon was sinking behind a fragrant juniper-covered mountain as the cold morning air pushed through Jahzong's warm Tibetan robe, chilling his bones. He could hear the rhythmic chatter of teeth on his left. As the moon dropped behind the shivering mountain a mixture of strange sounds rose from the ground. The trees seemed to be stretching like old men, emitting popping sounds that echoed in the small valley.

Jahzong soon forgot the bone-cracking morning air, and was lost in this natural chorus. He could hardly believe a gruesome storm was brewing amid such harmony. Many would soon bid farewell to this wondrous world at this golden time of day. He wondered, "Is this chorusing of nature my death knell?"

A flock of birds suddenly fluttered skyward near their hiding place. "They're coming, my leader," a man next to him whispered. Jahzong gazed at the darting birds, imagining himself a bird, soaring freely in the infinite sky.

"Leader, they're coming," the man next to Jahzong elbowed him, repeating the information. Jahzong signaled for the men to load their guns, slowly rubbed his hands together, and then snapped off some weeds obscuring his target.

Sahngee-Renchin rode ahead of his men on a spotted white horse, triumphantly humming a folk song as his whip gently and rhythmically tapped his silver-trimmed saddle. The horse suddenly jerked its head high into the air and whinnied. Sahngee-Renchin assumed this was because of the noisy morning birds, and continued humming while lightly lashing his horse's flanks. Simultaneously, Jahzong's men busily chose their targets as the sleepy sun stuck out its head carelessly from behind a magnificent mountain, turning the world around Jahzong into gold. Jahzong felt as though he was about to slaughter a trussed-up cow as Sahngee-Renchin gave every indication of being utterly oblivious to his certain, imminent

death, as he continued enjoying the few remaining seconds of his life.

Sahngee-Renchin and his men stepped directly in front of the snipers. Jahzong carefully aimed at Sahngee-Renchin's head, closed his eyes, and squeezed the trigger, not wanting to witness his target's final surprised grimace. The small valley was suddenly suffused with the acrid smell of gunpowder. Jahzong's men ceased firing after a bit, and then Jahzong reluctantly pried open his sensitive eyes to have them stabbed by bright sunlight. Corpses littered the narrow path, including the corpse of Sahngee-Renchin, who had died with his eyes wide open.

Life can be surprising. You may lack interest in something until the day you discover that one of your closest relatives is involved in it. You will never chant the Six Sacred Syllables if no catastrophes come your way.

ema heard the golden prayer wheels around the nunnery spinning swiftly in the morning. The constant chanting of scriptures around the nunnery confided to Pema that Jahzong was up to something dangerous. She went to Jahzong's home after a hurried breakfast and beat the golden knocker against the door. Receiving no response, she opened the door and went straight upstairs, knowing where Jahzong's mother would be. To her surprise, Dehgee was in the shrine with Bahnso. They knelt side-by-side, praying. She had never seen or heard Dehgee pray before.

•••

As Jahzong fired, the guards at the two posts near the Black Hat Tribe ran out empty-handed, ignorant of what was happening. Bullets thudded into their pliant bodies before they realized what was happening.

Jahzong and his men busily collected the guns and bullets from the dead and those who had surrendered. Jahzong ordered the captured men to haul the corpses back to their tribe and also ordered men from his group to go to the Divine Goat Tribe village to help Bymaguhreh. He took the rest of his men, the prisoners, and the corpses to the Black Hat Tribe village.

Bymaguhreh was having a difficult time in the Divine Goat Tribe village. The storehouse and the hall where the local people were being held were adjacent. There was a small post atop each wall. Several of Bymaguhreh's men had been seriously wounded after trying to take these two places, though nobody had been killed.

Bymaguhreh and his men were behind a wall and desperately looking at each other helplessly. Finally, Bymaguhreh vigorously stood and said, "The sun is already above our heads, but we remain pinned down here. A man who is courageous only once in his whole life is like a shining butter lamp in people's hearts forever. In contrast, a man who lives like a cowardly rat will be forgotten like a fart in the wind." Inspired, his men jumped to their feet in readiness when they heard this.

"Bymaguhreh, give me a little time and I'll get those cowards," declared a young man, holding a sharp sword in his right hand.

"I'll help him, Bymaguhreh. I've passed through sixtyfive summers and winters without ever having done anything special, and I don't want to live just waiting for death. Permit us to fight side by side, Bymaguhreh," said an old man, glaring fiercely at the two buildings.

"Bymaguhreh, our leader has sent men to help us. They've just arrived," said another man.

"Really? That means Sahngee-Renchin is finished, but we haven't completed our job yet," said Bymaguhreh in embarrassment.

Suddenly a man was thrown from the top of the wall around the gathering hall. Before Bymaguhreh understood what was happening, the door flew open and a man waved from the door, gesturing to Bymaguhreh and his men. Bymaguhreh wondered if it was a trap that would put him and everyone else in great danger, but what had just transpired seemed real. Finally he reckoned that even if it was a trap, his men

outnumbered the enemies. "You ten cover us," said Bymaguhreh, and then ran ahead with several other men.

A chaotic scene met his eyes when he reached the door. Guards from the Black Hat Tribe were desperately fighting the local people. Everybody stopped as Bymaguhreh fired his gun into the air. "People from the Black Hat Tribe, listen! Your leader, Sahngee-Renchin, was shot dead this morning on his way here. You have a chance to live if you surrender, otherwise you'll meet your leader in another world," said Bymaguhreh and then ordered his men to shoot whoever failed to lower their gun.

It was easy to take over the storehouse once the gathering hall was secured. Bymaguhreh told the local men to guard the captured men and then ordered his men to aim at the enemies from atop the wall where it was easier to target the enemies' heads.

"My respected master, I have an idea. You won't have to waste a single bullet but you still can take that place," offered a skinny prisoner.

Bymaguhreh asked, "How?"

"My respected master, give me a chance and I'm sure I can persuade them to surrender," pleaded the man.

"It's really a good chance to escape, isn't it?" said Bymaguhreh, staring sharply into his eyes.

"In Buddha's name, I won't escape. There is no way to do so even if I wanted to," he said calmly.

Bymaguhreh agreed, put a stick on the ground, and said, "If you don't return by the time the shadow reaches here, I'll kill everyone in there."

The man ran swiftly to the storehouse after bowing to Bymaguhreh, who waited in the hall, throwing impatient glances at the stick. Not long afterwards, another man ran up to Bymaguhreh and said, "They've opened the storehouse."

"Load your guns and get on top of the wall just in case," ordered Bymaguhreh. He, too, loaded his own gun, knowing that being alert was critical.

A group of men edged out of the storehouse, holding their guns above their heads. As they proceeded towards the gathering hall, a group of ten men stepped from behind a thick wall with guns aimed at the slowly moving crowd. The skinny man led the group, holding his head up arrogantly, waving at the men on the surrounding wall. The men at the door took their guns and knives as they entered the hall.

The skinny man approached Bymaguhreh and said, "My respected master, see? You have them without wasting a bullet," and then bowed obsequiously.

"Not me. It was because of your contribution that we didn't have to kill," replied Bymaguhreh gratefully.

"No! I just carried out your strategy. You are the best commander I've ever met," he said, grinning.

Bymaguhreh thought, "If this man really speaks the truth, then why did I fail to take these two buildings?" and then he ignored him.

eanwhile, Jahzong and Dorgo had gathered all of the Black Hat Tribe. Jahzong released the captured men and said, "I'm sorry for families who lost loved ones in this battle. I also know the grief of losing someone very close, but our lives will not and should not stop. I'll pay the cost of doing rituals for those who have died."

"Leader, the bastard left two big storehouses full of grain," said Dorgo, pointing to two magnificently constructed storehouses standing adjacent to Sahngee-Renchin's house.

"What should we do with the grain, Uncle Dorgo?" asked Jahzong, sweeping his eyes over the grief-worn villagers.

Dorgo thought for a moment and said, "The grain actually belongs to these people. Let's return the grain to them."

"Yes! Let's do it right now," said Jahzong, pulling Dorgo towards the storehouses.

"Wait! We should give grain back to them, but not both storehouses," said Dorgo.

"What? Why?" asked Jahzong in confusion.

"One storehouse of grain is enough for them for one or two years without growing any crops. We'll need the other one to solidify our new position," said Dorgo.

Jahzong slowly paced back and forth, contemplating. Finally he took a deep breath and said, "Everybody go get some big sacks. We're going to fairly distribute a storehouse of grain among you."

Jahzong turned to Dorgo after the villagers left and said, "What you said is true. We'll need grain later for the development of our tribe."

When the villagers returned with empty bags. Jahzong pried off a gigantic gold-plated lock securing the storehouse door. Noticing discussion among the villagers, Dorgo said, "I tell you he is descended from Heaven to bring us happiness and peace."

More curious people squeezed through the crowd near Dorgo. "Hey everybody! I said he was not an ordinary boy!" yelled a young man from outside the circle as he tried to wiggle his way through the crowd to the center.

"Of course he's not ordinary. Didn't any of you hear that a rainbow appeared over his house the day he was born?" Dorgo said. He paused for effect, and then continued, "Stranger still was the thunder that sounded from early morning to evening, though it was bright and sunny. Have none of you heard this?" continued Dorgo, wagging his head in disappointment.

The crowd burst into clamor, looking at those beside them, expressing surprise. Jahzong was frightened when he saw all the people pressing around Dorgo, thinking a riot was in progress and immediately drew out his sword, ready to rescue Dorgo. As Jahzong drew closer, he heard Dorgo enthusiastically extolling him, "Let's thank our Lord Buddha for sending this brilliant boy to lead us through a long thorny journey to a happy life."

Before Jahzong could turn away from the stirring crowd someone shouted, "Here is Jahzong, the great leader!" Suddenly everybody was on their knees, prostrating to Jahzong. Amid the worshippers was Dorgo, busily engaged in showing respect to his young leader. Jahzong was astonished and wiped away beads of sweat from his forehead with his long sleeve before the prostrations ceased.

The villagers joyously stood up after making three prostrations to Jahzong. Though some had lost their beloved sons and relatives several hours ago, this young man had brought new hope.

"From now on we will start a new life. No one should suffer under my leadership," Jahzong said. "You are now a part of the Holy Wind Tribe. The Black Hat Tribe no longer exists. I hope everyone in our tribe will share happiness and pain," he said as the crowd around him cheerfully welcomed a new beginning.

"Leader, let's not forget to distribute the grain!" yelled Dorgo from among the cheering people.

arkness was falling and villagers, eager for the men to return, grew more anxious. Gradually the old ones and the children gathered at the small prayer wheel building, though none entered to spin the prayer wheel.

Everybody stayed outside, hoping to catch sight of the men returning. Children suddenly came running, shouting, "They're coming home! They're coming home!"

When the women in Bahnso's shrine heard the children yelling, Dehgee and Pema flew out, but Bahnso did not so much as open her eyes and continued chanting, her eyes firmly shut.

Dehgee and Pema reached the noisy crowd and saw Bymaguhreh surrounded by people in high spirits. Their hearts chilled from not seeing the one to whom they were so devoted. They feared catastrophic news from Bymaguhreh would demolish their will to live.

"Hey! What are you two doing here?" asked Bymaguhreh as he noticed them staring.

"We heard the noise and came out to see what was happening," quavered Pema.

Before Bymaguhreh could reply, Dehgee asked anxiously, "Where are the others?"

Bymaguhreh paused as they stared eagerly into his dilated eyes, coughed into his fist, and said, "They won't be back..."

"What happened, Bymaguhreh?" interrupted Dehgee.

Pema nearly fainted when she heard that Jahzong and the others would not return. Dehgee reached out and held her. Pema leaned weakly against Dehgee, weeping uncontrollably, astounding those around them. Bymaguhreh ran up in a nervous and confused manner and said, "Don't! Please don't cry. Nothing happened. They're just busy distributing grain to local villagers. From now on they are part of our tribe!"

This news delighted everyone and Pema flushed, bowing her head in embarrassment, realizing that Dehgee was looking at her strangely. Bymaguhreh continued apologizing for playing such a nasty joke. The more he apologized, the redder Pema's face became. She was ashamed for having acted improperly in front of so many people. Overwhelmed by the good news, the villagers danced and sang in groups. Nobody felt in the mood to dwell on Pema's odd behavior.

"When will they return, Bymaguhreh?" Dehgee asked.

"They'll probably be back tomorrow. There are many things to discuss and plan. Our tribe's territory and population has increased. Jahzong must plan how to administer the whole tribe, and make appropriate rules," said Bymaguhreh as Dehgee held Pema tightly by the arm.

Pema told Dehgee and Bymaguhreh that it was time for her to return to the nunnery. Bymaguhreh shook his head with a deep sigh as Pema disappeared. Dehgee was desperate but tried to control herself, watching the disappearing figure as it slowly merged with the horizon in the distance. She had thought love needed two understanding hearts to share.

"Dehgee, I know how you feel about her," whispered Bymaguhreh as he saw Dehgee standing with an overcast face, hardly breathing.

"What? What did you say, Bymaguhreh?" asked Dehgee as she returned from her thoughts.

"You really must forgive her, Dehgee," he said.

"Forgive whom?" she asked.

"Pema, of course. Who else?" replied Bymaguhreh.

Dehgee asked, "Do you think I'm jealous, Bymaguhreh?" and then burst into peals of laughter.

"You aren't? Why?" he asked, scratching his messyhaired head in supreme puzzlement.

"I'm not jealous, I'm afraid," said Dehgee as she abruptly stopped laughing.

"Afraid of what?" he asked.

"I'm afraid that one day I'll lose Jahzong. As the saying goes, nobody can avoid fate," said Dehgee, sighing helplessly.

"I don't understand you," said Bymaguhreh, looking into her face.

Dehgee left without saying more, suddenly ran back to Bymaguhreh, and said. "I haven't heard from my father since we met here last time."

Bymaguhreh looked as if he had lost his soul, realizing Jahzong had not informed her of her father's death.

"I heard that you went to my father's tribe. How is he?" asked Dehgee.

"He..." said Bymaguhreh, not knowing how to continue.

"Was he still mad at me, Bymaguhreh?" she asked as Bymaguhreh drowned in frowns.

"No. He...was...fine," he replied as Dehgee waited impatiently.

"I knew he wouldn't really be mad at me," said Dehgee and headed home.

Bymaguhreh was left behind open-mouthed and then rushed home in fear she would return with more questions.

The news of Jahzong's victory reached other tribes before the raided land ceased trembling. The leader of a neighboring tribe visited Jahzong the day after his return from the Black Hat Tribe and told him of a secret meeting. He wanted to be the first to congratulate Jahzong on his new status as the most powerful regional leader. As expected, he told Jahzong that although his people's stomachs were rubbing their backbones, they would be ready to serve him whenever he needed. Jahzong could hardly keep his blood-shot eyes open, asked several elders to keep the visitor company, and then excused himself.

"Just a moment, my Lord," whispered the leader, grasping Jahzong's tattered, dirty sleeve.

"What?" asked Jahzong tiredly.

"I have something for you, my lord," said the leader in a low, proud voice, glanced at the elders occupied with talking and laughing, drew something from his robe bosom, stepped closer to Jahzong, and said, "A personage from Lhasa gave this coral snuff-bottle to my great grandfather. It has been passed down in my family as a legacy."

Jahzong accepted the gift without looking at it and strode into the room where Dehgee had prepared his favorite food.

"Jahzong, quick! Your food is getting cold," said Dehgee as Jahzong entered listlessly.

Jahzong inhaled deeply as he sat near the food by the adobe stove. "I really missed your cooking. I haven't had such

delicious food for days," said Jahzong, putting the snuff-bottle on the stove.

Dehgee picked up the gold-rimmed snuff-bottle as Jahzong ate. "What a beautiful snuff-bottle! Whose is it, Jahzong?" asked Dehgee.

"It's a gift from a friend. Keep it if you like it," replied Jahzong through a mouthful of food.

"Did you get this from Father? I saw in Father's eyes that he loved you, though you two opposed each other," said Dehgee as Jahzong continued eating.

This reminded Jahzong of Dehgee's father. He had not informed her of her father's death, but now he was more concerned about the snuff-bottle given by the other leader. "How do you know it's your father's snuff-bottle?" asked Jahzong, placing his chopsticks across the bowl.

"I may not recognize his silver chopsticks, but I will always recognize his snuff-bottle because I broke it and he repaired it by putting a thin piece of gold around the broken part," said Dehgee, happily recalling a treasured moment from the past.

"But don't you think two things might be exactly alike?" asked Jahzong.

Dehgee held the snuff-bottle tightly in her hand as if fearing to drop it again. "Look at this dirt-filled slit here," she said, showing a long circular slit to Jahzong. "This slit on the side is as familiar to me as are the lines of your hand."

vibrant chorus awakened Dehgee the next morning. The snuff-bottle suspended by a cord from a wooden nail on the wall jumped into her view as she opened her puffy eyes. The door slowly pushed open, and in came Pema.

"Hey! Pema, are you fine? You look terrible," said Dehgee, sitting up in bed.

"Jahzong is killing too many people!" said Pema as she closed the door behind her.

"Killing too many people? What do you mean?" asked Dehgee with dilated eyes as Pema sat by her on the bed.

"You are his wife, and you don't know that he is about to take someone's life?" said Pema.

Dehgee jerked on her yak skin robe and flew out, the door slamming forlornly behind her. A crowd milled about, looking at the man who was about to be executed. Dehgee shoved through the crowd to the front. She heard people saying the condemned man deserved death for deceiving their leader. Dehgee understood deceit was immoral, but thought it did not merit death.

Suddenly the crowd exploded. Everyone threw stones and mud balls at the man, who was on his knees with both hands tied to a pole. His face was covered with long dirty hair that danced tiredly in the gentle breeze. Those in the crowd became incensed at seeing Dehgee's gloomy face, thinking that she, too, was infuriated by the man's treachery. Another volley of stones and mud-balls thudded against the man.

"Stop! Stop torturing him! Why are you all so cruel? Don't you have any compassion?" shouted Dehgee, panting briskly.

Silence. Everybody stood mute, hands full of stones and mud balls. Nobody expected such anger from Dehgee. She had seemed so gentle and tolerant. Nobody could remember a strong word from her.

"Release him," Dehgee told Bymaguhreh, who was responsible for the man's execution. "Take him to your home, Bymaguhreh, and give him enough food to fill his belly," ordered Dehgee as the others stood in confusion.

"But Jahzong said nobody had the right to spare this man's life, Dehgee. I'm afraid I can't..." Bymaguhreh said uncertainly.

Dehgee fell to her knees before Bymaguhreh had finished. Those gathered shivered a little as they saw Dehgee's helpless figure trembling in the tender morning breeze. Some dropped the stones and mud balls from their hands in shame. "OK! Release this man! Quickly!" shouted somber Bymaguhreh, helping Dehgee to her feet.

Bymaguhreh had never imagined that Dehgee could be so frail, imagining her to be the strongest woman he had ever met. He escorted Dehgee home guiltily as several men took the prisoner to a nearby house. At that very moment Jahzong and the elders arrived at the prayer wheel building where the man was to be executed and were startled that the prisoner, Bymaguhreh, and several other men were gone. Only some villagers remained, silent and unmoving, as though they had been struck by lightening.

"What happened? Where are the others?" demanded Jahzong in concern.

There was no reply, as though demons had stolen the villagers' tongues. Seeing his people like this made Jahzong's heart stop beating for a moment. He became more anxious as the villagers dropped their chins even lower. Seeing the villagers' depressed figures and noticing Bymaguhreh's absence, a chill went through his body straight to his backbone.

He had never had such a feeling in battle. He feared something unexpected had befallen his best friend, Bymaguhreh.

he elders approached as Jahzong sat on the ground, head buried in his hands. "My leader, don't worry. We'll do whatever is necessary even if it means war," said Dorgo, patting Jahzong's shoulder.

"That's true. Shall we walk you home, Leader?" asked another elder man.

"Right. First we'll walk you home," said Dorgo as Jahzong slowly stood in desperation.

As they walked to Jahzong's house, they saw Bymaguhreh sitting on the threshold. "What happened Bymaguhreh? Are you OK?" asked Jahzong, joyfully running to Bymaguhreh.

"Dehgee is in bed," said Bymaguhreh in low spirits.

The small bedroom was extremely quiet. People held their breaths a bit fearing it would disturb her. Suddenly the bed twitched as she tried to open her cracked lips. Everybody stood as soon as they heard her faint voice calling Jahzong, who told the others to leave him with his woman. They reluctantly trudged to the half-opened door while turning back to look at the pale young woman in bed, as if leaving a deathwatch.

Jahzong found Dehgee looking paler than death. Hearing the approaching footsteps she tried to sit, but failed. Tears trundled down from her dull, half-opened eyes as Jahzong held her cold hands. Finally she murmured, "Jahzong, please don't kill any more."

"I promise I'll never kill again, Dehgee. Please don't fall asleep! Please!" he said, pressing his warm soft lips hard against her cold hands.

"Jahzong, Pema said that if you kill other people during your life," she paused to moisten her chapped lips and said, "you'll go to Hell and burn forever."

"I promise nobody will die. Don't worry about me," he said, a tear wetly plopping on the back of Dehgee's gentle hand.

"I just don't... don't want you to burn in Hell," murmured Dehgee. Beads of sweat appeared on her pallid forehead as she gripped Jahzong's hand fiercely, and then she fainted as Jahzong looked into her anguished face.

Those outside rushed in when Jahzong called desperately. Jahzong told Bymaguhreh to bring the only local doctor. A white-headed man soon arrived, panting unevenly. He drove out everyone except Jahzong, who squatted in a corner near the bed. The doctor examined Dehgee skillfully, as those outside shoved each other to better peer through a narrow crack in the wooden door.

Night silently crept over the village. Increasing numbers of people gathered outside Jahzong's house. Some prayed piously for their leader's wife - Dehgee - who had saved the tribe in its moment of greatest peril. Some shed tears as they talked about how kind she had been to them. The doctor carefully checked Dehgee's pulse a third time in the darkening house.

"Congratulations, my leader!" said the doctor, laughing and looking over his shoulder at Jahzong.

Jahzong did not believe what he had just heard or the reason for the doctor's laughter. He slowly raised his head and looked between his fingers at the doctor, who smiled.

"What? What did you say?" asked Jahzong in confusion.

"Good news! You'll be a father in a few months," said the doctor as he gently placed Dehgee's cold hands back under the cover.

"Are you sure? I'm going to be a father soon?" said Jahzong joyfully, springing to his feet.

"Yes," the doctor said. "And Dehgee's fine, just a little discomfort, nothing serious. It happens all the time."

Outside Bymaguhreh shouted first, "Our leader is going to be a father!" Those anxiously gathered at the gate exploded as they heard Bymaguhreh's happy shouting. Everyone suddenly knelt and made prostrations to the rising, utterly full moon.

Jahzong slowly went to the window and gazed at the moon, feeling the whole universe was celebrating this great news. It was the fifteenth day of the month.

