

Ea 6. Yn Jerrey

Vershion aashagh

Laa dy row, ren ynseydagh Zen brishey pash chostal v'ec yn vainshter ehey.

Tra ren eh clashtyn y shenn ghooiney çheet stiagh ayns y çhamyr ren eh follaghey yn phash dy tappee as briaght:

“Cre'n oyr ta shin geddyn baase, vainshter?”

“T'eh dooghyssagh my yuilley,” ren yn fer-ynsee freggyrt. “Ta toshiaght as jerrey ec dy chooilley red. Ta dy chooilley red bio son traa cooie as eisht shegin da geddyn baase.”

Er shen, ren yn ynseydagh jeeaghyn peeshyn y phash da'n fer-ynsee ehey as gra:

“Ta traa baaish yn phash eu er jeet, vainshter.”

No 6. The End

Easy version

One day a Zen student broke an expensive pot that belonged to his master.

When he heard the old man coming into the room, he hid the pot quickly and asked:

“Why do we die, master?”

“It’s natural, my boy,” the teacher answered. “Everything has a beginning and an end. Everything is alive for the right time and then it must die.”

Thus, the student showed the pieces of the pot to his teacher and said:

“The time has come for your pot to die, master.”