

Arakho

In the beginning of the world, our ancestors walked the Earth much like we do. But they didn't look quite like we do. Sure, they had two arms, two legs, eyes, mouth, nose, a face, a head. They stood upright, but, as we have more skin showing than hair, they had hair over the entirety of their body. That is until the sneaky monster Arakho arrived. He would go around lurking in the shadows waiting for his prey to be unaware of their environment. He would sense when that was the case and he would pounce on them, and in a flash...Arrgghh... devour all of the hair right off of their bodies and be gone. And that person would be left standing there exposed to all of the cold. And in Mongolia, it gets quite cold.

Arakho especially liked the night time, for then, he could lurk under a cover of darkness, and find easy prey fast asleep. He would devour their hair, and he wouldn't have to rush off even because they wouldn't even wake up. Arakho was so good at what he did, so cunning and so slippery, that he managed to eat too much hair. Part of the problem was that he could never get enough, He was never sated, and he kept eating and eating. And soon, he'd eaten almost all of the hair off of almost all of the people.

Now this was a problem for just about everyone. It was a problem because the hair provided them with protection from the elements. Now they had to go about and figure out how to make clothing. For Arakho it was a problem because he was simply running out of food. How is he going to have enough to eat? He had tried other foods but nothing really worked the way that human hair worked for him. What was he going to do? He would think about it and he would obsess over it, but no idea came to his mind.

The Gods were also upset. They had intended people to be covered with hair, and now the people looked much like you and I look, with skin, a little bit of hair, but not too much. What was going on they thought? They went to the Sun and the Moon, because they knew the Sun and the Moon from their vantage point up in the skies had a good sense of everything going on down below. And they asked them "Sun and the Moon, what has become of all of the hair on people? Why are they suddenly bare?" Well, said the Sun and the Moon, nothing can hide from us, and neither can the monster Arakho. He is sly, and he is sneaky, but he couldn't escape our glare. We saw him there, going around devouring all of that hair. Hmmm...the Gods were angry. He needs to be punished.

But much like us people, their anger was just on the outside. What was really going on inside was that they were afraid. They thought how is it that this simple monster managed to turn our plans as to what humans should look like upside down? He messed everything up. Maybe our power is slipping? Maybe we are growing weak? Maybe we're even loosing our immortality. They were so

frightened that they went back to the Sun and the Moon because the Sun and the Moon had been so helpful before. And they said, Sun and the Moon, can you help us? Can you make a magical potion that will boost our power and ensure our immortality?

Oh, of course said the Sun and the Moon. You see, they loved being involved in everybody's business. Maybe it was because they were so high up in the sky and they got to see almost everybody's business. But for whatever reason, it made them so happy to suddenly be in the midst of this drama between Arakho and the Gods. Except, the only thing lacking was that Arakho didn't know about their involvement. So they decided they would go down to the Earth and tell him all about it and gloat a little bit – feel important. And so, they descended from the heavens. Arakho all the meanwhile was lurking about as he often did, looking for hair but finding only people who looked like this. A little bit of hair here and there but not enough to satisfy his hunger. And as he was looking around, thinking about what he was going to do about his issues, he heard a voice behind him.

Hey Arakho! Oooh! Hey... how did you find me? We know where you are. We can find anything – that's right! Anyway, we can sneak up as well as you can. And the God's are not happy with your sneaking around. You have eaten way too much human hair and they are getting ready to punish you. What do you know about the God's Arakho asked? We know plenty about the Gods – in fact, the Gods came to see us, yours truly, just recently. Yeah, you know, they needed some help and of course we were the ones to go to. Yeah, we're making a magic potion for them. We call it, the waters of life. Catchy huh?

Arakho said, huh, waters of life? There's no such thing as the waters of life. What could waters of life do or mean? Waters of life? I'll tell you about the waters of life the Sun answered. The waters of life will make sure that the Gods stay immortal. Arakho had an idea. He decided to lead the Sun and Moon on. Immortal huh? What good is immortality? I mean, lets say that someone who is immortal didn't eat any food? They would die anyway wouldn't they? Ah ha ha answered the Moon. Shows how much you know about immortality. Not surprising, I mean you are just a simple little monster wandering around on the face of the Earth. No, no, no. Let me tell you about immortality because I understand. Immortality means Immortality. You might not eat, but you are going to still be alive. You don't need to eat, your immortal.

Immortal huh? I don't believe said Arakho that you would have the ability to make a potion that would grant immortality to Gods, or anything for that matter. Yes we have that ability. In fact, we've created that potion. We are going to be serving it to the Gods themselves at a great banquet at the end of this week. Speaking of which Sun, we should go and take care of that. You're right Moon. We'll be seeing you. And they took off, back up to the heavens.

Arakho now knew what he wanted to know. He had an Idea about how he could overcome his problem of not having enough hair anymore to eat. He went to the Wind and asked the Wind where the banquet would be and the Wind told him. Arakho scouted out the area, and he found a little hiding place not too far away that would be just perfect for what he needed. He thought with this hiding place, no one, especially not the Gods or the Goddesses will be able to find me, punish me, or stop my plans. What he didn't take into account was the fact that the Sun and the Moon – they were still looking down. And of course they saw Arakho coming and going from his hiding place. And he came and he went a lot because he had a project now. He had decided he was going to make a costume to look like the Gods so that he could sneak into the banquet. He was going to sneak into the banquet and get some of that immortal waters of life and cure his problems forever.

