

**AIKOL MANAS  
(MANAS MAGNANIMOUS)  
VOLUME 1**

**By Jaisan, Son of Umot**

**Received from the living spirit and put down on paper by  
Mariam, Daughter of Musa**

**English translation by Adilet-Sultan Meimanaliev**

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## **A NEW LIFE OF THE KYRGYZ CLASSICAL HEROIC EPIC “MANAS”**

You are holding the translation of the first volume of the book “Aikol Manas” (Magnanimous Manas) by Jaisan Umot uulu. The book represents the experience of a written expression of the story of the classical heroic epic “Manas”. In the original language, the book was published in 10 volumes and has seen several editions.

The Kyrgyz epic trilogy “Manas. Semetei. Seitek” is a set of historically and genealogically interrelated parts of the orally transmitted story. Manas is a hero who managed to unite the fragmented tribes into a single nation – the *Kyrgyz*, delineate the territory they inhabited as the “Kyrgyz land”, and protect his people and land from external enemies. The early episodes of the trilogy emerged more than a thousand years ago. According to one of the versions, the first episode of the epic was born out of the lamentations, when the great leader died. But Semetei, the hero’s son continued in his father’s tracks, followed by his son Seitek. Thus, the trilogy “Manas. Semetei. Seitek” has become the embodiment of the spirit of the Kyrgyz people and a symbol of their ethnic identity, integrity and independence.

Besides the struggle of the heroes for their honor and land, the trilogy has also captured the diversity of people’s life in its entirety: the spirituality and traditions, holidays and daily routine, and the relationships with other peoples and nature. Many Kyrgyz intellectuals noted that the epic trilogy is synonymous to the Kyrgyz themselves and is an encyclopedia of their life. The trilogy got to survive during the Soviet time. It is one of the biggest epics in the world. The version of the narrator Sayakbai Karalaev (1894-1971) numbers 500,553 lines. There are more than 80 versions of the epic in the Academy of Sciences of Kyrgyzstan. Since 2010 the study of the trilogy has

been a mandatory subject in schools and higher education institutions of the country. During the time of globalization, the trilogy helps the young generations of the Kyrgyz feel and realize the uniqueness of their people. During the century of indirect communication via electronic communications, the narration and listening to the epic is a form of direct, live communication. As a study subject, the trilogy fosters the idea of a multi-ethnic state and lays the foundation for an environmental worldview.

However, the surprising uniqueness of the Kyrgyz trilogy is in that unlike other epics of the world it has been a living, developing phenomenon to the present day. The Kyrgyz people say “There is no trilogy without the narrators”. The epic trilogy continues its being through the community of the narrators. The never ending narration can run for hours – the longest narration spell in modern time was registered in August 2004, when Ulan Ismailov narrated the epic for 12 hours and 45 minutes without a break. According to the tradition, the true narrators are chosen by the spirits: they narrate the trilogy not based on memorization, but through receiving it from the heroes and narrators of the past. Hence, the narration can last for weeks and months.

An apparent proof of the fact that the epic “Manas” is a living, developing phenomenon is in the appearance of the written version of the epic. Nevertheless, the appearance of the book telling the story of Manas has become huge news for the contemporary Kyrgyz society. This news has divided the epic’s supporters and experts in different camps. It is necessary to note that the majority of the Kyrgyz intelligentsia, especially the academics and writers, are actively not accepting the book “Aikol Manas” by Jaisan Umot uulu. In the articles that follow this introductory note, Jumadin Kadyrov and Temirbek Toktogaziev, supporters of the written version of the epic, analyze in detail the reasons behind the division and rejection.

One of the main reasons of misunderstanding and non-acceptance of this book is its authorship. Jaisan Umot uulu is shown as the author of the book. There is no such man among the living people – according to this book, it is a spirit of the very first narrator of the epic “Manas”, whose name was Jaisan Umot uulu. The spirit of the man long gone as

the author of the book published in the XXI century provokes rejection in the educated Kyrgyz people. Here it is important to note that without exception all big narrators of the past and present highlighted their special connection with *arbak* – spirits of the heroes of the epic or famous narrators of the past. Only the *manaschy* (narrators) that have the connection with the spirits are called *daarygan* [da:a:ri:'ga:n] – the chosen ones for the mission of a narrator. In this case, this traditional paradigm is fully preserved: the entire story was recorded from the spirit of a single narrator and his name is appropriately mentioned as the name of the author. What has been habitual in the oral tradition has brought about a lot of debates in the written form. The narrator Jaisan had been known to the epic experts and narrators for a long time. However, the community has a long-held opinion that the oral classical version of the epic “Manas” originates from a different narrator by the name of Yraman [I:rʌ'ma:n]. This is another reason behind the rejection of the book “Aikol Manas”, even though it is evident to everyone that the epic has been preserved not by one concrete *manaschy*, but rather by the constellation of great narrators. It is also evident that at present not a single narrator, but a group of narrators is making a contribution to the preservation and development of the epic heritage.

Another serious reason underlying the non-acceptance of the book by the intellectuals is the personality of the person translating the current version and creating the book. Her current name is Bubu Mariam Musakyyzy (at birth her name was Mairambubu Sargaldakova). She was born in Jumgal district of Naryn province in 1950. She speaks Russian and she is a mother of four children (two of them untimely died during the creation of the book). She used to work as a dairymaid. She was married to a *chaban* [tʃʌ'ba:n] (shepherd) whom she later divorced. Her education includes 8 years of schooling during the Soviet time. At present, she is a pensioner. Everything in her background provokes a protest in the educated community of the Kyrgyz intelligentsia: gender, status and educational background, but most importantly the audacity of the woman who stated without any evident proofs that she was receiving the sacral news from the very first narrator of “Manas” and gathered a group of supporters together with whom she began to actively familiarize the society with “Aikol Manas”.

The very structure of the book “Aikol Manas” in the first editions (2005-2010) has also become a ground for misunderstanding by the community. That structure contained two parallel lines that run throughout the book. The first line is prosaic text that tells the personal story of Bubu Mariam: how, when and why she received this or that news from the spirit of the ancestor. The second line is the poetic lines of the epic. The prose takes turns with the poetics – Bubu Mariam is omnipresent in the book with her not quite epic, but rather daily routine things and problems. Such a “lowering” of the heroic epic and the introduction in it of episodes of private life of a mere pensioner made many people perplexed, since the epic trilogy “Manas” exists in the public conscience as “pure and finished good”. The Manas Studies experts and other intellectuals theoretically know that the epic is reproduced as a result of certain spiritual experience, but they were not ready to accept the variant of such experience in this particular kind.

Due to these and many other reasons, the appearance of the book “Aikol Manas” gave birth to a big discussion. Regrettably, the discussion has not been about the extremely unusual spiritual experience, the new book and its specificity, the causes of the new creation on the theme of the epic. Rather it has been an aggressive discussion about the “national purity” and a “foreign diversion” against the classical heroic epic and hence against the Kyrgyz people in general. Everyone who is working with Bubu Mariam or interested in “Aikol Manas” is literally entered in the lists of “people’s enemies”.

Why did we come to the idea of an English translation of the epic in such a complex social context? Because we want to let the world know that the ancient Kyrgyz epic continues to live and develop in new forms. Anything that is not developing becomes obsolete and drowns in the past turning into a valuable, important, but past stage of being. This book, whose translated first volume you are holding now, is a unique spiritual experience where the past and the present present themselves in the indivisible unity.

Reflecting on the contemporary value of the ancient texts, the Russian philosopher Viktor Bychkov believes that “Through the correct and confidential conversation with the past we really can acquire the

unique knowledge unconsciously obtained by the humanity, who may not have actualized this knowledge at the time, but sort of tabled it for storage under the more actual meanings for its time for future generations. And now in the situation of global spiritual and cultural-civilizational crisis, we acutely need this knowledge that was once extra-consciously obtained and conserved for us in the structure of the ancient texts. Today this knowledge is very much needed and one of the critical tasks is to engage in its actualization through the process of a live conversation with the ancestors”<sup>1</sup>.

There is no doubt that scholars (folklorists, psychologists and anthropologists) can provide their interpretations on the subject of the appearance and content of this book. Bubu Mariam asserts that the book “Aikol Manas” was born in the process of live communication with the living spirit of one of the narrators of the great Kyrgyz epic “Manas”. In this context, the book may be classified as the type of literature called “spiritual news sharing”.

Famous manaschy – carriers of the oral version – have different attitudes towards the content of the book and interpretation of certain events in the epic, but none of them casts doubt on the spiritual experience of Bubu Mariam. Each one of them experiences the moment of unity and communication with the past and spirits during the narration of the epic.

I am confident that everybody who reads this book will find a much needed and important piece of news in it.

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<sup>1</sup> Bychkov V., Mankovskaya P. (Ed.) *Esthetics: Yesterday. Today. Always.* Moscow, 2005, p. 37.

## THE OPINIONS OF CONTEMPORARY TRADITIONAL MANASCHY ON “AIKOL MANAS” BY BUBU MAIRAM

**Rysbai Isakov:** The issue is about publishing the book. We already expressed our opinion about it in the past. The open question is why is it necessary to publish the book of Bubumariam? At the beginning, you voiced the following opinion: “The manaschy are against because she is a female manaschy.” If that is the case, publish “Semetei” by our semeteichy Seidana-ene<sup>1</sup> – it is a traditional, valuable version without a blemish. Since this has been an internal issue, it was unnecessary to push it outside, abroad. Aren’t we being our own enemies here? What is the purpose of publicizing it abroad? What is the purpose of translating it?

Now we cannot say that all manaschy are aligned on that issue – whether the events are correct or not, whether they are in line with the tradition or not. There is just too much to debate. First, we should have cleared the debate and then publish. At present, there was no necessity to publish it.

The touch of Manas holiness is not exclusive to manaschy only. It is not an absolute must for people who see Manas in their dreams to start telling the epic. The appearance of the knight Manas in a dream might well be interpreted as a sign of transformation of a healer, a shepherd’s entire life path for the better.

I have not been against the support. I have been against the translation. And my rationale is that unless it has fully ripened within our inner

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<sup>1</sup> *Semeteichi* – a teller of “Semetei”, second part of the epic “Manas” trilogy (“Manas”, “Semetei”, “Seitek”). *Seidana-ene* – Seidana Moldokeeva (1920-2006), a famous teller of “Semetei”. *Ene* literally means ‘mother’ in Kyrgyz. Also, a respectful address to an older woman who could be a peer or older than one’s mother.

world there is no need to publish it outside. I know eje<sup>2</sup> personally, we know each other, and I am not casting any doubt on her holiness or other qualities. All I am saying is my position is against the translation for external audience. The debate about what is correct or incorrect is a whole separate thing in need of its own analysis. Yet, despite our explicit concerns you have translated it and you are saying you will publish it again. So, it appears that sharing our opinion was futile anyway, right?

Honestly, it is not about that if this version gets translated, everybody will read it and get to know it. At present, the very reading has become a big issue in its own right. Now success largely depends on the amount of promotion. If we, manaschy, are to say this version is incorrect, we could ourselves have a pure, traditional version of “Manas” translated and promote it. Frankly, we have many possibilities to do that. All we want here is to make our opinion known. As an example, why not promote Seidana’s version?

At the outset, we misunderstood one thing. Since our opinion was sought, we believed it would matter and be accounted for. Now frustration and disappointment arise, because you continue to publish it in spite of our opinion. Why don’t we first come to a conclusion internally before taking it outside all of a sudden?

**Zamirbek Bayaliev:** The versions of “Manas” by Sagymbai Orozbekov, Sayakbai Karalaev and other manaschy have taken their form and shape having passed the millennia-long test from our people. The Kyrgyz, Kazakh, Russian and other friendly peoples’ distinguished scholars and experts have spoken very highly of “Manas”. “Manas” is our past, present and future! “Manas” is our timeless pride. “Manas” does not belong to one person, but to the whole nation. It was born out of the national treasures. This is the position I hold. I am totally against translating “Aikol Manas” by

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<sup>2</sup> *Eje* – literally, means ‘sister’ in Kyrgyz. Also, a respectful address to an older woman who could be a peer to one’s elder sister; to a woman who is a teacher by profession. – 10 –



Bubu Mariam Musa Kyzy into foreign languages. Because this is akin to “implanting apple to pear” – eventually, apple will lose its form, taste and other valuable qualities and will no longer live up to the name of an apple. Therefore, I have been against this from the very outset. Both people and experts also express their opinions contra. Unfortunately, our opinion is not hitting the target.

**Doolot Sydykov:** Speaking of translating this version into English, let’s first remember that there are over 80 versions of the epic at the Academy of Sciences. Why don’t you publish them in order of seniority? By the time it is this version’s turn you will have figured out all debatable issues.

**Ulan Ismailov:** When we first met at “Aigine”, manaschy Talantaaly Bakchiev framed the issue well. He asked of eje whether this is “Manas” or not. Eje’s response was that it was “Manas”. Then Talant-aba said that if that is the case he was against it. The crux of the issue is that people do not regard this version as “Manas”.

**Mairamkul Asanaliev, painter:** I think that Bubumariam’s writing is also not something to discard. She did not write it just out of the blue. Perhaps that is also upon God’s will. Eventually, you are arriving to the right opinion – perhaps this is also a challenge to you. Maybe you will also grow through this debate. Maybe tomorrow you too will be caught by some dark thoughts and you too will need a challenge. Maybe after that you too will have to start searching. That is why I believe we need this. Now that the Chinese have published “Manas” we finally started moving here too. Also, I think that the work that has already been published should continue to be published. No one has the right to prevent publication of a published work. Every person follows their own creativity.

**Salimbai Tursunbaev:** I have heard of Bubumariam. I do not remember exactly how I got hold of her book which I read a little. It would be incorrect to say I did not understand it – rather I did not like it. I watch Sayakbai Karalaev’s recordings on TV, as well as these manaschy here. I would be able to learn their version of “Manas”,

because I like it. I was unable to understand anything in “Aikol Manas”. It neither matches the melody of “Manas”, nor its beautiful and artful poetics. It is written in a completely different style. So, I could not continue and quit reading it.

What underlies the uniqueness of the epic “Manas”, its holiness? It is its liveliness. We call other epics dead, don’t we? And we bring “Manas” to life in this world. I watched on TV a man telling “Manas” in Russian. I also saw a man drink water and tell “Manas” in English. The version of Sayakbai has been translated word for word there and it maintains its liveliness in English too. Now if we translate this book into foreign languages, it will fail in this liveliness dimension. It will be translated as a literary work. People would be able to read it, but they will not perceive it as lively.

**Kamil Mamadaliev:** I can say that I am against it. I did not read the whole thing, but only some parts. Why am I against it? Because it is beyond the tradition – it is not the epic but rather a literary work. Eje says she uses secret connections to write it down. We are not against those, but what degree of truthfulness is there in them?

So we cannot say it meets the tradition. Eje is said to have ayan – the visions. However, the biggest thing is that her version differs a lot compared to the versions of the manaschy Sagymbai and Sayakbai. I came across one and spoke with Eje about it. Eje says that Manas lamented Kokcho by saying “I lost Kokcho, the luck of my hands.” I asked her why it should be Kokcho. She told me that Kokcho fell first during the Great Campaign. I told her that the tradition has it differently – Muzburchak is the first to die. Hence, all of luck is with Muzburchak. I asked her that perhaps she wrote those words in analogy to the saying that the Kazakh are lucky to reach abundance fast. She responded that I misunderstood, that Kokcho had come together with Manas from Altai and therefore was called his luck. I think that maybe it is her personal logic.

Another reason behind my resistance is in producing the pictures. Famous artist Theodore Gertzen also painted pictures of Manas, but he

said in his memoirs that he had read the epic six times and had the visions – ayan. Then, he wrote, he began to draw each line paying attention to every word in the epic to draw the epic characters. Yet, he said he was unable to produce the image of Manas. And here we are dealing with some proxy images – the artist and the receiver of information are two different people. Review every picture – here it says Aichurok-apa, there Kanykei-apa. Evidently, it is the same artist – similar eyes across the board, a lot of similar features everywhere. Perhaps all of this is just meant to confirm the integrity of holiness and that eventually we will conclude that the righteousness of artwork by Theodore Gertzen who did not depict them in full color, yet made his graphics very vivid and clear.

Another thing to note is eje's mention of Jylangach-Bugu as the burial place of Manas. She claims that to this day the relics of Manas-ata are safe, yet no man can reach that place. Then this becomes another secret of hers and begs the question how come Bubumariam-eje actually can reach it, while other manaschy cannot.

After translating it into English, people around the world will read and learn this very unripe version, but all experts and knowledgeable people know the epic is the face of the nation. For example, if you give somebody a fruit sapling that has not fully strengthened yet, it will die on that person. Perhaps their worldview, their perspective on "Manas" will become totally different as a result. Because the world has known us as people who use a lively-telling method – to the present day the scholars and experts know the epic has the tellers, it is a lively epic. People who discover the epic differently and then hear a manaschy will contrast the two versions. They will read Bubumariam's version, perhaps they will believe in it and like it. However, they will also be expecting its telling. Maybe this will also become a dead epic, because this written does not have a teller to it and the lively method fails on it. It has to have the melody to it, which it doesn't – hence, here too it is not aligned with the tradition.

Bubumariam does not say she took it from the epic. She says she took it down through her abilities and meditation, and that she sees it

through a direct connection. Why don't other contemporary manaschy see it then? Hence, one might claim that the latter are merely chit-chatters.

We tell Manas, we do believe in superpowers. Well, if it gets published let it be whether it be in English, Turkish or any other language. But it is unclear whether scholars will take interest in it. Who knows, maybe those with no idea about it will actually find some meaning. Maybe they will come together and arrive at a common conclusion. There are people in Kyrgyzstan who have their own beliefs of Manas. We do believe in superpowers, superpowers do exist. Eje also claims the superpowers helped her write her book. Perhaps the same superpowers we believe in will throw us all together into the same hell. Our intention is not to depart far from the tradition – the superpowers exist and we believe they will eventually put us all back to the right order. They support the Kyrgyz people – I have deep faith we have made through the revolution thanks to the power of Manas-ata. I am thinking, how would the power capable of bringing us back to order then not bring us back to order with this issue?

**Kuban Almabekov:** Well, according to Bubumariam, she takes through meditation the version of the very first manaschy Jaisan and shares it with people. I asked her a question and she told me she was not a manaschy herself. She said that in her meditations she receives special signs, which she then interprets and writes down as words in her book. I was amongst the first ones to meet with her and participate in the big debate organized by “Aigine” – traditional manaschy versus the new version of Bubumariam. The traditional manaschy have a different style, idea and mindset. In general, the Kyrgyz people have preserved it, heard it, and agreed with it. During that debate, she asked me: “So, Kuban, you believe that my “Manas” is not traditional, right?” I said then and I say it now that I believe that her version is a private work of one person. That person has every right to be creative – write poems and songs, write literature or articles. From that standpoint, I agree with what Rysbai said here – I also think that this work will find its place in the future. There is no doubt it is a work of one person's creativity and none of us can say stop it.

But then we also cannot help wondering why this book is being published. Well, if we don't publish it, somebody else can do it. If "Aigine" does not publish it, someone else might. We have a 12-volume book in front of us. As far as I know, this 12-volume book has already seen two editions. There are annotations to this book. There were wide discussions, including with famous professors and academic scholars. I read all of the opinions of Manas Studies subject matter experts. As our manaschy said here, not a single group of common people took this version well. My personal opinion is that as a literary work on people's bookshelves this book is fine. However as, say, a textbook learned at schools or introduced by the Ministry of Education in academic curricula and programs, it does not make the cut – there are way too many arguable issues in it. If we start now, we will be here engaged in polemics until late night. To mention briefly, style-wise and content-wise it brings about various thoughts. Perhaps the consciousness of our people is not ready yet. I cannot say that I am against Bubu Mariam's ideas, but I cannot say that I am supportive of them either. There are many issues to explore purely from the scientific point of view. I also think though, that since the publication of her work about Manas we, manaschy, our society and people started to reflect more. And we need to reflect. One Kazakh scholar formulated the right question: "If each one of you adds something of your own when you tell "Manas", turn it into a piece of art, introduce some new ideas into it, what will "Manas" become and what will you be passing to future generations?" Therefore we, manaschy, must protect the tradition and never mix our own creativity with "Manas".

The fate of the epic "Manas" was never easy. The history supports that. It was difficult in the past, even before the Soviet era. Its own very path just must be that way. The spirit of Aikol, his very strength is in it. The published books are not exclusive to Bubumariam. We hear a lot of information gets published by scholars saying this and that. Sometimes even information, such as this, comes up – that Almambet was a traitor of his own people and then speak highly of his service to the Kyrgyz people. There are many open questions related to the murder of his father in the traditional versions of "Manas". Why

am I sharing my opinion about the version of Bubumariam and others? Our law protects individual rights. One can secure a patent and protect it. This is about creativity. Rysbai writes poems, so does Salimbai – how can I prevent them from doing it? Here he is in front of me – how do I know what poems he is writing there? It is his right. But here we are dealing with claims about the epic “Manas” and the strength of his living spirit. For instance, “The Iliad” or “Alpamysh”, a smaller epic of our neighbors the Kazakhs, or “Kabylandy”, their major one, have not been subjected to such scrutiny and debate. I am proud of its longevity and growth.

Many thanks to “Aigine”! Since you are a scholarly, research organization, you should publish it by all means. Science should advance forward, and the truth emerges from the clash of opinions. We must admit it whether we want it or not. We cannot say out of the blue that Manas was this and that, that he was born such and such – “Manas” will not change or grow because someone had a dream. Our own Sayakbai-ata never got to hold a copy of his own book. It was never published during his time. It was published as short episodes then. That was his story. If we work with what we have, perhaps “Manas” will continue to grow, who knows how many more volumes will be written.

However, there is another side to it too. Nobody said anything after the book was published, for example, Zamir did not say all of a sudden to Bubumariam “Hey, stop!” Also, I witnessed how Nurak Abdyrakhmanov-aba prepared one girl, trained her to play the komuz, taught her a song and brought her to “Aigine” to perform it. I think the song was about the dream of Kanykei. That girl still sings it. What was her name... Karlygach. She sang it – we should all remember. And there I sat and thought that it was not “Manas”, not in line with the tradition, that it was a private creative work. Shota Rustaveli wrote his – what a big work! But his work too is sung as songs. What our discussion here today at “Aigine” confirms once again is that the spirit of Manas is strong and alive! Young manaschy, you are taking on a heavy responsibility here – I am wishing you to be victorious. There

will be many obstacles and polemics in the future beside just Bubumariam.

## THE TRADITIONAL “MANAS” AND “AIKOL MANAS”

Dear Contemporary,

The book you are holding in your hands has produced varying opinions in the Kyrgyzstani society in the recent five years with some readers being simply afraid to read it and others consciously searching for and reading it. One can't ask the logical question as to why some of our scholars take the conflicting path of being against this book “*Aikol Manas*”<sup>1</sup> and why they label the scholars supporting it as ‘*Jai-sanchy*’<sup>2</sup> while they position themselves as the supporters and guar-dians of the traditional “Manas”.

Firstly, due to the fact that the author of the book Bubumariam Musa kyzy only has eight years of schooling in Russian, in their opinion “it is impossible that she would be capable of creating such a poetic rhythm – some experienced poets who can freely create in the genres of poetry must be behind it”.

Secondly, it must be due to their disbelief in the existence of the long ago past author of the book Jaisan Umot uulu who was a contemporary and *choro*<sup>3</sup> of the knight Manas, as well as in the possibility that this dastan was received during meditations from the named man. Unlike the traditional 5-7 syllables-long verse our society is used to in the traditional “Manas”, this work uses the 11-13 syllables-long verse used by such classics of poetry as Abu 'l-Qasim Ferdowsi, Ilyas bin Yusuf Nizami Ganjavi, Shota Rustaveli, Alisher Navoi and Khoja Akhmed Yassawi. I want to note that in the present day Kyrgyz poetry a signi-

<sup>1</sup> “*Aikol Manas*” means Magnanimous Manas.

<sup>2</sup> *Jaisanchy* means a follower/narrator of Jaisan. <sup>3</sup>

*Choro* means a warrior, a companion-in-arms.

ficant number of poems are written using this method. Therefore, the opponents of this work state that the lines made up of 11-13 syllables cannot be sung, at least not in the rhythm the society is used to.

As their main argument they say that the ethnicity of the singer Jaisan was Kalmak (as if they have seen his passport). They stick to the point that in the variant by Sagymbai Orozbekov there are the following lines:

The singer by the name of Jaisan  
Was singing about the beauty of the  
house For half a day.

They say Jaisan was a Kalmak singer, yet they disregard that in the very same variant of the same *manaschy*<sup>1</sup> the episode that recounts the choro of Manas has the following lines:

Umot from the Uishons  
Umot uulu Jaisan.

According to these scholars, the singer Jaisan cannot possibly provide the correct information about our ancestor Manas. They believe there must be something fishy here and refer to the fact that in the dastan Parvati (grandmother of Manas) was changing hands and sold as a slave. They accuse this episode of casting a “doubt” on the grandmother of the head of the Kyrgyz nation. Also, they regard the poisoning of Jaisan by Yraman Yrchy uulu as a diversion. Even if they seem to find a couple of errors in the 10-volume dastan “Aikol Manas”, the fact that they cannot calm down and keep writing articles over and over looks suspicious.

And if we look at this closer, we will see that the reason behind this is from quite a different dimension. First of all, it must be the fact that while their work around “Manas” that took many years have not been successful with readers, a common woman without a name and serious educational credentials has produced a 10-volume book people are eager to read. Moreover, many consider her a “holy” person and the number of her followers is growing year by year. Her book is dis-

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<sup>1</sup> *Manaschy* is a narrator of “Manas”.



tributed to the educational facilities, while she is invited as a speaker to present to organizations and as a guest on TV. A documentary about her was made – such success must cause their envy. What else can they do? Poor things, they think that if they get organized they can get popular with people through their negative opinions. The most alarming thing is that they try to dissuade readers from reading the book. They even wrote along the lines of: “Do not read the book – it has a spell! Once you start reading it, you will not even notice how you get under its in-fluence.” Why do they care if my conscious contemporaries can choose for themselves what to read? What else can they do to try to drag the readers to their own superficial work?

I have also seen the worldviews of my contemporaries change after reading “Aikol Manas”. I was very pleased to see this book fill the readers with even greater love for their Homeland and respect for people: reverence for seniors, respect for young, and other good qualities.

Another reason why this work stands out is because it clearly shows that our ancestor Aikol Manas was a real man in history. It describes his internal thoughts and concerns and how he treated people around him: young and old and his comrades-in-arms, and that he showed respect even to his mortal enemies. Also, it describes the origins of the Kyrgyz toponyms and hydronyms.

Very often people ask me a question whether dastan “Aikol Manas” should be made part of the protected golden archive of the National Academy of Sciences that numbers over forty variants of the epic as yet another version of it. In this work, which consists of ten volumes, we see Aikol Manas on top of Tal Choku during the Great Campaign and how he recalls the events from the Kyrgyz history, the biographies of his close people – we can see like in a movie the depiction of the unfolding and complicated drama and the testing times from the history of the Kyrgyz nation. We can see the clear and lively characters artfully presented by Bubumariam Musa kyzy. The person who starts reading the book is glued to it and really cannot stop until it has been read from cover to cover. I am sure, dear reader, you will witness a similar interest and give your honest assessment to the book. In my opinion, this work should be fully regarded as one of the variants of the epic “Manas”.

First of all, the events here are similar to the traditional versions. Yet another difference of this work, however, is the wider coverage of the maternal lines here. Also, I believe that the “event with the snakes” not seen in other versions will not leave the readers indifferent.

Just as other manaschy, Bubumariam Musa kyzy received the text of “Aikol Manas” through *ayan*<sup>1</sup>. It is important to point out to the reader the following difference. Whereas manaschy get *ayan* in their dreams or day dreams, Bubumariam Musa kyzy had to make calculations each month (The Kyrgyz people have used the movement of the moon and the stars in the sky to track time since ancient times. They lived and planned in accordance with that astronomy.) to identify the right date and time and the closest place for receiving information, then go there and obtain it during her meditations. Also, while manaschy tell that they have the text of “Manas” simply outpour from their mouths, Bubumariam Musa kyzy wrote it down during her meditations using characters unknown to the present day man, but used in writing by the ancient Kyrgyz, and then decoded those records into texts we can read. If manaschy share the information they receive through endless narration of the epic in public, Bubumariam Musa kyzy differs from them in that she has walked to the mountains nobody goes to, she has received the information at the places other humans do not get to see, and that she has then decoded the information for months to translate it into words. Now you are holding in your hands the result of the great efforts made by Bubumariam Musa kyzy to bring this book to life: everything she has let and put through herself, the long sleepless nights in meditation and meticulous work putting it all down on paper. Dear reader, we trust that you will share your opinion after having read the first volume of this ten volume book.

With that, dear reader, let me wish you a happy journey in reading this great book that deserves your highest interest!

*Temirbek Toktogaziev,*  
*Manas Studies expert*  
*Laureate of the International “Ata Turk” Award*

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<sup>1</sup> *Ayan* [ai'jan] means a vision, meditation/trance in Kyrgyz.

## **SEPARATE OPINIONS AND OBSERVATIONS REGARDING THE TENSIONS AROUND THE DASTAN “AIKOL MANAS”**

Every person gains certain understanding based on his upbringing, life experience and education. Based on this understanding, the person then makes decisions and takes action.

As one can gather, I have also been following my life path in accordance with this law of life. However, due to my involvement in a development that has been unfolding since early 2012 to the present day, I can say that I have had an opportunity to see very clearly yet again the significance of these three great pillars understanding-decision-action in life.

...The fascinating and mysterious development, which is not easy to accept and comprehend, began back in 1995 in the town of Chayek, the center of Jumgal district. To be more precise, then 45 year-old Bubu Mariam Musa kyzy unexpectedly met the spirit of the very first manas-chy Jaisan Umot uulu under unusual circumstances and started trans-lating the dastan “Aikol Manas” he had preserved for many centuries from the spiritual world to us, the inhabitants of the material world. The first witness of this development was the writer Shaken Esengulov, who at the time was one of Bubu Mariam’s patients.

As the days, weeks and months passed by, the volume of the message grew and reached the volume of a book. When its time came and the first volume of the book was published, among people around Bubu Mariam there were those who believed her and others who were in complete denial, disbelief and opposition. So the confrontation went on first at the town level, then district and province levels. In the mean-time, the transfer of the message from the spiritual world and its trans-lation on paper continued on. In 2009, fourteen years after the first lines

of the dastan were written down, the 10-volume book of “Aikol Manas” was published. Even though this news was not widely covered in the periodicals and mass media, the book has been passed from hands to hands and become widely known through the word of mouth. Eventually it has become known nationwide and drawn attention of the contemporary scholars, experts, high net worth people and the influential people holding the highest positions of power. And, of course, it has given birth to many more believers and disbelievers.

Our contemporaries who believe and accept the news from the spiritual world have read the ten-volume book, enjoyed it, marveled at the clarification and completeness of the unclear moments of our history and begun to make their own efforts to spread the word about the dastan. On the other hand, the disbelievers united, brought together like-minded people, organized pressure groups, and through people who volunteered to be responsible for it began to undertake various activities. First, they wrote letters to the Government, the President, Jogorku Kenesh, and to the newspapers. They had separate widely known people from the literary and scholarly communities speak on the radio and TV and sign under certain written addresses. In no time, the society’s attention was drawn to the subject and dastan “Aikol Manas” was suddenly in the middle of hot disputes and discussions. Honestly, these events were a big blow to Bubu Mariam, her closest and most trusted supporters, and the believing readers. For quite a while, we were unsure what to do and did not know what action we needed to take.

No conflict, confrontation and displeasing developments, such as mutual blaming, should have happened anywhere near the world of Manas – the pinnacle of the Kyrgyz spirit. Unfortunately, once it started it was imperative to find a way to stop it. Apart from the formal position of the opposing parties, we needed to find out their other misleading conclusions, clarify them and, if they had some serious, substantiated opinions, we needed to accept and discuss them. We needed to meet with the opposition – if not with all of them, at least with the significant number of them – to have a face-to-face discussion, share

our truths and try to drive mutual understanding. With this mindset, I personally tried to meet with many people.

I shared my intent and opinion: “There is only one truth, but we have split and hold different worldviews and our tension is public. Hence, either we are mistaken or you are. Let’s clarify and find out who it is through discussion and exchange of opinions and argumentation, and agree on the right position. Convince us of your truths and let us convince you of ours. Let’s talk through our differences and eventually arrive at a peaceful resolution.”

My reasonable suggestion had different responses from different people. Based on my meetings with a number of people, I came to the following conclusion.

Firstly, there are people in the front line of the opposition who think that epic “Manas” might be tweaked and soiled. That is why they truly believe it must be protected and preserved. That is what underlies their attacks on dastan “Aikol Manas”.

Secondly, there are opinions that the 10-volume creation must be destroyed even through the path of prohibition, because it does not have anything to do with epic “Manas”. Since the spiritual world does not exist, it can never produce and send any news. Hence, according to their reasoning the information provided by Bubu Mariam is a complete lie, a fantasy born out of someone’s imagination.

Thirdly, there are also those who have read dastan “Aikol Manas” in full and completely understand its value and uniqueness, yet their envy makes them be in the opposition.

Fourthly, there are also those who have not read and understood or even held the 10-volume book in their hands or seen it, but heard and trusted separate opposing views of some authoritative figures. These people just follow the opposing crowd akin to the proverb “when a horse dashes away in fear, the donkey follows in frustration.”

Fifthly, there are also our contemporaries who are fully under the power of religious dogmas that have penetrated and intoxicated their consciousness. They do not want even to hear of and or learn about the other world. With a constrained worldview, these people view the das-tan as a message transferred by the devil and set it off against religion.

I must say that in my observation, there are five main groups of folks who are picky towards dastan “Aikol Manas”.

To each opponent of the book I met I really tried to explain and share the truths I personally know:

- There is a proverb “It is better to see once than to hear a thousand times”. I have been around Bubu Mariam and I have authored her biography book based on my observations, feelings and understanding. I did see her go out to establish a connection and come back, translate the messages from the spiritual world and put them down on paper, as well as other mysterious things about her. In contrast, you without even leaving the comfort of your work office come up with sensational criti-cisms based on just gossip and tittle-tattle you heard. As if being wrong is not enough, you also misguide the society down the erroneous path thereby committing a serious sin. There is only one way out of this situation. First of all, you need to read the 10-volume book in full. Then, you need to join us and familiarize yourself with the everyday life of Bubu Mariam and the way she obtains the messages from the spiritual world. Only then make your conclusions.

Whereas my words influenced some people to stop on the way of opposition, most people have stuck to their worldview.

So, having made conclusions based on my exploration of the opposing views and motivations, I offered my suggestions to Bubu Mariam and supporters of the dastan to which they all agreed:

- They are not our enemies. They are our contemporaries who for the time being cannot believe the dastan. It is pointless to continue to confront them. To the contrary, the opponents will just get even more aggressive. If I may draw an analogy, it is similar to an avalanche. Whereas the person who thinks he can confront and stop an avalanche is unreasonable, engaging in disparaging debate with the opponents would be similarly unreasonable and shameful. Let's leave them alone. Let them speak their mind and say what they have to say. Meanwhile, we should continue to work hard. Let's spread the word about the dastan and not only throughout Kyrgyzstan, but also in foreign languages abroad. May our hard work and our success be a response to those with

groundless criticisms! Let's not lose hope that sooner or later they too will become believers of the dastan.

Two years have passed since then. The attacks of the opponents ebb and flow, but it is clear that their numbers are waning little by little.

Dastan "Aikol Manas" too is spreading among the Kyrgyz people little by little. With the beginning of translation into other languages the 10-volume book was translated into Uzbek and published in 2014. If all goes well, the Kazakh translation will be published in 2015. We are hoping that the Tajik translation will be finished in the next couple of years. The third version of the Russian translation of the first volume is ready. The translation of the first volume of the book into English is also great news.

By the way, recently I have understood one truth. As it turns out, the great events and changes on the path of the humanity have always encountered the opposition of similar significance. It is thanks to such tests that the news spread even faster. We need to perceive all of the counteraction and initiatives against dastan "Aikol Manas" not as attempts to stop the eternal work of Jaisan-ata, but rather as assistance to further advance it.

To summarize, both the supporters of Bubu Mariam and her opponents – everybody has been making their influence, positive or negative, by taking action based on the decisions made in accordance with our understanding to help the 10-volume dastan "Aikol Manas" to find its place in life and in the inner worlds of its readers, as well as to spread the word about it to the entire world.

It should also be noted that since the ancient times it has been well known that the engine of development and progress is in controversy.

*Jumadin Kadyrov*  
*November 11, 2014*

## FOREWORD FROM THE AUTHOR OF THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Dear Reader,

You are about to embark on an exciting journey into the Kyrgyz history and culture. As the author of the English translation of this book, I would like to introduce you to the world of *Manas* [Mʌ'nʌs], share one of my translation discoveries, and ask for your forgiveness for any imperfections of the translation, including incomplete poetics and editing.

If you ask Kyrgyz people what makes them Kyrgyz or what they are most proud of as Kyrgyz, odds are you will hear *Manas* in response. *Manas* was a mighty knight and a founding father of the Kyrgyz na-tion. His legacy is in uniting the Kyrgyz tribes into a strong state that defeated its enemies, including overpowering the hegemon China for a short period of time. The Kyrgyz people have regarded *Manas* as their guardian throughout the centuries. To this day it is common to hear a blessing given by Kyrgyz seniors end with “May the spirit of *Manas* support you!”

*Manas* is in the DNA of each Kyrgyz person. My parents told me that as a four-year old I was putting the big book of “*Manas*” under my pillow every night. My oldest daughter said to me when I first told her about *Manas* and his wife *Kanykei* [Kʌni'kei] that she thought that somehow she had known about them and their story before.

The story, or *dastan* [dʌs'tʌn], of *Manas* has been told orally from generation to generation. In the XX century, several versions of *Manas* were written down, and the two biggest ones by Sagymbai Orozba-kov and Sayakbai Karalaev are considered to be classical versions.



These versions numbering around half a million lines each make dastan “Manas” the world’s biggest epic.

During the Soviet period, “Manas” was translated into Russian, hardly survived a potential total prohibition by the Communist party, and gave birth to the new body of knowledge at the intersection of literature and history called Manas Studies and dedicated to the study of the great epic. In 1995, Kyrgyzstan celebrated the 1,000-year anniversary of the epic “Manas” and in December 2013 the epic was inscribed in UNESCO’s Representative List of Intangible Cultural Heritage of Humanity.

*Manaschy* [mʌnʌs'tʃi:], or narrators of Manas, enter into a trance-like state to start their narration. They usually sit and rhythmically chant the story using their voice, hands, upper body movement and mimics to convey emotions. Each manaschy has a personal and rather esoteric story of his initiation. Usually, it happens through a meeting or series of meetings with one or several characters of the dastan in a dream or dream-like reality during which the future manaschy is ordered to start narrating. From that moment on, the manaschy gets the ability to connect to the unique information field in which he can read the events in the dastan. He then transmits what he sees in his mind to the audience in his own words. So, while the events from the dastan described by different manaschy are the same, the words they use and the mastery with which they perform vary depending on their talent and experience.

The uniqueness of the book you are going to read is multi-faceted. Firstly, the manaschy is as unorthodox as can be. *Bubu Mariam Musa Kzy* [Bju:'bju: mʌ'rja:m mu'sʌ ki:'zi:] is a woman who does not narrate the epic, but who is able to connect to the information field through meditation and write down the obtained information. She used special symbols, which she decoded into digits, and then translated the digits into letters and words. Secondly, her personal initiation story is also unique. Unlike classical manaschy that usually get initiated fairly young, she was initiated in her forties by the living spirit of *Jaisan Umot Uulu* [Dʒai'sʌn ju:'mʌt u:u:'lu:] who, according to her, is the very first author and narrator of dastan “Manas” and who was also a contemporary and one of the forty knights of Manas himself. Thirdly, whereas

the key characters and events of the dastan in her version are similar to the classical versions, there is a lot of new information about the dastan and its characters. Among other things, Bubu Mariam established the time period during which Manas lived as VII century AD.

With this context, it should be no wonder that this book is one of the most controversial versions of the legendary epic that has divided the readers and experts into either its ardent supporters or uncompromising critics. The forewords by the Manas Studies experts shed more light on the possible causes of the on-going debate.

Now, one discovery I found fascinating and wanted to share with you is with translation of the Chinese names from the epic. Somehow I decided to try to translate the name *Shuikuchu* from Mandarin purely based on phonetics. To my surprise, this exercise seemed meaningful. Among many possible combinations of characters that could phonetically make up Shui-Ku-Chu, there was a “speaking name” in the tradition of classicism that precisely expressed the hidden purpose of the cook-spy. Whereas it may not actually be a person’s name in Chinese and this approach may be completely groundless, the very fact of getting a meaningful phrase based on the phonetics was stunning and you will see my attempts to do similar things for other Chinese names and toponyms.

I am hopeful that my non-native English notwithstanding you will enjoy this book and develop interest in the rest of the dastan, as well as in the history and culture of Kyrgyzstan. Have a pleasant read!

*Adilet-Sultan Meimanaliev*

## **MEDITATIONS SECTION (Part one)**

### **CHAPTER ONE – UNEXPECTED MEETING**

A command. I understood this word in its direct meaning – an order, a commitment to fulfill something upon the will of a person who is superior in rank or a senior person. Most probably, I would not have pondered over the meaning of this word for a while just as my contemporaries, had I not encountered face to face what is called “the will from above”, “the call of destiny” or “predestination”. Since the ancient times this expression has carried a hidden meaning. One cannot escape what has been pre-ordained. This is so true! Had it not been for the will of fate, I would not even dream of facing a fairy tale-like reality in my forties after having becoming a grandmother.

When I was nine years old, I was diagnosed with rheumatism and rheumatoid heart disease and have been monitored by doctors since. On top of that, I have also suffered from *talma* ([tal'ma:] – seizures) since childhood. Between 1980 and 1990, I underwent nine operations. The operations were done under general anesthesia. During those years, I clearly realized that all of the existence was under the rule of Great Force that observes and governs. And that each and every being in this world has its own predestination. And I took my own true path given from above.

There were times when I was searching for solutions to my health problems. Then I began to look for ways to heal others. During one of such days, full of caring for people suffering from illnesses – to be more precise on August 30, 1993 – Mr. Shakin Esengulov [ʃʌ'kin Esen'gu-lov], a writer, came to see me. No matter how hard I tried to convince him I was only helping women, he remained deaf to my words. To the contrary, he shamed me about this and asked me to help him enter into a trance.

- If tomorrow there is an astral sign, I will see you. Otherwise, I won't, - I said to him and let him go.

On August 31, having seen no signs on his body, he came to laugh at me and cast doubt on my abilities.

This was the first time I saw him after graduation from school. There had been different rumors about him and inside I did not feel much respect for him. I was hoping there would be no sign. However, it is impossible to overrule the destiny...

Having lubricated the inner sides of his arms in the elbow bends with vaseline, I put my hands there. After 20-30 seconds, I removed my hands and saw the signs appear. I was so stunned I could hardly breathe. In astonishment, *agai*<sup>1</sup> was staring at his arms. It seemed like any moment his eyeballs might pop out of the eye sockets. In silence, we both watched the blood drip down his arms. Finally, I broke the silence.

- *Agai*, clearly there is a sign. Give me your right hand.

I was feeling his pulse with my right hand and with my left hand I was touching his forehead to “discover” and say out loud what his illnesses were. Then feeling his body with my hand I would tell him where he felt pain. I stopped feeling his left side, as I sensed something bad. I could not vocalize exactly what I felt.

- *Agai*, I cannot tell you what is wrong with your kidney. But I will treat you to the best of my powers. And, if I fail, you'd better see a doctor.

*Agai* looked at me intently. I read an unspoken suffering in his eyes. Hastily, like a tongue twister, he blurted out:

- There is a stone in the kidney. I told you that.

His displeased, angry tone has offended me. I put my hand again onto the place near his spleen, where I felt the tumor, and said:

- I am not talking about the stone in the kidney. I mean the hard tumor right here. Since when has it been bothering you? What are the doctors saying?

*Agai* began to palpate the place I showed him, clearly feeling the

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<sup>1</sup> *Agai* [ʌ'gai]– in Kyrgyz, a respectful address to a man who is a teacher or regarded as a teacher or mentor.

tumor the size of a tea bowl. Startled, he asked me.

- What is this? This is the first time I have actually touched it. The pain does not let me easily lie down on my side or on my back. I usually lie on my belly a little with my legs bent in my knees, then I get up and walk, then I sit down. In short, it is very uncomfortable. The doctors told me the pain is a result of the stone in the kidney – I have been on some injections. Then I heard about you and decided to pay a visit. Tell me, what is this illness? – He asked me warily.

I repeated my words about treating him to the best of my powers and that should I fail he'd better see a doctor.

The developed signs on *agai*'s body were from Great Force, but at the time neither I, nor *agai* understood that and paid particular attention to it.

...*Agai* has a difficult character – he is hard to please, as he likes no one and nothing. Before taking my tinctures, powders or decoctions from medicinal herbs, he thoroughly checked them. Of course, such behavior was offensive to me. I was not fond of such distrust, but due to the developed astral signs, I was unable to refuse to treat him. So, I was forced to continue to do all I could to help him. Notwithstanding his attitude, I was always attentive and patient with him and did my best to answer all of his questions as fast as I could. Two years have passed since our meeting. His pain subsided and he felt much better. I never lost patience and was always courteous with him.

The grand celebrations dedicated to the 1000-year anniversary of the epic “*Manas*” [MΛ'nΛs] were approaching and *agai* was very much into preparing a performance together with the team of the local theater. One day he came for the evening visitation very tired after a rehearsal. He was lying in silence for a while, while I was cleaning his wound from the puss. *Agai* raised himself up a little, looked me in the eye and suddenly said to me:

- Every work of literature recognized as folk, or people's, must have an author, albeit the name of the author was getting forgotten over time and the work became known as folk. So, the epic “*Manas*” too must have an author. Is it really possible that the entire nation was get-ting together to create the epic? You do meditate – perhaps you can find

out the name of the author of the epic “Manas”?

Perplexed, I shrugged my shoulders and got tense. Somehow internally I sensed *agai*’s disbelief in meditation.

Several days later, my life changed drastically – I have become a participant of an extraordinary, really hard-to-believe event.

During one of my meditations, in the state of trance, I was getting the needed information as usually. Suddenly, having come to my senses, I found myself standing in the middle of river *Jumgal* [Dʒum'gʌl].

My legs below the thighs were in the cold water. The unbearable coldness was piercing to the marrow and my legs were ice-cold. For some reason, I was holding on to the branch of a tree, either aspen or willow. The full moon was shining bright in the sky. The silence of the night was broken by a voice that appeared out of nowhere:

- My dear, would you move the branch away?

I cannot describe what I felt, when I heard that voice. I was literally pinned down to the place, totally unable to move. The fear immobilized my body. I even no longer felt the piercing coldness and that I was still standing in the ice-cold water. After a while, I found the strength to move the branch away and... I saw the silhouette of a man hanging in the air head down. There was a ray of light, not very different from the moonlight, beaming from him. I cannot comprehend what happened next – I flew out of the water like a cork from the bottle. Either the mysterious stranger with the thin white beard pulled me out of the water or something pushed me up from below...

I am not sure what happened next, but when I came to my senses, I looked around and saw that I was standing not far away from my house. My dress was wet below my waist. Even though it was April, there was still some snow and it was quite cold. But I did not feel cold. Holding my notebook with the records close to my chest, I walked fast towards the house.

When I began to decode the signs to get the information from the meditation, I noticed that the words “Summer-Number” came up several times. This intrigued me a lot. Unclear about what these words meant, I began to remember what question I had in mind for my meditation. I recalled that I only had one question – who is the first narrator

of the epic “Manas”?

I am far from all kinds of literature genres, but during my meditation I wanted to find out who the first author of the legendary epic “Manas” is. I understood that was the answer to my question, which I asked in Russian. So, the answer too was in Russian. I decided to translate it into Kyrgyz: summer – *jai* [dʒai], number – *san* [sʌn]. I got the word *Jai-San*. Hence, the name of the first author is *Jaisan*.

When Shakin-*agai* came for treatment, I asked him:

- *Agai*, do you know what the word “Jai-San” means?

- It does ring the bell. What is it? Is it the name of a place or the name of a person?

- This is the name of the very first narrator of the epic “Manas”.

- Maybe it is *Jasan*?

- No, *agai*. In Kyrgyz, the word ‘summer’ is *Jai*, whereas ‘number’ is *San*. Therefore, it is “Jai-San”.

That was the end of our first discussion on the topic.

After the meditation, when I met with the Mysterious Old man, I was afraid to do a meditation again for a while.

In June, upon my insistence, Shakin-*agai* and his family moved to *jailoo* [dʒai'lə:] (summer pasture) to my son Taalaybek [Ta:lai'bek].

During that time, I had to treat him using the decoction of monkshood. Since 1989, I had been taking this decoction myself.

On July 3, in the evening, I went out to *Saryjon* [Sʌri:'dʒɔn]. It was the sixth lunar day – a time, when one can be one with nature and obtain the energy of cosmos.

I focused my thoughts on one point and the world stopped at once. I have heard a loud banging noise. A man covered in dense red flames appeared. He was tall and had streaks of grey in his beard. With his right arm stretched out in front of him and with his left holding back the edge of his *chepken* [tʃep'ken] (coat), he was walking across the field that was covered by countless corpses of men and carcasses of horses. The old man was crying and chanting quietly. A sharp, unpleasant smell assailed my nostrils and I got sick. I came to my senses immediately.

In my notebook, I saw the records. They looked like drawings of a kid. I was standing near a big bush of juniper, so I touched one of the

branches and said:

- Please, forgive me. May I take this twig that witnessed my today's vision?

With this request, I carefully broke off the twig and walked down to the house.

In the morning, Shakin-*agai* came for a treatment session. While putting a bandage on his wound, I told him about my vision.

He asked me whether I would be able to describe everything I had seen in my vision. I nodded assent and showed him the lines of the poems I had decoded earlier in the morning. During that period, I did not understand the significance and meaning of the records. Those were long poetic lines. *Agai* asked to take a look, but I decided to read them myself. As I was reading, *agai* unexpectedly got very excited: he turned very invigorated and his eyes were shining bright. I was very much surprised to see the poems have such an effect on him. I am not sure how to explain another strange sensation I had. When I was telling *agai* about what I saw on the battlefield, I felt very hot in the area of pancreas. I had a sensation that I was entering into an unusual state. Hastily, I put a bandage on *agai*'s wound and let him go. Right after that, it seemed like I fell into an abyss – I got *talma*... When I opened my eyes, I realized it was already noon. I began to decode the signs recorded during the night and re-decoded the poem lines that I had read to *agai* in the morning.



## **06.07.1995. 10<sup>th</sup> lunar day**

My dear, let me tell you my sacral story  
Much full of sorrow, sadness and glory.

Here is my secret. Please, listen along.  
Throughout the millennia I've sung this song.

These verses are born in the depths of my soul  
To describe past events of the times long ago.

You will hear my song through the centuries  
clear. Details, big and small, together we'll steer.

My song never stops endless just like an ocean.  
And I cry as I sing overwhelmed by emotions.

My song must reach offspring without a doubt,  
So they know their heroes, name them clear and loud.

My wounded heart is with pain duly filled  
At remains of the knights on the huge battlefield.

Grief and sorrow are running deep through my  
heart. Dear child, listen on and do not disregard.

Since the day that I heard the mysterious Voice It  
imposed its command over me, left no choice.

The formidable Voice that spoke right from above,  
That gave me revelations, told hatred from love.

We made war as we fought on that glorious day.  
And fatally wounded, I thought there I'd stay.

Then I've heard the Voice and I could not die.  
And the wounds in my soul make me suffer and cry.

Countless warriors lie there dead on the ground.  
Once the kings of the battle, now forever death-crowned.

I cry and I weep and my tears drip a ton.  
And on that day was my inner peace gone.

I cannot stop singing of that grand slaughter,  
When the blood of the fighters was flowing like water.

My heart is still aching to this very day,  
When I think of *Aikol*<sup>1</sup> and his knights in heyday.

I shall sing feats of arms of those fearless knights  
Who were dying for Homeland in merciless fights.

The rivers are red as the battlefield bleeds –  
The path of the warriors is full of great deeds.

In battles, the knights made a fearless pack –  
Not even one of them ever turned back.

*Aikol* Manas was leading the knights...  
The Voice made me sing of their valor and might.

As I look at the field of the battle again,  
I wail and keep mourning for my perished men.

My heart's filled with fire – it cannot be healed.  
The dark, gloomy clouds hang over the field.

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<sup>1</sup> *Aikol* [Ai'kə:l] – in Kyrgyz, magnanimous. One of the epithets of Manas.

But even now, as those days I recall,  
I'm suffering deeply, I weep and I squall.

And I am overwhelmed by the grievous  
mood, My fellow brothers fell there for good.

There, both sides have lost legions of men.  
Above, soaring ravens are cawing amen.

One cannot count all the brave men that perished  
For their dear Homeland they all loved and cherished.

Each one remembered the wisdom of mothers  
Who taught them the truths that sank in like no others,

That honor is above all in this life,  
That fighting for Homeland's the most sacred strife.

Wretched souls are soaring above the field.  
Will of fate – foreign land got the remains concealed.

Their lives were untimely and violently stolen!  
And here I am singing of those who have fallen.

In between the worlds are these forsaken souls –  
The best fighters untimely reached the terminal goals...

I can picture their faces ever so bright!  
Mighty heroes are always with me, day and night.

I am bowing my head to each one of them. I  
fought in that battle. Yes, I was with them.

Ever since then I've been singing my song...  
Here, right in front of me – Manas, The Strong,

And all of his men – noble, valiant knights  
Stand in formation projecting their might.

Let offspring remember their forefathers,  
They have mighty roots that are like no others.

At the nation's core is the past it has gotten,  
The call of blood cannot be forgotten.

The ruthless battle is called Great Campaign.  
Let offspring remember the fallen and slain.

My dear child, please, absorb every word,  
Every line of the past you'll have been conferred.

Through you I will pass on my heroic song  
Along with the precepts of Manas, The Strong.

I will describe what really took place,  
So by the nation my story's embraced.

The fearless heroes must be remembered,  
To grey oblivion shall not be surrendered.

Do not twist my story! Do truthful stay!  
The nation did have its primordial way.

Retain every word. Don't you dare contort it!  
Through you I'll be telling the things most important.

A white hill of bones in the field's like a patch –  
The bones of *tulpars*<sup>1</sup>, whose glory's unmatched.

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<sup>1</sup> *Tulpar* [tul'par] – in Kyrgyz, a legendary horse believed to be capable of flying; the best friend who could advise his owner and save him from danger and trouble.

Like the fastest of winds those horses were fast.  
Towards their death they flew over the distances vast.

Their hooves stroke fire and sparks off the ground.  
Mighty steeds, fast and strong, marvelous all around!

Whenever they galloped, these horses breathed blaze,  
As though waving standards or red, scarlet rays.

*Tulpars* meant much more than just steeds to their  
knights... Their very last moans haunt me even tonight.

Remarkably smart and without any blemish, Along  
with their masters did those chargers perish.

Rocks turned into sand under their mighty hooves,  
Fearless stayed steeds till their very last moves.

In those hard times, a lot of them died.  
Alas, to oblivion life can misguide.

They will be forgotten as if they never had  
Lived with the living or with the dead.

As if only in legends they'd lived or in tales,  
People forgot them and lost their trails.

The most precious thing is the truth, I insist!  
My song here heralds it – *tulpars* did exist.

With the noble blood of the highest degree...  
Mighty strong horses of great pedigree!

Perfectly built, full of heavenly grace –  
No one could ever beat them in a race.

Beasts of each kind to their guardians cleave –  
This is a superstition the nomads believe.

So, *tulpars* too had a guardian clear –  
The master who cared for them year on year.

Amongst people, *Kambar-ata*<sup>1</sup> was his name,  
Helping *tulpars*, legends say, was his aim.

*Tulpars* also perished in that ruthless battle,  
Each fought like the warrior atop their saddle.

They found their last refuge in a foreign land,  
Having accomplished things truly grand.

Glorious steeds, they heroically died!  
With their riders in death as in life, side by side.

Offspring must remember the powerful horses  
That lost their lives sparing no vital forces.

Under the black smoke concealing the stars,  
Ravens were soiling, disgracing *tulpars*.

Pecked out their eyes, cold and remorseless,  
Mocking what's left of the greatest of horses.

The bones of the horses and men lie in huddles,  
Reminding of sorrow so deep that befuddles.

The faithful helpers that selflessly served  
Fell into oblivion unjust, undeserved!

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<sup>1</sup> Kambar-ata [Kʌm'bʌʀʌ'tʌ] – in Kyrgyz, the guardian of the horses (*Cholpon-ata* the guardian of the sheep, *Oisul-ata* the guardian of the camels, etc.). *Ata* [ʌ'tʌ] – in Kyrgyz, a father, but also a respectful address to a man, who is a peer or older than one's father, as well as to a male ancestor.

The souls of *tulpars* are wandering like ghosts,  
Unfairly forgotten – that they can boast...

Oblivion betrays their souls – let's resist it!  
No better horses have ever existed!

I'm crossing the field of the battle alone,  
There are many hills that are all made of bones!

My eyes water down – I shed tears of blood,  
As I watch how the knights lifeless fall in the mud.

Clanking sounds I can hear – iron weapons collide.  
And these sharp, piercing sounds do not seem to subside.

I am singing my song, telling you my *dastan*<sup>1</sup>,  
Whereas life's going on never stopping its run.

The trail has been blazed – our history's survived.  
The path has been tough, but the nation's alive.

There is no future without the past –  
Offspring must remember forefathers' behest.

Through time and space, my song shall reach  
The next generations, whom it's meant to teach.

Offspring must remember their very own heroes,  
Know their names, try to model and mirror.

The sorrow drinks my blood and soul,  
My heart is full of white hot coal.

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<sup>1</sup> *Dastan* [dʌs'tʌn] – in Kyrgyz, a heroic story, a legend, usually in a poetic form.

No one can clear the grief off my heart,  
That massive bloodshed tears it apart.

My unpaid, sacred duty has made me sing  
Of *Aikol* Manas, unforgettable king,

And of his knights, and of the great battle,  
My duty to offspring I've got to settle.

I witnessed the carnage and there I fought.  
What a cruel lesson the nation was taught!

In times of much discord, unrest and trouble,  
Mortal enemies showed no mercy in struggle.

In the battle, the knights heroically fought,  
Each with courage, valor and bravery fraught.

That grievous picture's embossed in my heart, I  
must share my long story, its every part.

I've made it through time, through the centuries  
clear, However, my mission's not over yet, dear.

I must deliver, sing, tell to the end  
The entire *dastan* as my duty commands!

And I sing to offspring, to their hearts I appeal  
From my heart's very bottom sparing no zeal.

Would you open up? Would you listen to me,  
Revisit the past, travel there with me?

Pay homage to heroes who perished with honor,  
Whose valor was known in the world's every corner.



Rich foliage results from the roots that are strong  
– Remember this wisdom and pass it along.

It's high time to remember your origination,  
The nation's past history, its foundation.

Don't dare let your history ever get lost!  
In your heart forever it must be embossed.

The blood of the ancestors runs in our veins, Each  
one of our offspring does carry their strains.

The call of blood overpowers the time,  
The tree of life grows and blooms in its prime.

Thinking of you, my *dastan* here I share,  
Breaching Almighty's command do not dare.

About their predecessors offspring shall learn:  
How they lived, how they died, and what heroes they were.

Throughout hundreds of years, I've sung without demise  
About nation's ordeals in those hard, testing times.

To the deserted field brave men's ashes belong.  
Here I start my *dastan* mournful, woeful and long.

My *dastan* holds the truth – when what happened and  
where. I'll describe the details, with the nation I'll share.

Everything that I saw, that I know I'll relay  
Without secrets and lies, in the most truthful way.

The lines of *dastan* will shed light on the past  
Events for our offspring, so they learn them at last.

*(Two Thursdays of the new moon in a row)*

## CHAPTER TWO –

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### MEETING

**02.08.1995. 7<sup>th</sup> lunar day. 22 1 34 66 42**

Misunderstanding within the family grew bigger and I had to return to the village from *jailoo* without having finished the treatment.

*Agai* left for the city for business. Gulmira [Gju:l'mirΛ], who was undergoing my treatment, had a big loss – her grandmother passed away and I went to the village Dyikan to pray for her soul. I stayed at Gulmira's. At the twilight, I went outside to take ablutions. At that moment, I got a sensation that I should meditate. I put my *kumgan*<sup>1</sup> [kum'gΛn] (jar) down near the fence and began walking towards the hill. When I was passing by the cemetery, I suddenly heard somebody's breath. I got goose bumps and grew cold with horror. But then someone's hand lay on my shoulder. It was the Mysterious Old man. I felt how my warmth was passing through his hand to the unclear contour of his body...

The next day I was going to visit a *mazar* [mΛ'zΛr] (sacred site) together with a couple of women who were undergoing my treatment. At this moment, the memory reproduced the images of those women praying to God for birth of a child. I saw the image of each one of them in front of me and in my heart I asked that their prayers reach the Almighty.

...We found ourselves in a picturesque place. I drank the water from the babbling spring. The mellow voice was quietly chanting, while the loud murmur of the spring was interlacing with the sad warbling of the nightingale. It seemed to me that I blended in and became one with them.

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<sup>1</sup> *Kumgan* – a metal or ceramic jar with a tall and narrow mouth, spout, handle and lid.

**02.08.1995. 7<sup>th</sup> lunar day. 1'35; 4' 26''**

On a beautiful night with full moon in the sky,  
Dear daughter, I happened to hear you cry.

You were praying, the very Creator you bothered  
Requesting a baby to a childless mother.

For somebody else you were asking in tears,  
Without any regard for your own luck or fears.

The most bitter of tears – and you didn't pretend!  
Your suffering and torments did not seem to end.

I was touched and surprised by your selfless act,  
Saw how fragile and tender's your soul for a fact.

Truly praying for others is action so rare!  
Mundane souls lose their warmth and do not really care.

From the misery of others people keep themselves guarded,  
And as years pass by, they keep growing hard-hearted.

People asking for others are so hard to find. I  
only saw one – that was you, dear child.

While your prayers for others you were expressing, I  
had tears of joy and I gave you my blessing.

That was the moment I'd waited so long,  
Tormented by duty to pass on my song.

I'd been looking for someone capable of  
Feeling for others, with care and love.

My dear, I saw the strength in your core,  
Your heart is courageous and brave. Here is more:

When needed, you can be hard like a flint, And  
you are proud to your own measured stint.

At the same time, you're very soft, dear.  
Your heart is so tender – I saw it so clear.

So light, like a feather aloft in the air, Like  
a ray of the sun in its morning glare.

And the feminine element you have preserved.  
And you have the principles strictly observed.

And you're capable of a heroic deed,  
Finding a person like you was my need.

You are ready to give your own life for others,  
Endure hardship, support them like brothers.

Such profile in people is rare - hands down.  
A man shall mow only as he has sown.

Your rare profile has won me, my dear.  
I savored those moments as true and sincere.

I had waited to be with a blessing endowed.  
There I felt like I had an ablution just now.

Torments, insults, offences – of these I'm cleared off,  
As if with mother's milk I have just been washed off.

An inspiring hope in my heart I embraced,  
And I was fully filled with the God's divine grace.

Is it really the end of my pangs? Is it done?  
Can I pass on the knowledge of my *dastan*?

And in anticipation, with much delight,  
I was illuminated by the God's divine light.

And my heart was inspired,  
Filled with bright, fervid fire.

The fate showed me the way,  
And my hopes weren't in vain.

Like an arrow, my song will fly across the time –  
That's a gift of the fate, a chance truly one-time.

I am ready to be a true angel to you,  
Be your guardian in life to protect and imbue.

There is no way that we met's accidental.  
Let me share with you something fundamental.

My dear, have you heard of the following legend  
About two close buddies? – I'll be your knowledge agent.

Each human being's a twin combination,  
Of immortal and mortal matters fixation.

Buddy-soul is the one, buddy-body's the other. Two-  
in-one they're complete, or make unity rather.

It is high time to listen, if you are unaware.  
Now the voice of the truth hardly may be impaired.

The absolute truths does the legend contain,  
They should be known to the people mundane.

Two buddies in life are the body and soul, Since  
birth, along life's path together they stroll.

The bonds of their friendship are strong in this world –  
By the divine light they are tied, tangled, swirled.

That's how they live, well-connected by God,  
Walking together in life, not apart.

They're inseparable here, in this mortal dimension,  
Together fall down and climb up to ascension.

Tight in their union, together, of course,  
Until circumstances change their course.

The Universe enforces its laws.  
Mortal split from immortal is such a clause.

The death ends the friendship of body and soul  
Under that clause serving ultimate goal.

That's how the Universe runs its organization.  
It is underpinned by the firm foundation.

When a human is gone from this imperfect world,  
By itself stays the soul, all alone, orphaned, hurled.

The connecting thread sharply breaks – and it's done!  
Here stays only the name of the body that's gone...

There is nothing permanent in this dimension –  
Many secrets and mysteries drag our attention.

There is so much unknown, so much yet unrevealed.  
Man is always uncertain – his own future's concealed.

The meaning of life is a tough nut to crack.  
A few external attributes' all we can track.

These outer layers often shelter and hide  
An unknown world of puzzles and secrets inside.

Why is life finite? Why does it end?  
Why to the living has death been sent?

No one's succeeded in cracking this puzzle  
– One can continue to guess or to nuzzle.

However, the legend I'm going to share  
Will cut through this secret and make you aware.

Now let us make clear what is true on earth.  
Let's follow a man on his path from the birth.

At his birth, every person born of mankind  
Has original consciousness and possesses a mind,

Also intuition, the senses, the will,  
So at day and at night human being can feel.

Inherent these qualities are to the soul,  
They can all be augmented, should one make it a goal.

All of them are invisible, but can be felt – For  
the entire lifetime to man they are dealt.

Buddy-body, however, is what we can see.  
What follows may sound offensive – let's see.

Way too often we follow the body's bet  
Against the soul's, which we later regret.

The inseparable duo – the two buddies in life.  
Looking through lens of matter is very rife.

Since a man sees his body every day in close range,  
He gets used to his body, which may not sound so strange.

He identifies with it so completely in fact  
That becomes single with it, integral, intact.

Often times, buddy-soul gets forgotten by man,  
Though spiritual signs he may feel now and then.

But in this world, values change and transform –  
More useless stuff is becoming the norm.

Thus, only the body gets man's full attention,  
Whereas the soul is ignored in suspension.

Completely forgotten, simply discarded,  
It is suppressed deep inside, disregarded.

Nevertheless, when the soul does break out,  
The life of the man changes big, there's no doubt.

Then, the soul's qualities grow and emerge,  
And all of the man's ills and bads get purged.

The spiritual qualities ennoble, refine –  
They smooth out life's roughness and make it shine.

They elevate all the way to the sky –  
In this world, man transforms by himself thereby.

One must always remember about them.  
They're important like to a flower its stem.



Death makes the body and soul drift apart.  
When their time comes, it plays its part.

It does mortify the human flesh,  
While the soul joins Eternity, again, afresh.

That is the cycle. The one that is major,  
Like the cycle of seasons and weather in nature.

This cycle is the immutable law –  
There is true and false, but there is no draw...

And so, the body stays buried in soil.  
But what does await the soul for its toil?

The soul dashes up into the Universe –  
Beyond the time that connection's traversed.

The soul's qualities are the unique linkage  
Making the "self" of a man and his vintage.

My dear, understand this, grasp it and own –  
It's the backbone of life, it is the cornerstone.

Listen, the light of truth my words spark  
Life carries through an Eternity's mark.

At the end, the two buddies separate out,  
At the will of Creator – the true voice is loud.

You can guess it, I trust, in a thoughtful pursuit,  
For the shrewd, seeking mind always looks at the root.

May genuine wisdom fill your cup full –  
The buddy-soul will give you a pull.

A proof to all these is regular sleep –  
A tired man needs to rest well and deep.

While the buddy-body rests during the nap,  
The soul walks through the Universe, lap after lap.

Sleep is a man's gift from the Creator,  
There's no shorter way to God, nor is straighter.

Presages may be received in the sleep.  
Also, through time one can travel and leap:

Revisit the past – see what happened, reflect,  
And read the future – events to expect.

While, clueless, the body is deep in the sleep,  
Some solitary travel the soul gets to reap.

A bit of the mystery has been unveiled.  
Of this sacral knowledge men should avail.

You've been longing to learn since a while ago  
About the two buddies – the body and soul...

On full moon Thursdays I will be coming, So  
you can hear my soul's strings humming.

And while in a slumber will be your body,  
Your soul will fly with me to learn and study.

I'll show the spaciousness of the Universe,  
All mysteries I will reveal and disperse,

And to your soul I will be a good guide,  
Render protection in the worlds outside.

Onto an unknown path you set feet –  
Here, my dear, your fate you shall meet.

I must accomplish a critical mission,  
Together we can reach a common ambition.

Your soul's dormant feelings will soon awaken...  
You have all my blessings, dear child. Here, take 'em!

Now the gates of the truth are open wide – We'll  
have long journeys with you, side by side.

Quite a lot about life you'll get to learn –  
The lens of illusion you'll lose and spurn.

One must know how to read the Universe  
To unlock nature's secrets, which are diverse.

The language of the Universe is not easy,  
But you are already welcome to ease in.

The Eternity's secrets you'll understand,  
And the world's phenomena you'll comprehend.

With God's will, to the very roots you'll return,  
No knowledge is worth more to find and learn.

The Creator's intent and his ultimate plan –  
Heart and soul's harmony, so a man be a man.

From the outset, value what's been endowed, No  
regrettable acts – they should be disallowed.

Always do stay in balance with the Universe,  
Cherish God's garden – dare not make it worse.

All of these qualities you shall regain,  
And hidden knowledge within you'll obtain.

A world full of secrets you'll see, my dear.  
The present, its essence you will see clear.

We'll have many-many journeys together,  
Real miracles you shall witness and weather.

And I'm very pleased and happy to say –  
We're embarking on a huge mission today.

Now, please, remember my every word –  
Get to the heart of what's being conferred.

We must deliver *dastan* to the nation –  
So the epic may serve as a dedication,

A reminder of how our ancestors lived,  
What they truly valued and what they achieved.

*Dastan* shall awaken the deepest of feelings,  
To many the epic will be appealing.

The people will awaken at last,  
Remember their roots and adjust their path.

They'll change their standpoint and reassess,  
They'll understand – honor's the top success,

That critical lessons get learned and exploited...  
That discord and squabbles must be avoided...

That valued must be what by blood was acquired,  
That offspring shall be by the epic inspired.

This great *dastan* is an edification,  
A call from the past and a timeless creation...

At the nation's core's the unshakeable spirit, At  
last, their Great Word people got to inherit.

Most precious, national treasure's *dastan*,  
Manas is the guardian of Kyrgyzstan.

Always of that offspring must be mindful.  
A nation's a concept too big for a trifle.

An entire epoch is behind this notion,  
It originates in the great knights' devotion

To ensuring that their people survive,  
That they not get forgotten, that nation stay 'live.

It must always be treasured by our nation  
So, in future, it can avoid degradation.

Respect the past and cherish the present  
To build a no-regrets future that's pleasant.

Know your history well, often recall it, Enjoy  
every moment of life, don't forestall it.

What we've got thanks to ancestors we take for  
granted, But we can only harvest what we have planted.

May each Kyrgyz person a few questions ask:  
Is my conscience clear? Of it what will be asked?

May a spark of Manas light up in each heart!  
Let it make them remember the past and be smart.

Now the time has come! I can feel the right beat –  
You and I have a huge task to complete.

Therefore, my dear, listen to me –  
There's no way back for you and me.

We are embarking on a high mission,  
Moved by the duty and noble ambition.

Now nothing can stop us or interfere,  
May the Almighty support us, my dear!

Look at this old stone covered by molds –  
The history's secrets it quietly holds.

Behold the pain with which it is fraught,  
Hear it tell how the knight Manas fought.

Now look at this skull of a horse shining white.  
The strings of your soul get so strained – that's all right.

The skull too some mysteries can reveal –  
About fallen warriors in soil concealed.

And the flowing brook nearby too can babble  
About past events and the great battle.

And the warbling of nightingale in the morning, And  
the smoke of the fire that's still slowly burning,

And the river that starts on the snow mountain top  
Can sing you its song as it flows, without stop.

All of them share some memories painful,  
Anxiety, sadness and sorrows baneful.

The song flies away to the limitless sky.  
Remember its grief before letting by.

Please, take on this mission as if a test,  
Reject of the needless, put doubts to rest,

Protect like a shrine the nature's song  
– It contains nation's history all along.

My dear, drink some water now from this spring  
– To millennia-long mystery it does cling.

Drink it, my dear, and quench your thirst. Take  
to your heart each event and each verse.

What you get to behold and to hear don't twist!  
Keep it accurate, clear, and nothing missed.

The story to narrate is very long –  
With events woeful, wondrous covered along.

For ages, the story's been kept in my heart,  
But its time has come now! It is right to start!

Absorb the story with your full attention,  
To no other person it needs a mention.

Keep it to yourself until the time is right.  
Trust me and your fate, it will be all right!

Not even to your dearest you should confide With  
your pure intentions and heart opened wide.

You are too open, too trusting and clean,  
Honest, sincere – no feature mean.

But all of these can play a mean trick –  
So be prudent, my dear, stay away from intrigue!

If you tell this secret and let the wrong hark –  
You'll immerse yourself and *dastan* in the dark.

What if a person's dishonest, ambitious,  
Or greedy and craving, or just malicious,

Without understanding of its sacral meaning,  
Makes *dastan*'s path hard from the beginning,

Takes for his own the heroic story, Drops  
us in despair for the sake of glory?

Then, your path in life will be undercut  
And of great barriers there'll be a glut.

You'll be deprived of the divine grace  
And countless torments you'll have to face.

Then both of us will have to work for him –  
My heart is aching at the prospect so dim.

Almighty protect us from such a day –  
Unbearable burden to our dismay!

Will I be dealt yet another ordeal  
After centuries-long, humble appeal?

If so, then again poisoned will be my heart,  
I'll cry tears of blood, devastated too hard.

A man without honor might steal my *dastan*,  
The song of my soul, the most precious one.



Oh, Creator! Save us from such outcome!  
So we don't lose our rights, helpless do not become.

If *dastan* becomes some stranger's possession,  
Its path to the nation may face repression.

My dear, write down the entire *dastan* –  
An account of our past – all great things that were done.

Only after that, you'll announce to the nation,  
And present *dastan* for their evaluation.

Always remember that on from now –  
Keep yourself true to this sacred vow.

And now, my dear, it is my turn  
To introduce myself, so you learn.

My name is Jaisan, son of *Umot*<sup>1</sup>.  
And I am here from a different world.

I ask that on Thursdays you make your prayers,  
Keep me in your thoughts with warmth and care.

Since ancient times till this moment of peace,  
Throughout the centuries my voice has not ceased.

An across-the-time single wanderer slow –  
Jaisan, *Umot*'s son from the long-long ago.

I sing of great deeds of the greatest of knights  
Keeping their memories undying and bright.

The history of people I keep with veneration,  
The ordeals, disasters and grieves of the nation.

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<sup>1</sup> *Umot* [Ju:'m3:t].

I sing of great warriors, magnanimous knights,  
Of people's customs, openheartedness wide.

I witnessed it all, saw it all with my eyes,  
Which watered down from black smoke in the skies.

I was with them, together spears crossed –  
In the last battle, so many were lost.

I have been waiting so long for this time,  
Obsessed with only one thought like a crime –

For call of blood, soldier's duty, alert,  
It is a must to pass on the Great Word.

I have been heard by the mighty Creator –  
Here's a story of great fight from the narrator.

The Almighty saw my bitter tears,  
*Tengir*<sup>1</sup> has heard me pray through the years!

Is it really where my sufferings end?  
Can I share my song as I intend?

I've been waiting for this time for so long  
I can hardly believe it, at last, came along.

This graceful hour has been pre-ordained,  
I am so happy, so much joy I've gained!

With this heavenly joy my heart's fully complete –  
I truly believe that the fate made us meet.

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<sup>1</sup> *Tengir* [Te'ŋir], or *Kok-Tengir* – in pre-Islamic Kyrgyz and Turkic belief sys-tem, the male deity of the eternal blue sky.

My dear, from my heart take down the verses  
Share with the nation its primordial sources.

Give my *dastan* as a gift to the nation.  
That's why we meet in your meditations.

The ray of hope almost went out,  
The mighty soul's fire was almost put out.

I was getting desperate trying to find  
A person with clean heart and clear mind,

Person unselfish, astute, altruistic,  
With a pure soul and thoughts idealistic,

Someone who'd absorb with great attention  
And never subject my *dastan* to contention,

And also like me obsessed with one  
thought And driven only by higher ought,

From pure heart, by the higher command  
The bitter truths to offspring send.

I have been looking for someone skilled,  
Truly conscientious, noble, fulfilled.

Time was flying by – fast, unstoppable  
force As I was wandering in the Universe.

Tears were running down making a lake,  
As I was searching without a break.

I deeply believed and cherished a hope  
In both worlds and between, trying to cope...

I have been waiting for the next Jaisan,  
Who will present to the world my *dastan*,

Who'll be a mother to a great son  
With the sacred gift to narrate the *dastan*?

My dear, your intentions are pure and blessed.  
A birth of a child's what you pray and request.

For poor women unable to conceive,  
You ask the God to stop their grief.

You ask the Almighty crying out loud, You  
beg Higher Forces to make it allowed.

You lose yourself in such a prayer,  
And true emotions you do not spare.

I cannot forget the way you cry –  
It is unbearable to be nearby.

Some ancient rituals you perform,  
And soul breaks away from the bodily form.

Also, you do worship some sacred sites,  
Where people and you change, as do their minds.

Also, you always make timely oblations  
Requesting Creator's facilitation.

You ask for children to childless mothers,  
Trusting each prayer counts like no other.

You know for sure to your own pleasure  
That the Almighty gives beyond measure.

And all of that without a gain –  
Out of desire to relieve people's pain.

If light is born out of the soul,  
From the depths within, from the intimate whole,

Then the Creator will hear the prayer,  
The Higher Forces will work to repair.

My dear, let's unite all of our wishes  
To the Almighty for an outcome auspicious.

And may the dreams of young women come true,  
May the divine spirit touch them and run through!

May they experience the joy of a mother  
And feel the connection with the Almighty father!

Accept with humility the Creator's gift -  
A change of the world at his will is so swift!

Give one of the children the name of Jaisan,  
The blessing of God he will get with the sun.

And may his life be happy and long,  
Much full of joy, with success all along!

And may he prosper and have much  
luck, And by misfortune never be struck!

And when his time comes a bit later,  
May he follow his path of the narrator.

May he become an unbeaten *akyn*<sup>1</sup>,  
And make very proud the whole of his kin!

---

<sup>1</sup> *Akyn* [ʌ'kin] – in Kyrgyz, a poet, a narrator.

And may his voice be very strong,  
So he can sing the *dastan* all day long!

Under call of duty, may he sing the song,  
And do it with pleasure and passion lifelong!

I had a sensation that the Mysterious Old man, whom I met upon the will of fate, became very close to me. He lifted his hand off my shoulder and I felt as if he got flexible like a normal person – the awkwardness disappeared. It was time to say good-bye, but I did not want to part with him ...

Having come to my senses, I saw Gulmira near me. She asked:

- Oh, *eje*<sup>1</sup> [e'dʒe] (sister), where have you been? You got us really worried.

Then, she inspected my dress and asked me:

- How did you get to walk through the fence and keep your dress intact, without any rips? – She could not conceal her astonishment.

I was only able to utter: “I wish I knew...”

Already the next morning I was in Chayek with a few women, with whom we wanted to visit a *mazar*. All of these women had a common wish – they wanted to have children, but were unable to conceive due to different reasons.

The meditation went well and, when we returned, I got to decode the rest of the characters.

When Shakin-*agai* came back from the city, I read him all of the information obtained during the past two meditations. *Agai* was attentively listening and when I finished, he got up anxiously, shook my hand with fervor and said: “If you get those poems in their entirety and give them to me, they will make me a genius!”

In silence, I was looking at him and thought to myself: “These writers are likely all crazy. These long lines make him so happy and he believes that I will make him a genius. And here I have been thinking that these lines were like a medicine to him”.

<sup>1</sup> *Eje* – in Kyrgyz, literally means sister, but also a respectful address to an elder woman or a teacher.

## CHAPTER THREE

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### THE TEN JAISANS

**31.08.1995. 6<sup>th</sup> LUNAR DAY.**

**29 21 5**

Another scandal broke down within my family, the situation got worse. The relationships have grown tense to the limit. My daughter, who was supposed to be studying as a senior student in high school, and I have not slept at home for several days, having had to spend the nights in open air in kitchen gardens or in the basement of the new house under construction. But, most of all, I was worried for my daughter. There were nights, when I was praying till dawn for her to avoid falling a rape victim of hooligans.

That was a difficult time and the thought to give up everything and live as others did simply following the habitual path crossed my mind several times. However, deep inside, I heard the voice: "There is no way back!" In such moments, I was impatiently waiting for Thursdays of the new moon seeking new meetings with Jaisan-ata, as communication with him soothed my soul.

I had a sleepless night the night before and could not wait for the evening to come. At the twilight, I poured water for Jaisan-ata, lighted up a candle, read a prayer and walked outside to the field. When I reached the agreed upon place near Jamantalaa, where I usually meditated, I got a very hot sensation in my stomach, a bit above the navel, as if a hot coal got in there. All my anxious thoughts went away and the world seemed to stop. I saw the silhouette of Jaisan-ata covered in blue and green light. I am not sure what affected me, either the gentle voice of Jaisan-ata or the soothing iridescent light, but I entered into a state of inner peace and bliss. The dear mellow voice pleasantly chanted:

**31.08.1995      6<sup>th</sup> lunar day.      1' 47''**

Every Thursday you pray and cook *tokoch*<sup>1</sup>,  
Thinking of me, have a solid approach.

Raining or snowing – no matter the weather,  
You cannot wait for our meeting together.

You miss our meetings and get agitated.  
You are like my child – our souls are related.

To our meetings I also hurry –  
Our connection frees my soul of worry.

My dear daughter, my lovely child,  
You don't look good. Are you all right?

These never-ending troubles, I know,  
Problems, concerns just continue to grow.

Common vanities, crazy whirlwind of fuss...  
But we must remember the main thing for us.

Please, don't give up is my invocation!  
Look, for centuries I've served the nation.

I know you are sinking in daily routine,  
Wearing down your spirit, making it lean.

Ready for anything you must remain –  
This world shackles you in heavy chains.

Draw right conclusions from everything,  
But do not abandon our main thing.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Tokoch* [tɒ'kɒtʃ] – in Kyrgyz, bread in the shape of a round, flat cake.



Everyone has a different life:  
One day – a fortune, the next – a strife.

Sorrow and joy keep alternating –  
Different events out there are waiting.

You must be ready for both good and bad,  
Some things may please you, while others make sad.

Life's very full of sudden surprises –  
Often the fate makes use of disguises.

Accept everything like an ordeal –  
Joy will replace your torments for real.

May patience befriend you in this enterprise  
And by divine blessings you be energized!

Life has a measured, rather short span,  
Everyone's born with a mission pre-planned.

People should live their lives with great use.  
That's a lesson, my dear, to remember, not lose.

Do not postpone things, tackle them at once!  
Do not deprive yourself of days and months.

Dismiss empty worries, just let them go. To  
all past offences same treatment show!

Otherwise, dear, the bait you might taste,  
And much of your time you'll get to waste!

It is hard to fight the web of routine –  
It makes you get stuck, it keeps you stuck in.

Wish to yourself a long life to come,  
Where daily routine you overcome.

Now let me give you a piece of advice.  
A single day in this world would suffice

To equal a thousand nights in the other –  
Let's widen your knowledge, dear, would you bother?

Your path in life is in between the worlds –  
Make sure you understand what you've heard.

This path has been unknown and untold –  
Well, the Path of Light it is called.

You have the abilities – don't even doubt!  
Avoid excess shyness and backing out.

From the Almighty you have the gift –  
To care for people and help them shift

From illness to health – you know how to heal  
And also help them with grieves cope and deal.

That is your true heavenly blessing. Value  
it highly, without second-guessing!

This sharp distinction is ever so crucial,  
Among common people highly unusual.

Do not undervalue your own importance,  
To petty concerns may lead inadvertence.

Among the select ones is your true place,  
Chosen by fate – that is your case.

Among honored *ayars*<sup>1</sup>, you need intently  
To get to the business humbly and gently.

Not for consolation your ears I fill –  
You must accept the Divine Will!

Here is the answer to your burning questions  
As to why you're accountable, at whose discretion?

Why did I pick you? Can this be undone?  
Why are you considered to be a chosen one?

Wipe off your tears, your spirit recharge.  
You must pass the *dastan* to offspring at large.

Hard work and patience are what you need –  
Enervation, despair will only impede.

Huge and tedious labor's lying ahead.  
The events of the past wait for us to be read.

Massive, tireless efforts must be made on this road.  
And indeed very heavy is this heavy load.

What's been started must see its end as implied.  
But you're not alone on this path – I will guide.

Talks wait ahead very long, without measure.  
Of priceless knowledge *dastan* holds a treasure.

The treasure too valuable to suspend.  
We must finish the epic to the very end.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Ayar* [ʌ'jar] a clairvoyant person with other extrasensorial and supernatural abilities.

Now, dear child, please, relax and calm down.  
Be resilient and strong on this way all around!

Now let me say for your edification –  
For a long time, I've been in hesitation.

For several centuries in a row,  
I've sung about nation's pangs and its foes.

I've reflected telling wisdom from folly,  
Avoided despair and waited, kept rolling.

Since then, I have understood many things –  
An outcome the internal dialog brings.

However, I could not forgive one *akyn*,  
Who poorly performed the dastan – it's a sin!

My dear, share with me what's your hope? With  
whom are you sharing our secrets' scope?

Who is the man who knows all about us, With  
whom our meetings you get to discuss?

Be prudent with him, learn what is on his mind,  
So in a trap we do not get confined.

What are his intentions, his plan? Can't be none.  
Won't he misappropriate our *dastan*?

I will not hide it from you, I'm afraid That  
– God forbid! – we may get betrayed.

Wouldn't he take our *dastan* for his own?  
Wouldn't we end our ill fate to bemoan?

My worries about him are far from groundless –  
His temper's imperious, ambitions are boundless.

Avidity's gnawing him all inside,  
He might commit acts that are mean and snide.

My dear, I'm your ancestor – father Jaisan,  
Through the gates to an unknown world I can run.

I am turning to you with a good news –  
Do the right thing with honor! Make no excuse!

The past, present and future you will see here  
– They are all described in the epic song, dear.

Accept the goodwill with dignity and grace,  
The gratitude of ancestors will be yours to embrace.

You are to string the pearls of words,  
Which by the nation must all be heard.

Tell the events that affected the nation  
In detail to offspring, without modification.

The burden is heavy, the task is tough –  
To retell a long history detailed enough.

The load's so immense – it will bend you down,  
And you will find yourself facing the ground.

But you must relay it no matter what –  
Many folks may accuse you, while others won't.

You must overcome it and stay on your run –  
The nation should not be deprived of *dastan*.

My dear mediator, my only support,  
Of mountain-like barriers we won't be short!

But we must endure and pass them all –  
The epic's too crucial to yield and stall.

I am the bearer of the Sacred Word,  
Let's stay prepared and undeterred.

I am the guardian of the fabled song,  
A good news to this world I've brought along.

This mission's predestined from the above –  
For centuries I've sought at the will thereof.

The original thread was breaking off –  
Great lines were lost, so the story was off.

I restored them over and I sang again.  
I was the most ardent, most zealous man.

The lines that were lost may offspring hear –  
Revive the past heroes, see their images clear.

The Word has been passed from fathers to sons,  
Despite the attempts to chain it, make gone.

It has been distorted, mixed up with lies,  
Then it was doubted, as truthful denied.

Changed many times without any remorse, And  
belittled to some popular story, of course.

Hence, there's no wonder people think it's a tale  
– At accepting the epic most people fail.

But I reassure the offspring out loud!  
The *dastan* is restored – let's let it sound!

I sing of the truth, of the nation's glory,  
Of noble, brave knights in the epic story.

Do not lose a line! Not a single word –  
Relay it precisely as you have heard!

But over time, the truth turns into myths –  
And only fiction people see herewith.

And then the truth falls into oblivion –  
Hence, 'it's hard to believe' is the current opinion.

My dear, the truth must be made clear,  
We cannot stay silent subdued by fear.

Let the nation regain what it must –  
The story of its very own *Er*<sup>1</sup> Manas!

Across generations, till the end from beginning  
People were listening to their *akyns*' singing.

*Manaschy* the nation calls the narrators –  
Hardly anybody is revered greater.

They tell the epic with pure inspiration –  
People listen to them with admiration.

Once in a century there would be born  
A true narrator with talent adorned.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Er* [er] means a strong man, a knight. Usually used to signify a man's, strength, courage and valor. One of Manas' many epithets.

My Word would always find its new master – That's  
how the Great Word lived on and kept luster.

When a new narrator's about to be born, In  
a prophetic dream, the mother is warned.

She knows for certain whom to expect,  
When it's time to give birth to the one to respect.

And when the baby arrived to this world,  
A resonant name he would be called.

The nation has an ancient tradition – Giving  
a name is God's honorable mission.

The person who was to give the name  
Would come out of the yurt focused on the high aim.

No *azan* ritual would there be made –  
Each child is a Creator's gift that's conveyed.

Under His Volition divine, firm, yet mild –  
The Almighty's right is to name the child.

So the person in charge would turn to God.  
After various ceremonies in this regard

The name would appear clear in his mind.  
The child would be named and his path be defined.

Throughout his life he'll be mission-guided,  
As with the great talent he'll be provided.

And the resonant name would be Jaisan  
With the predestination to sing the *dastan*.



The right age the child would have to reach To  
walk through the God's connecting bridge.

The new *akyn* would start singing the song,  
Narrating the epic day and night long.

And his birth would be blessed by the  
skies Out of the divine design he'd arise.

All of his life he would sing the *dastan*...  
Maintaining the honor of the name Jaisan.

Each time the nation would wait with impatience,  
Listening intently with great dedication,

Forgetting to drink and to eat often times, No  
matter the weather – so eager for rhymes!

So, day after day, and night after night  
The *akyn* was the focus of people's sight.

People sat still, irrespective of age,  
The narrative's power kept them engaged.

Fully absorptive, without any fuss,  
They took in the Great Word about brave Manas.

And the narrator coined precious lines –  
Each like a gem that glows and shines.

Like a mountain river powerful, seething, The  
song sent the vibes vivifying, life-giving.

The lines of the song were simply unmatched,  
The entire surroundings were charmed and attached.

Unique melody, powerful words keenly scud  
Reaching each one, spurring the call of blood.

People would listen to the great story,  
Cry with *akyns*, share their sadness and glory.

The spirit would strengthen and harden like steel –  
People were eager for the *dastan* to reel:

The past events felt so real in the lines, People  
could picture them clear in their minds.

As if with Manas they were, with his brave knights,  
Could spend their days with them and their nights.

To the oral tradition people gave their devotion – It  
awakened their deepest and highest emotions.

Centuries passed, time does not veer –  
But the Great Word did not disappear.

Over and over generations renewed –  
So did the earth, newness imbued.

While mountain gorges changed their forms,  
The world of the people also transformed.

As the mountain rivers renewed their waters,  
The song lived on throughout years and quarters.

As the traditions and customs were changing,  
The song went on defying the aging.

And once in a century every time,  
A boy named Jaisan was born for his prime.

True, dedicated narrators were many – The  
Sacred Word could be shared by any.

Those distorting the epic numbered a lot, Somehow  
the wrong path they followed and sought.

They misguided people and let them err  
– That’s how the myths began to bear.

They mixed up the names of peoples and lands,  
Confused different tribes and kins and their brands,

Knowingly they introduced imprecisions,  
Subjecting the epic to certain excision.

Dear offspring, I’m turning to you as I meant.  
The Word I’m relaying to you's key event!

Good reflection will get you the right conclusions,  
To true understanding leads thought evolution.

Magnanimity’s what underlies people’s greatness!  
For the call of blood soul's obedience’s basis.

The valor of knights and the nation’s traditions Try  
to model yourselves under your own volition!

I will relay the Word to the next generation,  
The *dastan* will live on in the true, new narration!

My dear, please, reflect on what you’ve just heard –  
Then the right kind of thoughts to you should occur.

Make clear for yourself the reason why  
The great hero’s memory is held so high.

Why is Er Manas worthy of such deep reverence?  
There are so many knights of historic relevance...

Why so many legends he's got to net?  
Why didn't the nation him ever forget?

Also, make sure you can tell right away  
What kind of story *akyns* relay.

Who turned Er Manas into a fairy tale  
And deem it a myth of a grand scale?

His very existence subject to doubt  
And change the *dastan* inside and out?..

Consider the hero to be a fiction,  
Mythical character of epic depiction?..

And disbelieve that Manas lived for real,  
Fought for his nation, led armies with zeal?

Believe it is lies corrupting the core,  
To new myth creation opening the door?

Offspring, brush off doubts, as those are countless!..  
Ignore other opinions, since those are groundless.

Your hesitation insults the *dastan*,  
Disbelief poisons its sacred run.

Manas-*baatyr*<sup>1</sup> lived for real!!! Hope I'm heard –  
I want this be known to the entire world!

Irrefutable proofs I will provide,  
Tell about his deeds, how he lived and died.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Baatyr* [ba:'tir] means a knight, a strong and courageous man.

I will share the facts – the goal's within reach.  
Undeniable data exists – where I'll teach!

Let others explore what's perceived as a mystery  
– They're sure to find overlaps in the history.

In the epochs past, in times long ago, There  
are many plots that are in the know.

It is pretty easy to see – nothing's hiding.  
Anyone can undertake the fact finding.

My dear, don't get sad at my long monologue  
– It is just a foreword, a *dastan*'s prologue.

I want to embrace everything all at once –  
To unburden my heart in plain language, not puns.

Over losing some details do not you  
fret! Listen attentively not to forget.

I'll tell you the story from the very start. With  
proper flow – the horse before the cart.

Every event for you I will cover –  
Each case holds a lesson for us to discover.

And from the nation not praise will you get –  
Instead, you'll be subject to challenge and threat.

Rebuke and reproach are what people may choose  
– And also of lying you shall be accused.

But do not give in and do not succumb  
– The thorny path is yours to overcome.

All in good time – new times, new songs.  
The *dastan* will reach those who would come along!

First, a handful will trust you. Then will follow the rest.  
The hot heads will cool down, all concerns be addressed.

There is a season to every thing –  
And the Great Song will soar on its wings!

The sprouts will arise across the board –  
To celestial heights will soar the Great Word!

Be patient, be strong, be meticulous, dear!  
Try to comprehend everything crystal clear.

Here is my hand as a confirmation,  
So you can be firm in your views and persuasion.

Now let's shake hands to seal a deal –  
We'll go together through all ordeals...

- How many Jaisans were there? – might one ask.  
Going back through the history – uneasy task –

I will tell you about them in great detail.  
They deserve it, as others in comparison pale!

And another question – the one that you asked,  
As the life of Manas is still hidden and masked.

- When did Manas live? He was born in what year?  
You can count it yourself. It is easy, my dear.

You must start from the birth of our great knight,  
In your world, a contemporary to him was I.

Then there were nine Jaisans – one per each hundred years.  
Then four centuries passed – each Jaisanless. That's clear!

So, ten Jaisans and ten centuries there,  
Plus four centuries after we add, but declare

That that period knew no *akyns* of the sort  
Who could sing the *dastan* verily, not distort.

Hence, fourteen hundred years ago the great khan lived. I  
am the first narrator – then my song was conceived.

I am *akyn* Jaisan, son of Umot.  
My Path of Light is from a higher world.

I originated from the tribe *Uishon*<sup>1</sup>.  
I cherish my ancestors – from them I was born.

Since childhood, to Aikol I had been attached– I  
was around him, with him I was matched.

Among forty *choro* – his valiant knights –  
I found a place, which is my true delight.

Among the best knights I was an *akyn*,  
On fighting and singing equally keen.

The wise *Bakai*<sup>2</sup> spoke highly of me –  
No other praise is higher to me!

He called me a peerless improvisator,  
A master of words and eloquent orator.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Uishon* [ju:i'ʃɜn].

<sup>2</sup> *Bakai* [Bʌ'kai] a wise advisor of Manas.

My dear, now recall our very first meeting  
– That day is blessed and worth repeating.

In the river water deep were your feet.  
You were dressed lightly, but very neat.

The coldness of water was piercing, I know.  
But you were in the trance, led to be shown.

For the very first time then, my voice you  
heard, I turned to you and said a few words.

I asked you to move the branch away.  
Stunned and pinned down, in the water you stayed.

The branch was in front of you hiding your face.  
But you stood frozen right in your place.

Without comprehending what was going on  
– Trying to tame your fear and hold on,

In numbing stupor, frustrated, confused, There  
you were standing completely bemused.

Regaining yourself, the beam you saw,  
You were staring at it curious in awe.

My silhouette was inside the beam –  
The space around was in a gleam.

My face was in tears – they could make a stream...  
There was a rebirth of my old dream.

I deeply sighed in great relief  
And I pulled you to me, my golden leaf.



You found yourself inside the beam,  
That was a miracle! - I'm sure it seemed.

And hardly breathing there you were –  
In disbelief how such things could occur.

