Once in Tibet there were many demons. Among them was a big demon named Srib-leb rGad-po, who stole other people's children. He took them to his cave for food and nourishment, and made them do all sorts of work for him. He was a powerful demon, everyone was frightened of him. At that time, in the center of a mountain valley there lived an old woman and her child. In the late morning, the old woman would go out to dig for sweet potatoes, saying to her daughter, “Child, stay here with the door closed.” Open it to no one except when your mother returns - else Srib-leb rGad-po will take you away.” The child did as her mother had said. Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. “Who is it?” asked the child. “I am not to open the door to anyone but my mother,” the demon said. “I am your mother,” the child said. “Well, tell me your hand,” said the demon. “You don’t sound like my mother. Show me your hand.” The child tied in a bag and lying on the ground would be seen and so the plaiting was done. She gave the wolf some flour and the two of them went off. The fox fled like the wind and faded into a crack. But the child quickly realised that it was the demon and she fled and came to where the fox was. He came down close, but the fox moved slowly away. He made a big show of following the wolf easily then. now if I don’t take her you do! You stole the child, you filled my mouth and nose with sand, you stuck your rear-end to the stone, you smeared the glue all over your face and then ran off.

The fox came to a rocky outcrop. He made a basket with willow shoots. Suddenly the demon appeared, the skin peeled from his buttocks and blood dripped down his face. With a great roar, he said, “Wicked fox, you tricked me. You took my face with glue - you’ve been torturing me. Now you must die.” The fox replied, “What? Over on that mountain there are a hundred foxes, and a thousand nine hundred vixens. I am the vixen Offering Maker, who lives beside the river. The demon said, “I should learn the way of Sand-blower.” The fox said, “Open your mouth, open your eyes wide and lie down.” The demon lay down. The fox kicked up the sand into the demon’s mouth, eyes and nose and ran off. The vixen went to boil up glue on a rocky peak. Suddenly the demon appeared. “Evil vixen,” he said, “you have done wrong. You took the child, you almost killed me by filling my mouth and nose with sand and now if I didn’t kill you, I’d not be a demon.” The fox replied, “What! Over on that mountain there are a hundred foxes, and a thousand nine hundred vixens. I am the vixen Offering Maker, who lives at the base of this rock.” And he said, “so I should learn how to make glue.” The vixen replied, “Come. Melt glue on this flat stone. Now place your eye on the stone.” He did so and the fox smeared the glue all over his face and then ran off.

The demon came back and lit the fire. He made a basket with willow shoots. Suddenly the demon appeared, the skin peeled from his buttocks and blood dripped down his face. With a great roar, he said, “Wicked fox, you tricked me. You took my face with glue - you’ve been torturing me. Now you must die.” The fox replied, “Great demon. I have not done these unimaginable things. Over on that mountain there are a hundred foxes, and a thousand nine hundred vixens - and a hundred four thousand vixens. I am the vixen Offering Maker, who lives beside the river. The demon said, “Now I should learn how to weave baskets.” “Slip in here and I’ll teach you”, said the fox.

The demon got his body half-way inside the basket, where he remained, stuck. little by little twisted the edge of the basket and finally only the demon’s head was seen and so the planting was done. She rolled the basket to the slope and it turned over. The demon lay dead in the river under the rock and the demon was killed. From that time all the people of that land lived happily, with the mother and her child as their leaders, free from the evil of the demon.