

Ancestors of Manas (before he was born)

ANCESTORS OF MANAS (BEFORE HE WAS BORN)

	<p>His forefathers were all khans, Blessed by <i>Kidir</i> [1] from the beginning, His ancestors were all khans, Blessed by Kidir from the beginning. In places where they had stayed overnight Sacred shrines were built, for God had blessed them from the beginning. In the places where they had passed by A city with a bazaar was established, for</p>
10	<p>God had blessed them from the beginning. They had exchanged greetings with twelve saints, [2] Learned writing from a caliph, [3] And they thus were called great "sahibs." [4] His first forefather is Böyönkhan, From Böyönkhan is Chayankhan, From Chayankhan is Nogoykhan, Nogoykhan was undefeatable Those who fought with him were doomed. The last had lived along the Sompuk river,</p>
20	<p>Those, who fought with Nogoy, were made to crawl. His grandfather, Who was from a lion breed, Was a bloodthirsty man. From Nogoykhan is Balakhan, Balakhan's heroic deeds Were known in every places. He caught and beat those Who talked back to him, No one could fell him from [horseback]</p>

30	<p> And no one dared to face him. From Balakhan is Karakhan, Who was strong, mighty, and full of wrath, He, too, was harsh on his attackers. He was born from the Kyrgyz, People were terrified from his might/valor, For he had brought chaos among the <i>Kıtay</i>. Who was strong, mighty, and full of wrath, He, too, mowed down his attackers. During the reign of Karakhan, </p>
40	<p> His guesthouses, the five <i>sarays</i> [5]... -- Don't ask how this brave man lived -- He was known for many things. He had strong wrists and a stone heart, He became known as Karakhan, He, too, was a strong like an elephant, He was greater than a spearman, He, too, mowed down his attackers. His might was great, his wrath was strong, He, too, had brought chaos in the world. </p>
50	<p> When that Karakhan passed away, When he left for the place Whence no one returned, Crushing the <i>kereges</i> and <i>uuks</i> [6] Of the Argın and Kyrgyz, From the Kıtay came Molto khan, He made women and girls cry, From the Kıtay came Molto khan Whose devastation lasted for a century, Then came Alööke after him, Preparing his warriors </p>
60	<p> And choosing the best warriors. When the Argın and Kyrgyz Settled along the river, Their Karakhan passed away, It was as if their fire had been extinguished, There was no one to speak up, His many people had no courage To fight back against their enemy. Molto khan from the Kıtay </p>

70	<p> Began the devastation, He did not spare at all Those who spoke against him. He asked for much booty, He colored with red blood Those who refused to pay him, He did not spare a soul as tiny as a strand of hair. When he had pulled his strength together, Blood of the numerous Argın Kyrgyz Flowed like a river, </p>
80	<p> Longing for their Karakhan, So many peoples wept. The Kara Kalmyk, the Manchu people, Attacked them and took their craftswomen, As booty, those cursed [people], Took their maidens with five braids. [7] They felled all the trees, Destroyed all the houses, They wiped out all people, And brought the Day of Judgment, [8] </p>
90	<p> Onto the heads of the people. They taxed each hearth, [9] This wild pig -- May he be burned alive! -- Collected everything from them. "Oh, Karakhan, why did you die?!" They said, "Why bring such a humiliation To your people?" they said, All of his people wept, Even the old men wept, The young girls wept, </p>
100	<p> Fearing that they would be taken away tomorrow. "Oh, Karakhan you should not have died, [Oh, God!] Don't bring such humiliation To human beings!" they grieved, But Karakhan had died. His wealth and cattle were plundered, They divided equally [10] The Kyrgyz left who were behind the khan, Molto and Alöoke Established their rule among them, </p>

110

Inflicted on them great sufferings.
From the weak and weary Kyrgyz
From each hearth, they took a five-year-old
mare.
That pig -- May he perish! --
Collected everything from them.
He extinguished the fires
Of the Argin and Kyrgyz
And exiled them to other places,
Karakhan had died, unfortunately.
Since there was no one to oppose him,

120

They had divided equally
The Argin and Kyrgyz only yesterday.
They exiled the first ones far away,
They made the people weak and weary
And destroyed them. None were spared.
No livestock were left to give
To the furious infidels,
No bold souls remained to oppose them,
Caught in a great upheaval,

130

The noble people fled non-stop,
They became sad and grief-stricken
Upon losing their Karakhan
Who would find a way out for his people,
Now devastated, they were scattered,
When the khan died, the other two khans
Brought on them a great misfortune,
The many people without their khan,
Wandered in the wilderness.
Unable to endure their cruel demands,

140

One group wandered off to Altay,
A second to the Kangay [mountains],
Some others to Rome, [11]
And the rest to Crimea,
Their land remained empty with no people,
Without a khan, the people became
destitute,
The wife of Karakhan
Became a widow, [12]
From Karakhan himself
A treasure-store remained.