All seemed like magic, like a fairy tale,  
Like an unreal dream of a grotesque scale.

Then, to that reality you gave in  
And embraced the moment therein.

Your memory clearly holds our flight –  
Your belief in *dastan* was born outright.

And through the time our journey we made,  
Crossing the Universe, its space vastly great.

D'you recall how I started my address to you?  
In sad voice – through sobbing – with words quite a few.

And you saw the scenes, the dread of the  
place. And deep grief landed on your fair face.

Those gruesome sights made your heart  
hurt. That is a fact I can assert.

That's when you saw the Great Campaign –  
From the horror and awe you were in pain.

In silent torment – how did you withstand?  
In desperation, wringing your hands.

The battlefield saw the war – bloody dancer,  
The cause of the pangs. In the field is the answer.

My suffering is old – all fifteen hundred years.  
An unbearable test for one's soul it appears...

As the heavenly will is a 'no' to discuss, Ever  
since I have sung my *dastan* of Manas.

I must sing of the deeds of the mighty knights,  
For this I can withstand any burden and blight.

May the nation preserve valiant heroes for good,  
Since be touched by oblivion they never should.

The great battle took thousands and thousands of lives,  
May they all be remembered by descendants alive.

Their valor and honor was second to none –  
They fearlessly fought, but they lost and were gone.

If all corpses of those who had fallen still  
Were put together, there'd be a giant hill.

Unburied, all corpses are still far away.  
None returned home – foreign soil made them stay.

In foreign land, they found eternal sleep...  
Recall the scenes that make you weep.

My soul is burning in the fire of grief –  
The *dastan* serves to memory as a reprieve.

Offspring must know the entire *dastan* –  
Just some parts' insufficient, so let's get it done!

During the ten centuries, *akyns* were born –  
The nation needed strong blows in the horn.

The *dastan* gave them strength, as well as belief  
That life's full of joy, not just toil and grief.

The divine spirit of great Manas  
Gave much needed support to all of us.

The life of our ancestors gave people strength – They  
took faith and valor from the history's length.

But many Jaisans had very short lives – A  
human is meek when the destiny knifes.

From year to year they continued the action –  
The ten Jaisans sang with skill and gained traction.

But some of them lived to a hundred years  
– Singing the *dastan* to people's cheers.

All ten of them gave their all to their mission,  
All ten of them achieved true recognition.

Each one of them his own duty observed  
– Did not distort it and clearly preserved.

They sang of events of the ancient past  
– The price of peace was paid and cast.

So, with no breaks – whether it's night or  
day The great *dastan* an *akyn* would convey.

The voice of *akyn* would deeply enchant  
– The *dastan* had a start, but not an end.

The spirits were helping such *akyns* out –  
With support, they could sing for days out loud.

The spirits of knights were behind such support,  
So of energy *akyns* would never run short.

Right after me was the second Jaisan,  
For both of us the glory is one.

And his father's name was also Umot,  
Similar names – a common plot.

What a coincidence! The destiny picked it.  
No people's fates can be predicted.

So, it's only natural that over time  
People confused who's the first: he's or I'm.

Both sons of Umots, both named Jaisan,  
Nobody was to blame for this pun.

Both were *akyns*, so the difference diluted –  
And for the people it was really muted.

The difference is in that he was born later  
– A century later he was a narrator.

The routines of vanity he would forget –  
Only the *dastan* he would sing instead.

Time simply stopped, when he narrated –  
People stopped in their tracks, so high he was rated.

During narrations, life stopped for its part,  
So the life in *dastan* at that moment could start.

People would live through their nation's great  
past, As if into great knights they would be recast.

My dear, both *akyns* were perceived as if one.  
The second consistently did what I'd done.

A single spirit our talents conferred –  
We both kept up high the sacred Great Word.

Both of us had a single true mission –  
To sing of Manas without omission.

No wonder that people did confuse us –  
We both were united by *Aikol* Manas.

...The monotonous, gentle voice suddenly cut off. My body startled unexpectedly, as if shocked by electricity. My head was exploding. I felt sick. It was very dark around me – zero visibility. The silence of the night was broken by the sound of a car going down towards Chayek. It took me some time to come to. I was standing frustrated, not under-standing what happened. It occurred to me that I might have startled, because the car had driven close by me. I stood up and with some effort started walking back to my house. Yesterday I had told my daughter Jazgul to sleep over at my oldest daughter Nurgul's. Therefore I was not in a rush. I decided to reach the house by dawn. I was walking slowly, trying to remember what I saw during the meditation. During that period, it was still difficult for me to understand what Jaisan-ata was asking of me. The day was breaking. I came home and right upon entry began to decode the characters in my notebook translating them into words.

I have to confess that I did not fully comprehend the meaning of the words. When *agai* came, I read the poems to him. Then he read them out loud himself and it is at that moment that I really got it, it finally dawned on me.

All that I see during the meditation I remember precisely. Usually, during such sessions I obtain information about the names of medicinal herbs; what they are good for; what illnesses they can treat; how and in what quantity they should be used. Therefore, when I met Jaisan-ata,

I perceived the long poetic lines obtained during the meditation as a treatment, some sort of a remedy intended for Shakin-agai. I was not paying much attention to the meaning of the words and significance of the recorded texts.

But, when Shakin-agai was reading the lines, something happened. He was reading with a glow in his eyes and great expression. His face flushed red. He was fully under the spell of those poetic lines. He completely forgot about his illness. All he was talking about was about those poems. Not only had I read nothing about *manaschy* [mʌnʌs'tʃi:] (narrator of “Manas”) before, but I also had not known a single line from the epic “Manas”. So, when *agai* was discussing the epic, I only listened to him in silence. After my meeting with Jaisan-ata, I clearly understood that he wanted to relay the epic “Manas” to me. But was it really necessary?..

My thinking was that if *agai* gets healed, then there would be no need in repeating the multi-volume epic that had seen the light with the versions of Sayakbai-ata and Sagymbai-ata (*Note*: Here, Bubu Mariam refers to Sayakbai Karalaev and Sagymbai Orozbekov, the *manaschy*, whose versions of the epic “Manas” were written down, published, and considered to be classical versions).

06.09.1995 12<sup>th</sup> lunar day.

14 12 42

I entered into meditation again to hear from Jaisan-ata the continuation of the story about manaschy Jaisans that he started during our last meeting. I have met all necessary conditions and after a while the silhouette of Jaisan-ata developed and separated out of the colorful bundle of light. He came up close to me and began to sing in a melodic, gentle voice:

A son of *Syrtbai*<sup>1</sup> was the third Jaisan,  
The Almighty sent him to the earth like the sun.

May the nation recall that *akyn* too!  
People must always remember him. Yes, they do!

May his star light up bright in the sky.  
May he be remembered by each gal and guy.

He was such a refined master of words –  
To Manas dedicated his life Jaisan third.

His song ran so smoothly like a clear stream –  
He'd open his heart to you – bare, a gleam.

In his every word, his soul was cast –  
By way of *dastan* he'd lead you to the past.

His father *Syrtbai* was from the tribe *Argyn*<sup>2</sup>.  
Wishing a nobler Dad would be a sin.

*Syrtbai* was a chieftain of his great tribe,  
Eloquent speaker with a commander's gripe.

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<sup>1</sup> *Syrtbai* [Si:rt'bai].

<sup>2</sup> *Argyn* [Ar'gi:n] – a tribe.

A mighty hero loved by his people –  
Wise, generous, handsome, and simply regal.

And Syrtbai's heart was crystal clear  
Whereby beauty *Nurkyz*<sup>1</sup> he got to endear.

From the world of angels was *peri*<sup>2</sup> Nurkyz,  
For Syrtbai she came down to our abyss.

With all her heart she loved Syrtbai  
And their lives intertwined thereby.

Her immortal life she left behind,  
Embracing mortality of the mankind.

*Kok-Tengir* – the Creator – admired the couple.  
He who built the two worlds, the designer too subtle.

He was enchanted by their passion,  
Their blessed life with true happiness flashing.

Both had merits distinguished and very high –  
Together lived happily under the sky.

At once came true their plans and desires, The  
Universe with them, it seemed, conspired.

To the human world Nurkyz came at her will,  
She accepted that path as God's grace and will.

She refused what the world of the angels could give,  
Left behind everything only so she could live

---

<sup>1</sup> *Nurkyz* [Nur'ki:z] – literally, means Ray  
Girl. <sup>2</sup> *Peri* [pe'ri] – fairy.



With her loved one – with the mortal she chose,  
Choosing an earthly life with its routine chores.

She could have lived without grief and sorrow,  
Without tears yesterday, today, and tomorrow.

However, Syrtbai committed an error,  
In this fragile life, he was a careless carer.

He never prayed for the good of his son, Never  
asked for longevity, a life long and fun.

So, his son left this world, alas, very early – And  
his parents, of course, took their loss sorely.

Thus, without a trace was his family gone  
Leaving the knight-*akyn* with no one to lean on.

The fourth one was born with a silver  
spoon In a blessed place, to evil immune.

At the right time, he came to this world –  
Under a lucky star, to spread the Great Word.

Throughout his life he has been blessed,  
And somehow with him luck was never at rest.

Even in his bloodstream poems were flowing –  
He embodied the power and might at their glowing.

He was an endless source of narration –  
He sang precisely, with clear intonation.

Atop hill *Kyr-Dobo*<sup>1</sup> he often sat  
In a clear and strong voice he'd then sing at

---

<sup>1</sup> *Kyr-Dobo* [Ki:r-Dɜ:'b ɜ:] – literally, 'Edge-Hill'.

All the surroundings, so the epic was heard,  
And the mountains vibrated in sync with Great Word.

His powerful voice could sound fast and slow  
Bringing the words in like ebb and flow.

He would string precious words easily in his run,  
He could endlessly sing and narrate the *dastan*.

When he sang of great feats of the heroic knights –  
His entire face would be glowing with light.

He spent with the knights almost all of his time,  
Sharing their burden of war as he rhymed.

He was with them in their world for quite long,  
With Bakai and Manas, and his knights forty-strong.

When he narrated with zeal and passion,  
He reminded of *tulpar* run's flying fashion.

Going straightforward, flying ahead...  
Self-forgetfully people listened and read.

He was fortunate, he got to live well and long.  
He was known to the nation – *dastanchy*<sup>1</sup> great and strong.

*Solobobek*<sup>2</sup> was his father's name.  
From the *Uishons*, with unique inner flame.

He was clairvoyant, such was his gift –  
He was very skillful, in learning was swift.

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<sup>1</sup> *Dastanchy* [dastan'tʃi] – in Kyrgyz, a narrator of *dastans*. <sup>2</sup> *Solobobek* [Solobob'bek].

With *Bubujamal*<sup>1</sup>, a girl with gold hair,  
He was expecting a longed for heir.

And she gave birth to him under the moon  
– A lucky boy, with a silver spoon...

With both parents chosen ones, it was no wonder Great  
narrator was born without stealing their thunder.

The gift of *ayars* both parents possessed,  
And people knew them as a couple blessed.

They could foresee various events –  
Used their gift to help many avoid laments.

They knew in advance their son was on his way –  
In a prophetic dream, they were given his name.

They saw signs from the above with vivid precision  
– And they prayed to God to make true their visions,

To ensure a happy life to their son,  
To make his creativity second to none.

A son of *Kasymbai*<sup>2</sup> was number five.  
He sang of Manas throughout his life.

Not a blemish – a perfect and noble son.  
He began very early to sing the *dastan*.

A handsome man and of character good, Even  
more handsome when singing he stood.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Bubujamal* [Bju:bjɯ:dʒʌ'mʌl].

<sup>2</sup> *Kasymbai* [Kasi:m'bai].

Prosperous, happy; luck he was caressing –  
Throughout his life the man carried a blessing.

From the *Uishons* too, a great *akyn*-singer, Of  
news from the past an unsurpassed bringer.

He performed the *dastan* with so much skill –  
All living things were, it seemed, standing still.

His mastery's truly second to none,  
He soared like a bird, when he sang the *dastan*.

But rather early he passed away,  
And number six took over the way.

The sixth *dastanchy* was tireless in singing,  
A talented master, the best he was bringing.

Also from the *Uishons*, *Kalysbek*<sup>1</sup> was his father,  
Whose fairness unrivalled truly like no other.

He could make two opponents quickly make peace – He  
could calm people down and make conflicts cease.

No one could rival him in oration –  
Each of his speeches' a lesson for nation.

The seventh narrator was from *Katagan*<sup>2</sup>.  
As the previous six his name was Jaisan.

From the nobility did he descend,  
*Jamgyrchy*'s<sup>3</sup> son touched by God's divine hand.

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<sup>1</sup> *Kalysbek* [Kʌli:s'bek] – literally, 'Judge nobleman'. <sup>2</sup>

*Katagan* [kʌtʌ'gʌn] – name of a tribe or a clan.

<sup>3</sup> *Jamgyrchy* [Dʒʌmgi:r'tʃi:] – literally, a rain man.

A direct descendant of *Koshoi-khan*<sup>1</sup>,  
He took huge inheritance in sacred *dastan*.

Flawless in finding and weaving the words –  
He made the call of blood very well heard.

His words were like magic, enchanting and deep.  
For his narration people would forgo sleep.

And he possessed a particular talent –  
He sang the *dastan* in words refined, gallant.

Singing like that was a heavenly skill –  
Others would be precluded without divine will.

With a special twist he'd sing of Great Campaign  
– Keeping his listeners writhing with pain.

And in the nearby space, something would change –  
At once, certain things would jump over the range.

At once, would turn gloomy a sunny day –  
And the blue sky above would then turn grey.

A semi-circle of people on the meadow  
Would get much tighter, pressed down by the shadow.

As *dastanchy* would sing without stopping,  
The wind would gust, scary and whopping.

It would suddenly rain, then it would snow,  
Wondrous things would occur during the show.

Herds of sheep would flee in panicked affinity,  
As if there were wolves in their vicinity.

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<sup>1</sup> *Koshoi* [Kɔʃɔi] – a legendary khan, contemporary of Manas.

With tails between their legs, the dogs would  
flee, With finding a refuge as their only plea.

No explanation to these could be found –  
For frozen would be everything all around.

People would listen with shiver and awe...  
How was it possible what all of them saw?!

They could hear the voices and sounds from the past –  
Ferocious screams, speech, and noises en masse.

Distant explosions would deafen the space –  
And a tough fate was each one's to embrace.

...The opponent pressed on – the trample was heard,  
And even the enemies' foreign words.

Then there were shouts and war cries of the knights –  
Then, it seemed, that the Universe described the fight.

Here the knights stopped an attack of the riders –  
Battle scenes are unfolding wider and wider.

One could even hear the drum beat or fuss –  
Courageous in battle were the men of Manas!

The cry “Er Manas!” is heard everywhere –  
The listeners are frightened one should declare.

Here's iron clanking, the whistling of arrows,  
Swords shining – each seeking to cut to the marrow...

The spears are breaking – those sounds one can hear,  
The clanking of metal is cutting the ear.

Swords meet the shields, but they're not there to settle  
– Now there's the rage of a ruthless, fierce battle.

The neigh of the horses, the thud of the hooves  
– A shield's no protection, nor agile moves...

Noise deafens down, human suffering pins down.  
The picture of massacre's awful – hands down.

Nobody knows how it's done day or night –  
They see everything like they're now in the fight...

The seventh narrator was ending his song  
– People sat stunned after the story long.

All motionless, quiet, just barely breathing,  
In tears – their hearts as if out of their sheathing.

No one could hide their deep shock,  
Even those who always seem hard like a rock.

All that had happened they clearly saw –  
At once, subtlest insights the people could draw.

Then peace and quiet would set for a while –  
For their hearts need recovery from the harsh trial.

And tears would keep pouring down in a stream –  
The battle and knights would stay long in their dreams.

The narrator's talent had many fans –  
He's mastered the Word since he began.

Both the young and the old – the entire village  
Would gather. His singing was the highest privilege.

A virtuous master of the Great Word –  
He'd sing the *dastan* like a tireless bird.

My dear, now I'll tell you about the eighth.  
He was up to the challenge, he sang in good faith.

He was very sensitive and very shrewd,  
His talent was obvious, easily viewed.

Also regrettably, his time was short,  
He didn't achieve what he meant to purport.

Son of *Asylbala*<sup>1</sup> from the tribe *Noigut*<sup>2</sup>,  
His fairness and justice no one could dispute.

A man of few words,  
He was precise and terse.

No wonder he was known as a seer,  
An honest and wise man widely revered.

For sudden insight he had a knack,  
And from his advice people never held back.

Uulkelsin<sup>3</sup>, his dear mother,  
Sent off those leaving this world for the other.

She was a weeper. When somebody died,  
She was invited in order to cry.

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<sup>1</sup> *Asylbala* [Asi:lbʌ'lʌ] – literally, 'Dear Child'.

<sup>2</sup> *Noigut* [nɔi'gut].

<sup>3</sup> *Uulkelsin* [U:u:lkel'sin] – literally, 'May a son come'. In the Kyrgyz tradition, usually a girl would be given a name like that (e.g., Burul [Bu'rul] – 'turn') in a family that is longing to have a son.



Sending them off to their last journey,  
She'd recount their deeds in the ritual mourning.

She was often invited by noble men,  
But to less well-off people, too, she'd say amen.

Her life's vocation reflected on her –  
A misfortune suddenly happened to her.

Her only son she happened to lose.  
In wild frenzy she cried and in hysterics bruised.

Like in fire she burned in grievous emotion,  
And the tears she cried could make an ocean.

People did feel for her seeing her sorrow –  
Her son's left her today with no tomorrow.

From her grief even rocks could come to life – She  
suffered so badly, in the heart she was knifed.

And when mourning her son, here's what she  
said: "I carried my burden, my butter and bread.

But it seems it was much disliked – the Creator  
Handed me a loss that cannot be greater.

When I was mourning for others, when weeping,  
I didn't feel for their loss – now I know how it's sweeping.

I humbly accept your punishment, God.  
Your grace and mercy cannot be flawed.

I have no choice. You're adamant here –  
I'm resigned to your will, Almighty dear.

I've learned my lesson, I understand.  
I've made my decision and strong will I stand.

The woeful mistakes are only mine –  
And from my job I fully resign.

At no request, nor other excuse –  
Sending off to the last trip I shall refuse.

Here is my promise to you – I shall never  
Engage in the weeping and mourning endeavor.”

Since then, never again was she seen in tears,  
Or weeping at funerals, or anywhere near.

...The voice stopped. The silhouette of Jaisan-ata covered in multi-color light disappeared behind the mountain side. Everything got normal again. It was midnight. Having looked around, I roughly determined where I was and headed off back to the village. I did not feel the tears that were running non-stop. When I came home, I got to decoding the characters and translating them into lines. When I finished the work and read the text, I understood its meaning. It became clear why I could not stop crying on my way back. In my heart, I shared Uulkelsin-apa's<sup>1</sup> pain. I remembered my own son Talant and my heart got filled with acute, nagging ache. I felt unbearably miserable.

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<sup>1</sup> *Uulkelsin-apa* [u'u:lkel'sin]– in Kyrgyz, *Uul kelsin* literally means ‘May a son arrive’. *Apa* [ʌ'pʌ] – in Kyrgyz, a mother, but also a respectful address to a woman, who is a peer or older than one's mother, as well as to a female ancestor.

08.09.1995

14<sup>th</sup> lunar day

4 23 42

It was the second night of the new moon and I went out to the field. In order to meet with Jaisan-ata, I met all necessary conditions and was eager to hear the continuation of the story about the ten Jaisans. Hav-ing separated out from the light, Jaisan-ata told me about the ninth and tenth *akyns*. When he stopped, he said: “This concludes the story about the ten *dastanchy* Jaisans”.

Now I'll tell you about *dastanchy* number nine.

His words were sharp like a sword with bright shine.

For him his vocation was above all –

All his life he has followed his highest call.

He was dedicated to the Sacred Word,

In his heart, the forefathers' voices he heard.

He lived long, for over a hundred years.

And had one of the brightest *akyn* careers.

Ninety years he gave to the art of narration,

Through his powerful words he spread education.

*Moldobasan*<sup>1</sup>, his famous father,

Could sing and make jokes just like no other.

A virtuoso improvisator,

A *komuzchu*<sup>2</sup> and great narrator.

To major festivities always invited,

Those not to invite him were truly shortsighted.

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<sup>1</sup> *Moldobasan* [Mɔldɔbɐˈsɐn].

<sup>2</sup> *Komuzchu* [kɔmuzˈtʃu] – a player of *komuz* [kɔˈmuz], a Kyrgyz national string musical instrument.

He could entertain and make laugh anyone –  
He gave joy and fun to everyone.

At big events a desired guest,  
With a buoyant character he was blessed.

But he could also sing doleful songs,  
Describing unhappy lives that went wrong.

And in the families faced with a trouble,  
The *komuzchu* was a part of the huddle.

To funeral repasts he was also called –  
So about the perished with sad songs he told.

The qualities of the deceased he described,  
He made people get in tears – everyone cried.

And little Jaisan was near his Dad–  
Always with him, listening to what he said.

When the ninth Jaisan turned nine years old,  
A funeral repast was in his own stronghold.

His people remembered a hero, who died –  
A year'd passed since the death of *Torgun-knight*<sup>1</sup>.

Along with his father Moldobasan  
To the repast went young Jaisan.

As Moldobasan led the event,  
He didn't notice where his son went.

In the meantime, Jaisan mounted a three-year horse –  
The unbroken stallion ran off at full force.

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<sup>1</sup> *Torgun* [To:r'gju:n].

The uncontrolled horse took Jaisan far away  
– The boy couldn't hold him under his sway.

They were already crossing river *Jylgynduu*<sup>1</sup>  
Far behind leaving people in their ado.

Jaisan was pulling the bridle at length,  
And lost courage, as he didn't have enough strength.

Then the cramps came to grip his fragile arms,  
The boy couldn't stand the bodily harms.

He became weak and collapsed down,  
Unconscious, fell off the horse on the ground.

When he came to his senses and opened his  
eyes, He found himself on an interstream isle,

And then he saw some strangers around him,  
He was saved on a destiny's will or whim.

The people - the strangers standing around -  
Saved him in the water and took to the ground.

And all those men were, believe it or not,  
Envoys from the past at the grace of God.

Hence, that big test was not in vain –  
Rather, my dear, it was pre-ordained.

Those were Manas, forty knights, and Bakai  
– All waiting for him to open his eyes.

One of them picked up the boy from the ground  
And carried away from the water around,

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<sup>1</sup> *Jylgynduu* [Dii:lg'du:u:] moving.

He put him down in the middle of thick grass,  
With both hands gave him water for the shock to pass.

He washed off his face and warmly said –  
Jaisan had the words embossed in his head:

“You shall be afraid of no one and no thing  
– We will protect you from everything.”

He touched his forehead and gave him some time  
To regain himself and get up in his prime.

Wiseman Bakai stooped down and told:  
“We’ll get you to your father. I give you my word.

But from this day on you’ll sing the *dastan*.”  
Closely to the wise man listened Jaisan.

Then Bakai took out millet from his wide belt  
And fed it to Jaisan, who thankful felt,

And then he performed a ritual of blessing –  
He gave his *bata*<sup>1</sup> and said in professing:

“My son, from now on you’ll sing of Manas!  
You’ll be a *dastanchy* telling people of us.”

Then Jaisan got help mounting the steed  
And back to home he got to proceed.

Unnoticed to all, Jaisan returned back.  
People were unaware of his temporary lack.

They were all clueless that he’d disappeared,  
Nor anyone saw how he re-appeared.

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<sup>1</sup> *Bata* [ba’ta:] – blessing.

Since the day the wise man his blessing performed,  
Young Jaisan's life has clearly transformed.

Since the age of nine he sang the *dastan* – Nine  
decades of singing accomplished Jaisan.

This achievement, this merit are second to  
none, Alas, he's forgotten and his name is gone.

Of the most important I want to remind,  
The name should be remembered, it must be revived.

My dear, the tenth *dastanchy* was unique –  
In perfect words he could sing and speak.

He was at the peak of oral tradition –  
A true, artful master. I'd say, a magician!

That *akyn* among *dastanchy* of great power  
Is akin to the garden's most beautiful flower.

He was shining like a bright star in the sky – It's  
the grace of heaven that he was blessed by.

No one could surpass him, his talent was such.  
His poetry was perfect – beating that was too much.

When singing, he also played the komuz –  
In the *dastan*'s elements. The *dastan* was his muse.

At first, the *akyn* would quietly start,  
Then he would accelerate on his part.

The sound of his voice was like a bugle,  
Like a waterfall that in its rage isn't frugal,

Whose waters are flying down like a dragon,  
He deeply immersed in *dastan* like a lagan.

Each cell in his body was filled with *dastan*,  
Impregnated with it – such he was made and done.

He was breathing *dastan*, in its rhythm he rattled –  
With the knights together he fought in the battle.

Just like a breeze of fresh mountain air  
Lightly blows through head's each and every hair,

So his every hair, it seemed, could sing,  
And his mighty body could vibrate in sync.

His song penetrated through to one's heart  
– His singing was simply a work of art.

He is also *Uishon*, *Janybai's*<sup>1</sup> son,  
And of self-interest he had totally none.

To the *dastan* he was all dedicated –  
In singing he lived and felt elevated.

The joy that he gave is hard to describe –  
A great son of deserving, reputable tribe!

As precious as water in the broiling sun –  
So needed the nation his lovely *dastan*.

Who heard him rejoiced in their spirit and heart,  
Valued the life and people of their blood.

The deeds of their ancestors taught them a lesson –  
To be accountable for their present.

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<sup>1</sup> *Janybai* [Djani:'bai] – literally, 'Rich Soul'.



Nation's spirit grew stronger thanks to Great Word,  
The spirits of knights kept the nation preserved.

And the heroes' offspring felt proud for the past –  
There's something eternal in the frail world to last.

And the faith in the future grew in their hearts –  
They were proud to be Kyrgyz, to be their nation's parts.

The feats of their fathers inspired them all – The  
lines helped renew them for the long haul.

Their thirst for great deeds was stemming and growing  
– Belief in their nation, their future was showing.

A unique virtuoso, with no imitable twin –  
He stood apart the tenth *akyn*.

But his glory has made so many jealous, Who  
in their black envy became very zealous.

Early in life evil eye made him gone – That's  
the end of the story of the last Jaisan.

My dear, now you know what my tears underlie  
– The loss of Jaisans is the reason I cry.

They are unknown to their own nation –  
No memory of them, not a single citation.

And their great work is duly forgotten,  
Covered by darkness, eroded and rotten.

They are long gone, forever lulled –  
The sharpness of words by oblivion was dulled.

How come we yield heroes' memories to dust?  
At times, father time can be truly unjust!

The history washed off their names from its tables –  
Nation's memory keeps some, at best, in the fables.

All *dastanchy* must be remembered –  
To oblivious time ought not be surrendered!

With your support, here I say –  
To offspring the *dastan* will make its way.

And on behalf of all ten Jaisans  
Through you I'll convey the words of *dastan*.

May the nation accept my *dastan* as a gift,  
And take it to the heart – its spirits will lift.

I hope there are still *dastanchy* out there,  
That about Er Manas the nation's aware.

Among them, perhaps there are strong narrators  
That tell of Manas to their spectators.

Now I have a request – hope you won't baulk.  
My present successors – what is their stock?

*Akmataly* and *Janybai*<sup>1</sup> –  
What is their origin? What's their tribe?

Find out about them. If nothing comes up,  
Next time I'll try to fill that empty cup.

...At the end of each of our meetings, Jaisan-ata always asked me  
not to tell anyone about him. But I could not help telling Shakin-agai

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<sup>1</sup> *Akmataly* [Akmata:'li:], *Janybai* [Djani:'bai] – men's names.

about him. Firstly, it is unlikely I would have ever met Jaisan-ata had *agai* not asked me to find out about who was the first narrator of the epic “Manas”.

Secondly, I had believed that the *dastan* was the remedy to *agai*’s illness. Therefore, I thought I had to tell him everything. When I showed the poetic lines to *agai* for the first time, I got *talma*. So I thought that Jaisan-ata did not approve of that. However, because that did not happen again, I concluded it was safe to tell *agai* everything.

When Jaisan-ata finished telling the story about the ten *akyns*, he asked me: “Who is the man with whom you have shared the secret, dis-obeying me? You should not share the secret with anyone”.

I was embarrassed and did not know what to say. Then I started telling about *agai* and said that he has a pure heart, that he is very humane, that he is not like other people and that he is a person who can be allowed to the very depths of one’s soul. Then I added: “Please, forgive me, if I made a mistake”.

I remembered the melody of the song and a few lines from it. Jaisan-ata sang to the accompaniment of the sound that was similar to the sound of knocking on the face of *komuz*. When I came home, I decoded the characters and read the lines. I felt bad.

My dear, I ask you – please, live without sorrow,  
Kick out all sad feelings today and tomorrow.

The vanity and transient world, please, forget.  
Be above them, beyond them – and happier get!

Now I want to hear about the man,  
Who supporting our work with the epic began.

You are saying that he has a clear heart,  
With pure intentions, strong-willed and smart;

That he’s from common people, that he’d never  
gouge, And that for him you would fully avouch.

All our secrets with him you openly share,  
Of questions and answers make him aware.

You have let him in deep in your soul –  
He knows our sacrament and our goal.

I am very hopeful you are not wrong –  
Is he really wise, conscientious and strong?

Is he truly the person that we much need, Who  
will sincerely help and make us succeed?

That he is a true master of words  
And can help convey past events you assert.

From the state of non-being my words will emerge...  
It's a convincing argument and a strong urge.

Well, then together you two be my eyes,  
Be inspired, when I speak the words wise!

Be a shining, bright light that's never to smother –  
Be each one's foundation and support each other!

May *dastan* reach the nation through you. And thus,  
May glow through the ages the name of Manas!

Be deserving of this great gift and more –  
Both of you, you and him, are my gold sycamores!

The beam where you see me – it's what I  
hold. It is the bridge between the worlds.

This powerful beam is somehow tied  
With the Universe and with the time.

It enables my travel across time so fast –  
I can get to the present and to the past.

And future events one can easily glean.  
The beam makes it easy – that's what I mean.

Like the heritage of *dastanchy* is the beam.  
It doesn't go out, it's always a gleam.

Through the beam stay connected all of Jaisans,  
It connects the narrators of the *dastan*.

Offspring of *Uishon* get some unique light.  
You have never heard of this. Am I right?

The beam is in search of a suitable person,  
With true, real traits that will never worsen.

And *Sharypkul*<sup>1</sup> was touched by the beam –  
So, now he can be a part of our team.

To our sacred mission he's initiated,  
I hope to the Word he will be dedicated.

In the lines, the real name of *agai* was stated as Sharypkul. I was very surprised by that, but at the same time I was extremely happy that Jaisan-ata was not angry with me, but rather even seemed thankful.

I'm pleased now our team has a connoisseur,  
He knows 'bout the epic best – I concur.

He's got a blessing from the above,  
He can self-dedicate to our work with love.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Sharypkul* [Shrip'kul].

Up high, like a torch, elevate the *dastan*  
And present to the nation the gift most precious one!

I recorded the lines, which indicated that the name of *agai* was Sharypkul, on a separate sheet of paper and during our next meeting, without hiding my interest, I asked him: “Is your name Sharypkul?” I read in his astonished eyes that *agai* was stunned just as much as I was.

- Well, why are you asking me about that? - he answered my question with a question and reddened.

Then, in lieu of a response, I gave him the sheet of paper with the lines of Jaisan-ata about him.

Having read them, he grew more anxious yet and told me the following: “Before my birth, *Kuiruchuk-ata*<sup>1</sup> had blessed my mother saying that if a son is born he shall be named Sharypkul. I was born after several girls before me. In accordance with the old belief, I had one of my ears pierced and was named Sharypkul. My father fell victim of the repressions<sup>2</sup> and my mother lost all of the family paperwork. My elder sister Burumkul [Borum'kju:l] was called by her diminutive name Buken [Bu'ken], while I got to be called Shakin. Everyone got used to these names, so in all documents later we were recorded accordingly. My real name was forgotten long ago. What'd you know!”

I heard the notes of distrust in his voice.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Kuiruchuk-ata* [Kuiru'tchuk- a'ta] – Kudaibergen Omurzak uulu (1866-1940), Kyrgyz poet most famous as a humorist, but also known as *dastanchy* and *ma-naschy*.

<sup>2</sup> Repressions – must be referring to the repressions of the Stalin era.

## CHAPTER FOUR –

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### GIRLS-RAYS

10.09.1995

16<sup>th</sup> lunar day

28 1 52

It was the 16<sup>th</sup> lunar day. On this day, the Universe connects the Earth and the Moon through the invisible and unmeasurable ladder. I cannot wait till the evening. My heart is beating fast in anticipation of the upcoming contact with the wonder I did not know before. I have had this sensation since the moment when I took this path for the first time. I prepared *tokochs* and put them near the tea bowl of water. I read a prayer to Jaisan-ata and went outside to meet with him. I turned to the house of Shakin-agai, who came out to walk with me to the bridge over the canal. After that, I walked alone up the hill, straight towards the mountains. When I approached Sedep Otok, I witnessed an inde-scribable wonder.

The full disc of the Moon was above my ahead. It was vibrating as if it was a cup of quicksilver, which may overflow any second. A moment later, a bright, silver-shining lane of light appeared and started widening and turning into a path. Light blue and white light was radi-ating off of it. Then I saw the silhouette of Jaisan-ata that was moving towards me along this blindingly snow-white path, which looked like the surface of *airan*<sup>1</sup>. I heard his soft voice:

I was rushing to you at your first call,  
But, as if in invisible shackles, I stalled.

On Thursdays, at full moon is when we are dating,  
All other days dangerous and complicated.

Do not ask for a meeting at other days.  
We have no control when we're out of phase.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Airan* [ai'ran] – a Kyrgyz fermented dairy drink similar to yogurt.

The Universe has its own laws –  
You must understand the effect and the cause.

And there's no way they can be violated –  
These laws cannot be annihilated.

I can only see you on certain days,  
But I'm pleased that I have a couple of my ways.

Alas, I can't stay any longer with you –  
Must return to the Universe. So, adieu!

But I came to you to make a revelation –  
Tonight is the Night of Predestination!

It only occurs when the centuries turn,  
I cannot say more, as I must return.

You'll see everything – no time to explain,  
You'll get it and a special gift you will gain.

I promised and now is the time to fulfill –  
With a wondrous light you will be filled.

Wipe sweat from your face, weakness you can't afford  
– You're about to receive a huge reward.

The girls you will see. Meet them with a smile.  
Don't be afraid and be kind – it's worthwhile!

They'll present you a gift truly unique.  
They will teach you a lot, so stay keen and quick.

They'll reveal the mysteries of the Universe –  
Across time, my dear, you'll be able to traverse.



Go now, dear! It's time to get on your way  
Through what is coming and towards the Girls-Rays.

They are sparkling, singing and celebrating,  
Saying hi to the Earth, and for you they are waiting.

You are set to see a miraculous wonder –  
Their beauty will strike you like lightning and thunder!

...The path Jaisan-ata took to arrive has turned into iridescent lines, which, in turn, looked like stretched strings.

Mesmerizingly beautiful, in fairy-tale, aerial clothes, they were swinging on these strings like on the swing. Their beauty was simply charming.

Each meditation brings its own surprises. And each one has its unique visions. However, this time has exceeded all of my expectations. I was stunned. Along with the rays radiating from the round like a golden plate Moon, there were descending girls dressed in iridescent clothes. They were beaming thousands of colorful rays that illuminated the surrounding space with rainbow-like lights. I felt like I was in the middle of a fairy tale. The girls were singing together to the sounds of a magical melody. Enchanted, I was admiring the scenery. I am not sure how, but soon I found myself among them. The fear has completely disappeared and I lost the track of time. To this moment I cannot tell how long it lasted: a single moment or hours. I was beyond the time. I was among them till the dawn and recorded everything that I saw and heard. The day was breaking... From the records, which I decoded, I got the following songs:

- Come, come now! Our dear,  
Make haste – have no fear!

We shall weave *arkans*<sup>1</sup> from the rays of moon breeze,  
We'll put up the swings from the threads of fine fleece.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Arkan* [Ar'kan] – a lasso.

We'll swing together, just us, only us –  
Tonight our night is solely for us!

We descended at full moon. We came to convey  
A news to you, dear. We are the Girls-Rays!

This night is for us and we are full of joy.  
While people around are asleep, let's enjoy!

Only once in a century to the earth we come down –  
We meet here together on the firm ground.

If we meet a person good, gracious and pleasant,  
That person is certain to get a great present.

Tonight, you'll receive from us at later hours  
Beam *Nurshoola*<sup>1</sup> – a present of ours!

It's so rare for us to meet anyone here,  
A seldom person can learn the news, dear!

Swing with us, sweetheart! It will be so nice –  
This night you will feel like you're in paradise!

Jaisan-ata asked that during this night  
We illuminate you and share our light.

And through his beam, which is crystal  
clear, Jaisan-ata has sent you to us here.

Now follow along this silver path,  
We ask that you, please, spend some time with us.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Nurshoola* [Nur:shoo'la:] – literally, 'Beam-Ray'.

...The songs sung by the Girls-Rays were immensely beautiful. The lovely tunes are still fresh in my memory to this day.

At Shakin-agai's house, I told everything I had seen and reproduced the tune.

*Agai*, playing the *komuz*, said: "It looks like my tune".

- Really? How interesting! – I could not hide my amazement.

I had not heard him play the tune similar to the one I reproduced for him. For some reason, I felt uneasy. I jotted down the lines that I remembered and passed them on to *agai*. Then I went home.

Oh, *Tengir*! Even by the stretch of imagination it would never occur to me that the next morning after the Sacred Night will profoundly change my life. As it turned out, I have met face to face with the truth called the Will of Fate.

As people say, one cannot escape what has been pre-ordained.

After the lines, which I gave to *agai*, I could not decode the remaining ones. That was a test. I had a choice. On the one hand, I had the permanent for every woman sacred family hearth, children and my entire life up to my 45 years of age. On the other hand, I had Jaisan-ata, the path of light, the gift of the Girls-Rays – beam *Nurshoola*, and the *dastan* of Jaisan-ata. I decided that the right choice was the unknown, mysterious path of light rather than the wide road so well known to me.

Having taken my blue bag, only in the dressing gown, I walked out of the house, where I had lived for thirty years. I left it to never return there again. I found refuge in a woodshed. Of course, this bold and defiant act was not appreciated by anybody: neither my relatives, nor friends, acquaintances, and let alone my children. Those, who just yesterday were calling me *ejeke*<sup>1</sup>, turned away from me at once. Almost everybody, except for the women, which were undergoing my treatment, and the family of Shakin-agai, ignored me and pretended they did not notice me.

That was an unbearable period. During that difficult time, I was close to taking my life and vanishing forever. I could not even meditate...

---

<sup>1</sup> *Ejeke* [edje'ke] – in Kyrgyz, more endearing form of *eje*. Similarly, more endearing forms of father and mother are *atake* [ata'ke] and *apake* [apa'ke].

I could not fall asleep during the night and only before the dawn, exhausted I slept fast. In my dream, I saw Jaisan-ata chanting quietly. After awakening, I immediately jotted down the lines that I remembered.

Your faith and hope you never should lose,  
You're on the edge, I know, trying to choose...

Your choice is hard – that step is tough,  
Don't turn everything into meaningless stuff.

Suffering is pointless and groundless at that,  
Your pen must be pointed, not dull and flat.

Your cup's full of grace – listen and heed,  
May your initiative fully succeed!

You've got a present from Almighty God –  
A bridge of Light has been built to your heart.

Don't spill the God's cup with his grace and glory –  
And don't you give way to useless worries!

With all your brethren share the cup.  
Don't spend life in vain – it can't be made up.

Perhaps, it is those lines that encouraged and inspired me. I got reinvigorated and began to decode the characters recorded during the meeting with the Girls-Rays. I had not touched them for a while, since the day I left home.

Shining like diamonds of the highest worth,  
Older sisters descended to the blessed Earth.

With sparkling joy brimming within,  
They can make come true wishes of their kin.

The one with *Nurshoola* in possession –  
Was pre-ordained to run in our session.

She'll never forget us or our tunes – Will  
meet with us again at the full moon.

We'll teach her the language of the Universe,  
She'll get very lucky here in due course.

We'll support her along each step of her quest  
– So that with ease she will past every test.

Bubu Mariam, please, accept our greetings!  
You have been blessed by the skies at our meeting.

Pisces is your celestial Sign,  
In our liking of you we align.

Jaisan-ata has called you *Akchabak*<sup>1</sup>,  
With love he named you 'white fish' for your luck.

You'll use your gift for the good – we see through.  
Also, we wish you that your dreams come true.

We are nine sisters from the Universe.  
Our undecayed world is so thin, it's not coarse.

We have not met a kin soul for so long,  
We'll tell you something – you listen along.

Are you aware of who you really are?  
What awaits once your body is left behind far?

What are the presages and omens for?  
Why are people named while they are unborn?

---

<sup>1</sup> *Akchabak* [Aktch'bak] – literally, 'white fish'.

Why are you here with us tonight?  
Why only you get the news and our light?

Nothing is by chance in time and space!  
Deep to the past goes back this trace...

Once you were part of our abode,  
That is the source of your healing mode.

We all lived together happily. Thus, You  
were our equal, you were one of us.

Bubu Mariam, you are Pisces, dear!  
You're unaware or forgot it clear.

You have special faculties and strong volition –  
And on your shoulders you've got a big mission.

And a miraculous gift you reveal –  
With the touch of your hands you can treat and heal.

Also, you know the herbs and roots,  
And can tell in advance what's a person's suit.

You can foresee the events and what's coming –  
The amount of your faculties' simply alarming!

Extrasensorial, you can see across spaces,  
And you possess broad knowledge bases.

Deep in your blood you had had it all –  
What you need now is total recall.

And now we will tell you, if we may,  
About the importance of one's own way.

If only a baby gets the right name,  
Then he is certain to play his game:

Everything in his life will go smooth –  
Never convicted in old age and youth,

He will develop into his potential,  
Happiness, fortune will be his credentials.

But if a baby gets the wrong name,  
His fortune and luck will prove hard to tame.

He will encounter a lot of hurdles –  
Always contained within nasty girdles.

You used to have a different name –  
For all of your mishaps it is to blame!

You suffered badly, misfortunes brew –  
None of your dreams was coming true.

One after one failures followed,  
And the injustice was yours to swallow.

Misery kept you in its hard grip – And  
for many years it wouldn't unclip.

Your spirit kept looking to break away  
From the captivity and find its way.

Your path towards your goal was thorny and hard,  
The line of your life was many times scarred.

But very timely you found yourself  
And the healing practice you taught yourself.

Now you are helping so many others,  
Using your hands to heal sisters and brothers.

And with the herbs common language you've found –  
The powers of your decoctions astound!

With only one goal in your noble blindness –  
To channel to people the flows of kindness.

People get joy just from your presence, We  
give our blessing to your true essence.

We are aware how hard it may feel,  
When you're accused as if you steal.

Unjust words sting, bitterly wound –  
And you feel beaten, deeply consumed.

Some words were whipping, hot and then cold –  
And in your mouth you felt bitterness, salt.

But you know giving up is akin to demise,  
You persist. And to you never stick any lies.

Yet, when it gets way much too much –  
You avoid the naysayers and their grudge.

Then you sit for a while near a creek –  
Nature calms down your storm waves making them meek.

And the babble of water is like friendly whisper –  
It unwinds down your internal twister.

That's when you find your strength anew  
– And mother nature gives power to you.



And the same circle starts over again.  
A bitter moment – you clutch your teeth then.

We know everything, we see it and sense  
– And we provide the invisible strength.

We represent the nine planet-stars,  
There's a bridge of the past between you and us.

In snow white scarf, that Girl over there  
Is within a bright coil hanging in the air.

The Moon itself does reflect in it, Shining  
its silver each and every minute.

When the truth rules – it is shining bright,  
When lies overcast – it darkens the night.

White pearl is the stone of the Girl-Moon,  
Its stones can heal and make one immune.

The area, where the Girl-Moon's a  
healer Is entirely made of pure silver.

She is ready to help you again and again, And  
always support you, both now and then.

Medicinal herbs can help you heal –  
If strong decoctions you can anneal.

Collect flower petals and then you make  
A strong decoction for patients to take.

However, the herbs you must know and be wise  
– Your decoction will heal the kidneys and eyes.

Water lily and mint that grow near water –  
For healing they, too, make good source and fodder.

And if you need help, then you just whisper –  
And you will get it from your Moon-Sister.

You shall turn to her at the time of full moon, You  
patiently wait for those days – can't be soon.

So many mysteries she can reveal –  
The Sister-Moon is your helper ideal.

The beautiful Girl-Moon can teach you a lot,  
Her answers are clear, with wisdom fraught.

Now the Girl over there in emerald clothes  
Represents Venus and her radiance shows.

Her beauty enchants – no one can resist!  
In this, her tenderness surely assists.

Her warmth's so attractive like stars above,  
She is truly charming and nourishes love.

From Mercury Girl-Ray is standing there.  
Her body of knowledge is beyond compare.

She can empower like a true royal,  
Our dear sister, endlessly loyal.

Shining in darkness under the stars, That's  
the red Girl-Ray from planet Mars.

Martial and quarrelsome, she is unduly,  
Truly capricious and also unruly.

With a blood clot, she shines in the  
dark, Exuberant energy is her real mark.

Now look at me – I'm next in the queue.  
My color's apparently very light blue.

Shall I caress someone with my ray,  
He shall reach glory at his heyday.

My ray is beaming with a blue light, Sharing  
my warmth with you is my delight.

I am the fifth in celestial order,  
Among the Girls-Planets also a boarder.

It takes me twelve years to circle the  
Sun, To all of my sisters I light as I run.

I give composure and presence of mind, And  
calm down those who may fall behind.

I can also heal. Here is my hint –  
My strong decoction's from mountain mint.

The Girl-Ray from Saturn is dressed in black  
– She's part of Dark Forces. That is her track.

The spotted ray with some straight lines  
To routine problems solutions defines.

Wisdom, resourcefulness the Girl provides –  
The Ray of Uranus – to whom she decides.

And that dear sister with the red face –  
In scarlet dress, she embodies grace.

The Ray of Pluto, cute like a flower – She  
is the one who has bottomless power.

She gives decisiveness and a strong will,  
Self-confidence and leadership skills.

About the rest you will learn in due course,  
We'll answer your questions. We shall be your source.

Each Sister's in charge to carry her mission.  
Today we're together – a joyful fruition!

This night for us is a blessed shift,  
From Mother-Universe most precious gift.

If you ever need help from the Sisters, Turn  
to the Universe and start your whisper.

Then the Girls-Rays to you may descend,  
Give their advice as your best friends.

The route the *akyn* used we then will take –  
The same very journey Jaisan-ata makes.

To you we'll come down in moonlit night,  
To help and support you is our delight.

*Nurshoola-Beam* tied us tonight –  
Now we're connected with you very tight.

We will be happy to help you out –  
Through our joint efforts the good bring about.

Roosters heralded the dawn's closing in.  
And the Girls-Rays got quiet therein.

Bubu Mariam, now it's time for good-bye –  
We must return – it was great to come by!

Bubu Mariam, stay healthy then!  
We will have time to meet again.

...According to the Girls-Rays, all difficulties and complications in life result from the wrong name. So, in order for me to finish the undertaking I have embarked on despite every obstacle and notwithstanding people's opinions, I now had to follow my chosen path under my true name Bubu Mariam [Bju:'bju: MΛr'jΛm] (Healer Mariam).

After Shakin-agai read the decoded lines that I gave him, I felt that he was expecting something more. I found the poems weaker, perhaps because these were the songs of the Girls-Rays, not Jaisan-ata's poems. I am not sure. When I decoded them, I felt as if their first impact on me got weaker. From what the Girls-Rays had told me I remembered that my name was Bubu Mariam.

Once, right before my birth, an old woman *kudaichy* [kudai'tʃi] (pauper) spent a night at my parents' place. With the touch of her hands she made the pain of my pregnant mother disappear and said: "Don't be afraid, you baby is *jyshaanluu* [dʒiʃΛa:n'lu:] (with special, auspicious marks) – will be born healthy. However, do not breastfeed the baby yourself. Arrange for a nurse of different nationality. Give your baby daughter the name Bubu Mariam. And it is imperative that you repay the nurse well – otherwise, the child will have difficulties in life". Then it happened just like that old woman had foretold. Regardless, my grandmother said in a very firm and decisive tone: "She is no Bubu Mariam! I will call her the Kyrgyz way – Mairambubu [MΛi'rΛm-bju:'bju:] (Holiday healer)".

## CHAPTER FIVE –

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### TRAVEL TO THE ANCIENT BAIKAL

21.09.1995

26<sup>th</sup> lunar day. 0

I could not wait till the next cherished Thursday. I wanted to bring closer my long-awaited meeting with Jaisan-ata.

I even overlooked the fact that it was the 26<sup>th</sup> lunar day. At midnight, Shakin-agai and his wife walked with me till the outskirts of the village. Then, I walked alone into a storm. And when I reached the top of the mountain, all of my body felt imminent danger. My body was shivering. My heart felt it before my mind realized it. Intimidating black clouds were crawling above in the sky hiding the moon and the stars. Bluish fog was climbing up the gorge resembling a weird beast.

The fog was creeping up to me, encircling. Imperceptibly it was shrouding all of my body. I had an unpleasant feeling that it was going to swallow me. The breaking beam *Nurshoola* appeared flaring through the dark clouds. Then I heard an anxious voice of Jaisan-ata:

My dear, far away is my current location.

I'm rushing from Universe's remote dimension.

I know that you can't wait for our date,

You risk while the darkness has opened its gate.

I already told you and here I repeat,

Remember the timing precisely - don't cheat!

You coming on set days is safe and secure,

That we accomplish our goals they ensure.

Please, do not ignore the words of advice –

Your head must be clear. Or big trouble otherwise!

I understand that you crave for our meetings, You're  
rushing in and much warmth you're emitting.

But the most crucial thing you overlook –  
How come you ignore the lessons you took?

I already told you several times –  
You may not come at the wrong times!

The terms of the timing are not my whim, The  
depths of the Universe hold hazards grim.

The time for our meetings' a Thursday full moon  
– No other day is opportune.

Meetings on other days pose risks to you –  
You need to avoid them, you must eschew.

I will repeat, once again here I say –  
A full moon on Thursday. I ask, please, obey.

Only on those days I can be near.  
On other days we must stay clear.

Then we'll be able to speak and discuss, Then  
you can tell me what's making you fuss.

The Earth is close to the Moon on those nights  
– That is what makes the set timing right.

The Earth and the Moon are clearly aligned,  
Across each other on a straight line.

The terrestrial and lunar mutual position  
Gives me the time to make my transmission.

If you arrive on a different day,  
Get hit by Dark Forces, my dear, you may.

Without protection, they can harm you badly  
– The Forces of Light will be far away sadly.

That is how your negligence can backfire,  
You may get yourself into a trouble dire.

I'll be rushing to you as fast as can get, But  
you may get trapped in a malicious net.

Then you will face an immediate death,  
Giving Dark Forces your very last breath.

Value yourself, protect and guard –  
The invisible foes you shall not disregard.

I made it in time thanks to the Beam...  
But full of coldness somehow you seem.

Why in low spirits are you today?  
What human tensions put you in dismay?

You look depressed and your look lacks its shine  
– Tell me, dear daughter, what's misaligned?

You look very weak and spineless, what's worse  
– It's painful to look at you and to converse.

It makes me worry. I feel very sad –  
Inside my heart, the feeling is bad.

Soar above vanity, let your spirit rise! Regain  
self-confidence, stay strong and wise!



A long, ruthless winter is followed by spring,  
Which brings its blossoms, revives everything.

The laws of nature – everything's in its turn.  
After trouble is over, the joy shall return.

Misfortune, misery or their additions Shouldn't  
prevent you from making decisions.

Accept what is going on in your life.  
Sorrow and joy are like husband and wife.

Bottomless happiness never exists –  
Always monotonous routine desists.

Accept the inevitable and take it for granted –  
You can't always live in a peace enchanted.

Look to the future with a strong belief –  
Life is much more than a grey, constant grief.

Do not waste your time and efforts in vain – Finish  
what's started, follow through what remains.

You're very vulnerable to a caustic word  
– You are too sensitive to what is told.

Don't let unkind words or a wicked look  
Get under your skin and catch you on the hook.

Insulting words can hit like a swage –  
Misunderstanding hits with a rage.

It is unfortunate, but suffering is useless.  
Stay on God's course straight, firm and ruthless.

Our enterprise should suffer not –  
Better give the *dastan* the time you've got.

Domestic routine sucks in like quagmire –  
You bog down in vanity and quickly tire.

Get out, break free, and aspire high –  
Your spirit rises and shoots to the sky.

You're like a tense bow string without an arrow –  
Spiteful looks seem to get you right to the marrow.

Pay no attention, ignore and smile –  
Accept it as if it's another fate's trial.

Responsibility's for select few –  
Most will be stopped by their false views.

A coward will back off from taking on more –  
Irresponsible living is what he hopes for.

With losses in your life you should not settle –  
Take on every matter as your own battle.

If you are ready, go into a fight –  
In this, I will always be on your side.

Calm down your mind, cool down your nerve.  
You cannot retreat now, nor can you swerve.

This thorny road together we'll walk.  
The ultimate goal for us has been locked.

...Hastily, I recorded all characters in my notebook and headed back home. Ten days ago, right here, at this very place I had entered

the wonderful world of magic, but tonight I found myself in the grip of a big trouble and my interior was shivering from the sensation of imminent danger. That is when I realized that every stick has two ends. With my gut I sensed a huge Dark Force and at the same I felt that I had the internal power to oppose it. On my way back home, I stopped by the *agai*'s place to return the vest he had given me worrying that I might get cold. He asked me: "How are you?"

I told him I was fine. After a brief conversation, I left.

The meeting with the Dark Force didn't go without leaving a trace. I needed some time to replenish my energy spent on getting out of the trap. It took me several days to recover. I took ablutions with cold water in order to rid myself of the harmful effects of the Dark Forces and that helped immediately. I cheered up and felt better.

At home, I did not have the amenities to bathe and trim. So, Gulya ['Gu:ljʌ], the wife of Shakin-agai, had to warm up the water for me to take a bath in her bathroom before leaving for a meditation. But they were hosting guests, whereas I happened to come earlier than the agreed time. I felt uncomfortable. Having spent a bit of time with them, I left. I walked straight through *Shorton*, crossed the canal and continued towards the mountains. I have covered quite some ground, when *Nurshoola* beamed down. It took an eternity before Jaisan-ata appeared inside the impenetrable, blindingly bright light. I heard his familiar, mellow voice:

I got to wait eagerly this time around  
And rushed to you once I was fully unbound.

Dark Forces have stolen my precious time,  
That was a great lesson at its very prime!

Here I am late for our meeting –  
I've felt so uneasy till our greeting.

I want you to know that almighty I'm not,  
I can be powerless – that's what I've got.

Please, with great powers me don't endow –  
I am in God's power. That is I avow.

My dear daughter, remember outright –  
There are Dark Forces and Forces of Light.

A lot of power I had to exhaust –  
As with Dark Forces my path has crossed.

A tidbit stronger – I got to prevail,  
The evil intentions were to no avail.

Forget ill-starred night,  
Now you are all right.

Dark Forces have led you to much confusion,  
You thought you were clear in that delusion.

They gave you useless and bad information –  
Our meeting met darkness in confrontation.

Well, for what happened we both are to blame  
– Evil's the ultimate Dark Forces' aim.

And to protect you unable I turned –  
That is another big lesson I've learned.

You, on your side, your vigilance lost, And  
that much efforts and time to you cost.

Now both of us are feeling bitter,  
Although thinking of meeting could make us glitter.

When you are rushing to our meeting,  
Please, be more prudent – it is worth repeating.

Make no confusion as you make your laps  
And you'll avoid all of Dark Forces' traps.

I am not far away, you I'm escorting –  
Waiting for your right state and always supporting...

Last time when you entered into a trance  
To appear in my space, they took their chance.

Taking advantage, Dark Forces were quick  
– They cast their net to pull off their trick.

They posed as me without a halt.  
I didn't protect you – it is my fault!

Don't let them trick you ever again,  
Avoid their traps as best as you can.

Going forward, the evil you should avoid – Of  
concern for you my heart is hardly devoid.

My dear, make efforts, be sharp like a lance  
– Make precise calculations a bit in advance,

Such that the Darkness' not a scary gate -  
Make sure you determine the exact date.

Of the right dates I get aware –  
When for our meetings I should prepare.

Through you I'll fulfill my duty enlightening –  
My song will strike the offspring like lightning!

My long-suffering heart will unburden a ton,  
When I get to convey my woeful *dastan*.

You're like a road made of shining water  
In moonlit night, my dear daughter.

Do not succumb to different temptations,  
And steer clear of misrepresentations.

The voice of Jaisan-ata stopped. Taking advantage of that, I asked him to forgive me for choosing the wrong time and allowing myself to get trapped by the Dark Forces.

Be above vanity and this fragile world –  
All of this' interim, it will not hold.

Be above barriers, each one in its vice.  
I know, my dear, it's a very high price.

Everything has turned out all right,  
So, please, forget that dreadful night.

Just don't get trapped in the net again –  
Stay alert and be prudent, I know you can.

Make no mistakes in your calculations,  
Overconfidence may lead to frustrations.

But all those troubles are in the past...  
Let's continue our conversation at last.

Perhaps now you can gladden me, dear?  
I want you to answer my question clear.

If you remember, I gave you a task –  
What's your response to the questions I asked?

What is the role of narrators today?  
Are they known as performers or no memories stayed?

...I realized that he was talking about *akyns* Akmataly and Janybai about whom he had inquired during our last meeting. I told him I did not know who they were, but that there might be from the *Uishon* clan. I also told him that at present time there is no *Uishon* among the Kyrgyz clans, but that there are musically gifted people from the *oidokchety* [oidoktʃe'ti] clan in Jumgal rayon.

- Once you told me yourself: "I saw a thread of ray stemming from the *Uishon* clan on Sharypkul". Therefore, I think that the *Uishons* are the present day *oidokchety*, because *agai* is from the *Uishons*.

That was my response to Jaisan-ata.

In general, these are the right cognitions,  
But I will make a few additions.

The tribe *Uishon* has a filiation  
With a present-day new generation.

*Oidokchety* is one of the branches,  
But you could dig deeper and more in your trenches.

About the *akyns* you could have found more...  
That'd make me happy, my spirit would soar...

But it's ok, may it be as you choose –  
May be one day I'll hear the news...

...The voice of Jaisan-ata sounded upset. Then he stopped. I felt he got offended. As an excuse, I rushed to say that I had been unable to find out more about it in detail, because I did not have the opportunity to do it. I also added: "It is difficult to find out anything these days. People do not even believe that I can communicate with a real spirit". And I thought to myself: "If the Jaisans who selflessly glorified and sang of the deed of our *Aikol*-ata have been forgotten, who would remember Akmataly and Janybai?" This thought, which reflected what I felt inside, crossed my mind. And then I checked myself. For the first time I talked back.

The silence of Jaisan-ata has lasted long. It seemed that he was pondering over something. Having looked around, I noticed that I was standing near him. At that moment, his voice broke the silence of the night:

Nothing compares to the might of the word –  
It shoots up in the sky just like a bird.

The worth of the word is higher than gold –  
Everyone's happy when kind words are told.

But there are words that have bitter seeds.  
Too bad that the nation without it proceeds.

The truth burns deep and with pain it impales.  
The word can set fire in hearts, trigger gales.

So many people are gone for good.  
The kings of countries for what they stood.

Let alone others forgotten unjust –  
Covered by thick, millennial dust.

The ten Jaisans are forgotten fully,  
Although they deserved their glory duly.

Near them, Akmatally, Janybai –  
Are hard-to-mention mere passers-by.

And if the Jaisans are treated the same –  
There is no wonder that lost are their names.

The harsh truth's like an arrow...  
Penetrates to the marrow.



When life turns this way, it really hurts –  
And the deep sorrow my heart can't avert.

The run of a life is cut above...  
However one asks cannot get more of.

Hence, each one lives as pre-ordained,  
What by the High Powers has been maintained.

So, everyone has a mission to wend –  
Each day moving closer to his final end.

Then buddy-soul leaves for endless spaces,  
Where the Eternity may show its traces.

Buddy-body remains on the Earth alone.  
Submerged in the ground that guards its own.

And if the two buddies on their earthly  
way Happened to fall back and astray,

And if they didn't follow their mission, And  
if the high aim was not their ambition,

And if they failed their predestination,  
And didn't feel inner communication,

And moved away from their fate,  
And mundane passions could never abate,

And their earthly duty didn't fulfill, Be  
forever tormented buddy-soul will.

Under the command, tormented and stray,  
Buddy-soul will have to wander away.

Never at peace, by guilt torn apart,  
With unfulfilled duty gnawing its heart.

Whereas buddy-body is covered by earth,  
Forever locked in its solid berth.

Together are buried the deeds and the name –  
Their earthly presence gets put out like flame.

And such is life – the laws of being.  
When a man is gone, his space is freeing.

And after that useless is any repentance,  
As then the oblivion's the only sentence.

Hence, it's important during your life  
To think of your soul in afterlife...

The very Jaisans are forgotten for good,  
Their lifetime achievements – how people possibly could?

My dear, I well understood your response,  
But it will not destroy me, of course.

Nor will it erode my soul with rust...  
I returned here to tell what I must!

The truth will prevail – that I deeply believe!  
I dictate the *dastan*. It's not lost – I'm relieved!

Justice is going to find its way!  
Everyone's heart it'll eventually sway!

About the Jaisans the nation will learn,  
Recall everything and through the Word discern.

I trust that such time will eventually come –  
The Word will touch hearts and their part it'll become.

And, going forward, I ask that you stay  
Honest and frank, which I love. That's your way!

Your natural frankness I like very much.  
My dear, don't change – always remain such!

When it's high time, the *akyns'* songs I'll share,  
Their words in my soul are white hot in their flare.

Jaisan-ata stopped for a good while. I am not sure exactly for how long he has been silent. The deafening silence was depressing. I am also not sure whether Jaisan-ata has shown me the images that I saw or we have walked together through those places for real. Burning yurts – destroyed, with desolate, long crimson poles; ruins, debris of once a mighty stronghold; a stunningly beautiful, amazing lake; an endless field, and corpses of men and carcasses of animals on the waste; cawing ravens and vultures soaring in circles above them; weak and exhausted people in rags rushing to leave this place through a small pass. I remember how I saw an old man walking with two children. I can't forget his eyes – they were full of an unspoken suffering and deep sorrow. I could not control myself and bursted into tears from those scenes. I regained myself from an acute, offensive smell of burning, while the mournful voice of Jaisan-ata echoed in my ears:

Let us continue our conversation,  
Now I will follow with a narration.

Please, listen carefully and try  
All the events to memorize.

Over the fields and mountains we'll travel –  
The calamity you shall see and unravel.

And our journey will head to the past.  
Like in present we'll watch the events as they passed.

...Look, here you see the great cities in ashes.  
A disastrous result of vicious clashes.

Now here is a hungry and desperate nation  
Under the burden of yoke, in stagnation.

Can you see these lifeless spaces around?.. In  
our memorable journey, these will abound.

Look at this field so hazy and grey.  
It is impregnated with human pain...

A blossoming city was here long ago –  
Luxurious, rich, a merchant's 'must go'.

The surrounding spaces were blooming green  
Flowery mountains made a gorgeous scene.

The emerald plains were caressing the eyes –  
Nothing more beautiful under the skies.

Thick woods, spacious meadows –  
Vast and free spaces with only clouds' shadows.

Thousands of rivers from thousands of springs  
Ran down the mountains in life-giving streams.

Lake Baikal resembles a crystal tear...  
Its water holds a sad story, my dear.

Over a thousand species of beast  
Lived there in high density, to say the least.

And gorgeous birds the blue sky traversed,  
While in deep woods lived beasts diverse.

And fish were countless in the great lake,  
Swan flocks swam here without a break.

And people revered the surrounding nature  
– The earth and plants, water and glaciers.

The sanctity was highly respected,  
People lived simply, yet were well connected.

Their life was akin to paradise –  
Valor was valued and recognized.

Much other life emerged from gestation  
– Blossoming here was vegetation.

However, a sudden and treacherous attack Caught  
people off-guard and made them fall back.

And human blood was flowing in streams –  
As battlefield echoed war cries and screams.

And black smoke was swirling above the plain  
– Too horrendous a picture it'd be to paint.

Ruins remained where cities used to stand  
– Mountains of corpses filled bottomlands.

Only very few survived that hell –  
With unsafe road ahead and no place to dwell.

But *Kok-Mongu*<sup>1</sup> they had to leave – The  
enemy's malice forced them to flee.

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<sup>1</sup> *Kok-Mongu* [Kək-Mo:ŋ'gju:] – literally, 'Blue Glacier'.

A pitiful handful went to *Alai*<sup>1</sup> –  
To their nation's glory they said good bye.

The birthplace of *Uuz*<sup>2</sup> – that's where they went,  
To a far-away place, their relatives' land.

Parting with home mountains at great *Altai*<sup>3</sup>,  
With the evil will they had to comply.

Suffering people were trudging along –  
Depressed and confused with nowhere to belong.

The old *Bogoi*<sup>4</sup> led the small crowd –  
Only one goal for himself he allowed:

To save his last folks from the paws of the foe –  
To ensure his people isn't fully mowed.

And so he hid from the enemy's eyes  
Two orphan boys with big black eyes.

Both of them were of a khan's blood –  
Since early age they struggled through the mud.

Too early in life they learned deprivation,  
Nothing could be their consolation.

All the fate sent their way they have endured –  
Like adults they faced hardships and quickly matured.

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<sup>1</sup> *Alai* [A'lai] – Alai Range in Kyrgyzstan.

<sup>2</sup> *Uuz* [U:'u:z] – founder of the Oghuz state. Literally, *uuz* means 'foremilk' or 'young'.

<sup>3</sup> *Altai* [Φl'tai] – Altai mountains.

<sup>4</sup> *Bogoi* [Bo'goi].

To Alai people were toiling – all hungry but bold.  
Steady on their way – rain, heat or cold.

The Alai Mountains they reached at last  
Having overcome the barriers vast.

They came to the land ruled by Uuz-khan.  
Long ago it was their ancestors' *stan*<sup>1</sup>.

In a remote place in the mountains, Bogoi  
Has hidden his treasure, the orphaned boys.

He hid them where only wild goats could get.  
Where all around only high peaks beset.

When the boys grew up and when strong they grew,  
Brave, mighty knights they turned into.

Then old Bogoi gave them a task,  
Told the nation's story, and such was his ask:

“Collect your people from all around.  
Their need in khans' offspring is just profound.

Restoring the nation is now your must!  
Or else we'll dilute among others in dust...

Once a mighty nation, to oblivion we'll fall,  
With nothing to save us, with no one to recall.

The last of us will join other tribes,  
In records of history we won't be inscribed”.

Like dervishes, the two wandered the land –  
In suffering and woe, their hearts torment.

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<sup>1</sup> *Stan* [sta:n] – a country, a place, e.g., Kyrgyzstan is the country of the Kyrgyz.

They did find their relatives, albeit a few –  
They brought them together, united anew.

From world's every corner they gathered their kin,  
And strengthened its history now shaky within.

But they lacked the power to return to Altai.  
Thus, their home and refuge is still in Alai.

The nation's security they had to guard –  
From the tough years people were scarred.

A very small army is guarding the borders  
– But at full alert are these great warders.

They live far away from their sworn foes –  
For what they have left anyone they'd oppose.

Some of nation's history with you I've shared,  
About their troubles and how they fared.

It's only a fragment of the long history. A  
lot of challenges – hardly a mystery...

They've gone through a lot and suffered tough blows,  
But they survived in fights with their foes.

People were scattered and roving all over – The  
hardest test they thought wouldn't be over.

But a handful of them made it through and survived.  
No complaints to the fate – to survive they all strived.

Here we complete our trip to the past.  
You saw devastation made to our nest.



The Kyrgyz nation was almost wiped out,  
Only a handful of them made it out.

Ash on the ground and ash in the hearts –  
Everything's broken into tiny parts.

Destruction's the base for a nation's rebirth.  
It was then followed by the great Manas' birth.

I see your excitement is making you shiver –  
You're pinned down by fear, yet still you quiver.

But, please, calm down and listen on –  
I will unload my heart thereon.

Now you'll get to learn the reason why  
Manas' never forgotten as time passes by;

Why he's been recognized as a heavenly gift,  
What's the significance of what he achieved;

Why the blaze of glory's put all around him,  
Why the nation believes so deeply in him;

Why the Kyrgyz people will never forget  
What Manas did and to him their debt;

Why the Kyrgyz revere his precepts and name,  
Why the memory of Manas eternal became.

Soon you will get all the answers, my dear –  
In my song, you'll read them vivid and clear.

The sad voice of Jaisan-ata was getting away and soon became in-audible. When I looked around, it turned out that I was standing in the yard of the block in which I had been allocated an apartment.

5.10.1995

12<sup>th</sup> lunar day

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...My dear, I am pleased by your thoughts and your acts –  
You certainly treat me with much respect.

I am very thankful to you, Akchabak.  
Your heart and your words are kind – it's my luck.

You cook the food and your prayers you  
make With dedication to me, for my sake.

Never reproach yourself, dear child.  
For scanty food don't get self-reviled!

The key is you do all of that from your heart  
– That's what I savor like work of art.

I feel very full at the smell of boiled meat,  
The aroma of food is such a great treat!

A sincere prayer made in my name –  
Gives me the power, sets me aflame.

And it means more than a *kazan*<sup>1</sup> of meat –  
A dedication with intention concrete.

And if it's not possible for us to meet,  
Don't see it as something with issues replete.

Light up a candle, place it on the table...  
May the light the reality around enable!

Pour spring water into the bowl,  
Pray for me dearly with your heart and soul.

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<sup>1</sup> *Kazan* [kʌ'za:n] – a big cast iron cauldron with spheric bottom.

That will make me happy much, as I told.  
The grace from above will come manifold.

My dear, are you ready for the dastan?  
The Great Word is here at the tip of my tongue.

Do you remember – telling you I have done  
– How I began to sing my dastan?

Do you recall under what conditions  
I had to yield to Great Forces' volition?

Since that moment I have not lost a line.  
To you I entrust what's preserved through the time.

The words in dastan are countless for certain  
– And it's a truly unbearable burden.

But to succeed on our path we must strive –  
Of the dastan offspring can't be deprived.

Many a *dastanchy* I've shown you and told  
How they once lived in this mortal world.

I will also tell you about other *akyns* – The  
nation's singers that had once been –

About their qualities and their achievements, As  
well as their failures and big bereavements,

Which ones sang truthfully, told it as is,  
And who distorted it twisting with ease.

Yet others made changes all of their own,  
So the true meaning was lost and gone.

And the true meaning was going away,  
As the *akyns* chose their different ways.

The time will set scores and make revelations,  
There will be multiple clarifications.

Offspring, believe me, will figure it out  
And make their calls on it – there is no doubt...

I want to remind you how I got to start  
Sharing the Great Word with all my heart.

That time is akin to the Judgment Day,  
Every detail I remember, I'd say...

...Wounded I lay after gone was war's brattle  
In a deserted spot on the field of Great Battle.

Dark smoke was swirling above battleground...  
People fought to death and death they found.

The corpses emitted a dreadful stench.  
At *Itolbos*<sup>1</sup>, in blood I was drenched.

Everyone's slaughtered – not a living soul,  
Dead people and horses wherever eyes rolled.

I lay among them under a steed's carcass –  
A wounded man among the dead countless.

And then I was stunned as if by lightning struck,  
I turned all sweaty doubting my luck.

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<sup>1</sup> *Itolbos* [Itɜl'bɜ:s] – the name of the place, where the Great Battle took place. Literally, it means 'Dog Undying'.

Then there was that omen –  
Unforgettable moment!

The mysterious Voice I heard from the sky –  
It clearly dictated the mission of mine:

“Of what you know and have seen you shall sing! In  
songs what you now understand you shall bring!”

The formidable Voice subsided down.  
As before it got quiet and woeful around.

And what at that moment to me was conveyed  
I took to the heart and duly obeyed.

And since then on I have sung my *dastan* –  
From the heavenly order I’ve never run.

I sang about what I’d seen on the ground –  
About the knights’ valor and deeds that astound.

I dedicated my life to Great Song  
About great *choro* and *Sher*<sup>1</sup> *Aikol* strong.

But my great mission I did not complete –  
I left this world prematurely. I did.

My buddy-soul was always repenting,  
Roaming the Universe, ever lamenting.

The nine Jaisans, alas, also failed –  
And incompleteness somehow prevailed.

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<sup>1</sup> *Sher* [ʃer] – literally, a ‘lion’. One of Manas’ many epithets. Also, used as epithet to describe other knights.

Why did my life prematurely end?  
Bear with me and you'll understand...

This is a story for you for next time –  
Dear child, you will hear it at its own time.

Now all I'm thinking about is one thing –  
In hesitation I uselessly swing,

Argue with myself, where to begin  
To sing my dastan? – The events that had been.

Perhaps I shall start with Great Campaign,  
When legions of warriors fought and fell slain.

But from Aikol's very birth you have asked.  
We will see – there is Almighty's will and task.

Despite our volition and our wants –  
The ruling of fate prevails and daunts.

We must consider this and then choose  
Whatever action's conveyed through the news.

Now it is time, my dear, for good-bye –  
Next time I'll begin my dastan. We shall try.

And as the destiny's planned it for us –  
We shall convene again to discuss.

...I came to my senses from the blindingly bright light similar to the spark from electric locking. I was frustrated, but soon I realized that I was standing in front of my apartment's door. The door has noiselessly opened by itself. However, when I crossed over the doorstep, my son

suddenly appeared in front of me and exclaimed: “*Apa*, you are back so fast! Who opened the door for you?”

“If you go to bed, lock the door and do not open it to anyone. It will open to nobody, but me. It does unlock itself for me, but you should not be afraid of that!” – I said to him and walked behind the screen where I sleep.

**12.10.1995      19<sup>th</sup> lunar day      22 1 35**

Even though today is Thursday, it is the 19<sup>th</sup> lunar day, which should be treated with precaution. Since the moment Jaisan-ata said that he would soon start singing the *dastan*, I have been impatiently waiting for our meeting. The days were passing intolerably slowly. I was eager to jump to this Thursday. “All right, I’ll take the risk!” - I decided. So, I did everything that was necessary: cooked the food, said my prayer and walked out to the field in order to meet Jaisan-ata. When I approached the small gorge of Shorton, my beam *Nurshoola* descended, but the silhouette of Jaisan-ata did not appear as it usually did. Instead, I heard his voice from a distance:

My dear, I know you have been waiting,  
And your impatience is not abating.

I saw – in a hurry you were preparing,  
But now time together we cannot be sharing.

For you I was worried, as I looked at you,  
But I have my limits and that you knew.

I could not approach you and here is why –  
There are complexities I can’t defy.

In parallel our worlds run,  
They are divided – such they are done.

When the Moon is waning, there's abyss in  
between. Our worlds are apart – the abyss is  
unseen.

During such days, I cannot come close.  
Such are the laws of the Universe.

The bridge is open monthly to us.  
So we can meet once or twice a month.

No more than that and before the wane.  
I'm thankful we have this and get to  
retain.

Really happy I have it – could not ask for  
more. It's a gift, so I just comply and  
conform.

Please, do your best – no more mistakes!  
The bridge is fragile – remember the  
stakes!

With great precision determine the dates,  
So we can meet when wide open are the gates.

The calculations are very important,  
So conversations are clear, not discordant.

To the color of rays pay your attention –  
That will improve your comprehension.

To ensure the bridge is open wide,  
Remember these lessons and well  
abide.

So that your route be clear off hurdles



And that you not bog down in girdles,

Do choose a ray with color snow white,  
With tint of blue – tender bluish's all  
right.

Such ray will protect from risks that may surge  
– With kindness and warmth it has been forged.

Other colors can also help you, my dear. Only  
from one you should always stay clear.

The gloomy ray colored like mire,  
It will engulf you in its dark fire.

Should you encounter it, always avoid.  
Protect yourself and leave it void.

Also, if suddenly the day turns mad –  
A snow storm breaks out and the sky's in grey clad,

And whirlwinds start blowing with a fierce howl  
– Beware, such weather is certainly foul.

With me seek no meeting, do not come out –  
Make it easy for me, save me worry and doubt!

You have a rare and priceless gift,  
I mean the one from Girls-Rays you received.

*Nurshoola* will always assist –  
It will never fail you and never desist.

I'm hopeful you haven't forgotten the Girls, Their  
magic songs, which are like precious pearls.

Each Girl has her color all of her own  
– Their intrinsic lights, theirs alone.

The Girls are far away in the Universe, But,  
clearly, with you they got quite close.

Your meeting with them remember dearly,  
With a good omen it was marked clearly.

The path of Venus – in her ray you walked,  
On hope and faith your thoughts were locked.

With emerald color she brightly shines –  
Cordiality, tenderness she intertwines.

She will read your thoughts with so much ease,  
Into your soul dew of faith she'll release.

All of your questions she will reply,  
And to your heart her warmth she'll apply.

In her garden, the nectar of love's in the air.  
But you can meet only one time a year.

...*Nurshoola* turned transparent and the voice of Jaisan-ata seemed to distance away. If we had more time, I would be able to ask the question of Shakin-agai: "What was the name of Jaisan-ata's mother?" I guess I did not want to say bye to Jaisan-ata and, despite the fact his voice sounded more distant, I did ask that question. He answered with his voice breaking. I heard the notes of bitterness, grief and regret:

Very soon, my voice will fade in the distance,  
The abyss between us overcomes all resistance.

The distance between us is growing fast,  
But I will answer your question at last.

For now my response will be very short,  
But, please, remember what I will have told.

Karach-khan's my grandfather on mother's side.  
From the tribe *Argyn* he takes his pride.

Its grace towards him the fate tightly controlled –  
He became a father, when he was rather old.

He had no heirs whom he could school,  
With a deep sorrow he ran his rule.

But his *Janylcha*<sup>1</sup> he raised like a son –  
In strength competitions she was second to none.

A skillful rider with enviable grace,  
She easily beat knights in a race.

And a masterful archer she also became,  
And robust and strong her body became.

A very strong will the lady possessed,  
With many virtues she was also blessed.

But her kind old man spoiled her a lot –  
He cared for her way too much, as he ought.

She noticed my father and him she chose,  
His choice was mutual and he proposed.

Among the great knights, she found the one –  
For her, his valor was second to none.

Their lives intertwined – they made the bond.  
To every challenge as one they'd respond.

They happily lived in full comprehension  
Giving each other their utmost attention.

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<sup>1</sup> *Janylcha* [dʒanjil'tcga:] – a female name. Literally, means 'renewal' or 'delu-sion'.

Janylcha was tender and kind –  
Caring for her was on her husband's mind.

But then an enemy invaded their land –  
Her only thought – we must defend.

“To sit back at home doesn't make sense.” –  
The untold pain inside made her feel tense.

She made a decision, a firm one for sure –  
To join the great knights in defensive tour.

She was in the first row among the great knights  
And fought together with them in each fight.

Next to her spouse she marched in the battle,  
Sharp hit the arrows sent from atop her saddle.

Her arrows always found their goal,  
She had a very brave and courageous soul.

...The breaking voice became inaudible. I came back to reality out of breath. I walked along the mountain slope covered in white light. When I reached the foot of the mountain, I was unexpectedly lighted up by a pleasant, greenish light. And as if in the sleep, a voice similar to the ringing of the bell began to provide information.

I came to my senses again, as if just awakened from sleep, and realized that I was in the familiar yard of my block. The day was break-ing...

As usually, Shakin-agai came and I read the decoded lines of Jai-san-ata to him. When I finished reading, without hiding that he was annoyed he asked in a displeased voice: “So, is this all you've got?”

I looked at his frowned face. The face of an adult man, with grey hair in his beard, but with the look of an offended child that was not given a candy. I was indignant at his look. Then it got even funny, but

I did not say anything. Then, with the same displeased voice and look, *agai* repeated his question again: “Is this all you’ve got?” In response, I started telling him about the information received from the beam of Venus about the treatise “Bri-sha”, which is located in the remote monastery Sertog Manba and known to modern science. The treatise “Bri-sha” is considered to be only an illustrated manual of “Vaidurya-Onbo”. In turn, “Vaidurya-Onbo” is the manual of “Gyu-Shi” that consists of fourteen thousand poetic lines and is a four-volume source of the traditional Tibetan medicine, which predates “Bri-sha”. These treatises are kept in strict secrecy. I also told him that I had obtained the decoding information, which is necessary for the healing practice, from those treatises, but that I cannot reveal the ingredients and components of the herbal remedies and the dosing. I felt that *agai* didn’t believe much what I told him. He was only interested in the *dastan* of Jaisan-ata. Finally, I realized that he was worried by the fact that this time Jaisan-ata did not narrate the *dastan*. And, as if responding to my thoughts with a gloomy look *agai* anxiously asked me: “I guess this time too *dastan* has not been told. Why does he not start narrating it?”

I wanted to share my uneasy thoughts, but I only said: “Our father must be cautious because of my difficult nature, which is strongly tied to this perishable world. Perhaps he is worried that I might not carry out the mission to the end.” As if to confirm, *agai* got silent and pensive.

## CHAPTER SIX –

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### A TOUGH DECISION

**02.11.1995.      10<sup>th</sup> lunar day.      9 3 57**

Oh, my *Tengir*! What a mysterious burden, whose weight is unbearably heavy even for a workhorse, you have placed on the shoulders of a poor woman, such as I, who is deeply attached to this world! I had been one of the few fighting this attachment. Subsequently, I encountered in reality the mysterious world full of puzzles with which we only have a connection through our dreams.

Long ago, through a prophetic dream I got a whip and a rosary in my possession. Once they had belonged to Bubuaisha-apa [Bju:-bju:ai'ʃʌ-ʌ'pʌ] who was known to all of Jungal for her abilities. She is no longer with us.

Because my husband happened to take these sacred relics without my permission, in protest I left our house in only the dressing gown and with only a blue bag. That is how I divorced my husband of 30 years, when I already became a grandmother.

If, having received those sacred things – the whip and the rosary, I had not been engaged in healing, would have Shakin-agai come to me? And, had *agai* not asked me to find out in meditation who was

the author of the epic “Manas”, would I have met Jaisan-ata? No, I would not. And now, having believed in the spreading rumors about me, Bubuaisha-apa’s daughter-in-law came to me and demanded the whip and the rosary back. Certainly, she must have come totally convinced I would not give her those things. But how can I keep to myself the things that belong to another person? So, despite the deep suffering and much pain inside, I gave back the things that had changed the course of my life.

If my healing practice had been tied to these things, then everything would be over! But my life would not stop there. I have my Jaisan-ata and there is the Great *Dastan*, which the living spirit promised



to share with me. So, I was trying to focus on those thoughts. However, in spite of that, after the daughter-in-law of Bubuaisha-apa took away the whip and the rosary from me, I cried for two days. My daughter Nurgul, younger sister Gulnara [Gu:l'narʌ] and my friend Begaiym [Begai'i:m] were with me. They did not know how to help me and how to soothe my pain. *Agai* left with his team on tour.

That day *agai* felt worse and returned. For about half an hour I was treating him with my hands and he felt better. I told him what had happened and could not stop my tears: "I guess now I will be unable to heal people". *Agai* gazed at me, lifted himself up with effort and said: "You are wrong. The power is not in the whip and the rosary of your Bubuaisha-apa. It is in YOU! You are not Bubuaisha-apa, you are Bubu Mariam! It is lovely that you got rid of the things that belong to other people. Because your husband once said he would burn those things, you left him and your own house. It is actually good that it happened. All this time I have been worried what might happen to you should somebody intentionally destroy those things to spite you?!" His face flushed red.

At first, I felt offended by *agai*'s words, but having thought better about the meaning of his words, I calmed down. The "two-day doomsday" that hit me was over and I felt much easier and better. On the third day, I became an owner of a new whip and a rosary. I went to visit the mazar "Jumgal-Ata". That night I was supposed to meet with Jaisan-ata. When I had completed my preparations and was about to leave, suddenly there was a knock on my door.

"Mairam-eje, the grandmother is feeling unwell. We are really worried. Please, come now," – said the young children of Begaiym, who ran into the house. I could not say no to them.

Begaiym is my friend who worked as a school principal after finishing her studies and after that as a responsible officer at the district office. She let me spend the nights at her place and helped me look for an apartment, when I left home. Just recently, when my seniors stopped calling me "dear" and my youngsters "*eje*" and everyone turned away from me, it is during those days that my only friend Begaiym gave me the needed support and comfort. Her mother had been sick for a long

time and almost always stayed in bed. Her life was coming to the end. When her daughters came to me in tears to let me know, I was unable to ignore their request and depart to meet with Jaisan-ata. I left my bag at home and went to Begaiym's house. Begaiym was crying bitterly. The neighbors already gathered by. Begaiym's father was already covering his wife's face with a scarf. Having sit down near Aysha-apa, I took her by the wrist. I felt her vein and she twitched almost unnoticeably. I took the scarf off her face and put my right hand on her forehead, while continuing to hold her wrist with my left hand. I was sharing my energy with her at that moment. Twenty-thirty seconds later she opened her eyes and softly sighed. The numbed arm got in motion – she pulled the blanket up to her chin, softly shook my hand and said with grati-tude: "My dear!". Her crying daughters calmed down. Everyone sit-ting around got still. I was running my hand through Aysha-apa's hair and saying: "Please, do not scare the girls. May God help you, apa." After that, I turned to Begaiym: "Please, understand me. No offense, but I have to leave now for meditation. I have to get going." And then I immediately walked out of the house.

When I came home, I brought a bucket of cold water and took an ablution in a private place. Then I headed off to the mountains. Just moments ago the sky was crystal clear, but now it was covered by dark clouds and the surroundings sank into darkness.

*Nurshoola* was not coming down. As I was walking, my heart was suffering in pain. I cannot even say how much time elapsed. At some point, I looked around and it turned out that I was standing on the high rock Mademil [Mɒde'mil]. *Nurshoola* was still not coming down. I was overwhelmed by a host of uneasy thoughts. Maybe Jaisan-ata took offence in that I had not lighted up a candle before I walked out. What if there will be no more meetings going forward? Why would I need such a life then? For now I have placed all my life before the meetings with Jaisan-ata against Jaisan-ata and his *dastan*. In mature age, I left home and became an object of public discussion, rumors and gossips – a laughingstock. Is it really worth living if there will be no more meet-ings? I got nothing left, I have lost everything. Now I only had one way out – to die by jumping down from the rock. Right that moment,

the beam *Nurshoola* came down. Jaisan-ata appeared on the end of the bluish beam and his strict voice sounded threatening:

Dear daughter, prayerfully fold up your hands  
Be frank and sincere, let me know where you stand.

If you disbelieve you can pull it through,  
You won't believe our dream will come true.

Then it is better if you refuse  
And parting our ways we'll have to choose.

The burden is heavy, it's not to ask for –  
Multiple barriers, hardships even more.

Will you be able to fulfill the mission?  
And will you manage to resist submission?

Don't be evasive – at once let me know  
Will the ray of dastan beat the darkness and glow?

...Suddenly the voice stopped as if waiting for a response. Frustrated, unclear what to do, how to respond, I kept silence. Then I felt an uncontrollable bitter feeling. I thought to myself: "He knows better than anybody else, including me, whether or not I am up to the challenge to carry the burden he himself has loaded onto me". So, I continued to remain silent. I did not want to step back from my decision. At that moment, it seemed like it was better to die than to live. Now in a softer voice Jaisan-ata continued:

For four long centuries the dastan's been forgotten  
My hope and my patience were all that I've gotten.

Although it is covered by centuries-old dust,  
In my heart, its words are white hot – not in rust.

Do you truly believe that such load you can shoulder? Your  
agreement would save all my hopes that still smolder.

Do you have enough of courage and power?  
Will you be my foothold at the tough hour?

To the Creator can you make a promise? And  
in helping me stay thorough and honest?

Everything duly can you fulfill?  
The pressure's immense – can you climb this hill?

I see you are full of determination –  
Your persistence shows in heart's vibration.

I highly value your perseverance –  
I cannot blame you for any experience.

You are resilient as far as it'll go,  
I trust you'll accomplish our sacred goal.

Here I bestow upon you my blessing!  
My revelation to you I'm addressing.

May always your path be clear, not forbidden!  
Let's share with the nation what has been hidden.

I see countless barriers lying ahead,  
Misfortunes. And many tears will be shed.

This path will be thorny with hurdles a ton –  
There is no red carpet along this run.

Be prudent and always stay on alert.  
You'll witness rather strange things occur.

Treat all your records with care and guard  
– And keep this secret deep in your heart.

Till the time is right with nobody share  
– Of avid envy do stay aware.

If our records get suddenly lost,  
The priceless lines such mishap will cost.

And if a scoundrel gets to them first,  
For offspring's hearts they'll forever be lost.

Write down my dastan all to the end –  
Share with the nation the message I send.

Now let's perform initiation –  
A ritual preserved by our nation.

The shackles are cut, when a baby starts walking,  
So as an adult he's not falling or rocking.

And very best wishes are said to the child  
– People wish him well with a kind smile,

So that the child has a firm step  
And grows into a strong and confident chap.

So, my dastan's like a baby for us, That's  
grown out of nappies here at once.

Let's wish the baby a clear road ahead,  
We cannot turn back from this path – it'd be mad.

From now only forward can we proceed.  
Bring light to people – not a step recede!

I'll grant you a key to the secret world –  
It holds the dastan like the most precious pearl.

You will be able to unlock the gate –  
My centuries-old dream will reach its due date.

My dear, it is hard now, but don't be sad –  
Face all the hardship – trust me, you'll be glad.

You walk in the hills, wander during the night...  
At times, what I say makes you sad, ain't I right?..

And then you wait for next meetings again,  
But it isn't getting easier – hard just like then.

The only comfort I offer is this –  
Our mission is great, which is not to dismiss!

The higher aim is above all –  
But accomplishing it isn't easy at all.

It will take the refusal from the mundane –  
Many people around you will find it insane.

But you should ignore it, you cannot back down.  
We must convey the dastan, share around.

Oh, Tengir! The Master of the Universe!  
Please, give our mission your blessing, not curse!

Grant it your most auspicious glance –  
So, very smoothly it can advance.

Please, clear up and light the way –  
We'll walk it with dignity and no delay.

The dastan belongs to the nation – it's its  
treasure Describing its history, labor and leisure.

Now is the time to their hearts to convey  
The sacred message and open the way!

And may the offspring wake up at last!  
And may the dastan mutual feelings bring fast!

For centuries they lived like in a dream.  
Seeing that hurt – I wanted to scream.

No punishment's bigger than ignorance, dear.  
Disbelief drains the offspring's hearts clear.

They don't know their fathers – believe they're a  
myth. Ignorance reigns over them herewith.

My dastan took me tears and suffering a lot –  
This task came from above, it's a heavenly plot!

I've humbly waited for hundreds of years,  
Longing for grace and blessing in tears.

And then, my daughter, with you I met –  
Now to convey my dastan we're all set.

My dear nation, behold my bestowal!  
Embrace it like an enlightenment marvel.

I appeal to Almighty – may our journey be blessed!  
As I unlock the knowledge and doors to the past.

And may the words flow in their course  
Revealing to offspring their primordial source!

And may your hand stay strong in recording!  
The *dastan* will be told in its true wording.

*After this meditation on November 2, 1995 I received information, which was then decoded into a poetic format. Those lines are found on the pages of the book. Bubu Mariam recorded all of the information of the first book of dastan “Aikol Manas” during the meditations between November 2, 1995 and May 30, 1996.*



# **BOOK I.**

## **THE ARRIVAL OF ALMAMBET<sup>1</sup>**

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<sup>1</sup> *Almambet* [Almam'bet] the best friend of Manas, his sworn brother and brother-in-arms.

## CHAPTER I – THE LETTER OF KANYKEI<sup>1</sup>

Look, I will tell you a woeful story  
About a fierce battle, decisive and gory.

It will be remembered to the Judgment Day,  
In the Chinese records the history'll stay.

The name of the battle is Great Campaign.  
The most bloody year, when the Kyrgyz state waned.

Fearless were knights in their final battle,  
As heroes they fell and in foreign land settled.

Many courageous and valiant sons  
Remained in the foreign soil known to none.

The song of times is still grievously running.  
The undersoil's moaning is woeful and stunning.

The silent sorrow has frozen the air,  
The death's dancing wildly in its gloomy lair.

Rejoicing, it's harvesting all that is hers –  
Feeding its borderless hunger and thirst.

And thousands of warriors died in that fight.  
What prayers at death throe were saying the knights?

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<sup>1</sup> *Kanykei* [Kʌni:'kei] the wife of Manas, a daughter of the khan of Bukhara.

In mute contemplation, the Earth and the sky  
Witnessed the human evil applied.

And the mother Earth was silently crying –  
Too heavy's the load of the slaughtered and dying.

With mute reproach the sky stared down  
At the mountains of corpses rising around.

The mighty army of valiant knights  
Was gone. Mothers waited in vain in the night.

Their sons were falling for the right thing,  
As mothers were aching from screaming within.

The heroes' remains cover the ground,  
Over time they'll be covered, as the Earth goes around...

Impregnable Beijing had stood at all times  
– The barrier's the Wall that access denies.

Even King Solomon had to retreat –  
The city stood strong and knew no defeat.

Only Er Manas – the mightiest knight –  
But how bittersweet's his victorious fight!

He decided to conquer a foreign land  
To break down the will of his foes who wouldn't bend.

He led his army himself straight ahead.  
He managed it well. He was its heart and head.

And the two sides squared off in the battle.  
For Manas the victory's the least he would settle.

Although Manas was much outnumbered,  
He relied on Tengir – God with whom was his comfort..

Fearlessly fought the knights in the battle –  
Many forever fell from their saddles.

The blood was flowing in streams on both sides,  
The throne of Beijing sank in a corpses tide.

Er Manas lost his loyal companions-in-arms,  
Thousands of them fell on the way of harms.

The losses were huge, but driven by will. From  
pain and sorrow the heart's shaking still.

A very high price was paid for the win –  
But Manas got the power over Beijing.

For seven months in China he ruled,  
The rule wasn't easy for him – don't get fooled!

Offspring reveres great Manas' name,  
They guard his precepts and keep them the same.

And they remember the nation's great  
son, Of Great Campaign *akyns* have sung.

The foe is defeated and open's Beijing,  
But formidable's enemy – to guile he clings.

Having lost his throne, Beijing's former  
khan Decided to regain his former *stan*.

He made countless efforts for quite a while  
And cunning and ruse he aptly applied.

“No one shall easily rule my old stan!” –  
He thought and devised an insidious plan.

Like a beast, who’s exhausted from multiple wounds,  
Makes its last leap – such Beijing’s khan stood.

Avengeful, he humbly gave Manas a venom –  
Forty young beauties – youth and joy in them.

Among them a daughter of Beijing’s khan, The  
father’s soul bleeding – it is far from fun...

But he didn’t show it – Manas noticed naught,  
The foe is too skillful in weaving his plot.

He’s patiently waiting for the right hour  
– To unleash his anger and overpower.

And sweet revenge soon he will taste,  
When he sees his opponent by trouble embraced.

The looks of the beauties made the knights freeze –  
So gentle and gorgeous – men are on their knees.

The warriors are melting – they can’t help their smiles.  
Their firmness is gone and they are soft meanwhile.

Sixty days and nights – so long was the fest,  
But the fragile peace was not meant to last.

Forty men of Manas who all brave have been,  
Are married, relaxed and in daily routine.

Captured by charms of their beautiful wives  
– The knights forgot about enemy’s knives.

Meanwhile, the *Kangai*<sup>1</sup> folks are patiently  
waiting, As plans of avenge they are all creating.

They lost their stan – their luck they lost.  
Retribution's upon them for evil they caused.

They can't even lift up their heads for now –  
Their Kyrgyz strict masters would not allow.

The warriors of Manas have a great life –  
The Kangai folks feel like they are knifed.

In the heart of their land, in front of their eyes  
Their enemies live like in paradise.

They have decided to send in a spy  
To find a way to make Manas die.

The knights of Manas showed no regard –  
Dizzy in triumph, they lost their guard.

Free and sweet living and carefree –  
Much joy and fun of the highest degree.

But in the enemy's country one must  
Stay cautious, as welcome may turn into dust.

A victory's only a short-term success,  
It's harder to rule those, who lost, and suppress.

The foe has been lurking and keeping quiet –  
Bringing closer the payback, the uprising and riot.

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<sup>1</sup> *Kangai* [Kan'gai] – Kyrgyz name for one of the peoples and area in China.

The enemy sent *Shui-Ku-Chu*<sup>1</sup> to the kitchen.  
He's a soldier... Forgotten – the cook is bewitching!

So, now in the camp of Manas there's a scout,  
Who's patient and learning and feeling out.

Magnanimous khan noticed no catch –  
Closer than foe's only a patch.

Of Shui-Ku-Chu's motives Manas' unaware,  
The cook is so skillful, obsequious, rare.

No one's suspicious of anything here –  
Shui-Ku-Chu's easily set in the rear.

Nobody's paying attention – a cook?!  
The spy's on his task – there's no one to look.

Now a big council convenes Manas –  
It is high time to inform Talas.

May people at home learn the great news –  
We won the campaign! We made the foe lose!

Bakai and Koshoi, the whole army concur –  
*Shuutu*'s<sup>2</sup> taking off – he will safely transfer.

Also, it's good from back home to hear –  
To learn all is well with the people dear.

