

Birth of Manas and His Childhood

BIRTH OF MANAS AND HIS CHILDHOOD

Akbalta gave his blessing
On a mountain side in the wide Altay,
While the Kyrgyz were in distress,
After many days and nights had passed,
In mid-autumn, after summer had passed,
When the animals were fat,

3430

It had been three months.
The *baybiche* named Chïyïrdï,
Who was the wife of Jakïp,
Became pregnant and developed cravings.
He [Jakïp] killed eighty mares,
But she wasn't satiated,
That *baybiche* Chïyïrdï,
Never stopped craving.
Jakïp also killed animals,
The nine animals led by a camel.

3440

In front of the *baybiche*
He put the meat of the killed animals.
She refused to eat the meat,
The *baybiche* insisted that
He find her tiger meat.
He couldn't find a hunter who can kill a
tiger,
Nor could he find the meat of a tiger.
That Chïyïrdï, the *baybiche*,
Craved strongly for tiger meat.

3450

From her noble quail-like eyes,
Drops of tears streamed,
She cried uncontrollably.
Shedding tears the length of a whip
From her noble black-currant eyes,
She cried, distraught.
"I want to eat tiger meat,
Then I can die," she said,
Huddled like a small quail
The *baybiche* lay on the ground.
Her tears streaming down,

3460

The *baybiche* began weeping.
The *baybiche* didn't sleep at night
But kept weeping in this way.
She didn't sleep during daytime,
"I very much want tiger meat!" she said,
She was very restless.
The *baybiche* threatened him
And made a big fuss about it.
Where would he get tiger meat?
But she kept causing trouble.

3470

"I want to find tiger meat," she said,
"I want to cook it in my cauldron," she said,
"I really want to enjoy it," she said,
"I want to satisfy my craving," she said,
"Then I don't mind dying," she said,
"And seeing the face of the Judgment Day,"
she said,
This is what the *baybiche* wished.
At that moment bay Jakip
Went looking for a tiger
By spending his four kinds of livestock.

3480

Unable to find tiger meat -
All the Kyrgyz of forty families searched for
it -
He squandered his livestock,
In search of tiger meat.
He made them go to many cities.
Among the forty families,
Akbalta was the wisest,
Akbalta found the solution.
All the Kyrgyz of forty families
Collected ninety camel loads of wheat

3490

As a kind of tithe.
From the forty families, forty hunters
Went hunting for a tiger.
They set out to hunt, traveling for many days
Without sparing themselves.
The hunters had been stymied,
Unable to find a tiger.
Balta and Jakip, their leaders
Gave the ninety camel loads of wheat
To Kochku,
Kochku, the Kitay hunter

3500

Had shot a tiger at that time.
The tiger's meat was found,
The honor of the poor people of the forty
Kyrgyz families
Were thus restored.
Finding what they sought,
All the Kyrgyz rejoiced,
Getting ready for *Baabedin*.
They cried out "*Baabedin!*"
And took down one of their young cows,
Which resisted, on the ground, and sacrificed
it.

3510

The wealthy ones killed a camel,
The well-off ones killed a mare
They pronounced the ritual prayers.
It was an amazing scene.
The poor people of the forty Kyrgyz families
Held a feast all together,
Akbalta and Jakip [addressed their people]:
"Dear people!
The tiger's meat has been found!"

3520

If this boy is born,
We will be blessed with a boy like a tiger!"
After speaking these words bay Jakip said:
"My people, you can take
My livestock and soul,
Take not one, but two [animals],
Leave the others, take my camels,
Take my red-tailed elephants,
My precious people, listen to me,
I want to get your advice!
But listen to my words, my people.
Please listen carefully, I beg all of you."

3530

All the white-bearded elderly listen,
All the Kyrgyz of forty families listen!
"We are living among
The Kara Kalmyk-Manchu people.
May the rumor not reach the Kara
Kalmyk-Manchus
That the wife of bay Jakip
Craved tiger meat.
Don't let them destroy our fortress,
Wipe out the people,

3540

And take away the craving woman
To Beijing.
Don't let them devastate us
By preventing his birth!"
We the Kyrgyz people are condemned by
fate,
Kalmyks are many in Altay,
If the Kalmyks find out about this woman,
They won't leave her alive,
They won't leave us alone.

3550

No one should trust
The notorious Manchu, the infidels!
They won't leave us alone, if they find out,
They will take away the craving woman
And kill her immediately,"
Bay Jakip spoke these words
Asking his people to keep their mouths
closed:
"Please don't dig a grave for me
And make me suffer
By informing the Kalmyks about it!"

3560

Upon hearing Jakip's plea,
Akbalta quickly rose:
"It's all right, Jakip, my hero
You spoke wise words," he said.
"The seven forefathers of those,
Who inform the Kara Kalmyk-Manchus,
Will be called infidels.
The woman who craves tiger's meat,
May she give birth to a boy or girl.
Whatever it will be,

3570

I learned from the *ulama*
And asked from the knowledgeable men,
The boy will be born a lion.
This Chiyirdi will give birth to a lion,
She'll give birth to a grayish-black maned
hero
As to the fate of these Kara
Kalmyk-Manchus,
If I stay alive, my people, you'll see,
She'll give birth to a deadly brew,
She'll, indeed, give birth to a banner for the
Kyrgyz.
She'll give birth to our backbone,
She'll give birth to a lion as our spine.

3580

You, the Kyrgyz of forty families
Take an oath by eating white wheat bread,
And vow by touching The Koran, my people
That you won't tell them that she craved
tiger meat!"
Upon hearing this, the Kyrgyz people
pledged their lives
And quickly made their pledge,
They vowed with earnest voice,
The Kyrgyz people all together
Closed their mouths with their hands.

3590

"We'll plunder all the livestock
Of those who report to [the Kalmyks],
We'll catch that person secretly
And sacrifice him,
Thus erase his face from the earth!"
When the crowd vowed in this way
And gave their promise,
At that moment generous Jakip
Killed five sets of the nine different animals
Headed by a mare,

3600

The people kept their mouths shut,
The feast was extraordinary.
They took out black *arak* from storage,
And poured *arak* from a Kalmyk flask
And enjoyed it at Jakip's place,
They offered it to each man.
The Kara Kalmyks and Manchus
Stopped searching for the boy.
Jakip with countless livestock

3610

Only wished a son.
"Dear people!"
Thus Jakip khan began.
Before he finished his words,
They killed the tiger
And the *baybiche* sated herself well
Eating the slaughtered tiger's meat,
And thus satisfied her craving.
Whenever [the baby] moved [in her belly]
The *baybiche* cried out.

3620

It had been already nine months
And it was time for the pregnant wife
To give birth.
It had been nine months and nine days,
He had been counting the days
And keeping a record.
Bay Jakip gathered all the elderly
With their leader Akbalta.
"I married and raised countless livestock,

3630

But I never got my wish.
I never heard the voice of a child,
Who would grow up being a hero
And the true son of a hero.
I have many livestock, but no child,
If my *baybiche* brings forth a boy,
If I hear the baby's cry
I may lack the strength to bear it.
If I hear the baby's cry,
I will cry from sadness,

3640

From happiness, my heart
Will break in two.
Will your Jakip pass away suddenly
Without having seen his child's kindness and
love?
Will your Jakip see the Judgment Day
By rejoicing too much at the news?
I have my countless livestock but no son,
If I have a son
I may lack the strength to bear it.
I have countless livestock which I raised
myself,

3650

I can't stay here and wait,
Instead, I will go to my horses.
While I'm gone to my horses
And can't make it back on time,
If my wife gives birth safely,
If it is not a boy, but a girl,
There is a piebald mare,
Which I have set aside,
Please kill her and feast on her,
And know that your noble Jakip, the
gray-maned,
Will pass away without an heir.