150	<p> Karakhan's eight sons Were all young boys around the same age. When that Karakhan had died, They were very young children, All of them remained orphans And young upon their father's death, Those eight sons of Karakhan, Some were single, some were twins, Their bravery was known to all. All the people looked up to them, </p>
160	<p> "When these orphan boys grow up, They will be a good use to us" -- Thus people had been hoping. Their father was the khan Karakhan, Karakhan had left eight sons behind. If they would grow up safe and sound, They were boys who would be able To save the Kyrgyz [from their enemy]. Among the boys, the bravest were Jakip and Ulakkan. Attacking them from the hillside, </p>
170	<p> They looted all their wealth and people, Thus, these young boys Had remained weeping in the wilderness. When the boys matured as brave young men, True sons of brave men, When the boys were able to ride horses, Their uncle Baltay paid a visit to them. If you ask about Akbaltay, He was the great khan of the <i>Noygut</i> But, he, too, had become weak </p>
180	<p> Upon surrendering his kingdom [13] To the khan Alöoke. Alöoke, who lived in a white yurt, Raided the khan Akbaltay, Who had thousands of mares on his pastures, Delivered a crushing blow, And thus scattered his wealth. There was no escape in death, [14] Nor a place to hide himself, He panicked not knowing what to do. </p>

190

Thinking to find in him a leader's [15] son,
He fled towards Jakip.
"I must try uniting with
The eight sons of Karakhan," he said,
"I must die with them," he said,
I must join in their forays,
And steal mares from those who speak an
unknown tongue," he said.
"Instead of simply giving up,
I must die while fighting [with the enemy],"
he said,
I must die fighting with

200

The Kara Kalmyk, the Manchus," he said.
Noble Baltay, what can he do?
He thus relied on Jakip's support.
Uncle Baltay, the gray-maned,
Shared a corral for his sheep with [Jakip],
And shared their food as friends.
"Jakip, my foal, we must unite
When we go on forays,

210

We must face death together
But help each other while we are alive,
We must die in the same faith,
My son Jakip, listen to my words.
Alöoke drove away
My people from my own land,
He depressed my spirits,
Paralyzed my will, [16]
Looted my mares,
Woke me wide from my sleep,
Left me powerless,
And massacred my people.

220

All the Türgoots came gathering,
The Kara Kalmyks came for plunder,
They cut me off at the roots, [17]
They wiped them out, not sparing one,
My poor Noygut people.
They captured our warriors
And slaughtered, not sparing one,
All of our brave men,
They beat up all the old men,
And took away all the girls.

230

They dug me my grave,
Alööke of the Kītay
Squeezed the essence from my life
And inflicted on us trouble,
He brought great devastation
To my ancient Noygut people,
Spewing rage, he entrapped us.
Unable to withstand their rage,
Your uncle Baltay became hopeless.
Alööke -- may his home be burned! --

240

Gave our untrained horses, never captured,
To his Manchu to ride,
He sent his strong men
With big sleeveless coats of mail
To confiscate my treasures,
He brought devastation to my people
And misfortune to myself.
He became furious during the mayhem,
Alööke of the Manchus
Showed his great power,

250

He imposed a crushing burden only
yesterday,
When, raging, he exacted tribute.
The Noygut people could not withstand him,
The greedy Alööke,
The Kītay was cursed by God,
As tribute he wanted
Six thousand coins [18] and a thousand otter
skins,
It was an outrageous act
What Alööke did.
If we don't submit to his will,

260

And refuse to pay him the tribute,
That man -- May he be burned alive! --
Will come with Lung-tung khans
Wearing various precious stones,
And pour out their wrath,
Our noble heads will be cut into pieces.
No one was able to resist,
Fearing Alööke's wrath.
When Alööke shouted
All were scared to death.

