

## **Translation of the Aksa Sukta (CKR: From Probability in Ancient India)**

Everyone avoids a gambler, like an old man avoids horses, even his mother and father feign not to recognize him, and he is separated from his loving wife. Many times the gambler resolves to stay away, but each time the fatal attraction of the dice pulls him back. With great enthusiasm he reaches the gambling place, hoping to win, but sometimes he wins and sometimes his opponent does. The dice do not obey the wishes of the gambler, they revolt. They pierce the heart of the gambler, as easily as an arrow or a knife cuts through the skin, and they goad him on like the ankus, and pierce him like hot irons. When he wins he is as happy as if a son is born, and when he loses, he is as if dead. The 53 dice dance like the sun playing with its rays, they cannot be controlled by the bravest of the brave, and even the king bows before them. They have no hands, but they rise and fall, and men with hands lose to them. The gambler's wife remains frustrated and his son becomes a vagabond. He always spends his night in other places. Anyone who lends him money doubts that he will get it back. The gambler who arrives in the morning on a steed leaves at night without clothes on his back. [Such is the power of dice!] O Dice, I join the ten fingers of my hands and bow to the leader among you!