

JAKÏP GIVES MANAS TO SHEPHERD OSHPUR

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5430

Now he turned his thoughts to something else,
Bay Jakïp gave away
His son named Big Fool.
Shattered, Chiyirdi cried screaming,
By placing a belt around her neck,
She begged Oshpurbay by calling his name:
"Oh my precious Oshpurbay,
You are indeed a 'giant' in the valley
Who is in charge of bay Jakïp's numerous livestock.

5440

We had plenty of worldly things, but no child,
We don't know how to discipline
This child, whom we had in our waning years.
I made a coat from silk and had him wear it,
There is Toruchar among the horses,
So, catch him and have the boy ride.
Attach the precious stone of the Kalmyks to his hat,
I am handing him over to you,
Please look after him for another four years!"
After Oshpur took the boy with him

5450

And bay Jakïp remained behind,
He gave him Toruchar to ride
And the best silk coat to wear,
Though the boy was a risk.
The brave Oshpur headed off to his sheep.
When Manas went to Oshpur,
He was not yet the real Manas,
The brave hero was not yet called Manas.
Once he came to Oshpur, the gray-maned one
Became a full-grown, strong man,

5460

And equaled the sons of brave men,

He turned out to be a live coal.
Among the Kara Kalmyks and Manchus
No such rascal was to be found.
One day Manas lost his cool
And beat up the shepherds,
And the mare herders.
The shepherds ran in despair,
All the mare herders
Ran in different directions
Being afraid that the "Big Fool," the Burut was coming.

5470

Not leaving them alone, Manas
Collected all the sheep
From the forty shepherd boys,
Manas gathered them all
By slaughtering the sheep in the wilderness
Manas straight away made a feast.
All the boys were gathered
Riding their baby cows.
Manas created a disaster,

5480

"You should all address me, 'My lord'," he said
And slaughtered all the calves
Of those boys,
And made trouble by doing that.
To honor those who called him "lord"
He removed his coat
And placed it under them.
God had granted the wish
Of Manas at that time,
At that time when Manas

5490

Had reached the age of twelve.
He wore his bullet-proof coat
And rode a horse named Toruchaar,
At that time Manas, the lion,
Couldn't find a mountain to smash,
An enemy to exchange blows with,
A human head to rip off,
And a rock for his teeth to grind.
He acted outrageous and lost control,
Unable to stop his temper,

5500

The noble lion blessed by extraordinary luck
Then made a such a spectacle there.
"Call me 'My lord'," he told them
Thus announcing himself,
He made everyone laugh,
He had the usual *ordo* drawn
On the plain in which forty soles fit,
Thus made his bravery known,
Of the many sheep which Oshpur herded,
He slaughtered thousand lambs,

5510

"Call me 'hero'," he told the boys
He had the tasty heads of fat lambs
Boiling in the cauldron.
He played *ordo* with knucklebones,
That was the feat of the gray-maned one.
On the slopes of the wide Altay,
With his forty boys beside him,
When the crimson sun had set,
When all the animals and creatures
Stopped moving and went to sleep,

5520

The gray-maned one among the boys,
Also went to sleep leaning on his elbow
He slept to get some rest,
He put his head on a saddle
Facing the direction of the Qïbla,
Your noble brave Manas
Went into a hero's sleep.
Until late morning
This shining man slept without stirring,
Before Manas awoke,

5530

The bravest mare herder Kanjarkol,
That cursed smiling man, arrived suddenly.
The piebald stallion that he rode
Was the a great fast-running stallion,
"He will fly away like a bird
If I let his reins loose," he said.
Look at this wild man,
He was all covered with sand
He had a head as big as a cauldron,
His eyebrows resembled a lying dog,

5540

He held tight in his hand
The black stick, the club,
And swung it at the forty boys
And made them flee.
Seeing the wrath of Kanjar the giant,
The forty boys ran away screaming,
Leaving their meat behind.
All the boys ran in different directions,
The boys, exhausted from running,
Begged khan Manas for help.