3660

No one should come to me
When I am with my horses
And tell me the news [if it is a girl].
If she brings forth a boy,
Kill ninety animals for the feast [...]
Let the mullah proclaim aloud [1]
That his name is Manas!
One of your brave ones should ride to me
quickly
Telling me the good news! [2]

3670

If you tell me that it is boy,
I will give whatever you ask from me,
I will give my countless livestock
All of them to you.
I will give whatever one asks
Who comes telling me the good news,
The countless four kinds of livestock,
I'll give all of them to him.

3680

I have countless horses on the pasture
Stallions and chargers are mixed.
One who comes telling the good news
Can choose stallions from the herd.
If my livestock won't be enough,
You can even take my blood and pour it in a
flask.
If you want, you can add camels.
Listen my people, listen the elderly,
Listen all of my many people!"

3690

He gave his promise
And left for his horses.
He lost his strength when he wondered
To whom she would give birth,
His noble soul was shrinking.
His ribs and bones were falling apart,
Thoughts raced through Jakip's head;
He was restless with worry.
Jakip left for his countless horses.

3700

Bay Jakip caught the old stallion who was
leader of the herd,
The embodiment of Kambar ata.
He put a leather belt around his own neck,
He prayed to the Creator,
And brought down and sacrificed Kambar
ata *aygir*. [3]
Jakip then slaughtered the *aygir*.
Upon feasting on his meat,
He lay down on his side
Using his silvered saddle as his pillow, [4]
And facing the *kibila*,

3710

Jakip drifted off to sleep.
He covered himself with his coat
And prayed to the one and only God.
He fell asleep leaning on his elbow,
Took a short nap and rested.
While he was falling asleep,
The Creator specially sent a man,
Who was barefoot and bareheaded,
A white bearded mendicant entered Jakip's
dream:

3720

"Hold back your horse's bridle, Jakip,
Say 'Allah,' and get up, Jakip!
I'm the *kizir* who brings blessings,
The reason I've appeared by your side
Is that The Creator gave you a son,
I came to tell that to you.
Put all your grief behind, Jakip,
Today, you will have a son,
Give him the name 'Manas,' Jakip!
This son of yours has been born in the Altay,

3730

If he grows up safe and sound,
He'll create turmoil in the world.
Wherever your son turns, those places will
be set ablaze,
His armed companions will be eighty,
When he reaches the age of seven,
He'll learn to write from a caliph,
And receive blessing of a prince of the faith.
He'll exchange greetings with the twelve
masters
And he'll be guided by forty guardians,

3740

And he himself will be called "great *sahib*."
He'll become strong by drinking blood,
By killing those who oppose him,
He'll be known as blood-thirsty Manas.
He'll be a grayish-black maned lion,
He'll be perfect in every way.
He'll be the youngest of the six lions,
And be the favorite of God.
His enemies won't dare fight him,
No enemy will be spared by him,

3750

He'll be perfect in every way,
If you look inside him,
He'll be wider than this earth.
No man can stand his ground
When fighting with Manas,
In the eighteen thousand worlds,
No brave man will be left to resist him. [5]
He will be the lion who will
Bring misfortune to the Kakachin in Beijing,

3760

He will be the man to create chaos.
The lion, Manas, a boy has arrived,
Just wait, Jakip, remember my words!
Name him Manas
And leave all your grief behind,
Tell the Kara Kalmyks and Manchus
That his name is a "Big Fool"! [6]
Your son, who is going to be born today,
Will have Khoja Asan as his protector
And forty guardians as his backing. [7]

3770

When your son is born,
Plan to do something extraordinary,
Throw a feast by killing a great many
Of your mares!
Today, your old lady will give birth to a
falcon,
Your dun mare will give birth to a stallion.
This is the noble thing which the *kizir* told
you today,
For your lion-like son Manas
He will be the horse to ride to war.
Today, the two will be born at the same time,

3780

They'll become one when still small as mites,
And first meet when small as ticks.
He will be the horse to ride to battle,
He will grow into an extraordinary horse.
He won't tire if ridden nonstop for six
months,
Nor will he age and lose his teeth
Until he reaches the age of sixty.
His tail will be red as blood, his mane will be
silky,
If he chases a wild ass, he won't escape,
His bones are made from blue rocks.

3790-99

[...]

3800

Until Manas reaches the age of twelve,
Until he grows into manhood,
Achieves the stature of a brave man,
And takes a spear in his hand
And thrusts it at someone,
Until he can ride his horse faster than a
bullet,
Until he puts his bullet-proof mail on,
Until Manas becomes real Manas,
Until he mounts his horse
And freely travels among the people,

3810

Until he establishes an *ordo*
Among the noble Kyrgyz people,
Until he reaches the age of twelve,
Don't tell anyone,
Don't tell any Kalmyk
That your son's name is Manas!
If you tell someone boastingly
That your son's name is Manas,
Manas' name will be known
And seven years ahead of time

3820

He will surely be inscribed in the record
book of the Kakan.
Your famous son Manas will indeed be he,
On the hearing of whose name
The khan of Beijing became furious
And caused mayhem among the people.”
Having spoken thus, that person
Disappeared from his sight.
At that moment bay Jakip

3830

Suddenly woke up from his sleep,
Sprang up to his right, and
By placing his belt around his neck,
He prayed to The Almighty
And hastened to utter his ”Baabedin.”
Bay Jakip was now ready.
That day Jakip
Could not sleep,
His eyes were wide open.

3840

When Jakip sprang to his feet,
There was no one around him, not even a
beast.
His heart was pounding from happiness,
He jumped with joy,
Steam was coming off his head
Bay Jakip stood crying:
”I was dreaming when I woke up,
This is indeed God’s blessing!”
It was still nighttime when he jumped up,

3850

At that moment for Jakip,
It was the Holy Night.
That man who spoke to him
Was Kidir, indeed.
Poor fellow, bay Jakip
Had heard from him then
That his name would be Manas.
At that moment bay Jakip
Placed his belt around his neck,
And prayed to The Creator.

3860

The dawn had broken
And the Libra faded away one by one,
Not even one remaining.
When Jakip sprang to his feet,
Dawn had already broken,
Daylight touched the ground.
When Jakip jumped up,
Jakip's good fortune had arrived,
The first born of his herds [of mares],
The dun mare who had never borne a foal,

3870

That dun mare gave birth to a foal.
The special mare
Gave birth to a foal now,
What she bore was no ordinary foal,
But a very special one.
The first-born among the mares,
Gave birth this year,
The dun mare gave birth
To a real whirlwind, indeed.

3880

Look at him from all sides --
His tail and mane flowed
My *janibar*, [8] Toruchaar,
He had the mark of a heroic steed.
When one looked at his sinewy body,
It had a gorgeous look.
He was such a beautiful *janibar*
With a flowing tail and mane.
If Toruchaar grows up safely,
He will become a beautiful steed,
And those who want to have him will be
Jakip's enemy.

3890

Each muscle was well defined,
The janibar has unique qualities.
If he grows up safe and becomes a stallion,
He won't let his rider be defeated by fierce
enemies
Until there is nothing left of his reins. [9]
He won't let his rider be struck with a spear,
Unless he faces a thousand dangers all at
once.
If he hears an uproar that would shatter
one's bones,
If the *janibar* hears a battle din,
He'll show his real heroic quality.