He called Bymaguhreh in and said, "Set that traitorous leader free." Jahzong smiled at the delighted people outside, though they could not see him.

"What? Set the bastard free? I understand that tonight is the fifteenth day of this month, and you don't want to kill anybody on this special day, but did you tell Dehgee that this bastard stole her father's snuff-bottle?" asked Bymaguhreh as Jahzong moved his attention to the bright moon.

"No, but I don't think it's necessary. I don't want to welcome this new life with blood-stained hands, Bymaguhreh," said Jahzong, gently touching the turquoise around his neck given by Guhhay as a welcoming present, eighteen years earlier.

As the boundless sky ornamented itself with millions of stars the villagers outside began singing and dancing. Now the moon was high in the sky. As Jahzong looked up, a big black chunk of cloud crept over the bright moon, casting a black shadow on the still vibrating village.

TRANSCRIPTIONS

В

Bahnso, pad mtsho प्रत्रस्

Bymaguhreh, pad ma dkar po यद्यारार्ये।

C

Cewang, tshe dbang ਛੋਂ 'ਨ੍ਧਨ'|

D

Dehgee, bde skyid নই শ্বীনা

Dorgo, rdo gor ई र्ग्रा

Doorgee, rdo rje 美達

Dzorge, mdzod dge ঝাইন্নিগ্

G

Guru, gu ru শুস্কু

Gongbuya, mgon po yag ঝর্ল্ ব'র্ম'অন্

Guhhay, gu he गुःहै।

Η

Huadan Zhaxi, dpal ldan bkra shis ব্যক্ষ্ৰ্যসূত্ৰী

J

Jahzong, leags gzong ঝুল্মাল্রিনা

Jikmed, 'jigs med এইশৃশ্মীম্

L

Lhamojew, lha mo skyabs ঝু'র্ম'ষ্কুবন্স্

Longwa, lung ba প্ৰদ্ৰাস্থ্য

N Nahwah, rnga ba হ'ব। O Om mani peme hung, oM ma Ni pad+me hUM र्हें या है यह है P Pema, pad ma খ5'ঋ| Q Qiang 羌 Qiujie, chos rje र्केश है। R Rangnan, ra sngon र धूँना S Sahnguh, sangs dga' শ্বস্থা Sahngee-Renchin, sangs rgyas rin chen শ্বন্ধানুশ হিন্দ্রী Sichuan 四川 T

tsamba, rtsam pa স্থ্যা

Zorgay, mdzod dge মার্হি ্দ্র

Z

खुवारावार्वेदा सुवार्थेवार्देदवी र्केंद्रिया

यहूर्ट्रन्यो.चीय.गीय.त्र्याच्यम

र्केशय विवेषावसक्या अर्दे र प्रसुस्।

त्रु अश्चुर वेंग्। अर्थे वा व्याप्त विष्ठा व

व्यः द्वायिषात्र शास्त्र स्वर्थः सर्दे रायसूत्र।

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यद्धेदश्च त्र्यां त्यां त्यां श्रां व्यां व्यां व्यां व्यां व्याः व्याः

 $\tilde{g}_{1}\cdot\tilde{g}_{2}\cdot\tilde{g}_{3}\cdot\tilde{g}_{4}\cdot\tilde{g}_{1}\cdot\tilde{g}_{2}\cdot\tilde{g}_{3}\cdot$

मान्यायवा सुराम्यायवा सुराम्यायवा सुराम्यायवा सुराम्यायवा सुन्यायवा सुन्याय

स्वान्त्रः द्रियाः मुकास्त्रः मुकास्त्रः मुकास्त्रः स्वान्तः स्वानः स्वान्तः स्वान्तः स्वान्तः स्वान्तः स्वान्तः स्वान्तः स्वानः स्वान्तः स्वानः स्वानः स्वान्तः स्वान्तः स्वान्तः स्वान्तः स्वान्तः स्वान्तः स्वानः स्वान्तः स्वान्त

উষ'ইমা

दश्र भ्रेग् प्रमुद्द वश्र वर्षे "दे बेर वा अर्थ विग् धेवर वर्ष्ट भारट गीर विश्व प्रायत्द दरके प्राओधीया"

"तर्द्रार्थेशके। ष्यास्त्रस्य वित्रार्थित्रक्ष्यायास्य वित्राच्यास्य वित्रायात्वा व्यास्त्र वित्रायात्वा वित

"र्श्वे व्या व्यायात्र क्षेत्र प्राप्त क्षेत्र क्षेत्

मिन्यायाम् मान्याची याची स्त्राची स्त्

त्रव्यः। श्रृणःश्चेंदःवेःदेःगर्वेदशःशःविगःश्वेवःयरःत्रवेः रदःहणशः वेवःश्वेव। "वेवः त्रग्वदःत्रभूः यदः यदः व्यवेदशः शःविगःश्वेवः यरः त्रवेः रदः हणवः वेवः शःधेव। "वेवः

र्देव'दे'ब्रुट'य'वे'श्रद'दर'ळे'यवे'दश्वात'ष'वेषा'येद। ग्रीट'यबेर'क्रूट'गीबार्खेणबायवे' अक्षश्चाचक्किर्-र्-वाङ्ग्ञान्द्रिया अक्षावान्त्रियः श्चरावीः व्यवित् स्वराहित् स्वान्त्रियाः स्वराहिता स्वराहित ब्रद्धिः वित्रावास्त्रावास्त्रात्त्रात्त्रात्त्रात्त्रात्त्रात्त्रात्त्रात्त्रात्त्रात्त्रात्त्रात्त्रात्त्रात्त त्वेषाःषीःवदःवःभ्रेःभ्रेःदभरःयरःयर। हैः<u>स</u>्दःषीःबिंदःवःषदःयःद्वाःद्वाःश्वाषाय। भ्रेः য়৾ৼ৾য়য়য়৻ৠৄ৾ৼয়য়য়য়ৼয়ৣ৾য়য়ৣ৾ৼয়ৣ৾৻ড়য়৻য়য়ড়য়য়৻ৼৼয়য়ৣ৾৻য়ৣ৻য়য়ড়৻য়ৼ৻৸ৼ৻ यः भ्रीः हैयः यमः विः वना र्केनः यम। र्क्षमः अभित्रं नुमा रेक्षमः क्षेत्रः विः यमः भ्रोनः वित्यः विमा त्यः निश्र ग्रीश्वर साहि त्विं राज्ये रदा द्वारा पङ्कीरा से दा । वि सेवा वीश्वर से तीदा द्वारा पेंदिर *ॠॸॺॱॻ*ॱॴज़ॻॱॻॱक़ॕॻॱॻ॓ॺॱॻॷॺऻ*ॱ*क़॔ॸॱॻॕॱॻऻढ़॓ॺॱॻॖॏॺॱॺॺॱख़ॖ॔ॺॱॴॱॺ॒ॻॱऄ॒ॻॱॸऀॻॱ त्ययः ब्रें न्दवः यः रेटः ब्रें विषाः बीबाः ब्रेंबाः क्षेषाः यउन्। ब्र्ॅं व्यरः नुः विराविरः ब्रीः व्यनः क्षनः तह्रअः विदःदेरः शुरः विदः। र्डेना रेदे स्ट्रेदः नी तह्र अः स्रुदे पवितः दुः शे स्ट्रास्य प्यापाः तन्त्रायः य'सेर'यर'कुब्रा

अर्केन् विते र्याम्य मिन् वित्त क्षेत्र वित्त वित्त क्षेत्र वित्त वित्त क्षेत्र वित्त वित्त क्षेत्र वित्त वित्त वित्त क्षेत्र वित्त व

म् न्यां क्षेत्र खंदी अर्त क्षेत्र स्था क्षेत्र क्षेत

दर्श-न्यंत्र-र्ध्यायन्य विकास्त्र विकास विकास

म्ब्रास्त्राच्यात्रच्यात्रच्यात्रच्यात्रच्यात्रच्यात्रच्यात्रच्यात्रच्यात्रच्यात्रच्यात्रच्यात्रच्यात्रच्यात्

अग्रथा महित्र हित्र हित्य हित्र हित

म्बर्मार्ज्यः व्यवस्थान्यः त्राम्बर्धिनः स्वर्धाः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर [ૄ] છું આ અસ્ટ્રેંચા ગ્રી. મેં શ્રું માલ્યું માત્રા માર્નુ વા. ત્રા. તેમાર ક્રો. ફ્રેંમાલરા આર્થીલા વામા ત્રા. વા. ત્યા त्वेर। तर्ने वे सु नायर वेगा नाया हे सुर केव र्या या सुर में र में खेर वहनाया नेगा न्या व्रिमःस्यान्यत्वरः क्रीमःयः येदः यसः स्याः स्विनः स्वानः स्वानः स्वेतः त्रसः ययः ક્રેદઃવચાશામદાવાવાલેવાયાચાદ્યવાયાશાસુદા અઠ્યાચામદાસાસુવાર્જી **"**'ધા য়৴৾য়ৢ৾৴৾য়৾ঀ৾৻৴ৼ৻য়৴য়৾ড়৴য়ৣ৾৾৻ড়ৢ৾৽য়ঀ৾৾৻ৢড়য়৴য়ড়৻ড়ঀৢ৾ঀ৻ঀ৾য়৻ড়য়৻ড়ৼয়৻য়য়য়৻ য়ৣ৾৴৽য়৽ঀ৻য়৽ৣ৽*৽*ঢ়৽৶য়ৢঢ়৽ঀয়৽ঢ়৽য়৾ৼ৽৻ৼৣ৾য়৽৻য়ৢ৾৽ৠঢ়য়৽ঢ়৾৴৽ঢ়৽৴ৼ৻য়৽য়৽৻ यदे।विंद्राची:बेदावस्यादे त्यास्रीवास्त्रदास्याप्तेष्वयाद्यायस्यापास्त्रीयास्त्रीयास्त्रीयास्त्रीयाः अन्यक्षत्वाक्षेत्रार्विः यायङ्गकायर्डेकानुकार्छे। ष्यायका "दिश्वाडेकासुवा विंर्सेटार्टे प्या याचेत्। यावबरार्वायेत्रप्ता विवित्तर्भत्त्रम् विष्यायेत्रायात्रा रार्क्षयायित्राया নৰ্শ্লুশ্বামাইন।

ब्रीट्राची स्त्रीं प्रचार प्रिंग प्रचार प्रचार के स्वार्थ के स्वर

चर्चा हूं. खुर्चा. सर्थे ब्री. की. बेर. दी. कीर. ही. मूच. मूच. तालूट हा. ही. वर्षे चर्षे वर्षे ची. क्ट. सा ૡટ્ર્યાશ્વાયશ્વાસ્થાયા શક્રુપત્રા શ્રું જે. શ્રું વ. ટ્વા દ્વાય તટ્ટેન ત્યાવન શ્રી છેવાવ શ્રુંના વર્લા એંડ્રેન્ વદેષજાએંડ્રેન્સેંત્રમુંડ્રિયા શ્રેંત્રાયાન્દ્રમુંષ્ટ્રમાં માર્ગેક્રાયા પ્રાપ્તિ માર્ગેક્ષા के। व्रीकायाञ्चमवार्वेदावीवायर्वेदार्श्वेदायदेर्ष्वेदात्रार्वेष्णेष्यत्वादार्व्वप्रवेदायेदाया **୵**ଽୢୡ୶୲୶୲୶ୖୣଈ୵ଊୣୠୣ୷ୖୡ୕୵ୢୠୣ୵୕ୖ୶୵ୖ୶୕ୣ୷ୣ୷୕୶୶୶ୖୠ୕୶ୄ୷୷୕ୡ୕୶ୄ୷ୣୠ୕୶୷ୄୖଈ୕୵ୄୄ୲ ઌૼૺૼ૽ૼૺૹ૽ૼૼૼૼૼૼઽઽૡ૿૽૱ૹૼઽૹ૽૽ઽૣ૱ઽઌ૽૽ૢૺૼઽૹ૽ૢ૽ૺૹૢ૱ૹઌ૽૿ૢ૽ૹૢૢૢૢૢૢૢૹ૽ૢ૽૱ૹ૽ઌૹૢ૽૱ૡૡ૱ૡ૽૽૱ૹ૽૽ૺૹૢ૽૾૽૽ૼ૽ રુટી ' ગુજા. તતુ. ધ્રિટ. ટી. ધ્રુ. જા. હુટ. જ્રેટ.જીટ. જાતવ. યુ.લૈયાજા. યોક્ર્ટ. વિર. છી. જીયી ૡદ્દેવાં જા. સેન્. ગુરુ, વિંદ. ને સુંન. છેને. તા. શુરૂ ના જો શરા તા કું તા સો કો જો જો જો છેને. ૡઘુુમા શ્રેષા ત્રુર દ્વામાર્સે તસમાર્ત્સુ વક્ષા ક્ષાય લેવા વારે દેવા લાકો ત્રામાર કર્યા તારે વિષ્ ন্মম ন্ম বেইল্ম মূল্ম ব্যা "ল্ডম ধ্ৰুল্ ন্ৰিদ স্থ্ৰ নুৰ্ ৶য়ৄৼ৻ৼৢ৶৻ৠ৻৸ড়৻৻ড়ৣঢ়৻ৠ৻৻ড়৸৻য়৸য়৻য়৻ঀ৸ড়৸৻য়য়৻ঢ়ৠৢৼ৻ঀয়৻য়৾ঀ৾৻ঢ়ৢ৾৻ৼ दे'स्टावेसस्यावः**ग्रीशः**र्शेटः।

त्र भ्रेन प्रें अया असे अव ग्राम व अर्के ग्"

स्वाश्वायक्ष्या स्वायक्ष्या विष्या स्वायक्ष्या विष्या स्वायक्ष्या विष्या स्वायक्ष्या स्वायक्ष्य स्वायक्य स्वायक्ष्य स्वायक्ष्य स्वायक्ष्य स्वायक्ष्य स्वायक्ष्य स्वायक्य स्वायक्षय स्वायक्ष्य स्वायक्षय स्वायक्य स्वायक्षय स्वायक्षय स्वायक्षय स्वायक्षय स्वायक्षय स्वायक्षय स्वायक्षय स्वायक्य स्वायक्षय स्वायक्षय स्वयक्षय स्वयक्षय स्वयक्षय स्वयक्षय स्वयक्षय स्वयक्ययक्य स्वयक्षय स्वयक्ययक्षय स्वयक्ययक्षय

यद्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र त्वाः क्ष्यायात्र्यात्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्यात्यात्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्यात्यात्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्यात्यात्यात्यात्य

ब्रियाः खंत्राः खेताः योः कयाः श्रीतः यायाः व्यायः व्यायः व्यायः व्यायः व्यायः व्यायः व्यायः व्यायः व्यायः व्य अवाः खंत्राः व्यायः व्यायः

"डि:बेन्यायायद्दर्द्द्यामी सेन्। द्वेस्तुम् क्वेंच्यार्या बेक्याया वेद्वेद्वेद्वेत्राच्चेक्यदेश

"बाळाददीः के तद्विः स्वाचाया "बेबाञ्चन बाविः मीबा सर्वी ग्रींनाः ग्रींनाः ग्रींनाः मीबा सर्वा के त्या स्वाचित्र के त्या स्वाचा स्वाचित्र के त्या स्वाची स्व

त्यः विषयः विषयः

यद्भारत्यात्र विकास क्षेत्र विकास क्षेत्र विकास क्षेत्र क्

ञ्जनश्च नार्बेट मेश प्रश्नास्त्र स्थान स्

"ष्यायाय। ब्रॅं श्रें त्रश्चात्र त्राह्म त्र्यात् व्रेंत् व्रकात्र श्वात्य व्याप्त स्थित् व्याप्त व्य

व स्वीताश्वास्त्र व स्वास्त्र व स्वास्त्र क्ष्या स्वास्त्र स्वास्त्र क्ष्या स्वास्त्र स्वास्त्र क्ष्या स्वास्त्र स्वास्त्र क्ष्या स्वास्त् स्वास्त्र स्वास्त

ज्. प्रेंग. यह रूप. ब्रुंटा। ब्रि. यरियादा. ध्रे. या. यायेता. दा. याड्रेंज. सक्सदा प्रदार पीटा जा. दलवाबादावार्षेत्रकृत् बेरायमा बे। विदायक्तरमा बेरायमामा वाबेरा ग्री वदामरा য়ৣ৴। अर्वे। ऄॗ॔गबाक्तत्वा द्वेटा तुःग्बॅबा अर्वे। वगः भ्रे। इसवा ग्रीबा गस्र वा चदेः व्या र्हेगा पर पार्वे वाबेदे सूराया ५५ दर्गे ५ त्या क्षेत्राया ५८ तर् । गु के प्यरात्या दर्गे ८८। वशक्र्रें त. प्रकृति मु मालका निया मु द्वारा वा वितायते से महस्य ग्रीका समीव गिरी प्र શુવા મરિવાવા શ્રુીયા તા ધ્રમાયા ગ્રીયા ત્રદા માર્ત્યા વાતા હું હુદા શાહનીયા કું દા ગ્રીયા વદયા *चेटा*। ब्रिक्ट्युंद्रमुवादाञ्चेबायाद्रयायाद्रयायाद्वयायदेश्याक्त्र्वा त्र्रम्भुस्य अवस्वार्मे इत्येश्वास्य में प्रमानित्रम् । स्वार्मे स्वार्ये स्वार्मे स्वार्मे स्वार्मे स्वार्मे स \$'तर्टेदे'स्'व'स्वापाय'अटा। भ्रम्यकारेम'स्वाबाम्बाह्मरमार्थेदा। हे'सवदे'स्वा *नै*टःषीःषाश्रेपात्रःश्रेप्तःश्रेपाशुःहेःषाश्रेष्यःश्राप्तदःषाहदात्रश्रार्थेत्। श्रेप्तंदाशःश्रेष्त्रशः याञ्चेयाप्यकाम्बिमामीकागुरार्रमायार्केरा।

वर्षः द्वेशः व्यव्यायात्र। दुशः क्रुवः दुः स्याधिकः यो ॥ व्यवः व

श्चार्यात्राच्यात्र्यात्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्यात्र्यात्र्यात्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्यात्यात्र्यात

श्वी स्ता स्त्री श्रास्त्र स्त्री श्रास्त्र स्त्री श्वी स्त्र स्त्री स्त्र स्

त्र्यः श्रुम। तुरुरः अः खुर्या अः रश्चिरुयः यमः रहिषायः अपः ग्रीः र्षाः यान्त्रम्यः न्यान्त्रम्यः ग्रीः व्यः चुर्यरः अः खुर्या अः रश्चिरुयः यमः रहिषायः अपः ग्रीः र्षाः यान्त्रम्यः न्यान्त्रम्यः ग्रीः व्यः चुर्यरः स्वरं व्याप्तः व्याप्तः स्वरं व्यापतः स्वयः स्य

यवनाच-र्मा-क्रेंभ्राविंग्म भ्रेकासकासहैन-क्रम्ध्रान्य मिन्न भ्रेकाय क्ष्या स्वाप्त स्

कुत्र ख्वा भेवा यादा केवा वादा अवाका वार्चेट भेवा वादा वादा विवास वार्चेट स्वाप्त विवास वार्चेट स्वाप्त विवास वार्चेट स्वाप्त विवास वार्चेट स्वाप्त विवास व

श्रवा टक्ष्मां श्रव्याच श्रिक्षा स्वाप्त स्वा

भूतश्रदेरप्पत्यादग्रर्गरप्रां कृत्यीश्रादश्रेष्ठात्श्रात्रश्रेष्ठात्र्यः हेत्र्याद्यात्र्यः कृत्याः कृत्याः क् भूतः वित्रात्र्यः भूत्रिश्चर्ताः वित्रात्यायायवित्रात्त्र्यः वित्राः वित्राः

यर.म्र.स.ट्याय.ट्र.प्यच्या अर्थाय.च्याया स्थाय स्थाय

"भ्रमानाम। हिंदायर्मेमभायाक्षेणीय। नियार्भेयायाः सेमा सेम्सरीयां सेमायाः

ख्रेमश्च मर्बेटः हमा श्चः यदश्चीटः यदः श्चः दम् विक्रःश्चेतः यदेः श्चेमश्च यदः श्चेमश्च विक्रः विक्र

ञ्जन्म नार्बेट नीम "टर्जेम रें सम्यासे सन्दर्ध व निर्माणित वस्रा "बेम देश टें सर्ने मास्रु चर्यो

"दे प्रम् प्रम् अभा हिंद स्ट प्रके भे पर्दे त्वा मिं हैं से वेंद्र मी अप

य्यात्रात्र्वत। श्रेश्वत्त्वत्व्वत् क्वित्रं क्विना सक्वत्रात्रा मान्यत्वत् स्वत्त्वत् स्वत्त्र स्वत्त्र स्वत् यक्षित्र विद्वात्त्र स्वत्त्र स्वत्त् स्वत्त्र स्वत्त् स्वत्त्र स्वत्त

"विं क्षें चर्चा है । स्वा निवा क्षें का क्षे निवा क्षें निवा क्ष

स्यार्थ मार्चेट मीका "पट के" पहल मुद्दा माद्दा क्षा क्षा क्षा क्षा मार्चेट में क्षा मार्चेट मोका मार्चेट मोका मार्चेट में कि प्राप्त क्षा क्षा मार्चेट में कि मार्चेट में मार्चेट में मार्चेट में कि मार्चेट में मार्चेट मे मार्चेट में मार्चेट में मार्चेट में मार्चेट में मार्चेट में मार्

यर्थान्ने ह्रिय्ता हे के ने काहे के। स्रात्त्र क्षा त्रात्त्र क्षा क्षात्त्र क्षा क्षात्र क्षात्र क्षात्र क्षा क्षात्र कष्ण क्षात्र क्षात्र क्षात्र क्षात्र क्षात्र क्षात्र कष्ण क्षात्र क्षात्र क्षात्र क्षात्र क्षात्र कष्ण क्षात्र क्षात्र

मूर्या त्यादे हे बावेस यें कुवाया मूर्या हिसायादर्शे "बेबायवा

"बिरायायम्। द्वी द्वी प्रम्यायम्यम् संस्थित्यस्य म्यास्य स्थान् स्थान्य स्थान

"हिंद्रिः भ्रे त्यत्र। भ्रे त्वैषात्यतः दर्षे स्यत्। दः यदः अप्तग्रदः ये स्थेतः यः त्यसः हिंद्रः

য়য়ঀঀ ড়ৄ৾ঽ৻৴৻ঽৼঀৣয়৻য়৻ড়য়৸ৼঽ৸ঽ৻য়৻ঽ৸ৼয়য়য়ড়য়৻ঽ৻ড়য়৻য়য়৻৸য়৻ য়ৢঀয়ৣ৾৻য়য়৻য়ৼৣ৾ঀয়য়ৣ৻য়য়ৢৼৼয়৻ড়য়৸ য়য়ঀঀ

द्वीर स्वानित्र स्वानित्य स्वानित्र स्वानित्र स्वानित्य स्वानित्य स्वानित्य स्वानित्य स्वानित्य स्वानित्य स्वानित्य

