Long ago, in an age before guns and conquest, there lived a young boy named Tongpu. In appearance, he seemed like an ordinary boy, in an ordinary house in an ordinary village named Dobe, in an ordinary nation called Tibet. What was not-so ordinary about Tongpu was his birth. Unlike other boys, who were born from a mother and a father, Tongpu was born from a tree that a monk had meditated under for 5 years. Upon the final hour of this monk's meditation, the tree split open, revealing the newly born Tongpu. This bewildered monk entrusted him to a family in Dobe who raised him in the ordinary way.

However, something was off about little Tongpu. While other children constantly cried or threw tantrums while they were growing up, Tongpu seldom cried or got angry. In fact, Tongpu showed relatively little emotion besides happiness; after all, he had a loving mother, father, and an adoptive younger sister to play with. However, at one point in their life, everyone will experience all emotions, from jealousy, fear, to sadness. Whenever Tongpu felt sad, it seemed as if the whole world was sad along with him. Dark, oblong clouds would cover the sky like a blanket, and heavy, tear-shaped raindrops fell from the sky. Luckily, most days the weather in Dobe was happy weather, or rather constant sunshine. On some days, the sun shines brighter than usual, and on some days, it is partly cloudy.

The sun would occasionally disappear the entire day. One of those days was Tongpu's first day of school. He was so bored in the morning that the sky was a dull gray sheet until the afternoon, when the class had recess for an hour, before going into an even darker gray. His classmates and neighbors told him jokes whenever he felt down to make the day nicer.
One day, a new boy joined their class. His name was Rawu, and he had just moved to the village. Rawu’s personality was the opposite of sunshine, rather, he was full of deadly storms of fire and lightning. He picked on poor Tongpu, and denounced him as a witch, turning the classmates on poor Tongpu. Ever since Rawu moved to Dobe, the sun shone less frequently during school hours. One afternoon, during a slate gray recess, poor Tongpu was sitting on the edge of the play yard minding his own business when the arrogant Rawu walked over. Soon, the book was on the floor. Next, Tongpu’s face was pushed into the dirt. Tongpu’s classmates all gathered around Rawu and started jeering at Tongpu. Suddenly, the air felt colder and the wind was blowing at gale force speeds.

Lightning crackled in the dark red sky, and it started hailing sharp, angry icicles. Churning black clouds tore up the plants growing in the fields, and spun around the icicles, like the blades in a blender. All his classmates were hiding behind trees, or clinging onto playground equipment. It seemed like the cold, sharp wind was coming from Tongpu’s angry, clenched fists. He began beating the frozen ground with his fists, causing tremors in the Earth.

While all of Tongpu’s classmates were hiding behind a large rock, one of them, a girl named Biru, stepped out to face the angry Tongpu. Biru and Tongpu were neighbors who became very close friends, and she was one of the few people who stood up for Tongpu. She ran towards Tongpu, calling his name, but he was too immersed in his rage to hear it. Instead, the wind got colder, and stronger. Brave Biru was almost blown back by it, but nevertheless, she persevered towards Tongpu. When she reached him, she tried to calm him down with words, but he was unable to hear her. In an act of despair, Biru drew the raging Tongpu into her arms, all while soothing him with words.

Subsequently, the icicles turned into rain, the wind became a breeze, and the clouds began to disperse, the rain stopped falling from the sky, and the sun emerged from behind the clouds. The figure of a no longer angry Tongpu along with the courageous Biru collapsed upon the ground, smiling.

Never had the sun shone brighter before.