-
- 3900 He won't be scared of great arriors' guns,
 He will keep his footing
 When hearing earthshaking clamor,
 When one gives him free rein,
 He'll leave all other stallions behind,
 The black earth which he walks
 Will crack from his passage.
 He'll never slip on a steep slope,
 He won't be any less sure-footed than
- 3910 A deer that walks on rocks.
 His rider will be fast as the wind.
 If Toruchaar grows up safely,
 He'll be a stallion best suited for a hero.
 He will have mattock-like hooves and wide
 croup,
 If Toruchaar grows up safely,
 He'll be a steed to ride in battle.
 If Toruchaar grows up safely,
 He'll be a stallion of special breed.
- 3920 He'll be a stallion to ride to war.
 He'll be a stallion for a skilled
 Panther-like spearman
 He'll be a stallion ridden by a great man
 Who will turn the world on end.
 He will indeed be a strong horse,
 Whose hooves will never stumble,
 His tail and mane are glorious,
 This *janibar* Toruchaar
 Is a horse, the likes of which I've never seen!"
- 3930 He observed the foal closely,
 Out of happiness, bay Jakip
 Took a closer look at him again.
 By watching Toruchaar,
 He enjoyed the pleasure of the animal
 By kicking the ground Toruchaar
 Had been gaining in strength,
 He was jumping over his mother
 Back and forth.
- 3940 As he watched, bay Jakip's heart melted.
 He wished that [God] give him the rider, a
 son,
 He imagined him riding [the horse],
 So he could die in peace,
 Seeing Toruchaar,
 He shouted out, crying "Baabedin!"

3950

And called his mare herder,
His ribs and heart throbbed,
His voice trembled,
His entire body shook,
Before he even finished telling [his news],
Before he said this and that,
Over the black mountain ridge,
On the steep mountain slope,
Appeared clouds of dust.
Seeing the dust, bay Jakip,

3960

Became very anxious.
When he watched the clouds of dust,
It was the dust from Telküröng,
The person riding him
Was indeed Akbalta.
Balta came riding to tell
About the good news.
Akbalta told this news
To desperate bay Jakip.
To bay Jakip in this way:

3970

"Bay Jakip, my son, good news!
Today to your great good fortune
A lion has arrived!
The panther, the sultan, the great leader has
arrived
Whom we so long awaited!
No one was able to hold on to him [when he
was born],
He came out with rage in his hands.
He shouted while still in the womb
And called out the battle cry 'Manas!'
Among the gray, pale-headed sheep, [10]

3980

One with a white blaze gave birth to a lamb.
When your Manas came out
He landed straight on his feet!
Khan Manas came out
Holding black blood in his right hand.
That means if there are enemies to fight
He'll shed their blood
Like that dripping black blood.
That he came out holding
Yellow gold in his left hand

3990

Means he'll cut them off at the roots
They'll wither and yellow, like yellow gold.
When your son came out from the womb,
His ear tips were pierced,
He was already circumcised.
Those who saw him were scared,
Oh, my Jakip, think about it,
Your son who came out from the womb

4000

Showed such great signs.
When the boy came out crying
Dust arose from the place where he dropped,
When that boy cried
Our hearts leapt and our souls departed.
Those poor nine old women
Experienced a great shock,
Saying that he wasn't a baby but a monster,
indeed,
They [almost] died of fright, I heard.
Those who saw him were troubled,

4010

On the nape of your son's neck
A gray-black mane was to be seen.
When your Manas dropped to the ground,
He suckled while light shone [from him].
When women were to wrap him
They noticed his other sign,
A black-striped tiger

4020

Pounced from his [left] side.
He jumped over the boy
Three times back and forth
And disappeared from sight
No one then could see him
Or know where he went.
A gray lion with a short tail,
Pounced from his right side.
Seeing the lion,

4030

Women ran away screaming,
'What kind of a creature is he?'
All the people at once
Ran away all together.
By sniffing the right shoulder
And then the left shoulder
Of the newly born baby Manas,
Making the sound "kür-kür" and slinking
The hero and the lion
Lay together ready to pounce.
At one glance, he looked like a normal baby,

4040

At another glance, he looked like a gray tiger.
If he grows up safe and sound,
He won't spare his enemy.
When the enemy's head hits the ground
The heavens will light up
And the earth will shake.
Your newly born son Manas
Is the beloved child of God,
He is a boy whose each body part
Has the value of ninety thousand animals,
indeed.

4050

If he survives,
He will grow into a brave man.
He'll be a gray-black maned lion
Full of wrath,
He will leave a trail of flame.
His bullets will be steel.
He has been given the name Manas,
There will be no one like him in the world.
We had been exiled from far away,
He is the man who will find for us

4060

Our relatives, the Kyrgyz.
He is the great hero who will erase your grief,
He is the great hero who will treat us with
respect.
He came into the world in Altay,
As you see, the Holy Night has arrived.
Think about it, Jakip khan,
That day for which we longed has come,
Your long-time wish has come to pass.
Today, the event which matched your dream
has taken place.

4070

Jakip bay, your dream came true,
Chiyirdi gave birth to a boy,
And he was given the name Manas.
Have you ever seen such a thing among your
people?!
His figure and looks
When he was born
Matched those in your dream,
Jakip blessed by kizir, listen carefully,
Such a thing occurs but once in an age!
Every sign of your son matched,

4080

Allah, The Almighty
Himself bestowed this blessing!
When he was born, the black earth
Shook unable to withstand his might,
Knowing that a lion has arrived to us
With the name Manas, the lion!
My Jakip, such a thing never happens even if
we pray,
Dreams usually do not come true so quickly,
Had the thought ever crossed your mind
That The Creator would bestow on you a
son like Manas?!

4090

He is indeed unusual and strong,
He is indeed a lion to support us.
He is indeed a son to bring good fortune
Releasing the bonds of our luck.
He is indeed a son to untie
The hands of those who live in suffering.
He is indeed the son to erase the grief
Of those who live in misery,

4100

He is indeed a lion to wage war
On the teeming infidels.
If Manas grows up safely,
He will indeed be the lion to free
His destitute people in Altay.
Not long ago, you have seen, Jakip...
You must remember
When Tekeche khan and Shigay khan,

4110

Trying to save their own lives,
Ran away to the mountains
Not leaving any trace behind,
Neither showing their bravery,
They sought to save their skins
By not leaving any signs of them,
Nor acting like relatives,
They themselves had escaped.
The Kara Kalmyks and many Manchus
Attacked us suddenly.

4120

We had been weak then
We had no strength to fight,
They had divided and scattered us,
They had annihilated us,
The Kitay had plundered
All our livestock, not leaving us a thing,
Our hands and legs were bound,
We were exiled in suffering,
We grieved and lamented,
Separated from our own relatives.
Think of those tragic days,
The likes of which no one had seen.

4130

Our hands and legs were tied together
And we were exiled in suffering.
Some of us was sent to Iran,
Others fell into a deep, inescapable pit.
Many of us suffered great pain
And faced great anguish.
When they brought this disaster on us,
When these infidels drove us away,
We could find no sheep to eat,
Nor a place to rest,

4140

We could find no orphan yearling with a
mane,
Nor a decent place to live,
After a long and painful journey,
We arrived in Altay and gathered some
strength, Jakip,
We dug gold and bought livestock, Jakip!
Have you ever thought that your dream
would come true?
And that Allah, The Creator
Would bestow a son like Manas?
Has such a thing ever occurred in memory!?
If this boy grows up,

4150

He'll be the instrument for your revenge,
He'll be the great hero who will make you
happy.