इं शे क्रें म्वेष श्रांति है दिन स्ट शक्ती क्षांति से स्ट श्री स्थान स्

श्चेत्राव्यक्ष्याः स्वाप्त्यक्ष्याः स्वाप्त्यक्ष्याः स्वाप्त्रः स्वाप्त्यः स्वाप्त

यमायार्द्द्वार्या विमामीश्वाञ्चनाश्वार्व्यात्रम्यमायार्व्वयात्रम्य "द्दे श्वेदः सुम स्टामीश्वास्टायाञ्चमायाञ्चया "वेश्वाष्टायश्वार्या वियाव्यया "दे विश्वा वकार्मे मिडेमा गुरा से केंद्र दिरे क्षेदा सुम समामायका प्रक्षा गुरा से वाद्री मा

चक्रियःश्रॅट्रा चित्रः स्वाप्तः स्वापतः स्वाप्तः स्वापतः स्वापत

श्चिम् मार्जेट मी अप्तर हिन् भी अप्तर माज्य निर्देश मार्जे मार्छ मार्थ मार्जे मार्छ मार्थ मार्जे मार्थ मार्थ म ल्या अप्तर्भ मार्थ अप्तर हिंगा अप्तर मार्थ मार्थ मार्जेट प्रकार के मार्थ प्रत्य में में स्वार्थ मार्थ मा

मिटाई अपने प्रस्ता भ्राम्य अपने साम अपने स्थान स्थान

भ्रेश्वान्त्रभ्राम् अवाश्यार्वेद्रम् श्रेट्रा भ्रेट्रावित्यश्चाम् स्वान्त्रभ्रात्त्रभ्रभ्रात्त्रभ्रम्

त्रक्षा तक्ष्याः भ्रीतः द्वारत्यः त्वार्यः त्वारः त्वार्यः त्वार्

यार्ने या या विका मार्च र क्या यहिया है र स्वर ख्रिया या या यहिर खेरा ये र से र यह ख्री या या विका या यह से यह से

चिरःचन्दरं वश्वास्त्राक्षां स्वास्त्राक्षां स्वास्त्राची स्वास्त्राची

द्याः क्षेत्राः क्षेत्राः त्रा क्षाः त्रा व्या का व्याः व्या व्याः व्या व्याः व्या व्याः व्या व्याः व्या व्याः व्या व्याः व्य

"वि.श्रे. ग्रम्बायस्य में स्टे. क्वेंत्। ५.५. क्वें त्र मुत्र ग्रे. वर्षे त्य प्रम्य विवासी स्वर्थात्य स्वर्यात्य स्वय्यात्य स्वय्यात्य स्वयः स्वर्यात्य

"ह्रॅंह्। ब्रॅंट्र या नाट्ट्र न्या अर्थे अर्थे ह्रें स्त्र प्राप्त के स्ट्र प्राप्त स्त्र स्त्र

र्कें द्वेंबर्द्दें अदश्चिषायर दे।

यदा स्थापा स्थाप स्थाप

क्षेत्रभावाद्यत्त्रभाव्यत्त्रभ्यः स्थान्यः स्यान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थानः स्थान्यः स्यान्यः स्थान्यः स्थानः स्थानः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स्थान्यः स

શું. ત્રું. ત્રા. જોવા જા. ત્રું. ત્રું ક્રા. ત્રું ત્રા. જોવા જા. ત્રું ત

क्ष्यतिः श्रुप्तकार्यः श्रुप्तकार्यकार्यः विद्यान्ति । त्यानि । त

स्ता "ड्रेश्न श्रम विद्राची स्त्री स

रक्षः लूजः लेबो. बीकुबो. झूँ. 'घरः , टविटका जर्वबा, टा. ट्रेका 'घरः शुबा, शबा, शूबा, शि वहराष्ट्री केर्द्रार्द्रवार्द्रवार्द्रवार्वां वार्यात्वार्क्ष्याता क्षेत्रवार्वा वार्या देते ही र्देता वार्व्या र्क्षेत्राचेदःग्रीःगद्रवा भ्रुग्नाश्चार्वेदःग्रीश्चाद्रगःवदेःविदःददःद्रभुव्यःवदेः।वस्रश्चानुःवरःदः रकार्षिया हे स्वादी विवा को र्षेट स्वया विवास हो है से धर से हा यदे येसार्थे राष्ट्र पश्चरः द्वीः स्थः लेग । युश्च। रशः संत्यात्यः मितृमशः तशः मस्तिः त्यमः मीशः देः पञ्चरः लेदः म्लासारामा में साम्या में भूरा सामी में स्वापन स रयाची र्स्नो स्तर तु र सुराया यहेगाया अगया गर्ने र मी असुर र्स्ने याची पर्ने अपस्या चक्क्वाय:प्रप्रदेशेस्य प्रस्थार्थेत्य:क्ष्याश्चार्यः देशेस्य दुवः तुः वार्थेव:त्यवाः वी:व्यप्तः प्रसः वी: ब्र्यामायखेर पर्ट क्रिया यी प्रयाद या बार प्रति हिंदी विदेश या साम विद्यार्थ प्रति स्था स्था स्था स्था स्था स **ढ़ॹॹज़ढ़॓॔ॻऻॹय़ढ़ॱॸऺ॔ड़ॹॱढ़॔ॱॷऻॸऻॹॱढ़ॻऻॸॹॱऄॗॸॱॸॖॱॸॾढ़ॱॸॱॷऀॸॱक़॔ॱॷॕॸॱ**ढ़॔ॱख़॔ॸॱय़ॱ विषाः सन्तर्भ सर्वो त्रषाः सन्तर्भ सन्तर्भ सन्तर्भ सन्तर्भ सन्तरम् सन्तरम् देश सन्तरम् सन्तरम् देश सन्तरम् सन्)ર્વે ત્રે 'વટ વરે અનુવ વ <u>૧ સ્ટર ફેં</u>દ 'ઘ કેદ સાવવ ફેંટ ફેંગ **ય** શુન શુન સુન ફુને સંદ **!**

म्यास्यासी के सार्क्षाया वर्षे म्यास्य वर्षे म्यास्य स्थान्तर स्थान्त्र स्यान्त्र स्थान्त्र स्थान्त्य स्थान्त्र स्थान्त्र स्थान्त्र स्थान्त्र स्थान्त्र स्थान्त्र स्य

र्षित्। त्वःय्त्रेवःसेत्ःयतेःषुःर्क्षेण्वावेश्ववःष्टःर्वेरःयःक्षःत्यःश्वरः। र्देःर्वेरःत्रःहेः मक्ष्यःग्रीव्यःसःसव्दःतुःक्वणःरेवःव्यः।

"र्बेर्। न्याः व्राप्तः क्रिं क्रियायायविष्ठाः तृत्त्र्याः प्रम्यायाः भेः भेवा "त्रेश्वः भ्रम्यः प्रमेवः व्याविष्ठाः विष्ठाः प्रमेवः विष्ठाः व

शु. इ. तिविभा चाबुच . त्यूच .

अन्तरायाक्षण अन्तर्या । अन्तरायाक्षण अन्तरायक्षण अन्तरायाक्षण अन्यर्थण अन्तरयाक्षण अन्त

"न्याः धार्यदेशवयाः वर्षेत्रः स्वाः केः याने यात्राः सुत्यः तत्राः यात्रेः दतः न्याः धार्यः दर्षेतिः

याच्यः मेश्राचारः त्यामः तर्स्या क्रुमः योः योवः युश्राः स्प्राः योश्राः योश्

अवयः या स्वायः विद्या स्वायः स्वायः विद्या स्वायः विद्या स्वायः स्वयः स्वय

पश्चित्राचरिःहुं त्यस्वरावर्षाच्ये प्राप्त स्वराक्ष्य विष्ण स्वराक्ष्य स्वराव स्वराक्ष्य स्वराव स्वराक्ष्य स्वराक्य स्वराक्ष्य स्वराक्य स्वराक्ष्य स्वराक्ष्य स्वराक्ष्य स्वराक्ष्य स्वराक्ष्य स्वराक्य स्वर स्वराक्य स्वराक्ष्य स्वराक्य स्वर स्वराक्य स्वराक्य स्वराक

क्र्राचें 'बेग' गोश्रास्त्रि 'योर्वस 'यें 'योर्झ्रेस 'बेंस 'रु 'सूग्रा प्रश्ना प्रश्ना प्रयोग प्रयोग प्रश्ना प "सुग्राश्राम विद्या प्रश्नी स्वाप्त स्व क्रिक्त स्वाप्त स्वाप् क्षुं-तेष्ठ-त्यायम् स्वान्त्रः विन्यान्त्रः विन्यान्त्रः त्याः विन्यान्त्रः त्याः विन्यान्त्रः विन्यान्त्यः विन्यान्त्रः विन्यान्त्यः विन्यः विन्यान्त्यः विन्यत्यः विन्यत्यः विन्यत्यः विन्यत्यः विन्यत्यः विन्यत्य

त्यवारार्द्वेद्वार्याः विवाशीकाञ्चवाकावार्वेदारिका विवासिका विवास

ब्रै क्षेत्र स्वायक्ष स्वायक्य स्वायक्य स्वायक्

ख्याश्चरायाङ्करायाय्येश्चरायाः देश्वराया । "दायायावेदाश्चरायाः वियास्यायुदा। अया दायाः अया द्वरायाः वियास्याय

"दर्गे, प्रश्ना स्थाया प्रहेश प्राया प्रत्ये स्थाया प्रत्ये स्थाय स्थाय

दग्ररार्थिक्षीत्वकायदकाहे "विक्षीर्विवाद्युरा। "बेकाक्षेराक्तुरावर्करार्वेरातुःयय।

धे क्ष्यः या मास्यः धुरामी त्वया देवसा ग्री क्ष्यः प्रमा स्त्रे प्रमा या वित्रः वित्र

योश्वादित्रःश्वेषाः श्वेषाः व्यक्ताः व्यक्ताः व्यक्ताः व्यक्ताः व्यक्ताः व्यक्ताः व्यक्ताः व्यक्ताः व्यक्ताः व भूतः तुः प्यतः श्वेषः श्वेषः व्यक्ताः व्यतः श्वेषः व्यक्ताः व्यक्ताः व्यक्ताः व्यक्ताः व्यक्ताः व्यक्ताः व्यक् प्यतः प्रदः श्वेषः श्वेषः व्यक्ताः विष्ठः व्यक्ताः विष्ठः व्यक्ताः विष्ठः व्यक्ताः विष्ठः व्यक्ताः विष्ठः व्यक्ताः विष्ठः विष्ठः विष्ठः विष्ठः विष्ठः विष्वः विष्ठः विष्रः विष्ठः विष

"दे. अ. देत्। दे.जश. त्यर. देत्। हिंद्. ज. उत्तेज. य.डे. ल्ट्। जश. त्यर. यर्ज्जेग्न.देश्का वा वालव.ज.डे.विया व.व. देश्व. अक्ट्या वाश्व. त्यंश. ह्यर. यर्ज्जे्या. शे. वृक्षा "लेकाञ्चवाकामोर्ज्ञेट.योका. त्यर. देत्।

सर्या से या तर्के मार्था व्यवित क्ष्म क्ष्म व्यवित क्ष्म क्ष्म विष्ण वि

द्म्या स्थान्य । स्थान्य स्था

ঝুল্মাল্র্রিনেল্নিমাহর মারেপ্ররা অল্যম্মার্ড্রার্ড্রান্ত্রিন্য র্রিন্যুদ্রেমীর্জন্মমান্দ্র ઌ੶ૡ૽ૼ૱૱ૹ૱૱૱૽૽ૺૡ૽૽ૼૺ૾૽ઌ૽*ૻ૽*ઽ૱૽ૺઌ૽૽૱૱ઌ૽૽૱ૢઌ૽૽૱ૢઌ૽૽ઌ૽૽૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱૱ र्श्वेरफॅन'दर्वद'य'द'से'दे'ह'र्श्वेग'यसम्बद्गमुय'र्नु'स्यापक्षेत्र। सुन्यसम्बद्गियत्तुः वशम्बद्याः स्ट्रांस्यायाः स्ट्रांस्य स्वाःस्याः स्वाःस्य स्वाःस्य स्वाःस्य स्वाःस्य स्वाःस्य स्वाःस्य स्वाःस्य खुट. मूट. त्र. बीर. जा अ. सूर. चाट. बार. वार. चर्मी वाजा दिवा कूट. पवाय. जा राष्ट्र हेट. विश्री भर्देयो. भवरः भु. एयोषः भ. योर्ट्रेयोश्वः पर्त्वे. भ. वीयो क्षियोशः योज्ञेरः योशः रेवी. त्रुः यश्चेत्राश्चरः वेदावरः त्वेदः त्वदश्च श्वरः तुः पुद्यश्वश्च। पृत्यवश्च स्वरः स्वरः प्रवादः प्रवादः चर्डला ग्राम् विष्वा ग्राम्य अत्राहेत्। नेया देम कुलाव केव यें वियाय दमा द्वा यें मास्या ऄॴज़ऻॸॆॸॱॺॴॻॸॸॱॻॱॿॕॴॱॸॸॱय़ॕॱऄॸऻॱॹॖॱ*ऄ*ॴढ़ऒॕॱढ़ॎड़ॆॺॱय़ॖॴॱॸॆॱॹॖॗॴॱॺॱक़ॱऄॱ न्नदशस्दा ध्रिवाशविशयारःवि:अश्विदायःरेत्। बेदशदेरःवर्विवायाःरदावीःक्षेत्यः नि:स्रश्नाचेषा:गुरःस:सूरः।

स्वाक्षायात्र। त्वान्यंत्रश्चे स्वाक्ष्यः त्याः स्वाक्ष्यः त्याः स्वाक्ष्यः व्याक्ष्यः व्याक्ष्यः व्याक्ष्यः व्याक्ष्यः व्याक्ष्यः व्याक्षयः व्यावक्षयः व्याक्षयः व्यावक्षयः विष्यवक्षयः विष्यवक्यविष्यः विष्यवक्षयः विष्यवक्षयः विष्यवक्षयः विष्यवक्षयः विष्यवक्यवक्षयः विष्यवक्षयः विष्यवक्षयः विष्यवक्षयः विष्यवक्षयः विष्यवक्यविष्यवेष्यः विष्यवेष्यः विषयः विष्यवेष्यः विष्यव

रेग देव गुर ह र्च पश्चर वश्वर मा शेर्ड केंद्र अर श्चेत्र अत्र स्वा विव यश रट गी यदग र्च राजेंद्र स्वाय स्वाय मेंद्र मी अर्थे टाई र्वे रा

"र्देश्यन्दा अतिषायर्वे मीयत्तु "डेश्य अपे मे ऑतिषा मीश्वर्यम् व्याप्त स्थान्य स्थान स्थान्य स्थान्य स्थान्य स्थान्य स्थान्य स्थान्य स्थान स्थान्य स्

"महें स्वर्त्व स्वर्त स्वर्त्व स्वर्त स्वर्त्व स्वयः स्वर्व स्वर्त्व स्वर्त्व स्वर्त्व स्वर्त्व स्वर्त्व स्वर्त्व स्वय्य स्वर्त्व स्वर्त्व स्वर्त्व स्वर्त्व स्वय्य स्वर्त्व स्वय्य स्वर्त्व स्वय्य स्वर्त्व स्वय्य स्वर्त्व स्वयः स्वय्य स्वय्ययः स्वयः स्वय्ययः स्वयः स्वयः स्वयः स्वयः स्वयः स्वयः स्वयः स्वयः स्

स्वाक्षः वार्वेदःवीः क्षदः चरः आवतः द्ववाक्षः हेः र्देः दरः हेः क्षुवाःधेवः यक्षा द्ववाक्षःयेवःयवदःदगावःर्वेरःश्चर। श्रेःक्षदःश्वक्षःयदःशःदगारःर्वेःहेःकुदःवकाहेःकुदः तुःवश्चरःयवेवःयरःयक्ष्रव। स्ववाकाव्यविकाश्चेवःयविकाश्चरः <u> २७४२च्.जम.ब्रॅट.री.ब्रैट.जूबीयायर.यश्चियाय</u>

ત્રાહ્મું ત્રાહમું ત્રાહમુ ત્રાહમું ત્રાહમું ત્રાહમું ત્રાહમું ત્રાહમું ત્રાહમુ ત્રાહમુ ત્રાહમુ ત્રાહમું ત્રાહમું ત્રાહમું ત્રાહમું ત્રાહમું ત્રાહમું ત્રાહમુ ત્રાહમું ત્રાહમું ત્રાહમું ત્રાહમું ત્રાહમું ત્રાહમું ત્રાહમુ ત્રાહમું ત્રા ત્રાહમુ ત્રાહમુ ત્રાહમુ ત્રા ત્રા

"ब्रिंद् विं विष् धेव विष प्रका विंद् रहें देवे वेश हैं शे अर्वेद विः देश देन्। "डेबार्क्ट्र ग्रीबार्ट्रबा

क्ष्यः यह त्यं न क्ष्यं यह स्थान क्ष्यं यह स्

चित्रक्षाः द्वेशः चे न्त्रेशः स्वाक्षः स्वतः स्वाक्षः स्वतः स्वाक्षः स्वाक्षः स्वाक्षः स्वाक्षः स्वाक्षः स्वाविक्षः स्वाविक्षः स्वाविक्षः स्वाविक्षः स्वाविक्षः स्वाविक्षः स्वाविक्षः स्वतः स्वाविक्षः स्वाविक्षः

श्रुकायादे स्टामी क्वियाव के लिया विद्या से प्रत्ति के आयव द्वा द्वा के स्वा क्षित्य के स्व क्षित्र के स्व क्ष्य क्ष्य के स्व क्ष्य क्ष्य के स्व क्ष्य क्ष्य के स्व क्ष्य के

"विंत्रिंशे तर्के रायादश विश्वार्षेत्। "डेश्वायय विंत्रत्। यत्यात्त्रार्यशङ्घे यः मुश्रायदे श्री केंग्राश्चीशयेश येश वेश वेश्वार्थ निर्मेश्वेत्र प्रतायक्ष्रा ।

"र्बिन्यिन्ने प्रमान्य प्रमान

र्येअप्यायम्भेदाअप्ते प्रम्नुदाद्यस्त्रीआ् "डेप्तियासेन्।"

"र्लेव प्रायक्षत्य स्याने निष्ठ प्रवाने प्रेति स्वाने स्व

ॷॖॖॖয়য়য়ऒॕ॔॔॔ॸॹॣॏॴऒॕॱढ़ख़ॖॗॺऻॱख़ॕ॔ॸॱॸॖॖ[™]ॸॖॖॸॱढ़ऒॕ॒ॱढ़ॏॺऻॱख़ॱॻॸॺॱॻॕ॔ॸॱढ़ॏॱॺऻॸॖॗॸॱ ॸ॓ॱढ़ॸॖॱख़ॕॸॖॱॻॱॸॖऀॱॸ॓ॸऻॖ[™]ॠॖॖॖॖॖয়ॱक़ॖॺॱऄॖॺॺॱॠॕॸॱॻॸॱढ़ॖढ़ऻ

"वरःवरः यः भ्रेः यः चक्षूश्च व चतुयः कष् भ्रेः व दः के। "वेश्वः य दः सः दग्रारः यँशः यवः यर्।

"देन ने अर्थे वया श्रेन्स व्या क्षित्त स्या क्षित्र स्या क्षित्र क्षे अर्थे स्या क्षेत्र क्षे

"ब्र्वासार्ग्चेद्दा श्र्वास्यविद्दा ब्र्वासायविद्दा व्याप्ता व्यापत्त व्यापत्य व्यापत्त व्यापत्त व्यापत्य व्यापत्य व्यापत्य व्यापत्य व्यापत्य व्यापत्य व्या

"अर्देग्या श्रुवायायदी पर्योदयाय हिंद्र श्री अर्देश मात्र अर्धिय वार्वे पर्योदयाय हिंद्र श्री अर्देश मात्र अर्थे वार्वे वार्वे पर्योदयाय हिंद्र श्री अर्थे वार्वे वार्वे

ञ्चनश्च व्यविष्य स्थित स्थित स्थान स्थान

"अ.वैंट. । वि. य. वशका २८. ५१ूँ ८. कूँ वी. थि. जुवाका बींय. वैंटा । बुका ला भ.

