

Milarepa continues...

Meanwhile, I was anxious to know how signs of black magic had manifested in my homeland of Kyangtsa. There had been a wedding feast for my uncle's elder son to receive his bride. Thirty-five people who despised/turned enemy to my family gathered in the house led by my uncle's son and their wives. Other guests and those who treated us well talked among themselves on the way to the house. They said, "As the saying goes, 'When the false master aims to be master, the master is put out like a dog,' so too have these terrible people acted. If the power of Thoepaga's incantations does not work against them, the power of the truth of the Precious Jewel (Kenchog Sum) will."

In the meantime, those coming to the gathering had not yet entered the house, while my uncle and aunt stood outside discussing what food to serve and what greeting to pay to each person. At that very moment, a former maid of mine who now worked for my uncle went to fetch water. She did not see those many horses tethered in the courtyard, but instead saw it filled with scorpions, spiders, snakes, tadpoles, and the like. In their midst stood a scorpion as big as a yak, thrusting its claws around a pillar and tearing it out. She fled in terror, and just as she landed outside, the many stallions that were tethered together with the mares riled the females, causing all the horses to startle and rear, while the mare kicked at the stallions, and as a result pillars were struck and they toppled. The house collapsed, and under the rubble some thirty-five people died including my uncle's son and their wives, resulting the house filled with corpses and shrouded in a swirl of dust.

Noticing the disastrous that filled the area outside, Peta, my sister rushed to my mother and gave an account, saying, "Mother! Mother! Uncle's house has collapsed and many people have died. Come look." My mother wonder whether it was true and, overwhelmed with joy, she went to look. Upon seeing my uncle's house reduced to swirling cloud of dust and hearing the valley filled with mournful cries, she was as happy as she was astonished. Right then, my mother fastened a tattered rag to the end of a long stick and holding it aloft she cried in a loud voice, "I present this before you, please accept it, gods, *lamas*, and Triple Gem. All you Neighbors and countrymen, has a son been born to Mila Sherab Gyeltshen? I Nyangtsa Kargyen, have worn

tattered clothes and eaten bad food in order to provide for my son day in and day out. Look and see if it has paid off. Previously, Uncle and Aunt said, 'If you are many wage war, if you are few cast magic.' Now, magic cast by the few has gained more than war waged by many. Look at the people in the upper stories, and animals below. Look at the riches in between. I have lived a long time and have at least witnessed such a miracle displayed by my son. Look! Could I, Nyangtsa Kargyen, be more happier than I am right now?

Those who have not yet returned home heard her gloating. Some said, "She is right!" Others said, "She is right, but she is overdoing now." All those who had their relatives died in the calamity heard my mother. Gathering together, they said, "It is not enough that she caused this disaster! Now she gloats! How despicable! Torture her and rip out her beating heart." The elders said, "What is the use of killing her? It is her son who has brought this upon us. Indeed it was him alone and therefore, first find her boy and kill him with your own hands however you can. Then it will be easy to kill her." They agreed upon this. My uncle heard this and said, "Now I have neither sons nor daughters left to lose. For me, I will be happy to die." He set off to kill my mother, but my countrymen held him back, saying, "First of all, it is because you did not keep your word that this calamity has befallen the region. And now, if you carry out your plan without killing her boy, we will oppose you." Thus my uncle was left without a chance to act on his will. My countrymen then conspired to set out and kill me.

My maternal uncle came to my mother and said, "With your speech yesterday and the way you acted, our countrymen are planning to kill you and your son with their own hands. What did you hope to achieve? You should have been satisfied that the black magic worked." In this way he scolded her at length. My mother replied, "These things did not happen to you, brother! I agree with what you are saying, but it is difficult to show restraint when all my wealths had been stolen in this way." She broke down into tears. Her brother continued, "It is true, you are right. But now I am worried that people will come to kill you, so lock yourself behind closed doors."

To be continued.