270

In the troops of Alööke,
There are different kinds of giants,
That "noble" man had set out
From Beijing with his giants
Especially to fight the Buruts.
In the twelve centuries
Since Karakhan's death,
There was no one to resist
The wrath-pouring infidels.
His warriors are strange and ugly,

280

One who attacks them won't survive
If Allah does not will it,
Man's power cannot defeat them.
Those who fight with them,
With his furious warriors,
Will instantly be killed by them.

290

Their mail is of blue iron,
Their warriors are different,
If you had seen Alööke,
Wearing his blue mail,
He came all prepared
To massacre the Kyrgyz
He wore a blue coat, [19]
And struck like a blue tiger.
Gathering his army and
Raising a cloud of dust and causing chaos,
He raided the white felt yurts,
So many people died
Fearing his wrath.
His warriors were indeed unusual,
His brave men are many,

300

He has many people in Kitay
And a custom to drink the blood
Of those who oppose him.
That "noble" man had prepared
In order to accumulate wealth by looting.
He has rhinoceroses and elephants,
Alööke is no easy foe,
You should know that, destitute boys!
Alööke's rage and anger
Is not predictable,

310

Not one will be spared among
Those who exchange blows with him.
His guards on the tower
Are eighty-four, if you count,
These Kītay -- May their houses burn down!

--

Set fire to whatever they see.
Their warriors are ugly,
That wild pig -- May he be burned alive! --
Took everything away.
There are men with a barbarous language,
Among their warriors,
There are ugly men with single eyes.

320

All of their warriors
Do not spare their rivals,
They're gluttons who swallow
Whole pigs at a sitting.
They have an inhuman gaze,
And a lion-like appearance.
They slaughter their captives,
And kill whomever they come across.

330

Those who see their real might,
Do not remain alive.
The reason behind their warriors' power
Is their mothers, who are Hindu whores.
No human can defeat them, therefore.
Their fathers are Kītay shrews, [20]
Alööke's warriors
Are beast-like wild pigs
Who know no human language,
When they raided our camp. [21]

340

He has odd-looking warriors --
As talismans, they wore
Human noses and ears.
He has enough soldiers and warriors,
Alööke had, indeed,
Wanted the wealth of this world.
From the way he looks now
And from his power
No man will remain alive.
He had indeed come
To cause great destruction,

350

And conquer the world
By flattening the face of the earth to fields.
His name is Alööke, a great king,
He is more skilled than a spearman, I
learned,
He has studied magic skills,
He is a smart khan, I learned.
"Good-for-nothing Buruts! I'll show you!" He
cursed
When Karakhan passed away,
And had a strong grudge [against the
Buruts].

360

There are sixty sons
Born from Alööke, I learned.
He is indeed the great khan
Of the Chönmachin in Beijing.
"I'll get you, Buruts!" he cursed.
He is a man hard on his enemies.
One day, if he gets angry,
He will take away our gold and silver
By taxing us,
And wipe us all out.

370-400
400

[...]
What you see today is gone tomorrow,
Oh, the world is such a crappy place!
What should we do?
I'm relying on your support,
My dear Jakip,
For your father has passed away.
Listen to my words carefully,
Since you're the son left from the hero,
We value you as a gift [from him]."
Akbalday said these laments [to Jakip],
About his terrible loss to Alööke,

410

While his uncle Akbalday stood there,
Tekechi khan and Shigay khan,
They also came in haste.
They were covered with dust,
Blood pouring from their heads,
They took the fastest road,
Abandoning their precious wealth and
treasures
To the Kitay,
Suffering a great pain,
Leaving the sixty warriors on guard

420	<p> To be shot by Alööke, Losing too much blood, they became weak, They ran in despair As if they would be killed now, Losing their hope for their lives, The two spoke thus in haste: "The Kītay took my mares, The Kalmyks destroyed my possessions, The Tīrgoot shed my blood, They did not seem to spare My soul which is as tiny as a fly." [22] </p>
430-500	<p> [...] </p> <p> When Alööke raided them, Their noble heads became puzzled, These few Muslims, Argīn and Kyrgyz together Were desperate and hopeless. Akbalta of the Noyguts, Tekechi khan, Shīgai khan, Ulak khan and Jakīp khan, The eight sons of Karakhan, </p>
510	<p> Desperate and hopeless, Held a great council In the wetland of Üyrülmö. On the hill where people had gathered They held a large meeting. Thrown together in desperation, They hastily assembled. Tekechi spoke many words: "My people, we must fight The good-for-nothing Kītay," he said, </p>
520	<p> "When the Tīrgoot and Manchus make demands, How will we respond?" Shīgai stood up and spoke thus. He advised a startling thing, which no man wanted to hear: "We cannot fight with Molto and Alööke, Who are heroes with great might And infidels crawling like black worms. We heard from the ulama And found out from the learned men, </p>