5550

When Manas awoke from his sleep,
Turned on his right side,
Raised his head and looked around
To see whether the boys were fine,
All the boys were running around,
That giant had gotten off his stallion
Caught four of the boys
And had them under him.
He slaughtered all four,
Made skewers from their meat

5560

And had been eating his fill.
Seeing him, the great Manas
Became a bit scared of that giant,
He harnessed his Toruchaar,
Donned his body armor,
Thought that he would play *oodarishmay*[1] with him.
The cursed boy became joyful,
He poured out his wrath, his eyes gleamed,
He became truly bloodthirsty,
His front teeth as big as a door,

5570

Which are different from other people's,
Were to be seen from faraway,
He held tightly the handle
Of his black stick, his club.
He tightened his belt around his waist,
Hit Toruchaar on his flank,
Smashing the ground with his hooves,
Rode off towards the giant.
He pulled back Toruchaar's rein,
Upon reaching the giant

5580

He spoke these words to him:
"A curse on your father's grave, Kanjar the giant!
You are a mare herder; I'm a shepherd,
You tormented all the boys,
Stop this torture of yours!
You ate all of my meat,
Even if you have the strength of twelve brave men,
Now vultures will carve out your eyes,
Hey, Kanjar, the giant, you'd better stop,
If you don't listen to me,

5590

I'll show you a real 'spectacle!'"
When Manas spoke thus to him,
Kanjar, the giant got up quickly.
Cursed Kanjar, the giant
Had pressed too hard,
Four of the forty boys
Had died on the spot.
When his boys were killed,
Could Manas be expected to do nothing?
"A curse on your father's grave, Kanjar, the giant,

5600

We were forty-one boys on the plains,
We had just been playing around
By cooking the lamb here.
So that you can take away the meat and enjoy it,
Kill the four boys
Just like that for no reason,
It is not as though we had plundered
Your mares on the hill,
Or stolen your stallion and ridden off!
Are you asking for trouble?

5610

You have struck us first,
Now I'll show you some trouble!"
Shouting three times
Calling the battle cry "Manas,"
He grabbed tight
The black club as big as a yurt,
Chasing after Kanjar
He hit him right on his crown.
When he tasted Manas' club,
His head was smashed to pieces,

5620

The giant fell to the ground
His soul leaving him screaming.
He slaughtered the giant and finished him off,
They resumed killing the lambs,
The young sultan, the panther,
Looked at the four boys,
They were long gone,
Their ribs were smashed,
That was God's wish for them,
The four boys the giant

5630

Had slaughtered, not sparing one.
The four boys died like that
And passed from this world.
The fire on which they cooked the meat
Was completely out, not a spark was left.
At that moment, Manas, your gray-maned one,
Slaughtered the giant and finished him off,
By his merciless attack.
All the rest except those four
He was able to save.
He cut into pieces the head

5640

Of the threatening giant,
The panther, the gray-maned one was itching
To stir up trouble with the Kalmyks.
Upon finishing the giant off,
He summoned all the boys.
Of the lambs of bay Jakip
He caught a hundred and slaughtered them.
He summoned the boys to himself
And said, "You should call me 'My lord'.

5650

A curse on your fathers' graves, you forty boys,
Listen to what I say,
Cast your lot with me,
And serve as my companions!"[2]
By slaughtering camels
Sheep and a mare,
He held a great feast.
The grayish-black maned panther
Needed a light for his fire.
A man with the name Jirinta
From the Kara Kalmyks, Manchus,
Came looking for a lamb.

Manas saw him coming.
"Old man, come over here," he said,
"May I borrow your flint stone
So that I can light the fire
And survive in the wilderness,"
The brave gray-maned one stood asking.
"Damn you, *kumka*, Burut," he exclaimed,
"Damn you, cursed Kyrgyz," he cursed,

5660

He didn't grant him what he asked--
A curse on his father's grave, the cunning old man!--
The old man didn't give him his flint stone.
The wicked infidel old man,
Was the bravest, fastest, and most skilled
Old man among all the
Kara Kalmyk people.
He was a brave and strong man
Who had no fear
And treated as his equal

5670

The boy in the wilderness.
The old man was in trouble now.
Manas became furious and irritated,
The gray-maned one spoke angrily:
"My old man, I will take away your flint stone
Which you refused to give me,
If you speak more nonsense,
My proud Kara Kalmyk,
I will slaughter you.
I needed your flintstone,

5680

So I will take it away from you just like this!
Saying thus he reached over to him
And grabbed the old man by his belt,
Lifted him off his stallion
Threw him to the ground.
Tore off the old man's belt,
And grabbed his *kise*.
The old man ran desperately
Fearing what would happen next,
He lost hope for his fly-like tiny soul.