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<sup>1</sup> 睡苦厨 – *Shuì-Kǔ-Chú* one of many possible combinations of the Chinese (Mandarin) characters making up the name Shui-Ku-Chu. Literally, with the meanings of “sleep + persistent + kitchen” the name may mean “Diligent in the kitchen to lull”. ASM

<sup>2</sup> *Shuutu* [Shu:u:'tu:], name of the messenger of Manas.

Order from Manas – Shuutu hits the road,  
He wastes no time, he won't be slowed.

For days and nights, without fooling around,  
The restless messenger covers the ground.

He rides a fast steed and moves quickly like  
wind He brings great news – the Kyrgyz did win!

Now many barriers are far behind:  
High, rocky mountains all passed and climbed.

But the news of great victory does make him rush  
– The courier's charging like a river flush.

At last, he arrived – he sees smokes of the yurts  
– The messenger's reached Talas, *Ata-Jurt*<sup>1</sup>.

To the people of Talas Shuutu told  
That Aikol's now a khan in the foreign stronghold.

And to *Kanykei* he described in detail  
The course of the battle and how Beijing fell,

How they celebrated – he told the truth,  
And how with the enemy they reached a truce.

But Kanykei's only frowning more –  
The foe won't forgive all the blood and lost war.

Deception and flattery's the current peace –  
The Kangai khan's perfidy will never cease.

Kanykei is alarmed – her anxiety grows, Her  
heart is uneasy – she feels it, she knows.

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<sup>1</sup> *Ata-Jurt* [ʌʌ'dʒurt] – fatherland.



She recalled the dream that she recently had,  
It made her moan, it made her feel mad.

She broke down in tears – can she erect a fence  
That would prevent evil and provide defense?

The dream that she had was prophetic – no doubt,  
The win will be short-lived like a light cloud.

Bitterly crying Kanykei stood –  
With what she felt coming anyone would.

Tormented inside by gloomy presage,  
She feels the urge to send a message.

Having reflected, she gathers her  
wits And very clearly this she remits:

“My dear Shuutu, please, go back right now,  
Your people’s well-being depends on you now.

Say hi to Manas and to our troops,  
I hope we’ll get to protect our groups.

Any longer stay at the enemy’s stan  
Would wound my heart and slow down its run.

I beg of Manas – to him is my plea.  
With the troops to return home he should agree.

The Fatherland summons its courageous sons –  
Waiting are mothers, children, loved ones.

Without delay, they should come to Talas,  
To my words should listen mighty Manas.

Why do I rush them? You'll understand –  
The nation's honor and life's in his hands.

I had a prophetic dream – there is no doubt:  
The land is burning, death is all out.

Everywhere's fire – flames all around.  
And *tunduk*<sup>1</sup> of the khan's yurt fell on the ground.

Two *chinars*<sup>2</sup> fell and are dolefully lying,  
While our mother land is bitterly crying.

I awoke in cold sweat – why such dream-assault?  
Why is the punishment? What's the nation's fault?

And I turned to the skies with my ardent prayer:  
“Please, turn your anger into merciful care!”

And I kneeled down to the Higher Forces  
In hopes that Tengir will agree and enforce it.

In the bowl of water I then placed some ash  
And spilled it out, threw away just like trash

To the west – in accordance with our traditions  
To protect our homes and our land from ill missions.

Almighty, be merciful! Share your bounties –  
Protect us from evil, guard the people of mountains!

Er Shuutu, to me that dream was sent  
To warn – there's a menace, we are under threat.

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<sup>1</sup> *Tunduk* [tju:n'du:k] is the rooftop of a yurt through which the light enters the yurt and smoke comes out of it. There are many proverbs and sayings centered on tunduk. At present time, tunduk is depicted on the national flag of Kyrgyzstan.

<sup>2</sup> *Chinar* [tchin'a:r] a plane tree.

A lot of our blood we have already spilled –  
We must stay alert. The foe is too skilled.

There is more to this silence that meets the eye.  
In the foreign land, trouble's brewing behind.

Dear Shuutu, spare not self or horse –  
It's about nation's fate for the better or worse.

Relay my words to our folk in those lands,  
And put this letter in the khan's own hands.

Let Er Manas my message read,  
There's secret knowledge in it, sacral seed.

I hope you will make it there in time.  
Good will replace evil – changing are the times!

Make every effort, Shuutu, do your best! A  
prayer-spell's in it to the khan addressed.

If great Er Manas takes my advice –  
He will return home with the army at once.

A big, gloomy trouble will distance from us  
– Its heroes alive will embrace home Talas.

Then the big calamity will just pass by  
And our knights will come back home all right.

From fearless *Saikal*<sup>1</sup>, the girl-warrior, fighter,  
Manas got a gift – a strong horse, a glider.

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<sup>1</sup> *Saikal* [Sai'kal], the name of the girl-warrior.

This steed will be your faithful assistant,  
In covering ground *Taibuurul*<sup>1</sup> is persistent.

Er Shuutu, ride him like the wind,  
May fire make horseshoes of this great steed!

Now go, Shuutu, and deliver my message.  
The foe's 'bout revenge – tell the khan of the presage!

\* \* \*

Meanwhile, the enemies are well awake –  
Dreams to destroy Manas all of them make.

Forty khans of Kangai – since none of them dares,  
They are cowardly hiding akin to hares.

Having licked their wounds inside their clans,  
They're all about their revenge taking plans.

All of *Chet* Beijing<sup>2</sup> they must regain,  
A son of *Buruts*<sup>3</sup> on the throne – what a shame!

The Kangai folks call the Kyrgyz Burut –  
They stay alert to revolt and to boot.

Came true the prophecy from many years past –  
Their ruler's indeed an uninvited guest.

All the events had been predestined,  
But can be prevented far in advance.

Who knows is well armed and ready to act.  
The enemy's going to start his attack.

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<sup>1</sup> *Taibuurul* [Taibu:u:r'u:l], the name of the horse.

<sup>2</sup> *Chet* [*Tchet*] *Beijing* is a city of Edge Beijing.

<sup>3</sup> *Burut* [Bu'rut] is one of the names the Kyrgyz were called by their neighbors.

They'd been well aware of Kanykei's letter,  
Should Shuutu bring it – that'd be a life's matter,

Manas getting to read it the Kangai folks must hedge –  
Or their lives will get on the edge.

For Manas will become the China's great khan –  
Courageous and brave, mighty snow leopard's son.

Then the Kangai people will lose their lands –  
The horde of Manas will give them commands.

“We can't let this happen!” – said *Kongurbai*<sup>1</sup>,  
Informally he is the master and bai<sup>2</sup>.

We must prevent it whatever it takes!  
The Kangai must rule – there are no higher stakes!

There's only way – Kongurbai's in the know,  
He's patiently waiting for days in a row.

The letter-spell he must intercept  
To ensure that Manas never gets to accept,

That the Kyrgyz khan stays unaware,  
That the Kyrgyz rule's a long past affair.

Shuutu's steed's flying just like a bird –  
If there is a delay – not by him it's incurred!

Kanykei willed to prevent a disaster –  
Her words ring loud in his head: “Faster! Faster!!”

---

<sup>1</sup> *Kongurbai* [Koŋur'bai] is the main opponent of Manas, khan of the Kangai people.

<sup>2</sup> *Bai* [bai] literally a rich man.

Without any rest, he rode as he rushed,  
Emotions rose in his chest and then crushed.

Delivering the letter's his only desire –  
Hand in to Manas the secret wire!

But now in the distance he's noticed the foe,  
Shuutu lost his head – it's trouble, it's woe!

It's clear he's panicking, frozen by fear.  
The enemy's staring – a menacing peer!

To a raging dragon he likens the foe,  
The messenger shivers – he's at his low.

Kongurbai's eyes so much anger exude –  
For just a moment Shuutu feels glued.

The moment of weakness then quickly ends  
– The fate of his nation is in his hands!

What a big whip Shuutu gave his horse! The  
sound of wind hits him with full force.

With hooves hardly touching the good old firm  
ground, Taibuurul flew as fast as the sound.

Shuutu had no pity for Saikal's steed –  
With Taibuurul he spared no whip.

Racing with the wind, they were riding fast,  
The wind sang its songs about the mournful past.

The courier now has only one thought –  
To avoid the end without honor he ought.

Shuutu didn't notice how he reached a river –  
The natural barrier gave him a quiver:

It's swampy and oozy and also quite wide,  
Its water's a trap and steep banks hard to ride.

No one can escape from this place alive –  
The river will take its toll should they dive.

But death is his choice – death he can't  
contend. The messenger chooses a decent end.

To being a prisoner he prefers death,  
To the river he'd rather give his last breath.

Without further thinking, he whipped his horse  
And steered to the river – that is their course.

What a miracle! Taibuurul jumped up so high  
And crossed the river – he flew in the sky.

Shuutu is stunned – his own eyes he can't trust!  
Were they just airborne? Was it wind's mighty gust?

Shuutu was so tense, as the river they crossed,  
That he hasn't noticed how the letter was lost.

With foe chasing behind, Shuutu never stopped.  
When the steeds flew like birds, the belt loosened and dropped.

As he was entrusting his luck to the fate –  
He didn't detect the loss of his freight.

River *Batkaktuu*<sup>1</sup> picked up the letter –  
Its only reader, it's everyone's debtor.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Batkaktuu* [Batkak'tu:u:] literally, 'muddy'.

And then its waters swallowed the message.  
Such was predetermined, such was the presage.

Kongurbai didn't see that – *Algara's*<sup>1</sup> running fast!  
Taibuurul's flying like a wind's blast.

Algara's closing in – now the courier is near,  
Kongurbai's like a hill at Shuutu's rear.

Suddenly then Almambet has appeared  
The chase's outcome's now very clear.

That day Almambet was sensing trouble,  
He climbed a hill – might he see Shuutu stumble?

And then from the top he saw in the distance  
Taibuurul run, Shuutu need assistance.

For he also saw Algara right behind  
With Kongurbai atop ready to fight.

Almambet realized, "That is a chase!"  
*Sarala*<sup>2</sup> he has saddled and bridled to race.

War cry "Er Manas!" he shouted out,  
The foe is in trouble – there is no doubt!

When he saw the aid, *Kalcha*<sup>3</sup> got scared  
And turned around to escape unimpaired.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Algara* [Algar'a:] the name of Kongurbai's black *tulpar*. Likely, a combination of 'al+kara' – "that+black".

<sup>2</sup> *Sarala* [Sara'la:] the name of Almambet's piebald *tulpar*. Likely, a combination of 'sary+ala' – 'chestnut+motley'.

<sup>3</sup> *Kalcha* [Kal'tcha] – a short name for Kongurbai.



And now the picture's completely reversed –  
Sarala does the chase, Algara's at the worst.

Er Almambet's full of determination –  
He'll make the foe answer for his predation.

Mighty horse Sarala is running fast –  
And Almambet's solid, as if from steel he's cast.

His spear is ready – clean will be its strike,  
The knight's full of revenge and ready to spike.

There is no way the foe'd manage to flee  
But for his horse's incredible leap.

Above the Great Wall Algara flew,  
Without escapees the death had to make do.

His admiration Almambet didn't hide.  
Lucky was Kongurbai – Algara's on his side.

The loyal steed was strong and smart,  
Against sure death his rider he'd guard.

To Algara Almambet gave high praise –  
“From under my nose he got out of the chase!”

Then his Sarala he turned around  
To meet the courier – his joy was profound.

He welcomed him warmly, asked about all:  
“Tell me the news from home, big and small.”

How is the folk: *Nogoi*, *Noigut*, *Uishon*,  
*Turgosh*, *Argyn*<sup>1</sup>? – All fine, no concerns?

---

<sup>1</sup> *Nogoi* [no'goi], *Noigut* [noi'gut], *Uishon*, *Turgosh* [tju:r'gosh], *Argyn* [Ar'gi:n]  
– names of the tribes.

So far from home, homesick feels Aikol.  
How's the khan's headquarters – the gorge *Kenkol*<sup>1</sup>?”

Shuutu took his time and pulled the bridle short – He's  
pleased with warm welcome and timely support.

In a brotherly hug, the two knights twirled –  
There are things eternal in this frail world.

So timely rendered to Shuutu was aid –  
The outcome of it was simply great!

His story without haste Shuutu told:  
“The people are fine! Both young and old.”

He did not rush and shared all news,  
The homeland's all right avoiding abuse.

Well, safe and sound is wise Kanykei,  
In good health and maturing is prince *Semetei*<sup>2</sup>.

And *Aruuke*<sup>3</sup>, Almambet's spouse,  
Felt somewhat uneasy inside of their house.

And to her husband she sent a word,  
So in his thoughts of her he feels no hurt.

“My Almambet should not feel sad That  
a child's joy our home's never had.

The fate made a gift to us – our precious part.  
Aruuke has a baby under her heart.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Kenkol* [Ker'kol] the gorge in Talas. Literally, a wide, spacious river gorge.

<sup>2</sup> *Semetei* [Seme'tei] the son of Manas and Kanykei.

<sup>3</sup> *Aruuke* [Aru:u:'ke] the wife of Almambet.

Soon a baby's laughter will fill our house  
– And a happy father will be my spouse.”

Suddenly brave Almambet lost his speech,  
His features transformed, every and each.

Tears poured down washing his face – He'll  
become a father. What a divine grace!

For this great news his own life he would give –  
Shuutu smiled and declined to receive.

Overjoyed, the brave knight screamed out loud –  
Praised and thanked great Tengir in this regard.

In anticipation – the happiness' near,  
Almambet's so inspired! That's very clear.

He had been waiting for this for so long, To  
become a father, play with baby along.

Just looking at him, Shuutu felt so pleased.  
He smiled and said to him truly appeased:

“You're so happy, brother. Such joy's in your eyes!  
Being able to see it is my most precious prize.”

And then again, the two knights hugged each other,  
Pleased with the news, they felt like brothers.

To the khan's headquarters together they rode  
– Like two bright suns their faces glowed.

They both came in to see Manas –  
To share the news and to discuss.

The messenger showed respect to his khan,  
Asked him 'bout his health and things he has done.

Then he told his story without any haste.  
Khan Manas listened, as Shuutu paced:

“The time takes its course ticking away,  
Your people are living in their measured way –

Calm and content, and all at peace,  
For them, my Aikol, you should feel appeased.

Your mother and father are both doing well,  
You should not worry for them I should tell.

Growing ever strong is your son Semetei,  
Healthy and well is your wife Kanykei.

Everyone's waiting for your quick return:  
Parents, wife, son – all show concern.

People are waiting for you with impatience,  
The campaign is victorious – I told the nation.

Everyone's happy for your success – The  
higher duty, my knight, you possess.

People are sending their congratulations,  
A very hard-fought win achieved our nation.”

Shuutu told all that and touched his belt,  
Didn't find the letter and horribly felt.

He turned all pale once discovered his loss –  
How could it happen? Didn't notice the toss.

Very upset, he continued his speech:  
“My *Kokjal*<sup>1</sup>, I’m so guilty, I’m such a breach!

I have failed to save Kanykei’s letter –  
Must have interfered ill fate in the matter.

My khan, please, order to chop off my head,  
Here, take my life for my such bad.

I don’t remember where it got lost,  
I tried to escape from the chase at all cost.

Kongurbai was so close to me – almost caught.  
I whipped Taibuurul with all power I got.

With his last strength, a leap Taibuurul made  
And jumped over the river – a feat performed great!

That’s when the belt must have fallen down  
And in the water abyss must have drowned.

That letter was a mascot, protection...  
In the chaos of chase took place the ejection.

The message contained *duba*<sup>2</sup> – a spell.  
Much needed and powerful, anything it could quell!

I am so sorry! I feel much tormented –  
I did my best, yet the loss happened.

If you read the letter, my khan, then in turn,  
How to save your army, Manas, you would learn.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Kokjal* [Kok'djol], one of Manas’ many nicknames. Literally, ‘blue mane’.

<sup>2</sup> *Duba* [du'ba:a:] a spell.

So it was meant – I failed to hand it in.  
It looks like the fate – new ordeal's to begin.

Also, from Kanykei there's an oral request,  
Let me convey it, then feel free to arrest.

“Don't allow foreign land to lull my Aikol,  
With his army he should return at my call.

The sooner he makes his mind to return,  
His army will not be foe's target, in turn.

What I say my dear khan should fully trust.  
This time my request he should hear – it's a must!

May the shadows of death avoid us all –  
On my knees I am sending my message, my call.

If my Manas doesn't listen to me,  
He'll suffer huge losses of disastrous degree.

All the battles will sink into non-being –  
His collapse and defeat I am foreseeing.

Have Manas hurry back!” - She'd repeatedly  
say, So begged of you your wife Kanykei.

I failed you as a courier – that is my bad!  
Order, my khan, to chop off my head.

And gloomy omens I came across.  
I lost the letter – irreparable loss!

And Kanykei told me in *Tash-Kazan*<sup>1</sup>  
There was very little water, virtually none.

Full of water it has been for generations,  
An Almighty's gift and his creation.

Little water in it signals a warning.  
It means – stay alert, troubles are spawning.

Our ancestors acted upon such signs  
And avoided misfortunes when they were aligned.

Avoiding big troubles is now at stake –  
The right decisions you ought to make!”

Shuutu finished his speech with these words.  
The khan was reflecting on what he's heard.

After a while, Manas made his choice.  
He announced his order in a flat, quiet voice:

“Convene all warriors to a general council –  
Manas his decision to them will announce.”

Impatient soldiers are eager to hear  
What the khan has say, where he will steer.

They all have spent a long time together –  
They earned their glory, so much they weathered.

The foe is defeated – he's fighting no more.  
The Kyrgyz have won's the result of the war.

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<sup>1</sup> *Tash-Kazan* [Tash-Ka'zan] is a *mazar* [ma'zar] – sacred place – in the present day Bakai-Ata district of Talas province of Kyrgyzstan. Literally means ‘*Stone Cauldron*’.

None of them knew what would be next,  
What their khan thought of the issue vexed.

Aikol thought it over with a cool head,  
He weighed pros and cons and here's what he said.

In a roundabout way he started his speech,  
Every word took him efforts, literally each:

“If with unkind words your hearts I shook,  
Or got something important to overlook,

Or my khan powers I overused,  
Or your egos unfairly I happened to bruise,

Please, kindly forgive me! Forgive your khan  
For any injustice that can't be undone.

I value you so highly your service so loyal!  
The heroism you show in war's truly royal.

*Toshtuk*, *Sher Kokcho*,<sup>1</sup> Koshoi, khan Bakai,  
You were next to me in the ruthless fights!

Khans *Adjibai*, *Muzburchak* and *Chubak*,<sup>2</sup>  
You scared off the enemy. As did *Syrgak*!

My forty choro, you all know no fear –  
Your attacks devastated the foe. It is clear!

My Commander-in-Chief Almambet, golden eagle,  
From so many troubles you saved our people!

---

<sup>1</sup> *Toshtuk* [Tət'ju:k], *Kokcho* [Kjək'tj] are *choro* [t'ro], or knights, of Manas. <sup>2</sup>  
*Adjibai* [Adj'i'bai], *Muzburchak* [Muzbur'tchak], *Syrgak* [Si:r'gak], *Chubak*  
[Tchu:'bak] are *choro*, or knights, of Manas.



As my equal each one of you I regard –  
For with utmost valor you all fought hard!

The foe is defeated – we have crushed him down,  
The losses we took make us sadly frown.

It is bitter – we cannot get our brothers back.  
I admit it – forever we will feel their lack.

In foreign land they found their grave –  
Death took them here our knights most brave.

I understand if you feel tired,  
If you miss your home and want to retire.

If you do, go home to our dear Talas  
And tell 'bout yourselves and about us.

Tell our people how we all fought,  
How we earned our wins and how far we got.

Take care of your families, relatives well –  
If you want to return now, safe trip and farewell!

However, if you elect to stay –  
Expect yet more challenges coming our way.

As for me, it is not yet time to return.  
I would be delighted, but I must adjourn.

If I do now – the foes will rejoice.  
They will grow bolder and regain their voice.

Their troops will chase us, breathe in our backs  
And easily beat us tired in our tracks.

We will be unlikely to defend well, As  
we'll be exhausted – that I can tell.

As for those who stay – we will surely return.  
Foreign land is not cold, although it can burn.

We will come back when things settle down.  
Later, but we'll turn our horses around.

That is all that I had to tell you now,  
My decision is such – that I won't disavow.

What I've just said is not mere words –  
May the nation remember what you've all heard!

This is an order – nothing to discuss.  
The decision is made. You may go to Talas.

Those returning home, packing up you may start.  
We will see you off warmly before you depart!"

The trophies – silver and coins,  
Gems, gold, and other war spoils –

Were loaded up onto horses.  
Bakai led the returning forces.

A half of men was going back home,  
The captured Kangai girls joined in the roam.

Toshtuk and Koshoi also joined Bakai –  
To see sweet home can't wait their eyes.

If only Manas had read the letter,  
He would have learned that returning was better.

Returning with others he would have shared,  
But he stayed... of the planned revenge unaware.

What would come next nobody knew –  
Their life paths mortals cannot read and view.

Each human being is prone to temptations –  
Life can quickly alter people's situations.

This fragile world is just an illusion –  
Invisible guards watch us in our confusion.

Meanwhile, people live as if there's no stakes –  
And they commit a lot of mistakes.

Often times like reality seems the illusion –  
Behind false layers lie true conclusions.

So, Manas stayed with the half of his men.  
His interim home became foreign land.

Nine khans stayed with him on their own call,  
They felt honored continuing to be with Aikol.

His ups and downs they wanted to share –  
The khan knows for him and the nation they care.

They follow Aikol. For them he's push and pull,  
So they have stayed with him, under his rule.

In the ambush, Kongurbai waits for his catch,  
To the emperor swiftly he sends a dispatch –

He's watched Manas day and night as his prep  
Akin to a spider weaving its web.

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He was patiently waiting for the right hour,  
So he could destroy Aikol's great power.

All sorts of methods he entertained,  
Including dirty tricks with no restraint.

For a while now he's thought of the what and the  
how. Cunning is the best weapon in his hands now.

A half of his troops Manas has let go.  
Now's the perfect time to deal him a blow.

Kongurbai was called Kalcha. Here is why –  
As an executioner he terrified.

Now Kalcha's full of anticipation –  
He will destroy Manas and his nation.

Like this there will never be other time.  
All Kalcha's thoughts are about how to prime.

\* \* \*

Shui-Ku-Chu's business was a great mask –  
He's been brilliant on his clandestine task.

He was always watching Manas, his routine.  
What the khan ate and drank he has seen.

The informer quietly watched and observed,  
And took notes for the masters he really served.

Thanks to the kitchen-placed scout and his traps,  
The rule of the Kyrgyz will soon collapse.

The smallest of details he recorded well,  
And all 'bout the guards and watch he could tell.

The intel is gathered. Now he must find a way  
What he has learned to his masters convey.

His report is voluminous – nothing to add.  
He hid it inside of the baked loaf of bread.

Disguised as a dervish, to pick up came a scout.  
He took the bread from the cook. Now he's out.

Unnoticed he managed to pass by the guards –  
Shui-Ku-Chu brilliantly played all his cards.

The disguised scout was a skilled *dubakei*<sup>1</sup>  
– He was known as a mage back in the day.

He mastered the secrets and military art,  
In magic spells he was skillful and smart.

With the bread in his bosom he disappeared –  
The danger to Manas is tangible, geared...

To Kongurbai *dubakei* brought the bread –  
Kanykei'd seen the trouble. Oh, yes, she had!

Kalcha split the bread in two halves, took a breath  
Envisioning tips how to bring Aikol death.

Soon, very soon Manas will reach his end –  
That is on what Kalcha's so intent.

He took out the dispatch like a great treasure  
And began to read it with utmost pleasure.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Dubakei* [duba'kei] a person who knows *duba* – spells.

Shui-Ku-Chu's description was comprehensive,  
About Aikol's life the details were extensive:

His habits and preferences, dislikes and tastes;  
What Manas did, how through his day he paced;

What he ate and drank, and how he slept; What  
he knew and in what things he was adept.

Kongurbai was so pleased with the report.  
He felt lucky – of details it wasn't short.

Every single line gave him greater hope –  
Now killing Aikol he could plan and scope.

- My khan Kongurbai, - Shui-Ku-Chu wrote.  
I've fulfilled my task – I took every note.

Do understand it as you read through,  
In my report, Kalcha-khan, all is true!

You're unmatched in cunning and igniting fuss,  
But there's no open way to kill Manas.

He can't be defeated in honest fight –  
His secret rests in himself, in his might.

He is the fighter truly unsurpassed, The  
toughest battle's for him easy test.

I do not belittle your valor, my khan,  
But against Manas your chances are none.

Lead from *ochogor*<sup>1</sup> cannot harm him at all.  
Protected by magic, bullet-proof is Aikol.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Ochogor* [Otcho'gor] a rifle.

If you fight on spears, yours you will break.  
Manas will impale you. Make no mistake!

His body is sword-proof, it cannot be cut. He's  
fearless in fight – all attacks he will shut.

That Manas is really unique I affirm.  
That I've seen it myself many times I confirm.

He's no mere mortal. He's the chosen one.  
Marked by heavens, he is the real khan.

One can't kill him using conventional ways,  
But I found the secret how he may be slain.

Before dawn every Friday, when the stars are still bright,  
Manas always performs *aruulap*<sup>1</sup> in the night.

Before I saw that sacrament a long time passed,  
But I got to witness the ritual at last.

He washes his body and hands first of all,  
Then both arms to the skies raises Aikol.

The Higher Forces he sincerely praises,  
For their generosity he says thankful phrases.

Manas makes good wishes for future days  
And to Tengir he solemnly prays.

Then for a while looking north he would sit.  
Let me explain the essence of it.

I saw Aikol myself when I had the chance.  
He clearly entered into a trance.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Aruulap* [Aru:u:'lap] ablution.

He would just sit, look north and freeze,  
He would look quiet, calm, and at peace.

*“Ananda”* is the name of such state of soul –  
Some secrets this highlander Kyrgyz does know.

He sits in a prayer pose for a long time.  
The khan’s fully harmless – he transforms at that time.

During those moments, nothing he feels,  
He’s very focused – to Tengir he appeals.

A Unity Whole he becomes. Then begins  
His body to change – it reminds molten tin.

A blue ray comes down to him from the sky  
– It lights up the darkness as it shines bright.

In his turn, he emits inner light to above,  
With all his heart he radiates love.

The sacral ritual he then performs  
And with Tengir a whole unity forms.

In this state his focus is absolute, pure.  
But during those moments he is insecure.

His rock hard body is like liquid lead –  
That’s when a sword can strike him dead.

That’s the only time when he can be attacked  
– His guard is down, he can’t self-protect.

You can pull it off if your smarts you employ,  
Inflict deathly wounds, and Manas you’ll destroy.



On the edge of your ax a strong venom apply – It  
will cut his life short and it will make him die.

At once, the venom will poison his blood,  
He'll die for sure when it reaches his heart.

His blood will turn into a viscous slime –  
The mountain tiger will fall in his prime.

Nothing will save him – there's no antidote,  
*Ulukman*<sup>1</sup> would be useless was he to devote.

Clear the body of China – you must act fast.  
Rid the alien burden. It's your moment at last!

Kalcha jumped up having read the dispatch –  
The death of Manas will be his deed and catch!

Then into his dark thoughts he fully immersed.  
He is working the numbers as first things first.

He must choose the right day to make things right.  
He must calculate the right time to strike;

Prepare his horse – feed him only rice;  
Ensure no risk to his own life. Think twice!

Through each single detail he carefully thought.  
To prepare extremely thoroughly he ought.

The handle of his ax *aibalta*<sup>2</sup> he replaced,  
Its edge to perfection he sharpened and braced.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Ulukman* [Uluk'ma:n] Avicenna; a deity of medicine and healing.

<sup>2</sup> *Aibalta* [Aibal'ta:] a combat ax. Literally, 'moon + ax'. In Kyrgyz folklore, the moon is usually associated with magic.

Kalcha's preparation is simply unmatched,  
Now he soaked into venom the ax' edge.

Venom of a dragon is guaranteed death!  
This weapon will take away Aikol's last breath.

But for Kongurbai that is not enough –  
In his avenge he'll be cruel and tough.

For forty years he had kept a spear  
Made of alloy of metals, special and dear.

He put the venom on it as well –  
Kalcha is thrilled, his success he can smell.

For the last step he is ready now –  
He prayed to his gods, to them he bowed.

To god *Burkan*<sup>1</sup> he bowed his head – Luck  
is in his lasso, good fortune's ahead.

A six months old baby he sacrificed  
To connect with Burkan and make him satisfied.

Then he summoned *Asur*<sup>2</sup> who gave him his blessing.  
The Dark Forces master had no second guessing.

These gods for success of his plan Kalcha asked – May  
the new era come when he's done with his task!

When over the Burut the victory he gains,  
He can cast off his shackles and chains.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Burkan* [Bur'kan].

<sup>2</sup> *Asur* [A'su:r].

In his good luck Kongurbai is convinced –  
Manas will fall deathly wounded and pierced.

A detachment of mages he swiftly formed – Their  
selection, recruitment he himself performed.

On the fixed day, he hit the road –  
Sixty wizards are coming with him to forebode.

Kalcha knows no fear – he's sure he'll succeed.  
Following him his mage-monks proceed.

Their strongest weapon is magic spells.  
How to defend against these? Can you tell?

He also took forty slaves as support –  
In full ammunition his khan they escort.

They reached the city, a mighty stronghold –  
Fortified, solid and nicely walled.

The Chet Beijing walls are so very high –  
No bird can fly over them, no man can climb!

Its gates are guarded by forty knights – They're  
hawks in the day and owls in the night.

But can this really stop khan Kongurbai? –  
He already knows how he can pass by.

He relied on magic here as well –  
Kalcha-khan is swift to use a spell.

With zeal forty times he repeatedly sings  
The *duba* of sorcerer *Qi-Le-Seng*<sup>1</sup>.

He made the guards fall asleep thereby.  
Now the enemy can safely pass by.

The guards are so deep into their slumber –  
They wouldn't wake up if above them it thundered.

The sleeping guards hear no noise.  
They're dreaming although it is not their choice.

*Kyrgylchal*<sup>2</sup> – on his watch so very keen –  
Is peacefully sleeping. That is unseen!

Very pleased, Kongurbai is rubbing his hands –  
When he's done, they won't cease to self-torment.

Over the city wall Algara soars –  
And khan Kalcha praises his horse.

The enemy reached the throne of Manas –  
He waits for his triumph, he patiently does.

That night Adjibai guarded the throne.  
He's drowsy – the foe hides in his zone.

The foe used his magic to lull the guard,  
He chanted a spell – the guard sleeps in his yard.

---

<sup>1</sup> 起了僧 *Qi-Le-Sēng* – one of many possible combinations of the Chinese (Mandarin) characters making up the name *Chilesen*. Literally, “appeared + Buddhist monk” the name could mean “an appeared Buddhist monk”. ASM

<sup>2</sup> *Kyrgylchal* [Ki:rgi:l'tcha:l] the name of the head of the khan's guard. Literally, ‘oldman that exterminates’.

Kalcha has grown bolder, his spirits rose.  
Soon Manas will show up – that he certainly knows.

The dawn is near, the night tries to hold back.  
That is when through the invisible crack

The mysterious world can be clearly seen,  
If the initiated ones have strength within.

That is the time, when it's not yet full  
dawn. Nor is the night completely gone.

The gap between the worlds, this entrance-divider,  
Starts quickly growing wider and wider

Until it disappears the worlds in between – New  
horizons of knowledge can be clearly seen.

Through this linkage of truth the wise can  
immerse Into the tapestry of the Universe.

If at this moment to Tengir one turns,  
With prayers-requests to the Higher Force,

He who prays and requests will be well heard  
And given the grace – wise, pure word.

It is up to the Heavenly Forces to choose  
Those who at these moments can get the news.

And from above outpouring is grace,  
The unknown and mysterious one can embrace.

One can feel and sense the Creator's light  
And even recall his own birth he might,

And become one with the Almighty Father,  
When useless vanities no longer bother.

As always, Aikol was ready to get  
*Ayan*<sup>1</sup>-revelation at this hour as meant.

To great Tengir he wanted to pray  
So in peace and prosperity people live and stay.

Just with a *chepken* above his night wear –  
No weapons, no armor – what use in a prayer?

Aikol turned to Tengir and began to pray –  
From the sky to him beamed down a blue ray.

That ray lighted up the crown of his head –  
His body transformed, got like liquified lead.

Like molten metal it became clear.  
That's when in the back the foe hit with the spear.

Under the right shoulder blade's the poisoned  
lance. Khan Kalcha fully realized his lucky chance!

He'd known very well Aikol's only weak spot  
Under the right shoulder blade – the fight will be short.

In the holy water baby Manas was bathed,  
So his body grows strong and stays unscathed.

By the right shoulder blade he was handheld.  
But that spot was forgotten, from protection withheld.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Ayan* [A'jan] – a prophetic dream or vision, a revelation.

Kongurbai knew about it. He aimed right there.  
Odds are much higher when one's well aware.

But that was not enough for Kongurbai.  
He hit with *aibalta*... to get satisfied.

Aikol's body was hardening like a rock –  
Kongurbai is envisioning awe and shock.

The foe was rejoiced as the khan fell.  
Survival's unlikely – that he can tell.

With his atrocity Kalcha was pleased – He  
looks as if a great treasure he's seized.

It was khan Kongurbai's luckiest day –  
From Manas the fortune has turned away.

Exhausted, the khan was still on his feet  
Refusing to ever accept a defeat.

He strained every sinew standing to remain.  
Alas, not for long – his strength quickly waned.

With a big noise he dropped on the ground –  
Adjibai sprung up sharply and looked around.

He saw his khan, realized what took place –  
Pain and sorrow are clearly read on his face.

Meanwhile, the foe's glowing from within  
– Intoxicated with his treacherous win.

He stared at the blood dripping down from his ax  
Forgetting he might be stopped dead in his tracks.

Well overwhelmed by what he's done,  
He forgot it was high time for him to run.

At that moment, Adjibai swung back his arm  
And pierced Kalcha's backbone – his spear made its harm.

A chunk of flesh the size of a fist  
He pulled out with his spear. Algara, a smart beast,

Saved his wounded master preventing his fall.  
He hoisted him well and flew over the wall.

Then he rushed away with Kalcha atop  
In fear the heart of his master might stop.

If Adjibai's strike connected again,  
Kongurbai would be a perished man.

Algara knew where his rider to take –  
To the sorcerers who magic healing could make.

The wizards-*ayars* that all vanities waived,  
Lived inside of the towering rock in the cave.

Loyal and smart Algara brought his master  
Straight to that cave galloping ever faster.

For forty long days and sleepless nights  
They did their magic – with death was their fight!

They used mighty spells to restore Kalcha's health And  
applied strong remedies to preserve his strength.

The wizards got Kalcha back on his feet –  
Strong allies who mastered the art to treat.



Soon after recovery, troops Kalcha amassed  
And said to the emperor that at last

He got to destroy mighty Manas  
And more reinforcements they must discuss,

That if more soldiers keep coming in,  
Now, without Manas, they will easily win.

To Chet Beijing Kalcha moved out again. The  
magicians are following – his sixty men.

The grand finale he sees. He's so glad –  
His greatest triumph awaits ahead!

\* \* \*

To a different place I now take my story –  
Where on the ground we left Manas gory.

Adjibai alarmed all and let them know  
– The enemy dealt us a deathly blow.

There was much ado, loud noise and fuss  
– The soldiers argued while losing Manas.

People were stressed. To help they all strived.  
Yet no one knew how to keep him alive.

Almambet lifted Aikol with great care. The  
knight was crying – a scene very rare.

His tears he did not attempt to tame –  
Others looking at him were doing the same.

Aching in pain was the heart of the knight  
Who was holding his dying dear friend tight.

Profusely suffering was Almambet.  
Blaming himself and sobbing, he said:

“Oh, my Aikol, with you as my support, I  
trusted the very fate could not thwart,

That it would favor us all along –  
That we would take Beijing mighty strong,

That together we would conquer it fast,  
That through its gates as the victors we’d pass.

For my captured relatives revenge I sought,  
Of winning this war I dreamed and thought.

I had faith that as long as together we were,  
We could win, shape the world as we prefer.

But in the way got arrogance, pride,  
Vanity too – and I got blind.

I’m punished for giving in to the vices –  
The fate taught me a lesson, dealt me this crisis.

Now I acknowledge, accept my mistakes –  
When full of arrogance the very ground shakes.

Why is there such an ordeal upon us?” – The  
knight was crying for his friend Manas.

And through his tears, Almambet said  
Blaming himself, beyond measure sad:

“To this gory massacre my friend I brought,  
Together invincible we were I thought.

I was light-minded, my dear Aikol.  
At the head of the army you defeated them all.

Now here is the outcome – wounded you’re down.  
In sorrowful tears my soul and heart drown.

I am powerless, crying, and in despair.  
Are not meant to come true the dreams we’ve shared.

All is in vain now. We have been floored.  
As if with much strength we hit rock with a sword.

Through his secret agents Kalcha found out  
That every morning *ayan* you seek out;

That with Celestial Tengir you connect,  
Pray for happiness, peace, and that these you expect;

And that to you rays come down from the sky,  
That your wisdom and power you get thereby;

And that your body gets like molten lead –  
He brought your end closer when he’d learned all of that.

A clean, honest duel he would never dare.  
Through treachery, cunning he got over his scare.”

Almambet was exhausted. Is all now in vain?  
His eyes filled with bitterness, torment and pain.

All in this world we get just for some time –  
It is a big burden, a bird one can’t lime.

This world is fragile, transient, false.  
It's hard to make sense of it – there are no controls.

Unreliable's all in this life and deceptive –  
The lens of illusion people have keeps them captive.

Illusion is real – it looks like the truth.  
But it's only a likeness seemingly sooth.

Always unexpectedly changes arrive,  
Bad comes with good – such is the life.

The enemy strikes dashing like a beast  
Right when you are expecting it least.

To help Aikol Almambet felt the urge.  
From the hard reality he can't diverge.

He had various thoughts – which one's not to miss?  
They are pulling him down into murky abyss.

It suddenly dawned on him! A lucid guess Gave  
the mighty hero a hope and new strength.

As to tame crazy run of his thoughts the knight strained,  
He recalled Kanykei right before the campaign.

With the following speech turned to him Kanykei  
– Aikol's loyal wife had these wise words to say:

“Beijing is a stronghold. Dear friend, beware!  
No one will be happy to welcome you there.

Its people are sly. Many wizards – a stack...  
Magnanimity, courage, and kindness they lack.

They may seem warm on the outside,  
But their souls are ice-cold inside.

They can surprise – you must vigilant stay  
Or they'll chain you in their underhand way.

If at some point your thought very first  
Is to satisfy your sudden thirst,

Or all of a sudden drowsy you become,  
Recall all my remedies or at least some.

Many herbs against ailments I have prepared,  
My medicines and potions be ready to share.

Against poisonings, wounds and diseases a ton –  
I have loaded them all on camel *Jelmayan*<sup>1</sup>.

There are remedies there against every disease –  
If one day you need them, you will feel at ease.

Dear Almambet, only great Tengir knows –  
These herbs might help should you get tough blows.

There are various herbs-based tinctures and powders,  
To fight off any illness they'll give the powers.

Here are animal organs. They're dried and ground –  
Their treatment properties truly astound.

Over there, there are various oils, balmy honey –  
Against sudden ailments their effect will be stunning.”

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<sup>1</sup> *Jelmayan* [Djelma'jan].

All drugs and potions she explained in detail:  
What their properties are, and what pains they curtail,

The right dosages and when and how they're applied.  
She was very thorough showing all to the knight.

Almambet keenly listened to Kanykei then,  
He must now use it all to save his friend.

And at once Almambet was up on his feet –  
He found the remedies and began to treat.

He's got to save Aikol's life thereby –  
Otherwise sure death passed Manas by.

People can't know the plans of the sky.  
All must be as it is – mortals have to comply.

What has been pre-ordained can't be escaped  
– The laws of the Universe can't be reshaped.

One won't recognize it even if hard one may try  
– And nothing can change it! Now laugh or cry...

Only what must be happens! Mankind  
The thread of destiny cannot unwind.

Kongurbai's backbone the spear pierced through,  
But that wound didn't kill him – he survived, stronger grew.

And luck with Aikol's wound Adjibai was denied –  
When he pulled out the lance, its tip stayed inside.

That was clearly the Providence, the divine will –  
This tangle of fate isn't unraveled still.

What for? How? Why? – Comprehension we lack.  
We can't turn the run of the history back.

The will of God we're unable to guess.  
And with His intentions we cannot mess.

On the outside, the wound has skinned over all right,  
But the poisoned spearhead's remaining inside.

Almambet did not notice the festering signs  
And stopped the treatment – an omen, a sign...

Through hard forty days Er Manas had to steer.  
Day and night through this time Almambet has been near.

Not even for a minute leaving him he would dare,  
Always stayed with him taking good care.

His fullest attention was just on the khan –  
His diligent care was second to none.

All by himself he treated Aikol.  
The khan felt better – Almambet reached his goal.

Then he looked Manas in the eye and he said:  
“It's time that an honest and bold talk we had.

You should return to your people, my khan.  
Breathe the motherland's air, see your home and your son.

Cast away everything and go back to Talas.  
Please, do as I ask, my dear Sher Manas!

The venom is still very strong. It is clear!  
It's unlikely that quickly it will disappear.

Trust me, my friend, a long, good rest you need.  
Guilt, suffering and torments for you help us rid.

My khan, if you breathe the homeland's clean air,  
You'll recover and heal so much faster, I swear!

Once you fully recover, dear Aikol, then  
You will get to wield the full power again.

And don't you worry at all about us!  
We will take revenge for you, my Manas!

You will grow stronger and mighty again.  
You're the defence and peace of our homeland, my man.

All of us wish to see you in good health.  
You must fully replenish your very first wealth.

Restoring your health's the most critical  
task. Please, do trust me and do as I ask!

Your nation, your people need you, Manas.  
Your life is too precious and dear to us."

With Almambet Manas disagreed,  
But he didn't argue. He had to concede.

To send back Aikol home preparations began  
– Getting better at home the khan surely can!

Preparations are over – the khan's heading back.  
In kind prayers for him to Tengir there's no lack.

The khan's discontent. He moves like slow water –  
So unwillingly, just like a lamb to the slaughter.



A protest implodes in his heart. It's so clear –  
He knows for sure they still need him here.

But arguing's futile now – he will lose.  
Giving in to the mercy of fate he must choose.

*Sary Daira*<sup>1</sup>, bloody river, they've crossed.  
The white banner was waving on the blue flag post.

Almambet clasped his hands to his wide chest:  
“From all ills be protected and always stay blessed!”

He looked up and prayed: “Oh, Tengir! Please,  
Save and protect them! Help them reach home in peace!

Restore Aikol's health. May his spirit grow stronger!  
People will stay united with him much longer.”

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<sup>1</sup> *Sary Daira* [Sa'ri: Dai'ra:] literally ‘yellow river’ – Huang He River.

## CHAPTER II – TAL CHOKU<sup>1</sup>

Now I will continue to tell my dastan –  
Heading back home was Manas-khan.

Gone in the distance' true friend Almambet –  
There faded away his silhouette.

Various thoughts in the khan's head churn:  
“Why all of a sudden we have to return?

I must come back to restrain the Chinese.  
Of course, Almambet will be displeased.

Why did it happen? My wound – that is why...  
But to return home it's not yet the time...

I still have my honor and glory, sound mind –  
It's dishonest to leave my men behind!

I love my people more than my life.  
For them I'll sweat and spill blood in a strife!

We celebrated two months in a row –  
We had signed a treaty with the fallen foe.

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<sup>1</sup> *Tal Choku* [Tal Tcho'ku:] is the high rocky mountain with the willow tree given to Manas by Kanykei planted on its very top. From the top of the mountain Manas was looking down at the Great Campaign battle. Literally it means 'willow tree + peak'.

A half of our army back home we sent,  
The other half stayed here, in the foreign land.

And then a treacherous strike in the back!  
The foe's response was a guileful attack.

I'd been uniting my people for so long –  
Together the nomads I brought along.

Across the nation bad rumors will spread,  
Undermine martial spirit or even set it dead.

I feel a bit weaker. It may seem we're beset,  
But I won't take your advice, Almambet.

More than my life I love Talas,  
My homeland, my people – what makes us us!

If it is pre-ordained for me to perish here,  
Such is the will of Tengir – it is clear!

I'll accept the anguish, to my fate I'll bow –  
I am quite ready for anything now.

While full of honor and despite foe's glee,  
As long as alive, Manas must not flee!

No one would ever think in sound mind  
That Manas might leave his army behind.

Hence, so be it! My decision is made!  
In the battle I'll die and face my fate.

If in the fight to perish I'm meant  
And leave this world without prayers, all spent,

And the birds to pieces my body will tear,  
So be it – whatever will happen is fair!

Going against myself I cannot, Changing  
everything I can't and I won't!

I want to fight to the very end  
And die in glory, with the sword in my hand!

Here I will stay and ready my knights  
To fend off attacks in the upcoming fights.

Well fortified stronghold here I will build –  
We'll manage to break the enemy's will!"

This decision was final he felt in his heart  
– It made him feel better in this regard.

He ordered his warriors to stop for a prayer.  
At once they sacrificed a white mare.

To the surrounding sites they solemnly pray  
So their blessing upon them the Higher Force'd lay.

The Almighty's grace the khan seeks to  
get And at the new site his camp he's set.

Aikol laid down the very first stone –  
His spirit grew, his pain is gone.

Thousands of knights sweat day and night  
As they erect the fortress in all of its might.

The canons of warfare are duly used –  
A stronghold grew up in no time to bemuse!

There was a black stele inside the rock – One’d  
think it’s a man-made observation block.

Through spyglass Manas looked up at the top.  
On an unusual hollow his eyes have stopped.

Then the sound of a Voice heard mighty khan:  
“Pay attention and listen, the Chosen One!

The Higher Forces well favor you.  
They will dictate their will to you.

A special mission carries this rock –  
It’s been waiting for you. It is yours to unlock.

To the very top you must pave the way  
And the hollow you saw there you should locate.

For you and your knights such is the order –  
You must fill up that hollow with water.

Once it’s full, the water will overflow  
And then stream down on only one slope.

As it runs down with the slope aligned,  
Soon the right crevice the water will find.

And once again, as if it were a pool,  
You must fill up that crevice full.

If out of the crevice a fountain will jet,  
Happy beyond all measures your people will get!

Not a mere rock – it hides a revelation.  
Mighty wizards had been behind its creation.

Sorcerer *Qi-Ma-Qin*<sup>1</sup> created the rock,  
He chanted a spell over it, put his lock.

Then Qi-Le-Seng continued his labor,  
Performed rituals over it, added his flavor.

The rock is hidden – an unarmed eye may peek,  
But wouldn't see it. The rock is unique!

Right in the rock *Qi-Dai-Hu*<sup>2</sup> hid the gates –  
Energy is emitting from its stone plates.

If Qi-Ma-Qin's spell is washed off and away,  
Qi-Le-Seng's magic will fade away.

And all the magic will lose its power,  
And the rock will emerge for the good hour.

The water possesses a hidden might –  
Qi-Dai-Hu's gates will open wide.

That shall be your salvage as you can guess!  
If you are lucky and meet success,

Your nation and offspring you'll save and prime –  
They'll remember your name throughout all time.

You'll preserve your nation. It will never be gone –  
It won't disappear, it'll survive and live on!

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<sup>1</sup> 骑马寝 *Qí-Mǎ-Qǐn* – one of many possible combinations of the Chinese (Mandarin) characters making up the name *Chimachin*. Literally, “horse ride + burial vault” it could mean “a rider who entered the grave”. ASM

<sup>2</sup> 期待户 *Qī-Dài-Hù* – one of many possible combinations of the Chinese (Mandarin) characters making up the name *Chidaihu*. Literally, “delayed + door” it could mean “the door to be opened later”. ASM

Kanykei had given you a willow tree –  
On the top of the rock plant and water it thee!

Should in the rocky soil the tree take root,  
Your nation is certain to prosper for good.

If it shoots and sprouts straight through the rock,  
The future is blessed for you round the clock!

The tree Tal Choku remember to name,  
If the willow blooms and the rock it can tame.”

The Voice stopped as suddenly as it had started  
– Manas got pensive since he was startled.

In great astonishment he looked around –  
Nobody’s here. From where did it sound?!

To the Almighty he turned in his mind:  
“My Creator! Was it your voice clear and kind?

Or is it the sorcery of the Kangai?  
Am I offered a deal with Dark Forces wry?

If my Almambet were here or Bakai,  
On their wise advice I could rely,

They would support me in this situation  
And prompt the right action without hesitation.

Whatever happens, the risk’s mine to take.  
Maybe it’s *shaitan*<sup>1</sup> tries to crazy me make.

If to the willow the water will flow –  
Happy and glorious my nation will grow.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Shaitan* [Shaita:n] means evil spirit, devil, Satan.

I will give the order – we will do as told,  
Even though black venom those words may hold.

On the very top the willow we'll plant – Who  
knows what miracles the fate may grant?

If the rock from the powers of magic we free  
And like God's gift takes root our willow tree,

To name the rock Tal Choku we'll be quick – While  
the tree'll find a home on the top of the peak.

Around the mountain a stone wall we'll build –  
Such that to no force this stronghold would yield.

If to die here I'm destined and doomed,  
On this rock, unique refuge, I'd find a tomb.

If it is pre-ordained, that I will do.  
If it is a prophecy – may it come true!

Whether it's meant to be time will reveal.  
What if a miracle happens for real?"

Now let Aikol and his knights build their castle,  
Erecting the walls with the strength of their muscles.

\* \* \*

Meanwhile, about Kongurbai I will tell –  
He was crafting a cunning attack very well.

His fighters are countless, his legions amass  
– There's no bigger army as you might guess.



The foe has decided to kill everyone –  
Once the khan perished, his warriors are done.

Almambet knew that – he's ready to fight.  
He asks Higher Forces to strengthen his might.

His guards are restless and watchful – it's clear!  
They won't let the foe get anywhere near.

The knights are vigilant on their duty.  
Ready for action – what a stern beauty!

In their ranks the discipline's strict –  
Their power and might fused here and clicked.

There forty knights are guarding the gates.  
The opponent's approaching to test their fates.

The guards are vigilant, on the alert –  
This time by surprise they won't be hurt.

*Serek*<sup>1</sup> saw the foe and reported the  
threat To the commander – to Almambet.

Alarms went off, the drumbeat is loud –  
The knights fall in ready for the bout.

In perfect formation the warriors stand.  
No fear in the eyes – anything they'll withstand.

These are the words that Alma employed:  
“A bloody fight we cannot avoid!

We must take revenge on the Kangai.  
If we have to perish, with honor we'll die!

---

<sup>1</sup> Serek [Se'rek].

We'll fight them to death! We may leave without traces –  
But our folk will remember its heroes' faces!

My noble men, you've all got no fear!  
We're bound by our vow to our Aikol dear.

Shoulder to shoulder the foe we'll face – Let's  
fight him with valor and keep your pace!

Stay strong and united, listen to our drum!  
Do not to disorder of chaos succumb!

Maintain the discipline in our rows  
Together we can withstand any blows.

Shooters to the right, spearmen riders the left!  
Get ready – in fighting you are most deft!

Move to the center if timid you are.  
Avenge our nation's every scar!

Each one of us has a vengeance to take –  
Otherwise why'd long, tough journey we make?

My hawks, my brave knights, each one of  
us Must now stay true to our oath to Manas!

Don't spare the Chinese, with honor we'll die  
– The Kyrgyz will never be slaves of Kangai!

Khan Adjibai, raise our blue banner high –  
May the enemy see it wave in the sky!

Sher khan Kokcho, the army you'll lead!  
Be fearless – you're in the front. Set the speed!

Break in through the center, brave knight Er Syrgak!  
Pierce through their formations, panther Er Chubak!

Charge forward with battle cry “Er Manas!”  
And may battle fortune be siding with us!

The outcome of war rests on you – so, come on!  
The Kyrgyz must survive and live on!

Move forward! Don’t let them see that Manas  
Isn’t here today, that he isn’t leading us!”

All like one the soldiers raised their hands up  
To pray to Tengir to fill their cup

With good fortune and with the battle luck  
That helps to strike and avoid getting struck.

As if washing they passed their hands down their faces –  
*Bata*<sup>1</sup>. Now the harm’s way each one embraces...

Into battle with zeal the warriors dashed,  
Like a hurricane or mountain mudflow they smashed.

Almambet also rushed into the fight  
With a lion’s roar – an incredible knight!

Like a dragon he raided the enemy’s ranks –  
Hundreds of chopped off heads fall down making banks.

Like a wild tornado above the reef –  
Alma’s charging towards the commander-in-chief.

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<sup>1</sup> *Bata* [ba'ta:] a ritual to give/take a blessing, or amen.

*Aijanjun*<sup>1</sup> is the target, the foe army's head. Like  
the shadow of death for him's Almambet.

When Aijanjun saw the face of the knight, He  
forgot his own mission and role outright.

Aijanjun got so scared – he's just running  
away Followed by entourage that has no say.

But there's just too many Chinese on the ground  
– Those fleeing are few, reinforcements abound.

There are thousands more to replace those who fall  
– There's never ending Kangai human wall.

Just like an avalanche coming they keep –  
In long, straight lines, in ranks wide and deep.

The knights are fighting with passion and zeal.  
Manas' waving standards inspire and appeal.

Brave Almambet cuts and cleaves all around,  
Slashes right and left pouring blood on the ground.

To his left, mows the enemy brave Er Syrgak. To  
his right, harms the foe blue-maned Chubak.

Leading the troops is Adjibai-khan,  
His rage and fury escapes no one.

Kokcho Sher's destroying the foe with his  
sword, Er Jamgyrchy is a ruthless warlord.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Aijanjun* [Aidjan'dju:n].

By their side's fighting khan Muzburchak –  
No mercy the foe has from him, nor much luck.

The sounds of the battle transcend battlefield.  
The enemy wavered – it's soundly beat.

Like bats from the hell flees the foe from the fight –  
The battle to death goes on day and night.

Fired by vengeance the warriors stalk –  
The battlefield's getting covered by smoke.

Darkness and dust are swirling around –  
Weapons colliding make deafening sounds.

And to this massacre there is no end – The  
medley of bodies can't help but blend.

A whirlwind of dust shoots up to the skies,  
So many men the fight's cost to both sides.

The space was silent with a grief glance,  
While death was rejoicing in its mad dance.

Like sparrows scatter away from a kite  
The Chinese fled losing lives in the fight.

But their reinforcements keep pouring in,  
Whereas Almambet keeps losing his kin.

Nevertheless, they press on and chase  
Driven by their vows to Manas and their faith.

Now the rivers are full of human blood,  
Legions of men lie dead in the mud.

Mountains of corpses on Itolbos' ground –  
They can't be distinguished, but they abound.

No one can tell now: Kyrgyz or Kangai...  
The losses are countless – the end's nearby.

The enemy's forces replenish again.  
It's high time to retreat for the Kyrgyz men.

River Sary Daryya the troops have crossed,  
So they can recover the strength they lost.

Both horses and men are hungry and drained.  
The wounded are suffering, moaning in pain.

Exhausted and weakened, the fighters feel  
sad. Suddenly, with a true miracle they met.

The knights didn't believe their own eyes,  
As if the Almighty helped them in disguise.

A fortress was towering amidst the field –  
People did not know how they should feel.

Who built it? And why? What for and when?  
The stronghold is surely a salvage for them.

As if Tengir sent them a gift –  
A reliable refuge, a secure night shift.

War cry "Er Manas!" sounded again – It  
is Tengir's miracle to save all of them!

They rode to the fortress with all due care  
– With the intention to quarter there.

When they saw Aikol, they stopped in awe –  
Is it really him? Truly him that they saw?

Both joy and bitterness – emotions are mixed.  
The knights are astonished. This couldn't have been fixed.

They all went inside to Aikol straight,  
At this hour of pain he shares their fate.

Almambet, Adjibai, blue-maned Chubak,  
Syrgak, Jamgyrchy, Kokcho Sher, Muzburchak –

All surrounded Manas, happy crying men –  
At last, they're together with Aikol again.

He's with them now on the battlefield –  
Now they fear nothing for he is their shield.

So they were standing in disbelief,  
Is it really Manas, their dear chief?

And Almambet gave Aikol a huge hug –  
Their uneasy burden they will jointly tug.

What they went through to Aikol they told.  
What losses they suffered, what they got to withhold.

Er Manas calmed them down – he's moved and touched.  
And without haste, he said this much:

“No urge and pull to go back I felt,  
Something popped up here with which I dealt.

I couldn't just leave you all behind  
We're bound together in my heart and mind.

If here my hour has come to die,  
With honor intact I'd do in the fight.

I'd rather have a good death in the battle  
Than for disgrace and dishonor to settle.

Without you, my heart was aching in pain,  
To Tengir's will I said true I'd remain.

If beating the foe again we'll begin,  
China will be ours – and we will win!

And various peoples living in this land  
Will take our faith and united we'll stand.

*Bakburchun, Lama, Manchu* and *Kalmak*<sup>1</sup>  
Will share our history, customs and luck,

A single nation with us become,  
An integral part of our clans, tribes become.

Such was my thinking when I reached this place,  
When a message arrived from celestial space.

A prophecy, omen or just a vision –  
It certainly prompted the right decision.

A Voice out of nowhere I suddenly heard –  
What is and what will be to me it transferred.

It dictated a will for me to fulfill –  
In the rock a hollow with water to fill:

---

<sup>1</sup> *Bakburchun* [bakbur'tchun], *Lama* ['lama], *Manchu* [man'tchu:],  
*Kalmak* [Kal'mak] the peoples inhabiting China at the time.



- This rock isn't just a rock – some deep secrets it holds.  
You might guess by dark color and look stern and cold.

Once the hollow is full, water will overflow  
And run in streams down the rock slopes.

Making its path every stream and each  
In the heart of the rock soon a crevice they'll reach.

Should into a fountain the water jet,  
Forever prosperous your stan will get.

Only in case all unfolds as described,  
Take the next actions as further prescribed.

And from the Voice such was further advice,  
Clear, to the point, and very precise.

- On the top of the rock willow tree you must plant, -  
This instruction, you should agree, could enchant

For I did have the willow with me,  
Which before the campaign Kanykei'd given me.

- If the willow takes root, it will be a good sign.  
Your stan's path to prosperity it'll signify.

After difficult battles, hard losses, defeats  
Things will improve and turn out sweet.

If the willow tree grows, your footprint you'll leave.  
All the next generations in you will believe.

Offspring will forever remember your name.  
What you did for your nation will have worldwide acclaim.

You your great nation will never forget –  
If the willow takes root, that's what you'll get!

That's what I heard from the unknown Voice,  
With little time to think and a simple choice.

The Voice stopped as suddenly as it had started  
– I couldn't figure out this riddle uncharted.

What was it? A divine prompt to the khan?  
Or, possibly, also a trap of *shaitan*?

I took the risk and did as instructed –  
The prescribed work with my men we conducted.

With faith any evil Higher Forces would block  
The name Tal Choku we gave the dark rock.

But, alas, the fortune hasn't been very  
kind. And my concerns began to unwind.

The water didn't reach the roots very clean –  
Our willow tree did not bloom juicy green.

Only rare drops reached the roots – an  
upset! Our expectations, alas, were not met.

The water did not jet in a fountain –  
Misfortune's upon us like a big mountain.

The water flowed down – the omen is clear,  
The darkness of troubles is getting near.

Only scarce drops feed the roots of the tree...  
Our strength must be waning the omen reads.

Yet even those drops keep the willow alive –  
Like a true miracle, it will revive.

All that notwithstanding, there is a hope.  
We'll fight for our future, with troubles we'll cope.

We'll spill our blood to give hope to the nation.  
We'll live in our offspring, our continuation.

Not sparing ourselves we must fight the foe.  
We may die, but our stan will survive now we know!

Accountable for this is each one of us!  
This may be our last fight – that you can trust.

But for the ages our nation we'll save –  
It is for them that our lives we gave!

The nation will never forget our names –  
We'll always live in their hearts and brains!

And now the initiative we must take back  
In phases. First, unexpected attack!

Well deeply back the foe we must strike –  
It won't be easy! I know what it's like.

And if it is pre-ordained this way –  
Here many of us forever will stay.

We're all under Tengir. It's nobody's mistake –  
We'll all meet again during the Judgment Day.

No matter how bitter and hard it is now,  
I ask of you that we give this vow

We fraternalize here forever again –  
Let's spill blood with honor, the bravest of men!

My dear Almambet, my courageous *Arstan*<sup>1</sup>!  
Give me your hand as good-bye to your khan.”

Almambet firmly shook the khan's hand,  
Looked him in the eye and said as if planned:

“Please, my Aikol, listen to me this time.  
To the very top of Tal Choku climb.

Your spirit's too valuable for our people –  
For the Kyrgyz nation you're our symbol.

We are outnumbered here manifold –  
All our hopes we entrust to Tengir, as you told.

From the top of the peak, lead and manage the fight –  
The entire battlefield you'll see from the rock's height.

Now the nation needs you ever so very much!  
You're our strength and support! And you must remain such!

An impregnable height is the top of that rock!  
Any attack on you will be naturally blocked.

The opponents will see you from far away.  
And it will make them think of defeat and dismay!

But it will give calmness and strength to us.  
Please, climb to the top! Stay alive, my Manas!

Seeing you up there will make us stronger! You'll  
be our lighthouse, and we will sail longer.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Arstan* [Ars'ta:n] literally means lion.

We'll all feel secure seeing you there, You'll  
inspire us, while the foes you'll scare!

May Er Shuutu stay by your side –  
Through him you will manage the battle and guide!

He will be a liaison, a bridge between us,  
We'll execute well your plan, my Manas,

He will report the mood in the ranks. You'll  
provide guidance to fill in the blanks.

Sher Aikol, the enemy's happy no doubt –  
They certainly noticed that you've been out.

They saw you were missing among all of us.  
They are convinced that Kalcha killed Manas.

They want to encircle and cut us off  
So they can gloat at us, so they can scoff.

They are relying on our deep fatigue.  
They believe they have won and there's no more intrigue.

They think we are done, that we'll fight a bit more,  
But then we'll show weakness and they'll win the war.

Presumptuous, confident, clueless they are –  
Their cruel lesson isn't very far!

They think to the victory they'll easily get –  
That is a mirage. They are unaware yet...

They've lost their vigil – the foe is relaxed,  
They do not expect to get battle-axed.

My Sher Aikol, we'll dash into attack,  
We'll destroy their hopes and take our pride back!

They won't have the time to regroup and to rest –  
We'll turn the tide and keep them suppressed!”

Almambet stopped as he finished his speech.  
Manas agreed and to his friends he reached.

Then two friends, two blood brothers, hugged each other good-  
bye, Everybody was touched – very few eyes stayed dry.

Alma saddled his horse and headed out –  
And behind Sarala trails of dust came about.

Kyrgylchal stayed to lead the guard corps –  
The forty knights he'd headed before.

Liaison Shuutu also stayed with Aikol –  
Everyone else at the enemy hurled.

On two sides, Er Kokcho and khan Muzburchak  
Are commanding the troops testing enemy's luck.

They gave orders – the fighters that were on the flanks  
Dashed forward as one in orderly ranks.

The opponents are deafened by the sharp screams –  
That is blue-maned Chubak roaring battle cry themes.

The Kangai troops are shocked and unable to think –  
Swarmed by fighters they die even before they can blink...

Almambet, Jamgyrchy and Syrgak are ahead – Behind  
them's Adjibai with the blue banner spread...

From forty sides forty knights inflict pain, The  
Chinese suffer losses and fearful remain.

From the left, from the right, from both sides they attack!  
The opponent is crushed and wants to retreat back.

As if a woodcutter falls trees in the mud –  
The enemies fall. Rivers are full of blood.

Corpses are all over, so is blood drench.  
Death's all around and mortal stench.

Over the corpses are vultures – a flock. –  
It smells very bitter, everything's in black smoke.

The bodies are twitching in the throes of death.  
They howl and moan as they take their last breath.

The vultures are pecking and tearing them up.  
The horses run mad – riders lie shredded up...

Even the sky cannot be seen –  
This massacre's another scary scene...

The field has transformed – it's a circle of hell.  
All is covered in dust and in darkness you'd tell.

Screaming and moaning – now chaos' the law.  
The enemy's camp is in shock and awe.

With their eyes full of the wildest horror  
The Chinese flee back with much dishonor.

There's no but one way for them – to *Tyup*  
*Beijing*<sup>1</sup>, They are in flight, to life they cling.

In despair, Kalcha caught those running away,  
To calm down he asked them and blocked their way.

To the emperor and forty khans of Kangai  
He penned a letter in which he cried:

“Great khan, to you we show deepest respect.  
All of us, the head ruler, you get to protect.

Please, pay great attention to each of my lines!  
I am hopeful that your understanding I'll find.

If you do not wish to experience defeat,  
Send reinforcements, every man you meet.

Only then the oppression you will avoid,  
And escape bitter fate of being destroyed...

And you must make up your mind outright  
Or take on the Buruts', all their savage might.

Our troops are destroyed, it will be our last page  
Unless the “*perfect service*”<sup>2</sup> shooter's engaged.

There's nobody left to guard the Great Wall.  
For my *chechen*<sup>3</sup> Chin I now have to call.

This unmatched speaker I'll send to Manas.  
He will turn to Aikol to save all of us.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Tyup Beijing* [Tju:p Bei'djin] Bottom Beijing.

<sup>2</sup> “*Perfect service*” shooter is a warrior that underwent the exceptional training at *Koikap* [Koi'kap] at the public expense, who selflessly serves the Great khan and is used as a live weapon in situations of exceptional hardship.

<sup>3</sup> *Chechen* [tʃe'tʃen] means a masterful, eloquent orator.



He'll say we surrender and need a week To  
allegedly consult with you and to speak.

During these seven days, reinforcements will come.  
I hope perfect shooter will have overcome

His vitiligo to lead the campaign – Then  
free of Burut yoke we will remain.

I hope he feels better and is in good shape.  
Tough luck it'll enable us to escape.

For him now it's personal with the Buruts –  
They killed his father – he's got to shoot!.

If within a week reinforcements arrive,  
We'll destroy the nomads and will survive!

However, if this request you ignore,  
When we're gone, you'll be set for a lost war.”

Such was the dispatch requesting support  
That Kongurbai sent to the emperor's court.

To Manas comes an envoy with the white flag.  
He hopes with deception he'll hit no snag.

Hunting gyrfalcons are brought as a gift –  
The envoy is sleek, well-spoken and swift.

Gifts also include seven steeds in full gear, Hunting  
hounds, seven camels with rich loads clear.

Kyrgylchal has reported – Chinese mission arrived, A  
shrewd guess – false again! – Shuutu has derived.

The liaison has doubts – his mind just burns.  
With the khan he decided to share his concerns:

“My Aikol, you’re magnanimous without restraint,  
The foe’s kneeling and face down he’ll remain.

But I don’t like it. Something’s not right –  
The opponent just cares for his own hide.

The sparks of cunning their eyes cast –  
Haven’t they changed their attitude too very fast?

Just snake venom is in their words,  
I’m not happy to see these envoys-birds.

Chechen Chin’s very eloquent, simply unmatched  
– Flattery and lies to his words he’ll attach.

With this magpie, my khan, you must be firm –  
Do not agree to the seven-day term!

They say they come in peace? It’s smoke in the mirror.  
They just need a respite, for them break is now dear.

They must have contemplated some tricky blast  
– Foes never change attitude so very fast.

They must be preparing a deep dungeon for us –  
Do not let them persuade you, my dear Manas!

Do not give them a chance to inflict any harm –  
This peace is our ill fate should you fall for his charm.

To help us with advice to Tengir now I  
pray, So another hard lesson we can escape.

Please, think over my words! Their persuasion fend off –  
Only then we'll avoid all misfortunes thereof.”

Shuutu finished talking and let the envoys in –  
His role brilliantly played eloquent chechen Chin.

The liaison's worries proved well grounded indeed – It  
must've been evil spirits, since Manas has agreed.

Such an outcome must have been pre-ordained –  
A critical advantage cunning foe has obtained.

Manas was magnanimous – for that famous he was.  
This quality of his was his main, major cause.

That was precisely the plan of the foe –  
What, despite his fear, he was hoping for.

Of his critical task Chin was very aware –  
He began with servility and proceeded with care,

Gave the gifts to Manas and prostrated down.  
And his monolog he began from the ground:

“We have come to you, khan. We all bow to Manas.  
We have only one hope that he'd listen to us.

All of people here you can annihilate –  
But we hope you'd listen to what they have to say.

This pointless battle must be stopped right now –  
People of China are yours. To you they all bow!

Let's fraternize now and our nations befriend –  
Everybody needs peace. Great khan, you understand.

So many lives were lost in the battle,  
Take our lands, make one fatherland – here you can settle.

Common people empowered me. This I can say –  
Khan, give us a week. We need seven days!

We'll inform the emperor who's now at the center  
– So *Chong Beijing*<sup>1</sup> as the victor you enter!

If our proposal now you accept,  
And from further fighting your army is kept,

We will announce you as the Great Khan  
And follow you, the chosen one!

From then on we'll build a new relation.  
The Chinese and Buruts will be a single nation!

And if together such union we formed  
And all other peoples of that were informed,

No strong opponents we would then face  
And live our lives at a calm, peaceful pace.

Let me repeat it to you my Great Khan.  
As an envoy I'm here, the chosen one.

The wishes of common folk I express,  
All fighting must now be stopped and suppressed.”

Punching every word Chechen Chin's at his best  
– Every critical point is crisp and well stressed.

His non-verbal language exudes only trust –  
All his losses forgot mighty Manas.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Chong Beijing* [Tʃoŋ Beɪ'dʒiŋ] is a city of Big Beijing.

A powerful weapon's an eloquent word –  
A skillful man wields it like a sword.

Chechen Chin's intonation was also unmatched.  
Nothing suggested there was a catch.

An inspiring speech sounded like truth – Every  
word was precise and unusually smooth.

Servile, obsequious, smooth-tongued magician,  
Chin brilliantly finished his critical mission!

To Manas all the honors he expertly paid,  
Boldly, skillfully lied. What more to say?

A mixture of venom and honey finessed –  
The mission of Chin was an utmost success!

His words pierced the heart and into the soul.  
Of course, all for peace! It's the ultimate goal!

Manas pictured himself as China's Great Khan –  
Beautiful scenes! All united as one.

A firm decision Manas has made –  
The battle is over! Peace shall be great!

He gave the order – all action must stop!  
The venomous words made him think he's atop.

He made the decision without seeking advice  
And agreed to a truce unaware of the price.

Now of epic excitement Manas is the center –  
Soon Chong Beijing his army will enter!

The action is stopped – the order's pull back!  
They're all returning confused. What the heck?

A feast for his soldiers throws happy Manas.  
Lasting peace is upon us he thinks and trusts.

### **CHAPTER III – THE LAST REQUEST OF ALMAMBET**

In the midst of the battle was Almambet  
Destroying the foes... Now the news they'll regret.

Righteously angry under duty's call,  
He was driving the foes back to their Great Wall.

When he heard of the truce, in outrage he frowned.  
But he had to stop and he did turn around.

Resentment and anger mixed up: high and low...  
How was such mercy deserved by the foe?

The anger within did not let him calm down –  
How by Aikol was such thing allowed?

The knight's heart is boiling, with fury it's filled!  
Was just for nothing so much blood spilled?!

He could hardly control it. He was on the edge –  
Deep vexation was crushing his mind like a wedge.

Into the khan's quarters hardly breathing he dashed  
And in a rush he spoke... rather lashed.

Then he collected himself and he asked:  
“How could you agree?! Is there anything masked?

Why didn't you think what the truce would entail?!  
You've invited calamities. Now Kangai will prevail!

Our foes aren't simpletons – you're well aware.  
Now like a dragon they'll show us due care!

You shouldn't have neglected their strength and might,  
To certain death you have doomed every knight!

Tengir will punish you and us all...  
No time for a deep breath – so quickly we'll fall.

You have dug a deep pit for all of us.  
We've dug our own graves, dear Manas!

Why did you agree? Why did you make haste?!  
While we beat the enemy, while he was chased.

Here our men in huge numbers have fallen! Their  
sorrow and pain are around us like pollen.

No one can get our soldiers' lives back –  
To our sweet homeland they'll never be back.

What happened to you?! Like you it does not look!  
In fear they were fleeing... Now they're off the hook.

Intrepidity, wisdom – you've been famous for these!  
Now death will be brought to us by the Chinese.

In the foreign land all our fighters will die –  
A clear victory to ourselves we've denied!

My Aikol, you were blinded – the fog of the lies...  
To their loved ones our fighters won't say their good-byes!



For our weakness Tengir will punish us...  
Almost all Kyrgyz fighters will fall, my Manas!

Let's put up with it then – such must be our  
fate. We will have to eat from this bitter plate!

Manas, unknowingly you have just let  
The perfidious foe to the victory get!

The pain from our losses will be profuse –  
For so many brothers here we will lose!

But it looks like Tengir had decided for us –  
Fulfill my last request, my dear Manas!

If you get to return to our Ata-Jurt  
And breathe in the smoke of your native yurt,

And get to see Aruuke, my dear wife,  
Recall the request of your true friend for life.

In mutual loyalty you and I swore,  
To be together in peace and at war,

To keep no secrets, stay close to the grave –  
Such were the vows to each other we gave.

Yet there's one thing which secret I've kept –  
Aruuke asked me so, and I had to accept.

Please, forgive me, but now it is time to reveal. I  
will tell you, my friend, what I had to conceal.

While packing up for Chet Beijing campaign,  
I came back for something that at home remained.

There, Aruuke all in tears I caught  
And from her the reason for crying I sought.

I asked her with warmth and loving care –  
Her answer surprised me fair and square.

She answered looking me straight in the eye,  
With tears running down she said to me, I

May well be pregnant – that's what I feel.  
Since you have no time anyway, I'd conceal.

But I'd better break this news to you  
now. The heart of a tiger I want I avow.

Such are my cravings, toxemia's sign.  
This *talgak*<sup>1</sup> in my heart gives me fear inside,

For you'll leave for now, my Almambet,  
And I will have no one to tell or offset...

The heart of a tiger for me who'll attain?  
Please, bring it to me before your campaign!

Go to the forest with your tight bow – And  
what to bring me you very well know.

Tell nothing to no one is my other ask, –  
Aruuke felt at ease as she gave me task.

That night in the wood I took a tiger's life And  
brought his hot heart to my pregnant wife.

A few days later I was still unclear Why  
keep it all secret wanted my dear.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Talgak* [tal'ga:k] means cravings.

To this very day, I still don't know  
Why she didn't want anybody to know.

But now is the time that I tell you, my friend.  
My Manas, I am sure, will understand.

This is too important for me not to share.  
No matter the sex, the child will be my heir!

*Majit*<sup>1</sup> is my friend who remained in Talas.  
We'd shared a long journey on the life's path.

We grew up together, from China we fled.  
Together faced hardship, as one fought and bled.

May Aruuke marry Majit,  
And together a household may the two build.

And to my child Aruuke will give birth,  
Majit will make a father loyal and worth.

My name won't be forgotten if it's a son  
– May his life be happy and lit by the sun!

And if a girl will be sent through –  
I wish that all of her dreams come true!

Sacrifice forty mares if it's a girl.  
Say I left no son, but the most precious pearl.

My daughter will grow up and find her half –  
May her life be full! May she happily laugh!

Sacrifice ninety horses, if it's a boy.  
Throw a big feast for all to enjoy!

---

<sup>1</sup> *Majit* [Ma'djit].

Much wiser and braver will be *Kulchoro*<sup>1</sup> –  
He will be the best of the bravest choro!

And at knowing people my son will be good. I  
hope in everything he'll surpass me for good!

His knowledge will be wider and deeper,  
He will learn more about this world.

If he takes a handful of knights with him –  
He will glorify the campaign through his smarts and skills,

He will possess the strength of a large army  
And will always defeat the foes.

A small piece of coal makes a big fire –  
His name will throw the enemies in fever!

He will be implacable and ruthless,  
He will spare no enemy!

He will be prudent with secret foes –  
But he must be a reliable support to his people!

He must stick to his vows and promises,  
And he must justify the hopes of his nation!

He must love and protect his people!  
Almighty will help him on that path!

He must also respect his people –  
That is how I see my son. That is how he must be!

I want to see a better future for him,  
So he carries the name of “Kyrgyz” up high.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Kulchoro* [Kju:ltchp'ro].

Also, my dear Manas, I want you to listen to me,  
Because this is our last conversation.

I am sharing my innermost with you at last,  
Forgive me if I was ever impudent with you,

If I overlooked something and made mistakes,  
If in arguments I was inflexible,

If sometimes I was impolite and coarse –  
Please, be magnanimous and forgive me, if I was wrong!

But I want you to know and believe me that I am as clean in front  
of you  
As the body of a white cloud.

My heart has always been open to you –  
You and I, we are bound by the same fate!

Also, I want to tell you something else.  
You were not aware of that, but you must know it.

When we triumphantly entered Chet Beijing,  
We put up to the throne at once.

At that moment, I decided to see my native places,  
Where I was born and spent my childhood.

I was overwhelmed by the wave of nostalgia,  
As I saw my native country.

But instead of my house, I saw ruins –  
My heart trembled from that scene.

Bitterness and pain – all emotions got mixed up,  
I felt anguish and sadness.

Bitter tears were flowing non-stop,  
I had a lump in the throat, flat and anguished...

And then the voice of my mother *Altynai*<sup>1</sup> sounded in my  
head, It told me quietly and calmly:

- My colt, my dear son,  
You will come back here with an undefeated knight

And instead of our native house,  
You will see the ruins and ashes.

You will meet him in a faraway country,  
When the time comes.

Now that knight is getting mature,  
He will be the strongest like the wolf *Kokjal*.

The knight was born at the prayers of his people  
– He came to this world with a special mission.

A prayer begged him out from the skies,  
So he could save that people from oblivion.

Just as you, he was born from the ray of the skies.  
And just as you, he was begged out by the prayer of his mother.

You are alike – the fate will bring you together,  
Your linkage will be the people.

He is the reliable support and protection to his  
nation, He will unite the divided tribes and clans.

He will bring them together in the name of the Motherland  
– That is the mission of his life.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Altynai* [Alti:’nai]– a female name. Literally it means ‘golden moon’.

Do not stay here for a long time, move forward to meet him...  
Both of you are the knights marked by Tengir!

Now I will tell you about my ill-starred father –  
Once he told me this story himself.

From the same people as the knight Kokjal,  
He lost his parents and became an orphan early in his life.

My ill-starred father saw so many miseries –  
As a child he was captured by the Kalmak people.

They took him away from his native land,  
He never looked up from his work as a work-hand since childhood.

He was presented as a gift to a childless rich man –  
As part of the capture, he was named *Soorunduk*<sup>1</sup>.

He was adopted by the wise man.  
He was very homesick and felt anguish.

Soorunduk grew up and got married. I was born –  
And I had the blood of my ill-starred father.

You were presented to me from the heavenly ray –  
The gift of Tengir. You were conceived of the ray of the skies.

My father always prayed to Tengir  
So he would send you to this world.

You have my blood and your grandfather's –  
You will get to drink from the cup of sorrow.

But, my dear colt, you will meet your father on this earth  
A fearless, valiant hero, great fighter.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Soorunduk* [Soorun'du:k].

You will find Aikol Manas, the chosen man of the skies,  
You will join the people of your grandfather and share the destiny of  
Manas.

Be a twin brother to Manas –  
Remember, both of you were sent by Father Tengir!

Be a flag to Aikol and his gift from heavens.  
Be worthy of the honor you have!

Become one with Manas and his nation,  
May your name be glorified for the righteous deeds!

Always be prudent and ready –  
There will be many tests on your path.

Endure all insults and humiliation –  
Remember, your weapon is patience.

If they call you a Chinese slave – stay humble,  
Stay prudent – better fight your anger inside!

Remember, you were born with a special mission –  
So, be patient, endure even if your path starts with humiliation!

The price of our suffering is high,  
One day you will take avenge for us fully.

Therefore, my son, listen carefully –  
You must meet Aikol for sure!

When you come back and see the ruins and the cold hearth here  
– The enemy will have ruthlessly demolished everything.

You will see a chinara and, if it is in bloom,  
You will escape the troubles.



It is under that chinar that you saw light for the first  
time It is like a sign, a symbol, my son Almambet.

However, if the chinar lies dry on the ground,  
That sign means it is a God's punishment.

It would mean that your fate will be cut short  
And a sad outcome would await you,

And that many warriors would fall on the battlefield –  
Ill fate – that would be your dealing...

Most of noblemen will fall asleep here  
forever, The death will seal their lives.

But then, my son, look at the root –  
You might see a green sprout there.

If the green sprout breaks through,  
Then your stock would not be lost.

And if that is the case – it is the sign of happiness.  
You will leave offspring after you, who will be your part.

You will have a son just like you –  
May his dreams come true! –

So, I remembered all of that, when I was there,  
I wish it were different ...

But the dry chinar was on the ground –  
So hard times are coming our way...

I immersed in my thoughts and forgot everything.  
When I got back to my senses, I screamed of despair.

I saw Syrgak – he was near me,  
While I was as if I just returned from hell,

As if I just got out into the light from  
darkness. I made a prayer to my family.

Then we passed our hands down our faces  
And stood in mournful and solemn silence.

Having paid homage of silence to the  
deceased, Syrgak and I turned our horses back.

The words of my mother came true,  
It must have been a test of fate.

Very soon my business will be over –  
These developments will come to an end.

Look, the countless troops are already closing in  
– The end of the valiant knights is near...

But the scariest thing if the “perfect service” shooter  
– All of us will be taught a cruel lesson!

I will tell you about him in detail –  
Regrettably, with a sorrowful feeling.

During his entire life, he has never missed a single time.  
For that he is legendary for the sharpness of his eyes.

In a fight, he will shoot down anybody –  
He is like a walking death.

We have known each other since childhood,  
We studied together in the secret school.

*Ajaiyp*<sup>1</sup> is the name of that secret school.  
It is located in a remote area.

There is the range *Suuk-Tor*<sup>2</sup> there –  
A range of very high mountains stretches over there.

A salt water lake is there among the mountains  
– It attracts the eye for its beauty.

A dragon lives at the bottom of that lake –  
Nobody can pass by it alive.

There is a cave in the rock not far from the lake –  
It is not easy to get to that cave for the mere mortals.

The dragon will not let strangers in –  
The law of these mountains is stern towards the brave ones.

The gates to the cave are rarely open –  
Many people wanted to get in there believing

That they would manage to study in that school  
And learn mysticism and magic and all.

There are so many mysteries and secrets in that cave  
That the number of the willing ones did not diminish.

The chosen ones are taught the sacral knowledge,  
They are initiated into the art of military science.

The “perfect service” shooter and I were taught all that –  
Many mysteries and secrets were revealed to us.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Ajaiyp* [Adja'i:p] means beautiful.

<sup>2</sup> *Suuk-Tor* [Su:'u:k Tor] literally, 'cold – honorable place'.

There is a special book in the secret room –  
It contains the knowledge of the entire Universe.

“*Bichik*”<sup>1</sup> is the name of the book –  
One can learn from it what had happened before,

What would be and what is now,  
And what is happening at a certain hour.

Only the initiated ones get to read it –  
The lamas and monks can do.

Not all of them, only the select, worthy ones  
– Each one of them is a flawless fighter.

The book is kept in the strictest secret – Which  
is no wonder as the knowledge is sacral.

The pages of the book contain descriptions of  
everything This earth and its creation,

The death and natural phenomena,  
The life and destruction,

This planet and the Universe,  
Everything that exists in this perishable world.

The Chinese called it different names,  
But the essence is single – it was used

To learn what had happened, what is and what would be  
– What mere mortals cannot know.

“Ba-Gua”, “Zhouyi”, “I Ching” –  
The names differ, but the meaning is the same.

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<sup>1</sup> “*Bichik*” [Bi'tchik].

Simply put, it is the Book of Changes –  
The entire chronicles are in it. The world is not perishable for it.

If a chosen one is born somewhere,  
His name emerges and the answer where to find him is given.

Those guarding the book look for him,  
They bring him to the cave and start teaching him.

First they look for him, then they find him,  
Then they bring him, at times against his will.

And if he refuses for whatever reason,  
The only outcome for the chosen one is death.

It happens at times that the marked one lives far away –  
It is difficult to find him for lamas.

But even in such rare cases,  
He is looked for and found and taught everything.

Not everyone passes the tests at the school,  
One must withstand the suffering and beyond...

But the results way surpass the expectations –  
The tutelage is done by the true masters of knowledge.

No one will ever learn their names –  
Their location is kept secret.

They are called “perfect service” –  
And patiently wait for the day they have to apply their knowledge.

The “perfect service” shooter who is coming here  
Is an alumnus of that school – I am personally familiar with him.

I studied with him in Suuk-Tor –  
Compared to him, I am weaker than him in the military arts.

I cannot be even compared to him –  
He studied six months longer than me.

I only mastered the ways overland,  
Whereas he mastered the secrets of levitation –

He is a flawless expert of military science –  
There is no more skillful master than him in the world.

He can make gear and outfit out of anything  
– His camouflage mimics the nature itself.

In accordance with the conditions of the area and  
terrain, He is stealth at any time of year.

His figure can never be seen  
In the area of military action.

He has not missed in his life yet –  
He has always hit the target precisely and sharply.

He is an unmatched archer –  
His arrow hits right in the point in between the eyes.

The Chinese call that point Xiang-Zhu –  
If you press it with a finger, it feels like knife.

Like a bullet, it may kill the person –  
The death will happen immediately.

*Xi-Bai* is the name of the “perfect service”  
shooter. Certain targets are just too small him.

He only targets that point,  
His arrow or bullet hits in between the eyes right in Xiang-Zhu.

The name Xi-Bai has been long forgotten,  
He has been called Xiang-Zhu – which makes no difference.

In Kyrgyz, it would be “*Kozgo atar*”<sup>1</sup>,  
A close meaning would be “Hitting right in the eye”.

I will tell you a just little bit more  
About the “perfect service” shooter Xiang-Zhu...

Hu must serve the emperor,  
But he was sick of being dependent.

He was affected by some unclear developments  
And suddenly developed vitiligo.

The emperor sent him to an island  
And sent healers to him.

They treated him for six long years.  
He must have recovered if he is out.

Otherwise, he would not have been called on to  
war. Otherwise, he would not have been bothered.

So, now the “perfect service” shooter is in  
action, Which is just ill fate for us.

Also, he has personal vengeance with me –  
He will dismantle my valor and honor.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Kozgo atar* [Kozgo A'ta:r] means ‘shooting in the eye’.

During our last battle near *Tuura-Suu*<sup>1</sup>,  
I dealt a deadly blow to *Zhoi-Hu*, his father.

His father was a fearless fighter –  
The vengeance of Xiang-Zhu will be horrid to us.

My Aikol, swear to me now  
That this time around you will follow my advice.

That in no way – under no excuse,  
Irrespective of the circumstances, neither upon call nor upon duty –

Will you descend from Tal-Choku.  
Only then I will be able to leave you with a calm heart and mind.

Manas, promise to me now  
That you will fulfill my request precisely.

Guide us through your liaison,  
But do remain on the rock, on its rear side.

Observe the battle from the top,  
Send your liaison to provide your guidance.

At least one of us must survive  
And return home alive!

The wound you had will have its consequences –  
It will still bring a lot of troubles.

We have run out of the medicinal herbs,  
Absent are powders and healing ointments.

Please, understand that you are too valuable and dear for all of  
us. The path of your life must be long!

---

<sup>1</sup> *Tuura-Suu* [Tu:ra: Su:u:] means ‘right river’.



Look, Manas, I am telling you from the bottom of my heart –  
You are the chosen one under the will of Almighty.

If you return back to our Fatherland,  
The lives of our next generations will be saved.

Our people will not get extinct –  
You will turn around the run history.

You have been given a heavenly order  
To become a blessing for your nation.

You are its soul and support!  
Preserve the land of our ancestors and the eternal mountains!

Manas, you have been chosen by Higher Forces,  
So the Kyrgyz people can revive with you,

So they can grew strong with you –  
So do fulfill what has been pre-ordained by the fate!

Preserve our people, offspring will survive,  
And the next generations will glorify you forever!

The name of Manas will be remembered throughout the  
centuries, So it will be! Well, as for now...

I ask you once again not to descend from Tal-  
Choku And stay on the top like our banner!

If you do not listen to me this time,  
Aikol, my Manas, you will surely die.

Then your nation will be finished  
And the Kyrgyz people will be gone into oblivion.

There is no better joy for the enemies  
Than to cover you with the dust of oblivion.

Your nation will disappear in the millstones of war –  
The mothers, wives and sons will all be gone.

The name “Kyrgyz” will be forgotten  
And covered under the dust of millennia.

Your people will scatter around the world –  
Remember, how long you collected those nomads to bring them  
together?

My fate has already been pre-ordained –  
I will fall from Xi Bai’s arrow.

My soul mate, the fate is dealing us a separation,  
But we will meet again on the Judgment Day.

*Tangmakshar*<sup>1</sup> will bring us together again –  
It will unite us in the other world.

Ensure the enemies will never get hold of my buddy-  
body For they will want to defile and torture it.

Load my buddy-body onto Sarala –  
He will bravely take it to a place in *Chech-Dobo*<sup>2</sup>.

Bury it there,  
So I can find my eternal peace there.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Tangmakshar* [Taŋma'kshar] the dawn of the Judgment Day. Literally, ‘tang + Makshar’ means ‘dawn of Makshar’. *Makshar* is the name of the flat field made up of the sand into which all of the earth’s mountains and land will turn on the Judgment Day. It is on Makshar where all the offspring of Adam and Eve, both dead and alive, will meet and line up on the Judgment Day.

<sup>2</sup> *Chech-Dobo* [Tchetʃ-Də'bə] a place in At-Bashy district of Kyrgyzstan.

Look, the enemies are closing in –  
It is time for their decisive attack.”

Almambet finished his farewell speech And,  
very emotional, was looking at Manas.

Aikol Manas looked at the fighters,  
Tears were running down his face.

He said to Almambet quietly and with sadness  
– His chest was full of emotions:

“Almambet, you are a gift of Tengir for me!  
I have heard you and I will fulfill your request.

I promise you not to descend from the rock Tal-Choku, I  
will be able to give commands through liaison Shuutu.

I also have something to say to you.  
Now, dear friend, please, listen to me.

Do not make me upset so much –  
Do not cover the future with dusty darkness.

When I came to the black rock for the first time,  
I heard the unknown Voice from nowhere.

What I heard then is the same  
What you had heard from your mother.

Both omens complement each other –  
Our parting has been pre-ordained.

The presages were not in our favor –  
The luck has avoided us.

The water did not jet in a fountain from the crevice in the rock  
And the chinar has dried – so our chances are small.

We mortals are clueless about God's intentions –  
It just comes given from above. That is how it must be.

The will of Almighty is unshakeable –  
We must put up with it and humbly wait.

Hence, such had been pre-ordained in advance,  
But we have tried and made our efforts.

Only what must be will happen to us –  
We cannot alter our fate.

Nothing will change, there are no such forces,  
There is no man who could change everything.

My fearless lion Almambet,  
My light, hold no offence against me and go fight.

My soul mate, my dear friend,  
We will meet with you at Tangmakshar.

I will not descend from the rock, I promise.”  
Then, they hugged each other farewell.

Aikol was not holding up his emotions,  
He was in tears as he was saying his parting words of encouragement.

There are no words that could describe what he felt in his  
heart, One cannot show all the pain inside.

Two friends were standing hugging each other like brothers,  
Both knew that one of them would lose the other soon.

They tried to remember the smell of each other –  
Two loyal friends, Almambet and Manas.

Manas sent Almambet to the battle,  
Having promised him to fulfill his requests.

His heart was aching in pain,  
As Manas was looking as his fighters were leaving to fight.

He had a silent scream of despair stuck in his throat –  
He might be seeing his warriors for the last time...

That was the beginning of the Great Campaign battle –  
It was hell on the field.

The Great Campaign made its mark in the history, The  
nation of the Kyrgyz has lived to the present day.

A bloody massacre has begun on the field –  
Sadness and pain were filling the heart of Aikol.

His soul was burning like in hell,  
His heart was aching from sadness.

Tears were washing the face of Manas –  
He will never see again many of his fighters...

All of his life has passed in his mind –  
The events that had preceded the battle...

With a war cry “Khan Manas!” Almambet dashed into the  
battle Leading his brave warriors.

Brave and fearless, they were riding straight at the  
enemy Driven by the confidence in their righteousness.

Manas followed Almambet with his eyes for a long  
time Regretting about a lot at that moment...

Manas will not see his brother again,  
Almambet is ready to spill his blood for him...

Life is deceptive like a mirage in the desert –  
So short, yet looks so long.

This world is fragile and unreliable –  
It is very difficult to trust people.

Everything is fast-flowing in the perishable world  
– People living here are like prisoners...

He won't be able to share with Almambet his joy or sorrow – They  
have been together for so short – such is the will of heaven.

His tears did not stop for a second –  
Khan Er Manas was in very sad and desperate.

His heart was full of sorrow for their parting,  
He soul was in anguish and torment.

He remembered the people and events  
Connected together by the thread of fate.

He recalled how Almambet appeared in his life –  
From the outset they had been tied by the order of Tengir.

They made their first cry on earth together –  
They were born at the same hour, at the same moment.

Both were begged out by their mothers  
For only one mission – to protect and preserve their mission.

The only difference was in that they were born in different places,  
Different areas and different conditions.

Manas was born in the horde of the Kyrgyz khan,  
Whereas Almambet was born in the heart of the enemy's stan.

Poor mother begged out a baby –  
Higher Forces sent her Manas.

*Batmazuura*<sup>1</sup>, Aikol's mother  
Got over the will of heaven.

Her husband *Chyirdy*<sup>2</sup> heroically died –  
An unexpected turn of the destiny.

She took her husband's name,  
She called herself Chyir dy.

The people preserve the ancient custom  
To ensure the clan is not left without the head.

The widow married her younger brother-in-law  
*Jakyp*<sup>3</sup> – the clan got the head now.

The angel *Nurperi*<sup>4</sup> gave them happiness:  
Altynai got Almambet, a gift of heaven.

Altynai fearlessly came to the palace  
And got the attention of the emperor in China.

The labors of both mothers were similar –  
So were their goals.

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<sup>1</sup> *Batmazuura* [Batmazu:u:'ra].

<sup>2</sup> *Chyirdy* [Tjui:ii:r'di:].

<sup>3</sup> *Jakyp* [Dja'kI;p].

<sup>4</sup> *Nurperi* [Nurpe'ri], literally 'nur + peri' means 'ray + fair'.

The fate was not very kind to them,  
But they both regarded their sons as heroes.

The goal of the mothers were high –  
May the names of their children be remembered throughout  
the centuries!

They were dealt an uneasy and challenging time  
To carry a heavy burden on children's shoulders.

May they become the heroes of their nation,  
May they realize their responsibility early!

May they unite their nomad nation,  
May one of them become its khan – head!

May the other one be his shadow, his twin –  
A loyal friend and a valiant general.

Each mother was dreaming that her son  
Would protect their home and their Homeland

To avoid attacks of the enemies  
And preserve the nation – such was their goal.

They knew how to read the omens-signs  
So they knew in advance what to expect.

Both women had a gift of heavens  
And received presages in a timely manner.

They both knew their past very well.  
Each of them had personal merits.

They were firm in their intentions  
And determined in their decisions.



Both mothers of the knights looked alike  
And both were humble in Almighty's eyes.

Almambet and Manas became like twins  
And support to each other in the decisive hour.

The thoughts of Manas took him to the past,  
When the seed of their friendship was planted.

He recalled how he had learned about their meeting –  
Far in advance of it, he had a prophetic dream...

In it, Manas was standing on the high hill  
As if waiting for someone.

Somehow there is no one around  
To the left or to the right. It is very quiet.

He cannot understand where everybody is:  
The knights, archers and snipers, all the noblemen?

The wind is caressing his face  
Providing a tender freshness.

Manas is breathing in the freshness of the wind  
And enjoying the scenery of nature.

A gorge is displaying all of its colors in front of him  
– He is inspired by the rich, juicy colors.

These bright colors seem to create an aroma around  
And attract the eyes.

The surprised man is delighted –  
The nature is picturesque! What a solemn scene!

It is shining and sparkling and filling with beauty  
– The delighted man is charmed and enchanted.

Suddenly, an eagle of indescribable beauty  
Landed on the right shoulder of the knight.

The bird pleasantly screamed  
And attracted the knight –

On one of its legs there was a broken lace  
As if the bird has recently plucked it.

There was a gold chain on its back talon  
With a small bell on the end.

It rings when the bird moves  
And the sound of it is loud and pure.

And the look! The eyes of the bird are deep and clear,  
Pure like a crystal and beautiful.

The bird is looking at him as if it is about to  
speak, As if it keeps a secret in its heart.

It is full of sadness and sorrow,  
Its soul is full of anguish.

The heart of Manas ached in pain –  
He started crying and tending the eagle.

He patted the bird with a heartfelt warmth, As  
if it was not a bird, but a soul mate friend.

And he asked the bird as if it was his relative:  
“My soul mate, what stands in the way of your happiness?”

Where are you from? And why are you here?  
Tell me your story openly – I am all ears.

Why did you break the chains?  
Upon whose calling have you flown here?

Why did you break out from your cage?  
Who put all these marks on you?”

A sharp scream deafened the surroundings – The  
bird flew up and started circling in the sky.

It was soaring freely, with ease  
And its screaming was heard very far!

