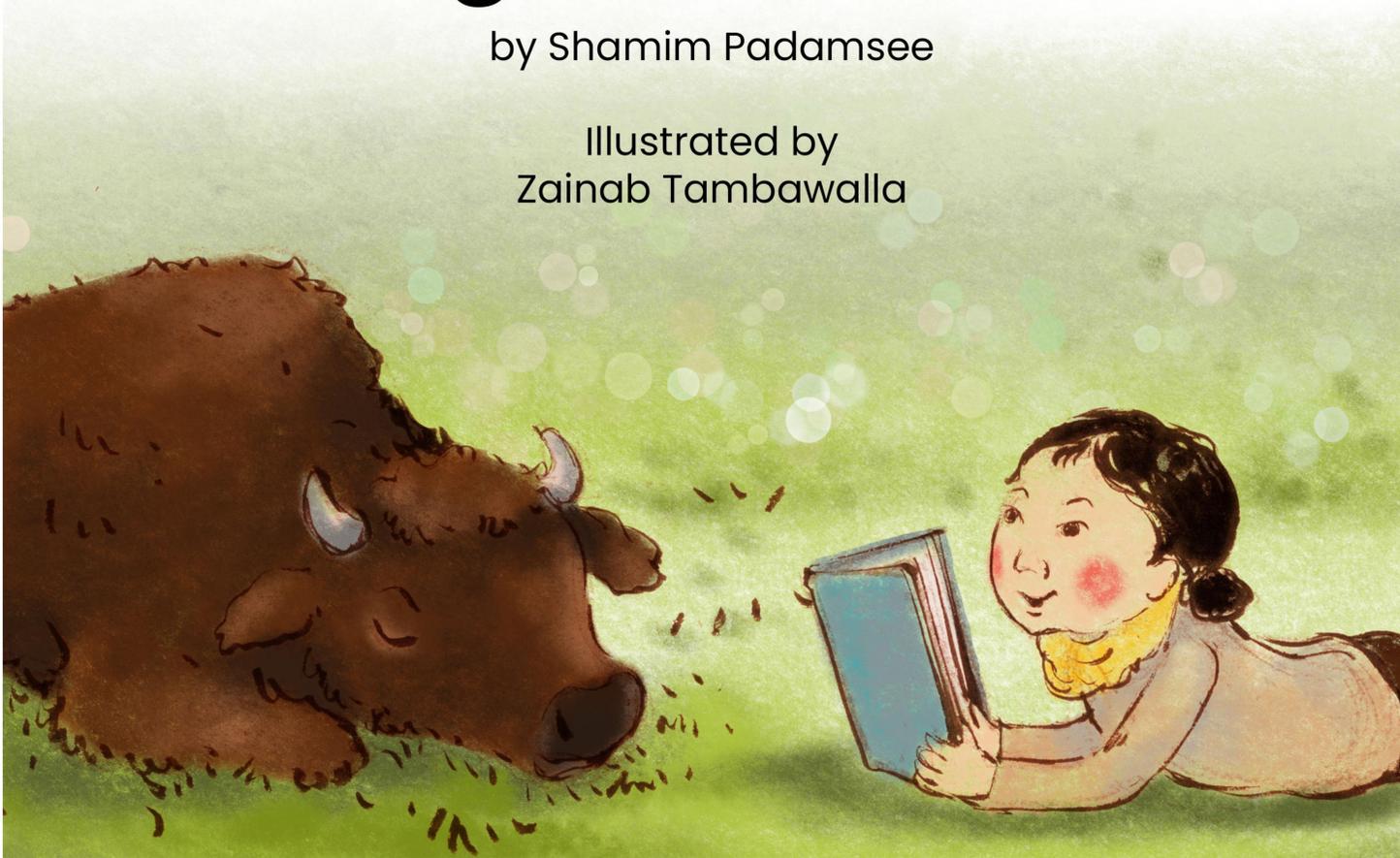


ANGMO'S YAK

by Shamim Padamsee

Illustrated by
Zainab Tambawalla



Julley!" said Angmo's father
placing a baby yak in
Angmo's arms. "

She is for you."



"Thank you, thank you, Aba-ley,"
said Angmo burying her face in
the soft, fuzzy fur.