र्वेग्राम्युः तश्चुरः द्रम्यस्य सन्तर्भः सन्तर्भ

यक्तःस्तः भ्रीक्षः स्वार्यः स्वर्यः स्वर

"यदी:बिट्या ब्रिट्यूंग्रायां वि:बेट्युट्यं विगागी:क्रेट्युप्यात् क्रियाः वि:यंग्रायाः विगाणी:क्रेट्युप्याः विगाणी:क्रेट्युप्याः विगाणी:क्रेट्युप्याः विगाणी:यंग्रायाः विगाणी:यंग्रायः विगाणी:यंग्रायाः विगाणी:यंग्रायाः विगाणी:यंग्रायाः विगाणी:यंग्रायः विगाणी:यंग्

"न्।विं क्ष्मं द्वे न्यं न्या निका त्यं न्या विका त्या विका स्था विका स्था विका त्यं न्या विका त्या विका त्यं न्या विका त्या विका त्या

विं मित्र्याम् अप्तायाः मुकान्य स्त्रम् यान्या मान्यायाः मित्रायाः स्त्रम् यान्यायाः स्त्रम् यान्यायाः स्त्रम्

सियाल्त्री चि.श्र्याः सैयान्त्रा ब्रियः याचा क्षेत्राच्या वियाः स्थिता वियाः स्थिता वियाः स्थिता वियाः स्थिता वियाः सियाः सिय

"द्र्वा"लेश्वालयाः श्रीन्डिंगाः च्रीं प्रत्याः प्रत्याः वित्राः वित्र

"तक्ष्म या या बा तक्ष्म या या बा "लेखा र्ड्स्ट्रा स्ट्रीया या या ब्रिया या खेना हैं दा स्ट्रीया या या बा विकार् हैं दा स्ट्रीया या या ब्रिया स्ट्रीया या या ब्रिया हैं दा स्ट्रीया या या ब्रिया हैं या स्ट्रीया या या ब्रिया हैं दा स्ट्रीया या या ब्रिया हैं या स्ट्रीया या या ब्रिया हैं दा स्ट्रीया या या वा ब्रिया हैं दा स्ट्रीया स्ट्रीया या या वा ब्रिया हैं दा स्ट्रीया या या वा ब्रिया हैं दा स्ट्रीया स्ट

<u> हे'बर'तु</u>:ध्वेबा

मिं ह्वें वेस या स हिन्स में दा पदा सब "देंब दें सब हिंद या नहींया न धेव। "बेब या प्यापाया वे श्वाबा मोंदा। यदा सब में हिंद या से प्रावाय का है दिया से प्रावाय की स्वावया की स्वावय "दाया"

"श्रेत्र। द्वर्यास्य क्षेत्रात्वा क्ष्याया यस द्वरा क्षेत्र चेदा क्ष्या द्वरा क्ष्या द्वरा क्ष्या द्वरा क्ष्या द्वरा क्ष्या व्या क्ष्या द्वरा क्ष्या द्वरा क्ष्या व्या क्ष्या व्या क्ष्या द्वरा क्ष्या द्वरा क्ष्या व्या क्ष्या क्ष्या क्ष्या व्या क्ष्या क

अन्यस्त्र्वेत् स्त्रं त्राचित्रः स्त्राच्याः स्त्रः स्त्त

युवाश्वा वार्चिट तर्चे । विद्रा वाद्या विद्रा त्या के नार्चिट वाद्या विद्रा विद्रा वाद्या विद्रा विद्रा वाद्या वाद्या वाद्या वाद्या विद्रा वाद्या वाद्य वाद्या वाद्य वाद्या वाद्या वाद्या वाद्या वाद्या वाद्य वाद्या वाद्य वाद्या वाद्य वाद्या वाद्या वाद्या वाद्या वाद्या वाद्या वाद्या वाद्या वाद्या

स्वार मर्जेट मेर मायट है वर्षेट म्यायश हुर या वा म्र में लेगा व रो

"र्ज्ञन्द्र। द्रांश्रेश्वर्ष्ट्र विद्या प्रति । द्र्या प्रति । द्र्य प्रति । द्र्या प्रति । द्र्य प्रति । द्र्या प्रति । द्र्

ञ्चन्राम्बित्रः चित्रः वित्रः वित्रः

श्चा क्षेत्र स्वाद्य स्वाद्य

हें में र ग्रीक स्वाका मर्बेर मी ख्या या ग्रीका विंर ती "बिंद ग्रीका वियायर सा

चन्। क्र्या या अवतः क्र्रीं मा क्री अवतः क्र्रीं मा क्रिया प्रमा क्रिया क्रिया प्रमा क्रिया विषय विषय विषय क्रिया विषय विषय क्रिया विषय क

म् में में भी का ने का ने बादा के का ने मा क्यां में मा क्या ने मा क्या ने मा क्या के का ने मा क्यां के मा क्यां में मा क

र्वेर।"बेरायाञ्चनश्चार्वेदानीश्चात्राद्धेत्रम्। र्वेवाळेवारेयांत्राद्धर्ताः विराधितायाः न्यात्रे। भुगश्चार्वेदानीश्चार्वेदानीश्चार्वेदान्यः

मश्चमार्या श्रेमश्चर्य वस्त्रश्चर प्रमानित् । श्वास्त्र स्त्री स्त्रा स्त्रा स्त्र स्त्र

त्री, प्रांक्ष्ण, प्रश्नाक्ष्य, प्रक्षण, प्रति विकासी स्थान्य प्रति त्रांक्ष्ण, प्रश्नाक्ष्य, प्रति विकासी स्थान्य प्रति विकासी स्थान प्रति विकासी स्यान प्रति विकासी स्थान प्रति विकासी

यानितः तरेते. अर्थाः चित्रः क्र्रांचाः धित्रा चेत्रः त्रांचाः अर्थाः क्रियः वित्रः त्रेतः अर्थाः वित्रः वि

क्रं.च.ट्रं.प्रक्ष्यः त्रं.ट्रं.प्रचीश्राचटं.प्रक्ष्यः व्याच्यः व्याचः व्याच्यः व्याचः व्याचः व्याच्यः व्याचः व्य

ञ्चनश्च व्यव्यक्ष "उर्द्धात्त क्षेत्र के स्वर्ध क्षेत्र व्यव्यक्ष क्षेत्र क्ष

"ब्विंद्र-द्रद्राब्विदेराषाः खाखाः खादाः अन्तर्भा "केश्वायद्रा अर्क्वेश्वायद्यद्रा विद्रास्तु। द्रायूरा

"त्। विं क्षं नेपामुला डे तर् धिवापादित ग्रीका शे हिंग्मा विं क्षं श्राप्त सक्षेत्र सक्षेत्र

"म्याने र्क्षेत्र अप्तान्त्र विश्व विश्व

"दे'द'र्क्स केंद्र स्वाचित्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र

यक्ष्म् । "विं र्क्ष्म र्ये स्वाप्त प्रत्य प्रत्य प्रत्य हिन क्ष्म विषय हिन क्ष्म विषय हिन क्ष्म विक्ष क्ष्म विं र्क्ष्म विषय हिन क्ष्म विवय हिन क्षम हिन क्षम विवय हिन क्षम हिन क्षम विवय हिन क्षम विवय हिन क्षम विवय हिन क्षम ह

स्तार्यः त्वार्यः त्वार्यः त्वार्यः त्वार्यः विष्यः त्वार्यः विष्यः विषयः विष्यः विष्

स्यावित्राः श्रीन् प्रकानित्रः स्त्रां स्त्रा

याँ त्रां स्वी त्या या सुवाश्चा अपावित ते स्वत् स्वाय स्वत् वित्र स्वाय स्वत् स्वाय स्वत् स्वाय स्वत् स्वाय स्व स्वाय स्वत् सुर्वे त्या स्वत् सुर्वे त्र स्वत् स्व स्वाय स्वत् सुर्वे त्या स्वत् सुर्वे त्या स्वत् स्

म्राविद्या क्रिंचाकुर्चाकुर्जिर्जिर्जिश्चात्रमान्त्राव्यात्रम् विकासान्त्रमान्त्रम् विकासान्त्रम् विकासान्त्रम् च्यात्राच्यात्रम् विका क्रिंचाकुर्जित्यात्रम् विकासान्त्रम् विकासान्त्रम्य विकासान्त्रम् विकासान्य

"अञ्चतः सह्मामी देव त्दरे हिंदः ग्रीकाराया सम्दाराय के सेत्। "के का स्माका मार्बेरासीमा जुराका त्यसासी संवत्।

चन् अश्व प्रचान्त्र प्रमुख्य विष्ठ प्रमुख्य । विश्व विष्ठ प्रमुख्य विष्ठ प्रमुख्य । विश्व विष्ठ प्रमुख्य विष्ठ प्रमुख्य । विश्व विष्ठ विश्व विष्ठ विश्व विष्ठ । विश्व विष्ठ व

त्र्रींत्र या ते भ्रम्भ मार्चेद मी अध्या विद्या श्रा थे मे प्रमात्र स्थित हि त्र्युम। विद्या क्ष्य मार्चेद से अध्या विद्या श्री क्ष्य मार्चेद से क्ष्य स्था विद्या क्ष्य मार्चेद से क्ष्य स्था विद्या क्ष्य मार्चेद से क्ष्य स्था क्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्य स्था क्ष्य स्था क्य

यदः अ'वर्देदः भ्रे'वर्देदः ग्रीकायमदः श्रुदः। विं भ्रेकादमें दक्षः दमा विं के विश्वादि ।

यानश्चित्रस्त त्रिं संस्था से संस्था स्वर्ण स्वर्ण

चित्रः प्राची विद्यान्य व

प्रमानिक तम्भानाव स्था भ्रम् नाविक स्था क्ष्म क्ष्म स्था क्ष्म स्

चनाः स्वतः स्व स्वतः स

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"दर्ने र्मे म्मूयम यवद र्मे लिमा स रेन् न्सा "लेम यन स न्यार र्मे हैस य र्मेन्स उत्र लिमान्द रद्भाय रामान हुटा

देवादेराभुग्रामार्वेदाले व्यामिश्वास्त्री तर्वेस्रश्चार्या चर्त्रा न्यारा विद्रास्त्री स्त्रास्त्र न्यार्वेद्य स्रिस्त्र के स्त्र प्राप्ते स्वाप्त्र प्रस्त्र स्वाप्त्र स्वाप्त

"वर्गाःच। होत् ग्रीकादायाते स्वयात् । "विकाले स्वयात् । यत् अपत्यात् । यत् अपत्यात् । यत् अपत्यात् । विकाले स्वयात् । यत् अपत्यात् । यत् । यत्य । यत् । यत्य । यत् । यत्य । यत्य

र्ज्यादम्ब्रितः वित्रक्षुत्रा अम्बर्धाम्बर्धान्य । अम्बर्धाम्बर्धान्य । अम्बर्धाम्बर्धान्य । अम्बर्धाम्बर्धान्य

तुः यो अन्तः योव 'तुत्र प्यमुगाका व्याँ न्यमुः सेन्। विव 'ग्रुट 'होव' ने सः विवास क्षेत्र हो मा की विवास के स् विवास के सम्बद्ध मा कि का स्वास के स्व

"र्हे म्यूर अपि मिले प्राप्त अस्य ग्रीट अपि द्या विते । प्राप्त प्र प्राप्त प्राप्त प्राप्त प्राप्त प्राप्त प्राप्त प्राप्त प्र प्राप

त्रु ने नर्गे दश है श हैं में प्राणी श्री न्यू प्राणी न्यू प्राणी

"गडेबाधुम दॅबासुराविमामी दॅबारु हिंदा मु केससाम द्यामा सारदेंदा यस्य दसाममा प्रकार प्राची केस हैं में सम्मेस सेससाम प्रमाद क्या प्राची

र्या यहमात्रा हो त्यारत्रा यदे हें। होदे म्याया त्या होमा सदय विमा ययरता हे मा

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"यदी मार्थे हु तिमा को धिता हिंदा ग्रीश यह शाता यदेंदा शामन दमा यदी नशा यस्ट रहें मा डिश सूर दमेंदा ग्रीश

"भेता ष्यासा दकायसूकात..."

कूंच.श्रम.कृ.शु.यालेज.ट्रम.टेटबात.टट.याझूच.त्रम.बुट.या.च्रम.बुट.त.चेम.बुटा. पट.कृंतु. वृत्यू.श्रय.मिलेज.ट्रम.टेटबात.टट.याझूच.त्रम.बुट.या.च्रम.बुटात.चेम.बुटा.वि.चुश्राच्या.चेम.चुटा भ्रेशः मन् मन्ति । प्राप्ति म्या मुन्या कं येश्वा तक्षे । यमः अर्केट्शनः तर्मिषाः आश्चायः यश्च । हेशः अप्तः मन्ति मन्ति । प्राप्ति मन्ति । स्वाप्ति । स्व

यद्भान्त्र्यात्र्व्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्य व्यात्रात्र्यात्रत्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्रत्यात्यात्रत्यात्रत्यात्रत्यात्रत्यात्यात्रत्यात

द्यादानी के अन्तर्याक्षा विश्व विश्

भूँ लट पश्चर होश होट। उत्तरा पड़िया हिशे कंट सब भूँ विया परेश भेंश

पञ्चित्राबिद्यान्त्रित्रान्त्राह्में स्वाप्त्र स्वाप्त्

"तर्मे न। न न संक्षें मान वा तर्मे "लेब वा वा लें म नु में न पति है न मी हु ने वा सुन हो न ने में मान वा तर्मे "लेब वा वा लें म नु में में मान स्वाप्त के मान स्वाप्त के मान स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्व

"यन् अप्नार्यो न्यार तर्शे क अन् रेत्। "डेश्यान्ने न्यो क्षु के यायर त्या चुन्यात्र क क्षित्र वार त्या के न्यार तर्शे क अन् रेत्। "तें क्ष्याने ने न्या तर्भे त्या तर्भे त्या तर्भे का वियार्षेद्रायाद्रश्राचेत्रा विद्रायादे हेद्रावा विंहें व्या हेद्रहु देदा"

"दः र्क्षेत्रादे न्याद्य प्यादे प्राप्त प्र प्राप्त प्राप्त प्राप्त प्राप्त प्राप्त प्राप्त प्राप्त प्राप्त प

मुद्दरम् अत्ययः यः दर्भ वित्यमः स्वयः म्यान्यः स्वयः स्व

"देत्। ब्रेंप्वतिःत्ग्रीयःवःसॅत्मुःदेत्।"डेब्रायत्ःअःत्ग्रारःसॅब्रार्ब्य्यवः व्यायया

"तर्शे न्।वरायाने तर्सेवानु तर्शे यन्। यान्यान्यान् के स्रमायश्चित्रकान्। स्रमायबन्। "वेशाययात्रकायमाने विश्वसाय स्थाय विश्वसाय विश्वसाय विश्वसाय स्थाय विश्वसाय स्थाय विश्वसाय स्थाय स्थ

कर्रायाहे खुरातु त्यों कु अदाया वित्वाया यह वा विवाया या क्रायाहे कु स्वाया के स्वया के

"तर्ग्: या त्राहेर्: वया त्राहेर्: वया "वेश क्ष्मश्मा मॉर्चेट: ग्रुट: विश्व सरत्वेता

"देद् र्क्केंद्रे भ्रीत्वर्श्चेता का हेद्या छो सेद्य "डेका भ्रुवाका वर्षेट क्षेत्रका र्ग्यावा की

קקבין

"अरहेर। दबाहिं क्रेंद्रे तर्वे बाहेरा वर्षे च। "बेबायर अर्गास्यंबा न्यासुनाकुष्या

त्यरायः यार्क्षेत्राक्षः क्षेत्रः याः व्याः व्यः व्याः व्यः व्याः व्याः व्याः व्याः व्यः व्यः व्यः व्यः व्यः व्यः व्यः

ईं म्यूं र मान्य छंडर यमाव क्षें त्र मान्य मान्य प्राप्त क्षें र मान्य प्राप्त क्षें र मुं र मान्य प्राप्त क्षें र मान्य क्षें मान्

"वित्र क्रें तर्ते व्या क्रु को सेत्। "स्वाया मोर्बेट सेस्य तक्षेत्र है। यर्वेत् त्रु वाया मेर सेत्र प्रस्तर हुटा

क्ट.भन्न.भर्यु. त्रुं. क्रुंच. क्रुंच. चेन्न। ज.चन्न.भट. च. भन्न. लूट. वलटा। क्रेचन

यार्चरः यो अप्तरं रहें व्यारः अर्थे या अर्थ या या प्राप्त या प्राप्त रहें विकास के अर्थ या अर

्र स्वायः वार्चरः। राष्ट्रिं र्राय्यः स्वायः व्याप्तः व्यापः वायः व्यापः विष्यः व्यापः विषयः व्यापः विषयः विषयः

"भ्रेव। ल.पि.ट्र्. ग्रेम जमावश्च प्रेव प्राच्या हिंद् ग्रीश वि र्क्ष जमावहिंदा विद्युद्द पुरी अप्तावश्च के विद्या हिंद् ग्रीश वि र्क्ष जमावहिंदा

यह प्रश्ना विश्व क्ष प्रश्न प्रश्न क्ष यह क्ष यह विश्व क्ष यह क्ष विश्व क्ष

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द्यार्क्षेत्रमिन्न्यत् । विवार्द्वन्नाव्यक्षय्वत्वाविक्षयः स्त्रम् । विवार्द्वन्नाविक्षयः विकार्वेद्वान्यक्षयः विकार्यक्षयः विकार्यक्यविकायः विकार्यक्यविकायः विकार्यक्षयः विकार्यक्यविक्ययः विकार्यक्यविकायः विकार्यक्यविक्ययः विकार्यक्यविक्ययः विकार्यक्षयः विकार्यक्यविक्ययः विकार्यक्यविक्ययः विकार्यक्ययः विकार्यक्षयः विकार्यक्यविक्ययः विकार्यक्यविक्ययः विकार्यक्यविक्ययः विकार्यक्यविक्ययः विकायक्ययः विकायविक्ययः विकार्यक्ययः विकायविक्ययः विका

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मैस्यायम्परिःह्ना अन्यायार्चरः देशः मुद्दार्यात्रायाः स्वायायाः स्वायाः स्वायाः स्वायाः स्वायाः स्वायाः स्वायाः स्वायाः स्वायः स्वयः स्वायः स्वयः स्

"नर्गेव अर्क्ष्म मश्च अर्थे। हिंन ले श्चेव। "बेशयन अन्य स्थाने प्रांति श्चेष "दः मार्क्षेन के का या महेन श्वेत । ख्याया वमा के यत् विमार्खेन। अन्य श् मर्वेद मेशयम यश्च अत्य या देन स्थान यहा अत्य यह अत्य स्थाने श्वेत स्थाने श्वेत । स्थान स्थाने स्थान स्यान स्थान स शुवःर्षेर्।

"न्-दर्के ब्रिअन्दर्भियम्य त्वाद्य विश्व स्वीत् स्वीत्

"यन् सान्यान्यां त्रुः स्वान्यत्रः विवान्त्रः विवान्त्रः स्वित् स्वान्यः । यान्यः स्वान्यः स्वान्यः । यान्यः स र्बेषाः स्वनः स्वान्यः स्वान्यः । "विवान्ध्रयाव्याः स्वान्यः स्वान्यः स्वान्यः स्वान्यः स्वान्यः । यान्यः स्व

"दशः ब्रिंदः त्यस्य। तर्गः च। देदः मान्नेशः मान्यः स्वदः नशः द्वाः त्यनः चहः विश्वः व्याः विश्वः व्याः विश्वः विश

"८.५मू.भ्या क्ष्मात्त.४अ.१५.क्षे.मूब्यात्वम् अम्बरम्ब्रह्मात्वम् ह्या क्ष्मात्वम् व्याप्त ह्या क्ष्मात्व । क्ष्मात्व ४ अ.४५५.क्ष्मात्वम् अस्य विद्या

"न्तिंक्न्न्स्ट्रंड्र्न्न्स्त्रः स्त्राधित्रः स्त्रेन्द्र्यः स्त्राधित्रः स्त्रेन्द्र्यः स्त्राधित्रः स्त्रेन्द्र्यः स्त्राधित्रः स्त्रेन्द्र्यः स्त्राधित्रः स्त्रेन्द्र्यः स्त्राधित्रः स्त्रेन्द्रः स्त्राधित्रः स्त्रेन्द्रः स्त्राधित्रः स्त्रः स्त्राधित्रः स्त्रा

वन्यमामुर्चेन यान्यसम्भायते वुर्वेते स्नून भेराम्मम

स्ता भ्रमाश्चित्रः देः भ्री सहर भ्रमार द्वि स्थान्य स

"क्रम्याद्धिम् र्व्ववर्श्वम् वर्ष्यम् वर्षयम् वर्ययम् वर्षयम् वर्षयम् वर्षयम् वर्षयम् वर्षयम् वर्षयम् वर्षयम् वर्षयम् वर्ययम् वर्ययम् वर्ययम् वर्षयम् वर्षयम् वर्षयम् वर्षयम् वर्षयम् वर्षयम् वर्षयम् वर्षयम् वर्ययम् वर्षयम् वर्षयम् वर्षयम् वर्षयम् वर्षयम् वर्षयम् वर्षयम् वर्ययम् वर्षयम् वर्षयम् वर्षयम् वर्षयम् वर्षयम् वर्षयम् वर्ययम् वर्ययम् वर्षयम् वर्षयम् वर्ययम् वर्यय

क्ट्रस्मस्यम् द्वा स्वर्षः क्ष्या स्वर्षः क्ष्या स्वर्षः स्वर्षः स्वर्षः स्वर्षः स्वर्षः स्वर्षः स्वर्षः स्वर् क्ष्या स्वर्षः स्वर् क्ष्या स्वर्षः स्वरं स्वर्षः स्वरं स्वर

प्रिच क्री. श्रुच क्राच क्राची. लटका क्री. च टेट. | बीच. क्री. च व्या पड्या क्राच क्राची. लटका क्री. च टेट. | बीच. क्राच क्षा पड्या क्राच क्राच क्राच क्राच क्राच क्राच क्राच क्षाच क्ष

द्धिन्य। इ. म्. पर्नेटी जैवाया वाच्न्ट. यु. प्रेंट. वालट. म्. पट्ट. पर्म. या. ट्यट. पर्टें ता स्थान स

प्रमाणक्षम् स्रोत्यार्च्य स्याप्त्र स्याप्त्य । स्रोत्य स्वाप्त्र स्वाप्त्र

ऄॖॺऻॴऒॖॾॖट.ॻऻॴऄॱॸॖॱॸॖॳऻ.ज़ॺऻ.ऄऀॱचबीट.ॳॴॶॕॣ.ज़.चबीयाशऻॱॷॕॣ.पि.ऐयी.