The echo picked it up and repeated –  
Trembling from the sound, mighty rocks tumbled down.

It compressed as if into a fist and dashed down like a stone  
– It behaved as if it was not a bird at all.

It started killing mountain rams and goats  
Deafening the animals with its sharp scream.

The eagle started hunting down the lions,  
Tigers, wolves and wild boars.

The mountains and rocks are not a barrier for the bird –  
It is hunting with zeal and fury.

In fear, all animals are running together in one  
flow, Mixed up as they run afraid of being killed.

Among them are lions and tigers, mountain rams and goats,  
Predators and wild animals.

They were unable to hide away from the eagle  
– The brave bird caught them all.

Then it brought its prey to Manas,  
Shook itself and adjusted and tidied its wings and feathers.

The bird looked serious and strict –  
It brought all its prey and put it in front of Manas.

Suddenly people appeared from somewhere.  
Everyone was astonished at the deed of the eagle.

The people were throwing their hats up high and  
far, While the eagle was circling up in the sky.

Nobody knew to whom it might respond,  
But everyone was calling up and beckoning to the bird.

The eagle chose Bakai and landed on his arm.  
Bakai patted the bird and put a silver chain on it.

Then he handed the bird to Manas saying  
“This gift of Tengir is for you!” The fate was kind.

That’s where the dream stopped...  
Manas woke up. Was it for real or just a vision?

He did not get to watch to the end his dream-fairy tale  
– Everything was so vivid, in color and felt real.

He did not get the full flavor of it,  
Something made him get up, while he was still sleepy.

He jumped up sharply, gathered his friends  
And invited khan Bakai and his knights.

Everyone met on the hill Jyiyn-Dong<sup>1</sup>.  
Manas told them, based on his dream:

“Today I had a prophetic dream.  
Good omens are teasing my heart.

May the clairvoyant ayars tell me  
What I should expect from “the gift of Tengir”?

I will make a sacrifice for my dream  
And will provide a great feast for all.

Should my dream come true – we will see have grace.  
I want what I saw to come true.”

Kanykei invited everyone to take part in the feast  
And presented the guests with valuable gifts and decorations.

Manas told his dream as he saw it –  
Everyone heard it, but no one spoke up.

During the meal, Manas waited for an explanation,  
But nobody from the guests provided one.

Then Manas expressed his opinion  
And shared his thoughts:

“Our people have a belief that  
When a man has tamed his luck, heaven sends him prophetic dreams.

I explain my dream as follows –  
It is a good omen for all of us.

A brave and wise warrior will come to us from far away –  
His past life had not been easy.

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<sup>1</sup> *Jyiyn-Dong* [Djii:n-Don] literally ‘*Meeting + Hill*’.

He will become a reliable support to me  
And “the gift of Tengir” for all in our stan.

His help and advice will be most valuable,  
We will achieve a lot with him in this world.

We will defeat all of our enemies and make them kneel down  
– My dream will come true under the will of destiny.

Our treasury will be full of riches,  
Our *dastorkons*<sup>1</sup> will be full of food.

Our possessions will expand from west to east –  
May Tengir’s ruling come true!

I am praying to Tengir to send us the hero –  
We will all stand behind him like a mountain.

I am warning you all in advance –  
His life used to be in the chains before.

Watch your mouths not to release an insolent  
word, Don’t you dare call our dear guest a “slave”!

We will welcome him with the highest of honors  
And we’ll show him our deepest respect.

We will not be together for a long time –  
The call of duty will set us apart.

I am wishing that the eagle from my dream,  
The one that landed on my right shoulder, flew to us sooner.

I am wishing that this knight came to us sooner  
– He deserves the best in this world.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Dastorkon* [dastar’kon] a tablecloth/table with food.

My people, give me your blessing –  
May the warrior from my dream come to us!

Give me your bata – blessing!  
May the omen come true!”

\* \* \*

Sometime after that, that dream came true –  
Almambet showed up in the stan of Manas.

Like the eagle he flew from far away –  
Brave, courageous and valiant.

He truly became the Gift of Tengir to the nation  
Not sparing his life to protect it.

He became a twin brother to Manas,  
His most fearless fighter.

Manas valued him ever so highly and considered him to be his part,  
He gave him power and made him his right hand.

He listened to his wise advices  
And always appreciated Almambet.

\* \* \*

Manas is standing on the top of Tal-Choku –  
His heart is aching from past thoughts.

His thoughts are taking him to the past  
And he hears the voice of his mother.

She is rocking a *beshek*<sup>1</sup> – infant Aikol is in it.  
He is absorbing the pain of his mother.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Beshik* [be'shik] a cradle.

A lullaby is coming out of his mother's lips  
Showing the range of inner emotions to the baby.

The mother's voice is tender. She is quietly singing  
About her expectations of her son,

How she sees him as a grown-up man –  
A dignified, valiant, brave and strong knight.

Through her song, she is wishing him  
The very best. She feels that

Her son will encounter many worries and troubles  
– May the very God Tengir himself protect him!

In his memories, Manas hears his mother's voice  
– He is breathing deeply and frequently.

The lines of her song are full of love and pain,  
She is singing her dedication and wishes to son Aikol:

“My foal, be worthwhile,  
Comprehend the deep meaning of my words.

Lead the caravan entrusted to you,  
Protect the stan of your people from attacks.

Be shrewd and very prudent,  
Do not give in to false flattery.

The life of your ancestors was very complex,  
You must be worthy of their memories.

You are a descendant of the forty nomad tribes,  
But the enemy has erased their names into dust



He deprived them of their lands, cruelly annihilated  
And let a handful of them wander the world at destiny's will.

Once it was a great nation –  
But it could not defeat the enemy.

Only a handful of the forty tribes  
Scattered around in the land of foreign cities.

That handful of people was dispersing in unknown lands,  
The people were disappearing. Now, listen to me.

My foal, you will grow into a knight.  
You will collect your dispersed people from the world's farthest  
corners.

Tangle and tie together the broken threads into a strong knot,  
Interweave the tribes together into a single tapestry they once were.

Fearlessly look the very death in the eye –  
We cannot live otherwise.

My foal, you were born at the will of Tengir.  
Always be an unsurpassed hero!

Take avenge for all our ordeal and suffering.  
Rid your people of bitter ordeals!

Tie together the broken threads into a knot –  
Collect the remainder of the forty nomad tribes!"

Manas remembered that song –  
He could still hear the words of his mother.

\* \* \*

Now a different picture he sees in his mind –  
The story of Almambet, bitter and long.

The dream with the eagle did not come true at once  
– Manas was in anguish in vain.

But he did not allow his doubts to take over –  
He believed the great knight would eventually come to Aikol!

The news brought by couriers did not make him feel better,  
When they arrived from different corners of the world.

His people were watching the surrounding  
areas, Eager to see the knight from the dream.

Manas turned to Bakai to share his opinion.  
He suggested the following:

“We will meet him as if by accident while hunting,  
We will welcome him with our hearts open wide.

So everything would seem natural to him –  
Hunting hounds and birds all on the go.

From the bottoms of our hearts we will welcome him  
And seal our friendship with the seal of Tengir.

Do you agree with me, Bakai-*aba*<sup>1</sup>?  
Tell me what you think. Give me your advice.”

The suggestion was taken well, people got on  
it. Inspired, they all hit the road.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Aba* [A'baa a respectful address to a man one's senior.

They had hunting hounds and birds with them, The  
knights are riding. Everyone is looking happy.

Manas and his entourage – forty choro  
Are riding all secretly cherishing a hope

To run into the fugitives,  
So they could all meet on the road,

And that the foreigners would feel their cordiality and  
warm welcome  
And that they would not feel indifferent.

They will need to help the foreigners  
Forget their troubles, and to plant a seed of trust in their hearts.

A rich, silk marquee is put up –  
Manas is preparing to welcome his brother here.

Several days have passed –  
It was a new moon, now the moon is full.

Everyone is tired of the useless waiting –  
This search has exhausted them.

Suddenly Aikol felt desperate –  
His thoughts are chaotically riding – how longer to wait?

Bakai turned to him with a suggestion:  
“Sher Aikol, I think I may have a solution.

Take my advice and accept the suggestion –  
Let’s divide the entourage into three groups.

The first one will stay here,  
The second one will come with you.

The third one I will take with me to river *Ile*<sup>1</sup> -  
Let's explore the route traveling light.

Check out the entire area *Sary-Arka*<sup>2</sup> -  
Trust me, Manas, it would be better.

If the knights come straight at us,  
They will see the marquee and approach it.

They will be welcomed and treated nicely with respect  
- All of us will be informed to our joy.

We have just heard -  
Prepare your ears for unpleasant news.

Two strangers were visiting khan *Aidar*<sup>3</sup>  
And the hosts made an incorrect move.

Aidar-khan is stingy and so is his son *Kokcho*<sup>4</sup> -  
They offended the warriors by not showing them respect.

They could not find a common language with the strangers  
- Those looked offended by fate and had to leave.

My guess is they did not welcome them well  
Not recognizing the foreigners were their own.

They treated them like strangers and outsiders  
And considered them to be redundant in their tribe.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Ile* [I'le].

<sup>2</sup> *Sary-Arka* [Sari:-Ar'ka] the area of steppes above the Lake Balkhash-Aral Sea line. Literally it means 'Yellow + Back'.

<sup>3</sup> *Aidar* [Ai'dar].

<sup>4</sup> *Kokcho* [Kok'tcho].

What they had captured and brought with them  
Was divided within the horde.

The division was unequal, unfair – that offended  
them, And they left bravely and abruptly.

That is what I heard and that's how I understand  
it. We must find the knights! Mount now!

They meet the descriptions precisely.  
We must urgently soothe the offence.

Look around with great attention,  
It is imperative that we meet them!

Check all routes leading to *Bukhar*<sup>1</sup>!  
We might meet them or others might...

If I am lucky and if I see them,  
I will welcome them warmly and will not offend them.

I will find the right words to say to them  
And will soothe their sadness with my welcome!"

Bakai, Syrgak and ten knights together  
Hit the road towards the city of Bukhar.

\* \* \*

Manas was deep in his past memories  
As if everything was happening right this moment.

But in fact he is standing on the top of Tal-Choku  
And the stone stronghold is keeping him safe.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Bukhar* [Bu'ka:r] city of Bukhara.

Almambet is in the middle of the cruel battle...  
What a pity that their path with Manas has been short!

Aikol's thoughts took him back to the past again  
– He hears the voice so dear to him...

He heard the voice of Almambet,  
Whose image was standing in front of him like a colossus.

## **CHAPTER IV – THE MEMORIES OF ALMAMBET**

Unable to withstand the offence,  
I decided to disappear.

In the tribe, where we found refuge,  
We did not find cordiality and comfort.

It is not their fault  
They did not accept me – I am a stranger.

Intrigues were skillfully weaved around us –  
We bravely left without justifications.

Kokcho did not regard us as their brothers  
And we did not fit well with his noblemen.

Offence and anger were boiling inside –  
The envious people are crafty and very sly.

They accused me of something I did not do,  
But it is not for the slanderers that I had crossed vast distances.

My thoughts were dragging me into the darkness – It  
would have been difficult for me, had I been alone.

But Majit is next to me and we rushed away  
To hit the unknown road yet again.

From Sary-Arka we got to Bukhar.  
What is waiting for us? We had no clue.

We found a lodging for the night and slept fast  
– The long road made us very tired.

When we woke up in the morning, I took an ablution  
And prayed to Tengir asking for his blessing.

I asked him: “Please, hear me prayer and give me  
direction, So I can fulfill your command.

I want to find the one with whom I am destined  
To unite the nation and to fulfill what has been pre-ordained.”

And then unable to withstand the suffering, I started crying  
– My heart was bleeding tired of anguish.

I cried for a while and got carried away –  
I immersed into the past memories.

I was devastated, but the tears helped  
And I felt much easier.

I experienced a lot of humiliation in captivity,  
I had learned the bitterness of life quite early.

I remembered everything – my wounds opened  
up, And my heart was tired of suffering.

I prayed to Tengir again,  
And I got grace land on me from the sky.

I woke up Majit, we ate a bit  
And hit the road – our destiny was leading us.



Right before the gates of Bukhar  
A stranger stopped us – he was very happy to see us.

He greeted us and was very polite  
As if from a fairy tale – we were very surprised.

We met the wise Bakai-aba –  
He had been looking for me, it was my fate.

His beard was black like coal –  
His respectful years fit him well and were his decoration.

He had a mole above the lips and he had a high forehead.  
He was wise and responsive and had an open and generous heart.

His eyes were clear and deep like two lakes,  
Penetrating and thoughtful. He had a very decorous appearance.

He was very well and luxuriously dressed  
And had a natural stately presence.

A notable headdress fits him nicely –  
It is made of fur of a blue lynx.

He produces the words that are like honey –  
His eloquence sets our hearts easy.

He holds the depths of wisdom  
And generously shares his warmth and kindness.

He is polite, courteous and organized –  
His clothes always match.

His *kementai*<sup>1</sup> is made of camel wool,  
When in his armor he looks like a strong knight.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Kementai* [kemen'tai] a wide oriental robe.

He represents two hypostases –  
A warrior and a sage. And he is beautiful in both.

His horse *Kok-Buudan*<sup>1</sup> is like a mountain ram. He also matches  
his rider –  
Everything the wise man possessed fit him so well!

He has a steel mace in leather scabbard,  
Whereas behind his shoulders he's got glory and great deeds.

Bakai-aba is known as clairvoyant –  
He knows what was in the past and what the future holds.

It was easy for us to understand at once –  
The chosen was in front of us, the noblest of the nomads.

We were taken aback by his attention to us  
And we were surprised by his confession.

Bakai-aba firmly shook my hand  
And started his speech. I had been waiting for such words all my  
life.

“We have been sent to you with a warm welcome –  
Accept our proposal and let us know your response.

We have an assignment from Sher Manas.  
We missed each other – the play of the circumstances.

You are depressed and in low spirits...  
Let's talk, my unsurpassed Sher.

Our knight Aikol has been waiting for you for a while now,  
His heart is full of anguish and pain.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Kok-Buudan* [Kok-Bu:u:'dan] literally 'Made of Blue Steam'.

I have an important message for you –  
You must decide something for yourself.

The nation had begged out Manas from heaven for salvage  
His mission is the unification of the tribes.

*Kurama*<sup>1</sup> collected from the scattered clans  
Vowed their loyalty to the khan –he had brought them all together.

The lands of Manas are like paradise –  
There's no better place in the world!

His wife Kanykei is wise –  
She respects the people and is kind with everyone.

Her wisdom knows no limits –  
It is like an ocean. She truly cares for all.

She keeps the extended families and relatives  
United and friendly through a wise word and understanding.

She can tie together the broken threads  
And she is planting the seeds of kindness in the nation.

She is respectful towards old and young –  
She brings people closer together through the warmth of her heart.

She has hands of gold, very gifted in fancywork –  
She is a wizard and is always working hard.

She in beyond comparison at what she does,  
And she is always ready to help a person in trouble.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Kurama* [kura'ma] literally collected, combined or assembled.

She is a gift of Tengir to Manas –  
She will cordially accept and welcome you with the respect you  
deserve.

She will always be respectful towards you,  
I hope you will make the right decision.

For you are a twin of our Aikol.  
And it is your destiny to share his path!

I vouch for my daughter-in-law – she will welcome  
you Like a dear guest and her only brother!

I will say no more. Just follow me –  
You will see our homeland yourself!

The nation is waiting for you and will be happy to welcome you.  
Trust me and let's go with us, brother!"

\* \* \*

Kanykei was working hard –  
The grace of Tengir poured down to the nation.

The man from the dream has come at last –  
Spring came to the heart of Manas.

She put up a white yurt on *Jaiyk-Dong*<sup>1</sup>,  
On top of the hill like a decoration of the slope.

The yurt was shining in its whiteness –  
It was blinding people with its beauty.

She prepared it herself working hard –  
And that was quite a laborious effort!

---

<sup>1</sup> *Jaiyk-Dong* [Djii:k-Don] – literally 'wide hill'.

She tried really hard to surprise Manas  
And to ensure the guest would live in the best yurt.

Her fingers are pricked all over and her eyes hurt,  
But the yurt is ready – Manas will be happy!

She is very happy – the work has paid off!  
The snow-white yurt stands high and beautiful.

She has worked on every single detail –  
And everything turned out just as she wanted!

She weaved the walls that go around the yurt of Chee grass  
And decorated them with colorful ornaments.

She put a luxurious *Kokon*<sup>1</sup> rug on the floor  
And filled the yurt with expensive things.

There is a special honorable place in every yurt  
For guest or senior person – by seating a person there the Kyrgyz  
show their respect.

It is known as “*Tor*”<sup>2</sup> –  
The most deserving ones are invited to seat there.

Here she put a bear fell –  
The dark fur is shining there.

Round pillows are here for under the elbows and behind the back,  
A snow-white and soft sheepskin is near.

She put horse harness on the racks –  
The yurt is furnished so very well!

---

<sup>1</sup> *Kokon* [Ko'kon] city of Khokhand in present day  
Uzbekistan. <sup>2</sup> *Tor* [Tor].

To the right – the weapons are hanging on the crisscrossed poles,  
To the left – there is a staff made of gold.

A white, gold-plated material is put on top of it  
– The khan will be happy to see it.

In the middle, there is a golden stuffed lion standing,  
To its right there is a stuffed black panther seating.

The bluish fell of the wolf Kok-Jal  
Is shining to its left.

The animal skins were hanging on the walls...  
It is clear – the owner is a great hunter!

The golden staff was supporting the *tunduk* –  
That made a circle of sunlight.

The gold was shining in the sun  
Providing an aura of light inside of the yurt.

The staff also had precious metals on it –  
The walls of the yurt were shining in different colors.

The divine grace poured down –  
The yurt's interior was solemn and festive!

A gold-weaved carpet is on the *tor* –  
Everything is shining altogether.

A patterned felt is hanging on the side –  
It is beautifully edged with sable fur.

The ornaments and embroidery on it are like gems  
– Kanykei was working patiently and hard.

The natural scenes on that fairy tale-like felt Were  
hand-made through meticulous, artful work.

The mountains are rising on the felt-masterpiece –  
The moon and stars are on the blue sky.

The plains are covered with emerald  
With magical flowers on them.

She reflected her homeland on that miniature –  
Stitch by stitch based on what she saw around.

No one can match Kanykei in that art –  
Here she is truly second to none.

She spared no effort creating her masterpiece –  
She spared no time, nor vision!

But what a wonder is the masterpiece she created!  
Looking at it is such a joy!

Each flower is embroidered artfully, with much love  
– The very felt speaks so eloquently and lively.

Near the golden lion there stands a throne –  
It is made of pure gold.

It is decorated with gems  
And has a depiction of a flying dragon.

Above the throne is a silk carpet –  
The ornaments are also done smartly, with a meaning.

Kanykei made great efforts –  
The yurt is furnished so very well!

She went above and beyond  
In order to welcome her Aikol's friend.

She decorated everything luxuriously and lavishly –  
Yet there is not a single redundant or incidental thing or detail.

She was preparing it really well...  
She carefully looked around again.

She is hopeful the guest will appreciate the care  
And will notice the great efforts she put in it.

She has accomplished what she had envisioned  
And made everything as she had planned.

She made a runner herself –  
She weaved and decorated it and made her magic.

It is edged with blue silk and pearls  
And trimmed with fringe.

She put it between the threshold and the throne  
And the white “river” divided up the dwelling in two parts.

It looks like there are two banks with the “river” in between  
– The snow-white runner is long.

The yurt looks better and more beautiful yet –  
It is shining in light and colors.

On both sides of the white runner,  
There are set *dastorkons* with flat bread on them.

Like pieces of the sun everywhere  
Are heaps of rhombuses made of fried dough.



From the ancient times, *boorsok*<sup>1</sup> is the best treat.  
Boorsok is also a decoration on the dastorkon.

Various viands abound in colors –  
They are tempting the eye and dragging attention.

Honey exudes the aroma, there's *sherbet*<sup>2</sup> –  
The foods are dragging attention.

The delicacies were brought here  
From Basra, Baghdad and Misir<sup>3</sup>.  
Juicy fruits with wonderful aroma.  
Local viands are a heavenly food.

The treats make people salivating,  
The gifts are very inviting.

Kanykei looked around again –  
She reddened from joy and satisfaction.

She is very happy with her work – she got to finish it on time!  
Everything looks luxurious and with great taste – time and efforts  
well spent!

Bakai sent Manas a message –  
The courier has a good news.

Shuutu has been on the road for three days –  
He will reach the khan very soon.

The news is spreading faster than the courier:  
“The wait, the search is over!”

---

<sup>1</sup> *Boorsok* [boor'sok] small pieces of fried dough, traditional festive food of the Kyrgyz people.

<sup>2</sup> *Sherbet* [sher'bet] sorbet, oriental sweet.

<sup>3</sup> *Misir* [Mi'si:r] Egypt.

Shuutu delivered the message to the khan  
– It is time for Manas to return to the stan!

He and his entourage must arrive earlier  
So he can meet, welcome and treat Sher himself.

If he manages to come earlier,  
That would surely be better for the guest.

The host would welcome him  
And everyone would feel at ease.

It is not good if the guest arrives earlier,  
There'll be an aftertaste, a seed of bitterness.

There won't be the shimmer of the meeting  
– What if Sher will get offended?

All of the preparations will be futile without Manas  
– The guest might feel he is not welcome.

It is high time for them to meet –  
They must become one!

As twin brothers they were born  
And connected through a single mission.

One is like a deep blue lake,  
The other one is like a wonderful sea without boundaries.

The first meeting must be cordial and  
warm And everything must be flawless.

In accordance with all rules and the law of  
hospitality, In order to strengthen the spirit of unity

Kanykei secretly made a wish –  
She climbed up the hill and looked up to the sky.

“May Manas arrive earlier –  
The heart of Sher will thaw and get warm...”

She is checking herself –  
Has she don everything she planned?

Is everything taken out and on its place?  
Is everything relevant and makes sense?

She froze in her expectation,  
Her heart is full of anxiety.

She is worried – her thoughts are taking her far  
away. She really wants to meet the guest.

“May their hearts embrace the warmth –  
Two Shers, two friends, two twins.

May their hearts be filled with joy –  
There is no higher and better happiness for me than that!

For me that would mean only one thing  
That their life will be longer and that it would be sealed by their  
friendship!

Oh, my Creator, I have a gift  
To know all about the future, all that is yet to come.

The gift of clairvoyance burdens me at times –  
My heart is suffering from the upcoming sorrows.

I wouldn't wish it even to the enemy,  
But I am unable to change anything.

I foresee sorrow, troubles and losses –  
Sometimes I don't even want to believe myself.

I am burning inside  
And I am hiding the bitter moan from everyone.

And I am quietly suffering unnoticeably to  
others For I know the efforts are futile...

When I foresee good news –  
A loud song sounds in my heart!

I feel as if I my soul is soaring up high –  
Oh, how I want to prolong such moments!

I am preparing for such news in advance –  
Then I am even happy that I have the gift!

Oh, Tengir! Forgive me for all these thoughts-sins...  
I am only a mere mortal woman with an unbearable burden...

Bless my revelations!  
But do not show me the flow of events!"

\* \* \*

Aikol is looking in his spyglass –  
His heart is aching and torn apart.

He is standing on top of Tal-Choku –  
Down below his warriors are carrying death to the enemies.

Who, where, with whom are they fighting...  
May his prayers help his fighters!

And his thoughts took him to the past again  
And these episodes are passing in his mind...

## CHAPTER V – A JOURNEY TO THE HISTORY OF THE KYRGYZ PEOPLE

That night Almambet was given a cordial welcome –  
People were talking, there was no time to get bored.

Throughout the night till very dawn nobody closed  
their eyes –  
Almambet told them about his life.

Nobody was able to keep their tears –  
Everyone had a silent question:

“Just how did Almambet get To  
survive after so many woes?

And to survive in a scary, bloody massacre  
And to endure through all the ordeals dealt to him...”

But all of that is behind now. He is among them  
And he told them his story and got silent for a while.

When he finished, Bakai spoke.  
The knight was listening – everything was new to him.

All *sanjyra*<sup>1</sup> – the history of the Kyrgyz people –  
He saw with all of its losses and woes...

---

<sup>1</sup> *Sanjyra* [sɲdi:ra:] literally the origin or history of a person, family, clan, nation.

Bakai told his story without haste.  
He told about the people's life, its woes and sorrows:

- Our ancient nomad nation has lived well  
– The run of history was consistent.

Its land was fertile and blissful,  
Everything was blossoming here – it looked like paradise.

But all of it was ruined in one hour –  
The enemies brought a lot of unhappiness to the land.

They attacked unexpectedly, shed a lot of blood  
And burned the land to ashes – the Kyrgyz were defeated.

Only a handful of them survived on a tiny plot of land  
– We are offspring of those few survivors.

These lands are all that we got.  
This is just a bit of what once was a boundless space.

Both the old and the young were weakened  
– The death was taking them all.

The people were scattering around and wandering away  
From troubles and woes just to escape being death's target.

People's blood was flowing onto the fields -  
Such was the nation's fate.

Once blooming cities were demolished into  
ruins And people were helpless in their ordeal.

The mountain gorges were full of corpses –  
Victims of devastation and cruel war.

Once fertile fields turned into swamps –  
People lost everything at once.

But while the people were walking in small groups,  
The paths they were walking were full of big mountains of corpses.

But despite hunger and coldness they did not give up  
And kept moving following the path of the Sun.

Forty tribes made up that people –  
The entire nation originates from a single father.

Uuz-khan was the father to forty sons.  
He gave them a home full of love and care.

His sons grew up and over time  
Their families grew to form a separate tribe each.

The tribes were growing bigger and stronger yet,  
Each grew their economies.

Fearless warriors were ready to fight –  
At that time they were not afraid of wars.

They were a bit too self-confident,  
A bit too careless and even absent-minded.

To their right there was the mountain range of *Chong-Kungoi*<sup>1</sup> – it had protected them for many years.

To their left, from north to south there was the mountain range  
of *Orol*<sup>2</sup> –

So the horde was surrounded by the natural walls.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Chong-Kungoi* [Tʃɔŋ-Kjun'gzi] literally 'Big-Sunny Slope'

<sup>2</sup> *Orol* [ɔ'rɔl] literally 'right moment' or 'Wrapped / Folded'.

As if Almighty had created the conditions  
Under which the people would lose their guard.

The people got cocky – they lived in abundance.  
They got lazy and lost their vigilance.

Having forgotten about external enemies, about everything else  
– The people also lost their unity and friendliness.

Their motto of the day was “each one is just for  
oneself”. And for that the fate punished them.

The clans lost their unity and chaos set in –  
Nobody really cared for the nation.

There was no agreement – just discord of all with all.  
The forty tribes were no longer a single nation.

The scouts learned about the internal strife  
And rejoiced, as this played to their hand.

The forty tribes forgot the main thing:  
Their kinship, their honor and their common glorious ancestor.

The rust of egoism was destroying them from within.  
People were getting softer and ever greedy.

They never had enough always wanting to possess more yet  
– The people were growing pettier and poorer in spirit.

They forgot their roots and their forefathers.  
Within their own clans, they were strangers to one another.

They got bogged down in the domestic everyday  
routine, While big troubles were crouching in.



The nation lost its unity, people grew more hard-hearted.  
The time never rules in their favor when that happens.

The people forgot that their power was in their  
unity. So they invited lawlessness to rule upon them.

Such nation is easy to conquer –  
It cannot create and shape its future.

The enemy waited it out until the time was right  
For a well-organized invasion.

They attacked unexpectedly and easily won –  
The clans lost everything they had.

Only a handful of them survived,  
Just a few people left of the forty tribes.”

Then Bakai-aba said: “Oh, my children!  
That nation, once mighty, was devastated at once,

Forty tribes from the forty brothers...  
It was a miracle that a handful of people survived.

Uuz-khan had been very influential.  
He had expanded his dominion and strengthened his stan.

His fame and glory were known to everyone –  
Many people desired to be his friends.

The might of his khanate instilled fear in others  
While his richness continued to grow..

Bu this offspring failed to preserve any of it –  
All they got left was a travel bag.

They lost their lands,  
So deep was their fall,

Whereas new ordeals just kept coming –  
Such are the consequences of disunity!

The world is deceptive like a mirage in the desert –  
Life is over so fast, even though it may look long.

Everything in the world seems to be unchangeable  
And it is difficult to comprehend that what is made by hand is  
perishable.

The truly eternal things are always the spiritual values  
– A soul is given to man by Tengir.

The qualities of the spirit are much more valuable  
– Almighty holds the reins of government.

The body follows the desires of the mind,  
So it can enjoy the possession of material wealth.

And people are driven by these ideas  
Acting at times like children.

Uuz-khan brought together poorly developed peoples  
And year by year he united and strengthened the stan.

He educated people cherishing a hope  
That people would feel empowerment and grow stronger...

They developed the forests and plowed the fields  
– People worked hard and prospered.

He introduced right ideas to his people,  
So that each citizen would realize

That they are stronger when they are united  
And that they can live well when they work hard and with honor,

When they create things together  
And dream of common wealth,

And that discipline is always needed,  
Because it is important for the strength of spirit.

And people were trying, as they understood –  
And they reached their goals and their dreams were coming true.

Uuz-khan was happy, he expanded the boundaries  
– The enemies were afraid to fight with him.

His glory went far.  
If he decided to fight, the enemy was in trouble.

The khan had fearless warriors  
Who fought the foes with zeal.

The enemies were destroyed in battles –  
Uuz-khan inspired fear in his opponents.

He had forty beautiful wives –  
With each of them he had a son and each of his son was courageous.

All of them were brave like lions –  
They did not spare their lives in battle.

The khan protected and cared for each one of them –  
They all got their share of his love.

Valiant, courageous and strong –  
The sons of Uuz-khan were all reputable.

But they were all tormented by doubt –  
Different mothers raised them.

The father was also tormented himself –  
Uuz-khan was always worried.

There was no mutual understanding  
Among his children, which worried him.

Secretly, the brothers nurtured animosity –  
They were competing in everything.

Hatred, envy and distrust  
All led to the loss of brotherly feelings.

They were growing apart, became strangers to one another  
– Their kinship was disappearing.

Someone from within told that to foes –  
The hearth at the stan got cold

The enemies were watchful and preparing an attack  
– Internal conflicts always lead to break-up.

The stan of Uuz-khan is surrounded by ranges –  
The mountains have protected it for centuries.

The mountains were running from north to south  
– High rocks were spiking into the sky.

On this side was the people of Uuz-khan,  
On the other their neighbors – the Chinese.

To the south of *Tyup-Chygysh*<sup>1</sup> the  
Mountains run all the way to the Himalayas.

---

<sup>1</sup> Tyup-Chygysh [Tju:p-Tʃi'gi:j] literally 'Bottom+West'.

The mountains served like the boundary to the nations  
Separating our ancestors from the foreign folk.

The eternal mountains are still standing high today  
Keeping the secrets of the Universe.

The enemies were waiting behind the mountains –  
From their scouts they learned about the internal discords.

Nobody could foresee what was coming  
That ill fate would hit the nation.

The land of Uuz-khan was a cradle –  
Birds were loudly chanting in the blossoming area.

The conditions were fertile and blissful like in paradise –  
It was easy to live in that country.

People lost their vigilance, arguments started breaking out –  
The stan was shaken by the tensions among the brothers.

That was all the Kangai people needed –  
No agreement no obstacle!

They were exploring the mountain paths –  
Unnoticed by the nation's watch.

The conditions are fertile and blissful around those rocks  
Argyn, a son of Uuz-khan, was the head of his clan.

High mountains were full of mountain rams,  
But the greed of the Chinese overcame their fears.

Nobody could anticipate at the time  
That the enemies would be able to cross over the mountain range.

The paths were trailed right through the rocks –  
The Chinese came to the Argyns to make trade.

But the Chinese were concealing their secret  
intentions And did not reveal them in any way.

The neighbors were just looking around and observing  
As they were actively trading with the Argyns.

*Mangyi, gulandyk, iturgen*<sup>1</sup> – Chinese tribes –  
Kept themselves with the Argyns as if they were guilty for something.

They would prostrate themselves and hug their legs  
Thereby they lulled the vigilance of the Argyns.

The Argyns behaved very friendly and very  
politely And treated their neighbors with care,

As if they could never harm them –  
That's how unobtrusively a big trouble crouched in.

The pretense of the traders knew no borders,  
They were hypocritical when they would prostrate themselves.

At first glance, they looked yielding and nice  
They had flattery on their tongues, but venom in their hearts.

They were patiently waiting for their hour  
To step on the warpath.

They were preparing carefully, building their  
weaponry And waiting for the right moment to strike.

They already prepared deep dungeons  
And steel chains for the Argyns.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Mangyi* [maŋ'gi:i], *gulandyk* [gju:lan'di:k], *iturgen* [itju:r'g3n].

he Argyns trusted them – their neighbors are “friends”.  
They did not know they could not trust the Kangai people.

The enemy approached like fog –  
Nobody expected an attack.

Now the soldiers walked the mountain paths  
Led by the guides to the Argyns.

The pass *Kungoi-Zoo*<sup>1</sup> is already behind them,  
They halted at *Aldan-Too*<sup>2</sup>.

Here they rested and stroke at night,  
When the civilians were calmly sleeping.

The ill fate hit the people –  
The Argyns were caught by surprise.

Blood was flowing like a red river, moaning and groaning was  
heard. The entire tribe was destroyed at once.

The girls and women were taken away,  
The survived men were captured.

Nobody knows what happened to them...  
Did they die in foreign land or were they able to escape?

But now I will tell you about those  
Who survived the massacre and fled their home.

A handful of people survived  
In that cruel and unequal massacre – that is the main point.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Kungoi-Zoo* [Kju:ŋ'gzi-Zo:o:] the name of the mountain pass. Literally 'Sun-ny Side + Forbidding Rock without Vegetation'.

<sup>2</sup> *Aldan-Too* [ɬɫ'dɬn-To:o:] the name of the mountain or place. Literally 'Deceptive + Mountain(s)'.

They scattered around the world and wandered for a long  
time. Those few survivors who got to live on.

Despite the unfair and cruel fight,  
The survivors did not learn their cruel lesson,

They did not get more united. Instead, they scattered around  
In search of settlements and cities.

Some of them moved to the west,  
Others took to the north.

Those moving north crossed *Moyuncha*<sup>1</sup>  
And settled in those cold areas.

They never came back to their native land –  
No one has ever seen them anywhere.

Once a big nation, the people  
Were no longer united and lived apart.

Er *Kultegin*<sup>2</sup> decided to bring them back together,  
So they could become a single nation again.

He understood those who did not want to leave the  
places Where they settled down and let them stay there,

As well as those who got weak –  
For them those areas would be a good rear.

He gathered the seniors and children alike,  
Appointed a leader and instructed them as follows:

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<sup>1</sup> *Moyuncha* [Mɔju:ntʃʌ] the Bering Strait.

<sup>2</sup> *Kultegin* [Kulte'gin].



“*Kagasbek*<sup>1</sup> is young, brave and fearless  
– He is worthy of the important mission.”

Such was Kultegin’s appointment –  
And the appointed man was a natural leader.

Kultegin instructed him and gave him advice  
To protect his people from any threats and troubles.

The young hero took the responsibility upon himself  
To head the remaining people.

They stayed at Altai in the Sayan<sup>2</sup> mountains –  
The rest moved on to new lands.

Kultegin keeps moving on with them –  
The tired people are moving downcast.

He is also looking for those who were not touched by the ordeal  
– Those who escaped the millstones of war.

And the people are hiding their anger and offence –  
They are powerless now for there is only a handful of them who  
survived.

Despair, anguish and vengeance...  
Were choking them inside for their blemished honor.

They realized the time was not in their favor –  
What a heavy, unbearable burden!

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<sup>1</sup> *Kagasbek* [KAGAS’bek] a Kyrgyz knight who lived in Altai in the first half of the VII century AD.

<sup>2</sup> *Sayan* [saijan] literally ‘low and rare’ referring to vegetation.

People reached the plains  
Tired of the long road.

Two boys, descendants of their father khan,  
Were walking together with Kultegin.

And everybody's hope is with these boys –  
They are all praying to Almighty.

May Tengir give them strength and willpower,  
So they can accept their uneasy mission!

Offspring of the khan are alive –  
So they still can revive the glory of their nation.

They swore to name their nation  
“Kyrgyz-ata”, so no enemy can ever erase their name.

They swore to protect the sons –  
Their oath was solemn.

The name of the nation has a deep meaning –  
*Kyrk uuz*<sup>1</sup> –young offspring of Uuz-khan.

They are a part of the forty tribes,  
A nation born from the forty brothers.

And so the nation was not eradicated –  
A handful of them survived.

Hence, offspring of Uuz-khan are ineradicable  
And the name “Kyrgyz” will sound clear and loud.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Kyrk* [ki:rk] means forty. Here meaning is derived in the homonym ‘*kyrk uuz*’, or ‘forty young’ or ‘forty foremils’.

There is also another meaning in the name –  
“Ineradicable”, “uncuttable”.<sup>1</sup>

*Sooloba*, *Chylaba*, *Shygai*, *Nogoi*,  
*Noigut*, *Argyn* and *Sarnogoi*<sup>2</sup> –

They lived in the Aldan mountains,  
Their native stan used to be in Kungoi-Zoo,

Lake *Baikol*<sup>3</sup> is like the eye of the sky –  
It is surrounded by beautiful areas.

The waters of *Ming-Suu*<sup>4</sup> are clear like tears –  
It was an area of picturesque beauty.

But after the attacks and invasion of the enemies  
Only ruins were left where cities had been.

Darkness set in – the foe made the damage,  
And foul smoke covered the area.

Everything is in ashes, devastation and debris –  
The world seemed so fragile and brittle.

People were leaving the transformed native land  
Clenching their fists from powerlessness.

The heart of the nation is aching in pain –  
It is full of ordeal and resentment.

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<sup>1</sup> *Kyrgyz* – ‘*kyr*’ means edge, rub with an edgy object, or cut. So, *Kyrgyz* means ‘ineradicable’ or ‘uncuttable’.

<sup>2</sup> *Sooloba* [So:ɔ:lo:’ba:], *Chylaba* [Tʃi:llʌ’ba:], *Shygai* [ʃi: ’gai], *Sarnogoi* [Sʌrnɔ’gɔi].

<sup>3</sup> *Baikol* [Bai’kɜl] Lake Baikal. Literally, means ‘rich + lake’.

<sup>4</sup> *Ming-Suu* [Min-Su:u:] present day area around the city of Minusinsk, Russia.

They are forced to leave their native lands,  
They wander in pain and deprivation and endure ordeals.

They are going nowhere, encountering hunger and feeling cold  
– They are under the hammer of fate.

Everyone feels bad, but they walk and keep that inside  
– They have faith that the hard times would be over.

Both the old and the young endure ordeals together  
– They die along the way in unknown places.

Hope is their lighthouse. A man always believes  
Despite hardship, barriers and losses.

People turned to their land with a farewell  
speech, As tears ran down their mournful faces:

“Dear fertile land, we are leaving you behind  
Not at our good will, but due to coercion.

But we will grow strong again  
And return – everything will be as it once was.

Forgive us at this time of trouble –  
We are carrying an unbearable burden.

Wait for us, don't be sad, we'll come back –  
We believe the star of our nation will rise again!

We promise you that we will return here again  
To our native land, to our home!”

People were crying in torment and pain –  
The nation was broken as was their will.

They are following Kultegin,  
Slowly moving their bodies.

Ten tribes of Uuz-khan are in the south –  
The enemy did not invade their area.

They are far away – the enemy did not reach that far,  
So they survived.

Kultegin headed off to them with faith –  
After all, they used to be a single nation.

People are hopeful to get help and support –  
They are ready to tell their story.

They are going to the cities of *Urgonch*, *Samarkan*,  
*Bukhar*, *Anjian* and *Kokon*<sup>1</sup>.

Kultegin brought his people to the south  
And they found a refuge here.

They scattered around the cities and their outskirts  
Close by and far away.

A brother hugged a brother, people found a common language  
– Life got easier and simpler.

They found cordiality here: a warm word and a warm shelter –  
The hard days were behind.

Only Kultegin knew no rest –  
His heart was aching for those left behind.

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<sup>1</sup> *Urgonch* [Ju:r'gɜntʃ], *Samarkan* [Sʌmʌr'kʌn], *Bukhar* [Bu'ka:r], *Anjian* [ʌndʒi'ja:n] and *Kokon* [Kɔ'kɜn] – cities of Urgench, Samarkand, Bukhara, Andi-jan and Khokohand in present day Uzbekistan.

He took brave men with him  
And headed off back.

He went back to the native land,  
Where the native smoke was still in the air,

Where the blood from the umbilical cord had spilled,  
Where the native home was waiting for its people.

Kultegin was going back to Altai  
Driven by anguish,” – continued Bakai.

Bakai gave a deep sigh and carried on –  
It was visible that it was difficult for him to talk.

His every word was coming from his heart  
– The guest was eagerly listening to him.

- Now I will tell you about the two sons of the  
khan. So what happened to them?

They really became a support to their people,  
They were taught well in the eternal mountains.

They justified the nation’s hopes and dreams,  
They became strong and zealous knights.

People around them were called Kyrgyz –  
The surviving clans, offspring of Uuz-khan.

Many of the offspring of the forty tribes of Uuz-  
khan Stayed on the plains given to them by Tengir.

The new homeland was fertile  
And provided a good and warm refuge.

The two princes took the names of two tribes –  
Nogoi and Shygai.

They jointly ruled their people,  
Who respected them for their ultimate integrity.

Time never stops – the past losses and ordeals  
Were slowly being let go and drift into history.

The princes were looking for news about those who left  
And encountered a lot of hardship.

Their hearts were aching in piercing pain  
When they recalled the ordeals fallen on their people's heads.

When they learned that Kultegin had left again,  
They remembered their native lands and home.

The homesick feeling was eating their hearts,  
But they decided that staying would still be better.

Everyone had a desire to see their homeland again...  
People quietly coped with their hardship,

They had not strength left to return back,  
But they all prayed to Tengir

To give them an opportunity to see the Homeland,  
To give them a long life and good health.

Nogoi and Shygai, offspring of Uuz,  
United those scattered around and strengthened their bonds.

These people were unable to return to Altai  
And stayed at Aksy<sup>1</sup>, Anjian and Alai.

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<sup>1</sup> Aksy [ak'si:] Aksy district in present day Kyrgyzstan.

They quietly and peacefully did their business Developing  
the fertile lands that gave them a new home.

They engaged in craftsmanship,  
They worked hard and did well.

Now they always stayed alert to ensure no sudden  
attack And to protect their people from horror and fear.

They trained warriors and weaponry  
In case a new war might break out.

Oh, this world is deceptive and changing And  
very difficult for human comprehension!

Everything always seems unchangeable,  
But changes and elements often take over.

As people were recovering from the past  
ordeals, They had to endure another invasion.

The enemy stroke again, this time in the  
south. People suffered again.

Again, everything was devastated and burned to ashes,  
And their strong spirit was broken again.

People were dealt another ordeal –  
All cities were in fire and flames.

Everything that had been created with love was  
destroyed. The rivers were full of human blood again.

Ravens were pecking the corpses –  
People were dashing away in fear.



Their hearts were full of pain, sadness and losses.  
They were unable to find peace in the south at their brothers' place.

Horror and fear were driving them forward –  
Poor people fled scattering around.

The enemies came with a huge army –  
Confronting them would be futile.

Like a cloud of locusts they came in a swarm  
And brought about death and devastation

Trying to finish off and to burn to ashes  
And turn everything into hell.

Their faces do not conceal their gloating delight –  
The people's riches are trophies of war.

The plans of the Chinese were known to all –  
They were not hiding them from the locals.

They wanted to conquer all lands around them  
And subdue all the tribes, bring them under control.

First, they conquered the lands in the north,  
Then they turned to the south as nothing prevented them.

*Urumchu, Aksuu, Kulja, Karashaar,  
Uch-Turpan, Jarkent, Chong-Kakshaal and Kashkar*<sup>1</sup> –

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<sup>1</sup> *Urumchu* [Ju:rju:m'tʃju:] present day cities and counties in Xinjiang, China; *Aksuu* [ʌksu:u:] present day Aksu in Xinjiang, China; *Kulja* [Kul'dʒa:] present day city of Kuqa, Xinjiang, China; *Karashaar* [Kʌʃʌ'ʃa:a:r] present day Yanqi, Xinjiang, China; literally means 'black city'; *Uch-Turpan* [Ju:tʃ-Tur'pʌn] present day Uqturpan (Wushi), Xinjiang, China; literally means 'three turbans'; *Jarkent* [Dʃʌr'kent] present day Yarkant (Shache), Xinjiang, China; literally means 'a settlement on cliffs', *Chong-Kakshaal* [Tʃʊŋ-Kʌk'ʃa:a:l] likely Chonghassar in Xinjiang, China; literally means 'big and wild'; *Kashkar* [Kʌʃ'kʌr] present day Kaxgar (Kashi), Xinjiang, China.

They took all of these cities  
And burned the land around them.

They appointed their governors in those cities –  
So they were under the rule of Chet-Beijing.

So, the ill-starred people got to pay high taxes  
And the entire nation was carrying an unbearable burden.

Having left their families back in China and having taken on new  
positions,  
*Zangzangs*<sup>1</sup> are now controlling the order.

The new Chinese masters imposed their power  
Over the people and mocked them to their delight.

Nothing might be concealed from them –  
Life became very complicated and unbearable.

There were many snitchers among people.  
They were omnipresent: at the market, on the roads.

The yoke was pushing people down to the ground,  
Levied taxes kept climbing up all year round.

People were subject to torments and scoffing.  
The goal of the new authorities was to break people's will.

The forty tribes, offspring of Uuz-khan,  
Are patiently enduring everything.

But the defeated are stubborn and strong-willed –  
They look their enemies straight in the eye.

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<sup>1</sup> *Zangzang* [zʌŋ'zʌŋ] a junior official rank. Likely derived from 降銜  
[jiàngxián].

In duels, albeit very rarely,  
A Kyrgyz might win with a precise strike.

Those wins might have been small,  
Yet they helped make the ordeals feel lighter.

The desperate Kyrgyz have a strong spirit –  
The ill-fate did not break them down.

That is why the new authorities feared them –  
Although the nation was defeated, their spirit was not broken.

They quietly did what they were forced to do,  
But in their hearts they held a wolf's anger.

At times, the Kyrgyz showed disobedience  
And broke the new order.

Therefore, watchful snitchers tried hard  
To observe and tighten their control.

Fearing for their skins and prosperity,  
They sent a messenger with the following message:

“A spark might set a fire –  
This people is still capable of fighting.

While it is still not too late, we must act –  
They look us straight in the eyes with impudence and threat.

We still can see hot coals in their hearth –  
We haven't put it out completely.”

This message set alarm in Beijing –  
The foe decided to strike again unexpectedly.

Another invasion cut down the people –  
A cruel, unequal war raged on.

With its might and strength, the enemy was  
overpowering The unarmed and emaciated civilians.

The attackers outnumbered their victims –  
The country was bemoaning its fallen warriors yet again.

The victors caused mayhem and massacre all  
around. The Kyrgyz were caught in the circle of hell.

Many were killed, only very few  
Managed to break through the encirclement.

They broke out through superhuman efforts  
And got to overpower the enemy.

Blood is flowing again –  
And again, people scattered around.

All repeated again, all ran in a circle.  
The Kyrgyz wander the world again.

They were in despair and full of tears –  
The despicable foe did not let them fight in an open sword fight  
yet again.

It kept destroying them, not letting them take a breath  
– Not letting them take the time to rest.

The enemies were afraid of them even unarmed – What  
would they do, if the Kyrgyz had the weapons?

That is why they were called ineradicable.  
In spite of the massacre and bloodshed they still survived.

They had the blood of Uuz-khan with bravery and honor.  
The entire nation was alive as long as at least one of them was alive.

People were returning to Altai again.  
The Sayan mountains were waiting for the refugees.

One of the two princes  
Shygai fought the Chinese to death.

He fell as a hero, but the good memories of him  
Lived long among people.

Nogoi led the people who fled.  
He was determined and decisive in his leadership.

Once his brother and him had been saved as little boys,  
As they were coming from Altai with people.

The people had raised and taken care of them  
And given their everything to ensure the princes would survive.

Now he was responsible for these people –  
He would do everything to save them.

The war scarred his heart –  
His wife and two sons are kept prisoners by the enemy.

The cruel foe captured them and took them away  
Leaving a gaping wound in his soul.

Nogoi turned gloomy and felt weak for a moment.  
The fate dealt him another hard slap in the face.

He was leading the few survivors to Altai,  
To their native, fertile and beloved land.

Those who survived were joining them along the  
way. People seemed to get used to losses.

And little by little their number grew.  
People were following Nogoi humbly and in silence.

He collected himself into a clenched fist  
– The enemy would never see his tears.

After the massacre and a ruthless battle,  
People were walking with dignity and pride.

The losses were colossal for his people,  
But they were all cherishing a hope for better future.

The strong spirit is in the blood of the Kyrgyz –  
That is why the enemies are so afraid of them.

For half a year they endured hardship,  
But continued on their path with humble patience.

There, at Altai, they would find peace –  
People believed that, so did Nogoi.

But a yet new strike was waiting for them  
– Nobody was waiting for them at Altai.

Not a single person – nobody and nothing.  
Only wind was playing with ashes up high,

Only dust was swirling in the air blinding the eyes  
– Where did the natural beauty of this place go?

Cold wind gusts were chasing withered  
leaves On the wasteland with a whistle.

Everything looked colorless and dismal –  
Nogoi's heart started aching again.

And the faces of his people were darker than rain clouds  
What other surprises were waiting for them?

- What for are these ordeals? – they asked of the skies...  
- What are our sins? We do not have even bread...

But the skies were silent and so were the people –  
They were used to ordeal and hardship.

They had no right to lose their heart now.  
They were still alive – they could hear their heartbeat.

Yes, they were expecting to see many yurts here –  
Their homeland Ata-Jurt should have met and embraced them.

But instead the dark wasteland met them in its solitude –  
Nobody else greeted the fugitive people here.

What other strikes of fate were waiting for them next?  
Nothing could destroy their strong thirst for life.

They halted for a few days –  
People were exhausted after a long journey.

They rested and convened a council.  
They would send out couriers, perhaps they would find some leads.

Perhaps they would explore and learn something,  
Perhaps they would discover some secrets?

Shygai, who had died in the battle,  
Had a son who was a brave fighter.

He carried his name with pride –  
*Ogoo*<sup>1</sup> was the name of Shygai's son.

He was Nogoi's reliable support,  
His dependable right hand.

Nogoi felt wounded and Ogoo came to help –  
The son of Shygai immediately moved out with a group

To look for trails of the people that lived here.  
What happened to them? Where did they halt?

The entire people were waiting for their  
return. What news would Ogoo bring?

Ogoo came back after a few days –  
His face was in tears and he looked gloomy.

In tears, he started his speech,  
The men around him were listening also in tears:

“When Kultegin reached Ming-Suu,  
He told everyone about his journey to the south,

How they were welcomed and offered  
Help, shelter and cordial words.

The people were encouraged and their spirit rose.  
They were proud of their relatives' warm welcome.

Kultegin gave them faith and fearlessness,  
As they were asking him in detail about the south.

The fate was preparing new tests for them –  
Troubles and inconstancy were awaiting them.

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<sup>1</sup> *Ogoo* [3'g3: 3:]



On his way back, Kultegin contracted jaundice –  
It undermined his willpower.

The journey took a toll on his health –  
He really struggled on the road.

First, the mirages of sandy fields,  
Then the heat of the sun tortured the horses.

He was also whipped on by anguish –  
Because they were rushing, he felt worse

Due to his jaundice that was incurable –  
That was the reason.

Kultegin was worried for his people –  
He wanted to know what lied ahead for them.

His informers told him that  
The people should be extremely vigilant.

The enemies decided to attack them again, So  
the people would be under their rule again.

Without overthinking it, Kultegin decided  
That since he was hopelessly ill anyway,

Since he was chained to his bed by his malady,  
He would take his enemies with him into the abyss.

He would not fade away in his bed,  
As long as he felt a strong spirit in his body.

When the enemies learned about Kultegin's ailment,  
They attacked and got trapped in his closed circle.

So, Kultegin caught them in a trap  
And taught them the most cruel lesson.

Although much outnumbered, Kultegin won  
And destroyed the opponent's big army.

His wife *Tul-Biike*<sup>1</sup> and the knights that survived  
Dug a grave at *Or-Talaa*<sup>2</sup> for the hero.

On his grave, they erected a hill of stones,  
So their names were forever preserved.

They called his grave *Balbal-Tash*<sup>3</sup>,  
An embossed writing on it said:

“Here offspring of Uuz-khan  
Gave their lives with dignity and honor.

They destroyed many enemies,  
So their people could live well.

If at least one warrior from the tribe “*kyrk uuž*”  
Stays alive, may he be worthwhile!

He should never forget the name of Kultegin –  
His name will live throughout the centuries.

That battle was unequal for the Kyrgyz,  
But they were defending their homeland zealously.

Kultegin had only a handful of fighters,  
But they all ardently fought and all enemies were defeated.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Tul-Biike* [Tul-Bii'ke].

<sup>2</sup> *Or-Talaa* [or-TA'la:a:].

<sup>3</sup> *Balbal-Tash* [BAL'bAl-TAʃ]. Balbal is usually a standing stone with an embossed image of usually a man with a beard. Literally ‘*balbal* + *stone*’.

All of the fighters also died,  
But the flag of the Kyrgyz is proudly waving.

A huge army of the enemies  
Was destroyed – the Kyrgyz fought selflessly!

Such is the message of Kultegin,  
A reminder to all offspring.”

Ogoo was crying, but continued on:  
“Fearing a ruthless battle,

Kagasbek immediately moved the entire people  
Towards River *Enesai*<sup>1</sup> into the Sayan woods.

There in the mountains they are hidden and protected in the  
woods, But they are having some hard days.

We made an attempt to go into the taiga,  
But were afraid of getting caught by the enemies.

There are too few of us to fend off a strike –  
It would be easy to defeat us.

We would be unable to catch up with them,  
They had gone far and it would be difficult for us to find them.

We do not know anything about them,  
Where they live and how and what area they are living in now.

No one was able to find them yet.  
Only God Tengir knows where they are.”

Oogo stopped his speech –  
The people were listening to him in tears.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Enesai* [Ene'sai] River Enisei. Literally means ‘mother + river’.

Bakai paused his speech and took a deep sigh,  
People around him were also listening in tears.

He looked around at them and continued:  
“Everyone must know their origin.

My Shers, I have told you about our  
lands, And all about our people,

What they went through and what losses they  
suffered, But people have not lost their faith.

Even in the hottest of deserts  
Water can give a long life to a sprout.

Like water, offspring of Uuz-khan  
Have survived on the ruins and debris.

And our objective now is  
To remember our heroic ancestors,

To protect and preserve the generations of kyrk-uuz,  
To strengthen and solidify the bonds of our tribes...

May offspring live throughout the centuries!  
May they remember and respect the names of their heroes!

Their blood is running in our veins,  
Their nobility and the might of their words.

We cannot forget their precepts.  
My men, remember that!!!

We cannot cut down our nation,  
Every Kyrgyz must know that.

I have told you everything and now let me  
summarize. I will tell you the most important thing.

Er Almambet, we have a descendant of Nogoi among  
us. It is your twin, our khan Aikol Manas.

Shygai-khan had a son Ogoo,  
Who had a son Bakai that is me.

\* \* \*

Manas is standing on the top of Tal-Choku,  
His warriors are bringing death to the enemies.

He is standing up there gloomy and moody –  
His soul is full of anguish and thoughts.

He remembered Bakai's story of the ancestors –  
Manas recalled it often:

The past of the nation, its past,  
The unbearable burden, the nurtured spirit;

What the nation has gone through,  
What ordeals it has endured, how it withstood the  
troubles and lived on.

And in his reflections, he realized and drew a parallel  
With the numbers of human losses then and now.

The situation is a bit different now.  
The warriors are fighting, but back then...

Unarmed people were not given a chance to fight back.  
They were simply ruthlessly destroyed caught in the enemy's nets.

Everyone who perishes today  
Is giving his life, but he gets

To do his soldier's duty of vengeance  
And die a brave and honorable death.

Manas is looking down at the raging battle,  
But his thoughts are taking him away to the past.

He remembered the story of Almambet about his  
life, His childhood, his troubles and his Homeland.

## CHAPTER VI – EDIFICATION OF *XIANFAN*<sup>1</sup>

That night I listened to the history of the ancestors  
Trying to understand it fully.

That night I could compare to *Kadyr-Tun*<sup>2</sup> –  
I realized what the name of the people means...

The night of memories was the more beautiful  
The clearer everything became to me.

The past brought the voice of Almambet  
– He asked to speak after Bakai

And started talking after a deep sigh:  
- My life taught me so many lessons.

I am also a descendant of the destroyed clan, I  
am also offspring of the Kyrgyz people,

Even though I had been unaware of that for so long  
And considered myself to be Chinese.

In order to raise me my mother had to endure a lot –  
She had to withstand many ordeals and be patient.

She concealed the truth for a long time  
To preserve the precious offspring.

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<sup>1</sup> *Xianfan* – probably, 嫌犯 – *Xiánfàn*, which literally means a ‘suspect’.

<sup>2</sup> *Kadyr-Tun* [Kʌ’di:r Tju:n] the Night of Destiny.

My mother's father was from the clan of nomads.  
His destiny was such that he was a prisoner since early childhood.

When the enemies attacked,  
He was peacefully sleeping in his mother's arms.

He was very little – perhaps five years old.  
His mother hugged him closer

As if she had foresaw the trouble,  
As if she had known what the war would bring.

The enemies took her son away,  
Despite her screams and tears.

She clutched to the armor of the soldier,  
But received a strike of the whip.

She was trying to get her son back from the soldier,  
Desperately pursuing him and making efforts to get her child out  
from him.

But the cruel warrior remained deaf to the mother  
– The forays and wars made him hard-hearted.

He brought him back to his land as a trophy  
And presented him as a gift to a childless rich man.

That man, half a king, was extremely rich  
And he was unspeakable happy with the gift.

Xianfan was his name,  
He was very shrewd and knew a lot about life.

He was very smart and fair,  
His refined mind was very penetrating.



He was over 70 years old, but stayed very active  
And was regarded as a sage in the area.

The fate deprived him of only one thing in life –  
He did not have any children.

He knew no need, his only prayer to God  
Always was to have a child.

But he never got to hear a cry of his own baby  
And his dream did not come true.

He had put up with that and accepted the captured boy  
As a gift from Almighty.

He adopted him and raised him well.  
He did everything for him and provided with everything he needed.

He treated the boy as if he was his own son,  
So that the boy would forget about his native home.

He had land at the outskirts of Beijing.  
The fields of his land near the mountains were fertile.

He was raising cattle on juicy pastures.  
And every year his herds grew bigger.

His wealth was multiplying year by year  
Due to the growing litter.

Nearby there were twin lakes.  
He loved spending time there when he had free time,

Particularly at night, when the moon is shining bright  
And reflecting in the mirror of the water.

The scene is particularly beautiful at such nights  
Giving birth to high and deep thoughts.

At such moments, Xianfan would freeze in amazement  
– Nature gave him a peace of mind.

The lakes were considered to be magical for a good reason  
– There was something magical in and about them.

People even had a vision  
That many rays were beaming up from the bottoms of the lakes

Up into the sky –  
Such were the miracles of the lakes.

The beauty of the lakes was amazing  
Both during a dark night and a clear day.

Their beauty dragged  
And the pure and clear water attracted.

One of the lakes exuded coolness –  
It really dragged one's attention.

*Altyn-Nur*<sup>1</sup>, which means a “golden ray”,  
Was beaming out from its water.

*Jarkyn-Nur*<sup>2</sup> was the name of the other lake.  
It means a “bright ray”.

And indeed, the lake was radiating the moon  
light And had an aura of secrecy around it.

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<sup>1</sup> *Altyn-Nur* [Al'ti:n Nur] literally means ‘gold + ray’.

<sup>2</sup> *Jarkyn-Nur* [Dʒʌr'ki:n Nur] literally means ‘bright + ray’.

Why were they called like that? There is an explanation –  
The lakes had a divine element.

At night, Jarkyn-Nur hosted guests from  
The entire Universe, from its different corners.

The moon and the stars beamed their rays, Which  
would reach the very bottom of the lake.

Together with the rays, girls-peri would also  
descend. Angels would play and splash in the water.

They would play and race with fish.  
The peri would enjoy the moon night.

The moon would radiate its silver light,  
Which would reflect off the bodies of the girls-peri.

The whole surroundings would be  
Filled with bright light.

Therefore the lake was shining in the night.  
The residents would receive the grace of heaven.

During the night it was bright like during the day –  
The lake was very unusual.

That is why it was called Jarkyn-Nur.  
Its waters reflected the brightness of the moon.

The lakes were considered to be sacred in the area.  
Local people guarded and protected them carefully.

Xianfan lived between the lakes,  
He loved his native land dearly.

Before adopting the foreign boy,  
Who would become the father of my mother Altynai,

Xianfan gathered all of his people  
And took them to his sacred lakes.

In tears, he turned to God Burkan  
And crying he shared the wounds of his soul.

Like a slave he bowed to his deity  
And asked for permission to have a feast.

He wanted to celebrate *jentek*<sup>1</sup> in honor of his adopted son  
And invite everybody to the party.

Each guest received a sheep as a gift,  
Then he turned to Burkan again.

The idol carved out of stone was silent –  
Xianfan was praying to it and wished for himself:

“I accept the will of fate –  
People are only slaves of the heavenly will.

Unconditionally, without any excuses,  
I have accepted my path –it is bitter and difficult.

Humbly, I have put up with my burden,  
But today the fate challenged me.

I adopted a boy and I am going to raise him like my son.  
I shall give him a new name – *Su-Peng*<sup>2</sup>.

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<sup>1</sup> *Jentek* [Dʒen'tek] a feast in honor of the birth of a child.

<sup>2</sup> *Su-Peng* – probably, 苏碰 (sū – revive, awaken + pèng – try, attempt) with the meaning of “Father’s attempt to revive”.

Great Force, please, grant him long years and  
consciousness! May the story of my life continue in him!

I accept him as my own child –  
At last, my dream has come true.

I accept the will of Higher Force  
And accept my long-awaited son.

I feel as if he is my blood and flesh  
That he will become the joy of my eyes.

Oh, Great Force, I ask you of only one thing –  
May the fate be merciful to me!

May he be frank and honest with me!  
May he be loyal to me with all of his heart and soul

Just as I am to him – he is my son now.  
The fate gave us a chance. Now I feel at peace.”

My mother told me that story.  
It had always made her suffer.

Her father had told her about everything,  
About his life in the foreign country.

She would cry non-stop, when she was telling that  
story, Not noticing anything around her.

At such moments, she would only look down to the ground,  
While she would look as if she was chained and in the vise.

She would sit motionless in silence for a while  
Reflecting on how much suffering my grandfather must have endured.

Her father had told her everything, when she was a child,  
What ordeals he had to go through.

Whenever I recall my mother's story,  
I can't help imagining everything...

I can see the invader who took the boy away from his mother, As  
well as the poor woman running after him and her attempts to  
get her son back.

She is akin to a female camel that is looking for her colt  
– Her must feel as if life was hell at that moment.

Her hair is ruffled – the enemy was pulling her by the  
hair. In despair, the woman would scream like this:

“Oh, Tengir! I have always turned to you  
To share my hopes and dreams.

I have taken you for my Creator,  
And I have endured everything the fate was sending my way.

I agree to anything – just let me be with my son,  
My dear child I gave birth to.

By force, the aggressor pulled away from my  
chest My son you had given me.

Come to me now, help me and save us!  
Return my son to me, Tengir! Return him!

But you will not appear now and you will not help  
us, You will not do it, because you cannot.

Your very existence is deception and lies.  
Just destroy us all then! Just destroy!”

The surrounding area was in flames,  
The desperate, maddened mother was heart-breakingly screaming.

But the *Jungar*<sup>1</sup> warrior paid no attention to her.  
He was not touched by her emotional distress.

He sat the boy in front of him,  
Whipped his horse and rode off...

The poor mother was running after them sparing no strength,  
The enemies were pulling her by her hair, whipped her and  
kicked her.

She was getting out of the enemies' tenacious  
grips And endured a lot of ordeals and sufferings.

It seemed like a fun game for the soldiers,  
But the mother was full of hatred and rage.

In powerlessness and despair, not knowing what else to do,  
She screamed such that blood could get frozen in the veins:  
"My son, you might forget your mother,  
But you shall never forget your native land!

Your ancestors are offspring of Chylaba, descendant of Uuz-khan –  
Never forget the roots of your father's stan.

Remember you are a descendant of a noble clan.  
May the years never erase my words!

Remember the land where innocent people fell victims,  
Where the blood of your umbilical cord was spilled.

Kok-Mongu, Ming-Suu, Baikol, Ene-Sai –  
My colt, never forget these lands!"

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<sup>1</sup> *Jungar* [Dʒun'gar].

He could not hear her other words –  
Only the song of the wind.

The ill-fated mother stayed behind in the dust. Broken-  
hearted, she continued to cry and scream.

Since then the boy never saw his mother again, He was  
unable to find out anything about her.

Such were the memories of my grandfather Soorunduk – He  
kept the spirit of his native blood deep in his heart.

His heart was full of sorrow and sadness,  
When he remembered his mother and his native home.

Nothing could erase the memories –  
And the wound in his soul continued to ache.

He remembered that he was from a faraway place. He had  
deep memories of that.

He could still hear the words of his mother And  
his soul continued to suffer.

The image of his mother was always with him, That  
image never left him alone.

My mother told me what her father had told her, As if  
he said it to me himself:

- I was lucky to be adopted by the good, wise man – He  
became a true father to me.

He took great care of me,  
But he was unaware of what was going on in my soul.

My peers always teased me –



They were all from the Jungar nobility.

When they saw me, their faces would express  
Disdain and they would speak with defiance.

Those kids would call me a slave,  
As well as many other disparaging names.

My adopted parents were not aware of that,  
Their attempts to protect me from all those troubles were in vain.

They did not know that I was in the know...  
Where I was born and from whom...

I did not reveal myself and I pretended  
That I was their son. I kept the calmness

And behaved as if I forgot my Homeland and my native home.  
My adopted parents did not suspect that

I remembered everything and that I knew,  
That I was suffering deep inside...

That I would be unable to ever forget my clan,  
That my Homeland would always live in my heart.

But the will of fate is ruthlessly cruel –  
I have become a part of the enemy's people without a term.

I did forget the name of my mother,  
But the spirit of my people lived in me.

Even under the threat of death I would not refuse from roots.  
I do remember the fallen sons of my people.

I have the blood of the Kyrgyz in my veins.  
I have the spirit and the strength of my ancestors in me.

I grew up among the murderers of my people  
And so I remained – a slave-guest.

Quietly, I was suffering, concealing the pain  
inside. I put up with and accepted my fate.

My adopted father was responsive and fair,  
He was very kind, responsible and modest.

I had no complaints against him.  
I was very thankful to him. He was a brave and courageous man.

He was not afraid to raise an adopted son –  
His relatives did not understand him.

He did not trust his relatives or friends  
And never left me home alone,

So his extended family or others  
Could not offend me, when he was not around.

He did not want any actions or words said by  
others To hurt or offend me in any way.

Once he took me with him,  
Looked at me, took a deep sigh and said

With fatherly love and care: “My  
dear, you are an adult now.

You are my closest person.  
Let me open my heart to you, so you can the wound I have had.

I want to share this with you,  
I need to open up to you.

My end is near, I do not have much time.  
I am feeling it, my dear.

My soul has been aching for a long time,  
But that is the only reason why

I want us to openly talk about it –  
Soon I will leave you forever.

You will stay alone in this world  
Among the enemies discontent with you.

Let's open up and unburden our souls –  
Perhaps there has been something we did not know.

Let's remove the splinters from our souls,  
Let's share what may have given us anguish for a long time!

That will let the wounds avoid festering and skin over  
And we will be able to get back to our previous life.

What you have on your heart I don't know...  
What did you see? I am worried...

I am not sure you have forgotten everything...  
You experienced and saw a lot...

Let me tell a bit about myself –  
I have seen a lot on my life path.

I have always tried to serve people:  
To help some and to be of use to others.

I have earned respect for my merits,  
For my fair decisions and actions.

I am revered for my power and wealth,  
As long as I am alive, the relatives will stay united.

Nobody dares go at you now,  
But the extended family keep a coal of vengeance inside.

They are cherishing a hope to kill you.  
There is people and me. And you are standing in between.

Nobody regards you as their own –  
Everybody is dreaming of killing you.

However, the moment I take my last breath,  
For you my departure might mean trouble and death.

I see it, I feel it.  
For that reason, please, reveal your secrets to me.

I am really worried for you,  
I don't know what awaits you in the future.

Open your heart to me, share with me –  
Certain thoughts make me very anxious...

I want to learn and realize everything.  
I want to understand my own son..."

The father of Altynai continued his story:  
- As though he read the suffering in my soul,

As if he felt them through himself  
And understood my anguish.

I was stunned and taken aback a little.  
I did not expect such a turn of our conversation.

But I could only give a direct response to his question.  
My father was looking straight at me.

I could not lie to him and decided to tell him as  
is What life I have had and what I felt.

I did not think about the consequences,  
Nor did I think of any future troubles.

I looked up at him and took a deep sigh –  
A cool breeze blew from the lake.

We both were looking at each other –  
And the sky was our witness.

I started my speech without any rush –  
It was impossible to listen to it without tears:

“I know that I am your adopted son,  
That I am alone among the foes.

I miss my homeland and my people,  
I want to smell the smoke of my native hearth.

I never forgot my real mother,  
I always wanted to hug her warmly.

I only forgot her name, but I clearly remember her image  
And I can clearly hear her voice in my head.

As though it happened just yesterday –  
Her face is covered in blood, she is aching badly in her ordeal...

My father, tell me is she alive?  
What was her life after that event?

I want to visit her grave,  
To bow to her and unburden my heart...

I remember the words my mother shouted to me  
– Many years have passed since,

But I remember those words by heart.  
I can repeat them even while I am asleep.

I am a descendant of Chylaba, offspring of Uuz-  
khan, I have the blood of a nomad nobleman.

I did not forget the names of our lands –  
My native country is waiting for me.

Kok-Mongu, Ming-Suu, Baikol, Ene-Sai  
Are the lands of my native people.

Father, who can help me learn more about my native  
land? Where is my nation? Where is my mother?

Where are the relatives from my clan? Where are the rest of the  
people?

Forgive me, but I feel like I am in the steel vise.

If possible, please, let me know everything.  
Please, understand me – I have endured so much sorrow...

If you do not like what I have said,  
If you decide so – here is my head.

You have the right to execute me,  
But I cannot lie to you and say otherwise.

Forgive me – I inflicted much pain and bitterness onto  
you. Father, I have seen only love and care from you.

It is not your fault that I was unable to forget  
My homeland and my mother – I have preserved them in my heart.

I am thankful to you for raising me,  
For your care and love and for your attention,

For the warmth of your heart that you gave me –  
I have felt it since childhood and I knew you have been protecting me.

Forgive me that I hurt you,  
If I wounded you, if I destroyed the bridge of trust between us.

You asked me a direct question  
And I could not give you a different answer.”

My bitter response made my father upset,  
He was heart-broken and looked very bad.

He sat in silence, clearly heart-broken –  
The berth of his hope was destroyed.

Then he turned his face to me  
As if saying farewell before the end.

His tears were down pouring, washing his face –  
I can still see that scene live.

He took a deep and bitter sigh and making an effort he  
said: “I understand, but I must tell you

I have been called a darling of fortune.  
Many people thought I was happy and lucky.

Envy ate so many inside –  
They thought the fate was giving its gifts just to me,

That I was getting everything with ease, without much  
effort, That I did not invest enough labor and energy.

I have got it all: glory, wealth and power.  
I could live well and enjoy myself.

I could afford to live in luxury,  
But I did not allow myself to do it.

Only one sorrow was drinking my blood –  
I could not have children of my own.

I had more than a hundred wives,  
But none of them made me a happy father.

I did not get to hear a cry of my own baby,  
I did not get to enjoy such a moment of happiness.

Our people has a proverb that says  
That a husband whom the sky deprives of children

Will only have infertile wives.  
Hence, that was the will of Higher Force.

That proverb is not just a mere combination of words  
– It contains the wisdom of the centuries.

Based on their life experiences and  
observations, People came to such a conclusion.

I could not agree with that for a long time,  
I was looking for wives driven by the sense of duty.



I did not want to put up with that  
And refused to believe in the omens and superstitions.

But one cannot deceive the fate, one cannot trick it –  
One will live the life that had been pre-ordained.

So, the life balanced me – it became clear  
That despite my nobility,

Despite glory, wealth and power,  
I would be unable to become a father.

But life also brings its surprises –  
One who asks heaven receives.

I accepted you as a gift of God –  
The fate was kind to me and showed its mercy.

Your appearance in my house  
Was a divine grace to me.

To my happiness and my luck,  
You have grown up to everyone's admiration

Into a smart, calm and well-mannered man.  
And you always treated people fairly, with respect.

To the envy of all ill-wishers,  
As ill luck of all spiteful critics.

You always stood your ground and didn't yield  
to persuasion of others.  
You were far from getting into conflicts and fights.

You did not drink strong drinks,  
You did not use *nasvai*<sup>1</sup>. You were always vigilant.

You always took care of me  
And gave no reasons to the relatives for spiteful talk.

The relatives did not hide their envy,  
They undertook various intrigues.

But you were modest and humble,  
And nobody could say you were lazy.

I accepted you as my own son,  
My dearest and closest person.

Trust me, I have seen a lot in life.  
I have seen those who are not afraid of God,

I have seen parents who raised their own children  
But saw no care from them when children grew up,

Heard no kinds words from them,  
And their very home was alien to their children.

I bow low to the master of fate *Xi-Ming*<sup>2</sup> –  
I am thankful that you have become dear and close to me.

I ask *Tai-Guang*<sup>3</sup> to give you happiness, and  
I ask *Shui-Guang*<sup>4</sup> to protect you from misfortune.

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<sup>1</sup> *Nasvai* [nʌsˈvai] a type of chewing tobacco product in Central Asia made of tobacco and white lime and other ingredients. It is intoxicating and addictive.

<sup>2</sup> *Xi-Ming*. – probably, 喜命-xǐ mìng - ‘joy + fate’. Master of fate.

<sup>3</sup> *Tai-Guang* – probably, 胎光-tāi guāng - ‘embryo + light’ - ‘+ light’.  
Guardian of happiness.

<sup>4</sup> *Shui-Guang* – probably, 水光 – *shuǐ guāng* – ‘*water + light*’. Guardian of protection from misfortune.

May these forces help you!  
May they open your life path!

I ask humbly from the bottom of my heart.  
May Higher Force hear my intentions!

May it grant you the goods  
And protect you throughout your life to your very last step!

I will not hide from you, my son. You  
Have now planted a seed of bitterness in my soul.

My soul is suffering from the response you gave,  
The hopes are ruined and the efforts are futile.

My souls is aching from the wound of sorrow –  
We have been silent about the sacral for so too long.

You have remembered that you were from a foreign country,  
That you were calling a stranger “father”.

That is my deep sorrow –  
I have still remained single in my heart.

But I understand you and I cannot judge you –  
Everybody is equal under the sky.

If a man does not remember his Homeland,  
He is unlikely to have a decent life.

There is an unwritten law  
That is not subject to the changing times.

All nations and peoples believe that,  
And I understand you, my son.

I am very proud of your loyalty to your Homeland,  
Even though your words broke my heart.

I will be frank with you too, son.  
I will tell you of my intentions.

If I say your confessions made me feel happy,  
It will not be true even as a stretch.

It would be an outright lie,  
And my response would make you upset.

But I cannot lie to you,  
I must unburden my heart to you now.

Otherwise, I would not be *Sheng-Xian*<sup>1</sup>,  
Which means “wise” – a name people call me.

The most important thing for me is justice –  
I have been trying to be honest, even though it was difficult.

You did well, and I am happy for you,  
For your high and noble impulse.

The man who remembers and loves his people  
Will never commit a lowdown act.

Neither greed, nor mirage of a rich life  
Will ever move him.

He will remember the kindness once done to him,  
And his integrity cannot be bought for silver.

I raised you well – I cannot find the right measure to measure you,  
But I am not going to consider that as kindness done to you.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Sheng-Xian* – 圣贤 *shèngxián* – means a ‘sage’ or ‘holy’.

I only ask of you one thing –  
To not forget me, your father.

I have succumbed to my capricious fate  
And fully dedicated myself to you.

Also, I have another request to you –  
I will do anything you will ask me,

But, please, do not even think of going back –  
You have been followed and watched for a long time.

There are people who want to accuse you of treason,  
They want to expose you and blame in treachery.

All they desire is vengeance and punishment for you,  
But for now their speeches are full of flattery.

They are just waiting for the right moment,  
When you stumble and trip over.

The ill-wishers also want to blemish me,  
To make me confess I am guilty and did wrong.

They think I should not have raised you, since you are from the  
enemy's tribe,

That you would harm to our people.

They want to punish you harshly.  
Everybody wants to see you executed.

You have deprived them of such opportunity,  
You have given them no reason or excuse.

You have avoided all temptations  
And did not engage in their dirty games.

You have not provoked the instigators  
And ignored the spiteful critics.

You looked your opponents and hypocrites straight in the  
eye, Held your ground and believed in yourself.

Don't give them a chance as before!  
Behave as before, stay alert.

May they continue to burn in their envy and anger  
– Their souls are petty and their hearts are cold!

I am warning you, please, take my advice.  
If you decide to flee, you will not see your native Homeland.

You will not reach your Homeland –  
You'll be killed during your journey. Your life will end abruptly...

Show your wisdom, act differently.  
Listen, son, to my advice.

You can reach your goal without taking the risk,  
Trust me, my son, that is how you should do it.

Please, my dear, do not put me in the awkward situation.  
Otherwise, you will lose all of your rights and privileges.

The enemies and friends alike will be gloating.  
Understand that you cannot afford to act recklessly.

Swear to me that you will not run away from  
here. Give me an oath that that's how it will be.

Let me repeat, if you decide to flee in secret –  
You will be caught in the invisible traps around you.

They are waiting for a chance to expose you.  
They are waiting for a chance to execute you.

You are in your twenties now – it's time for a test.  
You must overcome your hesitations.

There are still many tests ahead of you,  
There are still many grieves and sorrows.

But I believe you will pass them all.  
Listen to my advice, dear son.

I want your noble blood to survive,  
I want your heart to continue beating...

I want you to marry a daughter of your people,  
So that she too would be from the nobility of your clans.

I want to find such a girl for you,  
So you would walk your life path together.

If I find one, I will organize a big feast  
For your wedding with her.

My power will serve for your interest.  
We can come up with a plan together.

There are slaves working in the mines of *Guiyang*<sup>1</sup> –  
Those are people from your native stan.

They were captured during the invasion,  
That is how they were enslaved.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Guiyang* – 贵阳 Guìyáng is the capital of Guizhou province of Southwest China.



The guard *Guiyang-Gan* is watching the mine –  
He is very vigilant and knows his craft well.

He loves gold and jewelry –  
Nothing else he values higher in life.

Thirst for gold is eating his heart.  
He would sell his own father for gold.

He looks like a serpent, which guards the treasure,  
No one can come close to his dwelling.

People call him *Aziz*<sup>1</sup> –  
Everyone knows about his passion.

I will send him my man *Homo-He* –  
He will strike a deal with him.

He will make him a generous offer  
For the slaves of both sexes – Aziz will not say no.

And, if the fate is kind to us,  
We will find a girl of noble origin among them.

Then I will approach *Shoi-Bo*, the clairvoyant  
To reveal her fate to us.

The ayar will be able to read about her,  
About her ancestry and her blood.

He will be able to tell us about her heart and mind and whether  
she will be  
Able to give birth to a hero. Hope you agree it would be better this  
way.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Aziz* [ʌ'zi:z] means a 'snake' here. Has other meanings, such as 'precious' or 'dear', and 'blind'.

If that is what will happen under the will of heaven,  
You will become a happy father one day.

Therefore, dear son, make a decision.  
I will give you my blessing.

If you wife gives birth to a son,  
May his life be long and happy!

You will be able to realize your dream through him –  
You will tell him about your Homeland and help him.

He will look for your native land –  
Nobody will hamper him.”

Having said that, the father stopped.  
He stood in silence reflecting about something.

He turned to me, looked me in the eye and said:  
“I never knew that one day you would ask me about it,  
I never thought that you were carrying bitterness in your heart.

I might seem cruel and heartless to you,  
But no, I did not look for your roots.

I do not know anything about your mother  
And I made no attempts to look for anybody.

I have accepted you without your past, without your roots.  
How could I look for your mother? I did not think about her...

Please, understand me, if you can and try to let go of resentment.  
Forgive me... He pulled me towards his chest looking heart-broken

And he kissed me. He was crying,  
We both were. And we hugged.

I was bitterly crying on his chest –  
The fate combined our life paths.

At that moment I forgot about everything  
– He was my true father.

Suddenly everything transformed  
As if a miracle happened...

Around me I saw gorgeous mountains  
Dressed up in a precious glaciers outfit.

In the middle of a juicy, blossoming  
gorge There was a snow-white yurt.

The door of the yurt is hospitably open  
– The inside has a solemn look.

Warmth is radiating from a strict-looking  
man. I stand near him – it is very light around.

I am holding the man's hand,  
I am close to his chest.

It occurred to me:  
“That is my father!” – the head of the family.

Thick eyebrows and eyelashes,  
A penetrating look. His face is shining.

He is breathing in – wide nostrils,  
Thick lips and a high forehead.

Only for an instant the memory lighted up  
everything And brought up the face of my father.

“Dear father, my Daddy!” with these words  
I was kissing and hugging him.

At that very moment, I could not control my impulse  
– Something broke down inside of me.

I hugged the father who was standing in front of me,  
And clasped him tightly as if with some guilt.

The face of my own father is in front of me,  
But I am hugging my adopted father.

And I feel that he is my dear and close person  
And I tell him frankly and sincerely.

He thawed, my adopted father,  
He was standing in front of me, humble and modest.

We got closer after our revelations –  
The evening witnessed it and was unusually quiet.

My father and I opened up our hearts to each other –  
It was not easy, but that was much better.

We found peace in our hearts  
And our bond just got stronger.

That is how our conversation ended –  
That night we came back from the lakes very late.

Several days have passed since that conversation.  
I went to my father. We were alone.

He was sick and felt weak  
And he had retired from his business.

He wanted to tell me something important.  
He shook my head and I sat down near him.

He had a short and hard breath  
Making it difficult for him to speak.

Slowly, rapping out each word  
He was saying to me from his bed:

“My dear, my life path is over,  
I want to tell you something essential.

We promised to each other that time...  
Now is the time, even though I am still struggling.

But I must tell you the hard news –  
These are my last days.

My time here is nearing its end,  
I have no earthly powers left.

And I am ready to enter the Eternity,  
You will walk on your life path without me.

At my urgent request, Homo-He  
Did everything according to my instructions.

He brought a full wagon train of the  
slaves From the mine in Guiyang.

Almighty heard my prayer –  
The fate is kind to you.

There is a girl among them. Ayar Shoi-Bo said  
That she is meant for you.

She has a beautiful face, a beautiful heart and mind.  
Most importantly, big happiness is brewing.

Just as you are, she is descending from a noble clan.  
So now both of you are no longer alone.

Go take a look and give me your answer.  
Should you like her, may you live long and happily!

I will invite people for the wedding feast  
And will finally find peace and

I will calmly cross over to the other world.  
Let me know your response the sooner the better.

The ayar made no mistake – *Naar*<sup>1</sup> was  
beautiful As if a gift of heaven.

She is ready to be with him in sorrow and  
joy, The soul of the young man was in bloom.

His father gave a big wedding feast –  
A generous and lavish dastorkon was set up.

All foods are here – everything's in abundance.  
People were having fun until they could no longer move.

The father, although unwell, was holding himself brisk  
– He sat proudly and stately,

Paying attention to his guests  
And managing the feast.

He was calm and looked cheerful  
As if everything was all right with him.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Naar* [Na:a:r].

Nobody noticed that he got weak,  
Nobody noticed that he had retired.

And only towards the end he said a speech,  
And every guest listened to him:

““Dear guests, we are happy to see you!” –  
These are the words I should be saying to you.

And you, my numerous relatives,  
I ask you to hear me today.

My time has come to leave you all for the  
Eternity. My time has come to find peace at last.

But I ask you to hear me words –  
May people convey them on!

When I have left this mortal world,  
Please, accept my son as my heir!

Great Force had given him to me –  
I am thankful and I praise it high!

I have dedicated myself to him,  
Loved him and enjoyed taking care of him.

He grew up and chose himself a bride,  
Smart, beautiful and honest.

Please, always be a reliable support and rear to  
him. May God's grace be with him!

My son is brave, intelligent and self-controlled  
– He will defeat any enemy.

My dear people, please, hear my words,  
My hawk will save our land.

I am saying these words as my will –  
Remember them, may people remember!

I ask all of you and I beg of you,  
I am leaving a piece of me in my son.

You are hearing my will now –  
I announce my son as my heir!

And if anyone dares disobeying,  
My spirit will never be at peace.

My spirit will haunt the insolent person –  
He will find his punishment and be condemned by his own  
conscience.”

The he looked at his relatives –  
People immediately quieted down.

Then my father read a prayer  
And with that he finished his speech.

After the lavish, luxurious feast was over,  
My father left us for good.

Since then I have lived full of my sorrows,  
And the days do not bring me much joy.

I cannot breach my oath.  
I have to keep my promise.

Another bitterness was eating me up –  
I totally lost my hopes.



We had a daughter, not a son.  
I could not endure the suffering.

I loved my child – I accepted the sign of the fate  
That my intentions would not be accomplished.

But what can I do – misfortune and fortune  
Always walk together just like a pleasant and a nasty weather.

So people say about life –  
It is like weather, never consistent.

The wound reminded of itself again –  
It got swollen inside – the puss got into blood.

Aikol stood leaning on the rocks –  
Manas held himself together.

He had a fever inside,  
But he was concealing his ailment as best as he could.

Through pain and effort he was trying to stand up  
– Nobody should suspect anything.

He was standing tall and kept his head high, Even  
though he wanted to scream from the pain.

He could not afford to weaken the martial spirit  
– Such was Manas, courageous and brave!

And from bird's eye view,  
He was looking down at the battle.

He continuously looking into the spyglass –  
His connection with fighters is invisible and unbreakable.

His face is perfectly calm, not a shade of pain –  
Manas is enduring his torments well.

All his life has passed in his mind –  
He measured it on the scales of fate.

And he is looking at the battlefield –  
His knights are zealously fighting.

But his thoughts are taking him to the past again,  
And he hears the voice of his dear Almambet.

## **CHAPTER VII – THE BIRTH OF ALTYNAI**

- My mother told me  
That her mother had lost all her strength,

She fell sick and was prone to ailments,  
Her body was very weak.

Altynai was born, when her mother was already  
old And both parents had grey hair.

She spent her childhood near those lakes,  
Which she dearly loved since early years.

Her father loved her and cared for her without  
measure Keeping in mind how his wife

Had given birth to their only child. How difficult it was  
And how she barely got back to her senses after labor.

Altynai's mother told her herself  
That she had given birth to her, when she was already old.

She was above forty years old,  
When she carried her baby inside.

The parents had been expecting a son,  
But life brings unexpected surprises.

A daughter was born and stunned her parents.  
Their hopes were lost. And it seemed like life was turning back.

Her mother got a lump in her throat –  
Ill-fate was upon her family.

Her heart started aching –  
The baby was crying.

The world has collapsed, something was pressing her down –  
She hunched down losing her strength.

Darkness set in in her eyes,  
She could not hear her baby.

She did not remember how she regained consciousness.  
But she remembered what her husband said:

“Naar, honey, open your eyes!  
The pain is eating my heart.

But, please, do not leave me –  
Give me a hope to live with you yet!

We will overcome the sadness together  
And will walk our difficult path as one.

You are my native land and my nation to me!  
You are my hope and my support!

I do not have anyone dearer or closer than you,  
I beg of you do not leave me. Oh, God!!!

There are only two of us here in the foreign land  
And we have endured so much together.

You and I are one so far away from  
Homeland, Our lives are connected by destiny.

You have become my support, my tall mountain  
– With you, I fend off my sorrows.

You give me your energy and make me  
stronger, And your love warms my heart.

In the foreign nation, in a faraway land,  
We built our house here.

We were dreaming together and praying to the Creator  
That our son would fulfill the duty for his father,

That he would be happy for both of us,  
That he would get to see our people, dear nation,

That he would reach our native land and enjoy its nature,  
That he would join and become one with his people.

We are our support to each other in the foreign country.  
Had we been by ourselves, life would have beat us more.

We cannot reach out native land,  
We will stay here in the foreign land.

We have humbly accepted this burden – The  
fate has thrown down our dealing to us.

We have lost our hopes  
And remained half and half... in between...

Yes, we were expecting a son  
And wanted to realize our dreams through him.

But Tengir heard our prayers and  
Sent us an angel-girl – she is very healthy...

Accept this gift, do not make Tengir angry!  
He sent a child to us and to this world.

Let's be thankful to Tengir  
And accept the baby with care and love.

She is hungry – look at her.  
My Naar, stretch your arms to her!

With a fair face, she is tender and fragile –  
You must feed the baby.

Look, as if a peri came down to us from the moon –  
Almighty gave us his grace.

The spirit of these lakes lighted up everything with the rays  
They shed unusual light.

A golden moon is crossing the sky,  
The area is breathing – the nature around us is singing.

You are smart and sensitive, dear Naar.  
We have received an invaluable gift from heaven.

I want you to give a name to the baby,  
I want you to give her a name yourself.

Look how beautiful the baby is –  
Our flesh and blood, our dream!

Accept your daughter as you would accept a son,  
Dear wife. She will break out of this vicious circle.

She will get to do what we cannot do –  
She will get to see our Homeland!”

- The words of my husband warmed me  
– And I suppressed a sigh of sadness.

I slowly lifted my head up  
And looked at the baby who was gorgeous!

As if the sun descended to us –  
Everything was shining so bright.

The tiny body was comfortable on the pillow.  
A little wonder so adorable and precious!

It was bliss to be around her-  
My soul soared up high and sang.

I gently touched the baby  
And felt so much love and need to take care of her.

The beautiful gift of the Creator is wonderful  
– Something pure and light woke up in me.

Mother... I realized the meaning of this word And  
I felt how I was being filled with God’s power.

I fully realized what the taste of motherhood is like – It  
is when you are connected by the thread of unity,

When initiation has happened through you,  
When you are sensing the heavenly grace.

Each mother knows the nectar of motherhood – She  
will never exchange its taste for anything else.

A mother may also reject –  
This situation seemed similar.

I fended off all my doubts  
And carefully took my daughter in my arms.

I embraced her with all my love  
And fully enjoyed my motherhood.

But the wound was tormenting my soul –  
The pain and sorrow dried my heart.

My mother lived in slavery and humiliation,  
She endured ordeals and deprivation.

Often times she remembered her brother  
Who just like her remained deprived of shelter by the will of fate.

She was begging the Creator in her prayers  
That the power of Tengir would save and protect him.

Her tears would pour down –  
She could not control her life.

“Oh, my Tengir! Save my brother’s life,  
Protect him from all troubles, I beg you.

May he live long,  
May he find happiness!

*Kultang*<sup>1</sup> is the only son in our family –  
He was given to us in response to the prayers to Almighty.

My mother gave birth to me in young age,  
I was the only daughter in our family.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Kultang* [Kul'taŋ].



My mother's father was a merchant from  
*Damashki*<sup>1</sup>, He loved his daughter selflessly.

He called her *Zebi*<sup>2</sup>,  
He spoiled her, cared for her, and played with her.

The soul of the girl is like sunlight –  
Her face is beautiful, she is gorgeous.

Once she got in trouble –  
She fell victim to an unexpected ordeal.

Slave-trader *Tahir*<sup>3</sup> kidnapped her  
And sold her to trader *Oboz*<sup>4</sup>.

That is how the girl lost everything at once –  
Zebi was made a slave.

Oboz married Zebi  
And enjoyed the joy of parenthood with her.

Zebi gave birth to a son and a daughter,  
But no one could help her in her sorrow.

The children lived bad with their mother –  
They were growing up as slaves without any rights.

The children from the khan's yurt had all the  
rights. They got whatever they wanted.

They mocked at and humiliated them,  
Ridiculed them often and did not recognize them.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Damashki* [Dʌmʌʃˈki] city of Damascus.

<sup>2</sup> *Zebi* [Zeˈbi].

<sup>3</sup> *Tahir* [Tʌˈhir].

<sup>4</sup> *Oboz* [ɔˈboz].

The moon-faced Zebi was cursing her fate...  
Who would understand her, a rightless slave?..

And her eyes would water down  
And fall on the ground like dew.

She would tell her daughter about her fate  
Tenderly caressing her hair:

“My *Zeer*<sup>1</sup>, please, light up your face with a  
smile. May your fate be a good one!

May long years lie ahead of you,  
May the fate give happiness and health!

Son Kultang will reach our Homeland,  
Perhaps he will find our lands.

Maybe he will take us with him,  
Maybe we will see our people.

Oh, Almighty! Will I ever see my parents again?  
Will I be able to hug them again?

Will I ever see my native country again?  
Please, give me an opportunity to do it!

Throughout the night, my mother would cry  
And at daylight she would obediently do her hard servitude...

And they were not taking it easy on them –  
The slaves hunched down and worked really hard

Since early morning until late night.  
And after work, she would cry again.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Zeer* [Ze'er].

The dreams did not come true – the fate was  
different. Envy gives birth to hatred and anger.

One of the wives managed to poison her –  
The death of Zebi calmed down her anger.

Those were the hard days for the children –  
No one pitied them, they were mocked and beaten.

Suddenly an enemy invaded the area,  
Destroyed everybody and captured people.

The girls from the khan's clan were  
selected And separated from their people.

The Jungars brought the prisoners to their country  
And sold them to Guiyang-Gan to the mines.

They knew pity to nobody, neither old people, nor  
children. The slaves hunched their back under whips.

From hunger and coldness, enduring hard labor,  
People were unable to get out of the shackles of slavery.

They were getting weaker and their spirit weakened.  
Unable to withstand it, many of them died.

Not even a ray of hope –  
They will be slaves until their death.

That was not a life, but rather a dog's life  
– A fate's tangle of circumstances.

Even dogs would be unable to live like  
that In the unbearable conditions.

Even dogs would not eat the food these people ate,  
But the people kept silence and endured through it all.

They were humiliated and mocked at –  
All slaves were subject to beating.

We thought of our previous life like paradise And  
we just prayed to Tengir to give us strength.

I remembered the past with offence and despair –  
Our dreams and hopes did not come true.

Could I ever imagine that I would  
Suffer like a slave myself?

I had never taken a slave for a human –  
Would I have, had I known I would be enslaved myself?

Once Kultang had a servant,  
His name was *Nuzup*<sup>1</sup> – he was limping,

But that defect did not affect him.  
He was agile and stronger than many.

He was helping Kultang bridle his horse,  
He was also good with hunting birds.

He was captured along with us,  
And we lived together in the enemy's country.

I had looked at him with different eyes.  
He used to be a slave and servant. I did not even talk to him.

I had not considered him to be a human.  
Now I was a slave myself.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Nuzup* {Nu'zup}.

Nuzup was a hard-working man –  
The master noticed him,

And now Nuzup was our head,  
And now we were his slaves.

Master Guiyang said to Nuzup:  
“Slave, I want you to know.

If you can manage everything,  
If you can make them work well,

You will know no need in food  
And your people would be able to stay together.

However, if you misbehave,  
There will be no excuses.

I will ruthlessly eradicate all of your people  
– They will find their death in the mines.

Therefore, slave, make everyone work.  
They shall work hard and sweat blood.

Yesterday they used to be *beks*<sup>1</sup>. Today they are  
slaves. You are their master. The fate ruled this way.

They are unlikely to protest –  
Their will is broken, their honor is suppressed.

They will say nothing against you –  
They have put up with their fate.”

Mighty Nuzup gathered all people  
And told them what Guiyang had said.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Bek* {bek} a noble man.

Also, he added a few words from himself  
That if they work well,

Then they will survive,  
As Guiyang sets the laws here.

And that they might reach their native  
country Only if they survive.

- What can we do –such are our circumstances.  
The fate gave us our dealing.

Let's make a decision together  
That will lessen our deprivations.

Let's stay united and friendly to one another,  
So we can reach our homeland one day.

We have only one goal – we must  
survive. And life is difficult here...

But that is our goal. It is like a hope – To  
survive, to leave and to live as before.

We must not talk about fleeing now,  
Guiyang-Gan should not learn about it.

We'd better stay together rather than by oneself.  
Only then we will be strong as if tied by a lasso.

Then it will be hard to break us down,  
We will manage to survive and live on.

Therefore we must lull Guiyang-Gan's  
Vigilance early on.

Let's not riot, let's not show our willfulness.  
Each one of you, my tribesmen, is dear to me.

If we remain united in our spirit,  
Together we will be invincible.

Let's be diligent day and night,  
And the master will believe us early on.

Let's behave as if we have put up with our fate, As if  
our spirit is broken down and we succumbed.

May he believe it is so,  
Then he will relax.

Let's be honest in everything and everywhere  
To avoid a big trouble.

Let's not hide even a grain of gold –  
May your faces express submission.

Guiyang is greedy – he guards gold himself.  
He looks like a serpent that keeps the treasure.

He will never let anyone approach his treasure –  
The serpent will bite and inject its venom.

