

A New Beginning

One day the crown Prince of the desert Kingdom of Albedesh, whose name was Bali, was sitting on his golden throne in his palace 25 feet wide, 50 feet tall and 100 feet long. Now Bali was a cruel ruler who left his people to die in poverty while he lived in luxury. Bali also had an interest in horse racing and every year he invited Kings and Queens from all over the world to race against him. No normal citizen was allowed to participate, only the attending visitors.

There was a rebellion brewing in Albedesh. The citizens were angry at the Prince. The citizens knew that the only way to overthrow Bali was to stop his horse races. Since they were not allowed to participate or even own a horse, overthrowing Bali seemed impossible.

Then one day a very strange man came to town on a magnificent black horse. The people of Albedesh stared at him. He was dressed in rags yet he had a horse that was so magnificent that it made the King's horses look like mules. The Prince's guards just stood there as if under a magic spell and didn't seem to notice the man on the horse.

One of the citizens finally spoke up "who are you?"

"I have been called many things," said the man "the western wind, the devil on a horse, the man of the wind but you may call me Ali."

"What brings you to Albedesh?" asked another in the crowd.

"I have come to race the Prince."

The people laughed.

"Only Kings and Queens can race horses with the Prince."

"Who is to say I am not a King." He simply replied.

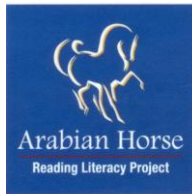
Excited whispers went through the group.

"Are you really a King?" asked a little boy.

"Sadly no," he said solemnly, "but the Prince doesn't know that."

So this man named Ali rode his horse up to the gates of Bali's palace and demanded to speak to the Prince.

When Ali was in the palace he immediately challenged Bali to a horse race. Bali was almost ready to accept when Ali mentioned the stakes.



“What stakes?” he demanded.

“Your Kingdom of course,” Ali calmly replied.

“WHAT! And what would you offer me if I win?” responded Bali.

“My horse,” said Ali “the horse that out ran 15 armies, destroyed 20 Kings and is made of the wind itself.”

“Your possession is the horse of the howling winds?”

“He has been called that.”

“I accept!” yelled Bali.

Soon a crowd assembled to see the man from no-where race the Prince. To their great surprise they could not see a guard anywhere. Then Ali rode up and the crowd looked for the Prince, but he wasn't there. Some onlookers in the crowd thought that the Prince had fled in fear of the race. Then a dust cloud appeared on the horizon. As the cloud grew closer it became the shape of the Prince and the guards charging towards Ali, swords drawn. Just then Ali raised his hand as he chanted words in an unknown language and all the guards weapons crumbled and turned to sand.

Ali's voice boomed “if you do not want to be turned to sand your selves you will race me!”

So the Prince raced Ali across the desert and lost horribly. The Prince was then turned to stone by Ali. Afterwards he told the people that he was really the God Alili who had come to help the people of Bali to rid the Prince. With the Kingdom of Albedesh finally was free, the people celebrated. Then Alili rode his horse into the sky. Now every year on the day the Alili raced the Prince there is a holiday and everyone celebrates, the freedom they received.

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