530	<p>The Kītay, people whom The Flood could not wipe out, Had caused a Hell in the past, In the past, they had conquered The Kyrgyz exactly ninety times. When my ancestor Ogoi ruled, He had fought with the Kītay, He had gone into a serious war With the Chīnmachīn in Beijing. My ancestor saved his few people By protecting them on their pastures.</p>
540	<p>These Kītay heard somehow That my ancestor had died, These Kītay, if they could In order to conquer And enslave us all together, Swarming like black worms Had come all the way from Kakan all prepared for the raid. Their homeland is Beijing, And they are more than worms,</p>
550	[...]
560	<p>We should submit to their will, Without any quarrel and words, We should give to the strong infidels What they ask. We have no khan to resist them, Nor have we strength to exchange blows With the powerful infidels, We have no energy to fight with them, They have indeed devastated us, We have no strength to fight with that dog.</p>
570-604	[...]
605	<p>We should submit to the will Of Alööke and Molto And give whatever they want. We should drive in seventy camels Loaded them up With red gold and silver coins,</p>

610	<p> And go and give them as offering And beg them not to shed our blood in vain. Alöoke who is from Beijing Had come to own a white yurt, So let's elect him as our khan." Bay and Baltay sprang to their feet: "If worse comes to worst, we will die! If our noble heads perish, We will see the Judgment Day! When death comes and days are over, </p>
620	<p> We will see the sufferings of the grave! If the Kītay capture us, They will beat their drums And leave after Taking us all as booty Including all our elderly! If these Kītay make us their subjects, They will accuse us for calling them "thieves," These Kītay will find an excuse To humiliate all the people! </p>
630	<p> They've a khan named Lungtung. Should that Kītay capture us When my head is still alive, How can I hand over my <i>ayil</i>?" Alöoke has indeed turned mad, I will try to fight with that dog!" Tekechi khan, Shīgai khan, The strongest is Akbaltay, Before noble Baltay Finished these words of his, </p>
640	<p> They were coming with gray banners and red flags -- God should spare anyone such a sight! -- A big uproar was heard ... Dust whirled in the air, Many soldiers came pouring from various directions, Shouting the word "Kakan," A copper pipe shrieked, A copper flute shrilled, The tips of spears bobbed up and down, The heads of the soldiers did the same, </p>

650

He had separated the axe men,
Spearmen were in the front row,
Dust whirled in the air,
All his Türgoots gathered,
His Kalmyks gathered separately.
His skilled hunters
Came like a flood.
He had his skilled bowmen,
And his best lassoers,

660

They had bronze-tipped spears
Long and tightly secured tips,
They love wars
And never shy away from them.
They stomp like a rabbit underfoot
Those who exchange blows with them,
Their warriors are extraordinary,
Their necks are that of an ox, and legs those
of a camel,
They destroy those who fight with them,

670

They had so many warriors,
Döngö's army was countless,
Raiding from the sunrise
Alöoke's army too was countless.
Arriving from the sunset,
He looked mighty and furious,
One should not hope to survive.
The khans such as Akbaltay became
desperate,
Karakhan's orphan sons cried screaming,
Demolishing their stone tombs,

680

They wiped them all out,
They destroyed what they had built
And massacred everyone they met,
They terrorized the young women
Of the noble Kyrgyz people,
The Kitay swept like flood
And ground under their feet those
Who resisted them.
There are many desperate Kyrgyz
Frantic to find their way out.

690

"Will my soul be spared?" they asked.
There were many Kyrgyz in panic
Escaping towards the mountains,
All the elderly
Fell on their knees, the weak people
Bowed like a bride
Before the Kītay.
At that time the Kītay Alöoke
Destroyed their *ordo*.