So Guiyang too will destroy us all,  
Those of us who will take anything – that is the reason why he  
guards it himself...

He was called Aziz for a reason –  
People gave him this nickname.

He is ready to poison anybody,  
He is ready to bite and inject his deathly venom.

The venom of Guiyang is much stronger than venom of a snake –  
There's nothing more valuable to him than gold.

That is why let's make efforts and try hard,  
And the master will not apply his extreme measures to us.

Let's avoid his venomous bites,  
So we can survive.

Let's not let him destroy us –  
If we survive, we can undertake things.

Let's not let the alien people  
Press us down into the ground.”

Nuzup finished his speech,  
People agreed and jointly made a decision

That Nuzup would be their head,  
And that people would be obedient, so they can all return home  
one day.

Guiyang was only called Aziz.  
That was the name people used when he was not around.

Once Guiyang heard about it  
And asked Nuzup about it without anger:

“I have learned that I've been called  
Aziz. I will punish, if you make mistakes.

The snake only bites the aggressor.  
All I need is hard work, good results and calmness.

If you suddenly decide to run away,  
I want you to know it will never happen.



You will stay on the mines forever,  
I will give you a wife, a dwelling and food.

Always honestly work for me –  
Your native land is forever lost for all of you.”

Nuzup did not dare talk back to Aziz.  
Stay enslaved? Is that the fate of his people?

Then he called me to the side  
And started hinting:

“Some time ago I was your slave. Your  
father’s home was a home to me.

But the paths of Almighty are unknown to us,  
Even though neither of us is free, we are safe.

You have the noble blood, you are a khan’s  
daughter. I want to protect you and Kultang.

The enemies might want to have fun with you,  
But I’ll dare say this to you.

I want to offer you the following favor –  
Be my wife and my loyal friend.

Please, understand and do not judge. There is no other way.  
I want your response to be well-thought.

My princess, nobody will offend you.  
And who knows, maybe we’ll get to see our Homeland again...

But, if it is pre-ordained above,  
We will walk this path together,

We will stay in this foreign country  
And maybe we'll even die here.

Zeer, listen to me with attention.  
We will endure everything together.

Do not rush to dismiss and disregard me.  
Think it through soundly and then decide.

Yes, I am limping, but there's no other choice.  
I am expecting only a positive answer from you."

I wanted to live and I gave my agreement  
To take this crazy step.

I immediately said yes to Nuzup  
And became his wife.

So, I became his wife.  
Maybe that's why I survived.

Hence, life equalized me with my husband.  
But my soul was frozen inside.

Only my daughter Naar was my only joy,  
My only most dearly loved person.

She would look at me with her clear eyes,  
And I would say to her with tears in my eyes:

"Naar, remember, your grandfather's name was  
Oboz. He was lucky – all troubles avoided him.

He was fortunate, rich and famous,  
He was known as a successful merchant.

He transported goods on his caravans  
And brought merchandise from faraway places.

Noigut and *Kypchak*<sup>1</sup> are children of his head wife  
Lived in prosperity without any troubles.

We were born from the slave named Zebi,  
We grew up like slaves in much need.

Imperious Kultang displayed cruelty –  
He did not like toadies, he despised them.

He was insolent, proud and stubborn.  
He looked his opponents straight in the eye.

The father forgive him many things  
And did not pay attention to his pranks.

One day the father chose him a wife,  
But he honestly refused from the girl.

The father understood him and did not judge him.  
He decided that his son would get there in time.

Kultang looked for wife for a long time –  
He traveled through many lands and Tengir gave him a wife.

He found Tul-Biike –  
A smart, gentle and gorgeous girl.

He was charmed by her beauty  
And enchanted by her kindness.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Kypchak* {ki:p'tʃʌk}.

Tul-Biike was from the tribe of Argyn –  
Kultang was looking for her and found her in a faraway place.

The khan of the Argyns – *Jangar-ata*<sup>1</sup>  
Loved her daughter dearly.

Tul-Biike was born,  
When he turned 60 years old.

He regarded her as a son and raised her  
accordingly. He taught her eradicating any fears.

He always took her with him everywhere  
Despite her young age.

He taught her everything, including martial arts –  
How to be agile, brave and very quick.

He spared no energy or patience  
And he raised her with zeal.

The nature gave her beauty,  
Intelligence, kind soul and a nice temper.

Everything forged harmoniously in her.  
Also, she was a fabulous shooter.

These skills were fostered in her by her father,  
So she could defend herself.

She was a sharp shooter in the field  
And would vent out her emotions at home.

She perceived everything very sensitively  
With her tender and pure heart.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Jangar* {Dʒaŋ'gar}.

She mastered many great skills  
And was learning a lot with great patience.

She was known as a clever needlewoman  
– She made Kultang a chain armor.

Everyone was amazed and envious of at the chain armor  
– Tul-Biike astonished people with her mastery.

Kultang always loved hunting –  
His wife would wait for him.

And if he had to fight of the enemies,  
She would be next to me.

They were always together like twins,  
But their life was not smooth and consistent.

The cup of happiness was not full –  
They quietly kept their grief inside.

Tul-Biike was unable to conceive of a child  
– She wanted to scream from such suffering.

So they lived together, Tul-Biike and Kultang,  
But then the enemies attacked their homeland.

Oh, Tengir, tell me is my life Kutlang still  
alive? What fate did you deal him?

If he is alive, that will make me happy.  
I will forget all my misfortunes and sorrows.

I wanted to have a son,  
So he would make my dream come true,

So he would take me to my homeland –  
That is what I have lived for.

Naar was the name your father gave you.  
That is the name of his native lands.

Once an accident happened –  
He got caved-in and perished.

Naar, what fate is meant for you?  
What is your life going to give you?”

So told my mother and she would feel bad,  
And she would cry with bitter tears.

We both lived in a dugout in utter poverty  
– Hungry and cold, those were hard days.

Aziz had given a dugout to Nuzup  
For his great performance.

Mom was hiding me from strangers,  
As well as from Aziz, the guard.

I was walking around dirty-faced and in dirty clothes.  
My Mom was naïve and cherished a hope

That nobody would glance at me,  
That those rags would protect me from trouble.

That was my mother’s gimmick, her trick  
To provide camouflage – a concealment for me.

One day Mom set a fire –  
We had laundry to do.

I was about to hang the linen.  
I shook it well and when I looked up,

There was a horseman looking down at me.  
He was saying what he had seen in me:

“If this girl is well bathed and well dressed up,  
Her beauty will overshadow everything and light up and touch hearts.

Perhaps she has pure blood,  
Perhaps she is a daughter of a khan or nobleman.

And should ayar Shoi-Bo approve of her,  
Perhaps she will find her luck.

Then I will catch the bird of luck by the tail –  
She might make an honorable girl-guest to Xianfan.

He will generously thank me,  
Who knows she may even give birth to a boy...

I will be all set for the rest of my days,  
Knowing no need and worries for my fate.”

He jumped down from his horse  
And scared me with his hastiness.

He came up close to my mother  
And started telling her something in his language in a low voice.

Pointing me he said  
Flattering words:

“Tell me, is that your daughter over there?  
Or is she an orphan? Perhaps I can help her?

Bring her here quickly,  
Help her get up on my horse.

I have already paid for her.  
Don't be afraid and chill out!

Do not resist – you have no rights for that!  
In fact, I do not even need your agreement.

You may cry and scream to no avail –  
The decision won't change and nobody cares for your opinion.

I will take your daughter away –  
Nobody can help you out.

Just accept it – you cannot change anything.  
It will be as it is going to happen.”

He raised his eyebrows and made a sign  
That perhaps the enemy is watching us.

He frowned intently and  
Raised his cane at us with anger.

Then he whispered to my mother unnoticeably:  
“Accept your fate without grumble.

If your daughter is approved,  
The fate will yet smile to her.

Ayar Shoi-Bo will look at the stars  
And decide whether your Naar is the chosen one.

A young man from the noblemen will marry her  
– He is from the same nation as you are.



Therefore, mother, give your agreement  
And give her your full permission.

Her fate will be much better than yours,  
So give her your permission fast.

Her life will be in happiness and richness.  
Her every whim will be fulfilled.

The groom is smart, honest and well-tempered.  
He is kind, responsive and handsome.

If your daughter is lucky,  
She will marry the man of her own people.

Therefore, do not worry for her at all.  
Instead, pray for her luck and do not cry.

Xianfan gave me this task  
To find a bride for his son of the same blood as him.

He trusts me and I will do as he asks.  
I have confided in you, hence all this talk.

I have revealed all my secrets to you –  
Now you know.

I see you are a noble soul, you will understand. I  
decided to trust you – what I told you is true.

Xianfan and I are old friends –  
I truly care for him.

He gave me this mission –  
I have served him well with integrity.

If Shoi-Bo find her suitable based on the stars,  
Believe me, her life will be much brighter.

She will be very lucky, if it comes out this way.  
It may well be that the fate will rule it this way.

If she gives a birth to a son – all dreams will come true.  
You will learn about it. I only told you concisely.

Now keep this secret to yourself  
And do not blame your fate!

I promised my friend to keep silence –  
Nobody else should get to know it.

If anguish eats you up  
And deeply hurts your heart,

You'd better pray and ask God  
For patience to endure your burden with humbleness.

Now help your daughter to get on the horse  
And say your parting words.”

So, Homo-He bought the slaves,  
Separated her from the others and let her ride.

May the remains of our fathers Xianfan and Homo-He  
Rest in peace – they gave us a better deal!

That's the fates of Soorunduk and me got intertwined  
Into a single thread.

“My father gave me my name – Naar, I  
gave you your name – Altynai.

Somehow everything started swirling in front of me  
– The ground mixed up with the skies.

Suddenly I got a vertigo –  
Frightened, your father said:

“You must give our daughter a  
name.” I felt better and could breathe.

But I was very weak, I could not stand up.  
The moon was shining bright in the sky.

The beautiful moonlight was magical –  
I got my strength from this light.

I named you Altynai –  
The moon in the sky was our witness.

May be more valuable than gold in this life!  
May the fate not be capricious towards you!

May the will of Tengir favor you!  
May he protect you from captivity!

If I didn't have a vertigo, your father would have given you a  
name, But that is how it was.

He saw our support in you.  
He wished you a full cup of happiness.

He wanted to name you *Uulai*<sup>1</sup>  
In gratitude to the fate and in his acceptance of it.

At that time, in my souls  
The joy and burden of sorrow balanced each other.

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<sup>1</sup> *Uulai* [U:u:’lai] – a female name. Literally it means ‘’.

Perfectly equal... The burden was heavy –  
We both wanted to have a son.

I was confined to bed, but tried my best to be stay strong –  
My heart continued to beat for my daughter.

All of my life had been in slavery –  
The insult was like a lump in my throat.

My parents had left – without seeing their Homeland,  
They died in slavery, their lives were hard.

Remember, my daughter, your origin.  
Keep the quiet sorrows in your heart.

Our clan, the clan of Chylaba, is your foundation –  
You have the blood of your ancestors in your veins.

Don't say feeling ashamed  
That you were born to a slave.

Your father was a dignified son of his people.  
He is a true descendant of our clan.

He lived his life with honor, he could not otherwise,  
Even though his heart was exploding from suffering inside.

If the descendants of the forty tribes of Uuz  
Had strengthened the bonds of the clans,

If they had really cared for their Homeland,  
If they had not been prone to whims,

If they had foreseen  
That anyone could insult and push them around when they are apart,

If they had cared for staying united,  
They would not found themselves in different circumstances.

If they had dearly loved their land as mighty Nuzup did  
– He kept every memory of it in his heart,

Then the enemies would not have been able to conquer  
them And smash the mighty nation into pieces.

They would have been buried in their native land  
– Nobody would be able to disturb their peace.

Remember your ancestors – Zeer and Oboz-khan.  
The wound is still bleeding in my soul.

Remember your uncle's name is Kultang.  
Remember, Naar, your relatives.

If you get to find Kultang,  
Tell him about my fate and that of Zeer.

I ask Tengir in his heavenly home  
To pull us out of this marsh.

May he give us his glance and grant us happiness  
– May our misfortunes stop!

May he let your dreams come true!  
May the cup of your life be full!"

Then my mother closed her eyes  
And continued, but whispering.

Later she went to bed,  
But was unable to lift up her head.

Jaundice finished her at last,  
And her spirit left her mortal body.

## **CHAPTER VIII – EARLY CEASED CHILDHOOD OF ALTYNAI**

I lost my mother, when I was six years old  
– My father had many troubles with me.

I missed my mother badly,  
I was very little at the time.

My father surrounded me with comprehensive  
care To ensure I do not think of her very often.

But his efforts were futile –  
Her clear image was always with me.

I often remembered her and cried –  
With my child consciousness I understood everything.

Why is she not with me? Where is she now?  
When will we wake up together?

My father always silently suffered –  
He realized the anguish of the child.

He did his best to care for me and distract me,  
And to protect me from any troubles.

I was falling asleep in his arms –  
He would always lull me in his arms

And then he would gently put me in bed  
And cover me with a warm blanket.

He was trying to be both a father and a mother – He always  
spent time with me, so we could play.

Often times we went to the twin lakes  
And played there forgetting everything else.

We were laughing in joy  
And chase each other on the lakeside.

When we were playing, I would always overjoy And try to  
find hiding places in the rocks.

From my hiding place, without betraying my presence, I was looking  
at my father observing him with interest.

His face expressed frustration –  
He did not conceal his anxiety.

The father was walking along the shore  
And calling me tenderly.

When he got tired of looking for me,  
He would turn to Tengir asking for help.

He would look miserable and deeply frustrated – That is when I  
would dash out of my hideaway.

I would jump onto him and hang on his neck – Then my  
father would feel at ease.

Wiping his tears, he would cry and laugh. And he would  
try to reprimand me:

“My dear, I felt you were near.  
I was telling myself I had to find you.

But one thought did not let me focus –  
What if *Suu-Peri*<sup>1</sup> from the bottom of the lake kidnapped you?

What if you were lured by her vision and succumbed to her spells  
And she dragged you all the down to her kingdom?

My-my, I was scared to death!  
Oh, dear, I got so exhausted!”

And stood near him embarrassed, and  
Feeling ashamed and guilty.

That very moment I was ashamed of my behavior,  
But next time everything would repeat over again, and my father  
patiently

Would be looking for me again in tears:  
“Where is Altynai, my flesh and blood?”

And, having waited until he got desperate,  
I would come out as if by chance just now.

And again, my father would hug me  
And ask me and beg me never to do it again, for he was tormented.

And I would promise him, but forget it next moment And  
would play hide-and-seek with him at the lake again.

It would be all over again next time –  
My father would be looking for me, while I would be hiding.

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<sup>1</sup> *Suu-Peri* [Su:u:-Pe’ri] – Water Fairy.



My father and I were always frank with each other  
And trusted our deepest secrets to each other.

My father would open his heart and soul to me  
– He trusted me in everything.

I was very stubborn as a child –  
My father had many troubles and worries with me.

He always tried to appease me.  
He spoiled me and followed my whims.

He never refused me in anything  
And fulfilled my every wish.

I do not remember why I felt bad,  
But I thought of doing something terrible.

I remember how I was standing on the edge of an  
abyss In the state of a breakdown.

An instant more and my life would be over  
– So easily I would give up in childhood.

But the fate had it all pre-determined –  
My father caught me in time.

He was really scared for me,  
He felt very bad and uneasy inside.

The words of a slave pushed me for that  
Step – it was her fault.

I did not think of death often,  
But at that particular moment I felt very bad.

My father was out traveling,  
Whereas I did not feel comfortable, the house seemed cold.

I wanted to see my mother – I missed her much.  
My soul was in anguish, I suffered.

It seemed to me only Mom would understand me –  
Something shook up in my heart.

Grief was eating me up, my spirit was weakened  
My thoughts were chaotic.

And something incomprehensible happened to me –  
As if something's gotten into me.

That force governed me from outside,  
As though it made me do things.

I could not control my feelings,  
My willpower could not counteract it.

Even my favorite *Kindik-ene*<sup>1</sup>  
Inspired alienation and antipathy in me.

Homo-He had bought that woman  
And let her live in our house.

She made friends with everybody and she was good-looking.  
She always worked hard and looked after herself well.

They were like sisters with my Mom  
Sharing their joys and sorrows together.

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<sup>1</sup> *Kindik-ene* [Kin'dik-e'ne] – a godmother. A woman who acted like a mid-wife during a child's birth. Literally it means 'umbilical cord + mother'.

When it was time for me to come to this  
world, She witnessed my first breath.

She became the closest and dearest person –  
She was helping and caring for my mother during labor.

And she loved me dearly  
And took good care of me.

She was very sensitive and felt how I felt,  
She accepted me like her own child.

When my mother passed away,  
She became my savior and defender.

She replaced me a mother,  
And I also loved her very much.

But what happened during that fateful night?  
Why did I forget I was like a daughter to her?

Why did I treat her like that?  
And what kind of force did affect me then?

At that moment, Kindik-ene was irritating  
me And somehow I felt like she bothered me.

She was trying to calm me down  
And cuddled up to me gently.

She was saying warm words to me  
And was tenderly hugging me.

Nothing helped me –  
I only felt worse.

When I remember it now, I feel sorry  
– Nothing could calm down.

In powerlessness and despair, Kindik-ene  
Burst into tears, when we were alone.

She called up a slave and told her:  
“Watch her. Make sure she doesn’t feel worse.”

Then she left, as she had a lot of work to do –  
Our house master was very strict.

And I kept shouting and shouting:  
“Where is my mother? What happened to her?”

The slave was tortured by my crying.  
From fatigue, she started her monolog.

She got very angry with me  
And blabbed out a lot.

Her words hurt me badly –  
I am feeling a headache from them to this day.

- Calm down! Look,  
Stop shouting now – you are not alone here.

You mother died a long time ago,  
Your tears will not help you find her.

She found her peace at the lakes.  
When you go there next time, look well.

Go there, when the moon is shining bright  
And reflecting in the lake water.

Suu-Peri took her away during one of such nights. Overjoyed,  
she dragged her down to the bottom of the lake.

At that moment, I asked her:  
“Where is that place? Where did it happen?”

The slave could not answer me,  
As Kindik-ene came in at that moment.

She hugged me and gave me a toy to distract  
me, And hugged me gently.

My favorite Kindik-ene  
Was tenderly whispering to me.

And I calmed down and came to my senses.  
For a moment, I forgot the words of the slave.

I was charmed by the little chest Kindik-ene gave me  
– My heart was beating fast in joy.

There was a round stone inside the chest,  
It was shining and shimmering brightly.

When I touched the stone,  
It would make mesmerizing sounds.

A captivating melody would sound  
Making me forget about my despair and sorrow.

The magical melody covered me like  
cloud And lulled me into slumber.

When I woke up, my father was near me.  
He looked worried. He was very pensive.

He looked me at with love –  
I am very happy to see him.

He caressed my hair  
And said to me warmly, with love:

“My dear, let’s forget our grief  
And cool down in the lakes.

Let’s wash our faces with the holy water –  
It will transform us.

And we will calm down our souls –  
Our worries will be washed down to the bottom of the lakes.”

And then we were walking along the fast stream –  
All of our worries were far away now.

We forgot about everything and were happy –  
My father and I were the happiest people.

Dad was laughing and having fun.  
He forgot about his age and was playing with me.

He was my ambler and paced with significance. I  
was atop my “steed” like a brave warrior.

I would fight off my enemies with an imaginary sword  
– That was the crux of our game.

And in such minutes of sparkling happiness,  
We were becoming a part of the Universe,

As though we were along in the whole world –  
I often recall those careless days.

But everything changes –  
Change is always inevitable.

Grief and happiness, good and evil –  
They all follow and replace each other challenging the stability.

And no one can change that, no one has the power –  
That is how it will be, how it is, and how it has always been.

The holy water cured us –  
We played a lot with my father then.

The noon closed in unnoticed.  
Suddenly I heard a shout: “Altynai!”

Kindik-ene in the white dress.  
She was calling me as though she was singing.

The voice was so tender and beautiful –  
The image was nice, bright and clear.

The breeze was playing with her white scarf  
Refreshing her with its breath.

She was looking at me and shining from inside –  
She seemed like the sun with its rays radiating.

She stopped by the birch tree –  
The spring water was sparkling.

She put her bag on the rock  
And breathed in deeply.

Then she started speaking  
With a smile and a warm, kind look in her eyes.

“Hey, Altynai, come here quickly!  
Take a time out and have a snack!

You have not had a crumb so immersed in your  
games... My-my, how much fun you have had!

I got worried for you and came here.  
You must be hungry – I brought some food.

When I heard the voice of Kindik-ene,  
I recalled everything again and I felt bad.

As if a raging fire woke up within me –  
The entire world turned upside down again!

I glanced at my father  
And got taken aback – I felt chilled.

Kindik-ene was happy to see him –  
He did not notice that I glanced at him.

He also moved quickly towards her,  
Responding to her invitation to have a snack.

Their eyes were shining –they could not hide it,  
They wanted to share their feelings.

Both of them were mutually glowing –  
One could tell their souls were shimmering even in public.

In their eyes one would read respect and deference,  
Joy, warmth and reverence.

There were exuding an invisible light,  
Their feelings for each other were like aroma.



I felt like something pierced me in my heart,  
Pouted my lips with offence and anger.

I felt a pierce of jealousy in my heart,  
As if someone spiked me in the back from behind.

I felt redundant at that moment –  
I must have looked outraged, mad and wild then.

No one paid attention to me,  
Suddenly I felt very fatigued.

That same very moment my reason left  
me And I left them all unnoticed.

The feeling of jealousy was making me mad,  
I was crying and suffering and feeling tormented.

I recalled the words of the slave –  
And everything flew in a vertigo.

My soul got dark and I was immersed in grief and  
Jealousy, and overwhelmed by pain.

The light in my soul put out at that moment  
– I was carried away into dark thoughts.

I came close to the edge of the abyss  
And was calling my mother until a complete breakdown.

An instant more and I would be done –  
Nobody would be able to find me.

My body would have found peace,  
As I would have forever rest at the bottom of that abyss.

Bu my father came just in time  
And managed to save from a sure death.

That day I was very aloof  
And behaved with insolence with people around.

Nobody dared to approach me –  
I have isolated myself from everything.

I wanted to be just by myself  
And figure out what was going inside of me.

I was immersed into the abyss of thoughts –  
I stood right between life and death.

And conscience was blaming me and I felt ashamed.  
I could easily take myself then.

Then I continued to think and understood –  
And I got smarter after that lesson.

I felt at fault before my father –  
It was pressing me down like a heavy burden.

For I almost broke him with my action,  
Almost crushed down his fragile life...

I have made my life heavier adding the burden of guilt –  
I forgot that he had been living and breathing me.

That day I vowed to myself:  
“I will remember this lesson all my life.

I will never torture my father again.  
I am an adult now – life is a great teacher.”

One day has changed everything –  
It has turned the course of destiny.

My childhood waved me good-bye –  
I became an adult and changed inside.

Naughtiness and coquetry were gone forever –  
I have parted with childhood for good.

It is since that day on that I  
Have become more conscious and aware, as if awakened from  
slumber.

The world was opening its doors wider to me –  
I was learning a lot about it.

I learned to read my father's thoughts:  
What he is thinking, what he wants to say...

I became obedient and humble,  
My father noticed the notes of tenderness.

I was ready to give my life for him –  
I would do anything I could.

I felt guilty before him, I felt I had scared off  
His happiness for my own sake,

That I had offended and hurt him,  
But he did not show it.

Since that Kindik-ene has continued  
To love me humbly,

But she was trying to avoid my father  
Since that day.

She did not talk to him heart-to-heart –  
There was no reason for them to stay alone.

Light and happiness dimmed in their eyes,  
A gloomy day set in their souls forever.

Somehow her image turned grievous –  
She was walking as if she did not care for anything.

Her face became home to sadness –  
She lost her past radiance.

And she spent the rest of her life  
By herself in her solitude.

But she did not change her attitude towards me –  
She kept surrounding me with warmth and love.

She continued to care for me and be kind to me,  
She continued to exude tenderness and warmth for me.

As for the slave that had said those words to me  
That my mother found peace on the very bottom...

I never saw her again – she disappeared,  
As if gone somewhere into the abyss.

I feel the burning of shame for that act of mine –  
The result of my temper and quarrel.

That became a big lesson for me and kind of a pivot  
That made me part with my previous life.

I became much more serious –  
But for that threat to my life,

I might have still stuck in childhood  
And brought many more troubles to my father.

That event changed him also –  
It seemed that he lost his last bits of energy.

He isolated himself in sadness closing down  
within, Losing himself in this grief and misfortune.

He often would sit at the lakeside  
Looking helpless and unhappy.

He would be looking at the crystal water  
And it seemed that he was reading his life, a story of his actions.

Once I got close by –  
He was unburdening his heart in a monolog:

“If only my daughter were a son,  
He would help me make my dream come true.

He would hit the road in search of our  
Homeland And he would take me with him.

I would join him with my caravan,  
And the wind would blow in my hot chest.

But I would not feel the coldness of the wind  
Because of the hotness I feel inside

From the very thought of meeting my people soon, From  
the thought of being able to bow to my ancestors.

And if I could not join him,  
I would be waiting for him and for any news from him.

And my son would bring me back a gift –  
A handful of earth from dear Homeland.

I would kiss the native earth  
And would forever fall asleep in peace in the foreign land.

Then death would not be scary at all –  
The native earth would warm my soul.

But instead Altynai was born – I accepted the omen  
Of non-fulfillment of my dream. A fear is living in me

That I will not get to see my Homeland while I'm alive,  
That our lives will be spent in the foreign land.

I am not grumbling – such is the will of  
Tengir...” And then he said his prayer:

“Give, oh Tengir, happiness to my daughter  
– May her path be a better one.

That is what I beg of you. That is my only ask.  
I accept my destiny and have no grumble.”

And then he stretched his arms up to the sky –  
His look was full of a prayer.

And then he froze becoming one with the nature,  
Connecting with the single space.

And then he cried bitterly for a long time  
Burning my soul.

I felt as if I was wounded by a sword,  
As if I was shot down by an arrow.

To say I was worried is to say nothing.  
My soul was aching in pain, it was ill.

I did not know how to ease my pain and get rid of my  
pangs, I was in much tormented not knowing what to do.

I really wanted my father to achieve his goal,  
In my mind, I was thinking of various bold ideas.

But I could not open up to anyone.  
I would only be able to share it with my father.

For me he was like a brother, sister and mother  
– I could tell it only to him.

On the outside he was expressing an  
approval, But inside he was full of doubts.

He raised his eyebrow – hence, I am not right.  
A different solution is dictated by the head.

My father always valued my will –  
He never banned anything, nor reprimanded.

But I was able to tame my temper myself –  
And the power of my spirit was strengthened.

The days of quiet happiness, when my father was around –  
I was extremely happy to have such days.

Years were passing by and the time never stopped  
– Inside, my father felt only more sadness.

He was dreaming of a son and his native land,  
And of meeting with his beloved native people.

And I have also made his dream mine  
And I have also made his hope mine.

And just like him I would cry,  
And just like my father I would deeply suffer.

I would stretch my arms to the sky  
And beg of Tengir:

“Oh, Almighty Tengir! Please, bless my father!  
Please, give him a long-awaited son!

All of his life he has lived with a hope  
That his plan would work and come true,

That through his son he would find his native land  
– That is the only dream he has cherished.

My childhood was over, maturity came –  
I have learned a lot and developed some boldness.

When I turned fifteen years of age, I could  
Tell good from evil.

The light and the darkness are always together  
Like black and white, like hell and heaven.

Whereas often times one meets all at once,  
I was able to tell truth from flattery.

I learned to value the good –  
Not everything that shines is always silver.

The appearance is only gimcrackery –  
When the time comes and there will be such moment,



When life will deal an occasion  
That will show the stuff we carry inside.

And that cannot be concealed no matter hard one may  
try. Life only has two roads: to heaven and to hell.

But there were instants beyond my understanding  
– I had moments of hesitation in my soul.

The feelings would overflow  
And fill me with an invisible light,

They would dictate my thoughts  
And govern a lot in my life.

My entire body would be subject to shivering –  
During such moments, I would lack self-control.

A tender whisper within me would sound –  
It would be hard to resist it.

A light breeze would blow in my face  
And move me unnoticeably.

At such moments, I would hear  
Some revelations from I don't know where:

“You must go to the Twin-Lakes –  
Only there you will find your happiness.”

And I would rush to the lakes by myself –  
Only the moon, my friend, would light up my way.

A desire in my heart would make me hurry  
up, And I would hurry, I would almost run.

I would be sitting alone at the water,  
And the starry night would sing me a lullaby.

There was only the quiet night, the moon, and the moonlight on the  
water –  
I would rush here for the sake of such picturesque scene.

And at the full moon, which I would never miss,  
I would observe it pleasing the eyes.

I would find peace in my personal time with the lake water,  
And the air and the nature would take my fatigue away.

My father knew about it,  
He was worried and silently suffered inside.

He was looking after me, unnoticeably, secretly  
In order to learn whether I would be all right.

And quietly approaching, he would follow me  
At the full moon night.

I knew for sure he was looking after me  
Hiding behind the rock and watching me.

But when he saw everything was all right as always,  
He later stopped following me.

And I would walk in the night alone  
Accompanied by only my friend the Moon.

And that became my habit.  
My father got used to it. The time was passing by.

At the full moon, I would hear a call,  
That voice would come to me through the night,

As if someone is waiting for me at the lakes,  
As if someone is sending through a command to me.

I would run cherishing a naïve girl hope  
That my father's tears would stop,

That I would definitely find a place  
Where I will meet a young man at the lakeshore,

I always rushed there cherishing a hope  
That I would find eternal happiness.

The moon got round and brightly lighted  
The wide spaces with its yellow eye.

And as always I got that feeling of mine. I  
quickly put on my clothes and took off.

It seemed that the Twin-Lakes were waiting for  
me Like my close relatives.

The aroma of mint was in the air  
And off in its heavenly travels.

That herb made the surroundings fresh –  
There is some attraction in the peace of the night.

The moonlight was giving calmness –  
Each night is new and different.

The entire space was greeting me –  
Rays of different colors were radiating from the stars.

They interweaved into a thin web  
And were hanging right above the mirror of the water.

And this time around the water was singing a song –  
The waves were getting up high and making sound.

A magical world surrounded me –  
A beautiful ray was dancing above the water.

Something happened during that night,  
Suddenly the nature transformed,

Suddenly everything around me turned into a fairy tale –  
The breath of the night was healing.

Everything around me was wonderful and unusual –  
My perishable world was replaced by the paradise.

I was embraced by the ray and bouncing on the waves,  
I was being lifted up on the bunch of light.

And like on a swing, a gift of the Universe,  
The night is singing its lullaby to me.

The ray was hanging and taking me away into the distance.  
In awe, I could hardly breathe.

The edge of my dress was touching the lake water –  
I was soaring in the spacious sky.

The rays-swings from the starry night...  
The fairy tale was happening during the night.

The web of colored rays blinked and moved,  
And a young man stepped out of the living picture.

He appeared from the heavenly ray,  
And the moonlight lit up the area.

I was taken aback and froze on the waves,  
The full moon was shining bright to us.

Then I walked on the water as if on the ground  
– What has suddenly happened to me?

I was no longer astonished by anything,  
I was enjoying the very real magic and fairy tale.

I was sort of sliding towards the young man from the ray –  
The memory of him is still sweet and dear to me.

We separated out of the ray  
And smoothly moved onto the shore.

The ray of light was slowly moving away from  
us And into the distance in the night.

I felt wet sand under my feet.  
What was it? Answer me, God Tengir!

It seemed like a dream,  
But he was standing in front of me –

The young man from the heavenly ray,  
The embodiment of celestial handsomeness.

He was looking at me with much tenderness  
As if he had known me for a long time, so much he was happy.

He was exuding kindness and warmth –  
I felt comfortable, easy and well with him.

I was not scared – I was perplexed in my  
mind. Was this only a dream?

I was looking at him in silence, thinking to myself  
Where is the young man from? I could not understand...

The handsome stranger came up to me –  
His clear eyes were shining brightly.

I remembered his image. He was standing tall...  
He said in a pleasant voice:

“Dear Altynai, listen to me. You  
will learn a story about us.

I am aware of your dreams and desires,  
I want to deliver a message to you.

I want to tell you about this lake,  
Why it is called a “bright ray”.

It is called holy for a reason –  
Indeed, it is blessed one.

There are women of light on this earth –  
In their noble purity they resist the darkness.

There are love and kindness in their hearts,  
They exude light and warmth.

They will become *peri*-angels in the other world,  
The limitless sky is their native home.

They soar in the borderless Universe in the form of  
doves Seeing the Milky Way in front of them.

At the full moon, when *Cholpon*<sup>1</sup> is against the  
moon, They fly down to the lakes

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<sup>1</sup> *Cholpon* [Tʃɔl'pɒn], planet Venus, morning star.

And turn into beautiful girls  
Made of moon rays.

They make these lakes sacred  
With their tears of grace.

They are called *Nurperi* – they are beautiful.  
They rarely show themselves to people.

They have compassion for unhappy people  
– They unload their worries with their tears.

And when their tears fall in the water  
Like crystal drops of dew,

They turn into pearls in the water.  
That is about Nurperi in brief.

The lakes are fed by the tears of holiness and purity.  
Do you remember how you were crying at the lakes?

The tears of Nurperi and your tears have mixed up –  
The peri fell in love with you, they waited for you.

Their hearts melted and opened up –  
They had a desire to help you.

Not everyone is given such a grace –  
One can say that you are lucky.

The peri have been waiting for you,  
They decided to fulfill your wish.

They know everything about the dream of your  
father, How long he has been waiting for a son,

How much he has been wanting to see his Homeland,  
How he has lived and suffered.

Many people have dreams and wishes,  
Many people achieve them through suffering,

Yet many people do not achieve their goals,  
They beg of the Creator... But everyone's fate is different...

Some people leave without ever having  
Happy moments in life.

You too begged of the Creator to help with your dream,  
You did not understand everything, but you were persistently asking

For your father's dream to come true,  
So his soul be at peace.

Your prayers combined into one –  
The cup of life will be full of happiness.

The time has come –  
The law of the Universe is here to be enforced.

The Moon met Cholpon-Venus –  
What is also a factor is that with full faith

You have always dreamed only of that –  
We have been amazed by your dedication.

The peri were touched and are driven by the goal  
To help you in your vitally important aspiration.

They are ready to sacrifice themselves,  
So that with a pure, fresh and new blood



You could preserve the line of single nation,  
So the bloodline would not disappear.

Your tears were not in vain –  
One of the peri will sacrifice herself for you.

Your prayers have been heard and you will be given what asked for  
– Not everyone gets to catch their luck.

Today is the time for the fulfillment –  
It must be the will of heaven.

You will be given a gift from heaven,  
And what your father has been waiting for will be fulfilled.

You will give birth to a son in ten months –  
May his life path be full of light!

You will still remain virgin,  
But your father's and your dream will come true.

Our souls were marked –  
We will meet again in the Eternity.

Remember the white dove has always  
Accompanied you during the moon nights.

I am that dove, Altynai.  
I was guarding you from troubles – you should know that!

You revered these lakes  
And were coming here irrespective of the weather: rain or wind.

You were throwing crumbs to the fish  
And blessing all the life around you.

You childhood passed, you were in your youth,  
But you have not changed your habits.

You continued to share your secrets,  
Unburden your soul and seek advice.

Here the entire world was invisible for you,  
But you had been waited for... Our souls were singing with you.

You were giving us all the tenderness, joy and light  
– Everything seemed nice to your heart.

The soul of the lake was responding back  
To your light that exuded kindness.

The peri consider you to be one of their own  
And are invisibly always blessing you.

The Lake called you its daughter –  
Hence, that is your fate.

Now you have become our equal among the peri –  
We have received so much love from you.

If you feel alone,  
Come here at the full moon,

I will always come when you call,  
Altynai, you are equal among us.

Good-bye now – the dawn is coming  
And I must turn into a dove.

All doves will fly away now,  
But I cannot go back with them.

I have made my choice and I cannot back off –  
I will always guard and protect you, my dear.

I will always circle above the lake  
And live close by to you.

Trust me, there is no bigger happiness to me  
Than to see you happy.

But the time has come – I must leave now.  
I hope you will not forget what I have said.”

Thick fog was hanging above the lake,  
As the young man-dove was disappearing in front of me.

He sort diluted into non-being  
Leaving back for the Endlessness.

I was completely astonished...  
Was it a dream or happened for real? What was that?

I was winking and unsure  
Whether to believe the dream-reality.

I pinched my arm – it hurt.  
I am feeling everything... But I felt free inside.

So, I saw a miracle for real –  
I just opened a new chapter of my life.

But then it occurred to me and I shouted in  
response: “So what shall I do? I need to know!

How should I take it? Please, let me know!  
Should I accept it with joy? Or with pain? What is next? Tell me...

What will come next after I give birth?  
Will I be able to raise him? I will be blamed...

How will I endure all of that with dignity?  
How shall I accept it with calmness?"

I stepped into the fog, in which he had disappeared –  
The silhouette developed again. This time it was diluted, incomplete.

The voice that pleased my ear said  
Setting me at ease:

“Tell your father everything as is –  
Lying to him would not suit you.

Tell him what you have seen here, tell him  
everything. Both of you must know that.

And, Altynai, be very patient!  
Succumb to the will of heaven!

And do not worry about anything –  
Just calm down and live on!

Also, I want to tell you something else –  
*Urulaiym*<sup>1</sup> will fend off all your troubles.

Her soul is open, her heart is pure –  
She is ready for anything for you.

When you are in grief, she will always be with you,  
She will help you and do everything as warranted.

Do not think about future, do not torture yourself!  
Everything will shake out well and be decided by anuissance!

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<sup>1</sup> *Urulaiym* [Urju:liAi:m].

Your father will figure out a way to help you  
– May nothing cause you worries!

Kindik-ene will also help you,  
She will be your support on your life path.

You will give birth as prescribed,  
Just do not give a name to the child right away.

Wait for a dervish – he will arrive  
And give the name to your son.

As pre-ordained, he will give him his name,  
When the time for that will have come.”

The stranger stopped talking – it was a dawn  
hour. The silhouette in front of me evaporated.

The fog went away and the dove soared up  
high Straight to the clouds, right to the sky.

And I was standing and watching him fly,  
My calmness was gone – I was anxious inside.

I heard a sound and turned around –  
It was Kindik-ene, she was smiling...

It had been a while since we last spoke  
– My heart was aching badly.

I could not control myself and dashed towards her  
– Nobody was closer to me at that moment.

And tears down poured from my eyes –  
I was so distant, even though so near around her.

Hugging me, Kindik-ene was also crying.  
Perhaps she recalled the past.

So we were standing hugging each other  
As if we were alone in the endless world.

I frankly told her everything  
And shared my secret with her.

She was patting me tenderly and looking with grief,  
Her eyes were full of crystal tears.

She sighed deeply and hugged me closer,  
And then she said in her tender voice:

“My silly girl, why are you so scared?  
Those were your dreams!

Tengir came to help you –  
He is opening up a way towards your goal.

And this is an omen from heaven, a blessing –  
Not everyone gets one.

Almighty has heard your prayers,  
And he is just fulfilling your wish.

That is the will of fate. Accept this gift –  
The moments of happiness with reverence.

Our heavenly golden eagle, when he grows up,  
Will find out native land and our nation.

Maybe the dove will give us a hint...  
What we should do next – he might tell us...”

Deep into my thoughts, I started walking –  
The future was scary – I got a bit pessimistic.

And then I overheard the words of Kindik-ene:  
“Oh, Tengir! How can I protect the child from troubles?

Soorunduk has already seen a lot –  
Why is the heaven sending yet another endurance?

He had been waiting for a son, but you gave him a  
daughter. He put up with it and tried to stay strong.

The ritual *nike*<sup>1</sup> has not been performed,  
A dress of the bride has not been worn.

If the enemies find out about it,  
Their gloating and despising will get him into the ground.

And he will not find peace and calmness...  
How can we explain that to him?

How can we avoid troubles?  
How can we prove that she is pure?

Who will listen and who will believe?  
The people is quick to judge and measure.

The father will not withstand the shame –  
He will cry an entire sea of bitter tears.

He will die of such a heavy burden –  
Him, who has lived without freedom and deprived of his Homeland.

And then, how will we raise the baby?  
The soul will be suffering badly...

---

<sup>1</sup> *Nike* [Ni'ke] a matrimonial ritual.

That baby will know no happiness  
If he brings about tears and grief since such a tender age...

And Altynai, what is this for her?  
What a huge endurance for her!

Her soul has been wounded enough since childhood...  
How will she withstand the new troubles?

Will she be able to carry her burden?  
There is no way I am leaving her alone!

I will do anything that depends on me,  
I will do everything I can to help her.

Her distant happiness is hidden  
At the edge of the abyss, in the high rock...

Will she be able to pass through these tests?  
Or will she end up going through the same suffering her father had  
gone through?

I am not sure what to do. Water, please, teach me!  
Heal my wounded heart.

I am frustrated and see no way out –  
I foresee bitter troubles ahead.

How can I grow any joy off her message?  
Sacred lake, please, advise me. What is the solution?"

But the lake did not hear the words of the poor woman –  
It merely continued to move its waves as if it was breathing,

And threw its waters on the sand shore,  
The waves were running in one after one.



The morning lighted up the area with bright  
light As if sharing its advice,

As if calming down Kindik-ene's soul  
Lighting up the water and land.

And the lake was reflecting the rays of the sun,  
The holy water was shining like diamonds.

Kindik-ene was looking at all of that  
– Her soul was absorbing the scenes.

Then she felt easier and a bit better,  
When she saw the signs of God Tengir.

The water diluted the doubts and frustration  
– Kindik-ene has accepted the blessing.

She seemed to read a clear response of  
Tengir: “There is nothing to worry about.

You should entrust yourself to the will of  
Almighty And simply accept the given burden.”

The hour of dawn was in its top –  
The fire in the soul started waning.

Kindik-ene was reasoning soundly:  
“Blaming the fate is poisoning one's life.

It is of no use that I am standing and crying here  
– The path of change had begun a long time ago.

It is of no use to worry here –  
I'd better follow Altynai.

It must be much more difficult for her than for me... I  
am wondering whether she is heading back home?

She should be protected from all sorts of troubles,  
From the poison of people's bad words.

A heavy burden is on her shoulders –  
Her path has been marked by troubles since childhood.

I must catch up with her  
And I had better tell her father everything myself.

I'd better take his anger onto me  
Rather than add it to burden of the daughter.

I will wait until the anger of the father fades away  
And, having thought through it, he finds a solution.

It will be easier to withstand the endurance together  
Having humbly accepted the will of Tengir.”

Having made this decision, KIndik-ene moved ahead,  
Her heart beat got high.

Out of breath, she caught up with me  
And started a conversation right away:

“It is not difficult to guess your thoughts –  
I will tell your father myself – he should understand...

Do not think about it, don't torment your soul!  
I will try my best to do the best thing.

Go calmly to the girl's side of the house – I  
will join you shortly, be waiting for me.

Indeed, she was right –  
I was feeling guilt in my girl's heart.

I did not know how to tell it to my father,  
What to do and decisions to make.

I was walking back deep into my thoughts and without looking at  
the path ahead –  
Kindik-ene caught up with me at the right time.

I took a bath – I was shivering,  
As if suddenly I was out of all my energy.

I heard a sound behind –  
My heart beat jumped up.

I turned around and looked at my father with  
fear, I started sweating and turned pale.

But he was looking at me with love and  
tenderness And did not seem to notice anything.

With a welcoming smile and in a tender voice,  
Very politely he said:

“If the ground splits up and opens wide,  
You will not notice the chaos, you will not hear the uproar.

If a mudflow runs down like avalanche,  
You will not notice the destruction and ruins.

I have not been noticed. How could it happen?  
What thoughts are taking away your peace?

What secrets, what mysteries?  
Has anything happened on the borders?

Quickly, tell me what is on your mind  
And share your secrets.

Otherwise, a grudge may arise between us  
And stay like a bad taste in our mouths.”

He approached us with a glowing smile.  
When he read anxiety in us, his facial expression changed.

It reflected misunderstanding  
And he became worried.

He was standing in front of us like a child  
Whose toy was just taken away from him.

He got tense waiting for response,  
He turned pale and looked sad.

My heart beat went up,  
I dashed towards my father.

That moment looked like eternity –  
The world got frozen and quiet.

Without concealing anything, I told him everything  
That happened at the lake that evening.

My father was tensely listening  
To my story.

And I started telling him in tears,  
Anxious and shivering :

“I had always believed that my mother lived in a wonderful world  
Among the heavenly peri,

That the angels were guarding me  
Saving from various troubles.

And heaven has given me a great gift –  
My intended husband, a peri-*ulan*<sup>1</sup>.

I am telling you a good news –  
I will retain my virginity.

I am not blemished, the shame will not touch us  
– There will be no reproach in people's eyes.

My name will keep its purity  
And I will fulfill your dream, father.

I will give birth to a son – you have been dreaming of  
one And humbly waited praying to Tengir.

And maybe he will find our native land,  
And you might get to see our native people.

And if the fate is favorable,  
Nobody will blame you, father.

Please, do not worry for nothing now –  
I see the future is very clear.

And, if Tengir wills it so,  
We will have his blessing.

We will get to see our Homeland and people  
– May it be so!

Again, father, please, do not feel sad.  
At the very least I will be able to fight.”

---

<sup>1</sup> *Ulan* [u'la:n] means a young man.

The man is standing on the top of the high rock And  
is attentively looking at the battle down below.

Aikol Manas is looking through his spyglass –  
He is fully alert and observant.

He foresees the outcome of this battle  
And he is worried for his native people.

His entire body is burning in pain  
From his wound.

He does not care about it,  
But observing the battle.

He is sadly looking at the battlefield –  
The life of his fighters is already on the edge...

He is looking far into the distance And  
recalling the highlights of his life.

He hears the voice of Almambet from the  
past And sees the past days in his mind.

## **CHAPTER IX – TEST FROM THE GREAT KHAN**

- During that sleepless night,  
My mother shared her secret, Manas.

I will tell you her story  
That is full of grief.

The past is tormenting my soul –  
I am pierced with aching pain.

The news caught me in Chong-Beijing –  
It seemed like I was possessed by a demon.

The letter from my mother inflicted a lot of pain  
– The blood froze in my veins:

“Under no circumstances and no excuse  
Should you stay in the khan’s headquarters.

Do not stay there any more,  
Break through the khan’s shackles!

Be attached to nothing there! Hurry up!  
Every second is golden!

Do not be seduced by the khan’ throne  
Or the lure of gold in the treasury!

Be rushing to me, my eagle eye!  
My last hour has come.

Hurry up, my gift of heaven!  
I have an urgent news for you.

Be very vigilant and prudent –  
You are in a very complex situation.

Without any distraction, hurry up to see me  
– Do not trust the horde of the khan!

I must share with you *amanat*<sup>1</sup> –  
I must tell you something very important.

I have been bed-ridden for a while now –  
My body has got not powers left in it.

My drop of blood, my dear son –  
I want you to see me while I am still alive!

I need to see you before I fall into eternal slumber –  
Please, do not get caught by enemies, executioners.

I must tell you everything -  
You are in a very tricky situation now.

The time for avenge has come –  
May you avoid the treacherous attack of the foe!

The slave will bring you my letter –  
She will pass it to you from hand to hand.

But the slave is just a gimmick  
To fool the enemy.

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<sup>1</sup> *Amanat* [ʌmʌˈnʌt] means something given for storage/preservation.



It is Kindik-ene who will bring you my letter –  
She has been protecting me for half a century.

You and I are much indebted to her...  
During our hardest days and at times of ordeal,

She has always been with us –  
We must protect her from troubles.

Please, guard her like the apple of your eye,  
So someone does not harm her.

She has served us with faith and fidelity  
During all times and under any weather.

She has been my support and she had helped your grandfather,  
Together with her we have endured through many troubles.

Guard her from harm more than yourself –  
Do not let anyone harm our ene!

You must return together with her safe and sound! I  
am eagerly waiting for you, as is your home!”

That letter got me worried a lot –  
My sensitive heart was expecting troubles.

I decided to hit the road immediately  
And started a mess at the palace.

I destroyed the khan’s yard to ruins  
And horrified the servants to fear and awe.

I killed forty knights –  
I was all about destruction and demolition.

I caused a panic in the palace –  
And I did not feel my feet in my turmoil.

I felt as if I just woke up from a bad dream –  
Anger and offence were choking me.

Rage was exploding in my chest –  
I killed many people that day.

I only failed to fulfill mother's request –  
I could not protect Kindik-ene from death...

It must have been the will of Higher Forces –  
The fate had predetermined such outcome.

It is difficult to unburden my soul and tell you everything...  
At that moment, I was ready to scream from grief,

I wanted to turn the time back  
To bring Kindik-ene back to life.

I should have saved Kindik-ene...  
I was tormented in vexation.

But I am not a God and it was not in my powers –  
So, I put up with my bitter fate.

I loaded ene's body onto Sarala  
And tried to keep strong the best I could.

What will I answer to my mother?  
How will I tell her that ene is no longer with us?

A silent scream of despair was stuck in  
me... I have endured a lot that day.

The poison of resentment was eating up my soul  
And I did not have much time.

In the khan's headquarters, I could not find  
The main man – khan He-Gan.

The fate was till protecting him –  
In his time, he will see the darkness of death.

But the cunning fox was far away,  
It was difficult to get to him then.

I took with me the stone *Jai-Tash*<sup>1</sup> and forty willow  
twigs From the khan's headquarters.

He had always guarded them closely,  
The magical artefacts of khan He-Gan.

And then I hit the road waving my whip.  
We rode very fast –the headwind was strong.

My horse was flying like an arrow to the headquarters of Aziz-khan –  
What a loyal friend and companion is my Sarala!

Rushing, I entered the quarters of my mother.  
I was out of breath, when I came.

In accordance with the Chinese custom,  
I kneeled down, bowed my head and waited for her greeting.

But suddenly my mother said in a clear,  
Commanding and wrathful voice:

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<sup>1</sup> *Jai-Tash* [Dʒʌi-Tʌʃ] a magical stone believed to be found in the stomach of a sheep that can help control the weather when put in the water after a special spell.

“Get up! Never kneel down to anybody –  
Neither upon order, nor command!

Never do it upon anybody’s will –  
Neither in fear or in pain!

This is not a custom of our people –  
Do not kneel down for the sake of proprieties!

This is alien to our people –  
You must realize this!

Never bow your head to a person –  
Neither to a khan, nor to a bek!

Neither men, nor women ever prostrated  
And lost their faces in bowing.

You may only bow to Tengir in the blue sky  
Touching the ground with your forehead.

Obedience and devotion only go to the  
Creator, To father Tengir!

And only in a light, clean place  
Should you share your thoughts with Almighty!

This has never been our tradition  
To prostrate oneself in front of other people.

Never bend your legs before anyone!  
Bows to people? This is so petty!

Neither to a khan, nor to an enemy – this is bad manners  
Even when you are in front of the throne of an emperor!

My son, remember this for the rest of your life  
– Your birth was marked by Almighty!

Your clothes are in blood –  
This is the blood of enemies. Change!

Go take an ablution and change your  
clothes. Show your patience.

Only after that, you will enter here again  
– I will explain, and you will understand.”

Frankly speaking, I did not understand my mother. I  
was in much hurry... She behaved strangely...

I felt a storm of resentment in me –  
What has suddenly happened to my mother?

I had a snowstorm and a hurricane in my soul  
– My heart was aching in pain.

I was angry with my mother. I did not understand  
And could not turn down the heat of my anger.

I went outside to the garden and swam in the  
lake. I changed my clothes and collected myself.

Different thoughts were troubling me,  
As I was walking towards my mother's quarters.

I was rushing, I was hurrying up badly...  
A lump of resentment was stuck in my throat.

I had been bowing to her since childhood  
– Nothing like that ever happened before.

I was asking her about her health and business,  
I was always on my knees with me head down,

But in the past she never rejected it  
And never showed her outrage.

What suddenly happened her? What was it about?  
Why suddenly such a change?

I was tormenting myself upset with my mother  
And unable to find answers in my soul.

I came to her again  
And having inclined my head waited.

She did not return to her bed –  
She was impatiently waiting for me.

She jumped up from her seat and ran up to me,  
Then he hugged me and held me for a while.

She was sniffing me and clasping me,  
Looking at me intently and kissing me in the forehead,

As if trying to often the offense  
And feeling that her words inflicted much pain.

Then she said calmly and quietly:  
“Son, it is time for us to talk.

Even though you look offended,  
There is no reason for any silly offenses.

That I demanded of you harshly  
In stiff, whipping words...

Was unusual for you to hear from me.  
And you took it as a personal insult.

But it is not what it seems – you will see yourself  
shortly. Now is the time for the moment of truth!

The hour for truth has come –  
I will reveal a secret to you, my dear.

You were not born to Aziz-khan –  
The throne of the khan does not belong to you.

You were born to Nurperi...  
I was able to save you in the khan's palace.

You are offspring of a different nation,  
Not these people, not this family.

Everything you have been taught is alien to our  
people. You must comprehend and realize it.

I am the only daughter of my parents.  
They both had aspired to their cradle, native land.

Both of them were cherishing a hope to see their  
Homeland They endured many ordeals in life.

They were buried in the foreign land,  
Their lifetime fears were justified –

They were unable to see their native land  
They were unable to find a path back home.

In foreign country, they lived in slavery.  
They were not able to breathe in the air of Homeland.

Their dreams were not meant to come true – Thousands  
of fellow countrymen had to put up with it.

They are living far away from their Homeland in deprivation,  
Quiet hatred and quiet enmity.

Many generations have already passed,  
But the divine grace is not coming unto people.

Oh, how much deprivation, troubles and grief  
Has been endured by several generations!

The story of anguish and ordeal is endless –  
May Almighty judge the enemy!

Our Homeland was destroyed by the foes –  
The people's will was broken under the load of the troubles.

Our countrymen were chained in shackles – They  
can hardly breathe and they cannot speak.

The khans and beks and their offspring  
Were made slaves in faraway lands.

They are your kinsmen, Almambet –  
You are a descendant of that people.

Trust me, my son, there is not bigger sorrow  
Than to die with the realization

That your nation is humiliated, insulted,  
And deprived of its far away Homeland,

That it cannot lift up its head now,  
That it is unable to find a path back to its native land...



My heart is aching from these thoughts  
– The meaning of life gets lost.

Thousands of the Kyrgyz were dying like that  
– They were not choosing their death.

You, my only on Almambet, have  
A high mission, my dear!

You must return to our people  
On behalf of all those who died in foreign lands,

Who gave their lives for this goal...  
Please, stay loyal to this vow!

I had been praying to the Creator for your arrival,  
So you would find our native home!

Under the will of ill fate,  
Our people lived in cruel captivity.

And many innocent people fell victims,  
Because they became slaves in a foreign land.

Anguish and homesick feeling were eating them up  
– The soul of the nation was suffering in torments.

Kindik-ene is the last victim...  
I feel hurt and sorry for her, my son.

Urulaiym too dreamed of the same –  
Her hopes were all in you.

At least one of us had to return back –  
Once the nation was united and strong.

Nowadays it is ruthlessly exterminated  
Aiming at completely erasing it from the face of the earth.

Now, my son, you have learned a lot.  
We are in the middle of the enemy's lair.

You must be vigilant  
And think about the fate of your people.

You are a son of the humiliated nation.  
Be driven by the high mission!

Your grandfather was captured as a small boy,  
He grew up surrounded by alien walls.

You are his grandson, his continuation!  
Remember your kinsmen and their humiliation!

All his life he dreamed of his native land  
And cherished a hope to see his Homeland to his very last day.

His last days were not very happy –  
It was not easy for him and for me.

And I had been dreaming of this goal  
So I could fulfill the dream of his life!

I prayed to Creator about your arrival,  
So Higher Forces would allow that.

I will now reveal the main secret to you  
And tell you everything without concealing anything.”

That night we had a long conversation –  
The story of the nation's troubles touched me.

I gave an oath that night,  
Which I have carried through all my life:

“I will find the land of our nation  
On behalf of all my brothers who fell in foreign land!

I will not forget their suffering and humiliation,  
The mutilated fates and deprivation of people!”

- I have already told you a lot  
About what I had learned from my mother in childhood.

Then Almambet sighed deeply –  
The wounds in his soul were burning.

Manas was listening to his friend intently –  
It was difficult even to hear this story,

Let alone having lived it... What a willpower...  
And oh, how much grief, sorrow and pain!

Almambet continued with a frown  
About how he was getting to his kinsmen.

- She told me everything that night.  
Slumber was the last thing we could think of then.

She told me about the most important  
thing. I could hardly imagine that:

“I gave you birth to Nurperi –  
I was blessed by the Fortune itself.

Do not let bad thoughts get into you  
And do not keep any resentment.

The dream of you was pure and light –  
I had been praying to Creator for it in my thoughts.

And Higher Forces gave me their blessing –  
Rays-Peri presented you to me.

I was only fifteen at the time –  
Realizing all that at that age was not easy.

A white dove was protecting me from  
troubles, So I could be courageous and brave.

I shared it with my father and Kindik-ene  
And felt much easier.

I decided that I would be able to bear you  
In spite of our enemies and opposition.

Kindik-ene and I were looking for a solution –  
We found our consolation at the sacred lakes.

Together we would meet a dawn,  
A new day every morning.

And above the water amid the fog  
I saw my beautiful dove-ulan.

With love, he tenderly told me  
To be strong.

I had already known from him that  
There would be many ordeals ahead.

He then gave me parting wishes  
And strengthened my soul:

“The foe is cunning and strong,  
But he may fall to you.

Be bold, brave and audacious!  
Skillfully think through your moves.

Be persistent and stubborn!  
Do not forget the main thing!

In struggle, never bow your head  
And don’t be afraid of what others are saying!

Do not recognize those who turn you out,  
Suppress the moaning in your soul!

Do not be submissive and humble – Find  
your place in the perishable world!

Feel as equal in might with a khan,  
Do not belittle yourself – this is key!

May your boldness surprise him!  
May he value you highly!”

That the promised son would show great valor,  
That he will possess the gift of a sorcerer,

And that he would head the khan’s army  
And that he would rule the people with wisdom

Shoi-Bo understood, when he saw Naar  
– My mother. He realized it then.

The clairvoyant saw her noble blood And  
that Tengir would give her his grace,

That she would give birth to a special child from Heaven,  
Who would be able to get in touch with the world of wonders.

But I was born and that was an omen,  
And the hopes of my parents were ruined at once.

But such was Tengir's will –  
Through suffering and pain

He was preparing me for your arrival...  
All happened as pre-ordained.

Peri-ulan continued to say  
He was fulfilling the will of Tengir:

“The path to the goal will not be easy  
– Shoi-Bo will help you.

When the time comes,  
He will say that you possess some special powers.

The khan will believe the ayar-clairvoyant –  
You must fight for your goal.

Kindik-ene will always be near you.  
She is a gift of fate for you.

Always share all endurances with her  
And pray to Tengir that everything be all right!

And go to the khan without any fear,  
Be ready for some good news.

Everything else entrust to the fate –  
Trust me, you will find your luck this time!”

Since that moment on and through today  
I have been living reading the omens. That is the will of heaven.

I am reading the will of Tengir around me –  
He is my guide in this world.

\* \* \*

That day Kindik-ene and I were rushing  
Towards the lakes.

We were afraid to be late  
And miss the dove-ulan there.

The waves were high –  
There was something wrong with the lake.

Since childhood I had never seen it like that –  
In so much rage.

I was horrified when I saw the waves –  
The world is full of unknown secrets.

The waves were displeased and made much noise –  
I was impatiently waiting for my ulan.

I was standing paralyzed on the shore,  
And something was getting at me inside.

Through the noise, I heard the voice of ulan,  
Which distracted me from my uneasy thoughts:

“Do you see in the distance the rocky  
slope? It is called *Kalmak-Ashuu*<sup>1</sup>.

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<sup>1</sup> *Kalma-Ashuu* [Kʌl'mʌk-ʌ'ʃu:u:] literally means a Kalmak crossing.

Look, a fog of dust is coming here –  
Such cheerlessly started ulan his speech.

- Horsemen are riding to the village with bad news.  
They will destroy it completely.

Rush behind the mountains right now,  
Then they will not be able to catch you.

Make sure to put on your armor –  
Then nothing will be a roadblock on your journey.

Be a warrior with weapons in your hands,  
And may you have no fear!

And then go in the fight protecting your  
honor, May rage and avenge be your drivers!

Do you remember what your father was dreaming about?  
If you die – your end will be honorless.

You must survive for the sake of your father  
– Bravery leads a fighter to his goal!

Only the victory – cannot be otherwise!  
The road back home is in blood.

Be brave and valiant in the battle, Altynai! Protect  
the honor of your people with your sword!

Then you will get to learn the moment of happiness –  
The victory will be in your hands!”

The waves were attacking the shore in their rage –  
My thoughts were chaotically lurking in my head.



It seemed like water was warning us  
That troubles ahead were inevitable,

That there would be many worries and  
Many tests along our journey.

- If the lake is calm,  
There's nothing threatening ahead.

Then don't be afraid of the coming days –  
Grief and torments will go away traceless.

And if the water is murmuring displeased  
And the lake looks grey and unwelcoming,

Then you should beware of the news to come  
– The foes are weaving new nets.

I had known the mood of the lakes since childhood,  
If the waves were stormy, the troubles were ahead.

And if they were tenderly playing and singing,  
Then much happiness would be expected.

And this time around they gave their warning  
That a war with the enemies was unavoidable.

That is why the waves were rising like a  
wall And assaulting the shore one by one.

The tears were running one after another,  
Dropping down and mixing with the water.

The waves gave their tenderness to my feet  
And pushing me softly towards the road.

It seemed like the lake was saying good-bye  
– The surf was breathing hotly.

My lips whispered “See you!”  
My eyes were remembering the view of the lake.

Having come to my senses at once, I took a deep breath  
And walked towards the road with an uneasy heart.

The courage was born in my soul,  
My heart was beating loudly in its suffering.

Holding hands with Kindik-ene  
We started walking fast as if in a dream.

We reached a wide road,  
Our legs sped up the pace.

Then we saw a dervish crucified on the stakes  
– He was suffering from pain.

We forgot that we had to hurry –  
We had to decide on what to do with the dervish.

We asked him:  
“Who dared to deprive you of peace in such way?

What is this punishment for?  
Who did this to you? What are you crucified for?”

Looking at us the ragged dervish  
Quietly said: “It is not the right time now.

I see you are in much hurry.  
May pain for my not bother you!

Please, proceed on your journey.  
Forget about me and don't judge me harshly."

I had a dagger on my waist –  
It offered the right decision at that moment.

I only had one thought at that time.  
It was making me mad – I was obsessed with it.

"I must save him no matter what!  
Irrespective of what his guilt is..."

Rage and strength were storming within me –  
I cut the straps loose in no time.

We held him from both sides –  
He could not lift up his head high.

His body was suffering and emaciated...  
Why was he subjected to crucifixion?

He was breathing greedily  
And whispering with a hope: "It is the fate!

You have just saved me from death.  
Wouldn't your guilt be too heavy?

A denunciation and you will be done –  
Cruelty is ruling in this area.

Who are you? Where are you from? Are you Altynai?  
I had come from far away. Please, know that I have been looking  
for you.

Aren't you a great daughter of Su-Peng?  
Why did you suddenly decide to help me?

Aren't you the one I've been looking for here?!  
Tell me the truth. Welcome the old man from far away."

He had fire in his eyes,  
He turned brave and bold again.

We were looking at each other's eyes for a  
while. Suddenly a nagging guess pierced me:

"He must be crucified because of me.  
What for? What is his fault?"

- Who are you? Did you know my father?  
Why are you far away from home?

What made you hit the road to take your journey?  
Tell me your secret!"

- Ayar Shoi-Bo gave me an urgent  
task To find the daughter of Su-Peng.

He gave me this secret task  
With a special instruction

To tell it only to Su-Peng –  
I cannot let Shoi-Bo down.

I will reveal my secret to you –  
A good business comes from a person with knowledge.

Then I will return back  
Secretly from people – eyes and ears are everywhere.

Look, I must tell you,  
I am bound by my promise.

The story has to do with you, Altynai.  
You must learn now about your ancestors and your Homeland.

That was long ago – centuries have passed since,  
The nations were fighting in those hard times.

There lived a wise man in those days –  
He stopped the feud.

He gathered peoples around him,  
Peoples of different tribes and clans.

He united them and empowered the peoples –  
And he got to control vast spaces.

He amazed the states of *Fars* and *Urum*<sup>1</sup> –  
The heads of those states were fascinated by his intellect.

His name brought light and purity –  
He presented people around him with beauty.

But he was famous for his wisdom –  
He captured people by it.

The khan was also a fearless warrior  
And carried his title with dignity.

The name of the khan was Uuz –  
He deserved his name and upheld it.

He ruled with wisdom and lived with dignity –  
He was regarded as an honorable khan.

He had a generous gift of heaven –  
He had forty sons from his forty wives.

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<sup>1</sup> *Fars* [FARS] Persia. *Urum* [U'rum] Rome.

The sons started their own clans,  
But always bothered one another.

They had not known the need –  
A good, full life led to enmity.

Envy, greed, anger and discord,  
Hatred, rage, resentment and quarrel...

The brothers competed with one another –  
Everyone was making it uneasy for others and everyone was  
worse off.

The enemies could not wish for more –  
That was all they needed.

They easily defeated them  
Unleashing their anger and fury onto them.

The land was filled with blood –  
People were scrambling to survive.

My dear, look at your fingers –  
They are not strong individually.

They can easily be overpowered and broken –  
So with people too it is difficult to live without unity.

Now clench them in a fist –  
Now they command fear.

So when the fingers stay like that together –  
They will always be invincible,

They will get strength from forearms and shoulders.  
When people are not united, they are doomed for a massacre.

The history of ancestors feeds a nation –  
It is not only the bread that people need in this world.

The roots, when they are really deep,  
Are strong and long and mighty!

The mighty stem is shooting up high – It  
is not afraid of the low stormy clouds.

The branches grow widely,  
Young foliage is getting the juices of life.

And the tree enjoys a luxurious crown –  
Fresh, juicy and emerald green.

The history of a nation is the deep roots  
– Offspring must remember it well!

They feed the vital juices to them  
And provide lessons through realization.

And just like the thick ground is feeding the roots  
We hear the horns of the past in the present.

The past of a nation is its foundation,  
People should avoid making the mistakes of the past.

The soil should not be just unstable sand – The  
mistakes of the past must not be forgotten.

The present stems from the past –  
It is making the entrance into the future.

The seeds of history give their sprouts –  
The nation could have avoided further attacks.

It could have, had it been united.  
It would have fended off the attacks as a single force of the tribes.

Once a big and mighty nation,  
Only a handful of the broken people survived.

That is what the history tells,  
But despite the barriers erected by the enemies,

The handful wandered around the world,  
And the new history of the nation began.

The people of Uuz was called Kyrgyz –  
The bonds among the kinsmen were cut by the sword.

A lot of water has flowed since –  
The cities blossomed and the gardens dried up,

The sand buried the towers and buildings,  
But the people survived and withstood.

One small clan built a city Anjiyan –  
It is rich and blossoming to this day.

People were hit in Anjiyan again –  
The spirit of people was sunk in blood.

And the handful of survivors still could not find peace among themselves –  
They lived in cowardice from the strike in the stomach.

Their spirit got weak, their faith was down –  
The enemy applied a cruel measure.

Khan Lo-Yan-Gan was ruling there –  
He imposed a high tax on people.



He was a cruel ruler –  
The sword of ill fate was hanging above people.

Power and money gave him much joy –  
He only wanted to keep growing richer.

He was not afraid of devil or God –  
The outcome was determined by the path of fate.

Soon he got insane –  
People got angry with his lawlessness.

The fragmented tribes united as one  
Against the khan.

Khan Lo-Yan-Gan was scared of the revolt  
And quickly left Anjiyan with his son.

Then people realized a lot –  
That the enemy can beat them one by one,

Whereas when they are together, they are strong,  
And the people can decide their own destiny.

The khan's territory was devastated –  
Such was the play of the circumstances.

People called khan Lo-Yan *Alooke*<sup>1</sup> –  
His son learned the taste of power early on.

He looked like a golden eagle when the bird  
Tears the world apart with its beak and talons.

The territories of his father were not enough for him  
– Greed was eating him up from inside.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Kary* [Kʌ'ri:] old, wise.

He took away the mines from his uncle Guiyang  
And appropriated all of his gold.

His other uncle, the great He-Gan,  
Was looking for a bride for his son Guiyang.

His search was for the one who would be able to give birth to  
a knight  
Presenting an heir to Guiyang-Gan.

His order carried the stamp of He-Gan –  
The herald announced it immediately.

Many couriers took off to all directions,  
And the khan was waiting to hear back the news.

- Each city and settlement must  
Show its women,

So they pass before the khan,  
And ayars would find *uujatyn*<sup>1</sup> for Guiyang.

Uujatyn is the woman who will give birth to the knight  
Second to none in the world,

He will be valiant and mighty,  
He will be taught the military science and art.

But how to find her, how to be precise?  
The women's faces have no special marks.

Well, that is why exactly they invited the ayars-  
clairvoyant They will make no mistake.

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<sup>1</sup> *Uujatyn* [U:u.dʒʌ'ti:n] literally 'hunt + womb'.

They will help find the one –  
Their skills will serve for the good.

It does not matter whether a woman is married or not – All  
women between thirteen and thirty three must comply.

Each woman must undergo an observation.  
Those disobeying will go to the gallows.

The Kyrgyz called Guiyang Aziz  
For he was greedy and capricious.

And, while he had sixty wives,  
He did not have children for a long time.

He had many concubines and slaves,  
But yet he could not have a son.

All of his thoughts were about a son.  
He wanted to have an invincible heir.

He gathered people and red from anger  
He announced in a loud and powerful voice:

“*Gai-Yuan-Thai* insulted me –  
He called me ‘*kuubash*’<sup>1</sup> and made me angry.

“*Kuubash*” means childless,  
When efforts to become a father are futile,

As if the man is a dried tree,  
As if no juice of life is left in his body.

The derogatory name pierced through my heart –  
This insult is like sword cutting through my soul.

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<sup>1</sup> *Kuubash* [Ku:u:’bʌʃ] literally ‘dry + head’.

I will not forgive him his words –  
When the time comes, his head will roll down on the ground.

He will pay for his insolent ways –  
I will prove that he was wrong.

The son of Lo-Yan-Gan will answer for everything  
– He will yet look in the face of his death.”

The forty ayars started looking at the women  
Who lined up in front of them.

They were looking down from the high tower –  
Their mission is high and noble.

Shoi-Bo is the main man among the clairvoyant ayars —  
All of the seers are subordinate to him.

Today he is ready to help Xianfan  
And he must select the daughter of Su-Peng.

The time has come for his high mission.  
The time has come for his dream to come true.

The daughter of Su-Peng must give birth to a son –  
And may the dream of his grandfather come true through him!

He will accomplish the great deed  
And achieve what Su-Peng had in mind.

And he is ready to forgo anything  
Just to rid himself of the shackles he is in.

All of Shoi-Bo's thoughts are about this now –  
He is true to the precepts of Xianfan.

He sent this message: “Altynai, cross the river, Shoi-  
Bo is has been waiting for you for a long time.

You will blossom into a flower full of aroma  
And you will give birth to the knight you have been waiting for.

He will be able to make your father’s dream come  
true And he will walk his difficult path to the end.

He will fulfill his high mission  
And reach Homeland – a faraway land.

He will get to see his native people –  
Tengir himself will help him!

Now I am going to tell you the most important thing  
– Something Shoi-Bo told me just recently.

If I am successful in my mission,  
If I fulfill the assignment,

Then everything will be according to the will of  
Tengir And Altynai will give birth to a lion-knight,

And everything Thai is contemplating will be in vain – He  
already knows everything and is extremely dangerous.

That is why I was crucified on the stakes,  
But it must be Tengir’s will

That you have saved me from death,  
That it was you, Altynai, who saved me.

Thai has been in the know for a while, he was warned  
That a great hero would be born among the Buruts –

The savior of the nation,  
That Tengir himself would guard and support him.

He had sent scouts to you early on  
To ensure the prophecy would not come true.

They were living among you for a long time –  
Waiting for the right hour.

They recognized by the mole on my face –  
They blocked my way and crucified me.

They tied me up with leather straps,  
And, having made sure I would be unable to escape,

They left to meet the courier –  
Nobody expected such an outcome.

When they get back again,  
They will be blaming themselves a lot,

But it will already be too late – I will have gone far.  
I have completed my mission and I am feeling great in my heart.

Pass Shoi-Bo's greetings to your father:  
"I will carry my thoughts about you throughout my life.

He will understand everything and find a  
solution To avoid being a target of ill fate."

And to you I am wishing only one thing –  
You have a great mission to complete.

Do not let yourself get captured,  
Do not give reasons for your denigration,

Do not let executioners touch you –  
Go straight towards your fate!

If you are confronted on your way – cut them through with a  
sword. Bravely fight any executioner!

Go with your head up high  
As if all of your life you have been the head!

When you reach the khan's palace, say  
Clearly and loudly:

“Great He-Gan, I have come myself,  
I have decided to take this step myself.

I am ready to give birth to a mighty lion,  
A fearless knight – this is my word!

His courage will push his glory throughout the  
centuries, He will behead any foe.

You will never find anyone a stronger man –  
He will instill fear and trepidation in his enemies.

I will live far away from people –  
Only guard and servants will serve me.

They are my people, they will be helping me.  
Others should forget the road that leads to me!

If you send a scout to me –  
You will destroy everything with your own hands.

That same day I will kill him  
And leave for a place far away.

And nobody will ever find me.  
Think, khan, what is more valuable to you.”

And then prove that you are a keen shooter.  
Do what others would not be able to do.

Draw your bow skillfully  
And with great mastery.

Then aim at the crown of the khan –  
Look straight in his eyes insolently and stubbornly.

And boldly shoot your arrow  
To hit the target accurately.

You are ready for struggle –  
It is high time you break down the shackles of a slave!

Your father must believe –  
Your sufferings are over.

Then he will stop resisting the fate  
And give you his blessing.

Now follow your path without any delay,  
May you be safe from all troubles!

Well, that is it! Hurry up now  
Before the executioners got to you.”

And having said good-bye to us, the dervish disappeared –  
He delivered the message from the clairvoyant very well.

We picked up pace and rushed back home  
Driven by only one thought –



We need to make it in time, we have to  
In order to get out of hell.

Then the fate will grant us a chance,  
And everything will be as the dervish told us.

It was late fall –  
The grass along the edges of the road was yellow.

The sweet and sour air was thick above the ground  
– Gloomy cloud were hanging low.

The sad singing of the wind pushing us forward  
Alternating its loudness from quiet to loud.

My father anxious and in full gear  
Came out to see us. He was very tense.

He looked at us gloomily and said:  
“I sent the guard for you. I was worried.

It is good you took the shortcut road.  
Thanks God! My prayers were heard.

I rushed to you –  
The people in the village are in panic.

Soldiers are searching all houses  
Instilling fear and trepidation in people.

The people want to gather at the lake  
To discuss what to expect...”

I cut my father short and hastily  
Told him everything.

I looked him straight in the eye –  
He understood what I wanted to say.

I finished my speech with the following words –  
An abyss was gaping between us:

“I am not asking for your permission –  
I am now leaving at my volition.

My holy duty is to fulfill this mission,  
I will succeed for I have been advised.

We have a chance we should not let go off.  
We cannot allow your emotions to take over, father.

We have been given this from above, and I  
Believe I will succeed in getting the khan like me at first try.

I will set out my conditions outright,  
And I will take a vow from him.

Then the long-awaited knight will be born –  
He will fight for our honor in the battles.

He will fulfill your dream, father,  
And he will end all of our sufferings.

I am going to fight the fate –  
This will be my most decisive battle!”

My heart was beating hard in my chest.  
I turned around to leave.

I did not wait for my father’s response –  
I did not need his advice.

I did not want to listen to his excuses,  
I did not want to talk back to him in bitter words.

Therefore, I rushed to leave  
To avoid the wave of anguish.

My feet were taking me home.  
Grumble was being born for the silence of my father.

Kindik-ene was hardly following behind.  
With reprimand, she was saying to me:

“Child, you are still too little –  
You should not have offended your father.

You were unjust and insolent towards  
him, Very impolite and abrupt.

You flared up inappropriately – that is not the  
way! Your father is not your sworn enemy!

You have pierced his heart with your harsh words  
– Your insult hurt him so badly.

He had no time to think through this –  
His head was full of other things.

He did not have time to say a word to you – He  
could not give his fatherly blessing to you.

You were wrong – admit it!  
You cannot treat your father like that, Altynai!

You have grown up and have grown  
smart, But you are insolent and bold.

Often times you would with your words, You  
carry unneeded resentment in your soul.

He has never offended you since your birth,  
He has protected you from all troubles.

He has guarded you as the apple of his eye,  
Afraid to offend or hurt you by accident.

He is ready to give his life for you.  
Her has replaced a mother for you.”

Kindik-ene made me feel ashamed.  
My conscience got the upper hand.

In response to reproach of Kindik-ene,  
I said quietly and humbly:

“To my shame, I have not grown up  
yet. I just hurt my father again.

I am still childish and I can be silly –  
Often times I break his heart for no reason.

I am used to consider myself to be right –  
He does suffer from my insolent temper.

And I do not need anyone’s advice,  
I am not deferential to anyone’s precepts.

I am often drive by my whims –  
I look at everything through the lens of my ego.

And I am ashamed, ene, of my words, But  
I cannot take that moment back now.

And I am sorry for what I did  
For depriving my father of strength.

Kindik-ene, you have a kind heart.  
Trust me, I feel very ashamed of myself now!

But it is what it is – I regret very much  
That I hurt my father,

But I did not mean to hurt him,  
I just wanted to get it my way.

I was afraid that he might not let me go,  
That he might not support me.

I just wanted to hit the road quickly  
And may have overdone a bit.

I wanted to return to beg for forgiveness,  
But the unknown voice within me was urging me to hurry up.

Please, eneke, forgive me now  
And explain everything to my father!"

And then I leaned on to her chest  
Not knowing what was waiting for me ahead.

Kindik-ene, as if she was expecting it,  
Hugged me with love.

She clasped me tenderly:  
"I must give you this on behalf of your father."

And with great care, caressing me,  
She said the following words to me:

“My dear, your father got an order to head a detachment –  
He could not stay aside, he is a fighter.

They will move to Chong-Beijing on a dangerous road  
To reach the battlefield.

He told me to pack up myself.  
May Higher Forces help you!”

\* \* \*

It would have been very difficult for me  
Had it not been for Kindik-ene.

Under rain or in heat, we were together with her. It  
took us full seven days to reach Chong-Beijing.

Only one gate out of the forty was open –  
We entered the huge city.

Almost everybody gathered on the square –  
They were all waiting for Shoi-Bo to find the uujatyn.

Along with the khan, the forty ayars-clairvoyant  
Are intently looking into the faces of the women.

From the high tower they are all watching  
To select a wife-uujatyn for Aziz-khan.

From different regions and of different ages  
– The ayars have done their observation.

But the long line is never ending –  
New women’s faces keep showing up.

Among them young girls –  
All tired from waiting.

It is not their wish to walk by the tower –  
They are humbly carrying their women's burden.

There is a carpet on a big black camel  
With a huge tent above him.

I was seating inside of the tent  
Patiently waiting for the right time.

And when we entered through the city  
gate, I opened up the curtains of my tent

And stood up high on my camel  
Behaving like an unexpected guest.

I had decisiveness in my eyes – a challenge to the  
khan. My behavior seemed strange to everybody.

No woman behaved like that –  
Each one of them had a yoke – the fate of a slave.

I was looking straight at the khan and  
ayars As if showing them all

That I have come here at my own will,  
Not that I came here under coercion,

And that I am offering a solution to the Great  
khan To make a pact with me,

That I am here not just at his will,  
That I value myself highly.

I was looking at the direction of the tower with pride –  
I had an insolent look and a firm will.

The khan was insulted by my appearance –  
He was confused by it.

No one has ever stood before him so arrogantly,  
Self-confident in one's endless pride.

He was looking at me intently,  
As if asking who I was.

He looked at his spyglass for a while  
And finally was ready to give an order.

Strictly he ordered to given an explanation  
Of my such appearance in front of him,

Of my manners and looks –  
The khan was unhappy with my behavior.

I was looking at him straight.  
I did not wink and was not timid.

And articulating my every word, I said to him  
The words I was silently repeating to myself during our journey:

“I did not allow anyone to bring me here.  
My presence here is not that of a slave.

I am here at my own will,  
And I want to tell you something.

Listen to me, Great khan,  
Think through my words and make your decision.



I set out my conditions.”  
That is what I said without a wink.

And I said what the dervish had told me.  
I was standing strong and arrogantly waited for an answer.

I did not lose any word,  
I was not scared of the ill looks.

The khan was looking at me for a while.  
He was looking intently, piercing me through

As if trying to see something in me,  
But he did not dare to respond to me.

He turned to Shoi-Bo and asked him:  
“You have lived long, you have seen a lot, and you know a lot.

Your talent of an ayar is immense –  
You tap into the powers of the borderless Universe,

And you are famous for your wisdom around  
here. Help Aziz select a wife.

What can you say about this girl?  
I need your advice now.

Tell me, is she saying the truth?  
Is there a will of Creator for this?

Will she be able to give birth to a lion-son?  
Are her words truthful?

And is it true that he will be unmatched in strength? That  
the blood of a warrior will be running in his veins?

Look at her, test her, and give me your answer!  
Aziz has been waiting for an heir for a long time.

And, if it is true, then it is the Providence,  
The sky is dictating me its volition.

May she show her mastery,  
May she prove it for real!

Then we shall meet her conditions.  
What do you have to say to this, ayar?

You know I have a premonition...  
Will Fortune be with us?

But tell me only the truth!  
I will distinguish truth from lies!

And if you feel like tricking me,  
You should know you will have no slumber!

You will lose your head,  
And your liability will be horrendous!”

The khan would likely threaten the ayar for a while  
And turn up the heat further,

But I cut him short –  
He saw for himself.

At that moment, I aimed well and shot my arrow –  
It knocked off the crown from his head.

And while he was in frustration,  
I vocalized my opinion again.

I gave him no time to recover from shock,  
But I convinced him with what I did.

I repeated my conditions again  
With a demand to fulfill them as is.

Addressing the people and the khan,  
I have secured myself with my speech:

“Khan, you have seen my decisiveness,  
You would benefit from greater prudence.

If you break your vow, you are to blame for it  
– My arrow will catch you at once!

However, then it will not be your crown –  
It will be your head down off your shoulders!

And if my prediction does not come true  
– I will accept any punishment from you!

I will be ready to answer before you in ten months  
– That I promise and give you my word!”

## CHAPTER X – BIRTH OF ALMAMBET

That is how I crossed over the threshold of *Ordo*<sup>1</sup> of Aziz-khan  
– I do believe Almighty helped me in this!

During a short period, Aziz-khan  
Had a personal stan built for me.

The stronghold made of stone was shining in its beauty –  
The khan stood by his word.

Soon the land was covered by hoarfrost –  
And I moved into the stone stronghold.

And I realized that life was a ruthless struggle,  
That one gets a chance for just a short while.

I could say I got lucky –  
I was living in Ordo, but a big evil was threatening me.

I had the slaves from home brought to me –  
The closest ones made up my circle.

Kindik-ene was always around me –  
She was my prize and support.

A small detachment from the people I trusted –  
They were on guard day and night.

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<sup>1</sup> *Ordo* [or'do] headquarters.

So I was living in my surroundings –  
Far away and in safe environment.

The winter passed and spring came then,  
The nature was waking up from its long slumber.

I sent a messenger to the Sacred Lakes  
Through the mountains and crossings.

I gave him an assignment  
To execute precisely:

“Bring two chinara trees from our area  
– A good news from the Sacred Lakes.

Protect their roots well during your journey!  
They are a good omen-talisman for me!

Plant them on the hill in the stronghold  
And build an *aryk*<sup>1</sup> to them.

If the leaves on the trees grow and blossom,  
Whereas the roots will make it deep,

And the green will give pleasure to the eyes,  
Then I will know the miracle will happen!

And I will be happy that everything came to fruition  
– I will be happy that everything will have come true.

Then I will be happy for the future of my  
son And will live a dignified life.

Then I will know no worries and  
Will grow stronger and braver.

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<sup>1</sup> *Aryk* [ʌ'ri:k] an irrigation ditch.

I will be content with what I will have  
And will dream of nothing else.”

The messenger did as I had said –  
The good news inspired me.

The chinar trees took root well on the small hill –  
The stone stronghold was protecting them nicely.

They had a green foliage and  
Were covered by a tender and juicy crown.

I was full of joy and inspiration –  
My happiness outpoured onto the people around me.

My hope was inviting them like a lighthouse  
– My soul was singing.

I was waiting for your arrival, my son –  
The weather was also favorable for your birth.

My labor was long – nine days-long was my torment,  
But my face did not give me away.

I was hiding the suffering of my body from everyone –  
I cannot forget those difficult days.

I was enduring it all in silence, quietly suffering on my own  
Not a single person knew about it.

Only two souls in the Universe  
Witnessed that in this perishable world.

One is on the outside, the other is inside –  
Both souls are caressed by the space.

On day nine, I gave birth –  
My long-awaited boy, I had waited you for so long!

I cannot express my anxiety.  
You gave me so much inspiration.

The earth greeted you with a dawn  
And warmed you with the rays of the sun.

Under the crown of my chinar trees  
I received the gift of the Universe.

And the earth warmly welcomed the baby  
– Your soul came to the world.

My torments stopped then at once –  
At the hour of your birth, the world quieted down in silence.

The earth became your cradle –  
My soul started singing in awe.

I was looking at you and touched,  
Amazed at the gift of heaven.

You ears were pierced and you were so tiny  
– My eyes were full of endless love.

Your hands were clenched in fists –  
You were holding clots of blood in them.

I was smiling to the world and to the Universe  
– The blessing of Tengir was upon us.

I was looking at you with reverence –  
The world around us was happy and singing,

It was overjoyed and thankful,  
The sun was shining brightly.

The nature was charmed by you –  
The protector of the nation was born!

Serenity came upon me.  
My colt, I found my consolation in you.

And suddenly the weather has changed –  
I was surprised by such an abrupt change.

The clear sky was covered by clouds –  
The weather changed in an instant.

There was lightning and thunder and it started raining  
As if Somebody gave a blessing,

As if an ablution was made  
And a blessing and good wishes were told.

And the earth shook up  
As if it was welcoming the newborn.

The earth and the sky had a dialog,  
And the its witness was God Tengir.

It seemed like the earth whispered to the sky:  
“At last, the time has come,

When I got to welcome the hero-knight –  
He will show the great deeds to this world!”

And the sky answered back:  
“The nation has been suffering and waiting for so long –



Its hopes were not in vain!”  
There was a loud thunder again.

And the rain was pouring  
Giving the earth its vital juices.

The earth was cleansing for seventy days –  
Its surface was renewed by the rain.

The mudflow-dragons were crawling down from the mountains  
– They brought about a lot of harm.

The breath of the earth was faster –  
Everything mixed up in nature in those days.

And the people were wondering in fear of the elements  
– What does such a threatening hour mean?

What do these omens imply? What is going on?  
Why did suddenly the mudflows run down in the mountains?

They were all clueless, they did not know  
That the forces of nature were greeting the baby!

The baby had a special mark –  
He was born with a mission for this world.

The great khan was full of fear –  
He could not comprehend anything.

He summoned the clairvoyant Shoi-Bo:  
“What is happening? And what may happen yet?

Everything was quiet and then all of a sudden  
Something incomprehensible happened?!

Why did the weather change at once?  
What happened to it? What is the cause?

You must know, don't you dare conceal it from  
me! Give me an honest answer now!

If you stretch the truth, I will be strict  
And I will have you washed in your own blood."

Of course, Shoi-Bo knew well the reason  
Behind the events and background.

He knew that because of your birth  
All those events have happened.

The ground was waving as if alive,  
The sky was pouring down the water.

They were sending people the signs –  
The elements were heralding your arrival.

Shoi-Bo knew all of that, but he said a different thing,  
So the khan would remain calm and at peace.

He set him at ease with a story  
And planted a seed of trust in his soul.

He started with a supposition  
And told the khan this:

"Oh, Great Khan, now the Buruts  
Had a knight Manas born. He is the chosen one!

But to the one to be born in our empire  
Manas will be no match!

Let's be patient now –  
The next day will bring us an omen.

Then we will understand the what and what for,  
And why the weather suddenly changed.

Next day will give us an answer.  
Great He-Gan, we had better wait.

This is the truth, but if you don't believe me –  
I am ready to take the full measure of your punishment!

I am ready to die for there is no other truth  
That one cannot live longer that what has been dealt by the fate.”

He-Gan got pensive and then  
He concluded gloomily:

“The clairvoyant told me the truth –  
He had foreseen everything, he had been in the know!”

And his suspicions evaporated that moment,  
He recognized the clairvoyant's prophetic gift.

He had no reasons not to believe the ayar.  
The time would enable him to test everything and see for himself.

The names of those who are born with a special  
mission Develop and emerge in the Book of Changes.

And then the skies and the land  
Warmly greet the ambassador of the Universe.

And the hour of birth of the chosen one  
Is marked by strange natural calamities.

But only the initiated and knowledgeable ones  
Can read the omens and understand the space without any words.

And they wait for the new wonders  
From those messengers of heaven.

The people with the gift of foresight are aware of that –  
The planet itself whisper to them when they arrive.

The nature informs them in its joy,  
Telling and initiating them.

Kindik-ene secretly took you to my father During  
the night, so that in case of an emergency

You and I would be protected,  
So the khan would not understand and take out his sword.

To ensure I wouldn't lose my milk  
I had to find another baby.

And I was looking for a solution  
And found it in a lucky accident.

A long time ago a woman had died in labor –  
Kindik-ene saved her child.

She raised her and replaced a mother to her –  
She was able to give her love and tenderness.

Kindik-ene was not living at the mine –  
She had been sold and was living far away from it.

However, when it got difficult,  
She was visiting her friends there.

On the mine, she learned the sad news  
Of which everyone was talking at the time

That that woman died in labor,  
But that her baby girl managed to survive

And that, if nobody takes her,  
She would soon follow her mother to the country of death.

And the slaves would be silent in sadness  
And the overwhelming feelings.

Urulaiym was full of pity and  
Driven the people's sadness and common talk

Took the girl for upbringing  
And treated her with special attention.

The name of the girl was *Gulyan*<sup>1</sup>,  
Nothing else overshadowed the baby...

A boy from a kin of the khans from Ming-  
Suu Was born and named after his father.

*Narboto*<sup>2</sup> was the name of the boy  
Just like his own father's.

But at the fate's will in a foreign country  
He was a rightless and unhappy slave.

Narboto and Gulyan fell in love,  
Formed a family and lived as spouses.

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<sup>1</sup> *Gulyan* [Gu'ljʌn] literally 'dry + head'.

<sup>2</sup> *Narboto* [Nʌrbo'tɔ].

They lived together in captivity  
And had a son *Majit*<sup>1</sup>.

They were living with me in the stone stronghold  
Along with my loyal and dear people.

When you were taken away,  
I was breast feeding Majit.

You and Majit are foster-brothers.  
Our families have gone through a lot together.

That is how I was able to save my milk for you  
While I was breast feeding Majit.

Little time was left before the alleged labor –  
The day of birth had been precisely calculated.

Narboto brought you back in secret –  
You, my son, grew quite a bit.

When the time to be “born” came,  
I was needing all my strength again.

We were trying to do things in secret,  
To ensure our efforts were not in vain.

I had to re-live the pain of labor  
And endure all my sufferings with dignity.

It is really painful to continue on –  
What I had to do to avoid any suspicion of forgery,

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<sup>1</sup> *Majit* [Mʌ'dʒit].

But, dear son, it did happen as I am telling  
you! When the time came,

A juniper stake was dug into the ground –  
The enemy would need “evidence”.

Both my life and yours depended  
On that day full of suffering.

In my full conscience and with full understanding  
I decided to do what I did.

For then it would be easy to convince the khan  
– Nobody would suspect anything.

I was tied by the waist –  
I will have nightmares about it yet for a long time.

Then I was covered by a *chapan*<sup>1</sup>.  
All of my thoughts were only about one thing –

I had to endure the excruciating pain and suffering  
To stop the suspicions of the khan once and for all.

I ought to withstand everything –  
God Almighty just give me enough patience and strength!

And then I was seated onto the stake –  
And the pang impaled my whole essence.

The blood down poured in a stream –  
I lost a lot of it.

Gulyan, Narboto, Kindik-ene  
Were there for me to help and assist.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Chapan* [Tʃʌˈpʌn] a long coat.

Then they informed everyone  
That you were born.

“*Suyunchu!*”<sup>1</sup> It is a boy!” was heard everywhere.  
Everyone remembered that long-awaited moment.

The news should reach the “father” –  
We sent a messenger to Guiyang-Gan.

We covered you, son, in silk  
As if I fulfilled my sacred duty.

Kindik-ene handed you to Aziz-khan,  
But somehow he was looking at you strangely.

I was reading doubt in his eyes  
And perplexity on his face.

He did not recognize you as his own child,  
The news did not bring him joy.

The clairvoyant had calculated the date of your birth long ago –  
The date was right. Yet, he was still in doubt.

Only the great khan himself can respond to it  
And cast away the doubts that are gnawing his soul.

And if it is his son for real,  
It is not only him who will be happy.

The Great khan does not have children –  
The child will be marked by heaven.

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<sup>1</sup> *Suyunchu* [Sju:iju:n'tʃju:] a traditional form of saying ‘great news’ with the expectation of a promise of a gift from the intended recipient(s) for sharing it.



He will get his blessing,  
And everyone will remember this moment.

Aziz-khan got ready to hit the road:  
“To Chong Beijing!” is his order.

And, if the son of Aziz is recognized,  
Then the hour of glory for Shoi-Bo is near.

Then the ayar is set to get a reward  
For the birth of the great knight.

Then Aziz-khan will give a feast –  
The biggest for people’s joy.

And we all joined Aziz –  
I did with much fear in my heart.

I was so worried and prayed to Tengir  
To save and protect you from evil!

And at the order of the Great khan  
The generals, monks and lamas gathered together.

And the khan announced the test –  
He came up with the following “assignment” for the baby boy:

“I will place the baby into a draw well now  
– Each one of you will be a witness.

And, if he has not evil thoughts against us,  
Then Higher Forces will save him.

Then he will survive –  
And trouble will avoid him.

And if he is not the one we have been waiting for,  
Then his days will be numbered.

The well will swallow him and pull him down to the bottom  
His death will be an omen for us all.

I tried to keep calm on the outside.  
Inside – nobody was able to give me peace.

My heart was torn apart from anguish,  
My souls cried a sea of tears.

A silent scream was stuck in my throat –  
That moment seemed like eternity to me.

I wanted to cry and scream out loud  
And take you away by force, my son.

I had no legs, my body got weak –  
My spirit was down and I felt like I was put out.

I was only praying looking up to the sky:  
“Almighty, please, work your miracles now!

My Creator, it is in your powers!  
Keep him alive, show your grace!

I am begging of you, Tengir, please help  
me! Do not let the enemies kill my son!”

The chasm of the well was yawning wide  
Like the jaws of a many-headed dragon.

The Great khan lifted up the baby in front of him –  
Son, I was arguing with the very fate in my thoughts.

That moment was the worst for me –  
There was no unhappier mother on earth at that time.

He ruthlessly threw you down –  
Everybody was silent, including Aziz.

I almost got insane from grief  
And almost followed you into the well.

But all of a sudden, there appeared bright light above the well –  
It became a clear omen for everyone.

The light turned into a white cloud –  
It got to catch you.

And you sank into the soft feather bed –  
Everybody was mesmerized by the miraculous scene.

The crowd livened up in waves of whispering –  
Nobody could move at the scene of the miracle.

And they could not hide their astonishment –  
They were looking at the chosen one, a gift and command of heaven.

The overjoyed ayars, monks and lamas  
Were united in celebrating khan He-Gan:

“We are witnessing a clear sign –  
The heaven is sending its blessing.

May the people of China live in peace!  
We have got an unmatched warrior growing up among us.

He will become our flag, he will show us valor  
– He will rule the Chinese land!

May Burkan bless him –  
May he live under the name of *Shao-Onbo*! <sup>1</sup>”

At that moment, a dervish stepped out from the crowd –  
As if he had been patiently waiting for his hour.

He approached Aziz with humbleness  
And showed him his deference.

He placed his arms to his chest  
And bowed his head down.

He was looking into Aziz’ eyes for a while,  
Full of decisiveness, courage and bravery.

Then in a voice that would not take any objections  
He delivered his message:

“Listen to me now,  
And do everything as follows, khan Guiyang-Gan!

Do not rush to give your son that name –  
You must learn the main thing about him.

You are smart and understand everything.  
One cannot argue with destiny – you know that well.

Therefore, believe you me  
And cancel that name of the child.

His name has been recorded in book “Bichik” –  
One cannot change anything now.

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<sup>1</sup> *Shao-Onbo* [ʃʌʊ-ʊn’bɔ] potentially 哨恩卜 - shào-ēn-bo, which literally means “guard+ benefaction+foretold”, or the Foretold Defender and Benefactor.

And if you dare go forward with it, then beware of the fate –  
You will be deprived of everything earlier than what is meant.

The name of the boy has been given from above  
– It has emerged in the Book of Changes.

The name of the boy is Almambet,  
His life path has been marked by heaven.”

Then he stopped speaking and all of a sudden  
disappeared. Aziz was pondering over that news.