प्रत्वाकरम्बरःश्चित्रः विद्यान्तः के प्रत्यान्तः विद्यान्तः विद्यानः विद्यान्तः विद्यान्तः विद्यान्तः विद्यान्तः विद्यान्तः विद्यान्तः विद्यान

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बेर। अग्रम्भयान् स्वाधिताय्यत्यात्यायाः यात्रम् श्रीत्रात्यां स्वाधित्याः विद्याः विद

क्षेत्रश्च व्यक्त स्था स्थान स्थान

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श्रुवायार्क्ष्यवित् यथा ग्री कें वाया वित्र या क्षेत्र वित्र वित्

क्षेत्राञ्चना मृत्युद्राच अर्थे : र्रेना वा न्या मृत्या चित्र प्राची स्वा न्या चित्र प्राची चित्र चित्र प्राची चित्र प्राची चित्र प्राची चित्र प्राची चित्र प्राची चित्र चित्र प्राची चित्र चित्र

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ॷण्याचार्चर प्रत्याची प्रत्याची प्रत्याची क्षेत्र में क्षेत्र प्रत्याची क्षेत्र क्र

श्चेमान्डेप्टर्षिमान्चेर् र्वोसान्चुर्ये । "दर्गेपा स्मान्यस्य विष्णामान्यस्य स्मान्यस्य स्मान्यस्यस्य स्यान्यस्य स्मान्यस्यस्य स्मान्यस्यस्यस्य स्यान्यस्यस्यस्यस्यस्यस्यस्यस्यस्यस्यस्यस

"यद्रायाद्रग्राम्याद्र्यां द्रायादराद्वराक्कुः उद्रायोदानी"

"त्रचेत्रचु चुेतु त्या सर्क्षेत्र त्रा सर्वेते से सन्तर के व्येन्। देत् गुमान् माने वित्रः क्षेप्र वित्रा प्रतेत्र त्र के त्र वित्र वित्र त्र के स्वर्थ के वित्र वित्र वित्र वित्र वित्र वित्र वित्र वित्र प्रमान्य माने वित्र वित्

"र्श्वर्यस्यवित्व यद्यस्यात्र्यस्य विद्यत्वित्वाक्षेत्रः विद्यत्वित्वाक्षेत्रः विद्यस्य विद्

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श्रुशः यः दरः सः दया योशः श्रूयाः यादः सर्ग्याः क्रीशः स्वः याश्र्याः व्याः व्याः व्याः व्याः व्याः व्याः व्या हेंग्रशः सायतः यः त्राः व्याः योशः श्रूयाः यादः सर्ग्याः व्याः व्याः व्याः व्याः व्याः व्याः व्याः व्याः व्याः श्रीशः यः दरः सः दयाः योशः श्रूयाः यादः सर्ग्यां व्याः व श्रीशः यः दरः सः दयाः योशः श्रूयाः यादः सर्ग्याः व्याः व

"त्दी प्रस्ति त्रें हेव से । "डेश श्रुशाया वावत विवाशिया विद्या विद्या

"म्या हे मि र्क्षेंट या र्क्षे ध्रीरायार्थेत मेंट स्टा न्यास र्क्ष्य र्क्षेय व्यास र वा "डेसर्ट्वें राग्चें सम्मेट यर्थे ख्रीरायायाया

"दः यः चर्गेदः यः क्षेत्राः खेँदः देदेः अर्गेः यः क्षेदः दददः केरः चर्झेत्रक्षः चेदः यः व्यादकः केः वेद्वः देदा "डेक्षः स्वावः वोद्वः योक्षः वोदः योक्षः योक्षः वोदः योक्षः योक्षः वोदः योक्षः यो

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"श्रेव। ष्यासुर्हे में मा हिंदायायश्यवात्मवावत विवासित्। "डेश्ययाव्यव्यः विवासित्र स्थित्। हिंदायायश्यवात्मव्यः विवासित्र स्थित। "डेश्ययाव्यव्यः

यर्त्त क्ष्मका मृत्य ह्या हैं म्यून्त ह्या क्ष्म याद्व त्या स्वा क्ष्म न ये त्या क्ष्म न ये त्या क्ष्म म्यून या क्ष्म या वि क्ष्म या क्षम या क्ष्म या क्ष्म या क्ष्म या क्ष्म या क्ष्म या क्ष्म या क्ष्म

विपः में प्रमुख्य व्याप्त स्था क्षेत्र व्याचुः रः मुख्य व्याय राज्य क्षेत्र क्षेत्

र्दे में र प्राप्त प्राप्त प्राप्त क्षेत्र क्

"दर्वः त्यमानः श्चरः स्रोत्। धोनः नत्यः हेशः श्वरः मान्यः दितः। दर्गे त्या "लेशः हें। र्गेरः ग्रीश्रस् सम्बद्धः तुः त्या

"ददेः वृषाचा हिंद् ग्रीकादायाधेद केका ग्री सोदा "केका हें गोंदा ग्रीका या

"દ્વર-વૃત્તાના ક્રોન્ક્રદ્રમાં ક્રોન્ક્રદ્રમાં ક્રોન્ક્રન્સ ક્રાયા ક્રોન્ક્રન્સ ક્રોન્સ્રન્સ ક્રોન્ક્રન્સ ક્રોન્સ્રન્સ ક્રોન્સ ક્રોન ક્રોન્સ ક્રોન ક્રોન્સ ક્રોન ક્રોન ક્રોન્સ ક્રોન્સ ક્રોન ક્રોન્સ ક્રોન્સ ક્રોન્સ ક્રોન ક્રોન્સ ક્

"ब्रिंद्रात्या मानवा सा वर्हेमा कु के ध्यदा सेदा समा ब्रिंद्राची दस्य पा वदी समा

ୣ୷ୢୄ୷୵୶ୖ୫*୕*୵ଽଽ୕୵ୣୗ"ଌ୕୕ୣୣୣ୴ୣଊୖ୕ୣୣ୷୷୶ୄୢ୕୷୶୲୷ଌ୕୵ଌ୕୵ୢ୕ୢୠ୶ୢୖଽୣ୶ୄ

"दर्शन्वाः व्यान्त्राः व्यान्त्रः व्यान्त्यः व्यान्त्रः व्यान्तः व्यान्त्रः व्यान्त्रः व्यान्त्रः व्यान्तः व्यान्त्रः व्यान्त्यः व्यान्त्यः व्यान्तः व्यान्त्यः व्यान्तः व्यान्यः व्यान्तः व्यान्तः व्यान्तः व्यान्तः व्यान्तः

क्षुः र्वे मुत्रकार् श्वनाः र्वेटः । तर्ने प्तः विनायः यदमा यदम् ने देवः येदः धिवः व। अः विना ने का ग्राटः धिदः येः हें वः यव्ययवः हे। द्विषः यः विना यदम् वः ववः स्टः नीः विना वें वेसः यः हें में स्वायः योदः योदः श्वें दः तुः युवा

શું સાં સ્ત્રુપ્ત સુત્રા સાત્ર સેંદા કર્યા કેંદ્ર સ્ત્રાપ શું સાં સાત્ર સાત્ર શું સાલ્યા શું સાલ્યા શું સાલ્યા શું સાલ્યા સાત્ર પ્રત્યા સાલ્યા સા

 धेश्वर्यक्र्रित्यः मुँग्वरायविः त्रं से सद्यायञ्चरः व्याप्तरः वृत्रः वृत्रः व्याः स्थाः क्रुंतः तुः यञ्ज्य

क्षें यदः क्षेः यहुद्धायका भुवाका वार्वेदः वार्वेद

"रा यर्' अर्ग्यार्ग्या "लेक्षःक्क्ष्रीं श्रुवकात्रकाःक्ष्मर्'र्य्यदेशें लेग्' ग्र्याकाक्षर्यः ।

श्रुवाकावार्वेदः वीकार्याः ग्री प्रज्ञासक्षेत्रं र्या खेदीः दर्द्यक्षेत्रं पर्याप्तानाकार्येदः।

विवा श्रुवा केवा वीकाः क्क्षें व ' यदकाः यद्द्रा "क्षेत्र अर्ज्ञः वया । यद् अर् द्र्यारः य्वा "लेकाः

श्रुवाकावार्वेदः वीकार्द्रका

"तस्त्रेत्र प्रवादा स्त्रेत्। तस्त्रेत् प्रवादा स्त्राप्त प्रवादा स्त्रित् स्त्रे स्त्र स्त्राप्त स्त्रेत्। स्त्रित् स्त्रे स्त्र स

"वर्षाःच। र्देः र्षा राष्ट्राः र्घवायेषा । विष्याः विषयः । विष्यः । विषयः । विष्यः । विष्यः । विषयः । वि

"यत् सात्रामः र्यो डिः लेगा सास्तः वया "लेश सुगश गर्वेद रद्या देग यत् सात्रामः र्येश समायश्चा देश्यायश्चा सके सासह्य स्थित शुवशामा दशकी र गठसः श्रेटरतुः वग्ना "द्रसे र्कें यदे रव्यो याग्निद रद्दे दे राकें सामित केश श्वरह्या स्ति द्वा स्ति । द्वा स्ति विद्या विद्य विद विद्य विद

स्वाक्षावार्वरात्रे ने ने त्या प्रमानकार्ये ने क्षाया स्वाक्षावार्य क्षाया स्वाक्षावार्य क्षाया व्याप्त्र व्याप्त्य व्याप्त्र व्याप्त्र व्याप्त्य व्याप्त्य व्याप्त्य व्याप्त्य व्याप्त्य व्याप्त्य

प्रमा कुष्यम्प्तः स्त्रां स्त

ख्रेयात्रायात्र्यात्रायात्र्यात्रात्रात्र्यात्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्यात्र्यात

प्यच्ना अन्यान्य विष्य स्वान्य स्वान्

 याडेना तयम्बात्र व्यक्ति । विकास्य मार्था मार्थे । प्रत्य विष्य । विकास्य मार्थे । प्रत्य विष्य । विषय । विकास याडेना तयम्बात्र विषय । विकास याडेना विकास याडेना । विकास याडेना । विकास याडेना । विकास याडेना । विकास याडेना

श्रुकायार्क्षका अन्तर्विष्य स्थान्य स् यक्षेत्र श्रेट्र । तेर्श्केष्ठ त्रिया श्रेष्ठ त्यम् स्थान्य स्

श्चेत्रस्यत्रिं सर्वे विष्ट्रायान्यस्य स्विष्ट्रस्य स्वे स्विष्ट्रस्य स्विष्ट्रस्य स्विष्ट्रस्य स्विष्ट्रस्य स्व स्विष्ट्रस्य स्विष्ट्रस्य स्विष्ट्रस्य स्विष्ट्रस्य स्विष्ट्रस्य स्विष्ट्रस्य स्विष्ट्रस्य स्विष्ट्रस्य स्विष्ट स्विष्ट्रम्य स्विष्ट्रस्य स्विष्ट्यस्य स्विष्ट्रस्य स्विष्ट्रस्य स्विष्ट्रस्य स्विष्ट्रस्य स्विष्ट्यस्य

"તર્ને ના ફિંદ મે ત્યામન ના માર્ચ ત્રાપ્ત માર્ચ સામાર્થ સામ માર્ચ સામ માર્

तृत्वहर्र्स्य कुंश्वर् । "देव्यायन। वित्र क्षेत्र कुंश्वर् न् । क्षेत्र हे सेत्र यदे हि स्वर् नेश हें में र हि धेर श्वर् य स्वर् य सेत्र सेत्र सेत् वित्र क्षेत्र कुंश्वर् न । क्षेत्र हे सेत्र यदे हि स्वर् नेश हें में र हि धेर श्वर् य यविष्य य सेत्र सेत्र सेत् हित्र क्षेत्र कुंश्वर् न । क्षेत्र हे सेत्र यदि हि स्वर् नेश हें में र हि धेर श्वर्य य क्षेत्र सेत्र सेत्र सेत् हित्र क्षेत्र में सेत्र कुंश्वर्य है सेत्र सेत्

यन् सन्तर्भः देश की ना क्षेत्र की व्यक्ति स्वास्त्र की स

यन् अन्तर्भान्ति विद्याने स्त्रित्य क्षेत्र विद्याने स्त्र क्षेत्र कष्ठ क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र कष्ठ क्षेत्र क्षेत्र

지擊기

"बुग्रम् मुं अप्याद्या । दर्गे प्रा विश्व प्रदेश प्रा विश्व प्रा विश्व प्र विश्व प्र

"ब्रिंद्रायाद्दावार्विमा मान्निसाम्बर्धाम्या विस्तान्य विस्तान्य

देवश्या हुश्च। "ष्याया द्वित्वश्च विद्वा चुश्च चुश्च

"มิ'สุภุมาฏิ'ฺลฺามารุ่าลัๅ"ผิฐเผามฐามีราสฏิรุามิ'สรัฐานราชอๅ "ลฺามารุ่าสุดูทุฐานฐรุาพัรุาทิ เผามๅ"

"के:बेबा:बाय:क्रेव:रेन्। हिंद:ग्री:याम्बव:यशाबाय:क्रे:याबाद:रेन्।"केश्ययदः

"બાસા હિંદ્ર-શૈસાદ્ર-કેટને સાશી સેટ્રા ટાર્કેટનો સરવાર્સ સાર્લેટ્રા ક્રાટ્સ સ્ટર્ને સાથિત્ર કર્યો સાથિત કર્યો સાથિત્ર કર્યો સાથિત કર્યો સાથિત્ર કર્યો સાથિત કર્યા સાથિત કર્યો સાથિત કર્યો સાથિત કર્યા સાથિત કર્યો સાથિત કર્યા સાથિત કર્યો સાથિત કર્યા સાથ

"ब्रिंद् ग्रीका सदावी त्यदका की क्रिंत् । व्रिवा व्रिंद् ग्रुग यहावा यक्षका या क्षेत्र । वृक्षा "बेकायदा कर्केका देवा

"तर्ने त्रश्च श्रून कर्ने तर्न आया। अवाश्व व्यास्त्री तहिवा हेव तर्ने त्रशाहित चीश्राचे व्याप्त स्वर्म चार्च वायते स्वेवाश्व व्याप्त विवा हेवा त्रेवा व्याप्त व्याप्त व्याप्त व्याप्त व्याप्त चराया वश्वर हेश्राय स्वर्मा

"तर्श्चेर् प्रान्धुत्र प्रति विष्या द्वा क्षेत्र क्षे

याब्र्यः स्थात्रक्ता।
स्वाक्ष्यः स्थात्रक्ता।
स्वाक्ष्यः स्थात्रः स्वाप्त्रक्ताः स्वाक्ष्यः स्वाक्ष्यः स्वाक्ष्यः स्वाक्ष्यः स्वाक्ष्यः स्वाक्ष्यः स्वाक्ष्यः स्वाक्ष्यः स्वाक्ष्यः स्वाक्षयः स्वावक्षयः स्वावक्ययः स्वावक्षयः स्वावक्ययः स्वावक्षयः स्वावक्षयः स्वावक्षयः स्वावक्षयः स्वावक्ययः स्व

वर्षः त्रम्म श्री विषय वर्षः स्वर्षः स्वरं स्वर्षः स्वरं स्वर्षः स्वरं स्

"यन्य। ब्रिंन्यने क्री" अम्बन्ध ब्रिंन्य स्था क्रिंन्य स्था क्रिंन्य स्था व्या त्या क्रिंन्य स्था व्या व्या क्रिंन्य स्था क्रिंग्य स्था स्था

प्रज्ञां स्टान्त्र विषय स्टान्त्र विष्य स्टान्त्र विषय स्टान्त्य स्टान्त्र विषय स्टान्त्य स्टान

र्ष्याश्चर्या विष्याय। यवतः श्चे र्ष्याच श्चे द्वा विष्या में द्वा विष्या विष्या विष्या विषया व

"वित्रित्राचित्रायदे स्ट्रिया वीकावाक्षेत्रकायदे स्ट्रिया

"'न्नर'यन्याञ्च भी'र्क्षे'न्यंब'यारार्हे'र्से पञ्चर'यातु'या ग्रेन्'न्ब्र्यायाखे' रेन्। "डेब्रायन्'सब्रक्षेत्राञ्चर'ययेव'र्ब्दरम्'त्याञ्चब्राग्यते'यहंस्रालेत्राग्रुट'यक्ष्व।

र्वेषाके बुर सेन। क्षें संक्षाति लया रकात्का श्री मार्ड र विकासना विकास निष्य सिन श्री स्वाप्त स्वाप्

श्रेषा-वारानेशार्वि श्रें प्राप्त स्वाप्त स्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त

"८:८:४८:४:३८:७८:८:४४:४४:४३॥"लेब:३मशमॉर्डेट:मोब:५३॥

विं श्रें क्षेश्रक्ष भ्रें जी का के जिया निं स्ट्रें क्षेत्र क्षेत्र

सन् अप्राचित्र क्षेत्र विद्या विद्या क्षेत्र विद्या विद्या क्षेत्र विद्या विद्या विद्या विद्य विद्या विद्या

यद्भा क्षेत्रः यद्द्रः ग्राटः भ्रेत्। देटः सः टः क्ष्रः क्षेत्रका विष्णे विषणः गोः कृतः यः धिदः यः सः विका ग्राटः भ्रेः विषणः गोः कृतः यः धिदः यः सः विका ग्राटः भ्रेः विषणः गोः कृतः यः धिदः यः सः विका ग्राटः भ्रेः विषणः गोः कृतः यः धिदः यः सः विका ग्राटः भ्रेः वि

यात्मान्सान्सान्सानुकानुकानुन्यति । देशसून्यने याक्सायान्सायेम् भ्रेषा विषया स्वायम् स्वायम्यस्य स्वायम् स्वयम् स्वायम् स्वायम् स्वायम् स्वायम् स्वयम् स्वयम्यम्यम्यस्यम् स्वयम् स्वयम् स्वयम्यस्यम् स्वयम्यस्यम्यस्यस्यम

अ. पश्चेमां श्रा प्रकार के. यूर स्थार स्था स्थार स्था

त्रश्च श्चा व्यक्तिः स्वत्र श्चा व्यक्ति स्वत्र स्वत्य स्वत्र स्वत्य स्वत्य स्वत्र स्वत्य स्वत्र स्वत्य स्

"तर्गे न। दश नक्ष्म न। विंद् ग्री श र्वेषाश हा तश्च श र्थे दा स्वी श र र न । वि तहा से में न दश नक्ष्म न। विंद् ग्री श र विद्या । विश्व से मार्थ से स्वा से स्वा से स्वा से से से से से से से

"ने'न्'र्यश्चित्र व्याह्म व्याहम व्याह्म व्याहम व्य

र्षि र्रें क्षंत्र त्या उत्ता में राष्ट्र र्रंद्र या प्रश्नेत्य महिमायका सा यर्गेत्य । प्रदेश रामाय विकास क्षेत्र या स्था सहिमायका सा यर्गेत्य । प्रदेश या स्था या से मायका सा यर्गेत्य । प्रदेश या सामायका सा यर्गेत्य । प्रदेश या सामायका सा यर्गेत्य । प्रदेश या सामायका सा यर्गेत्य । प्रदेश सामायका सा यर्गेत्य । प्रदेश सामायका सा यर्गेत्य । प्रदेश सामायका सा

व.मी "लाजा पर्वेशवायाध्याम् में वृष्यवाहः नेत्रवेदारमावजाः श्रीयाः प्रविदारमावजाः श्रीयाः प्रविदारमावजाः श्रीयाः प्रविदारमावजाः श्रीयाः प्रविदारम् व्याप्तः विद्याप्तः प्रविदारमावजाः श्रीयाः प्रविदारम् व्याप्तः विद्याप्तः विद्यापतः विद्यापत

दह्यां कुं त्थेवा"

र्कट्रा ले प्रते त्या प्राप्त व्या प्रत्य क्षेत्र हिल्लिंग का ह्र त्या हे का प्रम् व क्षेत्र । विद्या क्षेत्र व क्षेत्र व क्षेत्र । विद्या क्षेत्र व क्षेत्र व क्षेत्र । व क्षेत्र व क्षेत्र व क्षेत्र व क्षेत्र । व क्षेत्र व क्

"रःम्पदःम्विम्गितिःदर्गे न्यः याद्यः स्वार्थः सहस्यः स्विम् व्यक्तिः स्वेद्यः स्विक्षः स्वेद्वाः स्विक्षः स्विक्षः स्वेद्वाः स्विक्षः स्विक्यः स्विक्षः स्विक्षः स्विक्षः स्विक्षः स्विक्षः स्विक्षः स्विक्

"दशः ग्राटः र्षोः श्रुंदः। "ल्विशः श्रुषाशः षार्श्वदः योशः र्दे : श्रूदः क्वेः ल्वेषाः श्राः ग्रुदः। "ल्विशः श्रुषाशः व्याः श्रीः दे रः श्रेश्वशः ल्वेषाः श्राः ग्रुदः। "ल्वेशः श्रुषाशः व्याः श्रीः दे रः श्रेशशः ल्वेषाः श्राः ग्रुदः। प्रेशः श्रेष्टः श्रेष्टः श्रेष्टः क्वेषः श्रीः श्रेष्टः श्रेषः श्रेष्टः श्रेषः श्रेषः श्रेष्टः श्रेष्टः श्रेष्टः श्रेषः श्रेषः श्रेष्टः श्रेषः श्रेषः श्रेषः श्रेष्टः श्रेष्टः श्रेषः श्रेषः

"श्रेश्रश्च र्व्यः भावतः भेत्। र्व्यः वर्त्ततः यातः यत्राः स्थाः श्रृत्य। "डेशः व्यतः वर्त्वः श्रुत्यः वर्ष्यः स्थाः स्थाः स्थाः श्रृत्यः वर्षः वर्षः स्थाः स्थाः

"र्वि: र्क्से हिंद् ग्री: सेद्रा दिः दर्वे त्वर्षे त्वा "लेश्वः सुष्वाश्वार्षे दः वी: हेतः ग्री: श्लेश्वः द्वार वयम्

"वर्षे च। स्ट्रिंश्वा स्ट्रिंश्वा क्षेत्र व्यक्षिण्येष्ठ प्रिंश्वा स्ट्रिंश क्षेत्र प्रक्षेत्र प्र

"तर्ग् न्य हिंद् न्य क्षा तर्ग् न्य केष्ट क्षा क्षा तर्ग् न्य केष्ट क्षा क्षा न्य न

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"मडेब्र झुम र्नेंब्र यदी झ्र ऑवब्र म्या डिंद्र ख्री माया यवित्र या क्षेत्र वित्र ख्री ब्रिंद्र ख्री स्वा क्षेत्र यदी ख्री क्षेत्र यदी क्षेत्र यदी ख्री क्षेत्र यदी वदी क्षेत्र यदी वदी क्षेत्र यदी वदी क्षेत्र यदी वदी वदी वदी वदी वदी वदी वदी वदी वदी

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"विक्तिः स्वर्धः सामावस्य स्वर्धः मी त्यावस्य स्वर्धः स्वर्यः स्वर्यः स्वर्धः स्वर्धः स्वर्यः स्वर्यः स्वर्यः स्वर्यः स्वर्यः

र्ट क्षेत्रका ग्री र्रेगका क्षेत्रं त्रेका ग्री क्षेत्रा क्षेत्रं क्षेत्रं की स्व क्षेत्रं क्षेत्रा वित्रे त्का येगका क्षेत्रका स्वाप्त क्षेत्रा विकाया क्षेत्र क्षेत्रं यात्रा क्षेत्रं व्यवा क्षेत्रं व्यवा क्षेत्रं व्यवा क्ष

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स्त्र भेर रे च चेर के पर भेर स्वा क्ष्य मा मुंद्र स्व का स्वर्ध स्व का स्व का स्वर्ध स्व का स्वर्ध स्व का स्वर्ध स्व का स्वर्ध स्व का स्व का स्वर्ध स्व का स्व का स्वर्ध स्व का स्व का

"अुरुषानित्रः श्चेनानीः धेंद्।"

यन् अर्क्षः हनः अरः । भुग्राश्चार्वे स्त्रुं वेन् त्रश्चात्रस्य स्तर्भनः स्त्रा स्तर् स्त्रितः स्त्रा स्तर्भनः स्त्रा स्तर् स्त्रा स्त

"ब्रिंदःर्देवःर्येषाःसेद्। देवःग्रदः। ब्रिंदःस्टःकदःशःक्वणःषीवःर्षेदःदाःसःविश्वादाः

उन्देन्।"डेकायदासर्कंनीकाञ्चमकामर्बेदामी विमायादमीस्रका

"र्न्व तर्ने प्रका गुरान् वर्षा केंग्रिय स्था में प्राप्त । प्रमाण के प्रेय प्रका मुक्त स्था में प्रका मुक्त प्रका मुक्त प्रका मुक्त प्रका प्रका प्रका प्रका प्रका मुक्त प्रका मुक्त प्रका प्रक प्रका प्रका

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यन् अर्ळे अश्वास्त्र स्वास्त्र स्वस

क्ष्यः प्रदेश्वर्या प्राप्ता क्ष्यः क्षयः क्ष्यः क्ष्यः क्षयः कष्यः क्षयः क्षयः क्षयः क्षयः कष्यः क्षयः कष्यः कष्

"तर्गे.च। प्रचाड्मा.लाञ्चमान्याचेंद्रः मी.सा.स्टा.ला.यह्मान्याचेंद्रः हीया तुः स्टा।"डेमा.चर्रा या न्याप्याचेंमा स्थान्या मोचेंद्रः मी.सा.स्टा.ला.यहमान्या सीप्राहीया तुः विवेत्।