We were exiled in different directions,
If we stay alive, he'll be the hero to find us
our kin.

As you see, the day has come.

For those who know,
Manas is that Holy Night.

Your skinny horse has fattened, my hero,
Our hungry stomachs are full,
Your honor has been restored,
Your dignity has been restored, Jakip!

4160

What had been separated will be reattached,
If your son grows up safely,
The grief in your chest will vanish,
Your burning heart will cool,
If he grows up safely,
Your eyes will light with joy!

What had been separated will be reattached,
What had been scattered will be re-united."
Akbalta spoke these words:
"You've got a son, Jakip," he said,

4170

"Has not your dawn broken for you?
Has not your red sun arrived?
Has not God bestowed on you a generous
Panther named Manas!?
I am troubled, however:
Beijing is a great and wonderful city
And Esenhan is the great leader of it.
I heard from the *ulama* that
The khan of Beijing, Esenhan
Fearing that a hero named Manas will come

4180

And cause a disaster in Beijing,
Came looking for a boy
Among these Kyrgyz people, I heard.
His fortuneteller had told him
That his language would be Kyrgyz
And that he would be Beijing's enemy.
His fortuneteller had prophesied,
That infidel Esenhan's
Herald had told him about it,
Many of them told him to his face,

4190

The soothsayer of his treasure house
Had foreseen Manas' birth.
Upon hearing the soothsayer's words
That Manas was their enemy,
The khan had come with his many armies
And gathered all of us,
These Kyrgyz people of forty families.
You must recall
How they gathered all your boys
And made them pass one by one.

4200

(I inquired from the ulama,
I asked from the knowledgeable men.)
'In his search for Manas, Esenhan
Caused a great disaster,' they said,
'That bastard -- may he die in flame --
Had sent the news everywhere.
He caught and slaughtered
Those who resisted him,' they said.
He let them know that he was the boss
By annihilating, beating, and burning them
alive,

4210

All the people he had gathered.
In this way he searched for the boy, I heard,
He looked for a person
Whose name was Manas and who had a
mane, I heard,
He did whatever he could
To the whole world, I heard.
He slaughtered those who angered him,
He took off their heads, I heard,
He wreaked havoc, I heard,

4220

The Kitay took by force, I heard,
Famous Eshen's Jar Manas,
That poor one who was born
In the city of Samarkand.
The Kakanchin are many people,
The teeming Kitay
Have all kinds of giants.

4230

When their khan gives an order,
They'll seize anything by force.
He brought about a catastrophe, I heard.
To the sheikhs with an *ordo* and blue-coated
soldiers,
And to his many people of Kokand and
Margilan.
There is Aykojo in Andijan,
Who lives in Andijan,
And no enemy has ever defeated him.
Aykojo has a son Bilerik.
Let me tell you about Aykojo --

4240

He himself is a holy seer.
Aykojo's son Bilerik
Was born after he had died.
Just as Jeti-Özön is the finest of rivers,
So Bilerik, born after Aykojo had died,
Was his father's only child,
They levied tribute of gold
And loaded it onto [camels], I heard,
Having wrapped their heads with belts as
turbans,
And prayed to The Almighty,

4250

They loaded their valuables on camels
And drove them towards Kitay,
The Giant Döngö from Kitay
Showed them what he knew best, I heard.
On the dry deserts of Mediyan
He slaughtered them, I heard,
The khojas who went to trade,
All the khojas were murdered,
All the trade ceased,
Upon plundering [their goods],

4260

Giant Döngö continued his mission, I heard.
Aykojo's son Bilerik
Was captured by them, I heard,
He was caught in a net,
Which was made from strong iron ropes, I
heard,
So that the Kitay can make fun of him
He was put on display,
He found himself trapped
With no chance of escape, I heard,

4270

They slaughtered the khojas
And departed, I heard.
Saying that he was also one the muslims,
They tied and took Bilerik
In this way, I heard.
'Jar Manas and Bilerik
Were both seized,' they said,
'They put them in that dungeon,' they said.
Into a dungeon under the khan's throne,
Which is forty rope-lengths deep,

4280

'They didn't kill them or get rid of them,
They became destitute,' they said.
The Kitay were troubled
Hearing the name of Manas,
Watch out, bay Jakip --
Haven't you heard? --
Knowing that Manas is Kyrgyz,
And that he will destroy their nest,
They built a strong fortress in Beijing.
Listen carefully to my words, Jakip.

4290

Are you not aware?
With all your Kyrgyz of forty families,
Don't ever call him Manas.
Let us all, the Kyrgyz of forty families gather
And forget our grief,
Let us all, the Kyrgyz, gather
And name him "Big Fool" for now
This gray-maned one, who is blessed by
Kizir.
When he turns twelve,
We will teach them a lesson,

4300

Drive them out in this way,
And take our revenge
From the teeming infidels.
When he turns fourteen,
He will become strong by drinking blood,
Just wait and see,
He will be known as bloodthirsty Manas
In Beijing of the Kakanchin.
We'll look to him for our support,

4310

He is the great man to inflict disaster
On the Kakanchin in Beijing.
Bay Jakip, my son, listen to my words,
Your son has arrived, the lion has arrived,
The issue from your mare and you yourself
have arrived together.
Manas, the hero, has arrived in your home,
A lion blessed by fortune!
If this son of yours grows up safely,
He will slash through rocky mountains and
turn them into roads,
If my words aren't a lie --
Only Allah knows --

4320

This son of yours will defeat the Kitay and
take booty.
Hey, Jakip, who owns countless livestock,
You are a man, who loves livestock,
Don't be stingy, Jakip!
You have many horses on the pastures,
Most of them are beautiful, with forehead
blaze;
There are stallions and chargers among them.
Forget about all your laments, Jakip,
You have got a son, Manas,
Kill many of them for the feast, Jakip,

4330

Many mares and many sheep,
Slaughter them in abundance, Jakip.
Don't let anyone hear,
Don't let anyone find out
That the boy's name is Manas,
Name the boy 'Manas' secretly, Jakip!
Don't spare your numerous livestock, Jakip,
To keep the people silent, Jakip!
May your cows and camels be killed,
May big cooking pits be dug

4340

On the plains of this Altay,
At this feast of Manas,
May dervishes, mendicants and
The poor stuff themselves."

