

Ea 6. Yn Jerrey

Vershion s'doillee

Haink eh gy kione dy vrish ynseydagh Zen pash chostal by-lesh e vainshter.

Tra cheayll eh y shenn ghooiney çheet stiagh sy çhamyr, dollee eh yn phash dy tappee as briaght:

“Cre hon ta main çherraghtyn, vainshter?”

“T’eh dooghyssagh, my yuilley,” as yn fer-ynsee.

“Ta toshiaght as jerrey ec dy chooilley nee. Ta dy chooilley red bio son traa cooie as eisht shegin da baase y gheddyn.”

Yeeagh yn ynseydagh foilliagh y phash da e er-ynsee as gra:

“Ta traa baaish nyn bash er jeet, vainshter.”

No 6. The End

More difficult version

It came to pass that 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 perish, 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 remainders of the pot to his teacher and said:

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