700

As for all their women,
He widowed them in mourning garb, [23]
As for all their strong men,
He took them, turned them into slaves,
As for the treasury of Karakhan,
By pulling out the supporting beams
He destroyed his guesthouse, the five *sarays*
Which were very strongly built.
He looted the treasury like that,

710

And destroyed them in this way.
Alöoke khan and Molto khan,
Invent new cruelties.
They have an army behind them,
As many as swarming ants,
Which can make people destitute.
The teeming army swept all before it,
Now the Muslim people were in trouble.
Among the teeming army,
There is Döngö, the warrior from Kītay --

720

You want to know about about Döngö?
His head was as big as a cooking pot, [24]
And eyebrows resembled a lying dog.
His face shone like wheat smeared with oil,
His bravery was extraordinary.
He had crater-like eyes,
He was mighty as a mountain.
The giant Döngö in front of the army,
Destroys souls with the flick of his wrist.
He swung a mean club,

730	<p> This big pig was indeed renowned in Kītay. He wore an unsheathed sword, And seemed to swallow alive those he caught. His wrath appeared on his face, He came shouting furiously, He was the hero from olden times, Who bent iron and sheathed himself in it -- Among the Kakanchi in Beijing, They all knew Döngö -- And was an man who smelled of grain, </p>
740	<p> For he ate seven pails of grain at once, He killed whomever he came across, And he was a slave who smelled of blood. He didn't spare those he met, A glutton, he swallows Whole pigs at a sitting. From the Karakhan of Beijing, He received the order from his city To embark on looting our khan, This sweet fellow had come well prepared. </p>
750	<p> [...] From the Chīnmanchīn of Beijing, And from the real Kakans, He gathered all the soldiers, Put on his blue under-coat, You should have seen the Giant Döngö, </p>
760	<p> He pounced like a gray tiger, They played their war pipes loud, [25] Dust whirled in the air, The Tīrgoots, Shibeas and the Manchus, All were gathered, not one was left, The drums of the Kītai Were all beaten at the same time, All of their warriors arrived, Molto and Alööke Gave Döngö his orders: </p>

770

"Speaking a different language,
Those good-for-nothing Buruts of yours
Are our enemies in their heart.
Slaughter them and crush them underfoot,"
they said,
"Hero Döngö, raid them," they said,
"Kill them off and crush them underfoot,"
they said,
"Only yesterday, when the Buruts, the
Ogoys, were still there,
They had stolen everything from us:
They had reclaimed ten thousand livestock
Including all our extra herds,
Which we had seized from them as tribute.

780

They brought me total ruin,
And so I'll ever take my vengeance.
Let's take them by surprise,
The Buruts who have lost their leader.
Let's scatter their four kinds of animals, [26]
And boil a cauldron on their chests!
Let's seize their khans and slaughter the rest,
And loot their cattle and be done with it.
As for those who strike back,
Let's slaughter them all together.

790

Let's make to suffer
The good-for-nothing [27] Buruts,
If they don't take us seriously and affront us,
We should slash their scalps!
Get a move on, my Döngö, move the army!
Drive all the soldiers forward together!
Let's capture all their strong men
And seize all their young women
While they are in the yurts.

800

Let's extinguish the hearth-fires
Of the good-for-nothing Buruts
And force three clans into exile
All together to [a far way place].
Get a move on, my Döngö, go!
Let's bring them a great misfortune,
By seizing all the wives and maids
Of the Burut without leaving one!
Furious Döngö, listen to my words,
Let's massacre their strong men

810	<p> And take the weak ones As booty and be done with it. Let's force them to pay tribute And erect a white yurt [28] for Alööke On the edge of the people's camp, Let's take plenty of tribute From the proud Buruts. By destroying their ancient homeland Let's subdue them entirely!" Boiled with rage, Molto khan </p>
820	<p> Spoke these words to Döngö. Their soldiers covered the land, Their number was countless, Dust whirled in the air, The Kītay came in great numbers Sweeping from five directions, Countless, they swept in great numbers, The war pipes shrilled, The drums pounded, Their bare swords gleamed, </p>
830	<p> Those who saw them were frightened, War pipes and trumpets sounded, The teeming Kītay shouted, "Kakay!" And launched their attack. Arrows from bows poured like rain, Day became night, It was a grim day for those who saw it, Dust whirled in the air, They were as many as black scorpions, The Tīrgoots all came in groups, </p>
840	<p> The tips of spears clashed, The heads of men collided, The front ranks trampled the people underfoot, The rear echelon swept over them like a flood. Unable to withstand and resist, Tekechi khan and Shīgay khan Fled towards the Ala-Too [mountains]. White clouds covered the sky, Tekechi khan and Shīgay khan, These poor ones escaped to safety, </p>

850

But Akbaltay of the Noyguts,
Your lion was caught [by the enemy].
Oh, God! Don't let anyone go through this!
As for the numerous horses on the hill,
They took them all.
As for the countless horses in the mountains,
They drove them away nonstop.
Creating such a calamity,
They put an end to them like that.
They slaughtered so many souls,

860

They took girls as booty.
They destroyed everything,
And thus brought misfortune on their heads.
Merciless, the Kitays took as booty without
negotiations
The beautiful women of Kyrgyz,
With bejeweled braids and wide hips, [29]
As for the elegant women of Kyrgyz,
With red dresses and crescent-shaped waists,
[30]
The Kara Kalmyks and the Manchu people,
Took them as booty as well.

