

Milarepa continues.

After reaching Kyurpo (Chorphu) in Yarlung, I met the Lama and presented him with an offering of three ounces of gold, as well as Lama Yonten Gyatsho's letter and gifts. I explained how I needed to cast hailstorm and he asked, "Was your black magic successful?" "The magic was successful," I replied. "Thirty-five people perished under the house which collapsed. Now in addition, I received a letter saying that I need to cast hailstorms, so please think Kindly on me." I made request to lama. He gave me the instructions and I went to practice them in my old retreat cell. After seven days, a cloud gathered inside the magical pit, lighting flashed, and thunder rumbled, and thus I thought I could direct a hailstorm by pointing my finger.

The Lama repeatedly asked me, "Since you are casting a hailstorm, how high are the crops now in your region?" I replied, "They have just barely sprouted," and then some time later, "the seedlings are just enough to hide the pigeons." It is a little too early," said the Lama. "Now how high are they?" "The ears of grains are just beginning to come out," I replied. "It is time to go cast the hailstorm," said the Lama. He sent the messenger who had already been to my village as my companion, and disguised as Yogins we set off. In my region the elders could not remember having such a good year, and a law forbids people from harvesting the crops whenever they pleased. When we arrived, the harvest was due to be reaped the next day and the day after. I prepared for the practice in the upper end of the Valley. Then I recited the mantras and a cloud gathered, barely the size of a small bird. This was actually not what I had hoped for. I invoked the names of the oath-bound protectors and proclaimed the truth of how my countrymen had abused me. I pounded my cloak and shed many tears, whereupon suddenly a black cloud, unimaginably vast, gathered in the sky. It converged into a single mass and at that instant hailstones bear down upon the grain, covering the entire valley three bricks deep. The whole mountainside was washed into Ravines.

Seeing the mass loss of their harvest, the villagers wept. Afterward, a tremendous rainstorm set in. As my companion and I were chilled, we lit a fire of tamarisk wood in a cave whose entrance faced north, and there we stayed. Some locals, who had gone hunting for the harvest thanks giving, said, "This Thoepaga has wreaked suffering upon our countrymen as no one else ever has. He has already slain so many men, now he has wiped out this year's excellent crops. If he fell into our hands, we would rip out his still-beating heart, and each of us would take

a bit of flesh and as drop of blood. But even this would not relieve the pain we feel in our hearts.” As they were saying this, they passed in front of our cave on their way down the mountain. Among them an old man said, “Silence! Silence! Speak softly. There is a smoke in that cave and we do not know who it is.” The younger men said, “It must be Thoepaga. He has not seen us so we should call together a gang from the village. If we do not kill him today, he will bring further ruin to the region.” Saying this, they turned back to village.

My companion said, “You go ahead, I will pretend that I am you and that I have come to gloat over their misfortune.” We agreed to meet at the inn of Dingri on the fourth night, while he was conscious of his own great strength and remained there without fear. At that moment I dreamed of seeing my mother one more time, and frightened by my enemies, I quickly fled. As I reached the village of Nyanam, a dog bit my leg and I did not arrive at our meeting place on time. My companion by that time was surrounded by the gang of villagers but broke through the circle and escaped by racing when they were at his heels. They flung weapons at him and each time he hurled large stones in return. As he ran away, he shouted at them, “I will curse anyone who ventures against me. Did I not gloat over all the men that I have already slain? I wiped out this year’s excellent crops, shall I not gloat over that too? So if you all do not treat my mother and sister well, I will curse the highlands of this valley and annihilate its lowlands. Those who are not killed will have their family lines cut off for nine generations. If you do not see this region laid waste with death and destruction, it will be no fault of mine. Just wait! Just wait!”

Frightened at this, the men of gang quarreled among themselves, saying, “Do something to back! Do something! With that, they agreed they should return. Meanwhile my companion had reached Dingri, our meeting place ahead of me and asked the innkeeper if a Yogin such as himself had arrived. The innkeeper replied, “He has not, but you so-called Yogins are very fond of drink. There is a drinking festival over in the next village, go there. If you have no cup, I can lend you one.” The Yogin borrowed a cup, deep-bottom and ashen like the face of Shinje, the Lord of Death, and carried it to the festival grounds where I was seated at the end of a row of guests. He came up beside me and asked, “Why you did not meet me yesterday?” Yesterday I went to beg and a dog bit my leg so I could not travel quickly, but it is nothing to worry about.” We set out together and when we reached Chorphu in Yarlung. Upon the arrival, the Lama said, “You two have indeed met with great success.”

“No one has been here before us. Who did you hear it from?”, we asked. The faces of the oath-bound protectors appeared, their faces shining like the full moon. I have also presented

them the thanksgiving rites.” The Lama seemed very pleased as he said this. This is the way I accumulated negative karma by plotting to destroy my enemies. Thus Milarepa spoke.

This ends the third ordinary deed, the deed in which he annihilated his enemies. These three chapters constitute Milarepa’s Ordinary Worldly Deeds.