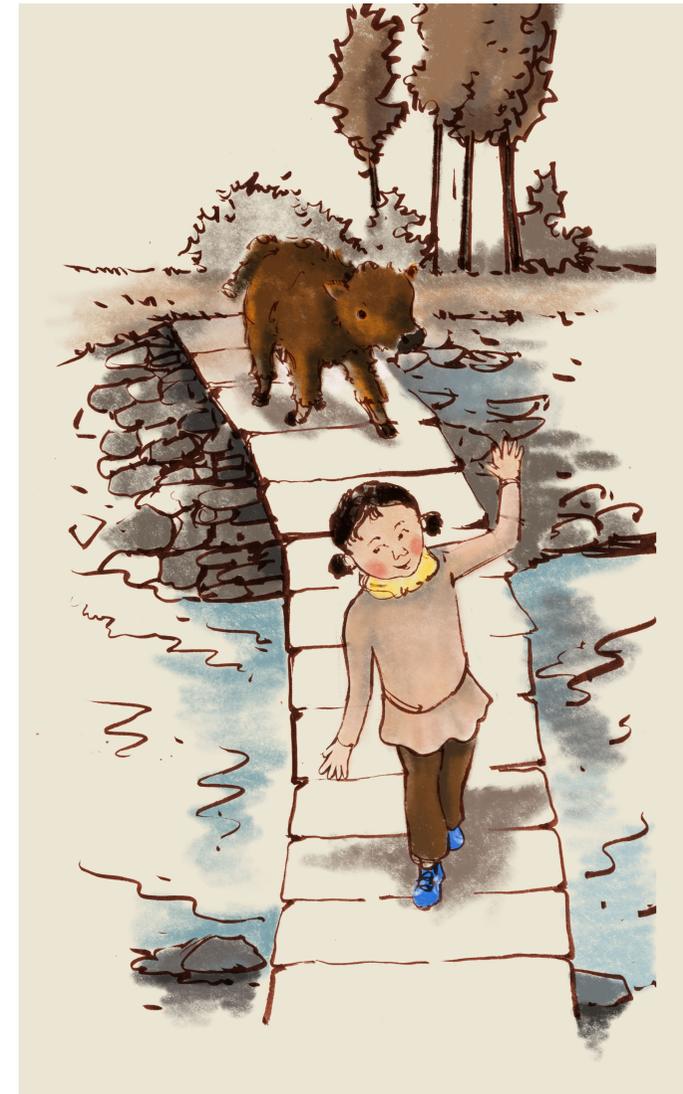
"I'm going to call you, Yakzu,"
she whispered to the calf.





Everyday, Angmo took Yakzu for walk.
At first, she was wobbly but soon she was jumping and running.

Yakzu went with Angmo everywhere.
To the river, to the market and even to school!





When Yakzu was a year old,
Angmo had a party for her.

She invited all her friends.
They played games, they ate,
and they danced.

There was a special treat for
Yakzu, too – juicy red apples.

Yakzu loved apples.



Soon Yakzu was taller than Angmo.

That year, when the snow began to melt and tiny leaves and flowers sprouted on the mountain slopes, Aba-ley said, "It's time for the yaks to go to the mountains to graze.

Yakzu, too, will have to go this year."

"No-oo Aba-ley, please do not send her to the mountains," cried Angmo. "She might get lost."



“Angmo, she has to go,” he said. “She must learn to graze in the mountains with the other yaks.”

And he left with the herd.

Angmo was very worried.





A couple of months later, it was time for the yaks to return.

One day, Angmo spotted the herd coming down the mountain slopes.

She ran to meet Yakzu.

But Yakzu was not there.

Tears rolled down Angmo's cheeks.

"Come child," said Ama-ley,
"Let's go to the Gompa to pray for
her safe return."

Angmo turned the prayer wheels as
hard as she could.

They spun around, Whirr-rr, whirr-rr,
whirr-rr!