870

While being seized, many girls
Ran around howling.
Humiliating their young men,
They plundered them all.
The eight sons of Karakhan
All remained young playful boys,
Not knowing what to do,
Everybody was left without hope.
Since the khan Karakhan had died
His entire people seemed to have died with
him.

880

As for Alööke and Molto's
Dreadful demands:
They took large quantities of gold.
If one couldn't give gold to them,
They took their grazing livestock.
If the numbers did not tally,
They beheaded and killed the owner.
Those Kyrgyz who fought back
They paid with blood
and sent to their ancestors those who talked
back

890	<p> They caught and made them slaves. They destroyed everything, They brought on a great calamity. From the Altī-Shaar to Margilan, All the way to Kokand, And the <i>sheikh</i> with his soldiers wearing blue coats, In the lands of Bukara and Samarkand, Were reduced in numbers and destroyed. Alööke built a white yurt for himself, As for all the people, They all submitted to him. </p>
900-939	[...]
940	<p> When it was autumn He taxed each household a five-year-old mare. By threatening to kill them, He tormented the people, And collected all that they had. When springtime came, He didn't let anyone ride a fine steed, [31] During the autumn time, He didn't let them eat fat-tailed lambs, He collected all the livestock at once. </p>
950	<p> By leaving one cauldron for three families, He made them live in one yurt. As for those who spoke against him, He had them captured and beaten, He humiliated greatly All the people. Those who talked back He had them nailed by their hands. He became harder on them, He put the noble people in their place. </p>
960	<p> When it was winter He wanted more tribute, So he began taking girls. Unable to endure his wrath, All the people almost lost their minds. There were many who walked around Crying and saying unclear words. Saying "Although she was a girl, She was a child, whom I bore, </p>

970	<p> Oh, how could we give her to death?!" There were many who cried saying, "God didn't save us From Alööke's wrath." Unable to withstand this infidel's wrath, They wanted to die but didn't know how, The noble people stood grieving and crying, Unable to take their own lives. Seeing their people in that situation, The eight sons of Karakhan, </p>
980	<p> Whose leaders are Jakip and Ulakkhan, All sat down together and spoke: "Instead of living like this, It would have been better if we weren't born, It is better to die than remain alive. We can't endure the humiliation Of these Kitay until we die, We're the sons of Karakhan, Not all of us are bad, We are of those princes. </p>
990	<p> It is better to die Than to live like this Enduring the humiliation of the Kitay Until the end of our lives! What will we accomplish, If we just live like this?! These Kitays have gone too far. Let's exchange blows with them! The might and power Of our late father Karakhan Was as great as a mountain, </p>
1000	<p> We shouldn't let people say That the eight sons of Karakhan, All didn't act like their father, But turned into fools, We should go towards Kara-Too And settle in the gorge there. With the leadership of noble Baltay, We should steal and massacre The boys of the good-for-nothing Kitay, Without letting anyone notice And without telling to anyone, </p>

1010	<p>We should slaughter them in the wild. We, the orphans, should steal and slaughter Their young boys without letting them know.” He prepared for the journey And invoked his ancestors. [32] He took his tools and arms, Tied his battle sword on his waist, He selected stallions from the herds, And received blessings from his Kyrgyz kinsmen, He saddled only stallions,</p>
1020	<p>Quickly finished his prayer He became like a lion. Jakip and Akbaltay were the leaders, Sixty brave men set out Towards the lower ridge of the wide Kashkar, They put new horseshoes On all the stallions’ feet, Riding their stallions, From the breed of <i>kara bayır kazanat</i>, [33] Who had iron lungs and copper wrists,</p>
1030	<p>They came to the edge of the mountain Near the river with a sandy bed, From the big mountain slope, From the big wide pass, At the break of day, When the sun had already risen, When they looked towards the clouds of dust, The rolling clouds of dust, From eighty giant warriors Heading towards Beijing</p>
1040	<p>Their camels laden with valuables Such as gold, silver, and coin, Red coins and precious stones, They rested during day and traveled at night. The ninety warriors of Kitay Met them on their way. The lions, Jakip and Akbaltay, Seized them in the wilderness, They ground them into dust And killed them all off.</p>

