

Chapter Five

Chapter five, the longest chapter will disclose the Milarepa's austerity practice of misery and despair in order to eliminate his negative actions. Then Milarepa continues, "At that time, I went begging (alms) for my living high and low throughout the Lho Drak valley. Over a couple of days, I would thereby be able to gain twenty-one *khal* (pack) loads of barley measured in the full *Dre* vessels (A square wooden cup used for measuring dry and wet grains). Paying fourteen *Dres*, I purchased a copper kettle with four handles, free from rust and grime inside and out. I used one load to buy meat and wine, and put the remaining six loads into a large sack. I then placed the kettle on top of the sack and carried them back to the Lama's residence. Exhausted when I arrived home, I had dropped the load to the floor, which caused the room to tremble. The Lama, who was eating his meal at that time jumped up and said, "You are an energetic tyro. Do you intend to murder us by bringing down the house with your brute strength? Everything you brought is unfit, so get rid of your barley." And he pushed it away with his foot which prompted me to take outside for a while. Without thinking any bad of him, I simply thought to my mind, "It seems that the Lama has a fierce temper. I must watch how I should behave and render service when in his presence."

Back in room, as an offering, I presented the empty copper kettle and made prostration to his feet. He held the kettle in his hands and for a while stood there pensive with his eyes half-shut. At last, tears trickled down his face and he said, "This is most auspicious. I offer it to Panchen Nāropa." He raised the kettle in his hands, sounded the handles, and struck it with a switch ringing it as loudly as he could. He then carried it into his shrine room where he filled it with melted butter and set it down alight. At that very moment, I was overcome with revulsion for the world and stricken by an intense longing for Dharma. I repeatedly requested the Lama for his teachings. The Lama replied, "I have many great faithful disciples coming from Uu and Tsang. The inhabitants of Yam Drok and Ling attack them, stealing their provisions and offerings with impunity. Cast hailstorms upon these two regions and bring destructions to the notorious men. This, too will be religious work and then I shall in return grant you the oral instructions."

Upon the instruction of the Lama, I cast terrible hailstorm upon these two regions bringing down massive destructions. Then I requested Lama for oral instructions. Then Lama said, "Was it for these meager bits of hail you cast that I brought the Dharma from India with difficulty? If you genuinely need Dharma no matter at any cost, again the highlander of Lho

Dark have attacked my disciples coming from Nyal Loro and they had also shown big contempt for me. You, who claim to possess great magic, cast black magic upon these men. When you have done and signs of its success appear, I shall administer you the oral instruction of Great Panchen Nāropa I possess, which will bring about awakening in one's life and body." Again according to Lama's instruction I cast magic and made the highlanders fought among themselves and as a result many belligerent men perished at the point of a sword. Seeing this the Lama said, "It is true you possess great magic, just as you claimed," and so he gave me the name Thu Chen, the Great Magician.

As mentioned by the Lama earlier, I requested for the oral instruction on awakening for attaining Buddhahood, only to declined by Lama again. "Huh!" he replied, "Was it to reward the evil deeds you committed that I went to India without regard for my life, that I offered gold without concern for my wealth, and thereby was able to request the oral instruction that are the living breath of the *ḍākinīs*? You said you need them, that must be a joke, and a feeble one at that. Should you have asked other, you might have been killed. Now restore the destruction caused to harvest of the Yam Drok people and heal all those injured highlanders. If you do that, I shall grant the oral instruction. Otherwise, do not come to see me again." Thus he scolded me, nearly hurling blows.

The Lama's wife, Dakmey Ma was only at my side to consoled me when I fell into deep despair and shed many tears. The next day, Lama came to me and said, "Last night I was quite hard on you, but do not be disheartened. Do not be impatient, for I give you the oral instructions slowly. You look hardworking, so help me to build a tower for my son Dharma Dode. When you finish it, I will grant you the oral instructions and also provide with clothing and provisions." "What will happen to me if I die before then without the Dharma?" I asked Lama with anxiety. "I will see it that you do not die before then," he replied. "I do not possess Dharma instructions empty of promise. Since you show tremendous perseverance, if you can meditate on my oral instructions, you will demonstrate whether or not you can become a Buddha in this life. My lineage possesses an unbroken transmission of blessings unlike any other." This put me in comfort zone.

To be continued...