

## Ancient Tibetan Myth

Long before the Tibetan people were born, there lived a devil and a rock ogress who held sway over all the other living creatures and the country was known as the Land of the Two Divine Ogres. As a result of their union, fearsome meat-eating beasts were born.

One day the devil went away and the rock ogress, having no one to quench her lust, threatened to have her monstrous offspring devour thousands of other sentient beings unless the Monkey King agreed to satisfy her ravenous passion.

The Monkey King had been meditating in the snowy realms of Kangchenjunga and was torn between his compassion for his fellow beings and his vow of chastity. He was transported instantly to where the great Bodhisattva Avalokitesvara looked out upon the world.

Avalokitesvara bade him to marry the rock ogress in order to protect all of the other living creatures. So, the Monkey King consented to her demands.

Thus, the Tibetan people were born.

From the King, the Tibetans acquired the attributes of kindness, high religiosity, and their industrious work ethic. The rock ogress bestowed upon them quick tempers, passion, jealousy, and the strong desire to eat meat.

Such are their characteristics to this day.

*But what became of the Two Divine Ogres' offspring—the meat-eating beasts? This is the great secret of Tibet, the Land of Snows.*

*And secrets never last forever.*

# Chapter 1

He had no mind. That was what made him different. That was what made them all different—all two hundred and sixteen of them.

As a five-year-old boy, his given name had always seemed odd to him—had seemed not to belong. After entering the *gompa*, or monastery, for his training, he had assumed a new name, one fit to be used at this time and place. Still, it had seemed incorrect, and the feeling had persisted through the years. Now he knew why. A moment ago, he had had a ‘reminding.’

Those names were not his *real name*.

He recognized that his twenty years of training had led him to this one moment. The awakening occurred just after reading a phrase in a sacred text. He found it somewhat amusing that a simple phrase from a book had had the effect of revealing the truth of his existence. It was like a veil had been lifted.

He knew who and what he was.

If he did not know better, the reminding would have seemed like magic, because it had not occurred as a memory like a normal person would have had. It was more than a mere realization, more than a thought to be considered or evaluated. The *Epiphany* had changed him all at once into a new state of being—a *state of knowing*.

A person does not *remember* their own name. They just *know* it.

And so, he was himself again, with no additives—nothing blocking his abilities. Once again, he could do things other human beings could not do.

The first thing he noticed was that his thought process had changed. Vocal thoughts had vanished. The little voice in his head disappeared, no longer a distraction. His thinking was no longer internalized. This transformation meant that his attention remained on the exterior world rather than the interior world, inside one’s head.

He had no sense of introversion, only a powerful feeling of personal serenity. He looked forward to fulfilling his purpose in this life.

The only thing limiting him now was his body, and the fact that all the memories of his prior incarnations had not fully returned. He could recall only bits and pieces. But he realized that that particular knowledge would be restored to him after he had performed his sacred duty. He estimated he had about five years until he would be needed. He would be ready.

Five more years—then, *the beast*.

## Chapter 2

Dane Nielsen rappelled down the sheer rock face of a cliff he had descended many times before. The bluff gave the aspiring mountaineers he taught something they could learn on with a reasonable expectation of safety, it not being more than a two-hundred foot drop.

He halted his rappel and sat comfortably in his climbing harness. He knew that he was finally back in shape after what many of his friends had called *the Great Bender*.

The Great Bender had lasted for the three months of last year's winter. He had spent most of that time hiding out in his ranch house near Leadville, Colorado, and had refused to take calls from any friends or family.

Guilt does that.

His days had consisted primarily of visiting the local liquor store to pick up a case of scotch, then spending the rest of his time drinking it while watching ESPN. That, and lots of sex. Drugs, sex and death are great guilt-relievers. The first two give temporary relief, but the third works the best.

Single malt scotch had been his drug of ... (*end of excerpt*)