Saying these words Akbalta
Told him the good news.
The childless bay Jakip
Agreed with everything he said,
As reward to Akbalta

4350

He gave a thousand two-year-olds from the
gray stallion's herd.
As reward to uncle Akbalta
Jakip drove in four hundred camels
With their pouting lower lips,
Their two erect humps,
Their necks arched like a duck's,
Some with a single hump,
Pad, pad, padding along,
Striding boldly,
Their shaggy hair covered with dust, [11]
Four hundred camels Jakip drove in

4360

And gave as reward>
To [our] uncle Akbalta.
Not holding any back, poor Jakii
Gave four hundred of his cows,
With their noble horns.
They themselves are great horned beasts,
Their milk is fatty,
They are valuable animals.
Poor Jakip gave not sparing
Four hundred of his cows.
"Oh, Akbaltay, uncle,

4370

If these words of yours are true,
Take stallions from my horses,
If that is not enough,
Take a flask of my blood,
If what you say is true,
Leave my file, take my whetstone,
But leave the core of my being,
Leave but one thing, take all the rest,
Leave me in Altay and take my people,
Leave my boy and take my wife,
Take all my treasures and take my linens,

4380

If it isn't painless, oh, my uncle,
Gouge out one of my eyes,
I raised countless horses,
I gathered numerous livestock without an
heir.
You came telling me the good news.
If what you say is indeed true,
Take not just my livestock, take me as well!
At your words, Akbaltay,
I'm melting down,
Hearing your words khan Baltay,

4390

Overwhelmed with joy,
My heart is burning.
Dear Akbaltay,
If he has been given the name 'Manas,'
I must see my son.
Since I came to this Altay,
I raised countless livestock, but no child,
I suffered not having a child,
This world was indeed a crappy place!
Dear Akbaltay,

4400

You are my true inspiration --
God created all human souls --
Once I see that boy
My soul is going to leave me!"
Speaking these words, bay Jakip,
With pastures full of livestock,
Upon hearing about his son,
Became overjoyed.
His heart broke into pieces,
When he learned that he had got a son,

4410

Poor bay Jakip,
Tears pouring from his eyes,
Saddled his horse in a rush,
Followed by hero Baltay,
When he arrived home
From the mountains of wide Altay,
From the bank of a big river,
He was blessed with luck,
His *baybiche* Chiyirdi
Had given birth to Manas, the lion.

4420

When she was delivering Manas
Baybiche saw a sign on him,
Seeing that sign,
Those poor twelve women [in attendance]
Died from shock.
The baby dropped straight on his feet,
Seeing this, the old women fell to the ground,
He cried loudly "Bar-Bar!" [12]
The gray-maned one cried loudly and
forcefully,
His gray mane was sleek and flowing,

4430

He landed straight on his feet,
They all noted how the boy,
Conveyed the spirit of a lion.
While she was giving birth to Manas,
God had specially sent a man
Who appeared out of nowhere.
The white bearded mendicant said:
"This boy, to whom you gave birth,
Is the youngest of the six lions
And the favorite of Allah.

4440

His name is Manas, an extraordinary lion,
Among all the created men
Has been no hero the likes of him,
He'll slash through a crowd with his spear,
Those who fight with him will be killed.
He is the strong one, he is the lion,
He is the hero, the youngest lion.
If he grows up safely,
He'll build roads in places where none exist,
He'll attack those who attack him first,

4450

His armed guard will number eighty four.
You will see him, if he stays alive,
Everywhere he turns will be set aflame,
He'll leave pursuers in his dust,
No one can defeat him with a spear,
No man dares face him,
The strong Manas, the lion is he,
Who burns ever hotter when the flame has
died,
The angry Manas, the hero is he,
Whose strength increases in the heat of
battle.

4460

If he grows up safely,
He is the hero to make the Kakanchin of
Beijing
Cry out, saying "God protect us!"
He will fight and cause destruction,
Crossing swords with the great Beijing.
He won't disappoint you,
When your falcon, Manas grows up,
He'll cause mayhem among the Kitay.
He'll be famous and our mighty shield,

4470

The famous Manas, the lion is he
Who will inhabit this world.
When your falcon-son grows up,
He'll destroy the Kitay,
He'll strike Beijng with a spear
And press on without pause once he charges
When he wages war
Against the teeming enemy,
He'll massacre all those condemned to death,
When they fire guns and shoot with bows

4480

As the armies face each other,
When they fight with battle axes
Whose clanging fills the air,
When the powder from their flasks has
spilled,
When their powder's gone and arrows too,
Forced to their knees,
They're losing hope.
Here is a special steel bullet.
For campaign against against the infidels,
There is no man like Manas.

4490

Listen to my words,
When you feed the boy for the first time,
You should let him taste this steel bullet.
[13]
Remember what I say to you,
When the enemy attacks suddenly,
This will really be useful,
So, you should sew it onto his collar."
After stroking on his forehead three times,
The man disappeared.

4500

He was that true holy man,
Who wanted to bless Manas
When he was born,
And to make strong as a panther,
Make him known as khan Manas
To the people and to the childless Jakip.
He became richer after having a son,
He was overjoyed and happy,
He something almost unbelievable,

4510

All the people gathered
Saying that a son had been born to Jakip,
Bay Jakip got ready
To throw a feast for his son.
At that time Jakip, the great man,
Had thousands of livestock, but no son,
Bay Jakip had to throw a feast
For he now had a son.
That bay Jakip was throwing a feast For the
sake of his people,

4520

To honor the birth of his son.
The brave Jakip slaughtered now
Five hundred of his mares
Happy at having a son,
He also set aside to slaughter
Three hundred cows,
He killed countless sheep,
He killed sheep in abundance,
He killed rams for the feast.
All this was quite unbelievable.

4530

Since it was bay Jakip's feast
The Kara Kalmyks, the Manchu people
Came in large numbers,
The Türgoots all came,
A great many of Jakip bay's livestock
Were slaughtered for the feast.
Meat was piled high as the Ala-Too
[mountains]
The cauldron of *chik* [14] was the size of
Ala-Köl,
They recorded in the cadastres
Not Manas' real name,
But "Chong Jindi" [Big Fool].

4540

The headmen of the Kalmyks grumbled,
Those wearing mail shirts and precious
stones
Groused behind Jakip's back,
That for getting a "Big Fool"
This Burut threw a big feast,
This Burut was so rich indeed
That he killed animals as if he were a king.
He made like the world was perfect,
Koumiss and arak were consumed like food.
This time our noble heads
Saw something quite incredible from this
Burut!
We experienced an unbelievable event
By coming to this Burut's feast.
This Burut is indeed an extraordinary man
For he killed all the stallions and camels
And his several kinds of animals.
The noble men and those wearing precious
stones
Enjoyed the food at the feast
And these sweet fellows were very much
amazed.

4560

Khan Jakip had countless livestock,
The khan of the Kara Kalmyk was there,
When [my] Jakip gave the feast,
All the people were invited.
He did something unbelievable,
At that Manas' feast,
He organized a horse race,
He really showed off his wealth,
The notables of the Kalmyks
Started to act up,

4570

They stayed for the entire feast,
Became drunk on koumiss,
They were drenched with sweat,
Arak made them obnoxious,
Their strong ones began acting arrogantly,
So many animals were killed for the feast;
The boy was given the name "Chong Jindi."
The elite of the Kalmyks
Wearing precious stones gathered
As if they wanted to check the boy out.

4580

Each picked him up to see how much he weighed,
As if to gift him with an animal. [15]
There was Jakip's faithful Oshpurbay,
Who kept his sheep in the same corral,
Who stored his harvest in the same cellar,
They were friends who shared food,
They took care of their livestock together,
They milked their cows and shared their milk.
When he gave Manas' feast,
The Kara Kalmyks, the Manchu people,

4590

They talked behind his back and made such a fuss,
Stirred up the crowds.
Oshpur thought about what he had heard,
And told it to Jakip.
One day the Kalmyks said:
"He killed animals like a king,
He showed off his wealth,
This Burut in Altay,
These people called Burut,

4600

Killed animals in such huge numbers --
This Burut went too far --
There has to have been a good reason,
The Burut should not be taken lightly.
He killed many animals when his wife gave birth,
He spent his wealth lavishly,
He's getting too big for his britches,
This arrogant Burut!"
Many Kalmyks were resentful.
Separated from his people,

4610

Jakip had to bear the burden alone.
Jakip's not your average wealthy man,
For he killed animals like a king,
Killed animals wholesale when his son was born.
This son of his is no ordinary boy!
The boy's name is Chong Jindi [they say],
But who knows what his real name is!
His son seems to be a strong poison,
If he grows up safely
He might bring doom to Beijing!