द्वेनश्चान्तश्चान्नश्चान्यश्चान्नश्चान्यश्चान्नश्चान्नश्चान्नश्चान्नश्चान्नश्चान्नश्चान्नश्चान्नश्चान्यश्चान्नश्चान्नश्चान्नश्चान्नश्चान्नश्चान्नश्चान्नश्चान्नश्चान्यश्चान्नश्चान्नश्चान्नश्चान्नश्चान्नश्चान्नश्चान्नश्चान्यश्चान्नश्चान्नश्चान्नश्चान्नश्चान्यश्चान्नश्चान्यश्चान्यश्चान्यश्चान्यश्चान्यश्चान्यश्चानश्चान्यश्चान्यश्चान्यश्चान्यश्चान्यश्चान्यश्चान्यश्चान्यश्चान्यश्चान्यश्चान्यश्चान्यश्चान्यश्चान्यश्चान्यश्चानश्चानश्चान्यश्यान्यश्चान्यश्यश्यान्यश्यान्यश्यान्यश्यान्यश्चान्यश्चान्यश्चान्यश्चान्यश्चान्

त्तरक्ष। क्रीयात्मअतिकावयात्म्यात्यात्म्यात्म्यात्म्यात्म्यात्म्यात्म्यात्म्यात्म्यात्म्यात्यात

क्षेत्रका मुच्या मुच्य

"र्नेवाकुनादुदार्क्षःचें। ब्रिंदाग्रीकादावाधिनावनदार्वेदायाक्षेत्रवा

"के बेम दश्यार्वेम तयदश्य दर्ग महास्यायक्ष यदे ले तर्द मेश शु र्वेम द्वीं श्राया को की विश्व श्रुवा श्रावा बेंद्र की श्रायय।

"वर्षे न्या नक्के तुर्द्या व्याधित अ गर्हेत्। "डेश्च कुण्या गर्वेद ग्रीश्च ख्त कुण्या निव्य व्याप्त व्यापत व्यापत

भुवाश वार्चेट यद साद वार विशेषात्र विश्व विष्य विश्व विश्व विश्व विश्व विश्व विश्व विश्व विश्व विश्व विश्व

"बिंद्-ग्रीकार्वे क्षं-वर्द्द्र-क्षे-ब्रुवा क्षेत्र-क्ष्या क्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्य-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्य-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्षेत्र-कष्टिक्यः

"त् र्से क सेन् दिन् म्या मान्या क दहिंगा विन् या निमा के विन विन से सिता का स्थान के मान्या के

"श्रेश्वश्चर्यात्राचेत्। दर्म् या विद्यायात्राचेत्राच्यात्राच

यद्रायात्र्यात्राप्तराध्यात्र्यात्रायाः भ्रेत्राचात्ते स्वायाः स्वायाः स्वायाः स्वायाः स्वायाः स्वायाः स्वायाः स्वयाः स्वयः स्वयः

"ष्यत्यत्य। द्व. ग्रीटाटबाह्य स्था स्थ्रीटा है। स्था प्यत्य स्थ्रीटा श्री स्था प्यत्य स्थ्री स्था प्यत्य स्थ्री स्था प्यत्य स्थ्री स्थ्रा स्थ्री स्थ्रा स्था प्यत्य स्थ्री स्थ्रा स्थ्री स्थ्रा स्थ्री स्थ्रा स्थ्री स्थ्रा स्थ्री स्थ्रा स्थ्री स्थ्रा स्थ्रा स्थ्री स्थिती स्थ्री स्थ्र

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यन् अन्तर्भन्ते । प्रमान्य विकास वि

"गु:क्वेग:वेद:व। दक:विंद:वार्रेगकारया:वेद:को:दर्गका वर्गे:वा "वेकायदः

अ:८ग्र-र्येश्वःश्वेःश्वःवेःश्वेतःवेःदेःयःश्वःत्वेतःश्वेशशःश्वेदःवरःशुर्

"दश्रः मु:श्चेषाः चुश्रः र्छ्या । ह्यः स्त्रेषाः त्यः द्वात्यः द्वात्यः व्यात्यः व्

स्वाक्षावार्वेदावी क्विया व्याक्षार्वेदा यदा आद्राव्या स्वाक्ष्या स्वाक्ष्या क्विया क्विया व्याक्ष्या विष्णे क्विया व्याक्ष्या विष्णे क्विया व्याक्ष्या विष्णे क्विया व्याक्ष्या विष्णे क्विया विष्णे क्विया व्याक्ष्या विष्णे क्विया विष्णे क्विया क्विया व्याक्ष्या विष्णे क्विया विष्णे क्विया क्विया क्विया विष्णे क्विया विष्णे क्विया विष्णे क्विया विष्णे क्विया क्विया विष्णे क्विया क्विया विष्णे क्विया विष्ण

मान्त्रिक्षणाः स्वास्त्रां मार्च्याः मान्त्र्याः स्वास्त्रां स्वास्त्रां स्वास्त्रां स्वास्त्रां स्वास्त्रां स इ. अया स्वास्त्रां स्वास्त

"र्दे क्र्रिय ग्री तर्वे या मर्देर क्ष्य क्र्या दें नर्वेर विं धेश है विवा ग्रेन न्या विश्वासीयो से विश्वासीयाया

"र्विः यः न्य्यः द्विनः न्वेनः न्वेनः विष्यः विष्यः द्विष्यः यो विष्यः विषयः विष्यः विषयः विषय

इरामा चमामादर्ग्, ब्र्राचना मृत्याचिमा वमामाद्र्याचनम् मृत्याचनम् मृत्याचनम्याचनम् मृत्याचनम् मृत्याचनम्

म्बर्यार्स्वं अपायराची बरातु उन्हों केवा विश्व विश्व क्षा करा कृता यश्चरा ही ताया विश्व स्टर्ण या विश्व क्षा कि स्वर्या के विश्व क्षा कि स्वर्या के विश्व क्षा कि स्वर्या के विश्व क्षा के स्वर्या के

ब्रेन्डिन्, ख्रेन्यं च्रिक्तं क्रिन् क्रिन् क्रिन्तं क्रिन्तं क्रिन्तं क्रिन्तं क्रिन्तं क्रिन्तं क्रिन्तं क्रि क्रिन्डिन्, क्रिन्तं क्रिन्

श्रम् श्री स्वास्त्र श्री स्वास्त्र स्वास्त्र

वश्चात्रात्ते । "भ्रुष्णकाषार्च्चा हिंद्रकुंत्यार्ष्यच्ये महिन्न स्वात्यात्रे में मुक्षा सह्य मिन्न स्वात्यात्र स्वात्यात्र स्वात्यात्र स्वात्यात्र स्वात्यात्र स्वात्यात्र स्वात्यात्र स्वात्य स्वात

भ्रम्याम् म्यास्यान्त्रे स्थान्त्रे स्थान्त्ये स्थान्त्रे स्थान्त्रे स्थान्त्रे स्थान्त्रे स्थान्त्रे स्थान्त

"এই বশার্স্বা র্ভির্বেশেষান্তর ব্রন্থান্তর্ভির্পোষ্টির প্রার্থিক প্রক্রির বিশ্বর বিশ্বর বিশ্বর বিশ্বর বিশ্বর ব বুমবশার্ষি থে এই বাংশ বিশ্বর বিশ্বর

"दबाद्यात्रात्र्य्यात्र्यात्र्या । "त्रेषात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र्यात्र क्रम्थान्त्रत्यत्यात्रम्

"र्देव-ग्राट-दशहिंद-ग्री-भेद-वेशर्षेत्। स्वाश्वाश्वीदः।"डेश्वायायाद्द-श्लीरः सुद-सु-त्विःभेवा सुद-र्देद-भेवा भेवा की विद-तु-गोभागोभान्नेत्।

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"ब्रिंद्र-दर्गेद्र-देव-के-धिव। दर्गेद्र-क्यु दे-त्य्द्र-बिया-याद्र-व-धिद्र।"केश भ्रुयाश यार्बेद-यी-यार्द्र-वश्चेत्र-वया-त्वियाश।

भेटाचन्द्रा । चेश्वायालेश निक्ति । चेश्वायालेश निक

"ब्रिंद् ग्रीका सा यमदा नवदा। दका मेका श्रया ने मेदा "डेका व्यया दे सुमा

श्रेयश्वाप्तः तृष्णुः विदः वर्दे द्वाराञ्चे द्वाराये देः विश्वाप्तः विश्वापत्तः विश्वापत्

"अग्रथा मुर्बेटः। व्रयः विमा पार्वेटः मुँ रुयावः विद्रः मुँ रेटः दशः महतः वशः विमा त्यः दर्तेदः यार्थेवः व र्यः विमा त्यः दर्नेदः यार्थेवः व र्यः विमा त्यः दर्गे ह्यः व र्यः विमा त्यः दर्गे ह्यः व र्यः विमा त्यः व व र्यः विमा त्यः व व र्यः व र्यः

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"तर्ग्ना दःर्स्ट्र स्वास्य स्

"यह्य र्क्नेय वेयश वुरा । र्क्नेय अवित शुः रेत्। "उेश धुग्रश ग्रविर श्रेर ययम्

वियम् मार्चर अयायमा द्वीर अर्क्षरम् यो अर्थर प्राचिर है। ह्वी वर प्राची मा

देवबादःस्टानिवाञ्चावराक्षः विषाः स्वातः स्वातः स्वात्यः स्वात्यः स्वात्यः स्वात्यः स्वात्यः स्वात्यः स्वात्यः स स्वात्यः स्

"अग्रज्ञान्त्र्य विद्यां क्ष्यां विद्यां क्षयां विद्यां क्ष्यां विद्यां विद्यां क्ष्यां विद्यां विद्यां क्ष्यां विद्यां विद्य

अग्रामार्वेट मुं त्रामार्थे न प्रत्य मुं त्रामार्थे न मुं त्राम्ये न मुं त्राम्ये न मुं त्राम्ये न मुं त्रा

"र्क्ष: प्राप्तः क्ष्र्यः र्यम् अ च्चेतः आपवः र्ष्णतः क्षुः अ सेत्। "डेक्षः क्षुण्यः ण्वेदः क्षेक्षः यात्रः क्ष्र्यः प्राप्तः क्ष्रेतः व्याः क्ष्रेतः व्याः क्ष्रेतः व्याः क्ष्रेतः व्याः क्ष्रेतः व्याः व्यः व्याः व्य

त्वेगामी।मातार्षेत्। "डेबाञ्चम्बामार्वेदामीबाध्यकाह्बादवेत्।

"द्विःष्णः यः त्यः र्यम् श्राचेतः स्वायवः द्वाः वेवः वी "वेवः यतेः श्रीतः ग्रीवः व्यायवः यावः विवायवः विवायः विव

"विंद् ग्रीका प्रस्कात्। दार्केका दा सेवा मुखावा विंद् मुखे सेद्। "डेका सुग्रका ग्रीकेट क्षेत्र क्षेत्र ।

"देत्। दक्ष ग्रुटः दे. प्रकाश ग्रुः स्त्री "डेक्षः ध्रुवाक्षः वार्क्षटः वीक्षः स्थः स्वाः वकाः वाक्षरः पक्षिः स्वाः वकाः

"नेश्वा मर्क्शके लेगा च यने वश्वामा सम्बद्धान न्या स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्वाप्त स्व

"ने मा त्या धिन। अन्तर न्या अनेत्र त्य क्ष्मा धिन यका क्ष्मीन या त्या विकास विक्रीन विकास के किंदा विकास के किंदी किंदी के किंदी किंदी के किंदी किंदी के किंदी किंदी किंदी किंदी किंदी किंदी

"न्यान्डेबा'त्यादावित्रानुश्चुत्रार्विवा"न्डेबाञ्चबाबावार्वेदाचीबात्वित्राक्षीःर्वेत्रानु

यन् अन्य मार्चे स्था मार्वे न्य स्था मार्वे मार

"५ र र या यो यदे ५ यदे र र्कें ५ या से १ देश में मिडे मा ग्री कें र कें ५ । "डेश व्याप्त कें मा ग्री कें र विश्व कें मा ग्री कें र विश्व कें मा ग्री मा यदि कें र विश्व कें र

"ब्रिंद्र-द्र-क्षद्र-श्राचक्क्वचायर-रद्र-त्यः श्रेषा-द्र्येद्-ब्रेद्द-यः श्रेषा दे-द्रश्चात्यश्च तर्देद्द-त्येद्द-श्रेष्यवाद्य-प्र-द्रिक्षेष्ठश्चायः त्यावाष्ट्र-व्यक्षेष्ठश्चायः त्यावाष्ट्र-व्यक्ष्यः प्र-द्र-द्रिक्षः व्यक्षः व्यवक्षः व्यक्षः विष्यः विष्यः विष्वः विष्यः विष्यः

ત્રાં કુંત્રાને ત્રાં કુંત્રા કુંતા કુંતા કુંતા કુંત્રા કુંતા કું

"भेव। हिंद दर्शे भे रदा। वि र्सेश दर्देर य हिंद हमा हमा रेदा अगका

याब्राम् व्यक्षायन्। व्यक्षायन्। व्यक्षायन्।

"यर् श्चेर विंद्राष्ट्र श्चर यदि श्चर यद्य श्वर श्वर व्या विंद्र व्या विंद्र व

"বি র্ক্তর্মা ব্রিন্ন বার্ক্ষন ব্রু মিন। গুলাঝা লার্কিন। ব্রিন্ন গ্রীঝা নি প্রুমা ব্রঝা রিম্ন কিল্ম উঝালনি শ্বীনা গ্রীঝাঝিমখানিমানিখা।

स्वाक्ष्यः क्षेत्राः अवाक्ष्यं प्राचित्रः विवाक्ष्यः विवाक्ष्यः विवाक्ष्यः विवाक्ष्यः विवाक्ष्यः विवाक्षयः विवाकष्यः विवाकष्य

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"र्हिन् ग्री । ष्याया मिन्न प्रत्या क्षेत्र । स्वित् । स्वित् भ्री । स्वित् । स्वित

"अुग्रामार्जेट्य ट्यां र्ज्ञुं विष्यार्थेत्। विं जे दिर्थायाये स्थ्रीयाया विक्रास्य के प्राप्त के

यदे.श्चीदःग्रीशःग्रीशःवर्षः यहिंद्र्याः यहिंद्र्यः श्चीशःवर्ष्यः स्वरः स्वरः स्वरः स्वरः स्वरः स्वरः स्वरः स्व मार्चेदः मी:क्षेदः दुः मिं:श्चेंः स्वरः सिंदेः स्वरः सिंद्रः स्वरः सिंदः स्वरः स्वरः स्वरः स्वरः स्वरः स्वरः स यदः श्चीदः सिंदः सिंद

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मर्निमानाम्ब्रुअभी तर्मा यार्के मर्नि स्त्रुमाया न्यार्के स्वार्म स्वर्भ स्वर्य स्वर्भ स्वर्भ स्वर्य स्वर्य स्वर्य स्वर्य स्वय्

यायः स्वया यायः स्वया

"देन्-र्क्र्यः मी-अवतः अग्माद्यः व्याद्यः स्व-र्क्ष्वः त्यायः स्व-रक्ष्यः मीन्द्रः केः या मिन्द्रः केः या मिन्द भूभावः स्व-रक्ष्यः मी-अवतः अग्माद्यः व्याद्यः मी-अवतः स्व-रक्ष्यः स्व-रक्ष्यः त्याद्यः स्व-रक्षयः स्व-रक्षयः स MAI

"हिंद्-ग्रीकायम्द्र-याक्षेत्रायदेव। यक्ष-द्रयम्भी अतुद्र-याक्षेयकार्क्षः वा वानाहिंद्र-गाः याक्ष्य। यदे क्ष्रीद्राहिंद् ग्री स्यायद्रद्र-अद्र-व। हिंद्-ग्रीकाक्षेत्र-याः यक्ष-द्रयद्र यद्र-वहंगाः भे होद्रा "बेकाक्ष्यकार्याक्ष्यः निकाक्ष्यः क्ष्र-वहंगाः भे हिंद्-ग्रीकाक्षेत्रः यद्र-यद्र्याः भे यदा

"ब्रिन् श्र्रें त्रकाय के ष्यत्। ब्रिन् ग्रीका द्वे त्या के प्रत्या के का क्षेत्र हो प्रत्या के का क्षेत्र हो हिन् के त्या के क्षेत्र हो हिन् के त्या के का क्षेत्र हो हिन् के त्या के त्या के का क्षेत्र हो हिन् के त्या के त्या के का क्षेत्र हो हिन् के त्या क

"विंद् ग्री अप्डे 'बिया बेर। दि 'स्ये सिया स्वाद्य स्

स्यान्यात्वान्यात्वान्यात्वान्यात्वान्यात्वान्यात्वान्यात्वान्यात्वान्यात्वान्यात्वान्यात्वान्यात्वान्यात्वान्य अप्रथान्यात्व

"दःर्क्वें घतमः ह्वामः र्वेदः वे त्येव। यमः वर्डेयः मदेः युः येद। स्वाः वर्तः मदेः

न्यंव सेन्। व्या स्वर्म क्षेत्र क्

"द्रत्वे वा वा विकास के स्वा के स्व के स्व

श्चेम्बाम्ब्राम्बर्धः वित्ताम्बर्धः वित्ताम्वर्यः वित्तामः वित्तामः वित्ताम्वरः वित्तामः वित्ताम्वर

ब्दः अदेः बडिशः श्र्विनः श्रुः विना द्वश्च। अद्दिन् श्रेदिः अर्वे : श्रेवा द्वः द्वः द्वः द्वः श्रेदः श्रेवः श्रे

"शु ग्रैदे दर्दे भी द्युक्त श्रिक्त श

"बि'यदेदे'दर्क्षें'य। सु'र्क्षे'सेद'ब्र'बि'यदेदे'दर्क्कें'य'बियापद'र्खेद। श्रदशक्वश देव'केवा गयाहे'हिंद'ग्री'स्'सुग्रसेद'र्शेद'वा हिंद'स्ट'य'बि'यदे'र्खेद'क्चु'खे'सेदा"

बुबाचगारास्त्रम्।

बुबाचगारास्त्रम्।

बुबाचगारास्त्रम्।

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बुबाचगारास्त्रम्।

"दर्वः त्यः र्क्षः त्यक्षः क्ष्यं व्यक्षः क्ष्यं व्यक्षः क्षयः क्षयः व्यक्षः व्यव्यक्षः व्यव्यव्यक्षः व्यव्यक्षः व्यवस्थाः विव्यक्षः व्यवस्थाः विव्यक्षः व्यवस्थाः विव्यक्षः विव्यक्यः विव्यक्षः विव्यक्षः विव्यक्षः विव्यक्षः विव्यक्षः विव्यवक्षः विव्यवेषः व

"बरबार्गत् हिंद्रण्डिं संस्थान स्थान स्था

"ঝুল্ঝাল্রিন। দ্রিদ্রির শ্রীঝানর বিরে র্র্যানিদ্র বিরে র্র্কিল্লালী "রিঝাঝান্রান্র শ্রীঝাঝান্রিরাম্যা

"र्यश्चर्रित वित्र मिं क्रिं क्षित मिं क्रिं क्षित मिं क्रिं क्षित क्षेत क्षित क्षेत क्षित क्षि

מיבקבין

अतुत्र-तुःगहुग्रवार्विर-तु। अदशन्त्राव्यः "यदेःश्चेद्र। यदेर-र्वेग दयेःगडेशः सुगाःसा "बेरा

"दशामश्र मुदश थॅन्। दॅव् गुटाविं सें दर्श सें दर्ने । दः या पर्डेश गः सेन्।"डेशञ्जूमश्रम्बेंट मेशस्ट में टें प्यर ह्वेट हें में

"दः यः क्षेत्रक्षः वार्केः वार्केः व्याप्यकात्वात्वात्वात्वात्वे । यः के स्ट्री अवाका वार्वे दः यः के सः विकाय दे अविकाय दे अ

"दर्वःषाडेश्रःखुषाःस। ५:स्यायायःवर्षे। दश्राह्मिद्यायद्याःश्चेदःयबदःर्वेःविषाः

पञ्चत्र क्रिंट्। व्याप्त क्षेत्र व्याप्त क्षेत्र क्

"श्चन्या स्वाप्त स्वा

ક્રે-ગ્રહ્મ-ગ્રા-પ્રિં.શ્રં-શ્રીશ્રી-પ્રી-ભ્રાન્થસાર્યું-શ્રી-વા-કર્યો વાન્ય-સેન્ માન્ય-પ્રેન્-પ્રાન્ત્રેને માન્ય-પ્રાન્ત્રેને માન્ય-પ્રાન્તે માન્ય-પ્રાન્તે માન્ય-પ્રાન્ત્રેને માન્ય-પ્રાન્તે માન્ય-પ્રાને માન્ય-પ્રાન્તે માન્ય-પ્રાન-પ્રાન્તે માન્ય-પ્રાન્તે માન્ય-પ્રાન્તે માન્ય-પ્રાન્તે માન્ય-પ્રાને માન્ય-પ્રાન્તે માન્ય-પ્રાન્તે માન્ય-પ્રાન્તે માન્ય-પ્રાન્તે માન્ય-પ્રાન્તે માન્ય-પ્રાન્તે માન્ય-પ્રાન્તે માન્ય-પ્રાન્તે માન્

"यने क्रीन राष्णयन्त्राय के प्रेम क्रुं अर्ड्स हिन या मुक्त या से स्वाप्त के प्रेम स्वाप्त के प्रेम स्वाप्त के प्रेम स्वाप्त के स्व

स्वाकायका मृत्वा त्या त्या दक्षा वक्षा यक्ष्म विक्षा क्षा या त्या क्षा या त्या विक्षा या विष्ण विक्षा या वि

व्यास्त्रस्थात्य स्थान्त्रस्था विवाद स्थान्त्रस्था वित्रस्थात्य स्थान्त्रस्थात्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्यान्त्रस्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्थान्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्थान्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्थान्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्यान्त्रस्य स्थान्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्यान्त्रस्य स्यान्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्यान्य स्थान्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्थान्य स्यान्त्य स्यान्य स्यान्य स्थान्त्रस्य स्यान्य स्यान्य स्

"ने'न'र्येश्राणित्। यर्गे'च। गलेत'र्झ्रेत'य'हिंन'ग्रीश'र'डेते'हीर'शर्गेत'तु'स' वॅश्राय'णित्।"लेश्चर्रे'र्गेर'ग्रीश'रक्षेग'य'श्चित्य'तुश्च।

"र्हें में म वदायार्वेग दशाहिंद..." डेशाञ्चमशाम्बेंदारी प्रदेपमश्चम

"दः विः र्श्वदः तर्देदः यः षोः धिव। दशः ग्विवः हेः यः श्रह्यः वतदः द्वीतः यह्दशः वय। दः विः यः दर्गे श्रः श्रविः श्रेः के बेरा "वेश्वः हें र्गे रः ग्वीश्वः ययः याव। यदः श्रक्वें ददः यदेः श्रीदः ग्विश्वः कृतः कः वगः गोः श्रेदः।