5690

He knelt on the ground

The desperate old man
Lay huddled like a deer,
He ran and mounted his stallion
Without using the iron stirrup.
Blood streamed down his cheeks,
He hit his gray stallion with a whip,
His *kise* and flint stone
Remained in Manas' hands.
He beat his gray stallion,

5700

Jirinta, as you have just seen,
Barely escaped [Manas].
He rode off to a hill mumbling to himself
And stood there for a while angry at Manas:
"Eken okmur kumka," he said
Cursing Manas in no uncertain terms.
He tried to run to safety,
Manas beat his gray stallion,
All covered in dust.
His head and face were covered with blood,

5710

His howling shattered rocks,
His screaming shattered heads,
The Kalmyk had gone his way
When the head shepherd Oshbur bay
Climbed a hill and saw
The forty boys there,
Smoke was in the sky,
"The gray-maned Manas, the panther,
Must have gathered all the lambs
And slaughtered every one," he thought.

5720

Playing *orompoy*[3] and raising the dust in the air,
All the forty boys
Encircled Manas,
They played games raising dust in the air,
Smoke covered the sky,
In the middle stood Manas
Looking like a big mountain.
They caught lambs, slaughtered them,
And enjoyed eating their skewers.

5730

They raced three-year-old horses [4] and shouted,

You should have heard the boys' shout
They called "Manas" as their battle cry.
On this side was a tipi,
You should have seen his tipi,
Ten thousand people with their khan
Could easily fit in it.
In one half of it the forty boys
Headed by Manas
Could easily have played *ordo*.

5740

A black-striped tiger[5]
Stood ready to attack
By the side of that famous boy Manas,
A lion with short gray mane
Stood in front of him
Ready to tear apart Oshpur.
On the plateau his eighty-four warriors followed,
Wherever he turned he set ablaze,
Seeing him, Oshpur's
Bones rattled,

5750

His big intestine shivered,
He almost passed out,
His sword slipped from his hand.
Seeing Manas' appearance
His heart leapt from his chest.
"This crazy son of Jakïp
Won't spare anyone who attacks him
And those who exchange blows with him.
This strong-wristed and stone-hearted
Rascal with an elephant-like figure,

5760

Has indeed become full-grown.
Now he will cause great trouble to the Kalmyks.
One moment he resembles a lion,
Look again, he resembles a panther,
He is a truly bloodthirsty man.
Blinded, the many Kalmyks
Were unaware of all that he had done.
He will bring chaos to the Chïnmachïn,
He won't spare those he catches,
This Burut, a bringer of misfortune,

5770

Won't spare those who fight with him.
He has thrust his iron-tipped spear
Into the ground,
This boy's wrath will bring
Misfortune to the entire world.
Oh, the cursed boy,
If he really becomes furious
He'll indeed be a lion to destroy the world.
I see, he had performed a selfish deed
In the wilderness.

5780

He had indeed slaughtered
All the lambs of bay Jakip
Not sparing one of them!
If I ask him directly
Why he slaughtered the lambs,
He won't spare even me.
So I shouldn't stand here.
Instead, I should go to bay Jakip immediately
And tell him that he should restrain his son!

5790

I'd better bring his father here first
And then approach him; otherwise,
He will quickly kill me
And leave me no escape."
Saying these words the brave Oshpur
Rode off towards Jakip,
As fast as he could without sparing his soul.
Striking his stallion
With a whip to the right and left,
Kicking with his legs,

5800

His stallion's hooves
Tearing up the pastures and plains,
He rode at an impatient pace,
He wasted no time bemoaning
The loss of so many sheep.
The noble Oshpur, what can he do?
He rode at an impatient pace,
As if his wife was attacked by an evil spirit,
And that he was chasing after the *kuugun*,

5810

As if his wife had given birth to a boy.

Oshpur bay at last arrived
In the ordo of bay Jakip.
Oshpur bay began speaking
Unbelievably bad news:
"Your son, Manas has become a strong man,
He didn't listen to my words,
He knocked down like rabbits
All those who stood up to him.
Your brave boy gathered

5820

Forty boys as his companions,
Like an attacking wolf
He slaughtered the sheep in the wilderness.
There is no one like your son.
His companion beside him
Is a gray tiger licking his chops.
Words could not restrain him,
A black-striped tiger
Is the guardian of your son.
In the wilderness the forty boys

5830

Pitched tipis,
Amidst which your wild son
Became a sultan for them.
The forty boys who feasted on the meat,
Shouted, playing *jöö kunans*[6],
Those boys who came first
Shouted 'Manas' as their battle cry.
Your son's name is Big Fool.
Who knew that his real name is Manas?
Your son slaughtered the lambs,

5840

All the forty boys gathered
And began calling him Manas.
Chiyirdi, you didn't give birth to a boy
But to a hero, indeed,
You have indeed given birth to an infidel,
Who is always bloodthirsty.
He won't let your plough plow,
If this boy keeps misbehaving,
He won't let you stay in Altay.
Your son will create trouble,

5850

Spear tips will clash with one another--
He's reached the age of twelve--
With the Kara Kalmyk people
He'll fight this very today.
As you remember, recently
The envoy of Esenkhan,
His soothsayer, had indeed foretold,
Saying that Manas would be born among the Burut.
Thus, they'd sought him from the start.
He was indeed born in Altay,

5860

He'ss indeed that very Manas himself,
Truly Manas himself,
Even to the color of his eyes.
May you burn up, bay Jakip,
You had wicked thoughts,
You hadn't told me your son
Big Fool's name is Manas.
You'd better cut your poplar trees
Before he sets fire to the Altay,
Discipline your son yourself!