4620

We are the many Kakanchin-Bakburchun,
We ourselves have witnessed
How these people slaughtered animals,
No one slaughters this many animals.
They recorded in the great record book
How many animals Jakip killed,
And made it known to Chin Beijing.
For what cause did this Burut,
This people named Burut
Kill animals like a king?

4630

This Burut is indeed brave
To kill five hundred mares,
He killed five hundred camels With their
pouting lower lips
And their two erect humps,
He did the unbelievable
And held a feast to feed the whole world,
No ears have ever heard, no eyes have ever
seen,
No one has ever given such a feast!
Since he has arrived in Altay

4640

Many years have past,
The wealth of this Burut
Exceeds [the wealth of] the world.
Look at this Burut's courage
That he gave a feast when his wife gave
birth,
He killed mares at random,
He killed animals from his four kinds.
In the city of Kakan
No has ever killed this many animals.
Everyone who went to his feast was full,

4650

In the city of Kakan
There is no one like him, indeed.
The arak and koumiss that was served
Would overflow the world.
We, the Ulandin, Dang-Shang, and
Bakburchun,
Saw the greatness of these people,
He did the unbelievable,
This Burut threw a feast
Far greater than the feast
Of wealthy Kitay wearing fancy tunics.

4660

People settled down to feast,
Even the children of the Kara Kalmyk and
Manchus
Were served the choicest cuts. [16]
He spared very few of his animals.
If you ask his son's name,
He was named Chong Jindi,
This Burut really got spoiled!
By doing an unthinkable event
And offering a feast when his wife gives birth.
In the magnificent big city Beijing,

4670

There is our king Esenhan,
We should tell him about it,
We should report immediately
About this Burut who killed many animals.”
All the people gathered --
The Kara Kalmyks and Manchus,
To the accompaniment of a big copper drum,
The troubled Kalmyk people
Sent as their messenger the Chief
Executioner
To Esenhan of Beijing,
To the pass of the Kakanchin,

4680

To the teeming Kitay people,
To his fortified house,
To his strongly guarded city,
To Esenhan of Beijing,
To the city of the Kakanchin
With six stallions to ride
And a message on a palm-sized piece of
paper,
Without delay, that Chief Executioner

4690

Traveled day and night,
He rode for a long distance
Without pitying the horses,
He crossed through rushing rivers,
He passed through many big mountains,
He rode moving swiftly,
He rode for a long distance
Without pitying the horses,
Many days passed,
That executioner finally reached
The outskirts of Chet-Beijing,
The city of Esenhan,

4700

Which was not visible clearly.
Chet-Beijing with forty gates
Was guarded by a military guard,
The one guarding the gate
Was a monk at the monastery --
Let me tell you about that monastery --
The ox gets old, the owner dies,
They divide equally the livestock
Of a deceased person.
They consider their *serke* [17] holy,

4710

They ride sacred horses,
They don't cover their butts with pants.
Let me describe the rituals of these people:
They stay away from females,
They ride their wild stallions,
Let's look at their rituals,
They worship as God
A big idol made of copper.
Next to Esenhan,
About one thousand monks stand.

4720

That Chief Executioner who arrived
Came in all worked up,
As if his wife was attacked by a black demon,
As if the exorcised demon was still nearby.
[18]
Before Esenhan
He began speaking of a disaster,
He began telling an unbelievable story:
"Jakip had been exiled from the Buruts
And had settled down in Altay,
He had been separated from his land

4730

And had become our subject.
He made himself quite comfortable there,
He became rich by plowing land,
He became so wealthy that
He did an unimaginable thing:
By killing animals like a king
He threw a feast when his wife gave birth."
When the Chief Executioner spoke these
words,
Esenhan became outraged:
"It is the custom among all the people

4740

To give a feast for a newborn child.
If he has countless animals of the four kinds.
Damn your father's grave, the Kalmyk
people --
If he became rich after arriving in your land,
Of course, he will kill his many animals.
It has always been a custom
For people to celebrate the naming of a child.
It is fine for Jakip to own livestock,
Why are you very troubled

4750

About the fact that he killed animals like a
king?
Why can't he kill his own livestock?
Why can't the guests enjoy the food?
Why can't the people gather
And give a name to the boy!?
That Burut who got a son
Won't spare his livestock,
It's not good that you came
Complaining that one of our subjects killed
too many animals.
Why should I be upset

4760

Over his killing his own livestock?
Why shoud I be jealous
When a Burut kills his livestock?
If one of my subjects offers a feast,
To be envious of him is to wicked.
You overindulged yourself at his feast,
And rushed off here afterwards.
Not all men are the same.
What kind of a man are you to think that?"
Upon dismissing the executioner,

4770

Paying no heed to what he said,
Esenhan laid down,
Without taking seriously,
Those words which he heard.
Meanwhile, as for Manas, the hero...
As days passed one after another,
The time had arrived,
When brave Manas turned seven,
His given name was the "Big Fool.
No one knew that this gray-black maned
sultan

4780

Was a lion.
When he turned eight, he was playful;
Never walking on a straight path,
Never listening to the words
Of those who taught him,
He ignored people's advice,
Saying that he was a "real Big Fool,"
The Kara Kalmyks, the Manchu people
Told rumors about him.
He didn't run like a child,

4790

Until he turned five,
Your brave Manas didn't walk.
People called him the Big Fool.
Who knew that his real name was Manas?
The Kara Kalmyk, the Manchu people said
That he Jakip's son was underdeveloped.
Every time the Kalmyks saw him
They kept spreading rumors about him.
The extremely reckless Manas,
When he was approaching five

4800

Began walking,
When the boy almost turned eight,
He was like a burning ember,
Among the Kyrgyz of the forty families,
There was no rascal like him.
He played with other children,
When that brave boy played,
He didn't play normally.
Among the children who played with him,

4810

Many were beaten up by him.
When he grabbed them with rage,
The children screamed for help.
When he really grabbed them,
Their bones would be ground into powder.
One day Manas, the panther,
Had a wild idea for a game.
From the Kyrgyz of the forty families
He gathered forty strong boys,
On a pasture of the vast Altay,

4820

They began playing a game together.
These children of the Kyrgyz of the forty
families
Were very much involved in the game,
The brave Manas was among them,
They played a serious game.
From the Kara Kalmyks and Manchus,
Eighty boys went there
All between the ages of fifteen and sixteen,
Somewhere between these two ages.
Among those boys

4830

Was the oldest son of Boz Kalmyk,
He was hot-blooded and strong.
Those eighty boys acted outrageously,
"Good-for-nothing Buruts," they said
And humiliated the boys.
Then the boys said these words:
"You are the Buruts who came begging,
We should uproot you, make you weep,
You children of the Buruts," they said.
Those eighty boys chased them,

4840

Attacking the forty boys,
The forty boys ran screaming,
They were scared to death.
All the forty boys
Knelt down on the ground
Before those boys --
The forty scared boys
In front of the eighty boys,
Bowed like a new bride.
"Please spare our souls, dear brothers, they
pleaded.

4850

They lost any hope to save their fly-like
souls.
Picture those forty boys,
Their swords flew away from their hands,
Their hearts turned inside out.
Running and screaming,
They lost any hope to save their fly-like
souls,
That's the situation the boys were in.
The eighty boys beat up the forty boys
Despite their pleas.
Their fur jackets were torn apart,

4860

Blood gushed from their noses
The forty boys cried and screamed,
The boys cried, saying "Boy-Boy!"
Manas told the Kalmyks, "Stop, stop!"
They didn't listen to him,
The Kara Kalmyks got mad.
When Manas asked them to stop,
The boys quickly rode over to him,
And hit him hard,
Seven times with a club and four times with
a fist.