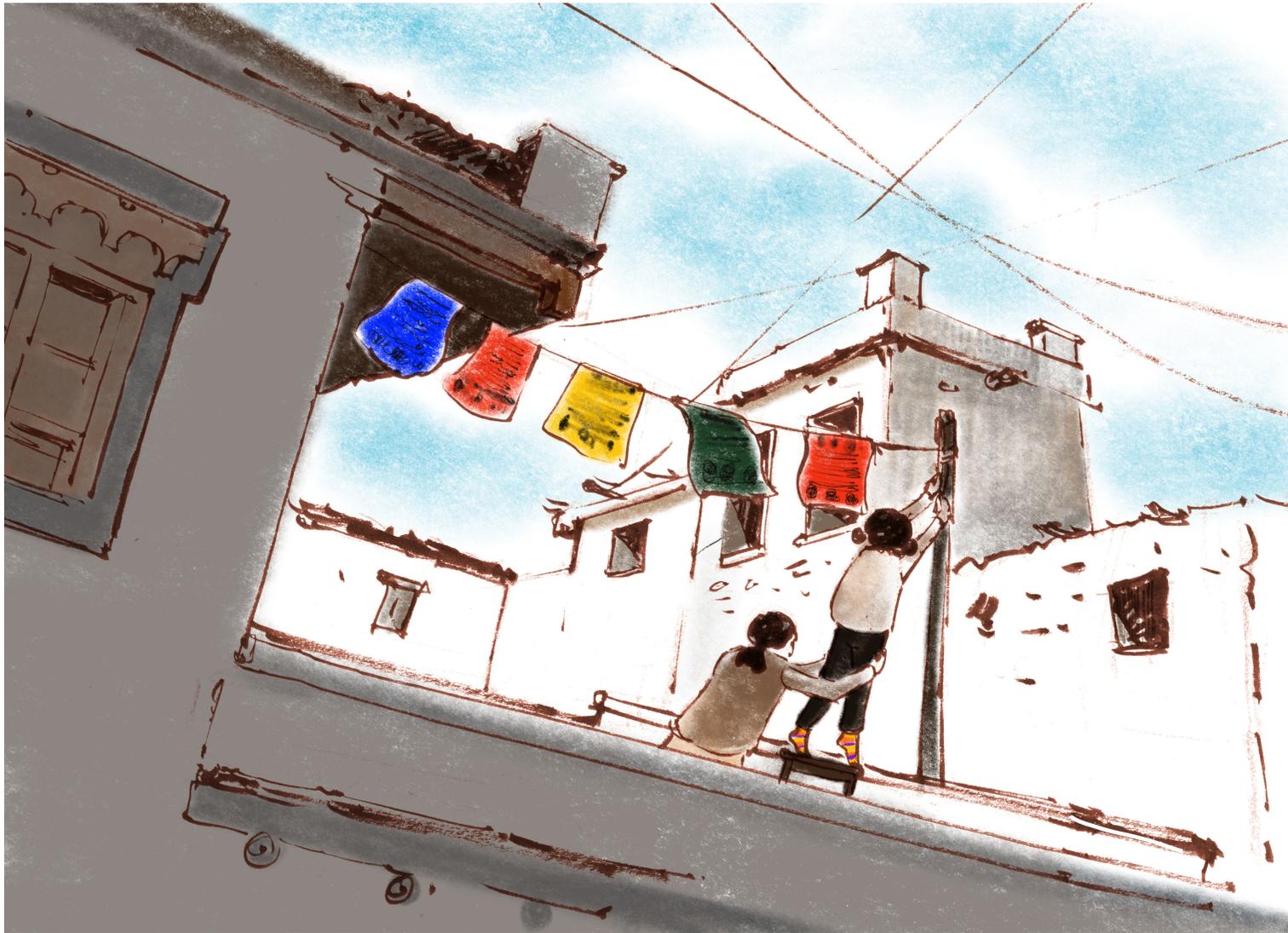
She went to the Lama.

"Lama-ley," she said, "Please pray for my Yakzu to be safe."

"Tie some prayer flags," said Lama-ley.

"They will bring blessings for your little yak."





Angmo made five flags and strung them on the roof of her house.

As the flags fluttered in the breeze, Angmo prayed for Yakzu to be safe.



Angmo could wait no longer.
Early one morning, she packed a bag
of food and set off to look for her.

"Yakzu, where are you?" She called out.
There was no reply.



On the way, she saw furry
marmots rollicking by the lake.

"Julley!" she said.
"I am looking for my Yakzu.
Have you seen her?"



The marmots merely tossed
their heads and dived back into
their burrows.
Angmo walked on.



"Yakzu, where are you?"
She called out.

There was no reply.



The kiang merely grunted
and galloped away.

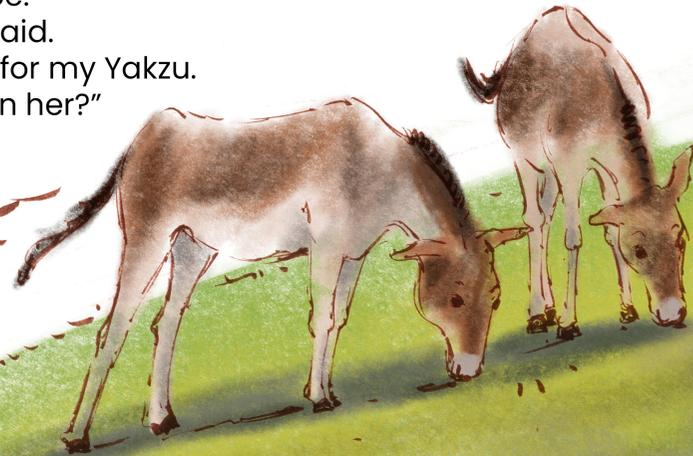
Angmo walked on.



She saw some kiang grazing
on the hillslope.

"Julley!" she said.

"I am looking for my Yakzu.
Have you seen her?"





"Yakzu, where are you?" She called out.
But there was no reply.

She saw some chough on a rocky slope.
"Julley!" she said. "I am looking for my Yakzu.
Have you seen her?"

The chough merely flapped their wings and
flew up, up, and away.

Angmo walked on.





Angmo was tired.

She sat on a rock and remembered all the wonderful times with Yakzu.

How she used to follow her everywhere.

How they played together and how much she loved apples.

"Apples! That's it!" said Angmo jumping up.

"That's where she must have gone. To find apples."
Angmo knew of an apple orchard near-by.

She sprang to her feet and was off like a shot.





"Yakzu, where are you?"
She called out.

And this time there was a reply.
"Un-nnn!"

Angmo ran towards the sound,
and sure enough there was
Yakzu, standing under a tree
munching apples.



What a celebration there was!
Ama-ley made some delicious
gur-gur tea to drink and
momos to eat.

There was a special treat for
Yakzu, too.

A basketful of delicious juicy
apples!