The Great khan cast away the doubts  
And Aziz fended off his wild suspicions.

Both sighed with relief –  
The omen was taken as a sign of good fortune.

Fearing the anger of the fate, they gave you the name Almambet  
– Aziz listened to the words of the dervish.

Cattle was cut without any spare –  
People were invited to the generous feast.

The luxurious celebration lasted for ninety days  
– The tables were heavy with tasty foods.

And people remembered for a long time  
That ninety day-long feast.

The people were also quick to tell a story  
Of the brave woman who gave birth to a lion.

How she had given her word to the khan  
And promised to stick to it.

And how she had taught him a cruel  
lesson To make him believe her –

She shot an accurate arrow  
That dropped the crown from the khan's head.

She showed her temper of a lioness –  
She was full of strength and audacity.

That she had the gift of heaven,  
That is why she behaved with insolence.

And she became a legend through her character –  
That is how Altynai earned her glory.

We were returning from Chong-Beijing  
On a dusty, difficult and long road.

I was deep into my thoughts,  
And my mood was quite gloomy.

I was thinking a lot about my father,  
I wanted to meet him on our way.

And when we were approaching our stan,  
Right at the turn before the city entrance

Stood my dear father.  
He was waiting for me unable to find calmness.

He had put up a tent near the road  
And been waiting for me there.

I ran and jumped onto him hanging on his neck  
Forgetting about all of my deprivations.

I hugged him close like in childhood,  
So he would protect me from all troubles.

His eyes were full of sadness –  
We were standing for a while in silence.

He told me how worried he had been –  
All his thoughts were only about me, his daughter.

He was tenderly caressing my head –  
He already heard about me from people.

And he could not conceal his joy –  
His conscience gave him pangs.

And tears were running down his face non-stop  
From the good news and long-awaited meeting.

And looking me in the eyes, he said:  
“I had been carrying this burden for a long time.

I was tormented, I cried from grief,  
As I was always suffering

That I had a daughter, not a son.  
That I would be alone with my dream.

I had been underestimating you, my dear.  
I had been in anguish from the thought that I did not have a son.

Now I am humbly begging for forgiveness  
From my devout daughter

Both for myself and for your deceased mother  
For the hard days in your childhood,

For the fact we could not accept you for a while  
And hurt and wounded your heart,

For hurting your dignity at times, and  
For being often resentful towards our fate.

Forgive our mistakes, mine and your mother's,  
Dear daughter. Life is very fragile.

The fate often times brings us surprises –  
Where it seems sweet may become sour.

At times, bitterness turns into elixir –  
This world is complex, sophisticated and deceptive.

Please, mend my heart and tell me fast –  
As I am very anxious.

I made Tengir angry disgruntled by my fate –  
I had been in the net of deception.

And now that everything has turned out this way,  
I am so happy you are back!

If Naar had given birth to a boy,  
Who knows whether he would be a gift of heaven?

Whether he would be like you, my daughter?  
Whether he would be able to accomplish the things you have or fail?

Would he stay loyal to our goal?  
Would he be able to accomplish it?

Everything is possible –I will not guess.  
It is the will of Tengir – he is to judge to me!



I am proud as a father. I am proud what you've done  
And I admire my fragile girl.

I have no proper words to unload my heart  
And describe the feelings that I have had.

My dear, you have become a tall mountain,  
My support, as I am weak at time..

My years are quietly whispering in my ear,  
But I feel good, much better and easier and now.

And even though I am losing my strength,  
Trust me, daughter, I am no longer desperate.

Now I can leave with peace in my soul –  
I have my own offspring.

He will be able to overcome seven thousand  
obstacles And defeat any opponent in front of him.

And he will reach the Homeland  
And meet our people there.

He will come back with a handful of our native land  
– I do believe he will be able to accomplish that goal.

And he will bring that handful of our land and place it on my grave  
– I know that is how it will be – nothing bothers me now.

My dear, tell me, perhaps your husband would  
agree To enter our native house and be a guest?

The Twin Lakes have been waiting for you –  
They always keep their warmth for you there.

The waves are raging making one feel sad,  
The dove is lonely flying above the water.

I see him often on the lakeside –  
He walks on the shore looking unhappy.

Your land is missing you  
Exuding the invisible sorrow.

Your friends, with whom you played as a  
child, Want to find out how you have been.

Altynai, I have also missed you so much –  
My eyes are craving to see you.

I remember how we used to play in your childhood –  
The native areas are calling for you.

We were walking along the lakeside  
And we were finding the gifts of the lakes together.

We were chasing each other –  
Honey, do you remember those days?

We found refuge near the lakes from dawn to  
sunset Among our proud rocky mountains.

Now I keep going there alone  
And wander for days there.

I keep remembering the days of great  
happiness And often go back to the past.

Please, help cast away the sadness and visit  
Your home areas – find the time for it.

You have heard everything, khan Aziz.  
Please, fulfill a caprice of the old man.

Turn your caravan now –  
I invite you to visit us, Aziz-khan!

You will be my dear guest –  
The most honorable and long-awaited one!”

The khan was listening full of emotions.  
He could still hear the parting words.

The great He-Gan returned the mine  
That had been appropriated by Lo-Yan back to Aziz-khan.

When Aziz-khan was managing the mine at the  
outset, He-Gan saw very good profits on it.

But since Lo-Yan took it over –  
He-Gan’s returns shrank from his greed.

Now again, half of the profits would go to  
He-Gan, and that is exactly why

He gave back the mine Tien-Yan to Aziz,  
And to ensure Lo-Yan-Gan does not make much noise about it

He said to Aziz: “This is a gift for your son.  
Now a half of the profits are mine.”

And he also threatened Lo-Yan: “That is my  
decision. Take it with dignity and respect it.

You have lifted up your son Thai among the  
monks, Now live there without any fear.

Without any resentment move to the monks –  
You are free to set taxes there on your own.

I will not interfere with your business –  
You are the master there, rule there on your own.

If you dare have objections,  
If you show stubbornness,

I will send you back to Anjiyan –  
You will stay without any support, Lo-Yan!

But if you have the heart of a knight,  
Prove it with your son to the world.

Send your forces against the Buruts –  
Weave and tie them tight.

Remember how proud the Buruts are –  
Do you remember the brave clan of Chyirydy?

Save your vengeance for them.  
And stop interfering with Guiyang's business.

Do not take revenge on him – leave him alone!  
I want you to understand – it is very serious.”

Guiyang-Gan triumphed in his heart –  
Life was good and favored him!

No matter how you look at it,  
He was fortunate again.

He was ridded of Gai-Yuan-Thai,  
He had been counting on such luck.

Now everything has been taken care of nicely –  
His business will be all right.

He also got to avoid a scandal –  
He-Gan took care of Lo-Yan's anger.

He did not conceal his happiness –  
Aziz accepted the invitation with pleasure.

He was touched by the greeting from his father-in-law  
Who met him with honor and much respect.

And the greeting was warm –  
He agreed at once.

Without second thoughts, Aziz-khan made the turn –  
And the caravan moved in the direction of his wife's fatherland.

At the crossing Kalmak-Ashuu,  
I felt much more joy inside.

I could see the Lakes in the distance  
Surrounded by the eternal mountains.

My heart beat went up,  
And something moved in my soul.

My body started burning from within –  
My soul was singing inside from joy.

And tears started running down my face –  
I had never run like I did then.

It seemed like I became a child again –  
I imagined myself to be a small girl.

I was approaching the Sacred Lake  
As if I was approaching a dear old friend.

It also felt it and was shining brightly  
With patches of light in the sun.

The waves were running towards me –  
The native water will help ease my soul.

And I went in the water with my clothes on –  
And immersed into borderless happiness.

I was standing in the sacred water –  
How long had I waited for this minute?!

The water was caressing me with its warmth –  
I felt like I came back to my native home.

I had lost my mother early in life,  
But the lake had kind of replaced her for me,

Her warmth, love and kindness –  
I always felt better and lighter.

Without words, diluting ourselves in each  
other, Letting each other know our secrets.

I was standing in the water motionless –  
The lake understood me in its silence.

A few days in the father's house  
Have recharged me with energy.

The Sacred Lakes have filled me with light –  
The days spent at home were so precious.

The surrounding area nurtured me with  
inspiration, I got stronger and healthier here.

And during one peaceful, beautiful night,  
An imperious voice interrupted my conversation with the father.

Having entered, Aziz said in cold voice –  
The guest's message to my father was very clear:

“Father-in-law, I have fulfilled your request.  
You have shown your respect and made us much honor.

If you do not mind, we will leave for home.  
I will organize a big feast in honor of my son.

And I invite you to, please, come visit –  
Honor us and your grandson with your presence.

Let me rest, then we will hit the road again –  
The walls of our home are waiting for us.”

When Aziz-khan left, I turned to my father –  
Both of us were sad looking at each other:

“Father, let me visit the Lakes now,  
I need to see them one more time.

Who knows whether I will be able to come here  
again? Will I ever see this native area again?”

- Go, Altynai, go to the Lakes!  
And may nothing make you sad on your way.

Urulai, prepare everything for the journey.  
Double check and make sure all is ready.

May Narboto help you,  
May nothing trouble you.

While I will stay with Almambet and look after him –  
I cherish these moments so much!

I will not leave my grandson, not for a second –  
I will be attentive to his every sound.

\* \* \*

A bright moon is shining in the sky –  
It seems that its full disc is waking up everyone.

The moments of moon nights are beautiful.  
The lakes shining in the moonlight give joy to the eyes.

The moon specks are reflecting in the water.  
The gold-faced moon is both above and below.

The diamonds of the moonlight walk are shining with  
silver, The water is luring full of the moon crumbs.

The curls of the waves are caressing the sand,  
And the water is quietly murmuring something down at my feet.

I hear the sad chirping of a bird –  
Its sorrowful song is loud in the night.

I understand the solitude of the bird in the night.  
The pain of separation is drinking my blood.

This bird has one anguish –  
It is lonely just as I am.

And just like in childhood, my tears dropped  
And became one with the water of the Sacred Lake.



The water was quietly soothing me  
Taking away my troubles and sadness.

I really felt better  
Thanks to the water and space and the chanting bird.

The surroundings in the night were magical,  
And the air at the lake was healing.

I took a deep breath –  
And the juice of life ran faster in my veins.

I kind of woke up from a nightmare –  
And I felt like spring moved into my heart.

My eyes were eagerly absorbing in what they saw  
– The beauty of the night is impossible to describe.

The mute exultation froze on my face.  
My dear land, how much I love you!

I was responding to the call of nature –  
The blood ran faster in my body.

The living space was communicating with me –  
I was in the cradle of the Universe.

And the waves were making their noise, and the sand was  
murmuring, And the wind was whispering something quietly.

And my heart was exuding love for everything – All  
around me was blossoming and exuding aroma.

And the air was caressing me tenderly,  
Awakening the feelings of the past.

The past passion woke up in me,  
And the wave tenderness went through my body.

The memories overwhelmed me –  
I heard the surf in the full moon night.

And the night was just as magical –  
I was swinging on the waves.

My heart beat went up –  
I got heavenly grace from above.

I saw the image of my ulan in my heart –  
His godlike, handsome face.

The world was smiling at me, as was the moon –  
The space understood me without any words.

And the sky also sighed in response – it understood me too,  
The moon was blindingly bright.

The water mirror was shining with silver,  
The surroundings were full of warmth and kindness.

The moon was sending the myriads of rays  
That fell down on the water like tiny candles.

Suddenly my ulan came out from one of the rays –  
My breath turned faster.

He was looking straight at me  
Warming me up with his tender look.

A wave of lassitude went through my body –  
The moon winked in the sky with a flirt.

My body was giving away my agitation  
– I froze up in numbness.

We were looking at each other in silence –  
As if we have not seen each other forever.

He came up close and looked at me with tenderness  
– His eyes were exuding borderless happiness...

He took me by the arms with warmth,  
And I got covered by golden light.

He whispered quietly to me  
And said his parting words:

“Despite your young age,  
Your wisdom gave your life back.

You endured many ordeals  
And went through grief and suffering.

And you have become a mature mother.  
You are an adult now, Altynai!

Do not lose your vigilance in life –  
The fate may often be capricious!

If an arrow is shot at your back –  
The providence will protect you from trouble.

But you should always stay careful –  
There may be intrigues within the khan’s land.

Aziz-khan has hidden his suspicions within his heart  
– They sit very deep inside.

He hired scouts and peepers to watch you –  
You must stay extremely vigilant.

Do not disclose your plans for the future –  
Do not give him reasons for anger!

Share the warmth of your soul with him –  
Make him feel easy and light with you.

Share your thoughts and ask for advice,  
Give him your love and light.

Make the thoughts of anxiety leave him,  
Make his suspicions go away.

Make him not think of bad with you,  
Make your house his native home for him.

He is well aware of your gift and your abilities –  
He knows about it in great detail.

But he keeps it very deep inside  
And avoids talking about it.

Remind him that Lo-Yan-Gan  
Cannot find peace from his wounds.

And that, full of envy and avenge,  
He will continue to prepare calamities for his son.

That he is immersed in the darkness of vengeance,  
And that he wishes only the bad for his child.

Gai-Yuan-Thai will graft the guards,  
Deceive the nannies and kidnap the baby.

They may poison the child,  
This will make them happy.

Kidnap or poison – they don't care which,  
As the goal is the same – to kill him. The method, the how do not  
matter.

Remember – always stay alert!  
Danger is there every step of the way.

The door of your house must be closed for strangers  
– No stranger should be allowed to enter your home.

Keep the entrance closed –  
Not even a mouse should be able to make it in.

Have Kindik-ene look after your son –  
She ought to be vigilant and watchful day and night!

She should guard him like the apples of her eyes  
And never leave him alone, without guard.

Tell her that you trust her and only her –  
And that you entrust his fate to her.

And do not share what you have in your heart with anybody else  
– Nobody else should be allowed to approach the baby.

Until he reaches six years,  
Protect him from strangers' eyes and from troubles.

Show him to nobody –  
Do it, even though it will be difficult for you.

The life of your child depends on it,  
Only then you can feel safe for him.

When he turns six,  
Please, do as I say.

Suggest to Aziz-khan that he should study:  
“Send him to *Koikap*<sup>1</sup>!” – you should insist.

Let him study from sorcerers,  
And the circumstances will be favorable.

If he manages to get in to Koikap,  
Then big dangers will no longer await him.

Then the fate will loosen its deathly grip –  
Kindik-ene and you must believe this.

He will have no obstacles in his studies –  
He will have to learn life himself.

His name is already in the book “Bichik” –  
No avenge should be intimidating to him.

Troubles will avoid him from then on –  
He will be protected by the wall of defense.

Higher Forces will take him under their protection –  
They will breathe in knowledge into his veins.

A dragon is guarding the doors to Koikap.  
Everyone tries to pass through the doors believing

That once they are in and through all of the tests  
The knowledge of the Universe will be revealed to them.

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<sup>1</sup> *Koikap* [Kʰi'kʰap] a mysterious school where “perfect service” experts were trained.

But no one can pass by the dragon safely –  
The desperate folks will find their death there.

Almambet will pass through, since the dragon will let him in.  
His name is in “Bichik” – such people are allowed to come in.

That school is not a usual one.  
Thousands of people are dreaming of it.

But only the chosen ones are allowed in,  
It holds the secrets and the knowledge of the Universe.

The secret training is long –  
It takes twenty-five years to complete.

Twelve years are dedicated to the study of science  
– The pangs of study are dwarfed by the outcome.

Then the secrets of the Universe are taught –  
Six years are spent for the development of a special talent.

The conventional boundaries of the knowable are pushed  
out, And the keys to many secrets are handed in.

Then seven years are spent on reinforcement –  
Such is the study and training at Koikap.

Then they achieve *Jetiktik*<sup>1</sup> –  
A glorious moment for the chosen ones.

For those who have reached such state of  
perfection, Life is enlightened and full of bliss.

They are aware of many secrets.  
For them the world is an endless wonder.

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<sup>1</sup> *Jetiktik* [Dʒetiki'tik] a state of enlightenment that other mortals cannot reach.

This is the top step on the ladder of knowledge –  
After that, there is room for great accomplishments in life.

There have no matches among the people,  
They are unnoticeable everywhere, but they are the main people.

There are very few of those who have reached it.  
Nobody has ever seen their faces.

There is a reason why they are considered to be the chosen ones  
– The almighty sorcerers honor and revere them.

They keep the secret of the Universe in their  
hands And possess the knowledge of power.

Not everyone is capable of achieving perfection.  
The study is hard – the students may die.

During the studies, there are many tests.  
Only few pass them – those aspiring to knowledge.

It will be hard for him during his training,  
As no allowances are made for anybody.

Strict lifestyle and discipline –  
The path of tests is thorny and long.

They obtain their conditioning and tenacity throughout their training  
– Their intellect and keenness of wit are thoroughly developed.

And to develop the resilience of spirit  
There are special test to inflict pain and torments.

That is why only very few students are capable of completing the  
study, But then they get to decide so much in this life.



Inside, they are hard like a flint.  
These people have very strong spirits and willpower.

They know the secrets of the natural  
phenomena And have the gift of foresight.

They can tame the elements –  
It is very difficult to defeat them in a fight.

They have the abilities unknown to people.  
They know in advance what comes next.

They know and can rule the laws of nature, They  
take their powers in the endless Universe.

Only the select few will get to learn those secrets –  
The billions of others are destined to never learn about them.

They are hidden deep, away from human  
eyes. The value of the knowledge is too high.

People are really clueless about it.  
There is only a place for the chosen ones there.

They are also being tested for hardness  
To be certain, for sure

That the knowledge is revealed to a noble  
soul, Who will not use it to undesirable ends,

That the soul of the student is full of high  
ideas. Hard tests last several days.

“Koikap”, the school of spiritual knowledge,  
Is located at Suuk-Tor – such is the name of the area.

The training is divided into three phases –  
With seven years in each phase.

Twenty one years is the main stage of study.  
The next ones are for repetition and reinforcement.

Calculate the date precisely –  
He must urgently leave on that date.

When six months are left until the completion,  
He must leave Koikap without any regrets.

Otherwise, everything will turn out to be bad –  
Your son will never come back to you.

He will never say “Apa!” to you with tenderness,  
As he will be turned into a zombie-slave.

Right above the navel  
There is a zone of the primeval reason.

It is called “solar plexus” –  
It is related to the sun, because it warms up

The soul and the body with light of the heavenly body –  
That zone has the power of the sun.

A fire is born in the chest –  
That flame is never put out.

And if love lives in the heart –  
The blood is renewed in man.

And the man, the creation of God Tengir,  
Exudes love back to our world.

If that plexus is gone,  
Then all feelings will fall into abyss.

Such a man will lose all human warmth –  
Only cruelty and evil will live in him.

He will forget his mother, father and Homeland – He  
will look at the world through the lens of orders.

And he will become a live bullet in others' hands  
– He will know fear,

And he will always be dedicate to the goal  
And accomplish any given mission.

He will obey orders –  
He will kill his own at a wink.

When the study is over,  
All students are subjected to such an operation.

Their abdomen is cut open and the plexus is removed from it  
– The person forgets about his purpose.

He only keeps the knowledge obtained.  
He is determined in his convictions like no one else.

And he will never remember who he is and where he is from  
– No one will be able to instill pity in him.

He will only obey the lamas  
And no longer be his own master.

His soul gets cold without warmth –  
Dreams and high thoughts are alien to him.

He is ruthless and cruel,  
But always an extremely keen and sharp shooter.

Remember all of that and do the right thing!  
Always be decisive and brave!

It is imperative that six months before the end of the study  
He gets to avoid such an ill fate.

You must urgently summon him home at that  
time, Then you will find peace in your heart.

And, most importantly, he must become  
A Great khan in Chong-Beijing!

And do tell everything to your beloved son...  
He must hit the road for a long journey –

He must find his Homeland and his people  
– You have endured so much for those days.

I will always be with him,  
And if there is a threat to him,

I will be there to help him  
And fend off a big trouble.

So, do not worry for him,  
Just do the right thing and calm down.

And now I am leaving, Altynai!  
Do not forget my words!”

He slowly started moving away from me –  
And then disappeared in the light haze.

I was inspired by the speech of my ulan  
And remembered the most important thing.

Life was dealing me various ordeals  
That I have endured with dignity and resolve.

I have been driven by a high goal,  
But I have not been alone in my dreams.

I must fulfill the dream of my father –  
I was determined as I had never been.

And I will do my utmost and I will be patient  
In order to fulfill the will of heaven.

Now I am no longer afraid of death at all –  
For now I am no longer lonely.

If my father does not return home  
And finds eternal peace in a foreign country.

I will bring him a handful of his native land  
myself And throw it onto his grave.

All of his life he had been waiting for a moment to see his  
Homeland He had felt homesick throughout his life.

And I made an oath to the Lake out loud,  
And my heart beat was so loud it could be heard.

And now, my son, the time has come  
For you to remove this heavy burden off my shoulders.

I have kept this secret to this day,  
You have been listening to me very attentively.

Now, my son, you know everything –  
It is time for your realization and fulfillment.

All their lives, both of my parents and Urulaiym  
Were dreaming of breathing in the smoke of their home.

They wanted to see their Homeland,  
But their native lands are far away.

They did not get to fulfill their dream  
And left this world unfulfilled.

Please, fulfill your sacred duty –  
Find your Homeland and your native people!”

## **CHAPTER XI – ALMAMBET’S STUDY AT KOIKAP**

The voice of Almambet was full of grief –  
After his story, people have kept silence for a while.

Pensive Almambet stopped talking –  
He has fulfilled his promise to his mother.

His eyes were shining from the tears of  
sorrow, But he has only told the beginning.

Oh, he has endured so much –  
All of his test have conditioned his willpower.

The events of the past were going through his  
mind, When he was studying in Koikap alone,

When he was fighting for his life one to one,  
When he was surviving in the name of his Homeland.

He raised his eyebrows and looked at  
Batmazuura, Then he sipped his fresh kymyz.

And as if his words were addressed to  
her, He was looking only at her direction.

Having sipped his kymyz, he carried on.  
The people inside the yurt quieted down.

- Each mother loves her child.  
She takes care of it, caresses it and grooms it.

Since birth and from the first diapers  
She protects her child from pain ready to take it herself.

Is her love comparable to anything?  
She is ready to give her own blood for her child!

She is ready to give her life for her child –  
Every mother is ready to sacrifice herself for her child!

Can the love of a mother be measured at all?  
When all else turn away from you, your mother will  
continue to believe you.

Who has not learned parenthood won't understand it –  
The father and the mother suffer for their child,

They worry for the child's future and plans, They  
dream and wish a good life for their child.

The parents cherish a hope to their last days  
That the Creator would give them more days,

So they witness the happiness of their children  
And so they can help their children if they can.

And there is no greater happiness for the parents  
Than to see their children for as long as they can.

They want to see their children, see their discoveries –  
Events in their life, both big and small.

And if they reached their goals –  
The motivation behind is the dreams of their parents.



Then, driven by the high goals,  
The children and grandchildren accomplish great deeds.

My mother is long gone,  
But I am still bothered by this thought.

I was tied by my word I had given my  
mother. I have fulfilled it. What about her?

Then at the lakeside she said:  
“I will be able to bring back a handful of the native land

And put it on the grave of my father.”  
I will accomplish that for her.

Now tell me, apa,  
Has my mother fulfilled her promise?

I have found my Homeland, I have fulfilled the  
promise.” Said Almambet full of sadness.

Then he continued his story:  
“Now I must tell you a lot.

I will tell you on my own behalf  
What happened to me when I turned six.

My father had been impatiently waiting  
For me to turn six years old,

So that according to the plan of my mother  
He could send me to learn the knowledge of magic.

In spring and fall – two times a year,  
The entrance to Koikap is open at Suuk-Tor.

The gates are open only for a short period of time –  
Crowd of people rush in there like a flow.

Each is hopeful that he is the lucky one  
For whom the doors to Koikap will be open indeed.

Since spring my father had been preparing for school –  
He had no other dreams.

And then he was waiting for the fall to come  
Hoping I would show my diligence in studies.

He was cherishing a hope and a dream  
That I would become the strongest sorcerer of all,

That I would learn the secret knowledge  
And comprehend the mysteries of the Universe,

That I would be unmatched among the mortals,  
And that I would become the main khan in Chong-Beijing,

So that no one could make objections to me,  
So that I would teach the enemies of my father a lesson.

And in order for his dream to come true  
My father made many efforts.

The time came for us to hit the road.  
Cold wind was blowing into our chests.

The strict mountains were looking at us like judges.  
Both of us were guessing: “What will happen to us?”

We spent difficult days on the go –  
Our feet were numb from fatigue.

Our path lied through the crossings and  
Magnificent mountain ranges to Suuk-Tor.

Seventy long days were behind us –  
At last we see a stronghold in the distance in front of us.

We made it there and then stayed for seven days  
Per instructions of the special monks from Lhasa to cast away any fears.

Then they sent us to the mountains again,  
So that we would go over another crossing.

We had another seven days to go –  
Both of us got tired so much.

A huge stronghold was rising high on the mountain  
– It seemed mysterious to us.

The entire stronghold was made of stone –  
The temple had a long history.

Koikap is the name of the stone-made stronghold,  
It contained a wealth of knowledge.

Countless people wanted to tap into it,  
But they did not have enough strength to get here.

And, if somebody managed to make it all the way to here,  
Their efforts were still futile.

Scouts dressed like lamas  
In order to enter the temple,

But they were met by the special guard –  
He would not let anyone pass by.

He was watchfully looking at everyone,  
But he was invisible to the people.

He lived in the salt lake –  
Very few people were aware of that guard.

That guard of Koikap was a dragon –  
He did not let anyone in alive.

Only the chosen ones were able to pass by him –  
Those whose names developed in “Bichik”.

Since the very first day, when Koikap opened its  
doors, Random people rushed in there believing

That the knowledge of the Universe would be revealed to them  
and That they would be admitted to the school for sure.

But the dragon stopped such curious folks –  
He was watchfully looking from all sides.

The dragon had three heads –  
No one could approach the temple unnoticed.

A lot of people died in those areas –  
Bold spirits were not stopped by fear.

Their numbers were not going down in any year. There  
were so many of them willing to play with death.

Many who challenged their own fate  
Were unaware that their last hour was close.

Life is an expensive price to pay,  
But that was the result of only their own doing.

Being content with little is the lot of the strong  
– A man knows no boundary of his desires.

People desire ever so more  
Burning in the endless flame of avidity.

They never know measure in anything  
– Life free of desires looks grey.

But often times they dream of wrong  
things, Such as a house full of rubbish.

People also need power and position  
– These are of great value to them.

And also to realize their different talents,  
So they can give in to new temptations.

That is why many people were coming here,  
But the gates were locked down for them.

An arrogant khan hoping for the off chance  
Found his death here as an invited guest.

A warrior way too self-confident –  
Came here in defiance of his fate

And paid his life for this without honor –  
Such was his punishment for vanity.

The avid warrior did not turn down his fire  
– He decided to learn the secret arts.

And a trader who had traveled the entire  
world And promised to himself to see Koikap,

The only place unseen to date –  
He foolishly chased that desire.

He did not escape a pitiful fate –  
The dragon tormented him to the death.

And many fathers who came here with their children  
To lead them out of the darkness of ignorance

Sacrifice their children's lives  
Without first getting out of the nets of their own egos.

They come here without knowing what lies ahead.  
They guess themselves: "What's waiting for them there?"

But the dragon at his post is watchful and alert –  
The monster does not pity any of them.

The cruel tests do not stop the people –  
They keep coming after the secret knowledge.

But here the laws of people have not force –  
The usual, mundane relationships do not get people far here.

The world of mystery reigns in this place –  
Everything is based on sacral knowledge.

It is the rule of spirit here first and foremost  
– The spirit stands up high on the steps.

That level cannot be measured by human mind –  
The spirit endlessly believes in the Creator.

An inquisitive mind will never comprehend –  
Almost none of the living will be able to learn.

And only the chosen ones, those with the mark from heaven,  
Will have access to all of that knowledge.

They will be known far ahead of their births –  
The monks will discuss and make their verdict.

And then they will look for them, so at the will of the sky  
They can deliver the news from the Universe to them.

The nature helps them by giving signs –  
The monks can read them and understand their essence.

They find the right people without a flaw –  
They spend many days and years to locate them.

And almost always they find the chosen ones –  
These usually always stand out from the others with unusual behaviors.

They bring their missions to the world  
Clearing the planet from the darkness and evil.

The human flow does not become smaller –  
This makes the monks sad.

But it is difficult to explain it to people –  
It is hard to realize and accept it.

The dragon is rising above the lake –  
He decides the fate of the visitors.

The end of the desperate is pre-ordained –  
The dragon will ruthlessly kill them.

The mighty three-headed beast  
Is like a trained guard.

If the words do not stop the brave men –  
One head will breathe out fire.

It will turn the people into coal at once –  
Everything around the person starts burning.

If the person is lucky to make it through,  
The second head will be upon him.

Ice rain will come from the second head –  
Survivors are rare...

It breathes out severe cold –  
Koikap needs no redundant people.

The ice rain turns those few lucky ones who made it  
Through the fire into a boulder.

Many found their death from fire –  
Those who had motivated them are to blame for that.

Others died from ice and cold.  
They will never return home.

The dragon subjects everybody to his test –  
There is a huge pile of ice.

Now the third head of the ferocious dragon  
Erases the traces of his harm on from the ground.

He breathes in deeply  
And fills his inside with the remains.

Only the marked ones can pass by him –  
The initiation of the Eternity is waiting for them.



Their names are developed in the Book of Changes  
– They may enter inside.

There is a small door in the cave on the side  
– They can enter through it.

But before they enter, the Chief Lama Makes  
a decision on whether to invite them.

While the child is taking a test,  
The monks have a special assignment.

In Lhasa they determine his origin  
And double check the date of his birth.

They ensure the name and the appearance are identical  
– The monks are diligently verifying every detail.

They check thoroughly  
And spend a lot of time on this task.

But if there are no errors, then everything goes flawlessly –  
The path to the eternal secrets is hard.

And if everything goes accurately,  
The preparations start without delay.

The Chief Lama prepares a signet ring –  
Without it, there is no entry to the temple.

The ring is magical – it has a seal inside,  
The Chief Lama must put it on himself

On the middle finger of the right hand.  
The owner of the ring gets the right

To undertake a full study at Koikap until  
completion– The training takes twenty-one years.

The ring is for life –it is impossible to take off. The  
chosen ones may be recognized by the mark.

The Chief Lama assigns and hands over  
A child to a monk.

The monk takes the child all the way to the secret doors  
– He shows the way and invites the child in.

Then, he comes back to the family of the child  
And loudly announces of his admittance to the school.

The family of the boy with a great relief,  
As if they gave their child to an ayar for treatment,

Leave back home with a feeling of joy  
And wishing the best to their child.

Now they can be calm and at peace –  
There is no more esteemed study than this.

The kid will get to learn the unknown  
As he embarks on studying the secrets of magic.

I looked at my father as a good-bye –  
He stayed outside with the belongings.

There were many boys inside –  
They have got to pass the tests.

From all of them only three were chosen –  
And I was among them.

We were not ready for silence –  
The monks treated us strictly.

They led us somewhere, we did not meet anyone.  
We were only communicating using our eyes.

And that night despite the piercing frost  
We started a long journey with the monks.

We were secretly brought to Suuk-Tor –  
The scene of the night was mesmerizing.

The mountains were rising up high around us – After  
a difficult way, we finally got over the crossing.

We camped for the night very fatigued  
And immediately fell into slumber.

I had a wonderful dream –  
I saw my dear mother in my dream.

My Mom is standing on the top of a high mountain  
– Her lonely soul is concealing something.

Her beautiful face is gloomy –  
My Mom looks very unhappy.

She is crying hard –  
Her tears are flowing down in streams.

The water of the rivers is running down fast  
– Its source is the eyes of my mother.

The water washes down everything on its way  
– Ready to destroy the stones and sand.

Now they run back to the high mountain –  
The rapid waters are running upward.

The water has washed down the rocks –  
Now the stones form a barrier in front of me.

They make up a huge range on my way –  
I am walking to my mother and cannot reach her.

I cannot ascend to the summit to join her –  
My path is long and difficult.

And I cannot go back –  
The rocks are all along my way.

I am standing confused and frustrated.  
I have lost my passion and vigilance.

Suddenly out of nowhere  
A barefoot dervish appears on my path.

And in quiet and sad voice,  
With sympathy he says to me:

“My dear, be patient and calm –  
Your journey will end tomorrow night.

You will reach your destination.  
Bravely enter through the door in the cave.

When you have entered inside of the cave,  
There will be a test, but you must continue to believe!

You will be surrounded by complete darkness.  
Make sure the darkness does not break your spirit –

Stay strong! There will be little air there –  
You will be breathing greedily.

It will be difficult to breathe,  
But you must apply your willpower and effort.

Your head will be sweating a lot –  
It will feel as if your head is squeezed in the vise.

You will rush back,  
But the door will be securely locked.

Your eyes will get used to the nightly darkness  
And you will see the inside of the cave.

You must find the right place in the cave –  
Feel your way around.

You will find the secret compartment – Feel  
it with your fingertips to find the crack.

Press down with force on that crack –  
And without any noise the door will open in front of you.

Bright light will blast through the opening  
– It can leave a severe impact.

Therefore, given the risk –  
Make sure to shut your eyes at once!

And try to adjust to light little by little –  
You will benefit from advice!

You will be lined up – always stay on the right  
side! Then you will always be right!

Always stay only on the right side –  
Then they will leave you alone.

And you will be able to make it outside without errors –  
The foundation under you will not be shaky.

The abyss will not gobble you up –  
You will not be lost in that blinding darkness.

And then he became my guide on the path –  
My feet were just following him.

And he led me to a safe place,  
And smiled to me with a beautiful smile.”

He waved me good-bye as he was leaving.  
I was in complete despair at that moment.

I screamed at him: “Atake!”  
I got really scared to stay without him.

Frightened, I immediately woke up  
And still under shock shook up clumsily.

I remembered that dream very well –  
I could recall it in such a great detail.

The next day we continued our journey –  
The monks were silent and stayed strict.

We have reached the secret cave as just as in my dream  
– I remembered all of the instructions.

Everything was as I’d seen in my dream –  
I acted as the dervish had told me.

I stayed on the right side and found my luck –  
The evil of the darkness did not get to harm me.

Since that night, whenever I experienced difficulties, I  
saw the dervish – my father – in my dreams.

He would tell me about what was coming  
And what people would surround me,

How I should act and what I should do –  
I would receive the advice and instructions in my dreams.

\* \* \*

I got out safe of the darkness.  
My soul was triumphing – the trouble has passed by.

I found myself in a wonderful place –  
It smelled aroma in this place.

The space was lit by bright light –  
The Universe was overjoyed here in a graceful dance.

The rocky mountains rose up high as guards –  
Their range was supporting the sky with their summits.

The sky was hanging low  
And luring into the distance with clean air.

The lake was shining with crystal clean  
water, Full of silver of the sun specks.

My soul was absorbing the beauty of this  
place. I felt like I was soaring and overjoyed.

My heart beat went up in joyful anxiety –  
Inspiration touched me with its wing.

But I did not know what was waiting for me ahead  
And what new tests I will have to pass.

Only the silence was scary a bit...  
What other surprises will yet unfold during my journey?

Fragile and slim trees  
Lined up along the lakeside.

And the cane was dancing in the water –  
I really wanted to stay and enjoy this quiet serenity.

The road was weaving like a grey snake -  
I stood frozen and a bit frustrated.

Everything was beautiful, but something was wrong –  
As if the scene is painted by someone,

As if this beauty contained a secret –  
The scene was lacking a soul.

There is no wind, no chirping of the birds –  
I had a sensation that it was a dream.

This space was lacking energy –  
The wind of adventure was not blowing freely here.

Mesmerized by nature, I was standing still.  
Confused, I was guessing at that moment.

Where shall I go? What should I do now?  
Has anyone else from among us survived?



Suddenly I heard some noise behind me –  
I turned around to see what it was.

Xi-Bai and a stranger were following me –  
I cannot tell you how happy I was.

When I saw the stranger, I was overjoyed,  
As if he was a part of my family.

Wide shoulders, intelligent eyes –  
Only his face was very pale.

His clothes was all black –  
Not a ray of light exuding from his soul.

My heart beat was high –  
I have found a living soul here.

My face did not conceal my joy –  
The flame of energy inside of me was strong.

Having bent my knees, I bowed to him  
Touching the foreign land with my forehead.

But the stranger surprised me –  
His face was absent of any mimics and energy.

He looked like a zombie –no life in his face. He  
was bewitched, enchanted as if ring-fenced.

But he moved his legs, the muscles moved inside his body  
– Hence he had the power and energy in him.

He gave me a cold look  
And waved to me to come closer.

He did not say a word –  
I heard nothing from him.

I was looking at him with surprise as I hold him by the hand  
Xi-Bai was behind me.

The three of us were walking one after another.  
We walked in silence. The surrounding was in silence also.

The silence was scary. In fact, it was horrifying –  
A path through the cane led to the road.

Soon we came out of that area.  
Here the nature was alive again!

I regained my inner peace,  
Since I was used to such nature.

The breeze was wandering through the area –  
The trees were murmuring and discussing something with one another.

The birds were tenderly chanting –  
The clouds embraced them with care.

The green grass was hardly moving the in the wind –  
These sounds were pleasing to the soul.

The nature must be alive everywhere –  
There was something wrong with that strange place...

Everything there resembled our guide –  
He looked alive, but his emotions were absent.

As if he lost the fire in his body –  
As if he had no spirit in his heart.

There was a spring near the road –  
Deep into my thoughts, I stopped by it.

I was greedily looking at the water –  
I was thirsty and wanted to drink.

I looked at the stranger straight in the eyes  
– I had a lightning in my words:

“Who are you? Where are you from? Where are we going?  
Will we get to rest? When will we reach our destination?

I am tormented by thirst and hunger –  
The thought of good rest is piercing me through.

Can I drink the water?  
Can we stop here?”

For a second, it seemed like he was touched  
– But as if he did not hear me.

Nothing in response – just silence.  
He merely ignored my request.

In complete silence, he took me by the  
hand And became impenetrable again.

And again we were marching ahead,  
And all of a sudden Xi-Bai shouted at him:

“Answer me, are you deaf and  
mute? Can’t you hear my question?

Don’t you have a soul, stranger? –  
Perhaps it is callous and hard like a stone?

Do not rush like that – we cannot catch up with you!  
I have no more strength to keep up with you!

The three of us entered the cave together...  
Why are we walking apart? It is dishonest!

*Li-Chang* dropped behind us at the lake -  
He was waiting for our help there.

He got blind. He is still there powerless and desperate.  
*Li-Chang* is still there without any help.

You are walking too fast, you are in a hurry  
– You are only thinking about yourself.

You do not seem to care for me at all.  
Tell me what is my fault?

You are walking him by the hand.  
And I am sort of not even with you.

You are not even looking at me,  
Why are you holding only him by the hand?"

And the stranger answered:  
"Trust me, it is not my fault.

Do not blame me for no reason,  
Do not make demands in a strong voice.

A different person should have met you,  
But he did not show up at the right hour.

He would have walked you by the hand  
As if his family from the Silent place.

But he did not show up, he did not come,  
He did not meet you, he did not find you.

It is not my fault.  
Do not demand further answers from me.

If you want, keep following me in silence.  
If you don't, return to that Silent place.

And you will learn the changes of the fate –  
The new always replaces the old.

Never make anyone any favors!  
You have come here yourself to study!

And you, Almambet, be a bit more patient –  
Our journey will come to the end very soon.

You may drink the water all you want  
And you may eat all you want.”

And with perfect calm, the stranger became silent  
again. I was stunned and could not comprehend.

We left the spring far behind us –  
I had only one thought “I just can't wait to reach our destination!”

The thirst and torments have waned little by  
little, I got a sedate appearance.

My strength was gone, I kept stumbling  
And stopping – the guide had to wait for me often.

I was looking at the new area with curiosity –  
Unfriendly rocks were all around us.

And then I saw the stronghold covered by the darkness –  
The view of it has warmed my heart.

I turned around to look at Xi-Bai,  
But he dropped behind and could not catch up with us.

He was far way, quite a bit behind.  
That was the moment the stranger had been waiting for.

He quickly looked around  
And told me the following:

“Almambet, listen carefully  
And diligently do as I say!

Soon a different guide will replace me.  
He will lead you on.

Follow him in silence and keep your calm –  
Behave yourself like a brave fighter.

He will offer to camp for a night  
And bring you food of different kinds.

Agree to camp, but say in response  
That you no longer have the appetite to eat.

Behave as if you were frightened –  
As if you feel very uneasy inside.

And tomorrow you will be lined up in a line –  
Come up and stand forward, do not stand back!

You will hear an order “Turn!”  
For many it will be the decisive hour.

Very many will turn right  
Under the eyes of the strict monks.

Some will think “Left” is the right  
answer. Others will hesitate on their feet.

But you must remember to turn right  
And then you will always be right!

My dear, I repeat it again –  
You must turn right when you are in the line.

And then we will meet again –  
Our paths will cross in the future.”

At that moment, Xi-Bai has caught up with us.  
He was standing in front of us out of breath.

The stranger made me a sign  
To follow him in silence.

Soon we reached the stronghold –  
And could stay there overnight.

The stronghold was unattractive on the  
outside, But the inside was amazing to me!

Narrow paths led to the slope –  
They looked like tiny web threads.

The rock was shining black  
And amazed with its proud magnificence.

The doors to this refuge was carved out in  
stone At the bottom of the huge rock.

Between the stronghold and the huge mountain  
There was a lake with a beautiful view.

This was not a creation of nature –  
That was the making of men.

Its beauty was captivating –  
It was decorated with ornament molding.

There were different kinds of fish in the pool –  
It was a quiet, shady and cozy place.

The fish scales are luring with their play in the sun –  
Shining in so many wonderful colors!

The fish are playing in the water –  
The rocky mountain is hanging above them.

The flower pots are made of colorful stones –  
They are neatly lined up

And reflect the sunlight with marvelous glow  
And colorful shine like gems.

They are covered by intricate ornaments –  
They captivate the eyes.

And as if the continuation of wonderful stone ornament –  
The flowers in the flower pots are also shining with colorful flames.

They exude aroma all around –  
The buds are captivating with beautiful bloom.

It is impossible to turn away from the flowers –  
The fragile petals are lined up so lovely.



That blossoming garden was attracting by its aroma  
– Mesmerized, I could not look at anything else.

There were different trees in that wonderful garden  
– The leaves on the trees also had a shine.

And the light breeze was playing with the leaves  
– Pure thoughts were born in such space.

The birds of paradise sat on the thin twigs,  
It seemed like I was in a wonderful dream.

The chanting of the birds pleased the ear – The  
melody of the chirping was mesmerizing.

These magical scenes of nature were enchanting.  
Just watching them would be a healing remedy.

I cannot find the right words to describe it.  
I was ready to watch it all of my life.

Forgetfulness cast on me –  
The enchanting chirping carried me away.

Having forgotten everything, I was soaring in the sky  
– The aroma of the flowers intoxicated me.

I did not notice how the stranger disappeared  
– That's how much I was lost.

At once I forgot everything –  
The eye-pleasing sites were that much captivating!

I forgot that I was hungry and thirsty...  
But that scene was unique – not everybody gets to see it!

The beauty touched the strings of my soul –  
Passion for the beauty woke up within me.

I had not realized the meaning of the word “*ajaiyp*”<sup>1</sup>  
– It conveys the refined meaning

In approximation with a light hint  
It gives the meaning without going deep.

That’s when you realize that it is beyond the words –  
Many things exist without the vocalization of the words.

One may only feel and sense...  
As the words cannot contain the full depth of the meaning.

Like a light breeze that escapes into the heights,  
Like the star light that shines in the sky.

Many things are impossible to convey using words –  
For the truth is distorted in the false terms.

The intangible language of Eternity  
Cannot be translated into human language.

The words are too blunt and at times inappropriate,  
When the divine beauty is at stake.

When one simply gets frozen,  
When the words die out,

Then the silence comes to help –  
It will replace the multitude of words.

At times, the silence is much stronger,  
As it has its special sound.

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<sup>1</sup> *Ajaiyp*[ʌdʒʌiˈi:p] beautiful, picturesque.

The silence is full of unembraceable depth,  
But this language is not always comprehensible.

We were standing in the garden, near the pool –  
Both of us made it through the test of the darkness.

And now the very nature was giving us  
joy As if it was a reward.

And mesmerized by the beauty around  
us, We got into kind of a magical circle.

Suddenly we heard some noise –  
It pulled us out of the sweet dreams.

Startled we looked –  
A stranger was standing in front of us.

He looked like the guide who brought us  
here, But he seemed angrier.

Similarly dressed all in black.  
His face resembled the guide's – similarly unfriendly.

But his face too fair –  
The eyes sat deep in the eye sockets.

A piercing look, low-hanging eyebrows  
– He certainly looked stricter.

His eyes were looking through you –  
The thunder of the nature was frozen in those eyes.

One's body was shivering under these eyes  
– They spiked through like swords.

We were losing the ground under our feet  
– He certainly looked much stricter.

The corners of his lips were looking down –  
His eyes seemed to be covered by the invisible prism.

But, when he walked, his movements were sleek,  
He was not rude with us – that was what mattered.

He had a feminine walk with mincing steps –  
We were looking only at his feet.

His beard was in the shape of a horseshoe,  
It actually hid his years.

The beard reminded of Chee grass –  
The way it looked could horrify.

He looked at us from under the brows –  
His high pitched voice was unpleasant:

“Prince and bek, follow me –  
We will walk along that scarlet path.

It will soon lead us to the mountain –  
There is a door there. Each one of us will enter through it.”

We followed the stranger  
Along the bright scarlet path.

It took us a while to ascend along the slope.  
The stranger kept silence.

We reached the mountain  
And stopped before the door for a minute.

The door opened without any noise –  
The shadows disappeared.

The mountain was shining bright inside  
Full of snowy sparks.

There were several rooms inside of the mountain  
– It guarded its properties well.

An unknown city was built inside –  
People in black were moving all around.

There was a separate room for each major –  
The students were divided into craft streams.

The students lived in these halls for twenty one years –  
The entire duration of study.

In the huge cave of the white mountain –  
Near the entrance, near the outer door

We were placed in the room  
And told to spend a night in it.

Then, our journey would continue on,  
Nobody knew what lied ahead.

That fall, when the school opened its gates – Seven  
thousand candidates came, apart from me.

But only seven made it through.  
So very few out of the seven thousand.

Koikap opened its gate only to the seven –  
Those lucky few who escaped the paws of the dragon.

Now the seven of us had to study  
For twenty one years in seclusion.

People in black clothes  
Were moving in the adjacent rooms.

They walked noiselessly and whispered to communicate.  
Their weekdays were about daily routine.

The people in black quickly took care of us.  
They willingly washed and dressed us.

The clothes were the same for everyone –  
It was the special uniform of the temple.

The terms and conditions were explained to us.  
That it was not a home, but the temple of knowledge.

And therefore it would be inappropriate to be naughty,  
And that there would be no opportunity to complain to the father.

And that any food offered to us  
We should willingly eat ourselves.

That no culinary wishes would be honored,  
If unwilling to eat, we would face hunger.

They put different viands in front of us.  
Then they waved us an invitation to share a meal.

But at the time I was not lured to food –  
I could hardly keep my eyes open.

My appetite was gone, as was my thirst.  
My body was begging for some sleep.

Xi-Bai took care of my food –  
He had been weak and angry from hunger.

In that room, close to one another  
There were stuffed sacks on the floor.

The sacks were full of lichen –  
We had to spend the night on them.

There was a strange smell in that room...  
Perhaps that was a sign of a welcome?

When I was falling into slumber –  
I had a last thought.

It seemed to me that the smell changed,  
As if some smoke was let in the room...

I woke up in the morning and at the  
order Everyone got up at once.

The command “Line up!” was loud and clear –  
That’s how the beginning of day was heralded.

I did remember the warning –  
And I fulfilled the advice of the guide.

I turned to the right and was humbly  
expecting The next assignments and tasks.

Xi-Bai just like me turned to the right – But  
it was clear he had an insolent temper.

Then Xi-Bai and I went together –  
Since that day our paths were crossed.

It was difficult to understand what was going on.  
We were being selected what each one of us was good for.

The boys were like under intoxication –  
An indifferent look and no personal opinion.

They tried to stay away from one another  
And everyone kept silence.

There were no arguments and no objections,  
Everyone moved fast at commands.

And it seemed that the feelings and emotions were gone –  
The liveliness of yesterday completely disappeared.

Something must have been added to the food  
To weaken the will and mind.

The food only looked very good –  
Luring viands and tasty smells.

The mind was intoxicated and the feelings were dulled –  
The aroma smoke changed the boys' minds.

And sadness no longer bothered anyone –  
The boys walked around like debtors.

They lost their attachment to their families –  
That smoke did not evaporate from their souls.

And the first meal reflected on all of them  
– They all have drastically changed.

I was very thankful to our guide –  
As I did not get to experience that myself.



I did not eat the food and the smoke did not affect me  
– I was the only one who differed from the rest.

We made our first stride in studies –  
We were working hard to study science.

We lived there for twenty one years –  
We were taught a great deal of things.

At first, during the first seven years,  
We were introduced to bodies of knowledge.

We studied general subjects  
And developed our skills.

Then we were divided up based on skills  
And sent to different groups.

Xi-Bai and I studied together for seven years,  
Then there was a council of the monks.

They determined his specialty – a shooter. He  
could keenly and accurately hit the target.

A sharp archer, he would hit the bull's eye  
And he could move quietly like a shadow.

His craft is “Fighting shooter”,  
He was blessed with that skill.

An “obeying shooter” is the right category,  
Such students undertake special training.

He would never be made a governor-khan  
– He lacked the skills set needed for that.

He would be unable to lead and rule people –  
He can only be an obeying sniper.

Nor would he be allowed to manage an army – He  
would not be able to lead knights in the battle.

Perhaps, the monks did not like his temper –  
They did not grant him any rights and privileges.

His nasty temper was well known to them –  
Nobody could be comfortable around him.

After our first joint seven years  
We no longer spent the time together.

He was separated and lived in a different  
place. He mastered his skills to perfection.

He began to learn the mysteries of the  
Universe And learned to fly in the sky.

He did not have natural abilities,  
But he diligently studied the science.

And he achieved mastery in everything  
Thanks to his great persistence.

And he made a lot of efforts –  
And he was recognized for his merits.

He received a rank of a “marksman”,  
Which he got to earn through his tenacity.

He studied at the schools six months longer  
And obtained more knowledge than me.

He finished the school as a “perfect service shooter”  
Right in accordance with his specialty and vocation.

As for my skills, the monks noticed them fast  
– They were experienced in it.

They determined my talents  
And saw the vocation in my soul.

They taught me in accordance with their determination  
– We had no time for boredom at the school.

My vocation was to command an army,  
To withstand an enemy’s schemes.

Such were the talents and skills they determined  
And approved my passion for military art.

I can make the weapons for a battle  
And teach the right fighting skills,

Develop a plan and tactics of a fight  
And lead and manage the subordinate soldiers,

I can build a fortress and how to defend it,  
I know what to do when there’s no reinforcement.

I learned the laws of nature –  
I can change the weather at once.

I learned the techniques of a lightning-fast attack –  
I have become a knowledgeable and steadfast warrior.

I learned the magic of Qi-Le-Seng –  
I can break through the spells of magic.

The path of learning is tough –  
I learned a lot during the fourteen years.

I cannot tell and explain everything to you.  
So I will tell you only the key things.

The five boys who had turned to the left  
Left somewhere and never returned.

I do not even know where they exited.  
I never heard back anything of them.

Did they perish or stay alive?  
I never saw any one of them again.

The different departments are kept separate –  
Each department has its own governance.

Nobody crosses over the boundaries.  
The senior lamas are in charge there.

And each monk has a responsibility for something.  
Each one of them has his own chores and routines.

Every room has a special mark.  
The monks do not see each other often.

Each department lives its own life.  
At least that's how it looks. But under the single overall rule.

Discipline is the backbone of the monks' life.  
No redundant word is said here.

Order in everything is the foundation.  
Good organization is the highest virtue here.

And each department has its mysteries –  
Secret knowledge is taught there.

One cannot know what is taught in other departments  
– They teach what they are supposed to teach.

The internal secrets are strictly kept –  
There are many secrets inside the stronghold.

The monks take turns to exit without meeting each other –  
Here people do not wander for no reason.

On Tuesdays, the boys from one  
departments Are taken out for daily rest.

Each craft and art is studied in threes –  
Just in case, so later...

They can keep one of them. It often happens  
That the hard studies are just too much.

And some students go mad from fear –  
Such are never let out by the monks.

They no longer present any interest.  
But they live their last days in the stronghold.

I recall the blind Li-Chang –  
I never saw him in the temple.

I do not think he had died then –  
The blindness must have opened the door to the temple.

I heard that clairvoyance is taught –  
The blind are taught the other type of vision.

The monks know in advance of such baby's  
birth That his souls would come.

The name of the person develops in the book "Bichik"  
– And the monks search for that person.

The scholars wander across the vast spaces  
– Blind they travel throughout the world.

Their mind is the treasure of valuable knowledge.  
They look for people with the right consciousness

And reveal their great secrets  
To the chosen ones embraced by the light,

To those who are worthy of this in this life  
Such scholars are the Warriors of Light.

The child is selected for such science –  
The one who survived the torment of blinding.

They wait for the boy at the Silent place,  
Then he is taken to the right place.

He had not closed his eyes and got blinded by the light  
– Such outcome must have also been pre-ordained.

That light is called the light of the Universe  
– It blinds anybody at once.

And in exchange for the loss of vision  
The person gets the invaluable moments.

The monks meet such person with special care.  
They isolate him from others and teach separately.

No one can get to that special departments.  
It is fenced and protected – getting there is tough.

The Chief Lama himself shares his knowledge with the blind  
– And he starts building his comprehension.

The laws of the Universe are revealed to him, Along  
with the secrets of our bottomless Universe.

And the student learns that special knowledge –  
The reverence for his skills and merit awaits for him in the future.

The stranger that had met me in the Silent place  
Once told me something very important.

He was a teacher of military art.  
Once he had an omen in his dream.

A dervish in his dream instructed him  
To provide help to me.

it is him who would help me to escape  
Such that nobody would be able to hamper me.

My study was coming to the end –  
The days were numbered until it would be over.

And only right before my escape  
He shared his sad story with me.

Then as a good-bye he spoke  
And unloaded his soul to me.

He told me everything about him,  
About his sad destiny:

“I know where my native land is.  
My fatherland, I know, is Altai.

Long ago, a monk kidnapped me –  
That is how I got trapped.

He took me away from my native country –  
That is how the bridge with my Homeland was destroyed.

My name was *Shibee*<sup>1</sup>,  
But everything changed in my life.

I am offspring of khan Shygai,” –  
So he said to me looking me in the eye.

“The monks were trying to kill my willpower,  
They tried to make me forget my pain,

So my feelings would be put out  
And so I would forget about our nation.

They applied their tricks and various gimmicks...  
In order to distract me by different temptations.

But they have failed – they could not achieve it...  
My heart is full of love to my Homeland!

It keeps the memory of home!  
It cannot be destroyed or tinted!

I could not forget the past –  
Those memories and feelings of mine cannot be killed!

They consider me to be indispensable –  
They will never let me out of here alive.

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<sup>1</sup> *Shibee* [ʃiˈbæ:].



I know myself that I would never  
Get to see my Homeland again.

I have achieved the magical moment –  
I have already learned the secrets of the Universe.

I contain within me the sacral knowledge  
And possess a broad worldview.

And that is my value so dear to the monks – They  
know the true price and value of knowledge.

The monks and the Chief Lama think of me highly –  
They watch me and guard me. They are the guard themselves.

They cannot be luckier than that –  
I can bring them much value and benefit.

That is why they watch me day and night –  
There are always eyes that are watching me every moment.

And I put up with the fact I would be unable to  
leave. I will find my peace here.

My dear, you and I have the same blood!  
To save you is my sacred duty!

Run away from here, while you are alive...  
I know what they can do to you.

You must leave while your feelings are still  
alive, May nothing be an obstacle!

You mother will tell you about the rest –  
When the right hour comes you will see your Homeland.”

The moon was shining bright in the sky,  
It was raining a lot – spring came.

The doors in the cave must open soon –  
My wish had to come true.

The doors would open for a short moment –  
Shibee had made all calculations.

He calculated the right time  
And took up the burden of extra risk.

Scholar Shibee helped me to escape –  
The dervish had asked him and he gave him his word.

And he made every effort  
To turn the fortune to me.

He did a lot for me.  
It is my fault he is not live.

He closed the door with his body –  
As he audaciously stood against the monks.

He used his body to block the chase,  
As he stood on the path in front of the monks.

I will never forget what he did for me –  
He did his utmost to let me live!

To ensure I could safely escape from Koikap,  
To ensure I could avoid any misfortunes...

Soon after I returned home,  
The treasure of the knowledge proved extremely useful.

All the spells I had learned at Koikap  
Were of great help to me.

Having come back to Tien-Yang, I said to my  
father: "I was able to complete my studies,

I finished my learning half a year earlier,"  
- My father was listening in silence, -

"Had I stayed any longer there,  
I would have forgotten who I am.

I would have lost my memories and feelings –  
I would have become an empty, 'perfect service' someone,

But I finished the studies before the term  
And got to escape the unfortunate fate."

I stayed at the mine with my father,  
And I worked very hard there.

I built a nice stronghold there –  
The fortification pleased and made my father happy.

The stronghold made the stone city better defended  
– It gave my father more confidence.

It served like a powerful shield to the city  
Defending our home area.

I built a new palace –  
My father was very pleased with everything.

I demolished his old palace.  
I was working with passion and zeal.

The new palace was shining with its beauty –  
It was glowing in the sun and looked luring.

I built a wonderful house for my mother –  
It was made of gems.

The white stone made it look  
Like a house made of snow.

The rooms inside were gold-plated –  
I was pleased with the result of my work.

The emptiness of the pits around was gaping...  
I filled them with crushed stones and evened out with the ground.

And I planted a fruit garden –  
May it bring healthy gifts every year!

I managed all of the business  
And we have strengthened our borders.

I put things in order, and to everyone's delight  
It became light and beautiful in our khanate.

I stayed very busy and accomplished a lot during that period,  
I was always in the middle of things.

And I got into it so very much – there was no end.  
I kept building, tidying and beautifying.

One night I was sitting alone  
Deep into my thoughts about something important.

I got bogged down in the routine and problem  
solving. So much was going on!

And the years were passing by so unnoticeably –  
And as always then I was into constructive renovation.

And there was no end to on-going projects –  
Was there going to be accomplishment of truly great deeds?

And the years passed by unnoticeably,  
It seemed like they passed uselessly, for nothing...

Fifteen years passed since my escape,  
But the trace of Koikap was still very vivid in my memory.

But I got distracted by the daily routine –  
And my mind was full of my father's business.

I was putting things in order for so many years –  
It took me a lot of efforts, patience and energy.

I made my father's business flourish –  
He had been waiting for this day.

He did not conceal his joy –  
He was amazed at my accomplishments.

And I continued on with great patience –  
I was creating and constructing in self-forgetfulness.

That night my thoughts were about my mother  
– We had not had a conversation for a while.

Old age unnoticeably gave her a touch,  
As she had silver in her hair.

She did not talk to anyone, she was always in silence  
– As if she was hiding despair within.

Lackluster eyes, covered by darkness...  
What kind of sadness she held in her soul?

Nothing seemed to bring her joy,  
She must have held something deep inside...

She was always deep into her thoughts,  
Her eyebrows were always hanging over her eyes in a frown.

Why did Mom's smile abandon her face?  
It seemed like the present looked fragile to her.

She no longer had the fire in her eyes –  
Her connection with this world seemed very thin.

What was tormenting her? What caused her anguish?  
What was it that bothered her leading to depression?..

Why was she different from ordinary people?  
Why was my mother always so sad?

I had never asked her about it...  
But I would love to hear her answers.

I was very attached to my mother, I loved her  
dearly. So, what was it that did not let be in peace?

And my thoughts carried me away –  
I was deep into myself.

And I was not noticing anything around me, When  
suddenly my father interrupted my thoughts.

## **CHAPTER XII – CRUEL ASSIGNMENT OF AZIZ-KHAN**

- What thoughts are thinking?  
What powers are taking up all of your mind?

Some heavy thinking has captivated you –  
So deep into it you are looking sad and gloomy.

I have been standing near you for a while  
now, But you are not noticing me at all.

So pensive, you are very deep into your  
thoughts, As if you feel guilty for something.

Since your mother appeared in my life,  
I have been feeling the grace of heaven.

The business is flourishing, things are moving again  
– I have gained new strength to start things anew.

I had lost faith in my relatives –  
My own brother took the mine away.

The wolf with his cub caused devastation,  
As if I was one of their debtors.

He attacked me as if I was his foe –  
Without conscience or fear.

He killed all of my slaves  
And captured the mine with his son.

Lo-Yan cruelly killed my belief –  
I could not put up with the loss.

I was crying blood, not tears –  
Only the dream world saved me.

Since that day on my only dream was about a son,  
So people would sing songs and tell legends about him,

So he would impress everybody with his fearlessness –  
So he would be invincible in battles!

He would be able to take vengeance for me!  
He would teach Lo-Yan and his son a lesson!

Your mother impressed He-Gan-  
She looked him straight in the eyes.

She challenged him with audacity and arrogance  
That she would fulfill her promise for sure.

And to convince everyone she was right  
She made something extraordinary.

She aimed at the Great Khan and  
Shot an arrow that dropped his crown down from his head.

That audacious feat convinced everybody –  
Her terms were accepted in full.

She promised to give birth to a knight  
Who would be unmatched in strength the world over.



She was very brave and very courageous!  
She said very important words.

She was the only daughter of her father, semi-khan.  
She was beautiful, strong and had a great character.

And she had everything in her and all of that in harmony –  
Her unusual beauty attracted the eyes.

The Creator gave her wisdom  
And a godlike face – so gorgeous she was.

She was light and graceful,  
But her piercing eyes had thunder and lightning.

She held herself with great dignity in the competition with the khan  
– People acknowledged the audacity of her spirit.

She impressed the ayars with her bravery –  
They acknowledged her courage and strength.

At first sight, it was very clear –  
She would always stand out in the crowd.

If she shows up, she will be noticed at once –  
Well-built, beautiful and attractive.

I must tell you now –  
Your mother has become my guardian-angel!

We have lived together for forty years –  
She managed to make my home warm.

She never said any insulting words –  
Our home has always been a safe refuge for me.

My hearth has never been put out  
And bitter words have never cut my ear.

My dear, tender, fragile wife  
Has never made any foul actions.

She never caused me any troubles –  
She has become everything in my life!

I want to confess now and I am repenting –  
I feel so uneasy because of those memories.

There was a time – I gave in to my suspicions,  
And now my conscience torments me for that.

I wanted to expose your mother as a liar,  
There was a time I could not trust her...

Now I regret it a lot –  
Shame is burning my soul.

Over the years, your mother got into her shell –  
My suspicions have led to trouble.

It is only my fault –  
I have drowned my own happiness.

Now my regrets are good for nothing –  
I should have valued my blessing then.

There is also another reason for her withdrawal...  
She has been sad since the death of her father.

She loved her father so very much –  
Since he is gone, she has looked like a ghost.

He was very dear person to her –  
Her life path without him became bitter for her.

And she just keeps crying –  
So hard is her loss.

Sadness never leaves her face –  
I feel very sorry for your mother.

But I do not know how to ease her pain.  
I am unaware of what can be done to make it easier for her...

Once a year always at the same time –  
And she eagerly waits for it,

She visits her native areas –  
The places where she grew up.

There are Twin Lakes in her country –  
She used to spend hours at the lakeside in her childhood.

They are like father and mother for her –  
She always goes there to see them.

And she comes back recharged, feeling better  
As if she found a new hope.

I could not allow myself any abusive language towards  
her Quarrels never lead to anything good anyway.

I am ready to forgive her anything for the son like you  
– But she did not deserve any bad words at all.

My colt, my eyes are overjoyed  
That I have such a smart son.

And even though my maturity is leaving me,  
One thought is always with me.

I still have a lot of strength left in me –  
The life path leads us to our goals.

I have seen a lot and learned a lot –  
I have experienced a lot in this life.

The time has come and I have a desire...  
It is the time to implement it with knowledge and skill...

I have experienced the taste of power,  
I have felt the sweet burden on my shoulders.

But I have been dreaming of bigger power –  
I would love to rule the forty khans.

However, my brother agile and sly –  
Outsmarted me and achieved a great power.

He is ruling the forty khans himself.  
My brother He-Gan is a despotic ruler.

He introduced a cruel code of laws –  
Nobody can utter a word.

He does not allow to lift up the head,  
He extirpates the whisper of the crowds at its root.

No one can say anything,  
Even though many have been insulted,

And there are always discontent khans –  
They must be secretly cherishing their vengeance.

I had lived to old age without a child –  
Nobody in my house heard the scream of a baby.

I had been carrying my uneasy burden –  
Having only one dream to have a child of my own.

But He-Gan does not have an heir either –  
And he too had been dreaming of a son for a long time.

And despite his long years,  
He still does not have a child.

He does not know the happiness of parenthood  
– In this, he has remained unfortunate.

He-Gan is hypocritical with his brothers  
– Nobody trusts him anymore.

He does not reveal it, he treats with a smile,  
But such treatment is just a gimmick.

In his heart, he actually has a purpose... And  
he exudes flattery towards his brothers.

What if one of his brothers  
Gets to have a son?

Then his throne would go to him,  
And he would inherit everything.

And he would rule over the forty khanates.  
If a son is born. So he should watch them.

It would be more wise to have  
A son of his own, his heir.

But this life and everything in it  
Is pre-ordained and predetermined by destiny.

The khan has a choice – he has the right To  
appoint his heir and that would be legit.

It is in his power to decide  
What to do and to whom to transfer the power.

Our father had four sons,  
Whom he loved dearly:

He-Gan, *Han-Yan*, Lo-Yan and me –  
Our family was very proud of us.

We had had a long feud with the Buruts  
– The dark age has been long.

The reason behind the feud between the peoples  
Is the need, the lack of resources.

The land was at the crux of the conflict  
– The hot arguments led to the war.

The Buruts gave each one of us a name –  
Each brother is at fault with the Buruts.

For the qualities of his spirit, for his age and  
wisdom He-Gan was called *Kary-khan*.

He-Gan liked this name,  
He believes that name fits him and is the right one.

Lo-Yan-Gan was called Alook –  
This name contains the following meaning.

He is dangerous and burns like the flame of fire –  
In the battle with the Buruts he is gloomier than the storm clouds.

He does not care for his name –  
He is indifferent to it like to the barking of dogs.

He is bloodthirsty and ruthless –  
All he needs is to kill.

But it is not enough for him to see a fallen Burut  
– He has an addiction, a malicious passion.

He burns everything – the countryside,  
He is at the extremes.

And everything is burning in the bright flame –  
And he is looking at the fire with a stone heart.

Gai-Yuan-Thai, his son, is just like his father.  
Together they bring death to the Buruts.

Cruel and hard-hearted,  
He already had a bloody trace as a child.

The Buruts are full of hatred towards him –  
They expect only a war from him.

And they curse him –  
As he has brought them a lot of grief.

They called him Konurbai –  
A spiteful, cunning, disgusting bai.

Han-Yan is only dreaming of power,  
Of becoming the full-fledged master,

So the Manchu and the lamas were his subjects,  
So he would become the master of their temples.

He wants to take control over the nation  
And turn his land into a paradise.

He wants to take over Chet-Beijing  
And rule there at his discretion.

The Buruts called him *Esen-khan*<sup>1</sup>  
– “A khan who cares for himself”.

He thinks of only himself and lives only for himself –  
He would appropriate any wealth that he likes

He only spoils and enjoys himself  
And only cares for his own goals.

The name also has another meaning –  
The one who possesses good health and wealth.

*Bao-Ho-To* is the only son of Han-Yan.  
He is brave, courageous and invincible.

The Buruts called him *Borukoz*<sup>2</sup> –  
He likes this name.

It means “wolf eye” –  
He was seen in the battle.

I have been called Aziz –  
I am thankful for the name and feel good about it.

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<sup>1</sup> *Esen* [E'sen] well and sound.

<sup>2</sup> *Borukoz* [Bɜrju:'kɜz] literally “wolf + eye”.



I have liked it since young age –  
The people have a prejudice.

They call a white serpent Aziz –  
Who can guard his treasure bravely and skillfully.

*Shaimerden*<sup>1</sup> is the Great Force-guardian  
– It protects the fearless fighters.

At that time, I compared myself to Shaimerden. I  
was loyal to my oaths in my heart.

I became a generous patron  
To the man who named me Aziz.

I freed him from cruel slavery  
And gave him a bit of wealth.

I had him marry a girl of noble descent –  
He started a new life from that chapter.

Then I was only eighteen or twenty –  
I was well-built and graceful in my youth.

I did consider myself to be above others at that  
age And often compared myself to them.

I was healthy, young and handsome,  
Vain, arrogant, proud and haughty.

My desires were always satisfied –  
Everyone always considered my opinion.

A hot fire was burning in my heart  
And I thought that is how it had to be, not otherwise.

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<sup>1</sup> *Shaimerden* [ʃaimɐrˈden] is the guardian of the snakes.

I set my goals and achieved them.  
I was experiencing life.

I always tried to keep my word.  
I never broke it – I cannot remember an instance.

There was a slave at the mine.  
I never knew we would get related.

I never knew our souls will get close –  
Who knows, it must have been for the better...

He was Altynai's grandfather on her mother's side  
– I was proud of him for his labor and efforts.

For my tricks, whims and my love of gold  
Nuzup named me Aziz.

My son, I see your anxiety...  
Trust me, your suffering is for nothing.

Do not blame yourself that you are the only child in the family.  
I understand that this might make you sad.

Dilute the sadness in your soul.  
I am aching when I see you so sad.

I want you to understand – if you had brothers, they would cause  
you trouble...  
They would dig the ground under you like a mole.

They would only desire the power with greed,  
You would be unable to avoid a war with them.

Always rely only on yourself, my son!  
My wife should be a real lesson for you.

You will keep your head on your shoulders –  
And save a sword extra work.

You are already used to such life –  
You have seen different things and know how to handle troubles.

The enemies will never take it easy on you –  
The battle with them will be ruthless.

You are always prepared for a blow from outside  
– It is more bitter when all of a sudden

One of your own gives you a low blow  
Taking the ground from under your feet.

And the harder it is the less you could foresee,  
When you did not expect that the ill fate

Would haunt us and divide.  
Now where is justice? Where the heck is it?

Whom can you trust? Such are the relatives....  
All ready with their traps and snares...

Preparing a pitfall and working hard to make it deeper  
– So they would push you in it to forget.

The troubles caused by relatives are tougher –  
They cause more harm to you.

They know your weaknesses and all of your mistakes  
– And they act quietly, precisely and flexibly.

They will not pity your soul –  
In cold blood, they will choke you without regret.

Until that day you may have lived carelessly  
And your happiness may seem to be forever.

You might be soaring up high –  
Surrounded by your sweet dreams.

Just for now... Just until the moment of truth  
And your entire life would be changed.

Offence and insult. These words are imprecise...  
You feel as though you are eternally chained.

Vexation, anger, fury and despair –  
You'd want to justify, perhaps by accident...

Perhaps they did not mean it, no bad intentions,  
But then you see their saucy smiles right in your face.

Your cool mind would whisper soundly:  
“You have no right to continue to believe them!

You have been mixed with dirt and dust,  
And now you're paralyzed in fear and horror...”

Whom can you trust then? Well, life hardens you –  
Eventually you will see who is who.

The test of time – an occasion will reveal all.  
And then your heart and soul will be tormented.

And your close relative will become your enemy –  
And ruthlessly he will destroy your home.

And your heart will burn in bitterness,  
And much of hot spices will be added to your life.

With no regret he will put out your eyes  
And feed them both to birds of prey for a treat.

And you can expect anything from him –  
Because he is akin to a predatory beast.

But before that you only see a brother in him..  
You are trying hard not to offend him, not even with a word.

You do not know the main thing, you cannot see his soul –  
He is consciously trying to conceal envy in his heart.

And as always your brother is smiling to  
you, While inside he is wishing to finish you.

And without any pity he injects a poison in your body  
– Piercing your heart with the spear of betrayal.

It is so difficult to comprehend and to accept  
That your own brother was capable of betraying you!

My only son, my dear, I value you so  
much! But I ask you to take revenge for me!

For fifteen long years you have been busy building  
And renovating – you have worked like a slave.

You have repaired all the heinous deeds of my brother  
– You have rebuilt what he had destroyed.

You have made many efforts and spared no zeal –  
All these years reconstruction has been your life.

You have beautified the surrounding areas –  
You have restored the order across the board.

But that is enough! The time has come!  
To shrug this burden off your mighty shoulders!

You must regain what had been stolen by force  
– He must return what he took where it belongs!

Khan He-Gan is old now –  
It is time for him to give the throne and stan to you!

He is old – take his power by force!  
Nobody will be able to attack us!

I have no doubt in your ability –  
I am very pleased with the result of your work.

So show your strength to your uncles, my son!  
The time for a fight has come.

Your name emerged in the book “Bichik”  
– This was announced loud and clear.

You have all the privileges in your hands!  
My son, you are a valiant warrior and sorcerer!

You, my son with a moon-like face,  
Shall be the master of the Great Khan’s throne!

I have come to vocalize my order to you –  
And to give you my blessing and parting words.

Accept my will and take it to the battle!  
May Shaimerden be with you!

May he protect you from evil and troubles!  
May he lead and guide you!

Shaimerden is the guardian of all warriors.  
And you, my son, are a great general!

May he light up your path through the wings of happiness  
– You must win that battle!

May luck and success be with you!  
I do believe that you will defeat them all at once!

May your life be like the water of the river  
– Always clean and long forever!

Prepare to make war!  
I am wishing you a victory in the battle!

\* \* \*

The army of my father was not big –  
I began my careful search.

I was selecting brave and courageous men – I  
took fearless young men in my detachment.

I taught them military art –  
Everything I was skillful at.

I built their skills and knowledge –  
In each of them, I developed their potential.

I revealed what I knew – many secrets I shared.  
They made their vows to me and each other.

They learned many secrets from me –  
I have shared my knowledge.

Also, I taught them the art of camouflage –  
And how to act at once with great skill.

How to put on the clothes of a dervish  
And collect intelligence to learn in advance.

I introduced them to the world of spells –  
How to manage the elements:

To make it rain at the right hour,  
So it would wash off the trace at once.

How to trick and mislead the enemy,  
And how to make conclusions quickly.

I taught them the art of war and battle tactics  
And instilled a well observed discipline.

And I stayed on the message to each one of them  
That performing their duty was of paramount importance.

Not everybody can make a good warrior –  
The man must possess a strong will and spirit.

He must know no fear and be ready for anything –  
He should be able to escape captivity

And attack and assault not sparing his life And  
think only of the victory with all his heart,

And be fearless on the battlefield –  
A warrior is an honorable status!

And risk his life –  
And challenge and argue with the fate,



And not get frustrated at the hour of despair,  
And protect himself by swinging the swords,

And always continue to believe in himself,  
Even when the much outnumbered by the enemies,

And to be loyal to the call of duty  
To the very last drop of his blood!

I was sharing my plans and my thoughts with  
them, I was working on their transformation.

I developed various situations  
And worked on eradicating the idle mindset

By fostering a different one –  
To be always attentive and stay alert and be ready to stop any attack,

To prevent the enemy's tricks –  
To be staunch, courageous and agile.

If the warriors attack the enemy afoot,  
The horsemen should back them up.

The right wing is made of swordsmen,  
The left wing is made of archers.

Strong spirit and conditioning are key,  
The enemy never pities anybody!

Warcraft is not an easy undertaking –  
I got lucky with my fighters.

They were always learning with great discipline  
And were diligent in their training.

They have developed the necessary skills,  
And my men became invincible.

They were tireless in their training –  
They were doing conditioning exercises since early morning.

And they showed great patience and perseverance in everything,  
And they were humble in their training.

It did not take long to see the results –  
Soon I was ready to win with them!

The young men of yesterday  
Have turned into mighty warriors.

Their spirits and bodies got hardened and strong.  
They were ready to go into an audacious attack!

I divided my army into constituent parts –  
A big group was under Majit's rule.

I made Majit the head to all –  
He was my loyal right hand.

And I said my instructions to him.  
Majit took them as an order from me:

“You stay as the chief at Tien-Yan –  
Be the best guard to our home areas.

Be ready to fend off an unexpected attack of the  
opponent! Be attentive and prepare well!

Defend this area and our home!  
Stay vigilant day and night! And be ready!

You should not be defeated –  
Always stay alert and in arms at all times!

Do not relax, keep regular boot camps –  
You cannot foresee the development of events.

The troops should not lose their skills – We  
have invested a lot of time and energy!

Invest your energy in ensuring discipline in the ranks.  
Make sure the soldiers have no internal conflicts.

Do not let them relax, make them stay alert!  
They must be ready to fend off any attack!

Do not allow them any excesses –  
They should not engage in anything unnecessary.

May collection and readiness be their habit  
And a strict discipline an usual thing!

Guard our ordo – you're responsible for it!  
And defend it against all future troubles.

The parents got old, just look at them –  
Protect them from the invasions of our relatives.

My father has cherished a dream all his life  
– He planted a seed of hope in his souls.

I must help him now –  
This is a decisive step for us.

Perhaps that is my true predestination –  
I will apply my skills for the right intention.

My mother is going to travel to the Sacred Lakes –  
I must leave our stan with her.

However, I will be unable to accompany her –  
I must move out to face the enemy.

I do not want to offend my father –  
I need to finish this to the end!

Therefore, I am asking you –  
You know how much I love my mother!

Protect her during her journey!  
Help her reach the destination safely.

She loves the Twin Lakes so much –  
They are like her family, like her dear people.

The Lakes and Urulai are the dearest thing for  
her. Nothing can ever replace them for her.

She has her childhood friends there,  
She grew up near the lakes.

The native land is always waiting for her –  
It gives her its warmth to her soul.

She misses them much and it is time for her to go  
now. The native areas give joy to her heart.

Please, take her home yourself, Majit.  
She needs to spend some time at the Lakes.

The healing energy gives her strength –  
The sacred water gives her power.

The clean air eases the pain of her soul –  
She will feel much better there.

She will fend off sad thoughts there –  
The area will fill her with beautiful feelings.

It will be safe for her to go with you.  
You will be able to protect her from any troubles.

Then you will send me news through a courier  
– I want to know about my parents' health.

Having forgotten that they were related with my  
father, Lo-Yan and his son had it in for him.

Envy took away their peace of mind:  
“How could this happen in front of our eyes?

The brother has a lot of gold in the mine,  
Guiyang is simply raking in the precious metal.

We need to ease his heavy burden –  
We need to take over his gold mine.”

And they acted fast on their decision.  
Where there is supply, there is demand.

They attacked and destroyed and took the wealth  
Having spilled the blood notwithstanding their brotherhood.

My thoughts took away my peace of mind – The  
shadow of darkness was hanging over me.

I was thinking hard about what to undertake,  
How to mend the feud, what to say at the start?

I am ready to say it straightforward to Lo-Yan.  
It can be short – I do not need many words for that.

I will offer him to return everything back to my father  
– Everything he had stolen from his own brother.

If he does not agree to it,  
I will fight him.

Then I will show respect to Han-Yan –  
I will pay my respect to my uncle.

And Han-Yan will likely support me –  
Then He-Gan will forbearingly pass the throne to me.

And I will become the full-fledged heir  
With the unconstrained power.

If the khan agrees with me –  
He will calmly pass the reins to me.

Then until the Great Khan is alive –  
There should be no gap between us.

I will always consult with him –  
He will give me the right advice.

Nobody will be able to lay claim to the throne.  
My uncles are old – they won't be able to take it.

They have little time left until their deaths –  
So none of them will dare.

I will try to rule wisely  
To glorify the khanate and its greatness.

I will manage the treasury intelligently –  
I will give no subject a reason to blame me.

But if He-Gan displays his displeasure  
And enters in a stand-off with me,

I will deprive him of his throne  
And depose him from the khanate's affairs.

I will fulfill the dream of my father –  
I will let him rule the khanate to the end.

Majit, I have explained the reason to you  
– What is the goal of my long journey.

I have taken the most loyal and reliable warriors  
– I have noticed their perseverance and passion.

And at dawn I will hit the road –  
I will take my sword with me for my long journey.

Let me remind you one more time –  
The foe is cunning and has great capability.

Be vigilant and watch day and night!  
The fortification of the stronghold is reliable.

Always have guards watch!  
They must always be vigilant on their positions!

The guard should not fail you,  
If the enemy strikes unexpectedly.

You are my only and dear friend!  
We have grown together since childhood.

Stay healthy and alive!  
You are indispensable for me!

I believe we will meet again  
Under the roof of our home.

I am going to replace the Great Khan –  
Big changes are brewing in my life.

I am going to Chong-Beijing with this goal –  
That is my only thought now.”

I warmly parted with my friend Majit  
And hit the road towards the unknown.

\* \* \*

“*Kosh salaa*”<sup>1</sup> is the name of the place  
– It was widely known.

Here is located the palace of the khan –  
It is literally encircled with a fence in its entirety.

The khanate of the monks ruled here –  
There was a secret space there.

We saw a wide plain  
With the city rising up in the middle.

Its walls are made of black stone –  
Everything looks very unusual here.

There are two depressions before the walls of the city –  
The natural defense of the nature.

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<sup>1</sup> *Kosh salaa* [kɔʃ sɑˈla:a:]



When looking from above, they look like peaks  
And they look wonderfully.

Not everyone could make it to the depressions  
– A man could give up due to the barriers.

He would have to make it over the pass  
Called “*Joo ashpas*”<sup>1</sup> – the first hurdle.

People gave such name to this area for a reason –  
The surroundings here were really unwelcoming.

The translation is “Impossible for enemy to pass”  
– Indeed, passing here was not easy.

The plants served like a thorny fence  
Growing in lines – the guard from the nature.

It is called thistle –  
Not everyone could pass through it.

Not only the plant by itself  
Had thorns on the thin stem,

The monks also put a spell on it –  
It was a curse for passers-by.

The plant had the power of magic –  
The “walls” were poisonous.

And there is no passage for those who does not have the key  
– The living fence would act like an executioner.

Nobody could cross such a border –  
The monks could sleep well because of that.

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<sup>1</sup> *Joo aspas* [dʒoː ɔː ʌʃˈpʌs] literally means “*enemy + not to pass*”.

The thistle was enchanted by the spell of the monks –  
Nobody could pass through it without fear.

It seemed that the plant had its own “eyes” –  
The warriors could see it themselves.

The “guarding eyes” would not let people go –  
They would not stand the pretense of the soldiers.

No one would dare pass through them –  
The “guarding eyes” would be watching them closely.

But I did not study at Koikap for nothing –  
I had learned all the spells well and more...

I spent twenty one years among the monks  
And learned the magic to perfection.

That body of sacred knowledge  
Always helped in my journeys.

And this time too it was not hard –  
The years spent at Koikap paid off nicely.

The crossing “Joo ashpas” was high above –  
But I already knew its secret.

I read the forty spells  
And neutralized its curse,

And thereby I have destroyed the magic spells  
And broke the peaceful calmness of the monks.

And were able to enter without any trouble,  
And all of my warriors crossed it well.

At dusk, we have approached the  
stronghold And camped to get some rest.

Narboto captured a guard –  
He revealed the situation.

He despised Gai-Yuan-Thai for his governance  
– The monks were sickened by his rule.

And he confessed why he decided to help them:  
“We cannot stand the selfish khan any more.

The rascal is not even one of us –  
Gai-Yuan-Thai is stupid and proud.

It is very difficult to deal with him –  
He is deceitful and sly and has insatiable eyes.

He was unable to rule in his own khanate of Lo-Yan  
– And left Anjiyan with his son.

Both are shortsighted – they brought people to the  
dogs, They could not withstand the ruthless oppression.

They imposed high fees and taxes on people  
And surrounded themselves with high fences.

And the people got hungry and angry  
Seeing the futility of their efforts and fruitless labor.

The father and son are insatiable and greedy  
– So people ended their rule.

Unable to bear the yoke any longer,  
Each man rose up to defend themselves.

People were driven by despair –  
Their righteous anger was inexorable.

They had nothing to lose –  
So they revolted against their rule.

They hardly escaped from the city  
To save their lives.

They found a refuge in the khanate of monks  
And quickly forgot about all of their fears.

He-Gan appointed Thai as the ruler here.  
The troubles came to this area with that appointment.

As if taking avenged for his past losses  
He went on an indiscriminate plundering frenzy.

His past mistakes taught him nothing,  
He did not stand out as a clever man.

He and his father settled down in the fortress  
But no longer as crowned princes.

Their stronghold started declining,  
As they lost the reins of power.

Lo-Yan withered in desperate sadness,  
As he observed his wilting dwelling.

He repaired and renovated it,  
While his son was growing up.

Since childhood the son of Lo-Yan  
Has caused people around him a lot of troubles.

Fidgety, cunning and wicked,  
He was a selfish and deceitful boy.

He got used to hearing no ‘No’s,  
So he was giving orders to his father.

He was crafting intrigues and planting meanness  
– At a young age, he was already dodgy.

There are people who can foresee –  
They can see the future of other people.

Such people are called “*synchy*”<sup>1</sup> –  
They can foretell what awaits and what will be.

Already then a synchy said about Thai: “Avid  
and insidious” – he blames his father.

It happened as had been foretold – he grew into such a  
man And took away the mine from his own uncle.

Guiyang had inheritance from his father –  
That is how the youngest are honored within a family.

No one from the brothers argued with the father  
– No one dared to conflict with him.

The gold of the mine was luring Thai –  
The son convinced his father to attack his brother.

The father listened to his boy  
And got under the influence of the crafty fellow.

His eyes were shining in anticipation –  
The offence of his brother did not bother him.

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<sup>1</sup> *Synchy* [sin’ʈʃi:].

The mine became a desired object for Thai –  
He wanted to become the master of the mine at Tien-Yan.

At that time, Thai was only ten years old,  
But he was already making long plans.

And he had many long conversations with his father  
To start and complete this undertaking.

And the ardent persuasion of the son  
Led the father to the following conclusion:

“It is high time to make a decision  
And make the mine our goal.”

The greed of Lo-Yan knew no borders – May  
his brother prostrate himself before him!

And Lo-Yan prepared his army  
And armed his fighters, each one of them.

And driven by their evil obsession,  
They hit the road without any warning.

Thai only turned eleven at the time –  
And how much grief he already caused to people...

They attacked and swarmed the mine like locusts  
– Kalcha was very pleased with what they did.

Lo-Yan immediately took over the wealth –  
The khanate of Guiyang was in shock and awe.

The people at the mine were ruthlessly killed –  
Everything was destroyed and devastated.

By some miracle Guiyang managed to escape and save his life  
– He fled from the devastation, fire and troubles.

That is how his bird of luck left him –  
He became sad and very unhappy.

He could not forgive his brother's betrayal –  
The heat of vengeance was constantly burning him inside.

Since then all of his dreams were only about having a son  
– A courageous and invincible one.

The son would take revenge for his father –  
And put an end to the bloody story.

And the appearance of the girl-lioness was very timely  
– With a menacing look, she spoke like a queen.

She challenged: "I will give birth to a lion-son –  
I will stand by my words."

And to her words she also added  
A great feat for greater persuasion.

She shot an arrow into the crown –  
The khan almost fell off his throne in fear.

The crown fell down from the khan's head –  
That was a feat for common talk for the ages.

And they could not help but believe that girl –  
She articulated her very strict terms.

From such audacity the khan was taken aback –  
If she missed just a bit, his end would have been horrible.

He was still not over the shock,  
When he turned to the ayars who were sitting near him.

He could not hide his awe –  
That deed was certainly stunning for all.

And the clairvoyant ayars all agreed  
And passionately convinced He-Gan.

The girl was given a chance – Aziz married  
her, And at the right time the knight was born.

Until that day Thai had behaved outrageously –  
Acting villainously, plundering and destroying the area.

He taunted and humiliated poor people at his will,  
As he cruelly ruled in the area with power and strength.

He-Gan returned the mine to Aziz,  
Not following the whims of Thai.

And to our grief and deep misfortune –  
He gave our areas under his rule.

Our people are cursing Thai –  
Our land knows no flourishing and peace under him.

In fear and humiliation, people  
Are cursing the invasion of Thai.

They are forced to live in humbleness –  
And drag the heavy burden of their ordeals.

A lot of time has passed since then,  
Thai has adjusted and got used to living in our tribe.



He already knows everything about magic –  
His throne is standing in the khanate of the monks.

It is from the monks that he has learned everything  
– Now he is capable of a lot himself.

He has found the key to the guarded secrets  
And to the mighty secret knowledge.

No one is guarding and watching his stronghold  
– He is a skilled sorcerer.

The crossing “Joo-Ashpas” is enchanted with magic  
– He made quite a bit of sorcery there.

The entire area is surrounded by spells – The  
witchcraft and magic is in the air there.

And he stays in his carelessness –  
No revolting spirit would rise up there.

He is confident that nobody will ever dare to pass through  
– The fog of spells is covering the khanate.

“Even a snake would not wiggle to its hole here,”  
– So said Thai laughing out loud.

Kill the guards!  
Rid the people of the shame!

Chop off the khan’s head quickly!  
Do not lose your chance and time – do it fast!

Or later you might have regrets –  
And you will be unable to forgive yourself for it!

But Almambet did not yield –  
His gave a clear response to the guard:

“Striking unexpectedly is for the weak –  
May the khan get out of his current routine!

May he prepare and come out to fight!  
And may he fight me!

I will not allow myself to show weakness –  
Without a warning? I will not let it happen.

Cowardice... if I strike by surprise –  
As a warrior, I cannot fall so low.

We will pretend we have not seen you. Leave now!  
Go straight to the khan!

And tell him this –  
The enemy has come to take avenge!

And what is pre-ordained by fate  
Will happen next.

Soon all of us will see without extra words  
Who will end up prevailing.

I will fight Thai myself –  
And may he get his deserved retribution!”

Over an hour has passed  
Since the moment the guard left.

But nobody was beating the drums –  
No soldiers gathered at the gate.

Only the quiet night was around –  
Only the dark, moonless sky was above.

It seemed that everything was gone – not a sound,  
As if the stronghold had no life left in it.

We could not hear multiple voices –  
Not a single bird flew in the sky...

Everything around us got frozen suspiciously,  
Whereas the silence was doubtful.

This put us all on guard –  
We could not get rid of the unpleasant feeling.

We have been expecting an army  
To come out to us and fight,

That we will hear many voices all around us  
– But our ears could not hear a sound.

And without getting any of that, we knocked the gates,  
But it seemed that nobody has ever lived here.

And as we were loudly knocking the  
gates, I said to the silence in a loud voice:

“Is this a city or a desolate country settlement?  
There is a guest standing in front of the gates!

If there is a living soul here,  
Here is my message –

I am a relative of the khan –  
I am right in front of the locked gates.

These are bad manners – we have come from far away...  
And for now we are asking to open the gates...

And if the gates are not open,  
Then we will have to enter by force!”

The gates opened right that moment without any noise,  
But the city was still quiet in the night.

And even though I was experienced in magic,  
I could not expect such a thing.

I understood the power of spells –  
I had learned them when I was small.

But the intimidating silence  
Did not have any cause, it seemed.

This ploy was a trick of the magicians –  
The first step in engaging in a battle.

Thereby they made it clear it would not be easy...  
Uninvited guests do not visit during the night.

I took with me a small detachment  
And entered the mute city with them.

I left all others waiting for us,  
Having strictly prohibited any sleep.

Narboto was responsible for our detachment –  
Throughout our journey he has been silent.

The moment we have crossed over the threshold ,  
I vowed to myself:

“Whatever we encounter on our way – Nothing  
will make us turn around and leave.”

Then the silence was broken by the barking of dogs  
– Thai was giving us a “heartfelt” welcome.

It was all silent just a minute ago –  
The night city was suspiciously quiet.

But now all of a sudden the city has exploded in the  
barking It horrified and instilled fear in my detachment.

The barking of the dogs was cutting our ears – I  
read genuine fear on the faces of my fighters.

We could the barking, but could see no dogs.  
The games of magic – that was meant to intimidate us.

We could not escape from the terrible noise.  
The barking was the response to our invasion.

Once the fighters took a breath –  
One could hear their loud heartbeat.

But they were unable to move forward, not a single step  
– The enemy had a new trick for us.

My warriors were frozen in their steps –  
There was the trickery of magic over again.

My fighters were standing like pillars in the ground –  
Unable to move even when pushed to the back or to the chest.

They could not take a step,  
As if they forgot how to walk.

The thistle was only the beginning –  
Now the monks were spiking the stings of magic.

I knew the power of that spell –  
I have decoded and read it at once.

I understood what the noise in the city meant  
And what that noise was for.

To intimidate my fighters so deeply  
So they would lose the battle to magic.

It was an ordinary spell – nothing too complicated.  
I have performed what was needed.

I took a handful of earth in my hands and read the right spell –  
Koikap is a great school with mighty knowledge.

I threw the earth westward –  
Everything got frozen and the barking stopped at once.

My fighters got mobile again –  
They became active as before.

But the surroundings were silent again –  
The magicians wanted to instill fear and despair in us.

And then the familiar voice broke down the silence –  
The words cut my soul like a sword:

“You are a lion-knight, clairvoyant and sorcerer!  
The moment you have entered and made your first step

I recognized you – I knew those qualities...  
I completely forgot everything, including my duty.

I want to tell you why I have kept silence –  
Here even the walls have ears. I was in despair.

It is impossible to conceal anything from Thai Yuan  
– He sees everything and he won't let me live.

But I had better accept death from you.  
And, if you believe my word,

Take me to your army – I will serve you well!  
It would better be you than the bloodthirsty khan!

And if you think that I am an opponent,  
That I am a traitor of my own people,

Then, if you understand, I'll explain  
everything And will clarify my situation.

You will conquer all of these areas and peoples  
– It will only take you some time.

To betray the khan Thai is a merit!  
May he pay highly for his heinous crimes!

May he respond for his evil deeds!  
He has been lucky until this moment...

HE will not spare you. Yes, Thai is strong –  
He possesses the knowledge of magic.

Thai is skillful in dangerous arts –  
He learned from sorcerers, he is artful in witchcraft.

He will not easily give away the power –  
The guile khan is very capable and crafty.

Insidiousness and cunning are in his blood  
– He never spares anybody in the battle.

Because of the throne he killed his own father  
– The villain has absolutely nothing sacred!

My father happened to be an accidental witness –  
Alas, that moment he signed his own death verdict.

One day, I think some thirty years  
ago, My father called me and said this:

“My only son, my dear, listen to me – I  
had better reveal this secret to you.

Never share it with anyone – Remember,  
not to a friend, nor to a foe!

You will remain alone without  
support. Oh, my unfortunate, only son!

I happened to see how Thai killed his own  
father... Now he will not let me live.

He does not need any witnesses!  
They owe him their lives as payment!

He will not spare me now –  
Very soon he will kill me.

Keep it secret, if you want to live –  
You must support your mother.”

My father managed to tell me that –  
I was now in the know about Thai’s bloody crimes.



And that same night, not far from the palace  
Thai killed my father in the small guest house.

He was confident that I was unaware of anything...  
But I knew I stood in front of the executioner.

He appointed me as his guard at the house  
– He needed me alive.

And he explained-lied to me with flattery: “Your  
father is paralyzed – he lost his strength.

He does not look good now –  
He is always in bed.

You should not tell anyone about this –  
Keep this secret, don’t dare reveal it.

Do not let any strangers in –  
That is my order, the order of Gai-Yuan-Thai!

If you disobey – I will kill you!  
Your young life will end at once!”

So I had to live like that for years –  
Unable to take revenge for my father.

Had he been alone – I would have killed him at once  
And took vengeance for my father immediately.

But he always has sixty ayars with him –  
They follow him everywhere all the time.

If you are hoping he would let you live...  
It’s a mistake – he will thrust a dagger in your stomach!

He will have no doubts –  
He has no pangs of remorse.

You do not even know what he is preparing  
For you right now with a grin.

He is preparing a bottomless abyss for you –  
He will not even frown over that.

In his gloating delight, he will push you down –  
The fact your fathers are brothers is an empty sound for him.

Perhaps then you will believe my words...  
And remember everything that I had told you.

You cannot defeat the despicable enemy –  
Won't you regret it later

That you did not believe me and did not listen to me?  
You might be tormented later.

Thai will be here very soon.  
And, if my story has not convinced you,

Then I had better take death from your hand –  
Please, spare me not and take my life!

But, if you believe me and take me as your soldier, I  
will be fearlessly fighting in the battle for you!"

The darkness was gone, it was a dawn –  
Nothing was pressing us down any more.

And, finally, Gai-Yuan-Thai showed up –  
He was proudly observing his lands.

He was atop his black Algara –  
He ordered his people to stop.

Our people has an old custom –  
To show respect to the elders in the line.

To bow on one's knees is  
Good manners – it is mutual.

And I put up with observing the proprieties  
And politely bowed to Thai.

But he did not respond to my greeting  
And pretended that he did not notice it.

His eyes were glowing with a threat,  
While his appearance was intimidating and menacing.

And in wild rage and shivering in anger,  
His words were whipping.

He was outraged and he was screaming wildly.  
He turned all red from his own screaming:

“Why did you come to this city?  
You brat! Did you get lost on your way?

With what purpose? Why did you come?  
How did you get to enter my khanate?