4870

When he was hit with a club,
Without a moment's pause,
Your falcon really let loose.
Without a thought for his own life,
Without a moment's pause,
Without a thought for his soul,
His face looking like wheat smeared with oil,
His eyes clouded over like an evening fog,
His eyes became red like fire,
He really became thirsty for blood,

4880

His front teeth which were different from
other peoples'
And big as a yurt door,
Shone white as he shouted from rage.
When all the forty boys fell on the ground,
This damn fine fellow blessed by a *kızır*,
Started a deadly fight with them:
"You Kara Kalmyks, you Manchu people,
I will exterminate you together with your
people,
You, the eighty boys, went too far,
I won't stop until you're all dead!"

4890

We are the sons of the forty families,
You, the Kara Kalmyks with braids,
Didn't leave us alone,
But attacked us brutally,
As if we had stolen your stallions,
As if we had troubled you in the past.
Who can endure such humiliation?
I'll annihilate you all if you don't stop,
These Kalmyks went too far,
Let me exchange blows with them!"

4900

Saying this, hero Manas,
Shouted with rage and anger,
Shouted a battle cry saying "Kyrgyz!"
Look how dangerous he looks,
A black fur jacket was on his back,
A black club was in his hand,
Holding tight the club,
When he rode over to the boys
Swinging his club,
Twelve boys were killed at once.

4910

Eighty boys scattered in different directions
Extremely exhausted and worn out,
Mumbling words in their Kalmyk language,
And grumbling in their Kitay language,
There were many boys running around,
There were many boys trying to escape,
Scared out of their wits.
Fearing Manas, those boys
Fell on the ground, rolling over.
In their panic and terror,

4920

Their shouts were heard by God.
Pouring out his wrath, your Manas
Brought about mayhem,
Twelve boys from the Kalmyks
Died before they hit the ground.
While the boys were trying to escape,
Manas couldn't stop himself,
The forty boys of the Kyrgyz
Joined in to help him,
They smashed every one of

4930

The eighty Kalmyk boys they encountered.
Manas tore out the throats [19]
Of those who struck back at him,
As he was about to kill them all,
As he was about to catch them
And tear their coats apart,
And drink their blood, if he caught them,
As if he was about to carry out a great
massacre,
As he was about to drive to their village
Those children of the Kalmyks,

4940

As he was about to wipe them all out
By driving them down to the desert,
As he was about knock them to the ground,
Not sparing those who were caught,
Before the Kalmyks would find out
And cause a great misfortune,
His dear father Jakip
While checking on his grazing livestock,
Riding a gray stallion and looking imposing,

4950

The wicked Jakip bay,
Came across the boys.
He drove the forty boys back
And grabbed hold of Manas:
"Damn you, son, you've ruined me!" he said
And became quite upset.
I came and raised livestock here,
My Altay is indeed a great place,
Its people are wonderful and it's vast,
My Kalmyks are wonderful people, indeed,

4960

If you keep behaving like this, my son,
You're going to dig a grave for me,
You're going to make me suffer, my foal,
By squeezing the life out of me,
And thus make me weak.
If you don't stop misbehaving,
My livestock will be plundered.
There is no one as disruptive as you are,
There are no great numbers of Kyrgyz here
To help you bash the enemy with a club.

4970

My son, we came as exiles to Altay,
Your antics are going to harm many.
You have just peed in my koumiss *küp* [20]
Instead of behaving yourself.
Oh my cursed son, you'll indeed
Bring me a great misfortune!
If you don't stop this mischief of yours,
They will disturb me from my sleep,
They will plunder tomorrow
My mares on the pastures!

4980

There are no forests in which to hide,
There are no Nogoys to protect us,
The Kalmaks will indeed punish us,
If you don't stop this mischief of yours,
You will finally destroy everything
Which I have accumulated
By acting in this way.
They will teach us our lesson,
If you don't stop this mischief of yours,
The Kara Kalmyks, the Manchu people

4990

Will bring me a great misfortune,
You're going to lose, you brat,
My countless livestock, which I have
accumulated,
You brat, you'll cause
These Kalmyks to shed my blood.
Enough! You're going to kill my soul,
If you don't stop this mischief of yours,
You're going to provoke a fight!"
Shouting at all the boys,
Jakip called them to himself.

5000

He summoned all of them
And reminded them of their past:
"I asked for a child from God,
But was rewarded with trouble,
You haven't even reached nine
But have already made a hell of a mess!
You are going to dig a grave for me,
If the Kara Kalmyks get mad,
They will take me, tying my hands,

5010

They will indeed subject me
To unheard of tortures.
Saying: "Your son murdered our boys."
The Kalmyks will indeed take it out on us,
Because of you, my son,
They will completely wipe out
These very Kyrgyz here!
The reason they will wipe us out
Is that the Kara Kalmyks bear a grudge.
Saying that "Manas will be born among the
Burut,"

5020

These infidels suspected us from the beginning!
My son, this act of yours,
This trouble that you caused,
Will be reported to their sopothsayers.
Your name, Manas, will be revealed
And get recorded in the census
Of the teeming infidels.
My son, you provoked a real danger,
You are about to bring on my head
Misfortune, which no man has seen.

5030

You force me to do something,
The Creator has indeed bestowed on me
A rascal boy like you.
You are going to weaken me,
Have my livestock plundered,
And have me murdered by the Kitay
Who will kill my soul.
When your ancestors died,
The Kara Kalmyks divided
The countless livestock left by your
ancestors,

5040

When they scattered all of them,
The eight sons of Karakhan,
In different directions,
Some of us went to Iran,
We were thus sent
To a very far away land
Which no one had heard of or seen.
Everyon knows that we have been blessed by
fortune,
We came to Altay and survived here.
You killed the boys and caused trouble,

5050

You'll cause my blood to be shed
And my livestock to be destroyed!"
Speaking these words Jakip bay
Lamented, "Oh, my rascal son."
Within a blink of an eye,
Before he finished his words,
Our uncle Baltay, our wise guide,
Spoke with authority,
Your uncle Baltay, the wise man
Of the forty families,

5060

Akbaltay said these words:
"Cool it, Jakip! A curse on your father's
grave!
Stop scolding him, Jakip,
May your mares vanish!
This son of yours is named Manas,
He is our blessing and support,
He is the lion who will wipe out
Not only the Kalmyks, but many others!
A boy should be mischievous
Until the age when he can tend livestock,

5070

Otherwise it is better for him not to exist!
With our hands tied behind us,
And having been exiled this way,
That day we had died!
Listen carefully, we suffered much.
If this son of yours grows up,
He will bring a great disaster to Beijing.
If your son grows up safely,
He will bring a great misfortune to the
Kakan!