5870

He captured every Kalmyk he saw,
And beat up every Manchu he saw,
I, Oshpur, who tend your sheep,
Am sick and tired of your son's mischief.
People are spreading rumors
That the giant Kanjar, the head mare herder,
Was murdered
By your rascal son, Manas.
If you don't restrain your son,
The Kara Kalmyks, the Manchu people,

5880

They are as many as black worms...
In short, I wanted to say that
If seven wolves devour one sheep
There will be nothing left of her flesh,
If seven thousand men beat up one man,
There will be nothing left of his flesh.
Restrain your son, listen to me,
This is what I have to say!"
As soon as he stopped speaking,
Bay Jakip's baybiche,

5890

Well known as Chïyirdi--
From her quail-like black eyes
Tears rolled down [her cheeks]--
The noble woman Chïyirdi,
Showing her lovely white breast
And her lovely white neck,
Spoke gently these words:
"Your livestock is numerous, but you had no son,
We got Manas after a long wait,
A curse on your father's grave, a curse on this damn world!

5900

We were exiled to Altay,
Longing for a baby camel for a long time,
He is your spring in the valley,
This boy named Manas
Is your son whom you were granted in your waning years.
He is your gray-spotted hawk,
You only-born son Manas
Is indeed your shining gray hawk.
You had longed for a child,
Whom else do you have besides Manas?!

5910

You've only one son Manas,
My gray spotted falcon, Manas
Whom an ostrich cannot outrun in mountains.
He's indeed a black-spotted eagle
Who has no need to rest on a mountaintop,
It's you, his owner, who caught him.
He is your spring, streaming from a mountain slope
Your noble son Manas
Will achieve fame and be our support,
He is indeed the lion to bring confusion

5920

To the enemy who challenges him.
Don't be upset, Jakip bay,
Your only-born Manas is your lion,
He'll achieve fame and be our support,
He's an extraordinary lion
Whom the Almighty endowed with strength.
When I became pregnant with Manas,
I laid to rest all my grief,
From the days when we were attacked and scattered.
When I had a craving,

5930

I craved for lion flesh.
He had an extraordinary birth,
There many special signs--you want to know?.
Your backbone is indeed Manas,
Who is a like q protective black hill for you.
Your lion is Manas indeed
Who will enjoy your thousands of livestock.
He is a blessed child,
Your only son Manas
Was granted in answer to our long prayers.

5940

The tears of both our pairs of eyes
Are indeed Manas,
The sharp pain in our chests
Is indeed Manas.
Your Manas, whom you got at an old age,
If he becomes a full grown, strong man
And the equal the sons of brave men,
When his feet become strong,
And he earns his heroic name,
He will push aside our grief,

5950

Don't feel bad for your livestock
Lamenting that your son is a trouble-maker,
He will fill with yellow gold
All your treasure chests.
He will smear the felt of your yurt with fat,
If your only one grows up safely,
He will make you a khan to all the people.
What had been torn away will be re-attached,
If your son Manas stays alive,
Your people who had been will be reunited.

5960

Think good thoughts,
God may indeed reunite us
With the noble Kyrgyz people

5963-5978

[...]
If your Manas stays alive,

5980

He will find our homeland Keng-Kol and Talas,

He will find the Argin, Kyrgyz people,
Saying that they are the heirs of his ancestors.
If your Manas stays alive,
Our mournful faces will light up,
Our burning hearts will cool down.

5986-6125

[...]
This year, God willing, your Manas
Is ready to go on campaign.
If you count the days
And reckon the time,

6130

This year your Manas
Turned twelve.
This very year, your son
Has reached the age of twelve.
Don't lament the fact that your son is a trouble-maker
And pity your livestock,
Support your son instead.
If you don't support your son,
There is Kangay on one flank.
Kangay is inhabited by Kara Kalmyks.