Remember, you have no khan's blood! We are no relatives to you –  
And your mother is to blame for that!

Don't you dare approach us! Us with the khan's blood!  
Your origin is unknown, you kinless weed!

Don't you even think that you might get the throne!  
We can only get harm from you, nothing but harm!

How did you manage to open the gates?  
I cannot conceal my fury and anger!

When I find the traitor – he will be punished!  
I will show him a sweet life!

He will yet regret he was born to this world!  
I will make him answer me!

I will find his mother and disembowel her –  
Then I will put his head inside her empty belly in front of everybody!

I will not let anyone get away with things like that –  
I want everyone to see the punishment, so they know well!

Without kith or kin, just who do you think you are?  
Lousy creature grew up and thinks it is strong?

Have you come to take over the khanate from me? Poor  
thing, I want you to know – you will never see it!

Did you really dream of mounting the golden throne?  
I give it to you, rascal, you are brave and audacious!

Your mother married Guiyang –  
She managed to charm and enchant him somehow.

By deceit she married and gave birth –  
She was able to entangle everybody by her lies.

Do you really know anything about her?  
What was her path like before you?

Listen well – I will tell you  
So you can see her soul in the nude.

Your mother was walking at the lakeside during the night  
– And *kaldai*<sup>1</sup> men went out with her into the night.

She was a profligate woman,  
And her life was licentious.

Shoi-Bo, the sorcerer with a mole in his eye  
Pushed her to take the desperate step.

And why? He is your father!  
You must know that, you stupid!”

And he was exuding venom as he shivered –  
He was spewing the bale words.

My head got swollen from fury –  
I could not hear such words.

The boiling blood ran to my face, I was outraged  
– Sweat was running down from my forehead.

I could no longer stand the insults –  
How didn’t his filthy tongue fall off?

Furious, I jumped up on my horse  
And charged at Thai with all my force.

I stroke with my sword but only cut the air –  
I could not control my rage.

But with my strike I connected with his backbone  
– I was upset that my strike was inaccurate.

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<sup>1</sup> *Kaldai* [Kaɪ’dai] common paupers of different origins unrelated to nobility.

I wounded him in the rib when I stabbed him,  
I wanted to stab my sword in his mouth.

Scarlet blood poured down –  
The khan was quickly losing his strength.

His horse Algara held up his neck  
high And supported his master well.

Then he quickly ran away with him  
Disappearing in the dust – soon he looked like a black dot in the  
distance.

The man, onto whom he spilled the poison of his words  
By naming him a “traitor”,

After a short look, that guard said:  
“He must be caught – it is the matter of duty.

He and Han-Yan will put up a hurdle for you.  
While it is not too late, you must outpace them!

Otherwise, they will kill all of your warriors  
And they will not spare you.

I know where he is going – take me in your detachment!  
I will be happy to serve you as a soldier!

You might know about the high rock?  
Only *kaiberens*<sup>1</sup> live there.

The mountain *Nien-Chen*<sup>2</sup> is located at Lhasa –  
The view of the magical mountain is beautiful.

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<sup>1</sup> *Nien-Chen* [] is a mountain range near Lhasa.

<sup>2</sup> *Kaiberen* [kaibe'ren] mountain goats, sheep and antelopes.

There is a cave inside of the mountain –  
I once went there with the belief

That people do not say for no reason  
that: “It contains the treasure.”

I superficially looked around  
And saw the cracks in rock inside.

Suddenly drops emerged from the cracks  
– Those drops had a stable aroma.

The drops have a clear and strong healing action  
– They are used in medicine as a remedy.

Only Gai-Yuan and his ayars  
Are aware of that special and pure place.

They share the secret only with their trusted people  
– Only the few initiated ones are in the know.

And that place is guarded well –  
They take of the drops a little for treatment.

They make elixirs from those drops –  
And then they give those as remedies to the sick.

That special medicine heals any and all ailments  
– It will rid the body of wounds and injuries.

Algara is very smart – he is taking Thai there  
– And he will recover thanks to that remedy.

They will put a bandage with it on his wound  
And he will be protected by his fate again.

The tincture will help and then  
There will be no traces of the wounds.

Please, trust me! Please, believe!  
Thai will get here on his horse.

He will heal fast and head off to Han-  
Yan, And then it will be too late!”

The guard was taken to the detachment –  
He was happy to serve as a guide.

They hit the road and at dawn –  
The guard was with them on that journey.

\* \* \*

We were in a hurry to get to Han-Yan,  
But Thai had managed to report to him first.

He had set the uncle against us,  
So he would attack us as well.

The uncle listened to him and took his side  
– His nephew succeeded in persuading him.

We did not even get to say a word,  
When their warriors dashed at us.

And a cruel massacre started right there –  
That battle was very hard.

The malicious enemy only had one intention –  
To kill the knights, to erase them completely.



And vengeance burned me in its hot flame  
– I rushed at them like a storm cloud.

I remembered the words of my father again  
– My eyes were exuding fury and rage.

I began my attack, I beat them ruthlessly  
– I was bringing death to all around me.

I chased them back to the city,  
But did not notice two fugitives.

With the detachment and via a shortcut, They  
came to He-Gan, to his very threshold.

They cut a poor figure  
And said with indignation:

“The kinless son of Guiyang attacked us And  
began to kill left and right in his rage.”

The Great Khan was shocked –  
He got furious at the news.

He believed those two and got outraged,  
And he started sweating from anger.

I was bringing gifts to the Great Khan  
Thinking that I was a respected guest,

That he would accept me like his own  
son, Like the closest and dearest person.

But no! Oh, no! I did not expect  
That the Great Khan would become my enemy.

I was taken aback, I could not imagine  
That Thai would teach me such a lesson.

At first, I thought that Thai was only an enemy  
– I wanted to turn him into dust.

I thought that Han-Yan would understand  
me And stand by me in my support.

For we are relatives and it must be like that,  
But they all took me like their enemy.

Silent malice was choking me –  
I wanted to wake up from this nightmare.

I wanted to scream from desperation,  
But I was just standing in silence.

I got chills it felt cold  
As if my body was not mine.

I was shivering, then started sweating –  
I understood something at that moment.

And I remembered the words of my father,  
They emerged in my mind like fire in the darkness:

“It is a blessing that you are a single child!  
You will never learn the troubles caused by brothers!”

Only now I understood that truth –  
And I remembered it for the rest of my life.

Those words contained a deep meaning,  
They are full of simple truths.

When you fall from strange hands –  
The pain is clear – it is from bodily harm

However, when your blood is spilled by dear hands,  
The pain is so much greater – the spirit suffers!

It is better to face your enemy face to face –  
An honest duel will bring you to terms.

And you know what to expect from the enemy –  
You can expect only death from him.

The foe looks you straight in the eyes –  
You know for sure there'll be no mercy.

The eyes of relatives are skillful in hypocrisy –  
And only time allows to test the bonds,

If the khan acknowledges me as the son of his  
brother And recognizes me as his kin.

And if he wants to kill me,  
I will not let him do it.

Then the abyss of feud will separate us, people with the same blood  
– But we do not need such relatives!

Then fighting is inevitable –  
We will yet have to fight the brothers of my father.

With such uneasy thoughts I stood all frozen –  
As if I had been an eternal stone.

So I was standing for a while in silence,  
Full of anguish and sadness.

Then the courier arrived – I had sent him myself  
To bring back the news about the battle.

And the courier started his speech sadly.  
I foresaw that message would not be good:

“I have a bad news for you –  
I do not know how to tell you...

I must tell you, however,  
How it happened in detail.

Narboto, your elder brother –  
You have always got along well.

And you mutually loved each other –  
Supported each other when it was tough.

He was the commander of your army –  
A brave man, an important person for you.

But in the fight with Bao-Ho-To  
He took his life, but gave his in return.”

So they both died –  
Victims of the silly, cruel war.

His body lay on the rock –  
In sadness, we were looking at him for some time.

I cannot find the words to express  
How much all wanted to cry.

Standing in despair, I was looking at my brother –  
Our time together was so short.

I felt huge grief –  
That moment was very critical for me.

If only I knew that was only the beginning,  
That there would still be so many losses!

His corpse was in the box made of archa –  
If we are successful at our undertaking,

Then we will take it to the mine at Tien-Yan –  
So he may rest among his relatives!

And bitter tears poured down from my eyes –  
These battles have cost me so much!

The losses were irreparable –  
I was losing faith in a quick victory.

If only I knew that was only the beginning,  
That there would still be so many losses!

Oh, my Tengir, I have learned the bitterness of a loss  
– I lost close people, my sworn brother!

And the enemy killed the fighters –  
Their remains found peace in the cold land.

My wounded heart was bleeding –  
But I withstood everything in silence, without uttering a word.

And in my heart I keep their images –  
I preserve my dear people in my memory.

We paid our last duty to the fighters  
And proceeded on with the army.

We moved out towards Chong-Beijing –  
Our journey was difficult and long.

We have very close to the area –  
Through the fog we could see the silhouette of the stronghold.

It was surrounded by the unassailable wall –  
The passages to the palace were all inaccessible.

The wall had forty sides and forty gates –  
The guard was closely watching them.

A thousand warriors at each gate –  
They watch and guard in orderly ranks.

What awaits me? What will happen to me?  
Will the golden throne be mine?

Will I be able to get the power over China?  
Or will find an inglorious death?

Perhaps death is waiting ahead?  
And my name will be merely erased...

I do not desire the gold throne for myself –  
It is my father who was praying for it.

I remember as a child that he was dreaming of  
Ruling the forty khans

And being the head in Chong-Beijing,  
So he could sit on the gold throne.

All his life he aspired to glory and power  
And he convinced me to fight for power.

Oh, Tengir! People lose their minds –  
Human mind is limited and narrow!

What are such privileges good for?  
If invasions are unleashed for them,

If blood is spilled without an end in sight...  
A son kills his own father. What a shame!

And the mind is blinded by gold –  
A brother kills a brother!

What is such glory for? What is this all for?  
All such achievements will be marked by blood...

And people are ready for anything for the sake of power  
– They will ruthlessly chain their relatives for it.

When my father took me to Koikap –  
His voice did not tremble.

The words touched my spirit inside –  
The father calmly said out loud:

«If he does not die and gets to survive,  
Then my son will help me to gain power.»

When he was sending me to his brothers,  
He perfectly knew where and for what he was sending me:

“One of the following will likely happen  
– If lucky, my son will get me the power.

And if not, I will remain without a son.”  
And yet, he convinced me to go.

The khan must be killed to take over the throne –  
My father knew what might happen to me.

The khan might kill me – then he would stay alone,  
But he was obsessed with his thought.

And he no longer cares for the proprieties –  
The son would avenge all his personal insults.

And for the sake of teaching his brother a lesson  
He sent me after a sure death.

And if by strike of luck I can secure the throne,  
My father will be able to put on the crown of the khan.

Then this family is all the same –  
Thai killed his own father himself.

And my father too sent me to death –  
And he is full of hatred for his brothers.

My father is a rascal just like Thai!  
When the occasion came, he revealed himself.

How silly that we strike a stupid deal with conscience  
For the sake of trifling goals?

And I have lost my dear people...  
My father's feud – is that my mission?

Narboto-aba, you were honest with me!  
You gave your life for paltry vengeance!

You have always been my support –  
My life path was so much easier with you!



You always helped when I was in trouble and shared your good advice  
– Now you are gone for the sake of worthless oaths of my father!

My father's oath – to avenge his brother for the mine.  
Do I have to kill relatives for that?!

I sacrificed Narboto for the sake of stupid goals – How  
heavy is the burden of sadness on my shoulders.

When I was leaving, I could not even imagine  
That everything would turn out so gloomy.

But I have come too far now –  
I cannot easily stop the developments.

There is no way back, only forward –  
I do not know what future awaits me.

If I was not killed – I will give my gifts,  
Perhaps the Great Khan will like them!

Perhaps he will show his justice?  
Perhaps he will show his hospitality?

Then I will not upset him with my mood,  
But rather will enjoy my luck.

I will pay my respect to him –  
I will do everything under the ritual.

I will hold no offence –  
And I will try to forgive everyone.

And to please the Great Khan  
I will not upset anybody.

But if he decides to deceive me,  
He will end very badly.

I will notice his malicious intentions  
And I will unsheathe my sword!

I swear I will take revenge –  
And I will spare no one!

## **CHAPTER XIII – RETURN TO HOMELAND**

We saw the huge city in front of us –  
It was showing off its beautiful, orderly buildings.

There were so many inhabitants in it –  
It resembled an ant hill active day and night.

To say the city was populous is to say nothing –  
It seemed that its people outnumbered the flies in the air.

And each one of them was rushing somewhere.  
Carrying something, swarming and moving around.

I was looking through the spyglass for a while  
– Observing everything carefully.

And then I felt sick –  
Somehow that city-hive sickened me.

Even if one fought and killed people here for forty  
years And kept sending the armies multiple times,

The human flow would still be endless  
here... I felt shocked because of it.

People here numbered the quantity of the stars in the  
sky Infinite, countless numbers...

I put my spyglass down and got deep into my thoughts –  
My spirit was tired because of the recent past.

The memories of the past days were uneasy –  
Suddenly a warrior attracted my attention.

He was sent here from Tien-Yan as a courier  
– He has distracted me from my thoughts.

The soldier was well dressed.  
He had luxurious clothes and he was well built himself.

And he had a letter tied inside his sleeve –  
He was quickly untying the durable silk lace.

The warrior-courier showed me respect –  
He was standing on his knees with head bowed down.

Then he passed me the message from home –  
Such was his assignment.

He was politely standing somewhat away  
And patiently waiting for my response.

The secret signs with the coded meaning  
Were on the fabric made of gentle, thin silk.

The characters depicting animals  
Were the key to the secret words-doors.

They meant words and phrases –  
Nobody would be able to understand their meaning at once.

Each sign had a meaning,  
The next one provided greater clarity.

And together they would reveal the secret meaning  
– Then the message would clearly emerge.

And then it would be easy to understand the content  
– It would be clear and easy to read.

Several signs make up a word,  
It will transmit the meaning when combined.

We had invented that code ourselves  
For the purpose of exchanging secret messages.

Having decoded the letter, I read it –  
Majit from Tien-Yan wrote me:

“My friend, my heart-felt  
greetings From our Stone City.

I feel anguish and have doubts...  
How has your journey been?

What news do you have to share? How have you been?  
Are you in good health? Where are you heading to?

Have your expectations been met?  
Have your dreams come true?

I am wishing you health and luck!  
May you be in joy and high spirits!

I want to tell you about our life here –  
You gave me the task I could manage.

You are dear to me –I will give my life for  
you. I have done everything you told me to do.

My conscience is clean before you –  
I have now returned home with your dear mother.

I accompanied her to the Twin Lakes,  
I never left her alone.

Kindik-ene has always been with us –  
We have come back to the khan.

Upon our return, your mother felt sick –  
She was unable to get up from her bed.

She has been ill for a while now – I don't know the reason.  
We don't understand the nature of the ailment.

She feels worse day by day.  
Your mother is sad, she is in grief.

In contrast, your father is very healthy –  
And he feels very happy indeed.

Day by day, he seem to get younger –  
He is flourishing and knows no disease.

The reason for that is the expectation of your success,  
That you will defeat all of your enemies.

He is waiting for good news from his son,  
That you have become invincible.

Please, let me know – write me everything!  
Tell me what happened to you!

And I want to know about my father!  
My soul is tired of suffering...

How is he doing? Is he safe and sound?  
What is he up to? What is going on?

The separation has been tough on me –  
I have been tormented in my heart.

I wish we had left him stay at home!  
I wish I had come with you instead!

I had a bad dream...  
I felt full of guilt before him.

And I am so worried for him –  
May my father stay alive!

I am very anxious for him – please, write me about  
him! About my dearest father!

You know the sadness in my heart –  
I lost my mother as a child.

My Mom did not get to see me as an adult – She  
did not get to marvel at me as a mature man.

She had left not experiencing the care of her son  
– The Creator gave her very short years.

She did not get to feel my care for her –  
I would have done anything for her readily!

My dear mother had the life of a slave – The  
ailment in her bosom caused her death.

And she did not get to see me as an infant  
– She died from her disease in labor.

Kindik-ene has replaced me a mother – I  
would have died without her as a child.

I survived thanks to her!  
I got healthy and strong.

I was growing up under the care from my father –  
He has remained a widower after Mom's death.

He did not want to marry again –  
He was watching after and caring for me.

He spent a lot of time with me  
And he kept telling me about himself..

Clasping me to his chest, he told me his stories –  
He gave me admonitions and instructions.

“My son, always remember about it!  
I want to convey my precepts to you.

Your ancestors originate in the noble bloodline  
– They were khans of their people.

Narboto khan was the most famous of them –  
His stan was home to forty clans.

My father *Kalboto*<sup>1</sup> was the youngest  
son Of his youngest son Narboto.

The raids and forays of the enemy were frequent –  
The life of nomads had always been difficult.

One day the enemies attacked again,  
And Kalboto got captured by them.

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<sup>1</sup> *Kalboto* [Kʌlbʊ'tʊ].



In captivity, Nuzup recognized Kalboto  
And took the khan's son under his patronage.

When Kalboto turned seven years old,  
He remembered one particular day...

That day Zebi was captured –  
The slaves fell victims of her beauty.

When the children grew up a bit –  
The fate made their life paths converge.

Nuzup freed both of them from the chains  
And blessed them in their marriage.

Zebi and Kalboto became spouses –  
They were body and soul to each other.

When their son was born – they named him as their  
ancestor. My parents grew happier...

In the foreign land, among the foreign people  
The children are like the continuation of your clan,

They were always a great joy –  
The relatives and countrymen had the same common trouble.

We were living under foreign customs –  
There were few of us, it was tough, but we had to survive.

We were holding up tight supporting one another  
– Often times helping and assisting our own.

At that time, my parents often told me:  
“Remember, whether it is a bright day or dark

You must always be an elder brother to Almambet,  
And together you bring joy to our eyes.

Walk together in life helping each other –  
Both in happiness and in time of trouble.

May troubles and misfortunes never separate you!  
May you only grow closer over time!”

My father loved both of us equally –  
You became a significant person for us.

He was ready to give his life for you  
And mine too in addition – you must know it.

If I were born in my native country,  
Nobody would even have a thought.

There would be no doubt  
About the fact of my birth in the family of khans,

My khan’s blood and my ancestors khans,  
But the tricks of the fate are rather frequent in our life.

The fate is such that I was born in captivity –  
I have not seen my Homeland, only the foreign country.

And here in this land among the foreigners,  
We identify as “us” and “them”.

And the captivity — the foreign land has equalized us all.  
Internal differences are so unnecessary – we are so very few.

The borderline between internal differences is erased here  
– The only imperative is to survive among the local people.

Here it does not matter what is your origin -  
A common pauper or a son of the khan.

As slaves we are already all equal –  
Our situation has equalized us.

And the origin does not matter at all –  
The will of fate – a birth in captivity.

I do not know... Did you ever feel it?  
That I have the khan's blood in me?

But you never allowed yourself any rude words towards  
us, You did not humiliate us, you did not offend us.

And you have treated us like equals –  
You have not changed over the years.

You have continued to show respect to us  
In spite of your position as a khan.

And in this regard, your father is not even close to  
you! You are so different – like the earth and the sky.

He had kept us in the chains in the vise  
And subjected us to fear and awe.

We could not say a few words –  
Any careless move and the guards were threatening us right there.

He also separated us from you with his guards –  
Covering you with a strange love and care,

As if he tried to keep everyone else in the distance from  
you, Not allowing even to pass anything to you.

And he made us exhausted through very hard labor –  
We were so fatigued close to collapsing.

My only memory from that time is  
Us in the horrible yoke at the mine.

And we had no joy at all –  
We were only waiting for the time to rest.

The life in captivity was very hard,  
But there is nobody to blame for it...

Such life was our destiny –  
The unfortunate creatures in the foreign land.

Your return from Koikap  
Has become a blessing to us.

My life has changed –  
And my ordeals have ended.

I was with you day and night –  
Life no longer looked like hell to me.

Your father decided to remove his guards  
– Such was your influence on him.

And it got easier and it felt like more freedom –  
The Higher Forces must have favored that.

But the good times quickly disappeared –  
You were so deep into your father's stuff.

You decided to fulfill his dream –  
You were full of perseverance and strength.

When you left for Chong-Beijing,  
I remained along in the native area.

I have fulfilled your assignment, my friend,  
And have done everything as you asked.

I could not say no to your request –  
At that moment I was indecisive and I was not brave.

I could not contradict you, I could not object –  
I could not rebut your argumentation.

We said good-bye to each other – he left with you,  
While I stayed on my own.

When we came back home from the Twin Lakes,  
We all gave in to the peace of the night.

And I had a dream that night –  
I could not help noticing the signs.

I want to tell you my deep concern,  
Even though I am not waiting for any help.

I just want to share it with you –  
I cannot hide my thoughts from you.

Almambet, I had a prophetic dream –  
It has made me worry so much.

I want to tell you, I need to share with you –  
I must describe to you every detail.

There is something behind that dream is — my thoughts are  
worrisome, The dream keeps eating up my soul...

...A mountain range has attracted me –  
It has taken me to the depth of the mountains.

Soon I reached the summit  
And looked around the valley below.

There were countless people there. They are behind.  
Something pushes me to walk further...

Suddenly I hear screaming, crying and moaning –  
In silence I am walking among these people.

And then I notice a big silhouette –  
He was approaching us.

He turned to you: “Do you see them?  
The silhouettes are coming at us from the front.”

None of us knew what would happen next –  
We were surrounded by our people.

The shadows get closer – we are able to see  
And recognize different persons in them.

A barefoot dervish is ahead of them all –  
Not noticing anything under his feet,

He is circling on the rocks in a strange dance –  
He is singing sadly, as if he in a trance.

Sadness is exuding from his soul,  
His voice sounds high and loud in the mountains.

It sounds louder and louder suppressing all other sounds  
And depriving people of any thoughts other than his song.

He is like a rapid mountain river...  
It seems that his song is coming out of a wonderful bugle.

And his every word is not distinctly heard –  
People are frozen, motionless – they are hardly breathing.

They are getting the meaning and understand  
– They are breaking something in this life.

The order is broken – the one from above.  
The Almighty is calling, but he is not heard.

And bogged down in their petty routine,  
They are fighting each other. While the eternity is forgotten!

The dervish seemed as if he was the messenger of heaven  
– His feelings could be read in his dance.

And his song resembled a prayer,  
He was expressing what was worrying him in his song:

“Oh, Great, Almighty Tengir!  
You have created this world for light!

You have created man and made his blood run in his veins,  
And you have generously given him the entire earth as a gift!

You let your favorite child be close to you  
And gave him everything he needed for life!

You have him a spirit and plenty of strength!  
As well as his abilities and emotions!

Tengir — you are Great and Almighty!  
The man is living in your paradise!

And you possess the mighty powers,  
But only one thing is bothering you...

You have made a mistake in your creation  
– You fell in love with the fragile man!

You preferred men to angels –  
You showed your respect to your creation.

And thereby you brought about chaos to this world  
– The people did not appreciate you, Tengir!

The angel born of fire  
Fell down and low – he was revived by evil.

He decided that he will counteract you in a stand-off,  
Having forgotten that he himself is also your creation.

He insolently challenged you –  
He fosters vile in men.

And people follow him on a string,  
When they are not at peace within,

When they do not hear the whisper of the heart,  
When they only notice the murmur of the mean,

When they forget about the higher values,  
When they submit to the power of the vices.

Then they lose their connection with you,  
Then they start suffering.

The fallen angel is happy and gloating –  
He has dried up the cup of happiness.



And full of malice and spiteful envy – He  
pushes your people into the darkness.

And he further sows the seeds of conflict  
And throws your people in the chaos of shame.

And he keeps sowing enmity among them  
– And his evil deeds exude only coldness.

But the demon is happy, when people are  
conflicting, When men are always in grief.

When his traces are everywhere,  
Then big troubles are certain to come.

When men are blinded with anger,  
When they forget that they are from the single tree...

They are ready to kill their brother, mother, father –  
And that is the beginning of the end of this world.

He insolently challenged you  
Trying to prove the man can be loathsome and vile.

Your child is your creation!  
The one to whom you give your blessing!

For whom you care despite everything,  
He responds in the evil ways. What for?!

And the fallen angel grins –  
He who became your enemy in his insolence.

He displays his meanness stuff through people  
– He says his spiteful words through their lips.

And he sows hatred and hostility –  
People are in need of spiritual growth.

And he spreads insidiousness among people  
And he gives them dark thoughts.

And with poisonous flattery  
He persuades them to engage in conflict and vengeance.

And the devil does not conceal gloating delight.  
His wealth is the poverty of human souls.

And he goes on with his crafty designs –  
Looking for people with weak spirits. Nothing to be afraid of!

He covered the world with the web of darkness –  
He will destroy people through wars.

People are unaware what they are doing...  
They are creating hell with their own hands!

They are pushing themselves into the abyss  
Without understanding anything!

Their mind is blind – they have a veil on their eyes.  
Oh, Tengir, you just keep in silence in tears...

And you continue to believe that they might wake up,  
That they people will believe in God!

They do have a heart – they must be able to feel,  
Then they might end their madness.

They will wake up from their forgetfulness and they will realize  
– Their hearts will awaken and they will learn and be with You!

But the Dark Force is not standing still –  
It is sowing the poisonous seeds.

For those who forgot about the Divine Light –  
For those who are full of anger and trepidation,

Who are full of envy and darkness,  
Who are not afraid of your punishment,

And who obsequiously serve the Dark Forces –  
Whose minds are covered with the veil of darkness.

The demon is not slowing down by a bit –  
He traps new faces in his tricks and pranks.

And what has been created – he destroys at  
once! The order and integrity – he ruins it all!

He is changing the face of our planet...  
Oh, how scary will be the Final Day!!!

And he gathers its folks –  
Those who are against you.

And he has been at revolt for many centuries  
– He believes that this world is his alcove.

And the struggle has been one for a long time  
– Between the Forces of Good and Evil.

But there is a lack of the Warriors of Light  
– People have forgotten the God's precepts.

They are losing the purity of their souls –  
They give up the Creator's beauty in exchange for evil.

The eternal struggle is about life and death –  
AS the Dark Forces are fighting against You.

The earth is full of human filth,  
And people are in discord— they are looking for the right path.

People are tired... They are in despair.  
Everything in this world is subject to decline.

And the Warriors of Light, despite their small  
number, Continue to fight in the unequal battle.

And they perish, as there are very few of them...  
They cannot be compared to the cloud of evils!

It is thanks to them that the planet is still alive!  
It is thanks to them that it has not died!

And they save the God's disposition  
Only through their kind thoughts and intentions!

So what has happened to the world? What is happening to  
people? What is the source of this lava of caustic bile?

They have already crossed the line...  
Their souls are waning – the souls that have known no prayer...

The Earth can hardly withstand it – one can hear the moans,  
And our endless Universe is crying!

Ruptures and fractures happen inside the earth,  
When its soul is broken inside!

When it can longer stand the shock,  
Then we experience earth quakes!

And the blood of the earth is coming out –  
It is a signal to people!

Maybe they will come to their senses? Maybe they will wake up?  
Perhaps their light and good feelings will awaken?

When the punishment hits –nothing can save  
them... The only thing people can do is flee.

Everything is vain, because it is too late –  
The severe punishment cannot be revoked!

The rapid flows of turbulent waters  
Wash off everything on the surface – the constructions and gardens alike.

The cities and peoples all disappear  
And the Creator revives everything again.

He believes, , He knows that Light will prevail  
And He will revive everything again with Light!

But in this perishable world,  
Sin is an ancient phenomenon.

And the vicious circle starts over and the struggle begins anew  
– And the Forces of Good are fighting again.

There are many people at sin –  
They are not afraid of the Almighty.

They take one day at a time and that's how they  
think. The devil has them deep in his traps!

They are unaware of other ideas.  
The devil has their souls – his traps are very strong!

The Laws of Eternity always win!!!  
The darkest night gives birth to the brightest day!!!

Light always replaces the darkness!  
The light of the truth will emerge through the lies!

The truth always breaks through!  
Light always leads to God!!!

There are light souls in our world –  
They make this world more beautiful.

Their presence beautifies the earth –  
They fill it with the high and refined feelings.

And this soul is saving this sinful earth  
With its purity and light!!

I believe in Light and Purity,  
In Love, Honor and Kindness!!!

I am an Angel of Light – I am embraced by  
light!!! I was conceived of a divine intention!!!

I descend to the earth at a late hour  
With the ray of the full moon from the sky.

I look around at the terrestrial space –  
I look for those who are at the same frequency with me:

People who live in full harmony,  
In the borderless ocean of love, in its waves.

Their hearts are thankful to the Creator –  
They are living a very conscious and conscientious life.

I feel blessed that there are many  
Warriors of Light in this world!

They bring warmth to people's souls –  
They do not understand that they will be judged hard.

As for me, I am pleased when I met them –  
My love exudes love to them!

And if meet a soul that is in anguish –  
I let it go away and ease the pain.

I try to instill peace and calmness  
In the heart of such a light soul.

This time I descended to the earth –  
My ray landed on the Twin Lakes.

At that late hour of the night  
I heard the voice of Angels-Peri.

They were swimming in the Twin Lakes  
– They were playing and having fun.

All these Peri were united in one thing  
– They really wanted to help one girl.

One day they saw the following –  
It was a wonderful night,

A girl was sitting at the lakeside in tears  
– Sadness lived in her eyes.

She was dreaming of her Homeland,  
Of a miraculous chance in her life

To see her native land, her native people!  
Her whole life was only about that one dream!

And she was bitterly crying without noticing  
How the water of the Lakes was absorbing her tears.

When the Peri saw the tears of the child,  
They felt her grief with their sensitive souls.

They could not control themselves and cried too,  
They did not know how to help her.

The tears of the Peri turn into pearls –  
Pity towards the girl was tearing them from within.

Their tears-pearls landed on the bottom of the lake...  
They are used in making a remedy,

Which treats the ailments of the eyes  
And gives very sharp eyesight.

Many pearls landed on the bottom that night –  
The Peri turned to the sky with a prayer to help the girl.

And they stretched their arms in the  
prayer Asking the Almighty to help her.

The Creator had given empowered me with his grace,  
So I would bring joy to people

And let them fulfill their dreams  
And grant them a cherished wish.

Since then I have come many times to the earth –  
Almighty gave me these beautiful powers!



I bring Good and Light to people –  
I protect decent people from trouble!

And, if I believe that it is possible,  
I fulfill their complex requests.

And to the pure and beautiful girl  
I gave a clear omen-sign.

I made her a gift as a prize –  
A lion-son. May her bring her joy!

I gave her that grace –  
I used my powers.

Now I am going back to the vast spaces of the  
Universe And I am leaving this perishable world.

Oh, Kok-Tengir, please, show me your  
mercy As she is staying here all alone...

Forgive me, Universe! I am leaving my son behind...  
As I embark on my long journey.”

And then the dervish crosses over the range  
– The caravan hardly catches up with him.

Following the dervish is a pack camel – White  
and clearly well-fed and well-cared-for.

He is covered by the carpet with long and thick pile  
– The carpet is embroidered with golden ornaments.

And above the carpet towers a tent –  
It is upholstered by delicate silk that is waving in the wind.

The silk the color of the sky –  
The tent is very luxurious.

Inside the tent there is a good-looking old woman.  
Her arms are at the hips. She is bitterly crying...

She is in big grief, she is clearly mourning –  
She clearly has suffered an irreparable loss.

Tears are flowing down her face –  
Trembling, she is saying:

“My dear, what shall we do now?  
How can we live without you?

My great grandchildren will see me.  
War is to blame for the death of my son.

I am your grandmother on your father’s side.  
I am carrying a heavy burden of mourn in my heart.

I am leading this caravan of sadness  
As I am going to the Eternity with bitterness in my heart.

We are in the other world,  
But the entire Universe is under Tengir!

The mother who lost her child  
Is wandering from the other, thin world.

She is in torments and suffering –  
She has been given a bitter ordeal.

Our people is living in humiliation  
Due to the enemy’s cruel invasion.

We are slaves in the foreign land under coercion,  
The people are living in very hard times.

The nation has been destroyed by the foe –  
Its spirit and will have been broken down.

Never forgive the enemy anything!  
Do not forget anyone fallen!

Remember how the enemy tortured your  
people! How did the Creator allow that?

They were tortured, humiliated and tormented badly  
– People were emaciated by the yoke in the mines...

And without a hope in the accursed slavery  
People were dying while extracting gold...

Offspring, remember your ancestors!  
Our world is not eternal – it is fragile and perishable!

But the spirit is free, it is beyond time,  
It is free of the material burden.

Your seven fathers were of khan's descent!  
The nature gave all of them wisdom!

They earned people's honor and respect.  
They protected them from the enemies.

They were good rulers and they lived well  
– Their lifestyle was decent!

People appreciated them and lived united  
– They were predestined for power.

I am the favorite daughter of Kulan-khan,  
I was chosen by Narboto.

And we tied the threads of our fates together –  
We desired and needed each other.

*Apar*<sup>1</sup>, I am your grandmother!  
My son was a gift of Tengir!

Oh, my great grandson, I am leading the mourning caravan.  
I am carrying my sad burden of the mother.

And I see how my grandmother is proceeding in the front  
And singing *koshok*<sup>2</sup> for her son.

And the grief of the mother is coming out,  
Her words are piercing like lances.

I could not hold my tears  
And started crying with my grandmother.

A big warrior, frowned and angry,  
Is leading a black camel behind him.

He is atop the red horse. He is in full ammunition.  
It is apparent he is very tense.

He rode up close to me –  
I dragged his attention.

And he turned to me with the following words –  
Each one spiking my heart like a sword:

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<sup>1</sup> *Apar* [ʌ'pʌr].

<sup>2</sup> *Koshok* [Kɔʃɔk] a funeral song.

“Oh, colt! Did you recognize who lies inside?  
Look at the lifeless face.

The fire of life is no longer burning in him  
– Its bright light has been put out for us.

He was killed while fulfilling his duty –  
This warrior is in his eternal slumber.

My great knight, my fearless hawk!  
He died fighting hard in the battle.

Your father Narboto has left this world –  
Preserve and live, my colt, his precepts!

I have already crossed the range *Kakshaal*<sup>1</sup>  
– With Almambet you ought to follow me.

I am heading off to my nation –  
To the ineradicable people.

I am khan Narboto — I am your ancestor! I  
am leading the mourning caravan.”

And the warrior is looking straight at the distance  
– His offspring is asleep for good.

And he passes by me –  
I will tell you the rest later...

Fulfill your duty! I am impatiently waiting for you!  
Come back home! And listen to the rest!”

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<sup>1</sup> *Kakshaal* [Kʌkʰʃa:a:l].

\* \* \*

I have read the letter and stopped in my tracks –  
I remembered Narboto, Majit and home.

I was fiddling the letter in my hands –  
Majit's story has baffled me.

Majit wrote that was only dream,  
But it resembled an omen so much!

As if a warning was given to us  
To prevent the unknown events.

And why did Narboto khan order  
That Majit and I catch up with him?

So that we would find our native land  
And our people?

Why didn't he finish his dream in the letter? I  
felt as if I was walking in the darkness...

I was thinking what would be next,  
How the weird dream would end.

Could it be that it contained a hidden message?  
What prevented him from finishing it? What is it?

Or could it be that the dream should not be known to others?  
Perhaps Majit was afraid it might become public?

And that dream has added to my worries –  
In my heart, I apprehended the coming events.

Different thoughts were crossing my mind  
– In chaos as if in the darkness.

I decided to quickly return to Tien-Yan –  
Any delay could turn out bad.

In the battle with Han-Yan I lost many fighters –  
Many of them have died. And I have been suffering also...

That fight took us a lot of efforts.  
I did not know what was next. But the decision came.

My ranks thinned out, I lost many men...  
I did not know what we'd face in our journey.

And it would be right to leave a small detachment  
here And the majority to Tien-Yan.

I quickly developed a plan in my mind –  
I made a conclusion, an audacious call.

I sent for the guide-bodyguard of Gai-  
Yuan To give him a special assignment.

As always he was showing the way  
And brought us all here via secret paths.

The stranger has come and was waiting for  
me, Calmly expecting an assignment from me.

I looked him in the eyes and said  
To him revealing what was on my soul:

“If you are loyal not just in words,  
Prove that you are not an enemy to us.

Agree to fulfill my request,  
But you must remember something important.

Once during our conversation, you told me  
That you had found a secret path to Tien-Yan.

What if I offer you to take us there?  
Are there any hurdles now to go there?

Would you be able to stand by your  
words? Will you show us that way?

Fulfill this assignment!  
May it be a test for you!

Head the army and go there!  
The grief and trouble leads you home.

Load the *tabyt*<sup>1</sup> onto the black camel  
And lead the men through the mountain paths.

My elder brother Narboto has perished,  
Our souls were closely related.

He was dear to me – I keep the memories about him.  
Be vigilant in your march!

Do not let the enemies jeer at it,  
Do not let the birds land on it!

And may the animals avoid you,  
And may the bodiless spirit guard the corpse!

The army of Gai-Yuan-Thai is countless –  
Pass through without getting captured prisoners.

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<sup>1</sup> *Tabyt* [tʰʌ'bi:t] a stretcher for the deceased.



Beware Thai's tricks!  
Be smarter and agile!

Preserve the army and avoid trouble!  
Take them through the secret path to our stan.

Save me my soldiers without any  
losses! Trust me, I need you all alive!!!

May the foe's tricks and traps miss  
you! May their forces pass you by!

And do not run into enemy's  
armies, And beware Thai's traps!

I will repay you, warrior!  
You will see I deserve you trust!!!

And whatever request you may have –  
Even though it might lead to my death,

Trust me, I will fulfill it!!!  
You will remember this day!!!”

He was looking me straight in the eyes,  
Then he stretched out both arms to me and said:

“Knight, this is not a request –  
You have just gave me an order.

Cast no doubt and forget your worries  
– I will not refuse to help you!

And I reassure you that I will fulfill the task  
– And I will pass this test!

May sadness no longer bother you!  
Inside I am as hard as Damashki steel!

I will be able to preserve your army,  
I will do my best to save every soldier!

And my intentions are pure like water!  
Remember! I have been and will always be a warrior!

No worries, general, fend off your doubts!  
I will be loyal and honest and I will deliver!

Go and don't worry for us!  
Now you'd prepare for your journey!"

And that same very day I saw off the army –  
The guide took away the majority of my forces.

They were marching in clear ranks –  
The soldiers were looking at me intently.

And I was hiding my feelings inside –  
I just stood tall and saw them off.

And as they were disappearing in the distance,  
My eyes were still looking the shrinking dots in the dust.

And then I turned my Sarala around –  
The road was waiting for us again.

I led my detachment to Beijing  
And thought to myself: "The khan is unlikely to be happy to see me."

But only when I arrive will I be able to tell  
How he will treat and accept me. Like an enemy?

And if I am destined to die –  
I will meet my death with dignity.

And if the khanate is given to me by fate,  
Then it will be mine anyway!

And who will dare take over the throne?  
Nobody is ripe for that!

If that is the will of destiny,  
Then I am ripe for the throne!”

And I approached the gates of Beijing –  
The guards seemed to be waiting for us.

The gates opened to us themselves,  
As if there was an order from the khan.

All warriors moved to the sides  
Freeing up the way for us.

I had a small detachment with me,  
Whereas their army was countless and standing in ranks.

And they made an open space for us to enter –  
They were showing us respect since I was a descendant with khan’s  
blood.

And atop our horses full of dignity  
We have entered the city with only one thought –

What is waiting for us ahead?  
Perhaps they are flattering us?

Maybe it’s a trap?  
Do they want to welcome us but with a secret purposes?

What is coming our way? What is waiting for us?  
How will the Great Khan behave?

I have rode up to the khan's palace  
Holding myself proudly in the full ammunition.

The Great Khan was standing across –  
I jumped down from the horse and showed my respect with dry  
emotions.

I bowed my head,  
But all my appearance was telling him

That that was just a mask – a make believe,  
That in my heart, I keep a deep offence.

Indeed, I was cold and gloomy –  
And I knew that I meant nothing for the khan.

The younger brothers are dearer for him –  
I did not know that was bothering me in my heart,

That they were closer to him,  
Whereas I was nothing and meaning nothing to him.

The cunning He-Gan was smart and careful –  
He had seen a lot and experienced a lot.

He knew what he needed to do,  
How to do it and how to treat me.

And remembering the common proverb,  
He did not do whatever he willed.

One should not the sleeping tiger –  
One cannot play games without the rules!

We can only harvest what we have planted!  
A beautiful lie is hiding the truth.

And he opened up his arms to give me a hug  
As if we were brothers who never quarreled,

As if we were never at war with each other,  
He behaved as if he was unaware of what was going on.

So cunning and flattering and so obsequious –  
He covered his true attitude by that mask.

And he rushed to me with a wide smile,  
But there was an abyss in between us, an oozy swamp.

His seeming cordiality did not touch me –  
I behaved myself indifferently.

The ice in my heart did not melt –  
It was brimming with vengeance, but the khan has made his move.

It seemed that he was calculating his future  
moves And saw the burden in my soul.

Having come out to greet me, he wanted to soften me up  
And he was flattering confident that he might be able to heal my soul.

Looking down, I was standing in silence  
And still like cold rock.

I stretched my arm to him and looked in his eyes  
– He shivered and moved away from my look.

And he put his hand on my shoulder,  
He inclined to the side and put warmth in his words.

Looking me straight in the eyes, he slowly  
And stubbornly said what must have been memorized:

“My dear, you gave me such a cold look,  
And you are standing here like a hungry beast.

Do you really keep an offence with me?  
Have you really lost your trust to your relatives?

You are choking from disappointment –  
A piercing pain is suppressing the trust.

Your uncles... You did not expect it...  
You are angry – I see and appreciate your tense emotions.

Please, cast away the offence in your heart!  
Let the bitterness of those days go off with the wind!

We are related, a family. Do not forget it!!!  
And do not pour oil on the flames!

Let's have a candid conversation!  
We have what to say to each other!

Let peace enter your soul, let's forget each  
other! And let's break out of the vicious circle.

Let's go to the palace – you are my honorable guest!  
And let's discuss everything over good lunch.

Once we have spoken, our hearts will melt,  
The souls will warm up and offences will be forgotten.

His hand was on my right shoulder,  
He gave me a soft push and I have softened a notch.

We have crossed over the threshold together  
– I must say that to his honor, the khan

Was playing his role very truthfully  
And I began to believe his flattering words.

My soul was warming up indeed –  
And my anxiety was going away bit by bit.

But I did not open up my heart –  
I still did not know what the khan was thinking.

And I was overwhelmed by my sad thoughts –  
The eyes of He-Gan were studying me.

He was intently piercing me through –  
Reading my feelings, condemning me inside

And thinking to himself –  
His questions were hanging in the air.

He is reflecting on his conclusions  
And such were his thoughts had he verbalized them:

“It will be difficult for Gai-Yuan-Thai  
– He is short-sighted and such a bore.

He should not have acted so recklessly with him –  
Now we cannot calm down this proud gyrfalcon!

The sly and false mother delivered as promised  
– She gave birth at the right time

And gave birth to the lion-knight son...  
It is true – he hardly has a match in this world!

Alas, he is not a pure Chinese blood son!  
Otherwise, I would have found a common language with him!

And we would perfectly understand each other!  
And our relationship would be very clear!

But he is Burut on his mother's side!  
He is tainted with equal share of blood from them!

The call of blood will always prevail!  
His nation is tied together by the same spirit!

And then he will not spare us –  
He will kill without second thoughts!

And pity will not touch his soul!  
He is only living for one purpose!

But when you look, at the surface he is calm!  
Well-built and proud, and a staunch fighter!

He is truly masterful in magic  
And he seems to be just and care for people!

He is eloquent and very decisive –  
Such man will reach the very summit of power!

I am old and I don't have a child of my own,  
And I must select an heir.

When the time comes, I will deprived of power by force.  
I'd better do it on my own terms, in a nice way!

Then I will have protection –  
Nobody will accuse me thereafter!



If Gai-Yuan takes over my throne,  
I know for sure he will be ruthless!

He will chop off my head at once  
And devastate all the people in my khanate!

And nothing will stop him after that –  
He will only continue his atrocities!

Then he will invade and submit other countries  
And bring devastation and ruin to them.

Chet Beijing, Manchu and lamas  
Are currently under the rule of Han-Yan.

On the other hand, Gai-Yuan convinced Han-  
Yan Who rushed in to help him.

He did not think through well, when deciding on that  
– Hence the silly loss of his son.

Bao-Ho-To, the only son of Han-Yan,  
Lost his life early and untimely.

He was his heir, his continuation –  
He could have served his father for years to come.

Han-Yan is inconsolable in his grief,  
He is deeply mourning at present.

Currently, he is bemoaning Bao-Ho-To –  
He does not care for the burden of power for now.

He will not contend my throne now –  
He needs to heal from the wounds of his heart.

Only this young daredevil  
Has come to tell me my power is over!

He is thinking how to do it best.  
Also, he is choking from the insults from my brothers.

But he is not certain that he is right in everything.  
However, the nephew is very audacious and daring!

I will offer him myself to take over my throne  
In order to avoid enmity with him.”

And when the khan made up his mind,  
He warmly consoled me:

“My dear, you are exuding coldness. The  
needless war has cooled our relation.

You cannot forgive your uncles.  
Please, make your anger cool off and forget them the offence!

Your sulk and you frown –  
You have spilled a lot of blood in the battle!

And you are sitting in silence,  
And your sadness is dispiriting me.

You did not say anything in response.  
What is it that burdens you, my dear guest?

I have never divided my people –  
It has always been one for me.

And I have made justice across the board –  
In trouble, both the rich and the poor are equal.

And I have ruled over the land for many years –  
I can be kind, I can be strict.

I have not divided the nation into tribes.  
My people make up a single nation.

And I have stood by my words,  
I have not heavily relied on my relatives.

I have been fair in settling down arguments –  
I did not spread evil, I did not create hurdles.

And I did not divide people into “us” and “them” –  
I did not trade off my honor for the sake of my relatives.

I did not allow myself to be rude. I have been polite  
And never showed negligence towards people.

If my relative committed a crime,  
He was always sure to get a punishment.

When warranted, I did have the heads cut –  
I have always fought against evil!

For slander, harm and robbery,  
For murder and insolent lies

The guilty people who broke the law were always subjected to  
punishment –  
Their bodies would be publicly tormented.

They would be disjointed and poured over with boiling oil  
– That would keep all others’ desires at bay.

The treacherous traitors of our Homeland  
I have judged severely not letting them live!

I have never spared such people!  
Their punishment has always been cruel!

The mother who gave birth to such a son  
Would be disboweled, and in her still warm belly

Would be put the chopped off head of her son –  
Such has always been my verdict for the traitors!

People always need order –  
It always gets worse without it.

And discipline makes people better,  
When they are held accountable for death.

What for? Why? And for what purposes?  
My highest value is peace and calmness!

And yes, my rule may have been cruel –  
I have been carrying the heavy burden.

But people cannot be shown any weakness –  
The potter too first kneads the clay.

And that he does for quite a while...  
Then gives it a form and then he burns it.

The end result is a beautiful jar...  
When people realize it, they live a conscious life!

And if I made mistakes,  
I did correct them and restored justice.

And I have kept the government in balance –  
And ruled through wise governance.

There was a reason why I have been named Kary-khan  
– The Buruts called me that and that is true.

May the throne be golden for you!  
If you manage to rule – the nation is yours!

Show care for people  
And prepare for the khan's burden!

Tomorrow I will visit the sacred sites with my brothers – I  
will bow to them and address them with simple words.

I will purge my soul of sins –  
And get filled with spiritual food!

And then I will abdicate the throne  
I will take care of my old age.

I will put the crown on your head  
And sit you on the gold throne!

I got my power from my father –  
I have refined the art of governing.

I will return from the visitation of the sacred sites soon  
– This news will travel fast through the khanate.

And then I will throw a huge feast,  
But for now, get some rest, my dear!

Take a hunting bird and hunting hounds  
Turn your anger down in hunting!

And wait for our return!  
Now open up your heart for forgiveness!

\* \* \*

I want to reveal my secret to you –  
It contains the light of an unknown mystery.

I have never shared it with anybody –  
Keeping all these very secret.

I was young. We were coming back from the hunt far away,  
When we were caught by a downpour.

We decided to hide in the cave nearby –  
So camped there to spend the night.

But I could not sleep – there was something  
Under my head on the floor of the cave.

Feeling it out with my fingers in the dark, I found a stone  
– It was round, cold and smooth.

And I was about to throw it away outside of the  
cave As something redundant, unnecessary...

Suddenly it got light in the cave –  
I could not believe my eyes.

A blue light lighted up the space in the cave –  
It was very unusual, unearthly light.

My hand felt a slight chill –  
I was still holding the stone.

And then I paid attention to the stone –  
It was the source of that light.

There was something written on its surface –  
Some strange, ancient characters.

I was unable to read it,  
But I did not wake up anybody.

Nobody knew about my find –  
I did not tell anyone about it.

From where you sit, look at the distance –  
Do you see that mountain over there? Look!

That stronghold is made of the ruby stone  
– The wonderful stone is in there.

Nobody knows about it –  
But the stone is guarding the stronghold.

I built especially for the stone –  
It is hidden well high on the mountain.

I wanted to learn more about that stone – I  
asked all the wise men seeking advice.

And bit by bit I collected the knowledge  
– My ignorance was gone.

And I understood that the stone was very special  
– It was a guest on our planet from the Universe.

In ancient times,  
There lived a community here.

*Jaichy*<sup>1</sup> — weather whisperers.  
They had originated from India.

Jaichy gathered in that cave.  
They worshipped the Higher Forces and believed

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<sup>1</sup> *Jaichy* [dʒʌi'tʃi:].

That if they perform certain rituals,  
They would obtain special abilities.

If one is able to read the writing on this stone –  
The unknown characters and letters,

Then the spell will be decoded  
And powerful knowledge will be obtained.

With this secret knowledge  
One can change the weather when needed.

I have kept the stone in secret for many years –  
I showed the writing on its surface to the seers,

But nobody was able to uncover the mystery –  
I could not get help from anyone.

And all who tried to help me with it  
Later gave up on the idea.

And many of them allegedly could not read the writing –  
But the reason of refusal was one.

I knew for sure that they read it  
And many of them have unraveled the mystery,

But envy and greed were choking them –  
They all desired to get the stone in their possession.

And I was taking away any such possibility from them –  
I was ruthlessly killing them right that moment.

And everyone who got to see it is gone now. Nobody  
among the relatives are aware of the stone...



And rushing to prove his loyalty to me  
He took me to the his stronghold that night.

And in the stronghold in a small room  
I was in anticipation...

There was a secret compartment in the wall –  
Inside, there was a small chest. Our hearts were beating loudly

And it seemed I could hear their echoes.  
I could hardly control my impatience.

The khan took out a key on the gold chain –  
He-Gan held the chest right in front of him.

Without haste, he turned the key seven times,  
Then moved it to the right and unlocked it.

The lid of the chest opened up silently.  
There was a small box in it.

He took out the wonderful stone from it  
And passed it to me in trepidation.

Holding it in his hand, he quietly said –  
The whisper contained the notes of cunning:

“I do not hold any malicious thoughts –  
I have opened my heart to you. I am standing unarmed before you.

I have revealed my old secret to you  
To prove I have no prejudices against you.

What if you are the one to unravel the mystery  
And decode the secret writing?

What if you manage to read it –  
A message from the ancient times?

You have been uncovering the secrets for twenty one  
years Koikap has helped you on that path.

You have learned many secrets of the Universe  
– You know a lot beyond the perishable world.

You keep a lot of secrets for yourself,  
But you are silent about it.

What if you can reveal the secret?  
What if you crack it and explain it to me?

I had been where you studied...  
I lived and studied at Koikap for seven years.

But I dropped out for the sake of my goal...  
I wanted to rule – I had the passion for it.

I had been on my father's special account since childhood,  
I followed his advice and acted upon his instructions.

He noted me among the brothers –  
And spent more time with me.

I have strictly followed the traditions of our ancestors –  
My father was pleased and highlighted it often.

I did not lose face in front of the enemy  
And my father was always impressed by that.

I gave no reason for any rumors –  
I did not allow any bad-mouthing towards me.

I did not afford myself any extremes –  
And always fulfilled my duties before my father.

And he was always proud of me on many  
fronts And offered me the throne.

I was the firstborn in his family – that was my  
luck. And my obedience to my father also helped.

He singled me out for my attitude  
And emphasized my special status.

And noting no swagger and self-conceit in  
me, My father passed his khanate on to me.

And I have been indebted for his trust  
And tied with my father through my vow.

I have told you a lot about myself  
And showed you the magical stone.

I am hopeful you believe me know  
And realize that we have a common goal.

May the power bring peace and calmness to our  
nation! May the people of China be happy!

My dear, rule the nation with dignity!  
May wars not touch our land!

And if you suddenly feel lonely,  
Then go to the high mountain.

And you can find consolation in the magical stone  
– It will calm down the agitated mind.”

I held the stone in my right hand,  
Then I put it in my left.

When I held it in my left hand, I could hear a sound.  
“Tars, tars” – a clear and frequent knocking sound.

And when I held it in my right hand, it was all quiet –  
The surrounding area quieted down again.

I put the stone back down,  
Collected myself and said it honestly as is.

I was looking the khan straight in the eyes –  
He could hear the thunder in my speech:

“You perfectly know the secret of the stone  
– It contains no more secrets for you.

And you came up with this test in vain –  
It is all clear for you anyway.

You have already calculated everything a few moves  
ahead And you know very well what is going to happen.

You can no longer contend the throne, as you lack enough  
strength. And your brothers are unable to help you.

You saw on the stone just as I did –  
My star is above yours. The power is mine!

But I don't need the power – it is pointless to me.  
This is what my father asked for – these are his thoughts!

All I have been up to was to prove my loyalty  
And massage my father's ego.

If you had not given it voluntarily,  
If you had been shivering it over it like a cobra over gold,

Then I would have taken it over by force from you  
– I would not spare you and take away everything!

But you have realized and understood your mistakes!  
And I will show you my flexibility with this matter.

For we are related – my father and uncle!  
We cannot act with perfidy!

Why did my father need your throne?  
He knew you had a noble heart and courage!

That you would give it to me yourself from the bottom of your  
heart, That you can afford yourself such grace!

And only then I would step up on to the throne,  
That only then I would be able find peace in the position of power!

The power is like the heritage of our ancestors –  
It is worthy of the worthy ruler!

And if you do not give it – no offence!  
None of us will judge you!

It is your right! I will not hold it against!  
I will take it with the understanding and leave for my country!

I will go back home to the mine Tien-Yan!  
Trust me, Great Khan, I am telling you the truth!

Feel free to go to the sacred sites –  
Hold a council there and discuss with your brothers.

Calm down your soul and your heart –  
May peace and calmness be with you!

And only then, upon your return,  
Open your mouth to announce your decision.”

\* \* \*

Seven days have passed since He-Gan left  
With his brothers to visit the sacred sites.

I could not sleep, tossing and turning in my bed...  
I only feel asleep before dawn.

And I had a dream that covered me in its careless web  
And took me away from the reality to its world.

In my dreams, a dervish visited me,  
He gave me advice and foretold the coming events.

When I studied in Koikap, he came to me often,  
The old man protected me from troubles.

He was my angel-guardian, like a close relative  
– At least that is how I was thinking of him.

I felt his protection – he was my guardian,  
My heavenly parent, if you will.

Later, as I was getting mature,  
He visited me less and less.

And when the danger was gone,  
I had a clear and sharp understanding

That my invisible guardian was always nearby,  
Protecting me when needed.

He was my guide in this life –  
His advice has always been so instrumental!

And that night, between dream and reality  
He came to me again.

He clearly had missed me a lot –  
His eyes were looking at me full of love.

And his voice, so achingly familiar,  
Warned me about the looming danger:

“To come to this perishable world,  
I have come through many hurdles – you are in danger.

You have been under my protection for so long...  
My dear, the threads of our fates are tied together!

I want you to know that you have come to this world with a  
mission! Your birth is the result of pure thoughts!

Your mother had cherished a dream for many years  
– She had planted a seed of hope in her soul.

You were born to fulfill her dream!  
Your birth was the will of the sky – an order of Tengir!

Your mother will tell you the rest –  
She will share with you every detail of the past.

Today I am here for the very last time –  
I came to you from very far away.

I will give you my advice and instructions.  
I want you to be clear about your feelings!

Do not enter the palace without your armor!  
The path to power lies through many barriers.

And do not walk around unarmed!  
The souls of your relatives are covered in ice.

Do not get tempted by power and the throne!  
The crown is not meant for you.

If you do not listen to my advice – you will meet your  
death. And thereby you will kill your mother.

Look, I want to tell you something.  
The khan is unable to kill you himself.

Therefore he came up with the following trick –  
First, he will chain you.

Then he will humiliate you to kill at the end –  
And your life will be in vain, for nothing.

There is a carpet in the chamber of the khan –  
Its unusual ornaments attract the eye.

It is gorgeous, luxurious and has a rich embroidery –  
A lot of gold was paid to have it made.

The carpet is woven very well –  
It is laid exactly at the right place.

Even if it stays in water for forty years,  
It will not weaken or rot anywhere.



Its length is from the threshold of the room and  
All the way through to the throne. Right under is a ready trap...

A *zindan*<sup>1</sup> without any steel rods –  
It is for deathly enemies, for select ones.

The pit is very deep –  
You will get right into it.

If you are still in doubt,  
You can easily check it for yourself.

Step over the threshold with great care –  
Make sure the carpet is far from your feet.

Then you may lift its edge from the right side –  
You will behold the pit that they have dug.

He-Gan who heads your enemies is the mastermind behind  
it! He will not easily give up his title of a khan!

He is developing insidious plans –  
Right for the battlefield without a war.

They cannot wait to kill you fast –  
To end your life so young!

And he convened them not to worship the sacred  
sites, But to hold his council.

They are just about to come back from the Great Mountain  
– Their return can lead to your death!

You do not have much time – you must hurry and leave  
now! And do find what your mother will tell you!

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<sup>1</sup> *Zindan* [zin'dan] a prison, usually a deep pit in the ground.

You used to be an unfledged chick –  
A tiny callow boy.

You are a full-fledged falcon with strong wings now  
– And your intentions take you soaring high!

You have already sipped from the cup of grief  
– Your life path has not been easy.

You have seen a lot since childhood,  
But you are cherishing the wrong dreams.

You are an adult now, a mighty falcon!  
You are cutting through the clouds of your foes.

You can kill a wolf with bare hands,  
But do not waste your strength for nothing!

You can kill an army by your look –  
You can kill soldiers by your word!

And you are no longer afraid of the Dark Forces –  
You have become a snow leopard of the mountains!

Your courage knows no borders  
And your strength is infinite!

May Tengir give you protection!  
May he protect you with impenetrable guard

May he protect you from misfortune!  
And hand you happiness – what you deserve!

There is a planet line-up in the sky now –  
This phenomenon impacts the Earth.

And now my term is over –  
I have fulfilled my duty.

Here I finish my earthly path  
To enter the careless calmness of Eternity.

But you remain here – you are my part!  
I have taken personal care of you.

We will meet in Eternity again –  
Our joint path is marked by the stars.

I am leaving now. Good bye! Take care of yourself!  
May you prevail over your enemies!

The face of the old man was full of desperate  
sadness, And he was so close and dear to me.

And he keeps shedding tears that never end,  
I am feeling as I if am leaving my own father...

I felt so bad, so painful and so sad –  
I am looking intently at him.

I want to preserve him in my heart –  
The memory of my dear dervish.

His eyes were exuding warmth and kindness,  
They always made me feel good and light.

He was distancing farther and farther  
away, Diluting in the space in haze.

And soon he fully disappeared –  
Grief caught me in its vise.

I had a huge lump in my throat –  
I really wanted him back!!!

In hopelessness and despair,  
I could not utter word and stood in silence.

My heart was suffering from the loss –  
The dervish used to be my talisman in life!

A dream or reality? What was it?  
My wounded soul was in so much anguish!

Inside I was torn in doubt –  
The old man always came to me in my dreams!

And I got used to it – he had always lived with me!  
We were one in my dreams!

I needed him so much!  
That thought made me feel so cold!

I opened my eyes – the light blinded me.  
I slowly moved my extremities.

That was not a dream or a vision. That was for real!  
Another chapter of life!

Yes, that was it and that was true!  
With his pure intentions

As always, the dervish warned me again!  
He has saved me from sure death yet again!

When I awoke, it dawned on me!  
Now we are separated by the distance...

He is on the other side – in the other world,  
While I am on this one, but now without him!

A dream is like a passage between the two worlds  
– It is in the dreams that we both met.

I waited for them, for my dear dervish –  
He left me when I got into my forties...

The thread between us broke in my soul...  
I wanted to cry and unburden the grief in my heart!

I was standing motionless in my bitterness for a  
while.... All of a sudden a warrior-guard interrupted me.

He showed his good manners –  
He bent his knees and bowed his head to the ground.

Then he told me about the purpose of his visit  
– He provided a report to me:

“The soldiers of He-Gan –  
Likely under the order of the Great Khan –

Were making some preparations throughout the night  
– There must have been an order from the khan.

And only before the dawn they went to bed,  
When they were completely exhausted.”

The guard finished with the following words:  
“I want to share my opinion with you.

I am in the guard and I will watch  
And tell you everything soon in great detail.

What were the soldiers of the khan preparing for?  
Was it for peace or for war?

But just in case, if I may, I suggest  
In order to preclude unnecessary worries

That you give an order to our fighters  
now In case the hour of battle is upon us.”

The guard has helped fend off my doubts –  
The Great Khan has sowed the seeds of evil.

And my dream was for a reason –  
As are the words of the guard.

The khan is scheming something unkind –  
He must be contemplating a treacherous death for me.

And that has become an omen for me.  
My hopes were ruined at once!

I gave an order to my fighters –  
A clear and sharp it was announced:

“All soldiers are quickly to arms!  
And be ready to engage in a battle”

And then I gave in to my feelings –  
I felt very sad inside.

And I thought to myself, if that’s what the foe’s up to  
– May he only blame himself!

May be what is meant to be!  
What has been pre-ordained from above!

And I went to the palace full of courage,  
I knew how to act with skill!

There was an unguarded entry in the palace  
– It had an open passage to the throne.

And my suspicions just grew stronger – And  
then it dawned on me at that moment!

But I did not want to enter the palace.  
I had a foreboding – I knew what might happen.

And that notwithstanding, I stepped over the  
threshold, But did not step on the luxurious carpet.

The golden carpet woven of expensive silk –  
There must be no other like this one around.

I could not drag my eyes away from it,  
Its wonderful ornamentation is so enchanting!

And my eyes were fixed on the carpet –  
So gorgeous, luxurious, with every thread glowing!

And almost having forgotten, I wanted to step on  
it, But came to my senses just in time.

I lifted up the corner of the carpet –  
The dark abyss looked very scary.

The pit was huge and very deep –  
The khan is really afraid of me like his mortal foe!

He really wants to trap me like a beast –  
He is anxious about it day and night.

I readjusted the carpet and walked to the exit –  
I got to get my bitter feelings under control.

In silence, I was walking through the passage – A  
female slave approached me near the entrance.

She stopped very close and started bowing  
To me with servility very frequently.

She was fully covered – I could not see her face,  
Looking at her I could not understand...

She seemed scared and asking for help...  
Well, what is wrong? What scared her so much?

What's happened? What is so frightening?  
All of a sudden she gave me a letter.

She took it out of her sleeve and passed it to me –  
As if it was a message from somebody.

When I opened the letter,  
I immediately recognized the handwriting.

The letter was from my mother,  
The blood stop in my veins.

My Mom was writing that I must hurry up –  
She was very weak because of her disease.

The slave that gave me the letter  
Was still standing there and kept bowing.

The khan's guard did not notice her –  
She was hardly noticeable and did not look good.



That was Urulaiyam, my dear ene –  
I did not recognize her with so much going on...

I was quickly reading the letter  
Without looking at her...

A guard of He-Gan knifed her in the  
heart. She screamed very loudly in pain.

“Run!” was the only thing I heard,  
The only word my eneke could say before she died.

The murderer took out the bloodied knife And  
said roughly said to the standing guards:

“Who is this slave? How did she make it here?”  
He did not hide he was annoyed and angry.

- Throw her filthy body to the hounds!  
We need no unnecessary troubles!

When he was saying that, his voice resembled a squeal  
– He looked at the bloodied knife with a smile.

I was frozen for a moment  
In horror, perplexed...

I still did not understand anything –  
The guard’s eyes were victoriously shining.

Staggering, with a terrible guess,  
I walked towards the disgusting guard.

And in anger and frenzy,  
Blinded by rage,

I cut him in half in my madness –  
That is how I started the mess in the palace.

My dear, loyal Kindik-ene!  
I failed to protect you – you death is my fault!

I could not fulfill my mother's request!  
I failed to protect Urulaiym from death!

And nobody was able to stop me –  
I was cutting and slashing and bringing death!

I killed all of the sleeping soldiers,  
Servants and the courtiers – I made a massacre!

All whom I met on my way  
I killed with my sword!

I ruined the stronghold made of ruby –  
The entire khanate was destroyed.

I spared no one, I even killed those sleeping –  
I have annihilated all khan's guard!

I took the chest with the stone with me  
And left only ruin behind me.

Forty twigs of the black willow tree  
Belonged to the mountain community.

The Indians-jaichy owned them –  
They used them for their secret craft.

They used them to change the weather –  
Placing them in the water in accordance with rituals.

And they also did other things  
Using them in other rituals.

I gather my fighters and we hit the road –  
Suddenly I realized something important.

I understood a lot in life now –  
I have suffered many losses in the silly massacre!

What for? For the thirst of power...  
I have become like them, become their part...

I have lost my loyal Narboto,  
Han-Yan lost Bao-Ho-To.

I have lost my loyal men in the battle –  
Only few fighters are now in my ranks...

I have seen my relatives without their masks  
– Their attitude towards was very clear.

They are brothers to my father,  
Yet bile and anger is all that they treat us.

What for? Ain't I their relative?  
Why do they hate and persecute me?

Why did they want to rot me in the pit –  
And deal me a cruel and atrocious death?

For power... Such is its price –  
Who needs such power?

To shiver all your life and be afraid of your own  
relatives? And see enemies in your own brothers?

–And be permanently hypocritical,  
And never trust anybody?

What scary life is that? Be cunning all the time....  
Smile at their face and be sarcastic at their back?

Knife in the back and kill your relatives,  
And feel no guilt for that?

I had different thoughts during the journey –  
The events of those days truly woke me up!

\* \* \*

I was hurrying back home to see my mother  
– I was very anxious, I felt uneasy.

I loaded the body of Urulaiym onto Sarala –  
And I kept arguing and blaming myself in my mind.

I did not know how to tell my mother about ene –  
The warning was clearly articulated in the letter.

My heart was full of unbearable anguish.  
My soul was full of desperate sadness.

Unhappiness caught me in its vise,  
I felt like I was torn apart.

Grief hugged me in its steel embrace –  
I was disappointed in the brothers of my father.

I had left home in confidence and full of faith That I  
would humbly fulfill my duty for my father.

And now I am returning like a wounded beast...  
What will I say, when the father will open the door to me?

I wanted to cry from hopelessness,  
I only wished to see my Mom alive!

I was in despair at that moment –  
I could not wait to see her godlike face!

I have lost Narboto, the dervish, Urulaiym –  
I have only been saved by the unknown forces!

It was a miracle I broke free from the wolves' lair!  
As always the dervish saved me from bad luck!

What to do now? What is next?  
How should I live with that?

And right at that moment  
The following decision came to mind:

“I will take my father to Chet Beijing – He  
had always been obsessed with power.

I will make him a khan and sit him on the throne  
– May he be endlessly happy there!

He had been dreaming of that happy day –  
I must fulfill this dream of his!

May he sit on the golden throne!  
That has been his dream for years!”

And so I was coming back with such thoughts  
– My intentions were pure...

...Hardly breathing, I listened to the story of my mother. I still can hear it in my mind.

We did not sleep through the night –  
I can still hear her warm, dear voice.

We sat in silence for a while  
And thought about our joint duty.

I told my recent dream to Mom,  
I wanted to understand something important.

Since childhood I have had the questions:  
“What is the great mission I should accomplish?

Who is that dervish? Why is he in the dreams?  
Why did he protect me? Why did he come to me?”

And then I told that the dervish had said good bye to me  
And how he left in the distant space.

And then I asked her my question indecisively, I  
have been waiting for an answer all my life:

“Mom, tell me, that ulan-dove  
That had been sent to us from above...

And the dervish who used to come to me in my dreams  
And has been my guardian all my life...

Is he the same angel? Is it true?  
I want to hear the answers from you!

An ulan came to you in reality –  
He was given to you by heaven.

I saw him as the dervish in my dreams –  
He protected me by giving me warnings.

And he used to come in different appearances  
– He differed from others a lot.

Because he willingly sacrificed himself – I  
have always been under his protection.

Mother, tell me at last –  
Is he my true father?”

And bitter tears from my mother’s eyes  
Were flowing down – it was the moment of truth.

I was waiting for an answer and did not  
notice That like a spider weaving its web...

My father stood quietly and now he came  
closer... No, he was not offended!

I immediately turned to the sharp sound –  
The veins on my father’s neck swell out...

He was burning in brutal anger –  
His face was distorted in bilious vengeance.

I was stunned at the way my father looked  
– I had never seen him like that before.

He was standing not far from me –  
The story of my mother touched him deeply.

He looked like a scorpion – his very look could kill,  
He was about to spike with his venomous sting.

The eyes of my father were full of blood –  
He frowned gloomily.

And the sparse hairs in his mustache shuddered –  
As he was piercing both of us with a caustic look.

His eyes were bulging and from his narrow mouth  
He started spewing foul and hateful words addressing Mom.

He was peppering Mom with insults –  
Covering her with filth, bile and poison.

Bad, abusive language with howling was coming out  
From his mouth like from the cesspit.

He was screaming completely outraged:  
“Fallen woman, so that’s who you carried in your womb!

I felt it, I suspected it  
That you had had the fetus maturing in you.

But you presented yourself as a virgin, pure girl –  
And I cast away my horrible thoughts.

But something did not give me peace anyway...  
I could not understand what it was.

For I had been with many women before  
But you were different – I had not experienced  
anyone like you prior.

You had audaciously challenged the khan  
– Shot down his crown, you dirty mischief!

And then you kept your promise.  
So that is who you carried under your heart!



The dervish had breathed in a seed into your womb!  
You shameless thing then played us just in time!

In order to save your two lives  
You did everything to survive!

And enchanted and charmed me –  
Your body was always full of heat.

You cunning, insidious thing, how could  
you? He is from the dervish!?

Sixty years, but I am still attached to her  
– As if we were tied by a hard lasso.

And I have desired her to this day  
In the belief she has been only mine.

During the night, at the time of love delights I  
was soaring high as if I was a falcon.

When our bodies converged into one... I  
felt like I hovered in blissful melting.

All my passion she got – I was enchanted  
- I was entrapped by her hot pleasures.

And in that moment no man was happier than me,  
When I was dissolving in the wonderful woman!

And when my flesh met hers inside,  
We were taken away to the paradise.

I had not experienced such perfect bliss before  
– She was like a tender doe under me.

She was coiling and twisting when we joined as one –  
She started emitting light from inside.

Her tender fair body exuded love –  
I was immediately filled with blood.

My flesh desired to dissolve inside her –  
To be with her, to join with her as one.

I reached the peak of blissful happiness –  
I was always under her powerful spells.

Nothing can compare to the experience of becoming one with her  
– She has always been indispensable for me.

Her voluptuous breasts made me anxious –  
They were enticing and enchanting me.

I was losing my head from my love to her...  
Oh, how many passionate nights we have had!

How many times did I envy myself?  
How jealous was I – I would never yield her to anybody.

I had never experienced more pleasure and sensuality with anyone –  
She was divinely beautiful in bed.

She was moaning from pleasure –  
A night with her was my consolation and my best treat.

Those moments made my life meaningful.  
Just what have you done, fallen woman?

I could not even imagine  
That such a thing could happen in my life,

That other man could dare touch her,  
That she might wake up with another man...

I was deceiving myself thinking that she was only mine! That  
it was me and only me in possession of such happiness!

I was afraid to reveal my secret to others –  
I was intoxicated and in agony...

I was living and breathing my secret – it was my  
thrill. It was what awakened and thrilled my flesh.

I could not be without her – I was obsessed with my love...  
How can I wash off the shame now? Only with blood!!!

I heard everything and I cannot believe it –  
I would not wish it even to my mortal enemy!

She conceived of you from the dervish and gave a wrongful birth  
to you –

A rascal who desires the throne!

Sinful woman! Shamelessly  
You hid behind my back!

You concealed your severe sin –  
Oh, how horrible will be your punishment!

My wound is bleeding now –  
And burning pain is eating up my soul.

I heard the truth, which is like rubbing salt into the wound  
– All the bad mouthing is not enough for you!

Insidious, base! She just pretended to be virgin –  
Right now, I will not spare you and cut your womb in half!

Then I will cut your son's flesh off his body  
And order to stick it in your womb!

He cleaved her clothes with a sharp sword –  
At that moment he was an executioner to me.

My mother closed her face with her hands...  
Once dearest people were mortal enemies now!

Her naked body showed up –  
I could not stand it anymore...

I dashed to him, took over his sword  
And cleaved him right that moment...

When I remember it now, I deeply regret my action  
– The bitter past is drinking my blood.

I could not act differently then –  
I was unable to withstand Mom's silent scream.

His poisonous words were cutting my soul –  
I could not hear such words about my mother.

He continued to outpour the flows of filthy words on her  
– I was completely shocked and paralyzed.

He spewed out bad words addressing her –  
My head was about to explode from the pain caused by them.

He was outraged and did not spare her.  
He emitted fumes and stench. The trouble was brewing!

He covered the pure and beautiful soul of my mother  
With soot and black color...

He flung mud at her –  
How could mother withstand so much?

He insulted and soiled her kind name, he humiliated her  
– And he meanly deprived her of her dignity.

And all of that in front of me. How could I stand that?  
Hard grief was dealt to me.

The father was uncontrollably furious –  
He was completely subject to madness then.

There was no way I could act otherwise,  
But I am hurt and my soul is crying!!!

If he hadn't whipped my Mom with harsh words  
– Hadn't thrown foul and nasty words at her,

If he hadn't stung her with the poison and bile of his words, If  
he hadn't spat into her soul and hadn't drunk her blood,

Of course, I would not have touched my father! I  
would have backed away from such action.

It is very sad that it happened as it did –  
Somehow failure and devastation kept following me.

When I came out outside, I started a cruel massacre  
– Blood was flowing all over the place.

I unburdened my bitterness and anger onto all –  
Nobody revolted, I was killing them uncontended!

Loyal servants and courtiers –  
All of them died of my sword.

Nobody was able to leave the palace –  
They were all breathless on the ground face down.

When I returned to the mother's room,  
I found her in battle armor.

She was standing courageous and brave –  
She could control herself well.

And turning to and looking straight at me,  
As if she was a valiant knight

She said confidently and proudly –  
Her voice sounded quietly and firmly:

«My colt, we do not have much time,  
While I have a lot to tell you.

I still must tell you something very important –  
After that, you must make a decision.

When I was at the Sacred Lakes last time –  
And the road had been calling me there.

I received an omen from above –  
Again Almighty showed his grace and love!

I met with the dervish – that is how he looked then.  
He is your father. You already knew everything.

Bluish haze was rising above the Lake,  
Through the haze I heard his voice – it sounded close by.

He said his good-bye to me –  
His speech was like the bridge between us:

“Altynai, do not be sad –  
Tell Almambet everything.

The day when you will leave this world  
As I did and enter into Eternity is close.

The people are fighting and spread evil  
– They have been fortunate until now.

They were getting away with it –  
They avoided misfortunes and troubles.

But very, very soon –  
The people will find themselves in the deep pit.

The land is polluted. It gives birth to darkness –  
The darkness is expanding giving birth to evil.

Dark Forces came down like fog –  
They do their dark things in this world.

They sacrifice Light and Kindness –  
The Black Forces have dark plans.

In order to uncover the secret of the Universe  
One must find the unperishable key.

Their numbers are growing. Whoever gets to open it  
Will help this world a lot.

The time is running inexorably –  
The evil deeds of Black Forces will pass away.

A different Force counteracts them –  
A huge, Good Force.

Soon our planet will cleanse –  
Light will destroy the Dark Forces.

And the Light Forces will sow the seeds,  
Which will germinate –the goal is the same.

They will bring Light and Wisdom,  
Kindness, Purity and Chastity.  
Almambet is a seed of kindness and purity,  
He will fulfill the dreams of Light.

I am leaving him this perishable world –  
I do not worry for him anymore, as he has the unperishable  
knowledge.

And now I am leaving for the vast spaces of Eternity.  
You will join me a bit later. We shall meet on the Milky Way.”

Now, my son, I have told you everything.  
I did not hide or silence anything.

You and Majit should return to your people  
And join your nation!

You cannot delay it, you must hurry –  
You must accomplish great things!

Soon the enemies will gather the troops –  
You must be gone before that!

They will come to fight you to the Stone city –  
We must stay together!

If I can, I will come with you!  
If not, you go ahead yourselves!



Only what's pre-ordained will be –  
We cannot change anything!

If that's my fate – I will stay here.  
You will hear the last news about me.

Then I will find eternal peace in foreign land  
– My ashes will rest in foreign soil.

But I do not grumble at the fate – it is a sin!  
I have lived to see all of my dreams come true!”

My mother was unable to finish her thought  
– Majit brought a troublesome news.

Agitated and hardly breathing,  
Majit slowly said:

«Almambet, the enemies have approached the city  
– We must undertake something!

They have encircled us –  
They want to finish us quickly!

These are not strangers – they are all  
relatives! They keep coming like locusts.

The external stronghold is already demolished –  
They have ruined the constructions and buildings.

The enemies are all around us –  
They are coming from all directions!”

My mother got up –  
She had put her armor for a reason.

Her face changed, she got pale,  
But then collected herself and said bravely:

«My colt, may my mare be brought to me –  
I will fight the foes atop *Kulatoru*<sup>1</sup>!

Put a horsecloth and saddle her,  
And give me the weapons!

I will fight together with you!  
The will of Almighty – whatever will be will be!

A high and noble goal is waiting for us!  
We must join our people!

It is time to return to our Homeland – the native land is waiting for  
us! We must save our lives!

It is time for us to come home!  
Quickly adjust the stirrup on *Kulatory*!”

What I learned from my mother  
Just made me stronger.

Now I knew a lot more about the enemies –  
Again we were on the path of war.

Like a storm I attacked the opponent –  
My horse was flying faster than arrows.

I was also driven by vengeance for my mother –  
She had to endure a lot.

Looking very intimidating and threatening,  
I brought death to the enemies in the battle.

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<sup>1</sup> *Kulatoru* [Kulʌtʰʰru:] is the name of the mare.

The warriors were fighting well in the cruel battle  
– The knowledge of Koikap was very useful.

The knowledge I gained at the school  
Was instrumental, and I was well trained.

The number of the enemy's fighters was countless  
– There were just too many of them.

If each fighter took a stone  
And put it on the ground, a wall would grow!

And that wall would be high and wide,  
But the lessons of magic proved so very useful!

Such was my weapon –  
I read a spell

And hit them with biting frost,  
Which stopped the mighty power.

The cold air caused snow.  
It snowed a lot and covered them all.

The white snow filled the road –  
I was reading the spells quickly and skillfully.

And the warriors were stopped –  
The wall of snow has stopped them.

When the monks saw it, they started reading their spells  
– They were all cursing me.

I did not counteract them –  
I just continued to read my spells along with them.

It was winter, it was very cold –  
The air frozen to the limit.

But suddenly the winter turned into summer  
And heat kicked in.

The snow started melting, they were all in awe –  
A mudflow ran down from the mountain.

The rocks were falling, landslides moved around –  
Everything mixed up in nature.

And the rapid flows of muddy water  
Were sweeping off the houses and gardens.

Such was the end of the world that I have dealt to the enemy –  
They will never forget it.

I drove them back, the enemies ran away in horror –  
Many of them were falling into slush and puddles.

In the fortress on the high mountain  
There were two chinars with wide crowns.

I had a foreboding –  
It felt like something inside me was about to break down.

Oh, my Tengir! I was in flames  
As if at that moment I got to hell!

And my body and soul feel frozen again,  
I tremble in horror, hardly breathing...

I am so thirsty as if in the desert –  
I scream of grief in silence.

I cannot explain how I withstood it...  
I really wish I could forget that moment...

My mother was on the ground –  
Her breasts were cut off. How did she endure that?

She is bleeding in pain – her scarlet blood flowing  
out... She has a massive bleeding.

Her arms and legs are tied with a lasso –  
She is alone, without any help...

I screamed deafeningly loud –  
The enemies surrounded me in a semi-circle.

They were stunned by my scream –  
It sounded furiously and wild.

It could explode the ground from within –  
It echoed over and over again.

I still hear that scream in my heart –  
With that scream I was striking the enemies in their hearts.

I was throwing the monks to the right and to the left –  
I was cutting and chopping and mincing them like a poisonous herb.

And I turned their bodies in a mash –  
Pieces of flesh, bones and tendons were all over the place.

I mixed them with slime and blood in the mud –  
One enemy sneaked up close – he was nearby...

I picked him up and threw him at the rocks –  
I opposed and fought evil in my madness.

I killed all the monks around my mother...  
She was moaning. I had a gaping wound in my soul.

In tears, I cut her shackles loose –  
I had black smoke in my eyes.

I lifted my Mom with great care –  
I could hear her loud heartbeat.

I took her to the chinars – there was water there.  
My Mom always loved those trees.

And I put her down there on the ground –  
I was looking in her eyes with a hope.

I washed her face with cold water,  
And looked at her light, pure face.

I refreshed her and watered her lips –  
The call of vengeance was loud in my soul.

Her eyelashes moved and she opened her eyes.  
Very weak, she said the following:

“What a pity! I will not get to see our Homeland...  
I am losing my life in foreign land...”

My dear, please, hurry up...  
Return to your homeland and join your people...

And bring back a handful of native land – a message from back  
home...

And put it here for all who were buried here...”

Then the big black eyes froze over and hardened –  
And the whitish veil set in in them.

Her last breath was very weak  
As if expecting the closeness of the end.

She turned her neck to the right, her head went  
down. She radiated light and stretched still.

It felt like my heart broke down and the world  
collapsed. I wildly and loudly screamed: “Tengir!”

And then I leaned on to my mother  
And cried without restraint.

The light put out and darkness set it –  
I was also covered by darkness.

Someone near me was also crying –  
I heard a quiet, dear voice:

“My foster-brother, I am with you!  
We are joined together by the fate!

We have the same blood and soul,  
We have the ineradicable call of blood.

There is nothing we can do now –  
We have no such power. But her dream is all the more meaningful now!

Let's fulfill our duty –  
Let's go to our Homeland full of faith!

Let's find our people and bring back a handful of native  
land And place it on the graves of our dear ones.

The mother's soul has separated from the body –  
She found eternal peace.

We need to dig her a grave.  
Let's serve her well now!

She will stay here like amanat –  
Her dear chinars will be bowing to her.

She will rest in their shade –  
Do not execute yourself – it is not your fault!”

He was crying with me as he spoke.  
Majit – my dear, my only one!

He lifted me up by the arm  
And stood still with me for a while.

There were only a few of my warriors left,  
But they were gathering from all over,

From different directions, from different places  
Those who survived kept arriving when they got the news.

The slaves got united and dashed into the battle  
– They fought to death, self-sacrificing.

And people kept coming to me –  
Anxious at what will happen to me.

One of the newly arrived told me through  
tears: “Almambet, I did not know anything...”

I was far away and I came when I got the news –  
And I attacked the enemy at once.

When I arrived, but it was late.  
However, I saw how your mother chased Konurbai



Bravely like a ferocious hawk –  
She threw her spear at him, having slowed down her mare.

It hit him in the rib on his left side –  
The strike could have been stronger,

But she is a woman –  
Her strike was not as strong, she was not balanced.

But she continued to chase Algara –  
Hanging over them like a flying mountain.

Konurbai pressed on his wound hard –  
Algara was running like wind.

Kulatoru did not slow down –  
Her rider continued the chase.

She wanted to throw a spear again,  
But she was hit by a spear herself in the back.

And then she was immediately surrounded by monks –  
She continued to fight without any fear.

Then you came over and managed to see your mother  
– Otherwise, you would not have seen her alive.

You cut and cleaved the monks and mixed them with  
dirt, And ruthlessly killed them all.”

When he finished, the guard came up to me  
– His eyes found the grave of my mother.

Then he carefully took my by the arm,  
And said the words he had to say:

“Even out your mother’s grave with the ground –  
Throw down some turf and sod and even out again.

Ram it down thoroughly and plant trees there,  
So the enemies would be unable to find her grave.

May your mother rest in her eternal slumber!  
May the warm earth keep her well!

Then the enemies would be unable to cut her ashes into small pieces,  
They would be unable to desecrate and mock her remains.

The earth will be able to hide and protect your Mom –  
Nobody will be able to disturb her.”

The guard of Konurbai was frowned and gloomy.  
He continued further: “Right after we have hidden her grave,

Immediately head off to your native land!  
Your outraged enemies are closing in.

Esen-khan is coming here with countless troops.  
You know that the mourning Han-Yan is outraged.

He lost his only son in the battle...  
Like a wounded beast, he is invincible.

He will not calm down until he kills you –  
This is an ancient and powerful nation.

They will stand by their leader.  
They are full of anger and fury. They will take revenge.

And Konurbai got lucky and got away –  
His horse Algara has saved him as always.

He is in the cave with the healing drops  
– Those drops have medicinal properties.

The monks will cure him with that remedy  
And everything that is needed to help him.

He will restore his health soon –  
At present every hour matters for him.

Now he is driven by only one goal –  
He is restless and sleepless,

He is dreaming of only one thing –  
To destroy you. That is his only anguish now.

The road to the Buruts goes through the lowland  
– He will take a secret road to the plains,

Then he will block your way  
And send your soul to God.

Therefore, lose no more time now –  
Every hour counts now!

You must beat him to the road –  
Then he will miss you and won't block your way.

Who gets to know you will be your friend  
– A man like you will not covet anything.

Your noble heart is the most precious –  
You will never betray any of your friends.

Your fearlessness made you famous –  
You led the armies and struggle against foes.

You never showed cowardice anywhere –  
And you always saved your own men from trouble.

You have paved your way through honor  
– And you have made a lot of good.

You were always brave and valiant in  
battle And did not spare your life.

But, on top of that, you are also humane!  
You are a decent and proud mountain gyrfalcon!

It is my privilege and honor to give my life for you –  
I will protect you with others.

We will block the way to the enemies – With  
your fighters we will not let them pass.

And may you be free of tormenting thoughts!  
Your intentions are the purest of all!

This is no flight. This is a return –  
You are going back home.

Thereby you will save your life  
And see your Homeland at last!

You must preserve your life and health, You  
have held the sword long enough now.

And only when you have gathered enough troops,  
You may come back to fight and take revenge.

No I will show you the way  
And tell you how to get there.

Only two of you, Majit and you, should go –  
The home of your ancestors is waiting for you.

You cannot take your slaves, people and servants  
– Now I am giving you advice as a friend.

Listen to me now, Almambet,  
While I am giving you good advice.

But, if you do differently than as I  
say, I will take my words back.

I will denounce from all my promises to you  
– And this will be our good-bye.

We have a single path of vengeance,  
But I will tell you frankly, without flattery,

That you and I have different faiths –  
We are also of different blood and different fate.

I must get even with Konurbai –  
I want to see that wolf howl!

I want to see him on the death throe –  
How death will catch its prey.

I have been waiting for years for that moment  
– And finally it is close.

I will avenge my father  
And recover the rascal's debt by blood!

But I will not betray the faith of the monks  
And in that we have different paths.

The blood of the monks is my native blood –  
Nobody can ever suppress its call in me.

I have been loyal to our friendship here –  
I have cherished my loyalty to you.

And I have always been loyal to you –  
I have always valued your trust.

But once you have crossed over the passage – Let  
me be clear and reveal it to you, so you know.

I will be free of my promises  
And we will say good-bye before the passage.

But after that you will become a stranger to me again –  
I give you my word.

Now go with Majit, we will stop the enemy –  
We will fight here not sparing our blood.”

We did everything as needed  
And buried my mother deep into the ground.

And we did everything as the guard said  
And fulfilled our duty with Majit.

We planted trees on her grave –  
They were a living stronghold for my Mom.

And together we said “Amanat!”  
May this area protect my mother!

Majit and I made a vow that we would come back again –  
The graves of our dear ones were here, our blood was spilled here.

We left the slaves from the mine behind –  
We had to break through the circle of enemies.

I listened to the guard and did not take anyone with  
me, But I did not feel easy inside.

My dear fighters – there were a part of me.  
They were ready to die for me.

I taught them military art –  
It was very sad to say good-bye.

I gave them knowledge and built their skills –  
I fought with them, we ate and drank together.

The parting was hard for me –  
Grief and anguish filled my heart.

I loved my fighters dearly –  
They always desperately fought for me!

Only a handful of the once big army survived –  
My warriors were loyal, but there were a few of them left.

They were ready to block the way to the enemies  
And to guard me from the cloud of them,

So I could reach my Homeland without trouble  
– They were ready to give their lives in battle.

And they vowed that they would not let the enemy go through  
– I could hardly control my feelings!

I had a deep wound in my soul –  
They were voluntarily becoming the target.

I was burning in the fire of despair –  
My warriors were standing in silence.

We all understood without any words  
That they would spill their scarlet blood for me.

I looked each of them in the eyes  
Conveying something important to them.

From the bottom of my heart I was thankful to them –  
I was very anxious, my sinews were tense.

They were more than soldiers and more than friends –  
They understood everything. There was just no other way.

And full of dignity they stood –  
Valiant warriors fulfilled their service well.

The minutes of good-bye – they were not long.  
The call of duty made us move.

They stayed behind to stop the chase –  
Those moments were difficult for me.

They served as the living shield for me  
Protecting my house to the last drop of their blood.

I knew I would never see them again,  
Therefore I wanted to prolong the last moment.

When we were leaving, I turned around –  
The flourishing, blossoming area was covered by darkness.

And we rushed ahead  
To where my native people lived...



We rode on the secret trail  
Crossing borderless areas.

The guard-guide was leading the way –  
He showed us the safe path.

He walked ahead with Majit –  
A true warrior, a man of honor.

We ascended onto the high pass –  
The guard-warrior was looking at the horizon and waiting.

The sun was setting, we saw its last ray –  
The sky was clear, without gloomy clouds.

The guard was looking at the sunset –  
It was apparent he was worried.

He read a spell of Qi-Le-Seng –  
His face reflected his sadness.

Then he showed the road in the distance  
And said in a quiet, sad voice:

“Almambet, my son has set –  
My life is at its very bottom.

It means that I will die soon –  
My father will meet me in Eternity.

Trust me, I know what awaits me –  
We cannot change the run of the time.

You too have just seen the sunset –  
It is a bad omen – that’s what my people say.

You will reach your goal, you will reach the  
summit, But your path will not be very long.

And your sun too will set –  
The energy of your life will end.

But the light of your sun will remain –  
It will always be bright, my Almambet!

Your light will give birth to grace,  
It will give people knowledge and power.

Today is the fifteen's day – the full moon.  
It is glowing like a yellow eye in the sky.

We have been lucky and it is for a reason –  
The purity of your soul has saved us!

We are not walking in the dark – the moon is lighting our  
way. The Moon itself is giving you its blessing!

When you have fulfilled your mission,  
When you have reached your Homeland.

Your sun will set, Almambet.  
Having accomplished your mission, you will leave this world.

But your name will survive and live on –  
People will remember and commemorate you!

And just like the moonlight similar to this one  
It will light up your precepts in the darkness.

Good-bye, my friend, we are standing on the summit  
now, Having completed our short journey.

I appeal to the nature to be our witness  
That I have paid my debt to my benefactor!

And I am saying good-bye to you with sadness  
– It is very likely that I will die soon...

The days of our friendship will stay in the past  
– The evil present is now taking over.

Here our friendship ends –  
You have helped me and you have given me a lot.

But I am leaving now to join my blood brothers  
– Now you and I are enemies again.”

Once he said the last words,  
He looked me in the eyes – his face was pale.

Then he turned around and with all of his essence he  
showed That we have become mortal enemies again.

He turned around and quickly left  
As if he was trying to disappear at once.

And we were standing there looking back for a while –  
The staunch warrior has left a footprint in our hearts.

He acted as an honorable warrior –  
He certainly deserved our admiration!

The parting words of the guard-warrior  
Threw me into sad thoughts.

Now everything is left behind –  
We must go to the unknown Homeland.

Majit and I sped up our pace –  
The deathly enemy is catching up with us.

What awaits us ahead? Where is my people?  
The call of blood is upon me.

To fulfill the duty of my mother and grandfather  
Will be an important accomplishment and victory for me.

My Homeland! My native land!  
We are coming to you without knowing anything,

But we are dreaming of seeing our people –  
We want to hug you, dear land!

*(Aikol Manas recalls the end of Almambet's story while he is on  
top of Tal-Choku...)*

**The end of Book One of *dastan*.**

# **MEDITATIONS SECTION**

## **(Part Two)**

## CHAPTER SEVEN

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...When I was writing these lines, outside there sounded the clatter of horses' hooves and the earth shuttered.

When I looked at my watch, it was five to 5 am. I had not slept for over 24 hours. When I finished writing, I fell asleep right where I sat. When I woke up, it was almost noon. I had some tea and decided to get to writing again. But, when I touched my notebook, there was another earthquake. The girls who came for treatment said that the epicenter of the quakes was in Kyzart [Ki'zArt]. I was surprised by this information, as I knew that the ashes of Jaisan-ata were there. And I thought to myself: "Perhaps because the spirit of our father got in motion, so did the earth."

For the same reason *Nurshoola* was not coming down for a long time yesterday, only appearing before the dawn, there was very little time. Jaisan-ata left very quickly. Tonight too I was supposed to meet him in a meditation. Together with *agai*, I entered his house. When the door opened, I was hit by the strong smell of *bozo*<sup>1</sup> [bɔ'zɔ]. Without hesitation, I immediately turned around and walked straight through Shorton towards the mountains, but before the meditation I had to take an ablution. A sound of flowing water in the nearby *aryk* [ʌ'rik] (an irrigation ditch) reached my ear. I was overjoyed, but, when I scooped the water, I felt the smell of filth, which made me abandon it. "Oh, Tengir! What should I do know?"- I asked and ran towards the canal. There was still some water in the canal. I quickly took off my clothes and jumped into the ice-cold water. After I put on the clothes in a hurry, I saw the descending beam *Nurshoola*. The ablution washed away the offence and made me forget the discomfort. Just as quickly, I forgot

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<sup>1</sup> *Bozo* – Kyrgyz traditional drink made of cereals. It results from fermentation and has some alcohol content.

that I felt cold. My full attention was on the strict voice of Jaisan-ata, who was inside of *Nurshoola*.

*After that meditation, I received the information that is recorded on the pages of the dastan).*

## CHAPTER EIGHT

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...The voice abated. I got motionless. I could not understand what happened. Covered in the blue light, Jaisan-ata approached me and I heard his quiet mellow voice again:

My dear, it is already midnight –  
The earth is covered by the veil of darkness.

The stars are shining in the sky.  
The infant is waiting for you in the house.

Go in and perform the healing ritual  
“*Dem saluu*”<sup>1</sup> upon God’s will.

Then come back –  
I will be happy to see you.

...The blue light retreated. At once, the surroundings got very dark. I began to look around. I realized that I was standing on the slope of the mountain across from the medical-sanitary facility. I immediately remembered the woman who came from Ming-Kush with a little girl. I had to perform the ritual “*dem saluu*” [dem sʌˈlu:] for that girl, when the sky is full of bright stars. When I looked up, I saw many flashing stars above and I rushed back home.

It was already quite cold. After my earlier ablution with the ice-cold water from the canal before the meditation, my hair was still wet and even rimed on the temples. Despite the tiny icicles on my hair, I got perspiration on my forehead from walking fast. That is how I came

<sup>1</sup> *Dem saluu* [dem salu:u:] a ritual.



home. After the “dem saluu” ritual for the girl, who suffered from seizures, I rushed back again – this time, back to the mountains. I was in a hurry. When I reached the canal, *Nurshoola* came down and I heard the dear voice of Jaisan-ata again.

*(During this meditation, I recorded the lines of the dastan).*

## CHAPTER NINE

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The hazy, bluish *Nurshoola* was getting thinner and thinner. The voice of the father stopped. Not a single word of the *dastan* was told. This time Jaisan-ata looked rather strict. He moved away.

A deserted field. Not a soul. I was standing frustrated in the middle of this lifeless space. I was suffering immensely, it was unbearably hard. I wanted to tear apart the notebook where I was recording the characters. What am I guilty of? What did I do wrong? I was trying to find an answer and losing myself in persistent guesses. Last time, unable to refuse to help Begaiym, I did not enter a meditation and of that I am guilty, no doubt. But I am just a laywoman! A mere mortal! And I could not do otherwise. I acted the way any other human would do. Having put my new whip – which I had taken instead of the Bubuaisha-apa's whip – in my blue bag, I came with a hope Jaisan-ata would bless it. But the father moved away, without any explanation and without saying anything. Offended and in despair, I could not stop my tears that were running down my face. I walked back to the village straight through Shorton.