He went around collecting all the goods necessary, weaving and sewing them together. Just before the banquet was bound to start, he had his outfit. A beautiful disguise, and indeed he looked just like a God or a Goddess. He put it on, and he put on the mask. The only problem was the mask covered his mouth so that he couldn't speak or eat or drink. Nonetheless, he went forward to the banquet. When he arrived there he saw that it was quite a do, and luckily he blended in because all of the Gods and the Goddesses were dressed up in their finest attire. Walking around with each other, talking and chatting. He couldn't talk with the mask on so he was careful to lurk in the background as he was so good at doing.

He looked around and he saw at the center of the banquet a large table. A table that was empty except for a goblet, beautifully decorated. This massive cup. And all the Gods kept on glancing over towards it. He realized it must be the waters of life but the Gods weren't touching it because the Sun and the Moon had requested that they would give a speech at the very beginning of the banquet. And afterwards, the Gods and the Goddesses could line up and each take a sip of these powerful waters. Arakho also knew that he couldn't just take his mask off in the middle of this crowd and take a sip from the waters. It wouldn't work at all and he couldn't do it without taking the mask off. He had to take the waters back to his hiding place. He had bought a water pouch just for that purpose which he hid in his disguise. He waited for the right time, and it came soon enough.

The Sun and the Moon descended and they started their speech. All the Gods and the Goddesses gathered at the front of the banquet to listen to the Moon and the Sun talking about themselves. Talking about how complicated the potion was to make and how brilliant they must be to have done it and how no one should try this at home. And of course all the Gods and Goddesses being in the front had their backs turned to the potion in the back. The Sun and the Moon were facing the potion but they were so engrossed in their talking about themselves that they didn't even notice Arakho slipping up next to the table, pulling out quietly and

carefully that water pouch. Filling it up with all the waters from the goblet. Closing it off and slipping away from the banquet.

Eventually, the Sun and the Moon finished their talk, and the Gods and Goddesses who had been waiting around restlessly gathered around the table to discover the waters were gone. The goblet was empty. They yelled to the Sun and the Moon what kind of trickery is this? What is the meaning of this game? And the Sun and the Moon, confused, ran forward blithering and blathering uh, umm, the waters were here! They were here before uh, um, uh!? And then one of the Goddesses with very keen eye sight noticed there were fingerprints – dirty fingerprints all over the cup. Somebody has stolen the waters of life!

Immediately, everyone was thinking out loud, who could this be? Who would be so bold? Who would be so cunning, so sneaky to attempt something like this? And at the word sneaky, the Sun and the Moon caught each others eye, and at the same time they yelled out – ARAKHO!! It must have been Arakho. Everybody, we know where his hiding place is – follow us. They shot off into the sky followed by the whole retinue of Gods and Goddesses, and they went straight towards where that hiding place was located.

Arakho was already there. He had managed to take the mask off, breath a sigh of relief, and finally lifted up that water pouch, opened it up and raised it to his lips. But no sooner had the water entered his mouth than a huge commotion exploded just outside of the entrance. The Sun was there, the Moon was there, the Gods and the Goddesses were there all yelling and screaming. Arakho looked up and he was so surprised that he choked on the water – aheh aheh a hehem. And while he was coughing, one of the Gods drew his sword, charged in, and with a single slice, shhhmm, cut off Arakho's head.

His body fell to the floor, and so too did the waters of life which spilled out and seeped into the Earth. Aaahhhh the Gods and the Goddesses cried! The Sun and the Moon were so upset. The God re-sheathed his sword and they all stomped off saying we didn't get the waters. But at least we're not going to have to deal with that Arakho anymore. Or so they thought. Arakho's body may have been dead, but his head had managed to get enough of the waters of life down into his throat so that when his head was removed, his neck and above remained immortal. So a few minutes later, when peace and quiet had again settled, Arakho began to stir. His eyes fluttered open and he looked around. and then he felt this terrible throbbing in his head and in his neck. He tried to move his body but, his body wasn't there.

What's going on? He suddenly remembered everything, and quickly he figured out that only the Sun and the Moon would possibly know about his hiding place. They must have given it away. And a yell of rage as well as pain and anguish. He lifted his head up and shot up through the sky past the clouds up into the heavens. And there, to this day he lurks hiding amongst the clouds, waiting for

his chance to sneak up on the Sun and the Moon who he hunts tirelessly, for he is seeking vengeance. And when, using his senses to tell when the Sun and the Moon aren't paying attention and are distracted, he will sneak up behind them and with a large gulp, swallow them entirely, and a Solar or a Lunar eclipse will occur. But we know that vengeance isn't always entirely fulfilling. And so shortly after that, the Sun and the Moon will pass through his throat and emerge from his severed neck, and he will have to start all over again.