6140

Don't be upset, be patient,
There is danger for you ahead.
There are Kitay above you
With whom you will fight many times.
There are the Manchus in front of you,
With whom you will exchange many blows.
They will treat you as their old Burut enemies.

6147-6179

[...]

6180

Oh, dear world!
You consider Altay as your homeland,
And the Kalmyks as your own people.
This Altay isn't our homeland,
The Kalmyks can't be our people.
They will add poison in your food,
Putting the blame on your son,
These Kalmyks will tear you out by the roots!

Leave all your countless livestock behind,
With Manas as your hope,
Flee this Altay!

6190

If you don't flee Altay,
They will take for themselves the pastures
Where your livestock graze,
And seize your son
Whom you had at an old age.
If they catch Akbaltay, your holy man,
They will slaughter him.
Thus the Manchus will teach you a lesson.
You have many livestock, your son is mischievous,
He turned twelve,
You have no strength to control Manas!
He will take out his black steel sword
From its sheath and fight.
Your Manas won't just fight with the Kalmyks,
But with Esenkhan, the khan of Kitay!

6203-6239

[...]

6240

Ah, bay Jakip, listen to me,
In order to escape these infidels
And reach our goal,
Leave your worldly things behind
And flee towards our many Kyrgyz,
In order not to submit to the Kalmyks
And stay in Altay,
When the horses get fat and strong,
When our men become strong and full of energy,

6250

Castrate your rams [7],
Make all your sheep fat,
Geld your wild stallions,
And turn them into horses,
Make your mares travel fast.
Geld all your male animals
And quickly gather your strength,
Mark the day you will flee,
And wish for your son's safety."
Before Chiyirdi could finish
These words of her,

Before she got time to say more,

6260

Within a blink of an eye,
Oshpur came, feeling outraged,
And spoke thus to bay Jakip:
"Please go immediately to your livestock,
And take your rascal son Manas
Back to yourself.
Load his belongings onto a gelded camel
And experience for yourself the trouble he causes.

6268-6284

[...]
When bay Jakip heard these words,
His heart brok into pieces,
Tears streamed down his cheeks,
Bay Jakip was greedy for livestock,
He rued the loss of his livestock,

6290

He had a strong hatred towards
His rascal son Manas.
Outraged bay Jakip
Mounted his horse,
Together with Oshpur
Set off towards the sheep.
When he went up a yellow hill
From an overhanging prow
He looked out.
In the valley of Greater Altay,

6300

On the bank of a wide river,
On the patchy slopes
Where bay Jakip's sheep rested,
Clouds of dust were in the air,
Gathering the forty boys
The brave Manas seemed
To have slaughtered half the sheep
Which had been left without their owner,
In the wilderness.
He was seized by uncontrollable rage
And carried out an unspeakable act.

6310

Slaughtering the sheep in the wilderness
He held a feast as big as the Ala-Too [mountain].
On the place where he slept
A permanent shrine was built,
No twelve-year-old had ever acted thus.
They had pitched a tipi in the pasture.
No one dared come near the tipi,
In one corner of the tipi
Manas and the forty boys

6320

Could freely play an ordo,
In one corner of it,
Eighty people could easily sleep.
On the place where he slaughtered the sheep,
Many shrines emerged, and
Great men protected him.
On the place where he circled three times,
A shrine as big as a house had emerged.
At that moment Manas

6330

Was blessed by God from above.
The forty guardians and Kizir Kiyaz
Became true companions
To Manas that day.
No man was created like him,
At one glance he resembled
A gray tiger getting ready to attack.
Black spotted panther
Was ready to attack at his side,
A lion with a short, gray mane

6340

Stood ready to strike at his right side,
From the sky, the giant black bird Zimürük [8]
Thrust his long legs and talons
As if to seize his prey.
He had nine protective guardians
Who had been blessing
Manas with great care,
He was blessed on all sides
For he was the lion blessed by a sheikh.
He was the youngest of the six lions,

6350

And the favorite child of God.

Manas had gathered the forty boys
And broken all the rules.
He had slaughtered half
Of bay Jakip's numerous sheep.
The poor people and beggars
Had plenty to eat at Manas' feast.
All those who enjoyed the meat
Called Manas "My lord."

6359-6364

[...]
Angry and upset bay Jakip said:
"Oh, Manas, who are a pain in my neck,
You've weakened me,
Why did you slaughter my sheep in the wilderness,
You who are the bane of my existence?"

6370

Then Manas spoke thus:
"Oh, father, what are you saying?
Why do you need to raise
This many livestock?
What's the point of it all?"
Manas spoke bluntly,
Which made bay Jakip feel proud.

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