**09.11.1995 17<sup>th</sup> lunar day 295 23 20 16**

The week lasted so long that it seemed like a century to me. In my heart, I was anxious, dashing around in torments. The everyday problems were overwhelming – I was literally “swamped” by the domestic chores and concerns. It was getting harder and harder day by day. At last, it was the long-awaited evening! Having taken my blue bag with me, in a hurry I headed off towards the mountains. I crossed the slope of Sedep Otok and reached Kara-Dobo. The watch showed the midnight. I sat down behind the rock and lighted up the candles. The

bright flame of the candle illuminated the surrounding space. It seemed that the entire area was covered by the orange-red light. Not a breath of wind. Unnoticeably, the bluish-green light of *Nurshoola* diluted the orange light of the candle and after that the silhouette of Jaisan-ata appeared. Then, the dear voice I had been longing for resounded again:

Let us continue our long conversation –  
There is a lot that requires narration.

My dear, I made you wait for me for a while  
Or perhaps the other way around...

You have been into routine these days –  
Busy with your earthly business.

The mundane cares hold like chains –  
You do everything without much passion.

You are in low spirits –  
You want to stay alone and in quiet.

I feel and sense what is happening inside –  
Wipe off your tears, dear child.

I am driven by the impulse of my soul now –  
Please, come closer.

I will confess, I will be frank.  
I will share my innermost with you.

I want to see you courageous,  
So nobody can offend you with their words,

With your head proudly up, in high spirits,  
So the opinion of other people would not touch you.

If you feel down with your head down,  
I also feel wishy-washy.

I am upset by your depression –  
It keeps me worried and unbalanced.

Do not think your efforts are in vain.  
The star of dastan will rise up high.

You are being persuaded that your undertaking is sinful  
– You are succumbing to such persuasion.

They stir you up and set you up...  
They diligently try to convince you to the contrary...

They provide argumentation that it is black  
magic... Do not listen to the that absurd nonsense!

They frighten you saying that what you do is from  
devil, That you are already linked to shaitan,

That your undertaking is witchcraft.  
The envious people are trying to see the plant of doubt in your soul.

Do not give in to such persuasion!  
Do not allow yourself to engage in all of these arguments.

Do not prove anything, do not try to convince.  
Simply stay your course.

Do not get upset because of them for nothing. The  
time will reveal everything at the right hour!

I want to give you my blessing again –  
I want to encourage and inspire you.

Open your bag, so I can see your whip –  
Let me read my blessing.

...The voice of Jaisan-ata abated. Oh, my Tengir! That is what I had been waiting for such a long time! I looked around. It seemed that I was on the top of a very high mountain. Jaisan-ata is sitting on a round-top hill, and I am sitting near him just below on the flat area. I opened up my bag, took out the whip and rosary wrapped in the scarf and laid them out before Jaisan-ata.

Amen! I wish you an easy journey!  
May the blessing of God be with you!

I am wishing you success on the path of healing,  
May the Forces of Light protect you!

And may fortune be favorable to you –  
May your internal vision help you!

Your whip will have the might of a white tiger –  
May people support you in your undertaking!

May the gift of Girls-Rays – *Nurshoola* –  
Inspire you for great achievement.

May your dreams come true!  
And may your drink up the cup of fate!

I turn to the Creator! Please, make my wishes come true!  
Fill the life of Bubu Mariam with happiness!

Do not be depressed and don't be a sniveler.  
Walk this path with dignity and pride!

May the strikes of fate not knock you down –  
Trust me, all misfortunes eventually end.

Do not show your weakness to the spiteful  
critics, And avoid the ill-wishers.

Also, avoid envious people.  
Taunts and reproach will get back with them.

Do not show them even a drop of your tears.  
They are not worth it. Don't tell them anything.

If somebody offended you,  
Forgive them and do not foster anger.

Do not hold offences against people.  
If you feel bad, don't show it to them.

If people come to you seeking help against severe ailment – Help  
them no matter what hardship you might be under yourself.

Be compassionate with others, foster love –  
And forgive your enemies magnanimously.

Warm up the people with kind words,  
Help people over and over again.

People believe in you and come with a hope –  
They are expecting you to help them.

The cause of diseases is not hidden far –  
Get at the root of it, and you'll easily find it.

And if the ailment is not curable,  
For the very same reason

Do not show it, hide inside  
And say nothing to the patient.

Your calmness will give the patient a hope –  
Your smile and kind words will help him.

What will be cannot be avoided.  
Always remember that, you must know it.

Our life is pre-ordained from above –  
Everyone has his own cup of fate.

Some people's cup is full of water.  
It is overflowing – such people will accomplish everything.

For others the cup has water only at the bottom.  
Such people will not manage to accomplish all – their stars will put  
out early.

And then such people leave the world,  
When their measured term comes to the end.

Therefore life in the perishable world  
Is similar to instantaneous velocity.

It can be compared to the shot of a bullet.  
It happens instantaneously – that's how it is.

And there is nothing eternal in this world.  
Everything is transient.

Appreciate your incomparable happiness –  
The Universe has revealed its miracle to you.

You are part of a beautiful undertaking.  
Any doubts are irrelevant and futile.

...The voice stopped. It got silent again. Taking advantage of that, I said: “Please, forgive the plethora of my mistakes that were committed by the laywoman with a layperson’s worldview.”

Then I asked him to tell me about the birth year of our *Aikol*-ata – I had been wondering about it for a long time. Also, I added that it was an extremely important piece of information for the posterity – the dates of his birth and departure from this transient world. I politely asked: “If it is possible, could you, please, tell me about it?»

My dear, let’s have a frank conversation.  
You have some questions – I am aware.

I am ready to answer them all.  
Our conversation will help relax your worries.

There are many mutual reproaches –  
It would be good to clear the air.

You have not got rid of the bitter aftertaste.  
The Dark Forces interfered and the situation is shaky.

I reprimanded you for being imprecise with calculations of time –  
A sprout germinated from the seed of resentment.

I felt it at once I will not hide it.  
I see how your heart is aching.

From now I will control my reproofs  
In order to ensure I do not offend you accidentally.

Do not torment yourself, release your anguish –  
Everything will be fine – we’ll be successful!

You are impatiently waiting for answers to the questions  
That interest you.



I will respond in order to avoid resentment.  
I want to see your happy face.

You asked me about my age last time.  
How old was I then?

I was fifty-four – I left the world untimely –  
I did not avoid the ill fate.

Envy ate up one man –  
His soul was poisoned by it.

It deprived him of peace day and night –  
His soul turned into rags.

And he decided to take a desperate step –  
He poisoned me.

I left the world from the poisoning.  
That is all what the envious man needed and wanted.

Do you remember the area  
You saw during our first meeting?

I hope you did not forget it?  
That you remember everything that was there?

My buddy-body is buried there –  
Both of us had better keep it secret.

Nobody will find out for some time.  
May that place not be visited...

If the majority will find out about it,  
It will become a pilgrimage site.

And it will be turned into a mazar –  
Many people will want to see it.

They will trample down my grave,  
I do not want to reveal it to anybody for now.

My peace will be disturbed –  
And visitation will disturb my soul.

Therefore, please, guard and keep it secret –  
Do not reveal it to anyone before the time comes.

Remember that place precisely.  
And come there alone.

On Thursdays, on holy days  
Light up *sham*<sup>1</sup>-candles at the grave.

You also asked about Aikol's age. He was fifty-four  
– At most, not more.

I was twelve years his younger...  
So, I have answered these questions, my dear.

In August 670 AD using the new time  
Is the birth year of Aikol Manas.

The Kyrgyz people were given Manas  
That great year in the land of Altai.

And the blood from his cord spilled there –  
And that was a great news for the nation.

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<sup>1</sup> *Sham* [ʃʌm] is a candle or kindling used in rituals, usually performed at mazars.

He had been begged from the Higher Forces by people –  
He descended to save and preserve the nation.

The woman by the name of Chyirdy gave birth to him –  
She had a prophetic dream before his birth.

If you need confirmations of my words,  
I will provide more detail over time.

I tried to answer all of your questions,  
But one is still not answered.

You spend many days in a row,  
And you decode the characters.

And nothing seems to work –  
You are frustrated and desperate.

You spend a lot of time and efforts –  
You are trying hard almost crying.

Those characters look like letters,  
But they do not seem to be subject to decoding. It is difficult...

So, what is the reason behind such a failure?  
What do you think it means?

I could answer this question now  
And I could highlight the most critical part.

But you will comprehend the meaning of the characters  
later. You will understand yourself why it was difficult.

You will get the hints and knowledge of the  
characters In a different dimension in a different state.

The answer is contained in “Vaidurya-onbo” –  
Soon the knowledge will shed light on everything.

You wish will come true  
On a full moon through the Star of Childhood.

...The voice of Jaisan-ata stopped. The bluish-green light that was covering us disappeared at once. I looked around – I was standing on a mountain slope. I was in rather high spirits. Today I received a lot of very valuable information, important and useful. And Jaisan-ata’s attitude to me was very warm. I was coming back to the village inspired – I was almost soaring above the ground. I did not even notice how I got home.

**30.11.1995      10<sup>th</sup> lunar day 8<sup>o</sup> 15 15 308<sup>o</sup> 20**

I am recording under the moonlight in my normal state. I cannot say what time it is now, maybe it is approximately 7.03 pm. There is a shift of light in the sky. The brightest first star of the constellation of Ursa Major has separated away from the rest and began falling down like a burning coal.

It was wandering in circles, radiating thin rays all around and accelerating its motion towards Chet-Kuugandy [Tʃet-Ku:u:gʌn'di:] gorge. As it was approaching the ground, it began to draw zigzags moving between Kymyz-Achybas [Kimiz-Atʃi'bʌs] and Baimat [Bai'mat]. I got a vertigo. I felt as if I was moving from place to place without touching the ground. The star made a few more zigzags again and then headed back up to the sky. As it was approaching its place in the constellation, it got brighter, made a circle and got back in its usual place. Would anyone ever believe this vision of mine?

I could not make any words from the trajectory of the star or glean anything meaningful from this whole star performance. A miracle. Do the scientists know the answer to this phenomenon? After all, what is this phenomenon? Perhaps I can get an answer if I enter into a trance?

Now I am making records in my normal state and I want to preserve the writings as is. Well, it looks like the pencil is no good for writing.

I rewrote this record after returning home at 11.51 pm.

Unfortunately, my observations in the mountains were not reflected on paper – the pencil was frozen stiff and did not write (No original records in the notebook where I make the astral recordings).

I was re-writing at home. Long before the appointed hour I walked outside for my upcoming meeting with Jaisan-ata. The show with star was before the meeting. After that, *Nurshoola* came down and my eyes were focused on the silhouette of Jaisan-ata. I was still under the impression of the unusual phenomenon with the star, so I mentally sent my questions to Jaisan-ata: “Am I still sane? Have I seen that for real or was it just a play of my imagination? What was it? Was the star really falling down and then whirling around as if dancing? Or was it just a mirage?”

Jaisan-ata smiled at me touched by the slow-wittedness of a foolish child. And then his pleasant, mellow voice has soothed my soul:

My dear, you like a baby in the adult body –  
You cannot figure out a simple thing.

You cannot read the meaning of omens,  
You do not accept your path as is.

If your heart is open to Being,  
No miracles will be hidden from you.

The grace will come down on you in rainbow colors,  
And the magical will enter your soul.

You do not want to understand, you keep insisting on your  
own. You perceive things from a different angle.

You have witnessed a phenomenon –  
It reflects the changes in your soul.

When the nature is exuding colors  
And everything becomes bright and clear,

When the colors of heavenly rays light  
up And area around is shining in them,

It means that you have a beautiful mood  
And you are becoming more cordial and affectionate.

You are on the seventh heaven from happiness,  
You are becoming a part of the Divine.

And if the blizzard is howling  
And the wind is making leaves circle around,

And if the snowstorm is bringing about  
chaos And snowflakes are rushing about,

It means that you are worried inside  
And you are bothered by distress,

Disorder and mixed feelings –  
You cannot make a sound decision.

If a man's intentions are pure,  
He is surrounded by the world of beauty.

The internal state impacts the outer world,  
When we are not in a stand-off with the world.

When we accept everything as is,  
A song is sung from the bottom of his heart.

He lives in consonance with nature –  
His soul is blossoming in harmony with the world.

As the internal world as the nature –  
The weather reflects the mood of man.

If joy jets out of bosom in a fountain,  
The nature is living that happiness too.

If a man is full of sadness,  
Thunder and lightning are in the sky.

Gloomy clouds are hanging above the ground.  
The world is dark and seems tormented.

Fog is sneaking in, concealing the nature. The  
environment turns down in melancholy.

The external is a reflection of the  
internal. A man is free in his decisions.

My dear, now you already understand.  
You get many phenomena now.

You are built into nature and you can influence  
it. And it will always reflect your world.  
The nature also influences you.  
You will be in kind of a fusion.

And you are equally interdependent  
As if you are in the same closed disc.

The threshold of alienation from nature  
Separates the environment from the mankind.

You managed to step over it –  
*Nurshoola* helped you achieve it.

The gift of Girls-Rays is a gift of Almighty.  
You have received that higher knowledge from them.

They gave you the possibility to see a lot –  
Your path will be full of wonders.

Use your beam for good purposes –  
May it bring you only the good!

Using *Nurshoola* travel across time –  
You will see a lot with your internal vision.

The Universe holds a lot of puzzles –  
Something that perishable worlds does not accept.

You will visit different spaces –  
Unusual journeys await you.

And all of that only for the common goal,  
So it is helpful in your Great undertaking.

Persevere and stay your course –  
Be organized and strong!

Share the news in your world –  
So my knowledge will widen.

What is happening in your world?  
What is it that may cause anguish to a human soul?

...Jaisan-ata finished talking and there was silence. He seemed to wait for my response. I immediately shared the good news with him. I told him that the head of our district Erkinbek Amanaliev [Erkin'bek ʌmʌnʌ'li:ev] sympathized with me and sincerely supported me solving many of my every day, domestic problems. He even bought me a



1-bedroom apartment. I shared my emotional state with him. Then I mentally told him that I make mistakes in my records, which I correct later. Is it right? Having listened to me, Jaisan-ata continued:

The material world is borderless –  
You do not appreciate its full value.

And there are discontent among people –  
Those who appreciate a free environment.

There are people who only spew abusive words, There  
are others who are at the edge of a break-down.

They accuse the world of imperfection –  
They do not perceive its full bliss.

In reality, it is far from that.  
They are just ignorant – paralyzed by fear.

My dear, in reality everything is different –  
This world is very meaningful.

People do not appreciate what they have,  
Then they regret it bitterly.

In your world a half day of life  
Is equal to a thousand years in other worlds.

The Creator created the garden-Earth  
And sent the man to manage it.

And the man is only a guest on this planet –  
He only temporary can use all its goods.

Life is like a spark –a brief moment.  
The taste of life is sickly sweet.

But the souls get to appreciate it later,  
After they have left it for the different world.

The mighty flow of light is invaluable –  
And God sends only a tiny bit.

And in the Universe it is an endless night.  
The souls are wandering exuding anguish.

The value of light cannot be compared to anything  
else. They pine away in darkness in the other world.

But people do not appreciate light in this  
world. Often times their life passes vainly.

And God gives the gift of light for a short time.  
The life in the light is not fully appreciated.

It is appreciated only much later,  
When they have to face darkness.

Dear daughter, your life is short,  
It is tender like a petal of the flower in spring.

Appreciate its true worth –  
Your life is priceless!

Appreciate every moment of your life.  
Everything happens only once.

Try to accomplish a lot,  
Even the if the life path is thorny.

You will harvest the fruits at the right time.  
The ripe fruit will give sweet juice.

Answer me, did I get my message across?  
Is the bridge of understanding built well?

Did you comprehend what I have told you?  
Have you accepted my word in your heart?

Did I express my thoughts in a comprehensible manner?  
Didn't I happen to cause you suffering?

Figure it out at your leisure time.  
Listen to the whisper of your buddy-soul.

And I believe that you will accept my words in your  
soul. Your big heart will feel the true essence.

My dear, you have a distinction.  
Despite the differences in people,

You know what is happening with the soul,  
What vibrations a person is sending.

You are not troubled by mundane routine,  
You are not depressed because of domestic concerns.

You do not aspire to goods and comfort.  
Luxury does not excite your soul.

Your conscience is not tarnished by these. You  
are not bogged down in the mundane web.

You already have got your own dwelling –  
An old dream came true.

Do not get astray from the right path.  
And continue to preserve the purity in you.

Last time you shared your opinion –  
Your observations were right.

The information was perceived incorrectly.  
I took it into consideration.

Do not get upset that the records are fragile  
And that they may contain errors.

You make your corrections later  
And record clarifications.

You cannot build the skill at once.  
One cannot comprehend everything at once.

Let's continue our journey.  
And you will record the gist on paper.

...In silence, we continued our journey for a while. We have reached the area with small hills. We stopped here. There are people sitting on the hills who are telling about the Great Campaign.

...A huge, cruel battle is raging on the endless field. There are corpses of people and carcasses of horses all around. I felt sick of the stench, smell of burning, smoke, and the blood. A horrendous scene! The voice of Jaisan-ata is full of grief penetrating to the heart ...

*Through this meditation, I received the lines of the dastan.*

## CHAPTER TEN

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...The voice of Jaisan-ata was abating more and more and soon became inaudible. Total silence. The beam *Nurshoola* faded away. Impenetrable darkness covered the surroundings again. The eyes were piercing through the darkness to no avail. It took me a while to get used to the darkness. Finally, I was able to realize that I was standing at the bank of the canal. Holding my bag tight, I hurried back home.

**07.12.1995      16<sup>th</sup> lunar day      360      0**

...I have been waiting for this day in some incomprehensible anx-iety. Worries would not leave me. In recent days, I was very anxious due to the multiple domestic troubles. I walked out into the field. The long-awaited beam *Nurshoola* illuminated the ground. I heard the dear voice of Jaisan-ata:

Your thoughts are a mess.  
You cannot hear the whisper of quiet rest.

They are akin to clouds. Driven by strong wind,  
Mixed up together like dusty rubbish.

And all because of some minor concerns.  
My daughter, you are very impressionable.

You are not thinking of the right things –  
You create barriers for yourself.

My burden is becoming unbearable.  
You feel unwell more often now.

The vanity of vanities is endless.  
You are getting bogged down in the mundane routine, my dear.

The merry-go-round of fuss is endless.  
One cannot break out of the circle of concerns.

The mundane things are like a river –  
Noisy, agitated and cold.

And it is impossible to find a ford –  
Life creates new objectives.

But you should not be afraid of the mighty flow  
– You already know a lot about life.

And do not turn back around,  
Even if your legs feel feeble.

Look for a ford and crossing to the bank.  
Have no fatigue and always with a good hope.

If somebody wounds you with an unkind word  
Or offends you with underserved swearing,

And you cannot cope with the offence  
And walk around in depression,

And you feel bad inside as if a heavy stone is pulling you  
down And you feel bitterly and miserably in your heart,

You need to withstand all of this hardship  
And fend off any bad thoughts.

Throw your anguish far, far away  
And keep your head up high.

Today your buddy-body is cold –  
It is not fit for travel.

It seems cooled down, without the signs of life,  
Suppressed and stiff.

Today it will remain here.  
Buddy-soul will travel alone.

We will travel quite far away.  
I am concerned about the difficult journey.

We will go through the time and space.  
You will enjoy the beauty of nature.

...Look at this valley –  
It was once very wonderful.

The flowers used to drag one's  
attention Like colorful streetlights.

Wild beasts used to live in the thick woods  
– It is hard to believe now.

And the birds used to wake up the surrounding area.  
This valley was my friend.

Right in the middle there was a rapid river.  
The valley was magical, it could speak.

I used to get here on a horse.  
My steed would speed his rapid run.

The time to get here  
Was equal to the time of cooking food.

The wonderful valley was luring –  
It possessed something unusual.

The snow mountain peaks were like lace ornaments.  
The mountains were like lined up guards.

The glacier on top was shining brightly  
Calling and luring with its glow.

And the blue sky was gorgeous...  
The horizon was seen as a clear line.

The sky was clear of clouds – it mesmerized the  
eyes. I was always happy to return here.

A spring was inviting with the murmur of  
water. I used to stand still near it in silence.

It was like a holiday for me –  
The spring would sing me different songs.

First, it would start with a sad song –  
It would wake up and stir emotions.

Then it would sing a merry song  
And touch the strings of my soul.

Here I would calm my soul down –  
I would feel better here.

I would forget all insults and offences –  
My heart and soul would rest well in the valley.

I used to wander in the high mountains  
To look around from the top.



I used to pick up green rhubarb  
And wander as if intoxicated.

Sometimes I was lucky and at such moments  
I would hear the mountain *ulars*<sup>1</sup> chant.

The nature would fill my soul with happiness –  
I was thrilled, fully under its power.

The nature would feed me with its healing spirit  
Giving me its power and might.

Then I would return back to the world of people,  
And the string of regular days would follow.

I would sing my dastan with new energy,  
Already healed from the wounds of my soul.

I have brought you here with a purpose.  
Your soul will find inspiration here for certain.

A tired soul would find its wings here,  
It would calm down and fly and soar again.

I must confess that there was time,  
When I did not appreciate the nature – the seed of the Divine.

I underestimated its might and power.  
I repent now – it was so long ago!

I forgot that as a temporary guest  
I would leave it all behind for the Universe.

But all my memories are in the past –  
They now serve as a reminder.

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<sup>1</sup> *Ular* [u'la:r] is a mountain turkey. It is extremely cautious and avoids people.

And only now, unfortunately,  
I feel nostalgic and pine for it.

I am showing you this as my gift for a reason  
– This magical area with crystal water.

I want you to reinvigorate your spirit and get stronger. I  
pulled you out of the scorching heat of the mundane.

This is for one. For two –  
You will appreciate life as long as you live.

You must be ready for anything.  
I keep repeating it to you over and over again.

If somebody takes his life at his will,  
He just closes his path himself.

The worth of such a spineless person  
Is equal to the worth of a spit, no more.

My dear, keep up your head, cheer up!  
Get fearless and brave!

And fulfill your promise.  
It is time to say good-bye now.

It is high time that I leave you –  
You have a news from a Girl-Ray.

She will lift up the veil of mystery  
And tell you about miraculous phenomena.

The Girl-Ray is from the Star of Childhood  
– Please, greet her with a smile.

...The beam *Nurshoola* started diluting in space until it completely disappeared. The silhouette of Jaisan-ata became invisible. A different shaft of light appeared. It was iridescent. From within this shaft of light there began to emerge a woman with a slender waist. She had huge eyes. Somehow these big eyes did not seem to fit her fragile body. She had an iridescent shine with radiating rays around her. Her voice was piercingly loud, as if she was a spoiled child. She was rocking and standing far above me. The girl began to transfer the needed information to me. We had a very long conversation. I fully realized that the meeting was very important for me. I was receiving the knowledge from the treatise “Vaidurya-onbo”, which is 1,283 pages long and does not contain the legend or key to decode it. I was informed that I am not allowed to share the information received – it cannot be made public.

Clearly, I must have been carried away by that meeting, because the information was extremely valuable and I stayed too long. I came to reality from an acute pain in my hand. I found myself in an unknown place between two strangers. They reeked of alcohol. One of them twisted my arm, whereas the other one was looking at me with a spiteful smile and eyes squinted. My body shrugged and, having fully come to my senses, I said: “What do you need, my dears? I do not have anything but a notebook and a pen, and clearly they are of no use to you.” The man who twisted my arm said dreadful words, which infuriated me. I was outraged. No longer keeping myself, I gave him a big, loud slap in the face and pushed him off. Then I felt that I was hanging above the ground. And the two men were also lifted above the ground and then fell down loudly. I cannot say for sure how long I was hanging in space, an instant or several minutes? But, when I came back to reality again, I was standing on the bridge over river Jumgal and looking at the water. Once again, I got a strong desire to part with this world fraught with vile passions...

When I thought of my children, who were in our temporary dwelling, I regained myself. Suddenly I felt totally exhausted. I held my bag tight to my chest and began to walk back home chin down. When I approached our dwelling, I turned to the boiler-room and suddenly I saw myself hanging on the bare branch of a tree. I was drawn there,

but somebody's hand softly, yet insistently took me by the shoulder and turned me back towards the yard. Yielding to this invisible, but distinctly felt force, I entered the yard and the gates opened in front of me by themselves. I straightened up and quietly opened the door of the room, where my children were sleeping carelessly. I walked behind the curtain and lied down with my clothes on. Soundless sobbing was tormenting my heart...

I did not want to see anybody. When *agai* came, I did not utter a word. Since then and till today – December 28 – I did not even look at the manuscript. During this period, we moved into the new 1-bedroom apartment bought to us by Erkinbek. It was on the ground floor of the entrance where *agai* lived.

I had Gulmira, who lives in Balykchy, over for treatment. She and her husband Kalmat helped me move all my belongings. Gulmira said to me: “*Eje*, I want you to make it easier for you. We will take your daughter Nurgul and her family with us and we will find her a job.” Nurgul's family left with Gulmira and Kalmat. I was very grateful to Erkinbek and, very happy, I was waiting for the day of our meeting with Jaisan-ata.

At the appointed time, I left home and walked away far from the village. *Nurshoola* did not come down low as usually. Through color and changing hues Jaisan-ata started transferring information. I was hastily making records in my notebook. The connection was over and I had nothing to do but go back. The winter in Jumgal is severe and now was the time, when a spit turns into ice before it reaches the ground. My arms and legs felt like glass from the long walk in the cold weather. I could hardly move my stiff, clumsy extremities. We had a power out-age on our street, as the lights went out. I took off my *maasy* [ma:a:'si:] (leather boots) and, having located a chair by touch, sat down. Complete darkness. Then I heard the noise of cars stop by our building. People that got out of the cars were pointing their flashlights in the direction of the hills. That is exactly where I just came from. When the light was back again, I looked at the characters in my notebook. There was almost nothing written in the notebook, just a very few records. Also, I saw a record “3.46 am”. I was surprised. The connection ses-

sion with Jaisan-ata finished around midnight. So, what is this sign? Why is this time shown? I looked at my watch. It was 3.51 am. Since I had returned home about 10 minutes ago, it might mean the time when I should have gotten home. I got pensive. Then I got to the decoding of the characters.

**28.12.1995      8th lunar day      360      0**

My dear, we have not time for conversations –  
You are being violently hunted.

You are of interest, you are being watched –  
Some bad intentions are brewing for you.

They made their calculations  
And they know the location of the stars.

They are aware of our meeting tonight –  
You are bothering them, you are out of their favor.  
They will be waiting for you –  
Some envious, greedy people.

Your bitter enemy is leading them –  
Your undertaking makes him fearful.

I know how you were preparing for our meeting,  
But tonight your path is marked by misfortune.

I know that you have got a lot to tell me,  
But you must return home, please, hurry up.

I am aware that you have many questions and  
How you rushed to come to our meeting.

Your well-being is above all now,  
So we can avoid any accidents.

Please, rush back home. I have a foreboding –  
My premonition makes me very worried.

If you return before 3.46 am,  
You will avoid the traps of the enemy.

From now on, we will meet once a month.  
On Thursdays in full moon. Make the calculations.

If I were late tonight,  
I would give the enemies a chance.

To save and protect you tonight  
I had to neglect a lot.

I had to use and rely on the capabilities of a different  
dimension In order to avoid the unforeseen complications.

And I got to manage to beat the time  
And warn you just in time.

Please, hurry up – you have not time to waste.  
It is extremely dangerous to stay any longer tonight.

I am happy that I made it in time  
And let you know the right decision as a consolation.

Please, make haste now to return home –  
May Higher Forces protect you!

### **43 3 46**

...Having decoded these words of Jaisan-ata, I re-read them two-three more times in discontent. Only when I double-checked there were no other records, the meaning of the ready lines dragged my attention. I understood what Jaisan-ata meant to say. That very moment, I heard

the cars start and drive away. I thought that if somebody was following me, it must have been the people in those cars. So, no wonder Jai-san-ata warned me to return before 3.46 am. After the danger was past, I got goose bumps. I was truly scared to death.

**04.01.1996      15<sup>th</sup> lunar day**

**0**

Since the time Jaisan-ata and I did not get to meet, I was receiving information only through the colors of the light, so I could hardly wait for tonight. I lighted up the candles and was about to leave, when Shakin-agai came suddenly and said the health of his mother, who had been in bed for a long time, seems to worsen. I gave Quran to *agai* and told him: “Put this holy book under your mother’s pillow and keep it there till *mol*do [mɒl’dɔ] (mullah) comes. Please, take no offence. I really have to leave now.” Then I hit the road.

I was walking across the hill for a while till the beam *Nurshoola* came down. I have followed Jaisan-ata. I am not sure what he wanted to tell me this time, but I had quite a bit of news for him. Most of all, I wanted to share with him the good news that the *akim* of our district bought me an apartment. I had meant to tell this last time, but could not, since we did not meet. Also, I wanted to tell him that Shakin agai had asked painter Yrysbek [Ris’pek] to draw a portrait of Jaisan-ata based on my description. Even though the portrait was not very close to the original, there was still some resemblance. All my thoughts were only about this. I did not even notice how we reached our usual place. I heard the voice of Jaisan-ata. We were standing on the hill, on which we usually sat before.

My dear, I warned you before.  
And I have protected you as I could.

We have specific days for meetings –  
They are convenient for me.

You do not sense the danger, you do not expect it.  
You keep playing with fire.

You star has another one in a stand-off –  
That one is from the Dark and evil Forces.

You neglect my advice –  
My requests and prayers are all in vain.

We have made an agreement –  
A mutually agreed solution.

And that agreement was  
A reasonable, joint decision.

So, why do you still subject yourself to  
risk? A trouble is crouching in...

You are unaware, you don't know anything.  
My daughter, you do not understand.

My dear, I worry for you.  
I will not find peace until you listen to me.

Your heart is full of unnecessary  
resentment, I am upset at your gloomy look.

The recent days were very dangerous.  
You are walking on the sharp edge.

I want you to live longer,  
So you can see more joy in life.

Please, do not exclude prudence.  
You must be vigilant now.

I am ready to meet you near your home  
– We must protect you from misfortune.



You just need to calculate the time precisely And  
determine the dates of our meetings exactly.

And after our meetings I will bring you back  
And then personally see you off to your home.

And when I see that you are safe,  
That the trouble is gone,

And that you have safely reached your home,  
And that nothing bad has happened to you,

Then I will sigh with relief and  
Return to the bottomless Universe.

Last time, during your meeting with the Girl-Ray, A  
trouble was hanging over you like a sharp sword.

You had a long, slow conversation –  
Your soul was overjoyed.

You have prolonged the time of the  
meeting. Misfortune came down invisibly.

And that is why you got into the incident  
And almost fell victim of rapists.

You were governed by fury and anger  
– You were like an outraged lion.

You pushed the rascals aside –  
They could hardly move in horror.

They encountered a mystical power –  
They were practically motionless.

And then they took flight –  
They learned a terrifying lesson.

The Girl-Ray told me about the trouble  
– And I rushed to you.

She was sorry that she had kept you  
longer And expressed her repentance.

I arrived with a bit of delay  
And did not get to see the loathsome scoundrels.

And you looked very offended  
Driven by despair.

Trust me, I felt it clearly then,  
When I was looking at you with tenderness and care.

My heart ached like when I was alive –  
I felt the coldness of powerlessness.

At that moment, you did not want to see anybody  
And did not want to understand anything.

Resentment and anger held you in their vise –  
Anybody would be intimidated by your fury.

You were under the influence of bad thoughts  
– The Dark Forces were hanging over you.

You wanted to commit to something unreasonable.  
It seemed that you were insane at that moment.

You scared me for real –  
I had to prevent the awful action.

I prayed and I asked Almighty  
For you not to do anything crazy.

And I took your actions under control  
And managing you soothed your pain.

And I turned your thoughts to the right direction  
And your path back was full of light.

I helped you get back home all right.  
My dear, I did all I could that night.

I was sending light into your soul,  
So you would listen to your mind.

I did not have any more abilities –  
I could not override your will.

I can still see the bruises on your arms –  
Resentment and bitterness are still strong in your heart.

Forget that disgusting accident,  
Forget the insolent scums!

My intentions for you are pure –  
Your soul is entrusted to me.

My attitude to you is clean like milk .  
You are to serve the people just like me.

Forget the sad mishap –  
Fend off the dark clouds in your soul!

My dear, my heart is aching as if alive.  
I will not hide from you – my soul's in anguish.

But, please, accept the warning –  
You will face Dark Forces on your path a lot.

You will encounter villains of different colors,  
And their intentions will be filthy and mean.

Always stay prudent –  
Distinguish the false in life.

Higher Forces protect you,  
But you must be vigilant too.

Almighty saves those who make efforts to save  
themselves We must always remember that.

...When Jaisan-ata said that, I remembered everything again: the last offence. I was tormented. It seemed I would be unable to forgive Shakin-agai for it. In tears, I told him about that scary incident, when I encountered those scoundrels. In a cold voice, *agai* just said: “Why are you worried about it so much? Tears never help – why don’t you turn to militia?” Oh, my Tengir! There are already enough rumors about me, and they are stemming from those who have nothing else to do! Or does *agai* want people to start speaking about me with a gloating delight: “So she deserves! The woman who left her home in her mature age.” Since that moment I did not want to see *agai* at all. Jaisan-ata has read my thoughts. He got it immediately and said:

My dear, overcome your resentment towards *Sharypkul*  
– I feel some coldness in your relationship.

Straighten out your communication  
And come to a reasonable solution.

There has been a split between you –  
Many mutual offences, each one is angry.

Do you remember you told me about him  
That he possesses the power of words,

That you respect him endlessly,  
That he is the chosen one among regular people,

That you can share the innermost with him, and  
That you are always frank with him?

Will all of these will be nullified and void?  
Hold yourself with uttermost politeness.

Learn to control your emotions.  
Your mind must accompany them.

Bridle your emotions.  
Appreciate the interpersonal relations.

And not long ago you trusted him –  
You felt the connection.

You would look at him and you could read him  
– You felt, for examples, that he was upset.

You could tell how he felt immediately.  
You treated and healed him using your knowledge

And you had the mutual understanding,  
Which is a strong foundation for work.

But since recently  
Your great friendship has been missing.

And you feel offended by him a lot – Your  
relationship is not strong any more.

You have lost any interest in his well-being –  
While he is prone to ailments.

I am afraid – his health is weak –  
I cannot convey everything in words.

Who knows, when we lose him,  
Won't you repent and remorse?  
And then it will be uneasy for you.  
Your conscience will blame and eat you up

You both have made a lot of efforts –  
The circumstances were not kind to you.

You both have covered so much ground –  
You have laid a solid foundation!

If I were to express it as a metaphor,  
I would say the sprouts have germinated from the seed.

You have erected the walls of the fortress –  
And now you want to demolish it due to some nonsense?

My daughter, do not take offence in the bitter words.  
The call of reason should prevail over emotions.

Correct the shortcomings of your character –  
It is capricious like child's.

...The voice of Jaisan-ata stopped for a moment, as if waiting for my response. I thought: "Yes, in order to keep the stronghold built of the poems, I promise to forget all offences and insults and to forgive Shakin-agai." Then Jaisan-ata continued:

If somebody tried to draw my portrait,  
I commend him for the effort – I know how difficult it must be.

And such work is not an easy one,  
But it will count well for him.

He is worried whether I will like it?  
He shouldn't. He is already on top of it.

The work is moving and he is trying hard.  
The most important thing is that he likes his work.

You also drew in the moonlight,  
Is it the same during the day?

Look at me now,  
Then compare what you saw with the portrait.

You will be able to tell  
Whether it is close enough.

...In the notebook, where I record the characters of the Universe, I sketched out the image of Jaisan-ata. The father told me himself to look and compare it with the portrait drawn by Yrysbek. Just as the father, I had one worrying question: "How will the image drawn in moonlight look like in the sun?" Also, I thought that it would be nice if I found an artist who not only would draw a portrait of Jaisan-ata, but also immortalize his image in stone.

My dear, everything has its right time.  
The most important thing is to plant the seeds.

At the right hour, there will be a monument,  
There will be speeches and flowers.

What has been done and is being done is sufficient for now.  
Do you remember that I had patiently waited for centuries?

And the artist who is doing his best  
Was driven by the idea in his high inspiration.

The fate will generously reward him for his work.  
The time is the best judge.

My dear, you have settled down in your new home.  
You look renewed.

Another Gordian knot is cut –  
The demands of the mundane world are less tight now.

Now you need to work double tides –  
The period of suffering is behind.

Now must earn your respect through hard labor.  
This work is like a battle..

Cleave the barriers on your way with a sword.  
We must be victorious – we must reach our goal!

Convey the word of my dastan to the nation.  
You will be rewarded when the time comes.

...There was silence. He kept silence for a while, looked around,  
then continued gesticulating with his hand:

Look around intently...  
Is this familiar? Remember it well.

I will show around in detail,  
Then I will tell and explain everything.

Turn around and look at the road behind us –  
That is how we came here.



Look at the stone that sticks out from the ground...  
Lonely it is standing in the dust...

All of these will be helpful for you later.  
The time will come for us to talk through that.

Try to pay attention to everything.  
Look as long as needed, try to memorize and remember thoroughly.

One day you will find this place in reality  
And remember the entire area at once.

And now I will continue my story.  
Write it down without any rush.

*(After this meditation, I wrote down the lines of the dastan)*

## CHAPTER ELEVEN –

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### THE LITTLE PRINCE

01.02.1996

13<sup>th</sup> lunar day

0

About a month has passed since our last meditation. I have been observing all necessary conditions of the meetings. I have kept in mind what Jaisan-ata said about the need to wait for the full moon. I could hardly wait. Today is the 13<sup>th</sup> lunar day. Till the evening I have been in doubt unable to decide whether it is worth trying tonight or still better wait for the full moon. No matter what, today is Thursday. I prepared a *tokoch*, lighted up the candles, read a prayer dedicated to Jaisan-ata, and went outside. It was almost already past 10 pm. The sky was clear. It was warm. I could not control my feelings. I wanted to walk across the slope, but I walked along the *aryk*, which was dug in the middle of the swamp of Shorton splitting it in two parts. I was heading towards the canal. I was happy like a child that I was the first to leave footprints on the snow surface of the icy ground. I even laughed to myself.

The sky was so clear, not a single cloud. The bright stars were crisp on the dark canvas of the sky. In admiration, I was savoring the night sky. Thus, I did not even notice how I reached the turn of the *aryk* that was connected with the other side of the canal.

I turned around sharply. I saw a 5 or 6 year old boy playing on the ice. I was not scared, not even surprised. The kid was in the snow-white snow suit. I still remember his big, beautiful eyes. There was an old leatherette folder on the ice. The kid was playing with triangle-shaped pieces of ice, putting them together on top of the folder. Suddenly I was covered by the wave of such a warm and tender emotion towards the boy that I wanted to hug him. Overwhelmed by tenderness, I bended forward towards the kid and took him by the hand. The boy gave me a friendly smile and stretched out his hand with something in it to me. In

his other hand, he was holding something that looked like a bunch of ...white bird feathers with dried stalks of cane and wormwood. Such warmth arose in my heart that, giving in to my outburst of tenderness, I lifted up the boy, who was full of light. He was radiating the vibes of affection for him. I hugged him dearly and felt something unusual. The kid was absolutely weightless. His radiant, wide smile lighted up his beautiful face. The huge eyes were looking at me. But something else was unusual. All of his body, except for his face, was absolutely motionless. It is difficult to explain exactly what I felt, but I am certain that I got scared a lot. It felt that in my gut, in the area of my navel, something turned around. I put the kid back down on the ground and asked him: “Are you the Little Prince of de Saint-Exupery?” Just as before, without saying a word, he looked at me with a smile. I took his hand and we walked forward and back. I put his gift – the feathers –into the snow at the bank of the *aryk*. Looking at it, I thought: “If tomorrow these feathers are still here, I will know for sure that I met this extraor-dinary smiling kid for real.”

I did not even notice that after a while I began to separate away from my boy. I remember that a dark, red-brownish ray came down and covered by the light of this ray I began to move somewhere.

The sounds of an annoying strumming melody were cutting the ear. I got sick and then I had a sensation as if I was falling down into a viscous abyss. When I opened my eyes, I realized that I was lying on the ground while Jaisan-ata is standing near me clearly upset. What happened? I did not understand anything. I looked around – it was not a familiar place. I was surprised that there was no snow around me. I started guessing what area and place I was in. I recalled the big eyes ra-diating light. Unusual eyes for a child, these were smart eyes. I calmed down. But the upset voice of Jaisan-ata cut me short:

My dear, you do not listen to my words.  
You always keep doing as you will.

You ignore the warnings.  
I am afraid I won't be able to make it in time to prevent it.

You have your own rules and terms.  
How many times did you give me your word?

Do not seek linkage without a signal.  
Be patient for just bit!

*Nurshoola* will direct you with its light,  
Then you can meet with me.

I know very well that you are impatiently waiting,  
That you are looking for my signs and omens everywhere.

And if there is a delay,  
You keep looking for me wandering around.

You must know, there is a different dimension  
here. Just mere moments are not enough for me.

I do not waste days and years as on earth –  
In the different world all is different.

It is hard to explain, it is impossible to comprehend.  
In your world a lot of things are possible.

Everything is different in this dimension –  
It is perceived from a different angle.

If I were late for a moment tonight,  
Something irreparable would have shifted.

It is a miracle that you have avoided the traps of Dark Forces  
– We would have suffered big losses in that battle.

It will be their element for several months –  
Dark Forces will be at work for a while.

During this period, do not seek linkage –  
You must wait it out for the time of Forces of Light.

...After a while, Jaisan-ata continued. This time his voice  
sounded warmer. He calmed down a bit:

You suffer from your thoughts yourself.  
You don't know where the beginning and the end.

Your mind cannot hold all of your questions.  
Out of place – all the more difficult for me.

And you are not at peace with yourself.  
I see some sort of discord in your soul.

I see the tears on your cheeks.  
Inside you seem like burned by fire.

And you often took offence with me  
Instilling unhappiness in my soul.

Tonight you are in high spirits –  
Your head is up high.

You face is happily glowing.  
And you are overjoyed in your heart.

Your thoughts are in perfect order,  
And you are full of light.

Hence, you must have realized something –  
You must have understood the secret of the futility of the mundane.

And you are full of determination –  
You are fighting against intolerance.

And your self-confidence has grown,  
You have managed to figure out a lot within your soul.

Hence, my efforts were not in vain –  
I have thoroughly taught you for eight months.

I have initiated you to the secret knowledge –  
You have passed the “baptism of fire”.

The entrance is open only to the chosen ones –  
Only the marked ones can enter.

And you have shown your diligence  
Despite your resentment with my formidable instructions.

You have learned your lessons very well  
During this short period of time.

And the conclusion will not be futile –  
Everything will become clear and sharp.

Hence, it will be much easier for us.  
The burden on our shoulders has got lighter.

And it will also be easier for *Sharypkul*.  
The three of us together will complete the work to the end.

The seeds have been planted – the harvest will ripen,  
The seed of knowledge will germinate and sprout.

...The meaning of his words was not getting to me. I stared at Jaisan-ata. A harvest? A seed? What is he talking about?

What positive result the three of us need to get? What conclusion should I derive? My-my, I am clueless what knowledge he is talking about. What exactly am I doing? If before my meeting with Jaisan-ata I usually entered a meditation with the purpose of obtaining useful in-

formation for my healing practice, namely: what medicinal plants and herbs should be used to treat this or that illness; what is the right quantity; in what form it should be taken and what remedy a specific patient needs, - now I am entering a meditation only to receive some poetic lines of the *dastan* from Jaisan-ata. I perceive the received lines as a remedy for Shakin-agai, for his healing. I consider the lines of the *das-tan* to be a prescription for treating *agai's* illness. If Jaisan-ata benefits from the *dastan*, while Shakin-agai get cured of his illness, does it mean that I will also benefit or what?

In response to my chaotic thoughts, Jaisan-ata tried to answer like a strict, displeased teacher to the pupil at fault.

My dear, imagine a master-archer  
Who believes that everything will be fine.

He is only thinking of the target.  
He is very determined,

Although the target is hardly seen.  
But the archer is an expert and he is very accurate.

He is confident in himself and in his target.  
He is a true master and he has a clear intention.

If he does anything wrong,  
He will fail miserably.

If he under- or overpulls the bow string –  
The target will get unattainable.

If he aims imprecisely,  
He will not hit the bull's eye.

If his hand shakes,  
He will miss the target.

If he shows hesitation,  
The target will no longer be real.

The target will remain as a distant dream.  
He will have to make do with just its fragments.

An arrow has no value without the bow.  
It is only an empty sound without it.

Similarly useless is the bow string without the arrow  
– It is a mere good-looking towing line.

Nothing is valuable in the hands of the masterful  
archer, ' When it is just as a separate part.

My dear, I provide this metaphor in detail.  
Guess it. The situation is very similar.

We make up a single whole.  
We are together in our audacious undertaking.

That is why here is what I have to tell you both  
– May there be no holes in our boat!

Both of you are equally significant for me.  
We have started a Great Undertaking.

And in order for us to hit the target  
We must make a reasonable decision.

We must have a mutual understanding –  
Mutual respect and diligence in our work.

There must be harmony among us  
To ensure the flame behind our undertaking does not put out.



My daughter, be above your resentment.  
Do not show your discontent.

There should no distrust –  
You have been entrusted a great responsibility.

There must be support – it is imperative!  
Let's be attentive to each other!

When we have overcome resentment and troubles,  
Only then the victory will be ours!

Let me continue my story further –  
We will go deep into the past.

...I suddenly checked myself. I really wanted to share my good news, but I totally forgot about it. In a hurry, I jabbered: “That guy – the painter by the name of Yrysbek – he brought me one of his portraits. He drew one that resembles you. He tried hard.”

My dear, you have shared a good news –  
The intention of the artist has come true.

Are you saying that his drawing  
Very clearly depicts and reflects my image?

And even though it has taken him long,  
Yrysbek has kept trying and reached success.

I give him my blessing from the bottom of my heart  
And wish him success in all of his initiatives!

When the time comes, he will be known  
For his work and rewarded for his diligence.

I am wishing him health and happiness, luck and good fortune! May Yrysbek be blessed!

My dear, go back home.

You are tired. You encountered Dark Forces again.

Next time come at midnight.

I will meet you near your home – do not go far.

...The beam *Nurshoola* was moving farther and farther away until it fully disappeared. Jaisan-ata too evaporated and became invisible.

I was looking around. I identified the place where I was. I realized that I was standing in the garden on the bank of the canal. My familiar kid was standing near me. I cannot say how happy I was to see him. Oh my, if only the boy could go with me to my home! It would have been a miracle! Excited at this thought, I stretched out my hand to the beautiful child, but he started moving away from me just like the rainbow slowly disappears after rain. Soon he completely vanished and I could not find him. I was standing long after that, still, looking at the top of the mountain. A dawn was nearing. Silhouettes of people began to appear in the street. I headed back home, but I was constantly looking around: what if I see the boy again? I came home, took off my coat and warmed up recollecting everything that happened to me. But I was always coming back to the episode with the bunch of feathers. So, I went again along the *aryk* to the place where I had met that beautiful child. There I saw the footprints of my galoshes and the small footprints of the kid in the snow. If I still was in doubt about whether I indeed met with the wonderful boy for real or not, the footprints dispelled all of my doubts. The feathers in the snow were another proof that everything had taken place for real. I was stunned. With delight, I was looking at the “toys” of the kid – the fragments of the pieces of ice on the leatherette folder. The crystal pieces of ice were sparkling in the rising sun. It was a mesmerizing scene! I was standing there charmed by the beauty of it. After a while, I decided to move on. I have collected all feathers and returned home. When *agai* came to have his bandage changed, I told him about

what had happened to me during the night. I read disbelief in his eyes. So, I said to him: “Agai, come with me and you will see my footprints and the footprints of that boy.” Agai agreed. We walked following the footprints from my galoshes along the edge of the crevice. At last, when we came there and *agai* saw for himself the truthfulness of my story, he exclaimed: “Oh, God! It is amazing!” He was not hiding his sincere astonishment and could not shift his eyes from the footprints in the snow. And as always, he started asking multiple questions to clarify my every single word and thoroughly explore everything I told him. He asked me: “What is this character written in the snow?” I answered that those were the characters of the night time, the degree coordinates of the transitory dimension and that I cannot say anything else about the rest beyond what I have just vocalized. *Agai* started persuading me to hide nothing from him, that all of must be provided to scientists. I knew for sure that I would be unable to either convince or explain to any one of my contemporaries who feel they are Tengir themselves without recognizing Tengir’s very existence. Let alone prove anything ... I have no right not only to reveal anything, but even to knock the door of the Universe, because it should not be opened. That is the reason why, whenever *agai* asks me about things that are not subject to explanation and about which I am not allowed to say anything, my only response is: “How can I talk about what I don’t know?”

Today I was ready to meet with Jaisan-ata again. At 11 pm, I went outside. While I was talking, it passed past midnight and *Nurshoola* came down, but I was not far away from the village. I heard the dear voice of Jaisan-ata:

My dear, I see joy on your face –  
What kind of power helped you here?

As if you never knew sorrow –  
My daughter, what has happened to you?

I know the reason – it is the kid!  
This child has brought you so much joy!

Just as a six-year year-old he's full of trust –  
He brought a bright holiday to your grey world.

His souls is clear like crystal water –  
His thoughts are like snow on the far-away mountain peaks.

It is impossible to hide the pure soul of a child –  
There is no way to conceal it from the eyes.

Such soul radiates light –  
It leaves a trace when encountered.

During the night, he was playing alone in the  
snow. And he was fully into his play.

His carelessness endeared you.  
He touched your heart and you got full with joy.

You called him the Little Prince.  
You dashed to the kid and gave him a hug.

And you were holding him in your arms.  
My daughter, this is remarkable!

The gloomy vibes in your soul are gone.  
You clasped him to your heart and he became its part.

And you forgot all the worries.  
It seemed to you that there were only the two of you in the world.

You were spinning together holding each other.  
It is splendid! You made friends with the boy.

This fact proves that you love children,  
That you are attached to them and care for them.

You are ready to give your life for them.  
And you will act like a true mother.

I had known about your qualities before,  
But completely forgot about them.

You were very close to a break-down  
– I did not expect the spiritual growth.

Well, I am also prone to errors.  
That I confess now.

But the fate made us meet,  
When you left the village alone.

You were asking for an infertile  
mother Selflessly praying for her.

You have been deep into dealing with  
routine. So I decided to make you a surprise.

The mundane vanity is getting at you –  
And you let the unnecessary burden in your heart.

I had asked the Little Prince  
To distract you and give you more energy.

And he brilliantly managed this task.  
You were pleasantly puzzled.

And then you gave in to his play.  
And then you relaxed thanks to the wonderful kid.

Also, I had known that you would come earlier.  
Thereby I had you distracted just in case.

Otherwise, you could have gotten in the traps  
– Dark Forces often interfere to make harm.

And to ensure this does not happen,  
I set up a convenient situation.

And before my arrival the boy  
Caused awe and tender emotions in you.

He would have been your guard,  
If anything weird had happened.

And having played with him, you got distracted  
And fell under the power of his charms.

Both of you got deep into your play.  
And the Dark Forces set up a roundup for you.

You did not notice a crawling darkness  
– It was very dangerous indeed.

You were attracted to it by the unknown force. A  
little more and the darkness would have won.

Carried away, you approached their environment –  
A tidbit more and the trouble would have hit you.

They arrived from the constellation of Scorpio.  
You almost entered their dangerous zone

They would have taken you with  
them Driven by fury and malice.

A ray with bad intentions  
Was sent from a different dimension.

Now I will not conceal it from you –  
Poison was ready for you both.

And I made it to you just in time.  
I was hurrying and made it just under the wire.

And only a miracle saved both of you.  
The evil missed its target for nothing.

I pulled you out of the strong paws of trouble.  
Only your footsteps stayed in the snow...

It is scary to think of what could have happened –  
Irreparable! The evil would have embraced us.

First, they would have taken away your *Nurshoola*, But  
that would not have been enough for the darkness.

Then they would set up a trap for me –  
I would have been poisoned thereafter.

My dear, please, learn your lesson from this event  
– What if next time they get successful?

Come to the meeting only at the right hour.  
Then there will be no imminent danger.

And here is another warning for you.  
I am telling you this far in advance.

When you come back home,  
You will have difficulties.

Even though you will be trying hard,  
The decoding will be unsuccessful.

You will be unable to comprehend the meaning  
Because of your adventure tonight.

You made the invisible contact with them  
And they had their negative impact on you.

You were in the distant dimension,  
You are emaciated, the life juices are depleted.

But most importantly, your life is safe –  
It is my fault I did not make it in time.

...I am following Jaisan-ata and I am covered by the light of his *Nurshoola*. A long time passed before we saw the top of Tal-Choku. On its summit, there was Manas-ata looking in his spyglass. Leaning onto the rock-stronghold, Manas-ata was attentively observing the actions of his troops on the battlefield. This time I could see him clearer than before. And the first thing that leaped to the eye was his height – he was very tall. I could not distinguish the color of his eyes. The bee-tling, thick eyebrows prevented me from seeing his eyes more clearly. Also, there was sort of a shroud in front of me, which could be why I was unable to see him clearer yet. Or perhaps I just did not dare to look him straight in the eyes. I am not sure now. Bottom line is I could not distinguish that well. He had a straight nose, conspicuous cheekbones, and the upper lip a bit thicker than the lower lip. He had a thick beard. It occurred to me that Manas-ata looked differently compared to his present day descendants. His face reminded me of the faces of ancient Greeks, whose images I once saw on the pictures. He had a majestic and athletic stature – wide shoulders were particularly eye-catching.

And again I saw the scenes of the bloodshed: droves of corpses on the field and the strong, unpleasant smell of the blood. And then I saw *dastanchy-akyns* sitting in different places and narrating in a singing voice the bloody scene of the Great Campaign. Many-many warriors – they are all fighting the enemy to death. Noise – clanking of metal, the sounds of swords meeting the shields, bangs of spears, multiple



heartbreaking screams, and abrupt voices of the *akyns* singing of the great feats of arms of Aikol Manas' knights. And amid such noise and various voices, I hear the mellow and sad voice of Jaisan-ata...

*After this meditation, I wrote down the lines of the dastan.*

## CHAPTER TWELVE

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29.02.1996

12<sup>th</sup> lunar day

15 1 01

Today is the twenty-ninth of February, the twelfth lunar day. Nevertheless, I took the risk and walked outside in order to meet with Jaisan-ata. The winter runs its element – severe frost. Marching quick-ly, I walked away from the village heading towards the mountain slope. Having crossed it, I reached the appointed place via a different, untrod-den path. I lighted up the candles. I was looking at them, at the mes-merizing fire. When the candles were about to go out, the beam *Nur-shoola* came down and I heard the warm and dear voice of Jaisan-ata:

My dear, you do not look good.

Is there something bothering you in your world?

You have lost weight. What is taking away your peace?

Perhaps you are sick?

Despite those reasons,

You have overcome the sorrow in your soul

And hit the road into a snowy night.

When the moon's eye is shining bright.

Without any fear in such a weather

You have chosen a different path.

You firmly walked along the path –

I admire your bravery!

You are very brave overall –

You are not afraid to be alone at night.

You are not scared of difficulties.  
If there is a noble goal ahead.

And now do not turn around, keep moving forward  
– The courageous ones always find success!

The bravest fish in the water  
Can challenge their fate.

They can swim against the current  
Displaying agility and strength.

Boldness is the path of the strong,  
Risk is the driver of great deeds.

And if they can swim with the current,  
Strictly staying the course.

They can swim without fatigue  
For very vast distances.

And they do not fear huge waves,  
Nor blood-thirsty predators.

Their life is always in motion,  
They are blissful in action.

They only fear the calm –  
It can take away their confidence.

When the calm reigns above the water,  
They are like drowsy in their own environment.

They get startled and frightened  
From the stone that falls in the water.

And the ripples from the stone  
Instill deep concerns in them.

Pay attention to my metaphor here –  
It contains a deep meaning in it.

You are afraid of the well-balanced life  
– You have tested it many times.

A calm life is not for you –  
The fate has given you a decent challenge.

May the wind howl and a hurricane  
blow, May the snowstorms rage around,

But you should always stay alert!  
There are many troubles on your way.

Do not even blink holding up your chest,  
Do not bend and continue your way!

My dear, there will be strange arguments,  
Misunderstanding, sneers and quarrels.

And you will yet cry many-many  
tears And endure a lot of sorrows.

But through all that you must remain hard like  
rock And not subdue to the intrigues of evil.

Do not engage in arguments.  
Remember our agreement.

We shook hands to each other.  
You must have support, when it is hard.

Remember the mountain *Mademil*<sup>1</sup> very clearly  
– You wanted to take your life.

You wanted to leap down from the rock  
And fearlessly stepped down into abyss.

I must confess I wanted to test you  
Whether I could entrust the precious burden to you?

Would you follow it through to completion? Would  
you achieve success and accomplishment?

Would your shoulders manage to bear the burden?  
And I was descending down for our meeting.

But you were full of determination  
And loyal to your promise.

You really longed for our meeting not matter  
what And persistently carried on.

You were walking away from the village farther and farther.  
There was not a drop of pretense in you at that moment.

And you climbed up to the top of the mountain,  
Having made a difficult and long way.

When it dawned on you that all was in vain,  
Then you were only looking down at the abyss below.

And to prove and pay your debt to the conscience  
You decided to dash into the yawning chasm.

And clasping your bag tight  
You held it with both hands.

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<sup>1</sup> *Mademil* [MΛde'mil] the name of the mountain.

You keep your precious records in it...  
You only had to make one very last step...

The downpour was slapping you in the face – You  
were alone among the rocks and mountains.

The mute witnesses were watching –  
Your eyes were wandering mad.

The water was flowing down from your face in streams  
– Either from tears or from the rain.

Then I could no longer hold myself.  
I dashed to you and barely saved you.

And you did step into the darkness of the chasm. I  
made it just in time to block your way to death..

By miracle I saved you at that moment –  
That decision exuded a deathly coldness.

I waited for when you would calm down your mind – And I  
myself got deep into the whirlwind of my thoughts.

I led an argument inside contrary to the fate...  
You were struggling. You did not hide your reproach.

I was standing and listening to you in silence.  
You were panting from your own words.

And the tears were running and could not stop, You  
were saying something in haste and anguish...

I listened to everything that you said,  
I was trying to understand your goals and your dreams.

In silence, I reflected on the outcome of all of our meetings  
Did my long wait give me what I needed?

And the conclusion came –I decided  
To cast away the unnecessary doubts.

The suffering was unbearable –  
I understood a lot during that winter night.

And when you came back to your senses,  
I asked you directly and strictly

Whether you will manage to carry this burden,  
Whether the dastan will be too heavy a load.

The burden so unbelievably heavy...  
It will seem unbearable to you...

You took my questions like an insult.  
You only stood by your opinion.

At that moment, I was blaming myself...  
Inside I was reproaching only myself.

I should not have put you through that test.  
I reprimanded myself a lot for that.

And you were indignant...  
I was listening to you with much understanding.

You spurted out what you had collected in your  
soul. Something awful was happening to you then.

Tumultuous, tense and angry emotions...  
I was patiently waiting again.

When you finally came back to your senses,  
You could hardly find strength in you

To vow and promise  
That you will finish it thoroughly and completely.

And we shook hands again,  
And it was the time to start the dastan.

Much time has elapsed since then,  
That argument is in the past.

You have obtained substantial experience –  
You have put out the grumble in your soul.

You have learned a lot of previously unknown  
And have experienced some miracles first hand.

You already bring me joy with your successes  
– You can cope with a lot by yourself.

You are a pioneer on this path –  
There are no analogies in history.

You have blazed a path to yourself –  
The pits and crevices hamper the pace.

I want to give you advice –  
The color of rays changes hues.

Certain colors change,  
But you have the intuition.

When you start decoding,  
Carefully read all of the information.



The skies are the source of those data.  
Decoding must be precise.

Work calmly, without tension,  
So your thoughts are collected, not wandering.

Put your soul in every word.  
Let me remind you of patience again.

Check your records thoroughly –  
Always do everything consistently well.

You will start writing down the letters  
And you will be able to work uninterruptedly.

Only then the chains of all words  
Will turn into the right cycle of poems.

I did not forget about my promise –  
I fulfilled your wish.

I brought with me the Little Prince –  
May he bring you joy and give you strength!

... I did not even notice the Little Prince was standing near Jaisan-ata in the blue light of the beam *Nurshoola*. Only after the father said he brought with him my Little Prince, I saw my favorite boy. The kid was in the blue light of the beam. With stretched arms, I darted towards him. His huge eyes, as always, were shining brightly. He hugged me in silence. I am not sure how long we stood like that. But the pleasant voice of Jaisan-ata continued and we have suddenly moved to a different place.

My dear, you are still waiting for the birth of a baby By  
the name of Jaisan – then your soul will calm down.

And when you lose your faith in it,  
You suffer and worry.

But you are waiting for Jaisan,  
A successor for the epic-dastan, from Tamara.

You have abandoned all your things –  
Your only thought is about it.

And you are obsessed with it.  
You treat that woman as your relative.

You are fully into it.  
Are you aware whether your children are hungry?

You have forgotten about the needs of your own  
children. You only need one thing.

I concur – you are right in something.  
The deeds confirm the words.

If a person is preoccupied with something,  
He forgets everything else.

He is so much into his thing –  
And only through it he will achieve his goal.

And if he prays self-forgetfully,  
Everything will come true for certain.

Higher Forces will reward him –  
They will protect him from troubles and misfortunes.

My dear, now it is time for us to move to our conversation.  
Let me tell you about Tal-Choku and further events.

—

Remember that I will tell you  
Now about history.

*During this meditation, I received more lines of the dastan.*

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

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01.03.1996

13<sup>th</sup> lunar day

66 04 24

The meditation should have been continued last night. I walked outside as usually. The sky was full of the stars. I headed off towards the mountains. I felt uneasy inside. The burden of everyday problems was pressing me down to the ground. March is the month of renewal, the time of the oriental new year. This is the third year, when this month brings with it a heavy burden of new problems. Perhaps I have given in and unnoticeably for myself got into this endless whirlwind of everyday domestic troubles, problems and worries. I was full of such unhappy thoughts. I did not even notice how *Nurshoola* came down. My sad thoughts were interrupted by the dear, pleasant voice of Jaisan-ata:

My dear, you came to our meeting earlier tonight.  
You are offended – I feel your coldness.

You are waiting, shuffling your thoughts  
And you cannot hear the noise around you.

You did not notice how I appeared.  
Your mind is deep into your thoughts.

What is that bothers you?  
What is that's taking your inner peace?

You believe that already for three years in a row  
In the month of your birth you have discord in life,

That it is very hard for you,  
That the colorless existence does not bring joy to you.

The birth month is a transitory period.  
Everybody is turning back every year.

They will drive order in their present  
And make plans for the coming year.

And they correct the past mistakes  
And start something with a new hope.

And they look ahead with optimism  
After the last review.

And life drives them forward –  
What happened in the past will not repeat itself.

Please, keep in mind that every situation carries a  
meaning. Each situation has the underlying reason.

And it is for insight that a man is dealt the various situations in his  
life, So he can learn.

The knowledge of life is taught by life itself –  
It subjects to different situations.

And even in the worst situation  
There is a small seed of the best.

Learn from mistakes –  
Try to understand the gist of the events.

And in the best situation  
There is always something worst.

Renew your home, cleanse it from rubbish –  
Your thoughts will regain the order.

You too will have a leisure life,  
You too will be a guest of honor in various houses.

And you will understand a lot in those  
times, When your family's wealth is low.

There are values that are more important –  
The material is less important for the spirit.

I do not repeat after *Sharypkul* –  
You just reprimanded me in your mind.

Now think about it for a second.  
Am I really repeating *Sharypkul's* thoughts?

The truth does not get old –  
The banner of truth is above the lies.

The word of wisdom is like a seed –  
It needs good soil to plant it.

And the seed that is placed in the soul  
Will give the valuable and much needed sprouts.

Cleanse your home not only of the dust –  
There is a lot of stuff collected in it.

Also do cleanse your soul from the unnecessary rubbish  
– You are overloaded with too many things.

This month, please, do some self-work.  
Put aside all concerns and routines.

Do some soul-searching, make observations,  
And ask yourself some questions.

And then answer them honestly, don't be insincere –  
The truth will help you get rid of a lot.

The unnecessary worries will go away.  
You will uncover the meaning of existence.

And the next year will bring about change –  
New pleasant surprised and amazement.

There will be many unexpected things –  
The new year will be good!

And you should do some self-work, my daughter.  
Cast away everything that is weighing you down.

Leave all the resentment in the old year –  
May your soul be at peace with itself!

And enter the new year with lightness.  
Enter it as if you were born anew!

...Silence set in – Jaisan-ata took a break. Certainly, it is to allow me to comprehend the meaning of what he has told me. And I wanted to tell him about my offences. Now which one should I share with Jaisan-ata? Shakin-agai – he sees and he knows the reason why I am suffering inside. Yet, he never talks about it, pretends he does not notice anything. And when I start talking about it, *agai* cuts me abruptly by saying: “You must be above the layperson. The Father always tells you this.” And then he starts lecturing me. At this moment, Jaisan-ata said to me:

Do change your attitude towards Sharypkul –  
Make wise decisions with mind clear and cool.

Forgive all the offences, harbor no grudge,  
For he's deep in your soul and would not budge.

Manage your mood – it is your dominion.  
You shall not give in to people's opinion.

Control your emotions, bridle them tight.  
Keep your soul clear and clean outright.

But Jaisan-ata sort of interrupted my train of thought with his flow of words. And I could not control it – in a fit of temper, I mentally said the following bitter phrase: “I know that both the living and the dead do not like that I want to unburden my heart. I am overwhelmed by offence and I am fighting myself.” Having read my thoughts, Jaisan-ata immediately continued:

I cannot forget your harsh phrase.  
You stroke me down with it at once.

A bitter meaning and a stiff sounding –  
The words immerse you in silence.

“Neither living, nor dead can like me!” –  
My daughter is known for her straightforwardness.

After those words I felt uneasy.  
I know how hard it can be for you.

The closest people cause trouble and sorrow,  
But you continue to struggle the best you can.

And although you do not verbalize a lot,  
I am aware of what you hide.

I try to soften the blows of fate,  
I have to heal you with my words.

But you get offended quickly like a child.  
I see the sparks of anger in your eyes.



And you collect resentment for a while  
And walk around depressed.

Akin to fish in the sea, you are free,  
Capricious and very cold.

You suffer yourself because of that  
And eat up yourself inside.

You reproach, blame and pity –  
That is why you are often sick.

Communicate with the Little Prince –  
Enjoy your time with him.

Spoil him a bit and play together –  
Both of you enjoy it a lot

Your heart is like a bright star  
That is shooting through the night sky.

It will not light up again if put out –  
All plans and hopes will die at once.

Protect your heart from sorrows –  
I have been telling you that from the outset.

Once you generously shared with everyone –  
You gave the warmth and kindness from the seed of your heart.

And although you expelled ailment through the knowledge of herbs,  
Your character was full of compassion.

People happy from their healing  
Rewarded you with their blessing.

And I have been warmed up by the warmth of your  
soul. I was in the darkness, with you I feel the light.

I am full of grace and hope –  
I believe that I will fulfill my duty to the nation.

My dear, I hope you are feeling better.  
Are you all right? Are you at peace?

Has the time spent with the Little Prince healed  
you? Have you changed your attitude to life?

I repeat – leave behind resentment and  
offences. Correct your views on many things!

The new year will bring you new joys,  
But there will also be new grounds for arguments.

It always brings good news and things,  
But there will also be tears and disappointment.

And may the anguish not eat you up,  
Carry your cross with dignity!

I believe in your strong will  
And in the star that favors you.

Do not bend under the weight of the burden –  
Your legs must be straight and strong.

Walk with your head up high.  
Do not give yourself airs – know a good measure in everything!

I believe you will manage everything.  
And now let's go to Tal-Choku.

P.S. Re-writing these lines, I was re-living that night and that conversation with Jaisan-ata. Yes, the burden of the everyday concerns is unbearable recently. I feel that I have no desire for anything mundane – no interest whatsoever. Only in conversations with Jaisan-ata I return to life and get inspired. Somehow I wanted to write this down.

*(I wrote down these five sentences of text in Russian).*

**07.03.1996 00-23.**

**01.03.1996                      13<sup>th</sup> lunar day.                      360 00 03**

“The childhood and youth were spent in this area  
At the shore of the wonderful Twin Lakes.”

My dear, Altynai said these words  
As if about all three of them.

This is equally true for all three of them –  
This place was highly significant for them.

All three of them were born and grew up there –  
They were going to the Lakes like to the temple.

Who are those three? Give me your response.  
Who do I mean? Tell me, my dear.

...My thoughts flared up brightly: “How would I guess who this threesome is? They are the three great heroes, whose childhood, youth and the entire life was about suffering.” Pleased with my guess, Jaisan-ata continued:

Altynai, Soorunduk, Almambet... You are right!  
The Twin Lakes shared with them their light

That land has fed them and cared for them  
well, It gave them health and strength.

Let's continue the story –  
I must tell you the rest.

*Through this meditation, I received more lines of the dastan.*

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

---

28.03.1996

11<sup>th</sup> lunar day

335 22 200

...It was Thursday. As always, I prepared the food in dedication to Jaisan-ata and lighted up the candles. I said my prayer. The blinking stars lighted up the fabric of the night. There were very many of them. It is time to go. I headed off to towards the mountain. I guess I came out too early, because I was so impatient to meet with Jaisan-ata. I walked for a while. Only when I started ascending the slope of Kara-Biyik [KΛ'rΛ-Bii'i:k] (the name of the mountain, literally it means "*black + height*"), *Nurshoola* came down and I heard the long-awaited voice of Jaisan-ata:

My dear, recently it became your habit  
To come earlier than me.

And I arrive already with a delay,  
Although I warned before.

But you eager to rush to the meeting.  
You forget everything making me worry.

You risk, but my words are in vain.  
They are futile. They go into an empty abyss.

You are looking for me in the mountains and valleys,  
You are wandering alone in the silence of the mountain desert.

You do not pay attention to the warnings.  
You have your own opinion about everything.

You keep ignoring all my attempts at persuasion.  
Inside, you keep arguing with me all the time.

With the phrase “whatever will be will be”  
You immediately come out to our meeting.

And I rush in for real.  
It is different here, as I am not in the body.

I am in a faraway space.  
It is impossible to imagine my journey.

I get here as fast as possible.  
It is hard to imagine it in your dimension.

This time, we will travel  
To *Kok-Bulung*<sup>1</sup>.

Cast away your gloomy mood,  
While I will rest before the visit.

Let me provide a bit of background to  
you Before our long journey.

Kok-Bulung is a picturesque place.  
That jailoo can be compared to a beautiful girl.

I was there often and healed there,  
Replenishing with the healing energy.

You and I were there a few times.  
The nature welcomed and greeted us there.

I am very attached to Kok-Bulung.  
Why? You will not understand it immediately..

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<sup>1</sup> *Kok-Bulun* {K3k-Bu’lu:ŋ}.

But over time you will comprehend the reason –  
The quiet nature contains the magical in it.

My dear, I express my gratitude to you.  
May a bright ray be upon you!

I appreciate your work and efforts.  
You take the knowledge with awe.

You got to decode the information.  
I know that it was not easy.

You have figured out the colors of light.  
You have made many efforts to learn it.

You can distinguish artificial light.  
And you can feel the true light now.

They look very alike at first sight,  
Not really, no. It is difficult to distinguish.

...At that moment, the voice of Jaisan-ata stopped, as if waiting for my response to what he said. I had a lot collected in me that I wanted to tell Jaisan-ata. Which of my pains should I reveal to him? My biggest problem was the aggravation of Shakin-agai's illness. He traveled to the city for a competition and returned with an unbearable pain. The thigh muscles were popping out of the wound looking like a tangle of snakes. A big swelling of deep blue color and the size of a tea bowl got an unhealthy shine. Will his illness go away or ...? Jaisan-ata read my thoughts at once and responded:

You have collected a lot of information,  
I know how much you want to tell me.

You do not even know where to start  
And you continue to argue with yourself inside.

But I can see that one thought is bothering you.  
It takes away your peace day and night.

The health of *Sharypkul* has aggravated –  
Your attitude towards him has improved.

You thought that you got indifferent towards him,  
That his well-being was his personal matter.

The quarrels and arguments were to blame.  
Both of you have quarrelsome characters.

You were walking around holding resentment and paying no  
attention. You forgot everything had been before.

And you got coldness in your relationship.  
You were unreasonable in your decisions.

You were confident that you both lost my respect  
Towards both of you. Due to your word battles.

And now, when the situation is critical,  
You perceive everything practically with your mind.

That his life is almost on the edge.  
The time of quarrel is left in oblivion.

You have thawed and, possibly, forgiven.  
And you are near him in hard times.

You show care for him –  
Live with his cares.

You prepare the decoctions and treat him with  
ointments. You are anxious and rush about.



You can help him as a healer,  
But it is time for him to overcome something.

His soul was frozen from the ice –  
The trouble crawled in unnoticed.

His souls needs fire to warm it up,  
The full order must set in it.

There is chaos in the internal world.  
The trouble is in himself – he does not look at the root.

His conceit has not been taken under control –  
It poisons his body and soul.

Egoism is the root of all evil.  
Personal growth is stopped as if a stake is driven in.

He no longer trusts people.  
He does not have the right judgment about many things.

In short, he must remember about the Divine essence  
And cleanse from the collected sediment.

Then his health will be restored,  
When he realizes it and becomes more conscientious.

When he repents and comes to the understanding,  
He will have a revival of his soul.

The soul is the abode of light and warmth,  
It suffers from any evil.

May he awaken the greatness of spirit,  
May he awaken the high feelings inside!

His heart will exude warmth to all,  
Then he will feel much better.

If he manages to cope with envy and obtain simple-  
heartedness. The richness of the soul is in magnanimity.

And then his aspirations will aimed  
At the right direction.

The ill-wishers will leave him alone,  
While his troubles will become the past.

Then he will be rewarded for his  
work, if he does everything as needed.

He will also get the night of predetermination.  
And luck and fortune will favor him.

My dear, we got distracted and missed a lot,  
And, unfortunately, we have lost time.

Soon it will be the time for good-bye.  
I need to rush back to the vast spaces of the Universe.

Let me remind you – come on Thursday on the full  
moon. I repeat my request – please, fulfill it

Do not be willful, do not risk yourself.  
Your work should not be disrupted.

Now let's turn to the dastan.  
We do not have much time left. So, let me start!

...The voice of Jaisan-ata was full of inexpressible sadness. He  
sings the sad song about Altynai's mother and her son Almambet. I can  
see the rough waves of the Twin-Lakes – they rise up like a wall and fall

down with much noise. I can see the palaces of the Great Khanate... Then, at some point something like a whirlwind erases those visions. I feel a dull pain on the right side of my head and I see stars before my eyes. I cannot precisely identify my location. In front of me, I see a big fire with bright scarlet flames. The flashes of the fire were rising up high in the sky. It occurred to me that, even though I saw flames in front of me, it looked more like the wall of a waterfall. And I also got a strange feeling that this fire... was somehow exuding ice coldness. I am not sure how the fire was radiating such coldness. Inside of this fire, there were many scorpions, crayfish, disgusting worms, visually repulsive something that was crawling, creeping, moving, winding... It seemed that all of these creatures were poisonous. Then suddenly, in the middle of this fiery action, I saw the silhouette of an extremely beautiful girl with expressive, strict eyes. Her lips began to move quickly and I started receiving information through multi-colored rays. Most rays were of dark and murky colors. My abdominal area got cold while my body began to shiver uncontrollably. I felt that I am getting mesmerized by some unknown, huge force. I recalled a mantra from the book “Vaidurya-Onbo” and hastily began to chant it.

The cold flame began to move farther and farther away, while the information transferring rays began to fade away. Soon, I came to my senses.

I could not see Jaisan-ata anywhere. I ran across the hills in a hurry towards the village down below. When I decoded the information transferred to me by that strange girl from the icy fire, I grew cold with terror. Those were spells that inflict harm and evil. Most likely, this happened because I had come at an inappropriate time.

So, I was in torments and I also tormented him. It turned out that Jaisan-ata had known that meeting was inevitable. Therefore, he took me to the Kok-Bulun [K3:k-bu'lun] area, so I could collect some healing energy there. That he showed he cared for me. That girl-ray was from the planet Mars. I had been unwell before my encounter with her – I had a terrible headache. But after my encounter with the strange phenomenon the headache grew worse. The left arm and the left leg

were strangely aching. I had a sensation I no longer had them. I had to get to bed.

For about a week I was in bed. On the due day, with much effort I got to get up to perform all necessary preparations. I burned all of the spells transferred by the malicious girl. Having performed all necessary actions, I noticed that I felt much better. I began to decode the words of Jaisan-ata that had been said even before my encounter with the strange fiery girl.

**28.03.1996 11<sup>th</sup> lunar day**

**21 01 24**

My dear, pay attention to the distance there.  
It is very far away tonight.

You can hardly the mountain peak of Tal-Choku.  
You will hear the events in the distance.

We will not approach grief.  
The battle will reflect in the words.

If you can transmit everything exactly,  
Then I will be able to say with confidence

That you have learned well all of the lessons,  
That you have mastered the knowledge.

And that all of your efforts were not in vain –  
You have learned with passion and zeal.

And I have not worries for the outcome.  
You will figure it out, my dear.

I know that you are trying to please me.  
That you are conveying the thread of the past to offspring.

And that you do everything you can Thoroughly  
reflecting everything that happened.

But tonight you have a special task.  
Please, accept it as a challenging test.

And if you nail it,  
I will be overjoyed.

*After this meditation, I recorded more lines of the dastan.*

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

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02.05.1996

14<sup>th</sup> lunar day.

360 00 02

...Today after midnight I had to have a meditation. After that unexpected scary incident, my health cannot get back to normal. It rained the entire day. Slush and mud are all around. I had to walk through the viscous mud towards the mountains. The moon in the sky got my attention – surrounded by the intimidating clouds, it was slowly swim-ming across the night sky. Soon after that, *Nurshoola* came down and I heard Jaisan-ata:

My dear, come closer to me.

You still prepared to come tonight.

You are so weak, you do not look healthy.

You are covered in weakness like in chains.

Give me your hand, I will lead you myself.

To the mountain Tal-Choku. I will tell the story there.

And you will tell me everything.

What troubles are you facing now?

You have collected a lot of them.

Hence the weakening of your health.

We agreed that when it is raining hard,

You should not come to our meetings.

Tonight we have a downpour –

It's raining cats and dogs.

And the moon in the sky is not seen due to the clouds,  
But you did not listen to me again.

My daughter, I am worried, I will not hide it –  
You should not come out in such weather.

I have already asked you many times –  
I have already saved you a few times by accident.

But you continue to always act at your discretion –  
And you keep showing your persistence.

And that quality is making me secretly happy –  
You take the risks even at an extreme.

And I knew for sure that tonight also  
The weather would not stop you.

Even if it were a mudflow with a storm,  
You would have come early nevertheless.

Your health is fragile, but your will is strong.  
The fate did not spoil you and it does favor you much now.

You have been waiting for me in anticipation  
– I like very much your aspiration.

Tonight you do not look too well,  
Your sad look makes me very said.

The tears were flowing down like currents. You  
are standing in silence with a guilty look.

I am aware of the reason, my dear.  
You have met with that awful girl.

She is from Mars and she was angry.  
And your weaker than her.

She had spiteful forces.  
She was looking for a suitable time.

She presented herself in the cold flame,  
But that was enough for her.

She wanted you to shiver and tremble And  
to move away from your path in fear.

From that horrors you had the coldness in your  
body. You were hardly standing on your feet.

You were exhausted and got soft.  
You were waning minute by minute.

I was in despair, I did not know what to do. I  
could not penetrate through the ice flame.

I am not almighty, I could not do anything  
– I was unable to help you at that moment.

But the Girl-Ray from the Star of Childhood  
Showed her support in hard times.

But for her, the end has not been sad.  
That cold flame would have killed .

The Girl-Ray has made a favor  
Like to the best and close friend.

She “atoned for guilt” from the last time,  
When she almost fell victim herself.



When she had kept you longer in the conversation  
And you got into an unpleasant situation.

The meeting with the Girl from Mars will not go unnoticed  
It has affected you harmfully.

All of diseases have woken up in you.  
Please, drink the decoction from the useful herbs.

You will be sick for a while.  
Do not engage in arguments with anyone.

Wait out this time with dignity.  
Be courageous like a fighter.

The time will heal your wounds –  
It will not leave any blemishes on your body.

As I was talking, we have arrived.  
Look around at these areas.

We have reached the mountain Kok-  
Bulung. Rest here, get rid of your thoughts.

As never before you need care now.  
You need my support for your work.

You will be pleased with my attention  
With a kind word and a caring look.

You have a God's spark in your heart,  
There is nothing dearer than that in the world.

The God's spark is the beauty of the soul.  
It can make miracles

And it fires up the flame of the soul,  
Nothing is scary with such fire.

The warmth of the fire is warming up  
And feeds me with inspiration.

Clear up your thoughts –  
Clear up your mind from husks.

You must restore your health.  
And life will bring you joy again.

Strengthen your spirit and believe in your strength.  
Trust that everything will be fine!

Do not use other rays,  
When you are studying the information.

It harmfully affects your body  
And our undertaking.

We have had our meeting for over a year now –  
The path has been marked by various events.

And still you are at the beginning of the path.  
We still have a long-long way ahead of us.

And we also need prudence in everything,  
While we will face a lot complexity on our way.

...I listened very attentively to everything that Jaisan-ata was telling me. I noticed how we found ourselves in complete darkness. The screaming silence was frightening. I could not even see Jaisan-ata, who was in front of me. The darkness was really unsettling. I felt short of

air, my heart was beating fast. Fear has immobilized my body. But the calming voice of Jaisan-ata has cheered me up:

Can you determine the price of light,  
When you don't know, completely clueless about it?

In the Universe, it is impossible to determine the price of  
light. It can only be understood in comparison.

No words can explain it...  
What does light mean? What is its coverage?

Now you are in a different state.  
You are already learning that knowledge.

We are in the darkest point of the planet now.  
Feel this sensation acutely.

As if you are choking from darkness,  
It is so dark – we are walking by feeling our way out.

This is a very mysterious place.  
It keeps the unknown secrets.

These are the gates to Koikap –  
It is not the right place for those with a weak spirit.

Only select few can make it here.  
Such luck comes only once.

On a rainy night in the full moon  
The gates to this “country” are open.

There are many secrets – the place is very special.  
Everything is very unusual here.

To see it with our eyes, how it looks  
We can't, not even now.

But we can feel out everything with our hands.  
Walk around, but stay prudent.

Now I will tell about this in great detail.  
Listen carefully and sit comfortably.

From the north we have a mountain range *Arka-Too*<sup>1</sup>.

To its side there is the mountain *Uluu-Muz-Too*<sup>2</sup>.

Its peak is covered by the glacier.  
The permafrost is there.

Down below is the mountain *Kok-Shili*<sup>3</sup> -  
It touches many rocks.

And the range *Aberden Chol*<sup>4</sup> with a gorge.  
There are crevices in the area.

That area is surrounded with a natural shield  
From all directions.

And in the middle of it there is lake Shaitan-Kol.  
Its water is salty.

This lake is not calm down –  
The wind is stormy here in winter and summer.

And it howls and the snowstorm  
Would rage and the huge waves would arise around like giant walls.

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<sup>1</sup> *Arka-Too* [ʌɾ'ʌ tɔɔ] literally means “back + mountain”.

<sup>2</sup> *Uluu-Muz-Too* [u:'lu:-muz- tɔɔ] literally means “great + ice + mountain”. <sup>3</sup> *Kok-Shili* [kɜk-ʃi'li:].

<sup>4</sup> *Aberden-Chol* [ʌber'den+tʃɔɪ].

Near the lake is the mountain like a kazan,  
Which is turned upside down to the sky.

The wind is wandering here day and night.  
There has never-ever been a warm weather here.

The name of the mountain is Suuk-  
Tor. A strict spirit rules in this country.

Indeed, here it was founded,  
For many purposes here is was established

The secret school Koikap just for the chosen ones.  
For those who have been marked by heaven.

Here the monks taught the secrets of the Universe.  
Here they knew about all changes in the world.

Almambet studied here –  
He learned a lot of knowledge about the Universe.

The gates to this secret school  
Open only on special days.

On the full moon, on a rainy day.  
During all others they locked down.

My dear, we are very lucky –  
You will get to see that strange place

Tonight we got here well.  
Such circumstances could not be better – very rare.

I could not allow such chance go by –  
I wanted to visit this place with your.

You were clueless,  
Whereas I could not explain everything to you at once.

Although are weak and feeling unwell,  
I decided to show it to you for sure.

I want you to see for yourself that the school exists.  
Feel the coldness of the cave walls with your hands.

Here the adepts were studying the secrets of the Universe.  
Here they knew about the perishable world.

Feel with your body the warmth of this place –  
The mystical area.

This is a magical, much prayed-in place.  
Unfortunately, we are not allowed to see it.

And we cannot see anything here.  
Only feel it out by hands.

My dear, we cannot be here for a long time.  
The eternal day in the darkness is threatening all of us.

If we do not make it outside in time, the gates will be locked down –  
We won't be able to get out of here.

Then we will forever stay in the eternal darkness.  
Let's hurry up, let's not be careless.

This is the area about which people say:  
“If you get here – there is no way back.”

Like in a fairy tale, but this is for real.  
Do you feel the choking in your body?

We must get out of the dead silence,  
We must sure we all get out.

If we get stuck, we will disappear forever.  
My daughter, you are choking and already pale.

...It seemed that we got outside. It was a dull weather. The moon was hardly seen from behind the clouds. Jaisan-ata was moving ahead. We have arrived to the place that we frequented. Jaisan-ata sat down on the hill ground and continued:

You are tired, but everything is already behind us.  
We have got out – just look around.

Let's take a seat and rest from our journey.  
Let's understand the purpose of that school.

Your eyes can see through the darkness.  
Look at that stone right there.

The huge rock was distinguished by its white color –  
A fire may be made of that stone.

Pieces were broken off from the stone –  
It was the tool for sparks of fire.

Now lift up your eyes from the stone –  
Do you see the silhouette in the distance?

He is standing on the top of the rock with spyglass  
And is watching the battlefield down in the valley.

On the inside he is calm, but his eyes are burning.  
There is fire in them, they hide a lot.

You cannot tell whether he is happy or  
sad. He does not show his state.

But at the current moment,  
An internal wound is eating him up inside.

The deathly enemy stroke and made the wound  
– He was driven by his uncontrollable fear.

He would not dare for an open fight,  
So he acted with cunning and in secret.

Almambet did not fully heal the wound –  
It remained as the blemish in the body.

This is the incomparable *Aikol*,  
The blessed knight Er Manas.

He gathered the nomadic peoples  
And united them through a single spirit.

He is standing on the top of Tal-Choku  
And looking down at the battle.

He is full might and energy.  
This mighty mountain is the faith of the warriors in him.

He is watching from above,  
He guides and gives orders.

His eyes are focused on the battlefield.  
The legendary knight is the man of willpower.

That battle is the Great Campaign –  
The massacre is raging in the wild field.



Manas hears the words of Almambet –  
He is deep into his memories.

...It seemed to me that Manas-ata, who was standing on the top of Tal-Choku and looking into the spyglass, was looking at me. I even got a sensation that his eyes were following me all the way to the house. That image of him was always with me. I did not even notice how I reached the house. Having entered, I took my notebook in order to decode the information, but it turned out that the page was clean – not a single character was written down there. I got worried. I could not understand why it happened. I got very impatient and could hardly wait for the evening to come. And, when the moon got up, I immediately went outside. I walked across the canal. Shakin-agai told me that he had built a bridge over the canal. Just as I stopped on the bridge, I heard the voice of Jaisan-ata:

My dear, you have crossed the bridge –  
It is hand-made of three willow trunks.

It is made by the hands of *Sharypkul* –  
I am impressed by his care.

The beam *Nurshoola* is directed to the bridge.  
The bridge is good, it's accurate and solid.

I am pleased – not everyone can get things done.  
The work is going well and we are making progress.

Do you remember my words about the master-archer?  
We are magnificent three! And we will be successful.

The number “3” is everywhere –  
The fortune and luck are on our side!

Even the bridge is made of three trunks  
We are also working as three over the Word.

And that makes my soul feel the warmth.  
The dastan brings the light and presents it to everyone.

Again, you did it at your discretion –  
You looked for me and walked for a while.

And I could have gotten to your home,  
You should not have taken the trouble.

...If I really thought that it was difficult for me walk alone during the night in order to get the priceless good sent down from above by *Tengir*, it would be sacrilege. When I am on way to see Jaisan-ata, I consider myself to be the happiest person in the world. Such a thought would never even occur to me – how could this be difficult for me? That would be sacrilege. In respect to the live spirit of Jaisan-ata, Shakin-agai has organized in one of the theater rooms a special room dedicated to Jaisan-ata. I remembered that fact and told Jaisan-ata about it. After a bit of silence, Jaisan-ata continued:

My dear, you are my fire  
That lights up my way bright.

And both of you like my two eyes  
That light up my soul inside.

Do not worry about *Sharypkul*.  
Both you already give me joy.

You are taking care of him  
And not noticing his shortcomings.

You highlight his merits and wins –  
They mean a lot for him!

I like it and I feel calm.  
You hold yourself with dignity.

*Sharypkul* is trying for the common goal  
And I like it also.

At his work place he has an image of the Twin  
Lakes. It is made of stones,

My portrait is in the middle,  
The episodes from the dastan are in the installation.

I am thankful for that artful work –  
It instills inspiration!

Offspring will start learning about me.  
If everything is in the right time – the grace will come down.

Please, accept my blessing again!  
You are fulfilling the order of fate.

My name has been forgotten  
Until recent times.

And this has been my tragedy,  
As the nation has lived in ignorance.

But justice has been made  
Under the will of Almighty you appeared for me.

The name of Jaisan is known to some people now –  
You will convey my song to offspring.

...I recalled that the pages in my notebook after the mediation  
were clean – there were no records there, not a single character. I was

unclear what this meant. Why are there no records? The father has immediately read my concern and said:

My dear, after Koikap you were in awe.  
You made no records in your notebook –

And usually after each journey  
You make your records in it.

What is the rub? I will provide an explanation.  
It is not allowed to make observations there.

You have felt with your hands  
The walls of that secret, mighty school.

We have reached the right place.  
I will continue my dastan-song.

*After this meditation, I got the lines of dastan onto the pages.*

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

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**30.05.1996**

**14<sup>th</sup> lunar day**

**360 00 04**

...Today is Thursday. Hence, no matter what I have to meet with Jaisan-ata.

It has been a while since I have been in bed. I fell sick. On the right side of my abdomen, there appeared a swelling that began to grow day by day. No matter what I tried nothing helped, all seemed to be in vain. The stars made the sky bright. I lighted up a candle, said a prayer dedicated to Jaisan-ata and hit the road. I have walked away from the village and covered a good distance. The village street lights disappeared far behind. Finally! The beam *Nurshoola* came down and I heard the quiet and sad voice of Jaisan-ata:

My dear, I know what you are concealing.  
It is anemia with which you've been dealing,

You could not get up. To bed you were confined.  
You were exhausted – body's strength declined.

And you were very close to death –  
You lost your spirit, as you were in anguish.

But even in that state  
You continued to think and worry about me.

My dear, you are the only one, whom I met  
With the warmth of soul and whom I greeted.

For several centuries I felt like  
I have been entrapped.

I have suffered from my unfulfilled duty,  
From my untold words.

I would compare you to the brave Altynai Who  
was not scared of the menacing enemies.

Brave, fearless and firm,  
Persistent, purposeful and proud.

The hardship makes the will only stronger.  
You have been carrying your burden with dignity.

There are many crevices in family life.  
You are living for your children and our undertaking.

Altynai begged out her son for her father.  
She lived with dignity in the enemy's lair.

Her heart was suffering as was her soul, But  
she was patiently waiting for her luck.

She withstood and endured everything just for one  
goal. Her hopes and dreams were in her undertaking.

She endured all hardship and ordeals  
Through pain and unbearable suffering.

And you, my *Akchabak*, my dear,  
Act just like her. It is so clear!

I admire your intelligence –  
I enjoy your persistence.

You want to finish the book of dastan.  
You make efforts day and night for this.

And I cannot wait to see the dastan.  
It will have everyone's contribution in it.

...The following thoughts were crossing through my mind: "Quite time has passed since the day of our first meeting, when I recorded the first lines said by Jaisan-ata. However, from the outset Jaisan-ata had consistently demanded that I tell and show nothing to anybody. Yet, Shakin-*agai* has opened a museum and placed the manuscripts there. He shows everything to the visitors. And he said that Erkinbek would soon find the money for the publication of the book. We will then be able to circulate the *dastan*. Are we doing the right thing or are we wrong? In response to my worries, Jaisan-ata said right away:

My dear, if the burden is too much,  
I will disappear without a trace and fall into abyss.

If you do not overcome the barriers,  
I will leave for the Universe for good.

If the resistance is too much,  
It will lead to my endless anguish.

Do not break down under the pressure of circumstances –  
Remember about your commitments.

You are very perceptive to the words.  
You can be overly reactive.

Do not give in to the impulses of the soul.  
Do not lead the undertaking to the breakdown.

I understood your character, I penetrated into your soul.  
I have always listened to you with great patience.

I have valued and appreciated every moment of communication  
with you.

I have become part of your life in my heart.

I did not show persistence –  
I have been listening to you and waiting.

I did not insist on many things,  
I did not make you upset with my comments.

I wanted you to carry on.  
I was dreaming that nothing would hamper you.

I was afraid to offend you.  
It was unbearable to see your pain.

And my original expectations have changed,  
But this is also a test.

I wanted to transfer it to the end at the beginning...  
And that you would keep silence about the dastan until you've  
fully completed it.

You would not let anyone know.  
You would continue on this path bravely alone.

And you would accomplish everything to the end  
And reach the very summit.

And only then, after completion  
You would be able to break your silence.

And present my creation to the world,  
So offspring could read and see it and decide.



I was persuading you, I was asking you.  
I provided my arguments, I told you many times.

Everything could have been done differently,  
But once you have embarked on the path...

That you decided it your way  
And deprived the undertaking of secrecy.

Now you can only carry on...  
Let it be as it will be. It is not up to us to decide.

But I will be frank, I have some regrets...  
You should have kept the secret from the outset!

You should not have involved anybody in  
it, But continued our work.

You should not have shown it to anyone.  
You should not have told anyone.

Until it was complete to the very last period...  
Then you would have avoided the troubles for sure!

Then the troubles would have passed by –  
You should have walked it alone!

But you could not stand by your promise –  
And that is your fault.

But it happens often in life –  
Not everything is under control.

We cannot participate much in the  
fate, When dark days come about.

But the will of Almighty is steadfast – There  
are no accidents and no redundancies.

Hence, that is how it must be.  
We need to put up with it and live on.

Once it has happened, accept it.  
And humbly continue on.

I called you my eyes  
Led by my words.

And if you have decided to call it “Jaisan”, I  
will accept the book-dastan as is.

Even though I have a different opinion,  
But you have insisted and convinced me.

*Sharypkul* is firm in his intention  
To publish the book of dastan at all costs.

And if people accept the work –  
Thereby they will commemorate their ancestors.

I have a different point of view,  
But I do not want to have any tension with him.

We need to finish everything to the  
end To fully complete our endeavor.

And publish it then –  
The speaking traces of our ancestors’ history.

But *Sharypkul*’s perseverance is  
stronger... He knows and he knows better.

He really knows and he's good at it.  
He will find the answers to all questions.

And vexation does not fit me...  
We will arrive at a reasonable resolution.

And you should not resist.  
Let him do as he wills.

Let him do as he believes is right.  
Most importantly, he will serve the common purpose.

You told me about Erkinbek for the first  
time. He has seriously helped you.

He has supported you like your son.  
I give him my blessing for granting you a dwelling.

He will find grace from his own work –  
I think it is clear even without loud words.

May his happiness be endless!  
May Almighty protect him from misfortune!

May his life be long –  
People will not forget the good.

And may his dreams come true!  
And may his cup of life be filled with grace!

I know that *Sharypkul* is in high spirits.  
The first book is coming to completion.

He is expecting in anticipation...  
How will people take it? What will their opinion be?

Do you remember what I told you?  
That the misfortunes and troubles would be gone,

That everything would yet turn for the better,  
That everything would work out through collaborative efforts?

And that all would be well  
And the relationships would work out nicely?

I welcome your first new initiative!  
The offspring will read the Great Word!

Great joy awaits you, *Sharypkul* and Erkinbek  
For this blessed work.

But now I am concerned with only one thing –  
I am worried so much.

The ailment is causing a complication in the organism.  
You are neglecting it, not taking it seriously.

You are ignoring it, while your health needs  
attention. Beware – you are too careless about it.

Remember, your health is fragile.  
The paws of the diseases are strong...

At last, pay good attention to your health.  
My daughter, I am asking you like a father.

Do not delay it for later –  
Later may be too late when the thunder hits.

And, if possible,  
Listen to a simple advice.

Carve out a thin and sharp *nashtar*<sup>1</sup>  
From a sheep bone.

Pierce the abscess, let the puss out.  
Do you think you can manage it on your own?

If not... Have somebody help you...  
I am concerned and my soul is in pain.

Beat up raw meat of a magpie  
And put it on the open, bleeding wound.

And do not work on the dastan for a month.  
Only take care of your health.

My dear, we shall meet again, you and I,  
When the new moon is shining to us from the sky.

*The lines on the pages of this book were obtained, decoded and  
recorded through this meditation.*

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1     *Nashtar* [nʌʃˈtʌr] lancet.

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