म्चित्राच्च । विष्य प्रत्याचा विष्य प्रत्याची क्षा प्रत्याची क्षा

"ଽ୶୲ୣଽୡଽ୕୳ୠ୕ଽଊୖ୲ଌୖ୕୶୳ଊଊୢ୕ୠ୳ୠୢ୶୲ ୷ୖଽୢଌୗୠ୷ଵୖ୶ୠୡଽୡ୕ଽୢୄୄଌ୶ୄୢଌ୶୲ୢଌ୶୲

गुःर्देव:रु:बेअबाह्यर:गुबार्बर।"लेबायया

र्हे 'र्वो र ग्रीका श्रुर साधर हु प्रतिवास्त्री "तर्वो प्रा प्रकार्धित ग्री श्रुवाका त्यावाका केंद्रा प्रवेदकाय संस्था "लेका स्वा

चन्न्यक्ष्याचन् क्षुन्य व्यव्यक्ष्याच्या विषय्य व्यव्यक्ष्याच्या विषयः विषयः

र्दे म्यून मुक्त अर्थे म्यून मुक्त अर्थे मुक्त मुक्त

स्वाश्वार्वेदः वीश्वः सदावीः हाते तदावीः वाद्यदेश्चीदा ग्रीः हाते तदा दुवा दु। "ष्णासुः हें वीदा सदावीश्वः सदाश्वाः वाया वार्वेदा अधिश्वः यश्वार्वेदाः व्यवः वाया स्वा "डेब'यन।

"र्बिन्यिक्षमुः या क्ष्मिन्य स्टिन्य क्षेत्र विश्वा विश्य

यकुन्या यहिया यक्किया संदाय प्रया यहिया। श्रुवाया यक्किया यक्किया यक्किया यक्किया यक्किया स्थाप्त स्थाप्त स्थाप्त स्थापत स्यापत स्थापत स्थापत

"८ यद् अद्गर्य र्ये ध्वेत्रा "लेकायद् अद्गर्य र्येकाङ्गद् यह चुन

ब्रुवाश्वार्चेटः स्वर्चेत्रः श्चवाः हुर्चत्। स्याः चीः यवाः वः देदः चीः वाः श्चेदशः श्वेदः यदिः वित्राः स्वरः यदिः विद्याः स्वरः यदिः विद्याः स्वरः यदिः विद्याः स्वरः यदिः स्वरः स्वरः यदिः स्वरः स्वर

"के लेग्ना अन्त्र व्या यन अन्य मार्गे में त्रान्य गया के त्र के न्या वित्र के त्र के

यदः सः दगारः र्येशः श्रीसः रेगाः रेगाः हुः धरः सरः सः यह्नश्र वश्र वः रे। "रः

म्बर्ग मुर्चेषा म्यार प्रमा यदि त्यस्था म्यात्र स्था स्था स्था त्यात्र तहा मुर्चे त्या स्था स्था स्था स्था स्थ स्था "

"दह्दाःर्क्तियानुद्रायान्वासुःसेद्रा"

"अदश न्यादे । अप्यदे त्र का मुन प्रमे के का मार क्षेत्र । अप्यदे त्र का मुन प्रमे का भी का मार के का मार

"भे दे नद्भ अर्टी "ड्रेश उर्टी र्ख्न स्थित श्री र्हे व सर्टि व सर्टि स्थित स्थित । स्

"दति विभाव द्या मार्थे भे भे प्रति विभाग्य के प्रति विभा

श्चेश्वाश्वाश्चर्याः श्चेत्रायाः स्वर्यायाः स्वर्यायः स्वर्यः स

"८'८'ॐअ'ङे'लेग'ङ्ग।"लेब'ञ्जगब'गबॅट'गेब'देबा

৾৾ૡ૽ૼૡ૿ૹૹ૾ૢઽૹ૽૽ૡૢૹૼૡ૽ૢૼૼૢઌઌ૱ૼઌઌ૽૱ૢ ૡઽ૽ૺૢૹૡ૱ૡ૽ૢૢૢૼૢ૽૱૱૱ૢૺ૿૱ૹઌૢઌૹ૽ૼઌઌ૽૱ઌ૽૱ઌ૱ઌ૱ ૡ૽૽ૺૺૢૹૡ૱ૡ૽ૢૢૼૢ૱૱૱ૢૺૺ૿૱ૹઌૢૹઌ૽૱ઌ૱ૼઌ૱

यद्भ। लद्द्रिं स्वाचित्राच्या अवश्वाचित्राच्या स्वाच्या स्वच्या स्वाच्या स्वच्या स्वाच्या स्वच्या स्वाच्या स्वच्या स्वच्या स्वाच्या स्वाच्या स्वाच्या स्वाच्या स्वाच्या स्वाच्या स्वच्या स्वच्या स्वाच्या स्वाच्या स्वाच्या स्वच्या स्वाच्या स्वच्या स्व

"बेसबाव न्युग्बा क्रेंड्रेन के विषा स्प्री के विषा त्या वर्त न्या क्रेंड्री के विषा त्या वर्त न्या क्रेंड्री के विषा त्या वर्त क्रेंड्रिन क्रेंड्री क्रेंड्रिन क्रेंड्रेन क्रेंड्रिन क्रेंड्रेन क्रें

"उट्टा मुक्तेन् भाषानाम हिन्दा प्रमास्त्रीय स्वाप्ता स्वापता स्वाप्ता स्वापता स्वापता

"दःश्वदःयःवःबिँद्रःश्चेदःषी दःश्चमाःवय। श्चमश्यमिँदः। "बेश्वयदेःश्चेदःधीशः श्चीत्यःश्चीदःर्यःबिमाःयश्चादःयदेःश्चीश्वयःयःविमाद्वदःयदःयदःयदःयदःश्चीश्चमाःब्दःर्सेश्चरःयदः यःश्चीत्यःश्चीत्यःवश्च।

त्राक्ष्या व्याप्ति व्यापति व्याप्ति व्यापति व्यापत

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"भ्रे प्यय्राञ्चवा सें लीवा सेत्। वार्तेव प्रदे लीवा वीका राया सर्वव वारार्वे सास्य स् वार्के त्या हरा व्या "लेका सुवाका वार्वे राख्का का यो कें या यो।

ॷण्याचार्चित्रची श्रीः यस्य वश्याप्त्र स्थित्र स्था स्था व्यविष्य स्था विषय स्या विषय स्था विषय स्थ

व्यत्। यन्यायहेन्ध्यक्षेत्रक्

स्तिः त्रभाक्ष्यं स्वान्त्राच्यां स्वान्त्याच्यां स्वान्त्राच्यां स्वान्यां स्वान्त्यां स्वान्त्यां स्वान्त्यां स्वान्त्यां स्वान्त्यां स्वान्त्यां स्वान्त्य

रेत्।"डेबायते:श्चेत्रःख्याबायार्वेदायायेत्।

"कुरातुकाग्री'द्रवायात्रणान्ते त्यद्विःश्चीतायाया दार्के हे स्वकायीवावत्याद्रवाया दे देवाका हे हिटातुः से त्य्यें। "वेकायदे श्चीताग्रीका स्टाकुटातुकाद्रवासुटा।

"दःश्चॅं त्यं सु के द्राया क्राया विष्य स्थाय विष्य स्थाय स्थित । स्थाय स्याय स्थाय स्याय स्थाय स्थाय

"द्रात्मुं प्राप्ते स्वार्त्त स्वार्त स्वार्त्त स्वार्त स्वार्त्त स्वार्त स्वार्त्त स्वार्त स्वार्त्त स्वार्त स्वार्त्त स्वार्त स्वार्त्त स्वार्त स्वार्त्त स्वार्त स्वार्त्त स्वार्त स्वार्त्त स्वार्त स्वार्त्त स्वार्त स्वार्त्त स्वार्त्त स्वार्त्त स्वार्त्त स्वार्त्त स्वार्त्त स्वार्त स्वार्त स्वार्त स्वार्त स्वार्त स्वार्त्त स्वार्त स

द्धनाक्ष नार्बेट विर्धेत क्षेत्र क्

तुः र्कें विषा व्येन् पार्चा र्क्षेत्रा विष्ठ वद्यार्क्षेत्र श्री सेन् वें सार्क्षेत्र ।

"दे:दश्यः वेश्वः व्याचित्रः विश्वः विश्व

"च्चैश्रायाम्बरॐराङ्ग्रीयाम्बर्मा विरॐरायाम्बराम्बर्मा विर्क्षायान्य क्षेत्राम्बर्मा विर्वेश्व विष्या विर्वेश क्षेत्र विषया विर्वेश क्षेत्र विषया विष

"उद्द सेत्। हिंद ग्री म्बिश स्व त्या स्य स्व त्या स्य त्या स्व त्

"डे बेग रेन्। "डेश परे क्रीन प्राप्त प्राप्त प्रम्य प्राप्त प्रम्य मार्थे प्रम्य प्रम

"दशः चैश्वः यः विषाः वर्दे दः ग्रीः खेँद्र। चैश्वः यः धषाः अः सः सः स्वेशः चेश्वः सः विश्वः यः विश्वः वर्षः स्व

यूर्भुर-रर-तर-अर्थ्वः मध्यायम् अर्थ्यः अर्थ्यः यूर्म्भ्यः व्यूयः व्यूयः

"धर्या प्राप्त में व्या दह्म र्षित्। दिन व न स्ट के ब्रेन ग्री र्षित्। के ब्र भुगवा गर्बेट कं या यो केंग्री में के विकास केंग्री केंग्री में केंग्री में केंग्री में केंग्री में केंग्री में

"दः लदः तक्ष्मः तक्षमः तुः तर्चे :चः लेव। "डेशः लवः चन्नशः चः ददः। सर्वतः सर्वः तक्षमः तक्षमः तुः तर्चे :चः लेव। "डेशः लवः चन्नशः चः ददः। सर्वतः

"ष्याये। डि.पर्युत्रासस्याया राष्यराम्बेर्यासम्यायस्यस्य प्रक्रमायस्य स्वर्यात् स्वर्याः स्वर्याः स्वर्याः स्व

"कुषाबा षार्चेदा । याबा गा धा योदा केषा प्रश्चीयवा वा हिंदाया हा ह्यीया छे। विद्या केषायदायादग्रस्थायावादायावादायावादायावादायावादायावादायावाद्यायावाद्यायावाद्यायावाद्यायावाद्यायावाद्याया

"यशम्"याः योद्राचे पद्मात्वेष "स्रेशाञ्चम् शम् वार्वेद्राम् शम्यायाः यास्यायाः विष्टाद्रिश्

"য়ৼয়য়ৢয়ৼ৾ঽৢ৽ড়ৢয়৽য়ৼ৽ড়ৢয়৽য়ৼ৽ড়ৢয়৽ঀৢ৽য়য়ঢ়য়ৼয়ৣ৾ৼ৽য়৽য়য়ঢ়ৼয়ৼঢ়য়ৼয়ৼৢঢ়ৼ য়ৣ৽ৼ৴৸ড়ৢ৾ৼ৽ড়ৢয়৽ড়৽ঀয়৸"ঀৢয়৽য়ৼৼড়য়ৼঢ়য়ৼয়য়ঢ়য়৽ৠৄৼ৽য়৽য়য়ঢ়ৼয়৽ঢ়ৢৼ৽ গ্রী'শ্বব্

"म्वर्क्ष्यायदी हिंद् में अध्यक्ष में प्राची प्राची हिंद् वन हेंद् छो छेत्। "बेर्ब्स यद्दे बेंद्र हो अपया में द्वी अध्यक्ष में प्राची प्राची हिंद् वन हेंद्र छो छेत्।

"दः र्केंदिः स्वक्षः र्केंद्राः त्यां र्केंक्षः याः श्चेषाः र्क्ष्याकाः विद्याः र्केंद्राः स्वकः र्केंद्राः स्व र्केंकाया रें श्चुः स्वेदाः या विकास्येद्राः देदिः श्चेद्रः श्चेकाः केद्राः स्वतः द्रादः स्वकः स्वाः हुः रेद्रा "रेकायदः साद्रया सः देवेदः श्चेदः द्रक्षाः सुवाकाया विद्याः स्वितः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः स्वतः स

"त्रवें र त्यम् यर के वें बार्के या महिबायर मी त्ययाप्य वा स्वर्थे र मु

"यन् सान्यान यो विक्षं व्यान्य स्टास्य त्र्यान्य । विक्षं व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य । विक्षं व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य । विक्षं व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य । विक्षं व्यान्य व्यान्य । विक्षं व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य । विक्षं व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य । विक्षं व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य । विक्षं व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य । विक्षं व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य । विक्षं व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य । विक्षं व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य व्यान्य । विक्षं व्यान्य । विक्षं व्यान्य व्यान्य

"श्रुवासमार्वेर-नसमासमार्थमान्यामान्यामान्यामान्यामान्यामान्यामान्यामान्यामान्यामान्यामान्यामान्यामान्यामान्या

নাৰ্ছিদ:দীৰ্ষান্ট্ৰমা

"अप्यन्द्रस्य चुर्त्यात्य चुर्त्यात्य चुर्स्य स्वाविक्ष चुर्स्य क्षेत्र स्वाविक्ष चुर्त्य स्वाविक्ष स्वाविक्ष चुर्त्य स्वाविक्ष चुर्त्य स्वाविक्ष चुर्त्य स्वाविक्ष स्वाविक्य स्वाविक्ष स्वाविक

"दशः र्वे। व्या दे। धिवाव। देवि ग्रुट्यादेट से प्रायमें वाय के से प्रायम के से प्

"यदेव य रेत्। दर्ळेश यश र्केश यश्या अथा स्वाया यश्या यश्या यश्या विषा स्वेत्। "डेश यदः सादगार प्राया गिदेर सेस्राय सर्वे।

"यन् अन्यान्यां न् नेयान्यायन् स्वा वन्यः स्वा स्वा स्वा स्वर्णः स्वा स्वर्णः स्वरं स्व

"ઋૂન્-૧-૪-તા વાલત હ્રદાર્થે ૧-૧ હ્ર્યા પ્રાપ્ત વાલત હ્રદાર્થે ૧-૧ હ્રિયા હ્રદાયા ત્રે ૧ હ્રિયા હ્રાયા ત્રે ૧ હ્રિયા હ્રા હ્રિયા હ્રા હ્રિયા હ્રિયા

सहमासवराधी विमानी वाक्ता के प्रमुपान वाक्षा प्रमुवा माने प्राप्त के प्रमुवा माने प

भ्रे स्वायानुयाने से स्वार् व्यवस्तुताया सेवा मित्रा प्रायानिता

यः भ्रमाक्ष्यत्राद्धः द्वाया स्वाया स्वया स्वया स्वया स्वाया स्वाया स्वाया स्वाया स्वया स्वय

"दःर्स्वेश्वात्व्यार्से पाद्याद्यात्व। र्से पाय्वव्यात्व। रसे पाय्वव्या

यन् अन् विद्रम् निवादि कुं अन्। "अन्य निवाक विद्रास्त विद्रास व

मिट प्रति वट यद प्रश्नुर वह्या ह्येषा वी सुद र्सेट । यद स द्या द्यार वेंश है

यन्तर्यन्त्रः भेत्रः स्तर् र्यः र्क्षेत्रः वन्यः भः र्केत्। र्वेतः ग्रुटः । विः र्क्षेत्रः भ्रुन्यः न्वेतः त्र यन्तरः त्रवेतः भेतः स्तरः र्यः रक्षेत्रः वन्यः भः रकेत्। र्वेतः ग्रुटः । विः र्क्षेत्रः भ्रुन्यः नवेतः त्रः त

याक्त्रिं चन्ना सेत्। चुन् क्चु व्यव्यक्षेत्र स्वाक्ष्य प्रति स्वाक्ष्य स्वाक्य स्वाक्ष्य स्वाक्य स्वाक्ष्य स्वाक्ष्य स्वाक्ष्य स्वाक्ष्य स्वाक्ष्य स्वाक्ष्य स्वाक्य स्वाक्ष्य स्वाक्य स्वाक्य स्वाक्ष्य स्वाक्ष्य स्वाक्ष्य स्व

स्वाक्षायार्वेद्रायायदेःस्वेष्यदे। यह्न्याय्वित्याद्याद्यायस्व । केर्यदेश्वेद्रायायदेःस्व

खिराजश्रश्र्वेदार्त्त्वेद्दश्ची, के.चीरा श्री विश्वास्त्रश्चित्य

"डे विषा हुट र्बेट । "विषायद साद गर ये सर्दे देव दह्या र्थेया विषाय वारा हा

"क्षें अहि यद्भे हैं। क्षें अहि यद्भे हैं। र्ने निष्म क्षेत्र प्रश्ने व्यक्ष मुन्ते । ब्रोट अबिया याट तर्षेत्। "डेश मुन्दों अर्थे के बिया यीश क्षेत्र त्राया केंद्र खेट या सूट्या

"दः क्षेत्राबा वार्चेदः वी हेबा दवदबा व। दर्गेवा अर्क्ष्या वाश्वया बीबादा वा वा

षट्या महिंदा हु। मेदा त्याया मे वर्षा त्या दर्षा याचि वर्षा वर्षा है। या है। या वर्षा या के वर्षा वर्षा वर्षा व विद्या के अपन्ति के वर्षा त्या में वर्षा त्या वर्षा के वर्षा या वर्षा वर्षा वर्षा वर्षा वर्षा वर्षा वर्षा वर्ष

व्यास्तर्द्रायायदार्षेत्। क्षेत्रायाम्बदाक्ष्याम्यास्त्रम्थान्यः स्वाध्यास्त्रम्थाः स्वाध्यास्त्रम्थाः स्वाध्य

"ञ्ज्ञाश्चार्वेद्रा"अव्यावद्वद्वश्च श्चेश्चर्वेश्च विष्या विष्या विष्या विष्या विषया विषय

"८.४८. यवट. मुटा ला यटे. श्रुटा ट. रुमा मा लूटा । जुमा यवटा लूरा अगमामा स्थान

"यन्त्रान्त्रान्त्राच्या हिन्द्र्या न्य्याक्ष्याः श्रुवाः श्रुवाः श्रुवाः श्रुवाः श्रुवाः श्रुवाः श्रुवाः व्या स्टार्वेद्राद्रः क्षेत्रं क्ष्याः स्याप्त्राव्यक्षाः स्थाः स्थाः स्थाः श्रुवाः स्थाः स्थाः स्थाः स्थाः स्थाः स

दे.प्रस्तान् श्री स्ट्रा श्री श्री श्री श्री स्ट्रा स्ट्री स्ट्र

"क्री' त्यस्य दिन संस्टान विवास मुक्त ना क्षेत्र ना क्

"नः क्रींव अन्। मव ऑ न्यान्य बन्य अन्य ही ने व्यानि अव विवास विवा

वजा बुबाजा विवायन विवायम विवायम विवायम विवाय

ख्रदा विवःशुःश्चेश्वरायश्चरश्चरश्चरश्चरश्चरश्चरश्चरश्चिश्चर्याः श्वरः श्चेशः विवःशुःश्चेश्वरः यथायश्चरश्चरश्चरश्चरश्चरश्चिशः

द्वनश्चान्त्राच्यात्राच्यात्र्याच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्र भेष्याश्चान्त्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्र भेष्याश्चान्त्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्र भेष्याश्चान्त्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्राच्यात्र र्हे. म्यून्य न्यून्य न्यून्य

उद्यादर्ग्यादम् प्रमुषाम्बार्व्याची श्रम्याम्बार्यः मिष्णाम्याद्ये व्यव्याद्ये व्यव्याये व्यव्यये व्यव्यव्याये व्यव्यव्यये व्यव्यव्यये व्यव्यव्यये व्यव्यये व्यव्यवयः यात्ये

चुटावस्त्रस्त्री से मट्स्रा विषा हेत् ची दिस्य विषय विषय मित्र वि

मिं क्रें प्रभूत्य बदे हे त्वित्र न्या चुन चुन भूत्र है र है प्रभूत विषा में स्त्र प्र चुर है र मुत्र प्र क्षेत्र क्ष

"तर्गे.च। र्वि.क्व.चहरा।"ब्रेश्च.चेश.चेश.स्यात्रम्यार्चर.ची.श्र्यायोय्यात्रम्यः व्यक्षित्रः

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बद्ध दक्ष त्रा क्षेत्र विश्व क्षेत्र क्षेत्

वयात्रा क्ष्या ग्री विंद् त्व। क्ष्यात्रा मार्बेट द्र वर्षे र द्र व्या श्रूट दें मा सेट यर मे

सदसः मुसः देवः केवः द्राः स्था स्थाः स्था

वद्यां खेला लूट्यां चट्टे श्रीट जी श्र श्रीट शाय प्रिया या प्राप्त प्

खुन्न महिंदिर प्राप्त महिंद्र प्राप्त महिंद्र

रःवाषदःवार्विवाःगिदेः अर्द्धेन्।वदः येवः यदेः र्वेवाः वश्वः यदः अन्यादः अन्यादः वश्वः श्रूवाः केवः यदिः विद्याः विद्य

"धर्'अ'र्ग्यर्थे इस्याद्युर्द्दा दश्रम्य अ'र्रे र्क्कें व्यवासर्ग्य विश्वः वश्रम्य व्यव्याद्य विश्वास्त्र विश्वास्त्र विश्वास्त्र विश्वास्त्र विश्वास्त्र विश्वास्त्र विश्वास्त्र विश्वास

"यन् सः न्यानः याँ। तर्योः यशः न्ययाः र्ययशः यहनः स्त्री। विः र्क्वः तर्येनः स्त्रः नेन्। "डेश्वःश्चेःयावदःवियाःमीश्वःयया

"न्त्रवेद्धन्त्रेद्धा ने बेराव। बरबाक्य रेवाकेवायाया प्राप्त स्टब्स बेवाया रेन्। वेवायानान केंद्रेत्यायायावानान स्ट्रायुवा येन्। "डेबायनायान्याना सें व्यार्ट्स केंडें। सुराविया क्षेत्रा

त्र्या "बुश्रायचार्ब्रम् देश्राचाबयम् प्रदेश श्रेया स्त्रम् श्रेया श्रेय श्रेया श्रेया श्रेया श्रेय श्रेया श्रेया श्रेय श्रेय

यद् अ'द्रग्रर चें र्ङ्क्षे वर वर्ष्ठर वर्ष ह्यें वर केंद्र केंद्र केंद्र केंद्र केंद्र केंद्र केंद्र केंद्र केंद्र

स्ति। खेच्याक्ष्यत्त्रं श्रीट्र प्राचान्याच्या । स्त्राच्याक्ष्यत्त्रं श्री खेच्याक्ष्यत्त्रं श्री खेच्याक्ष्य । स्त्राच्याक्ष्यत्त्रं श्री स्त्राच्याक्ष्यत्त्रं स्त्राच्याक्ष्यत् । स्त्र

त्तुवःबार्क्वेश्वश्चावः ने न्यायं र्वणःहः व्यायः हेब्याः श्र्वेत् । शर्हेन्।वायः येवः याय्वाञ्चः व्यायः व्यः व्यायः व्यः

"दर्वः तर्में प्राक्तेन में। द्रायापर्में प्रायानें प्र

यन् अन्तर्यस्य उः स्रम् मर्केम विद्याप्य विद्य विद्य विद्य विद्याप्य विद्याप्य विद्याप्य विद्याप्य विद्याप्य विद्याप्य विद्याप्य विद्याप्य विद्याप्य विद्य विद्य विद्याप्य विद्य विद्य विद्य विद्याप्य विद्य विद्य विद्य विद्य विद्य विद्य

"दर्शतर्यो प्राक्षेत्र या माया हे हिंद् ग्रीका दाया में क्षिप्य प्राक्ष क्षेत्र का विक्रीं क्षेत्र का माया है का का माया है का का माया है का क्षेत्र का माया है का क्षेत्र का माया है का क्षेत्र का माया है का माया है का का माया

"दे. द.च. क्षेत्रा. बीका वर्जे. बीताका चनट. ह्य. ख्रीताका केट. देश। "खेका चट. स.

