

Sometimes, at the beginning of the rainy period, there are enormous storms that come from the Gobi Desert. In just a matter of minutes the sky becomes pitch black. Then red lightning splits the sky, and the wind tosses entire villages into the air as if they were dust. Many people and animals perish in the process. When such a storm is at its worst, a horde of wild riders with swinging black sabers can immediately be seen in the sky reflected by the lightning. They roar and charge through the clouds. Then it's best to hide because they mow down towers like blades of grass and tear children from the bellies of their mothers. Red rain falls wherever they gallop. It's their bloody tears, for they're not happy. They are the robbers of divine power.

There once lived a powerful chief of the wild robbers by the name of Dsang-Dau-Ling. He was so powerful and cruel that everyone turned pale merely when his name was mentioned. After he and his riders attacked a village, nothing could be seen of that place the next day other than a still pond of blood with ravens circling over it. Dsang-Dau-Ling tore babies from the bellies of preg-