5080

He will gather all your people from the
wilderness,
My Manas will get us
Our revenge for past wrongs.
This Manas will be great,
And become famous in the world,
He will flatten everything he touches,
The number of his giant enemies
Which he will kill by a spear
Will be exactly one hundred.
You were happy and content,
When you didn't have your son, Jakip,

5090

You became a rich man possessing countless
livestock.
You can't count on your livestock,
For your livestock can't be a son for you.
You know the limits of your own strength,
Jakip,
May the enemy take your livestock!
I have listened to your complaint,
Hey, Jakip, you had asked God
And He bestowed on you a child.
Blessed Jakip, with great fame,
Saying that your son will scatter your cattle,

5100

You've turned into a monster now!
Listen to what I say now,
You are indeed stupid, Jakip!
May your livestock vanish!
You care so much for your livestock,
Yet where are our hills and passes?
Where are our blessed Kyrgyz people?
Lamenting that your son turned out to be a
rascal,
You look distressed, I see.
You are in deep sorrow,

5110

As if you had a nightmare,
You've became so concerned about your
livestock.
Listen to what I say now,
Don't grieve, bay Jakip,
To Hell with your livestock!
Listen carefully to my words, Jakip,
It's not good to care much so for livestock
And lament that your son turned out to be a
rascal.
You are indeed a wicked man,
Jakip. A curse on him who calls you human!

5120

To put your livestock above your rascal son,
You are a man with no ancestral roots,
Oh, you are a man obsessed with livestock!
Where are our majestic hills,
Mighty rivers and high passes?
Is it livestock that you long for?
Listen carefully to my words, Jakip,
Where are our Argin, our Kyrgyz people?
Can your livestock really help us?
You lament that you will lose your livestock,
A curse on him who calls you human!

5130-5192

[*Akbalta reminds Jakip about the past.*]...
Arkar and *kulja* sheep [21] belong to the
mountains,
Your livestock which you so cherish
One day will belong to the enemy.
This rascal boy will outgrow this stage,
If he stays alive, he will serve the people,
Your useless livestock which you raised in
vain,
One day will become the victims of a winter
storm. [22]

5200

You possessed, bay Jakip,
Countless livestock, but no child,
You complain that your son is a rascal,
Since you're obsessed with your wealth.
Stomping around in the pasture,
Khan Baltay showed his anger
And scolded bay Jakip:
"Bay Jakip, let's go far off in Altay,
We should give up everything
For this rascal boy Manas.

5210

We should hang a protective charm on his
neck,
If he is indeed the son to banish your grief,
We should take good care of this boy.
Listen to my words, Jakip,
He is our support as well as strength,
He is the son who will defeat
The Kara Kitay, the enemy.

5218-5229

...

5230

We should gather
The countless mares on the pastures
And let all the horses
Pass through one by one.
We should find the best horse
Who doesn't tire after riding for six months,
And doesn't age and lose his wisdom teeth
Until he reaches the age of sixty.
We should gather
The countless mares on the pastures
And let all the horses
Pass through one by one.
We should find the best stallion
Who doesn't panic in the din of battle,
Doesn't lose his footing
When a dark moonless night falls,
And who has iron lungs and copper wrists.
Not letting anyone know about him,

5250

Not letting anyone find out about him,
We should have him wear a bullet-proof coat
And give him a horse whom no bullet can
catch,
We should keep him out of sight,
Not letting the Kara Kalmyks, and Manchus
know,
Not letting any of them know,
And any of them find out,
We should hide and rear Manas in the
mountains.
If he grows up being strong,
And equal to the sons of brave men,

5260

We should teach him what he doesn't know
And put him on the right path, in this way
We should teach him what he doesn't
understand,
And put him on the right path,
When going up the hill,
We should have Manas pushing from behind,
When going down the hill,
We should have Manas to lean on.
We, the forty Kyrgyz families should get
together
And try to straighten out

5270

This rascal-like Manas.
If the Kara Kalmyks become angry with us,
For the sake of the boy Manas,
We must die if that is our fate!"
The forty Kyrgyz families accepted
The words of Akbaltay,
Akbalaty was indeed a wise man
Who taught those without wisdom,
Akbaltay was indeed a falcon,
Who explained to those who didn't
understand.

5280

Wiser than the wise,
Your damned fine uncle Baltay,
Crying out like a white falcon,
His white beard shining,
Spoke eloquently,
"Don't tell anyone that he is Manas," he said,
Your noble Baltay spoke eloquently.
Manas' given name at that time
Was Chong Jindi,
Among the Kara Kalmyks, no one ever
imagined

5290

That Manas would be a real Manas.
Suffering from Manas' conduct,
Bay Jakip became restless.
Seeing Manas' behavior,
"He will bring me misfortune," he thought,
"Because of this boy,
They are going to teach me a lesson
And thus destroy me completely."
Thus lamented bay Jakip.
Jakip went up to his baybiche

5300

And wept and demanded of her:
"Oh, my baybiche, Chiyirdi,
Allah, The Almighty,
Has indeed bestowed on us a son,
He has given us an uncouth kid,
The Big Fool who pees in the water! [23]
Gather all the livestock e on the pastures
And restrain this son of yours!
If you don't restrain your son,
If he brings about a trouble with the
Kalmyks,

5310

The Kitay are countless, we are few,
If we are to fight with the Kitay,
They will indeed capture him alive
And throw him in a dungeon!
Your rascal shouldn't act like that,
Else these Kalmyks will attack
And seize our valuables.
Your son turned out to be a rascal and a
trouble-maker,
So ill-behaved a son
Is nowhere to be found.

5320

He gathered the boys of the forty Kyrgyz
families
And organized a game,
Then he murdered twelve boys
Of the Kara Kalmyks and Manchus.
Not knowing this, the Kara Kalmyks
Blamed each other for the killing.
I heard from those who came
That the Kara Kalmyks and Manchus
Quarreled and fought about it

5330

And ended up slaughtering each other.
They grabbed clubs from the ground,
Took wild stallions from the herd, [24]
They grabbed each other by the collar,
Engaged in deadly combat, they say.
They plundered each other's mares, many
men died,
It was a total disaster, they say.
My baybiche, your son will be the end of us,
If this Manas continues what he is doing,
He will bring us death!

5340

By lamenting that we had no child,
We have been granted a little devil.
We were exiled to Altay
Hopeless and exhausted,
We had asked [God] for a child,
He isn't a child, but a scoundrel,
We are cursed with this problem.
If he doesn't stop his mischief,
If the Kara Kalmyk people find out about
him,
They will swoop down on us,

5350

And plunder our four kinds of animals.
They will seize our mares in a cloud of dust,
If we approach them, these Kalmyks
Will splatter our brains with one punch.
I am afraid that they will take
Revenge on us for past wrongs.
Your son turned out to be rascal,
The Kalmyks will indeed see his mischief
And curse us 'The outcast Buruts!'
We have no strength to fight with them,

5360

They will plunder all the livestock
Which [I] have gathered so far.
These Kyrgyz who are here
Will run away in despair with no way out!
Among these countless livestock that [I]
gathered,
The Kalmyks will completely plunder
All the yearling horses!
By misbehaving, this son of yours
Did a dirty deed to the Kalmyks,
And he is going to exhaust the well of my
countless livestock.

5370

So, my baybiche, listen carefully,
If this son doesn't stop misbehaving,
He will dig a grave for me,
When your son grows up,
He will indeed make me suffer
And give me something to remember!
He will scatter my treasures
Which I made from my livestock.
When this son of yours grows up,
He will destroy me completely!

5380-5409

[. . .]

5410

The beautiful baybiche, Chiyirdi
Then spoke these words:
"My hero, don't be troubled too much for
the boy,
You seem to make it a burden,
Your son whom you got in your waning
years, my master!

...

5420

Oh, my master, don't make of him a burden,
This young gray spotted hawk,
The light of our waning years."
When her master said these words to her,
From her black quail-like eyes,
Teardrops fell.
Before she finished her words,
And ended her crying,
Oshpur came in,
The chief shepherd, Oshpur.