यन् अन्तर्भार्या तबन् बुद्या चे र्डेब् बिना श्वावर तु प्रमेर श्वाव श्वावर में प्रे र् रेंब्र तिने दें मीया अति राज्य विवाय प्राप्त कि स्थाय के मिलेंद्र से स्थाय के स्था के स्थाय के स

श्रुश्चारिश्चायत्यात्राम्याद्यात्याय्यां त्याय्यां त्यायश्च्याः स्त्रेश्च श्रुश्चायत्यात्यात्यां स्त्रेश्च स्त्रेश्

"र्चः चटः तुः अदेयः र्वेत्रास्ता ग्रुटः तिरः स्त्राः त्र स्त्राः स्त्राः स्त्राः स्त्राः स्त्राः स्त्राः स्त्र यदः अद्गारः र्येश्वः त्रायः स्वर्यशाः केरः त्रक्ष्णिशः स्वाशः द्रशः र्यः ग्रुश्चः तः गर्वेदः अदः त्रश्चश्चः वस्रा विष्टः स्त्राः स

र्श्वेत्रयम्हेळेर्ज्ञेत्वाद्दा यद्श्वेष्वत्र्र्याद्र्यक्षित्व

दक्षा पक्षा "दर्शतम् नास्त्र मान्य स्वाप्त स्

"रे.दरे.वुश्च हेश्यायेत्। दार्क्षश्योःग्डेग्'ग्रदःग्बॅर्'यात्र्ग्श्रायार्ह्चेत्'ग्रीः वुश्चाहेश्येत्।"डेश्चयत्यात्रग्यार्यश्चेत्रायश्चुदश्।

यन् सन् मन्यस्था विकास के स्वास्त स्वास स

योजेमश्राद्धः योजेश्वः त्रश्चात्रः द्वार् स्वार्थः योज्ञः विष्यः विष्यः योज्ञः योज्ञः

"तर्म् न। श्रेश्मार्न् उत्रान्श्व। पर्मे न। श्रेश्मार्न् उत्रान्श्व। पर्मे न। श्रेश्मार्न् उत्रान्श्व। पर्मे न। श्रेश्मार्ने उत्रान्श्व।

र्दे में र श्रीकारे दिया था तर्दा यक्किया तकार है। "त्यु रेणका श्री यर्णा दि । किं कें रेत्। त्यु रेणका किं कें र ख्री र

"द्धरः द्याः क्र्रेंन न्दा। दार्क्ष्या यद्याः त्रेष्या य्याः क्षेत्रः क्ष्रा यद्याः त्रेष्या य्याः विकार्त्ते व्याप्याः विकार्याः विकार्त्ते व्याप्याः विकार्त्ते विकार्ते विकार्त्ते विकार्त्ते विकार्त्ते विकार्त्ते विकार्त्ते विकार्त्ते विकार्त्ते विकार्ते विकार्त्ते विकार्त्ते विकार्ते विकार्ते विकार्त्ते विकार्त्ते विकार्त्ते विकार्त्ते विकार्ते विकार्त्ते विकार्ते विकार्त्ते विकार्त्ते विकार्त्ते विकार्त्ते विकार्ते विकार्त्ते विकार्ते विकार्ये विकार्ते विकार्ते विकार्ते विकार्ते विकार्ते विकार्ते विकार्ते विकार्ते विकार्ते विकार्त

"कुः अर्ळवः छे: रेर्। "छेबाञ्चणवान्त्रीं स्वर्वे अवायत्व

"इटा अप्त्र्या श्रेष्ठा श्रेष

अवाश वार्चर राय भ्रांश स्वरावर्षे स्वरावर्ये स्वरावर्षे स्वरावर्ये स्वरावर्य

ब्रें क्षें कें कें सेंद्र हे बा अवाबावार्वें स्वां स्वा यदेव पर से दा सकेंद्र कें या कुषा दावें बावार हे बार्षे साव व्यं बावार केंद्र पाया स्वां स्वां स्वां स्वां स्वा

अर्थर श्रेश्वर देश के स्वर्ध के स्वर्य के स्वर्ध के स्वर्ध के स्वर्य के स्वर्य के स्वर्य के स्वर्य के स्वर्य के स्वर्य के स्व

"र्वि.शु.लयायाः विवाशीवायाः अत्राह्म वि.श्री आर्थियाः श्री स्वाह्म वि.श्री आर्थियाः विवाशीवायाः अत्राह्म वि.श्री आर्थियाः विवाशीवायाः अत्राह्म वि.श्री आर्थियाः विवाशीवायाः विवाशीवायः विवाशियः विवाशीवायः विवाशीवायः विवाशीवायः विवाशीवायः विवाशीवायः विवाशियः विवाशियः विवाशियः विवाश

भ्राक्षेत्रक्षा क्ष्या अस्त्र स्वाक्ष्य क्ष्या व्यव्यक्ष्य क्ष्या व्यव्यक्ष्य क्ष्या क्ष्य क्ष्या क्ष्य क्ष्या क्

यम् स्यान्याः विवान्ये अत्रः चित्रः विवान्यः विवायः विवा

मुन्ना सुन्ना निक्र सुन्ना देश हैं भी के भी कें भी कें नित्र सुन्ना निक्र सुन्ना निक्न सुन्ना निक्र सुन्ना न

"द्वश्च प्रज्ञद्वा पर्क्षः प्राण्य विष्य प्रज्ञा क्ष्य प्रज्ञा क्ष्य प्रज्ञा क्ष्य प्रज्ञा विष्य प्रज्ञा क्ष्य प्रज्ञा विष्य प्रज्ञा क्ष्य प्रज्ञ क्ष्य क्ष्य प्रज्ञ क्ष्य क्ष्य प्रज्ञ क्ष्य क्ष्य क्ष्य प्रज्ञ क्ष्य क्ष्

"दर्गे व। दवु दव्यमकु स वहेन।"डेश हैं में र ग्रीश वर्शन सेंट वदे से संग्रामी वित्त स्थादर वक्का वित्त सेंट वित्र सेंट

भ्रम् वित्र पार्ट्स वित्र प्रचार क्षेत्र क्

व्रेट्स्र "स्क्रिस्त व्रेट्स व्रेट्स व्रेट्स व्रेट्स व्रेट्स व्रेस्स व्रेस व्

यन् अर्केदिः अर्केन्। वन् अर्केन्य अर्केन्य विकास्य केत्र स्वाध्य स्य

"र्वि. मे। ब्रिंट्र मानेश ग्रीश में ज्ञाने त्य के लिया ग्रीट्र मानेत व्याप्त मान्य स्थाने के स्थाने स्थाने के स्थाने के स्थाने के स्थाने के स्थाने के स्थाने स्था

यन् अन्तर्यास्य प्रविन् र्येन् अनुन र्येन्। "हिन् मङेषासु हैस् र्येषा र्नेव् डेन्सेन्। क्षेन्यव्यक्तं यान्य स्थित्। "डेश्यन्ने श्चेत्रः स्थित्। स्थित्। स्थित्। स्थित्। स्थित्। स्थित्। स्थित्।

यत् यात्र्यात्रां प्रतास्यात्रायात्यात्रायास्य स्वास्य यात्रीय स्वास्य यात्रीय स्वास्य स्वास्

यदः अद्याद्रश्रस्थ यत् द्रश्र अद्याद्धः । यदः श्रीदः श्रीदः श्रीदः श्रीदः । यदः अद्यादः । यदः अदः । यदः । य

क्षेत्रका मार्चर पर श्राचित्र भ्रीत क्षेत्र क्षेत्र क्षेत्र श्रीत क्षेत्र क्ष

शें क्षंत्र अञ्चा क्षंत्र । यद् अद्गाद्य वित्र क्षंत्र क्षंत्

यदः अर्जानः र्ये 'डे श्वः महित्यः अदः यनः तद्मा दुष्ण "यदः अर्जानः र्ये। विः र्वे श्वेनः क्रार्थेम क्रुः नेद्रा "डेकायदे क्रीदः ग्रीकानः र्यम हिद्देश

यद्-अश्यद्-अ-त्र्वन्य-विद्य-व

यन्यान्यान्यान्यं अपने भ्रीन्दि वयार् या यो तत्याया अर्थेन वसा "यने भ्रीना

मिं र्सेदे विषाद हिंद त्यायक्ष सह्या के पेंदाय यह का ने विकासिया

"डे विषा बेरा यह अर्गर या "वेश यह क्रीहरणीश क्रा हिषा हता व्युति । व्यक्ष क्षा क्षेत्र हे क्षा

"वर् क्केर्। धेव वदरहिंद् ग्रीकार्ष क्रें र वर्बेद पर देव दर्षे काया रेद्।"

"शुःषः यर्जेन् यायद्वेन नुर्गेकाय सेन्। "बेकायने श्लीन सर्वे सका व्यन्। विकायने श्लीन स्वर्थे सका विकायने स्वर्थे सका विकाय सका विक

"यद्रस्य सम्बन्ध स्त्रीत्। स्री माल्य याद्र स्त्रीय मी प्रमाय स्त्रीत्। "स्त्र स्त्रीय स्त्री

यदे भ्रीदान्य रेशे केवा यें लेना यन्य प्रमुद्धा "यदा अप्याप्य विद्याणी केवा विद्याणी स्वाप्य केवा विद्याणी केवा विद्याप्य केवा विद्याप केवा विद्याप्य केवा

"बिंद्रायाः ध्वार्द्वा अदान्याः द्वी कित्रायाः स्वार्या स्वार्थाः स्वार्याः स्वर्याः स्वर्यः स्वर्यः स्वर्यः स्व

"દશ્ચ લગ દ્વા સંગે એના વન સન્યાન્ય દ્વા વિત્ર મુન્ય સ્થાન સ્થાન

"ब्रिंदर्ड वियायः भ्रुयायी व्येद्रा"

श्रेयशः सुग्रवाश्वत्रान्द्रवः यः द्रवेत्।

"यदे श्चेत्। हिंद् श्चे विषा देश देश शे खेंद्र मी बेश यद् शाद्या र विश्व यदे श्चेद्र श्चेरे खासू यविद खद खायश्च विश्व विश्व विश्व यद् शाद्य शाद्य शादिश यदे

चने क्रीन् डे. ब्यन्या यदा यदा क्रीका क्षेट्र । विष्ठा क्रीन्य । विष्ठा क्षेट्र च व्या विष्ठा हु । विष्ठा क्षेट्र च व्या विष्ठा क्षेट्र च व्या विष्ठा विष्ठ

"र्वि..."यद्'अ'द्ग्रार-र्येश्चे'य्याकु्अ'वेश्रा

यदे श्चेद चीश दर श्वर यत्नेत देश य त्र यद सर मार व्यक्ष से हिंद ... यदे से ... रेद्र "से इंश्वर यत्नेत हिंद ... यदे से ... रेद्र "से इंश्वर यत्नेत हिंद ... यदे से ... रेद्र "से इंश्वर यत्नेत हिंद ... यदे से ... रेद्र "से इंश्वर यत्नेत हिंद ... यदे से ... रेद्र "से इंश्वर यत्नेत हिंद ... यदे से ... रेद्र "से इंश्वर यत्नेत हिंद ... यदे से ... रेद्र "से इंश्वर यत्नेत हिंद ... यदे से ... रेद्र "से इंश्वर यत्नेत हिंद ... यदे से ... रेद्र "से इंश्वर यत्नेत हैं से ... रेद्र "से ... रेद्

") Tá - दर्र : र्वेष (या दे - यद् - श्रे : र्षेद - या - द्र्ष : येष : र्षेद | "डेक्ष यय : र्वेक्र यद : क्रेडिंद - यदे - यदे - क्रेडिंद - यदे - यदे - क्रेडिंद - यदे - यदे - यदे - क्रेडिंद - यदे

द्रम्भुगान्नाम् द्राप्तान्यम् स्राक्षास्य स्राह्म स्र

त्रश्चा शु. योथये. त. प्रयोप. प्रयोक्ता चार्नुषु. प्रदेश, स्योश. वेचेट. ये. चर्थेयो च्चि. स्ट. योश. तथा शु. योथये. प्रयोक्ता चार्नुषु. पर्योक्ता चार्नुषु. पर्योक्ता चार्नुषु. पर्योक्ता चार्नुषु. पर्योक्ता चार्नुष्. पर्योक्ता चार्नुष्. पर्योक्ता चार्नुष्. पर्योक्ता चार्नुष्. पर्योक्ता चार्नुष्. चार्न्या क्षेत्रा चार्नुष्ट. योज्ञा चार्न्या चित्रा चार्नुष्ट. योज्ञा चार्न्य चार्नुष्ट. योज्ञा चार्नेष्ट. योज्ञ

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"ब्रिंद् ग्रीका के खिना बेरा "बेका क्षमाका मार्बेद खद कद क्षमा क्षेत्र या बेरे र प्रकारण दक्षमा

विषाः व्यद्याः हेया द्यावया द्वावया विषाः व्यव्या व्यव्याया विषाः व्यव्याया विषाः व्यव्याया विषाः व्यव्याया विषाः विषाः

ध्वा यदे श्चित्। "डेश्वायन्द्रल्च रहा श्चारात्रात्र स्वा यदेश्च रहा यदेशस्य स्वा यदे श्चेत्र विकायम् स्वा विकायम् स्वा यदे श्चेत्र विकायम् स्वा विकायम् स्वा यदे श्चेत्र विकायम् स्वा विकायम् स्वा विकायम् स्वा विकायम् स्वा विकायम् स्वा विकायम् स्व विकायम्य स्व विकायम् स्

स्वाका निकास निकास स्वाका स्वाका स्वाका निकास स्वाका स्वा

"ग्र्यां विश्वायः व्याप्यः द्वाया विश्वायः श्रीयः श्रीयः श्रीयः श्रीयः श्रीयः विश्वायः विश्वायः विश्वायः विश्व विश्वायः विश्वायः विश्वायः विश्वायः विश्वायः श्रीयः श्रीयः श्रीयः श्रीयः विश्वायः विश्वायः विश्वायः विश्वायः व

क्षेत्रभाक्षेत्रभाक्ष्यम् मार्चेद्रभी स्थान्य स्थान्य

"दश्राक्षायतः द्र्याश्चरः द्रंभे श्रीतः भ्रीतः भ्र

"देंव् गुरा नेर्देश रें गढ़ेश छावा अपना धेवा वा विवाश विवाश सेना "डेश अगश्रामार्वेर मीश विं सेर स्वाप्त सुर्या

"अः र्रेष्यश्चर्यः स्वा हिंद् यदे सें धिव वस्य हिंद् यक्ष्य व यर्डेष् षी बेकः यदे श्चेद र ग्चेक्ष्यय वक्षा हिंद् यक्ष्य ।

त्त्रच त्र च क्रियं क

"য়৾৽য়য়৾৾ঀৼয়ৣ৽য়ৼয়য়৸ড়ৄ৾ঀৼয়ৣয়ৼঽ৽ঀয়৽য়ৄ৾ঀৼয়ৣ৽ড়ৄ৾ঀৼয়ৣ৽ড়ৼ৸"য়ঀয়য়য়য়ড়ড় য়ৣ৾ৼৼয়৽য়ৢৼ৽য়য়ৢঀৼয়য়৸ড়ৢ৾ঀৼয়ৣয়ৼঀ৽য়ৢঀৼয়য়য়

"र्बिन् भ्रम्भामार्बेन् मी विषास्त्री मिं धिमासु विषामी माने मार्चे मार्थे विषासे स्था र्षिन् पार्बिन् ग्रीका ग्रान्स्यी विषास्य । "विषासन् स्रावेश्येषा वन्त्व स्थ्रीन हो वन्न विषासेन्।

มิ เฉฉฉานะ เฉริ์รุเ

यश्चर्म् व्याप्त व्या

"र्बेन। र्बेन। वित्यास्त्रमार्वेन सम्मिन। विन्ति स्त्रीत हेन्सेन स्त्रीत हैन्सेन स्त्रीत हैन्सेन स्त्रीत हैन्स इसकान मुक्तेन हैन्सान व्यासन सिन्। "वेकान ने स्त्रीत कर सी विन्ना स्त्रीत स्त्

য়ःस्टायात्रक्षात्रक्षात्रक्षात्रक्ष्यात्रक्षयात्रक्

"र्देव गुट तर्गे प्रकाश प्रत्य है स्वर्ग प्रते हैं हि स्वर्ग प्रते हैं हि स्वर्ग प्रते हैं है स्वर्ग प्रते हैं स्वर्ग स्वर

यदः अप्तृत्रामः र्येश्वायम्दायाः संस्पेता यदेः श्चीदः ग्चीश्वास्त्रः स्वात्यः तृत्राः श्चे

यदः श्रीतः वे श्रेश्रयः श्रीः वें त्र्यः विषाः धिवः यः यदः यः विषाः विष्यः विषयः विषय

विश्वत्यायाव विश्व विश्

वश्राणुत्रात्यश्रादिशास्त्रीयः। सेवादेसःस्यात्तेश्वाद्याः हेषाः वर्षेषाश्रा

लय। यहर लूट । "प्यू. य। अश्रम धिर श. बुरी मिलेल प्र्युट मूस ग्रीट । र क्रूम यहर लूट । "प्यू. य। अश्रम धिर श. बुरी मिलेल प्र्युट र मूस ग्रीट । र क्रूम स्मान मुह्म स्मान स्मान

"चरेत्रको वर्षो चर्रेक्षाहुँ र हिंधा वर्षे । "वेशक्षाक्षर्यः विकाक्षर्यः विकाक्षर्ये । विकाक्षर्ये विकाक्षर्ये । वि

"देन देन व्यास्य प्रत्येश वित्र प्राप्त क्षेत्र वित्र वित्र क्षेत्र वित्र वित्र

"वर् क्रुर् वर् थे सेर्। "डेशयर् सर्गर वेंशले सुशहे त्यवा

य्यात्त्रच शुःक्टाश्चेत्राश्चारात्त्रच शुवायावाच्चा विवायाव्यात्त्रच स्वायाव्यात्त्रच स्वायाव्यात्त्रच स्वायाव्यात्त्रच स्वायाव्याः स्वायाः स्वायः स्वायाः स्वायः स्वायः स्वयः स्वय

चक्षि वि.श्रुंश्वाचरे श्रीट.जाश्वाचर श्रीट.चर्या वि.श्रुंश्वाच्या वि.श्रुंश्वाच्या वि.श्रुंश्वाचर वि.श्रुंश्वाचर वि.श्रीट.चर्या वि.श्रुंश्वाचर वि.श्रीट.चर्या वि.श्रुंश्वाचर वि.श्रुंश्वा

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"अ्वाश्वार्वेदः। यदःस्रश्चयत्वतः हिंदः श्रीश्वार्यः वीः हें विवायः स्वाय्ये वाः विश्वायत्वे स्वाय्ये स्वाये स्वाय्ये स्वाय्ये स्वाये स्वये स्वाये स्वाये स्वाये स्वाये स्वये स्वाये स्वाये स्वये स्वये स्वये स्वये स्वये स्वये स

"८. ४ ४. पर्डेंचे. येट्र श्री. चीड्रंचे. योट. श्री. चीड्रंचे. या. दश्चावश्चा संदर्भ या. सीची ट्रंडे. सुंचिश्च प्रकाश्चिश्च प्राचिटी यट्टे. श्रीटी "ड्रेश्च. सीच्य. चीट्च. सीच्य. या. ती. श्रीची. क्रंडे. सेट. ट्रेंचे. यट्टे. श्रीटे. यी. यच्च. श्री. श्री. यो. या. व्याच्याची.

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यक्षा अव्यक्षात्र्यं स्वाक्ष्यं क्षेत्रः विष्यः स्वाक्ष्यः स्वाक्षः स्वावक्षः स्वाक्षः स्वाक्षः स्वावक्षः स्व

"डे:वियाचेरा"वेशाञ्चमशयार्वेरायीशसर्वे तर्वेसश्वराद्या

"बिंद् निं विषा छो धिव। दाश्ची यात्र प्रायम छा खरा कुव कु सेद। "डेश धुर्वा अ वार्वेद पर्कोद ने वावसाय धोरा

"रार्वे वर्षा धेवा "बेश श्चव प्या "रेम अवा परे श्चिर्णय रार्श्चेत उर अर मे में से से से सुम बेषा परे पो अर्। देव ग्रम क्यम केव अमेर् मा महा पर प्रि केंम पर्य से में में से से सुम सुन् हुर स्था

वित्रक्तिः वित्राचित्र। प्राप्तान्यान्य वित्राचित्राः वित्राचित्र। प्राप्तान्य वित्राचत्य वित्राचित्र। प्राप्तान्य वित्राचत्र। प्राप्तान्य वित्राचत्य वित

ग्रीकायह्मीकायपुर्धिकायपुर्वातक्ष्य। सर्वापुर्वात्तक्ष्या भ्रास्ट्रमाक्ष्यां त्रिम्द्रम्थान्यस्यात्र्यात्रक्ष्यकान्ने। स्रायदान्द्रम्थन् स्वापक्षियायपुर्वे भ्रास्ट्रम्थन्यस्य

क्षिश्रायन् आन्ग्रम् वेद्यन्ति । "र्क्षेन्द्र्यन्द्रम् विश्वायन् या वर्ष्यम् विश्वायन् अप्या क्षेत्रः त्र क्षेत्रः व कष्टे क्षेत्रः व क्षेत्रः व कष्टे कष्ट

"चन्द्र-भेद्रा व्यक्त व्यक्त

भ्रायवतः व्याप्तते म्वयायातः स्वाप्ताः स्विष्णः मित्रायाः स्विष्णः स्वाप्ताः स्विष्णः स्वाप्ताः स्विष्णः स्वाप्ताः स्विष्णः स्वाप्ताः स्विष्णः स्वाप्ताः स्वापताः स्वापतः स्वापतः स्वापतः स्वापताः स्वापताः स्वाप