1050	<p>As for their ninety-five camels with loads, Their black camels [34] with red tails, They took them as booty. The men seized all the camels And brought them to the Kyrgyz And agreed between each other To give gold as big as a fist To each hearth, They indulged themselves in booty Seized by their brave feat.</p>
1060	<p>When dawn broke bright, They were having fun, The caravan leaders on the road Had paused to rest. The Kyrgyz killed all the warriors And wrought pitiless destruction. While they were slaughtering All the warriors,</p>
1070	<p>A foot soldier came to Alööke -- That bastard had escaped -- And reached his khan safely. He went to his khan and spoke To Alööke, to his face, He told him a horror, The likes of which no man had heard: "My khan, I saw a dreadful thing, I escaped from danger. When the dawn had arrived</p>
1080	<p>And light touched the ground, I saw a grayish flag, I heard loud cry and battle cry, And saw such a strong uproar. They began to create chaos, By slaughtering all your warriors Who were supposed to deliver Gold to Esenkhan. They all rode <i>kara bayır kazanats</i>,</p>

1090	<p> Who had iron lungs and copper wrists, They all rode supernatural horses, Encountering their enemies row on row, They hastened to attack them. They wrapped their sashes as turbans, When they thrust their spears They prayed to the Almighty. I then realized that they were, indeed, Buruts, They had been planning to plunder All your treasures, </p>
1100	<p> They attacked without warning, And looted all the gold In camel-loads. I saw myself, they were, indeed, Buruts, They had black eyes. They have indeed dug us a grave And left us humiliated, They plundered our wealth, And broke our backs, </p>
1110	<p> They wouldn't stop at words, They looted our camels And let our blood run like water. So, your highness, it's time For you to gather your army and go, And get all your gold back Which they had plundered!" When the messenger had told the news, The beacon tower was lit, Drums were beaten hard, </p>
1120	<p> All spears were prepared, All the people gathered, When the order came from their khan, All the warriors became aroused, All the strong men were ready to go, "I will exterminate them all," he said. "I will slaughter them without sparing one," he said. He asked them to don their greaves, </p>

1130	<p> He asked them to prepare their stallions. The clothes which Alööke wore, The buttons were made from pearls as big as a fist -- He was a sight to see, Pouring out his wrath and anger, Drums were beaten hard, Alööke gave the order To the Kara Kalmyks and Manchus And launched a terrible attack again. By the side of Aööke, </p>
1140	<p> There are about one thousand strong khans Wearing their big coats There are about one thousand commanders [35] Wearing their vests of mail. When he heard that his gold was plundered, He desired to drink blood: "All those who cultivate wisdom, come And see their suffering!" That sweet fellow was indeed wise, </p>
1150	<p> He possessed a power The whole world could not defeat. In the courtyard of Alööke, His tiger gave birth to fifteen cubs, No one dared to come near them. He sat on a golden throne, He also had six soothsayers Who were able to foretell One's death six months ahead . Those who heard about him Feared him, </p>
1160	<p> For he had studied the sixty books of wisdom [36] Fully and well, The soothsayers and magicians [37] Took out their books of divination [38] And began telling the future, The six soothsayers of the infidel Told many things to their khan To Alööke, the brave man, All the soothsayers spoke at once: "Your gold has been found! </p>

1170	<p> The eight sons of Karakhan Have grown to manhood, Achieved the stature of brave men. They have gathered an army of strong men Together with the mighty warriors, And destroyed everything. Those boys created such a disaster. They captured your servants, And killed all your warriors Sparing not a one. </p>
1180	<p> As for the gold on the ninety-five camels, They looted them all. All your warriors were attacked And murdered in the wilderness. No one had touched the warriors Since they left Bukhara, But the eight sons of karakhan Plundered their goods. If you don't slaughter their leaders, </p>
1190	<p> And don't grind them into powder By dividing them this year, They'll never leave us alone! We should send forth our army of warriors, We should gather all the soldiers, Attack while they are asleep in their yurts, And loose on them their evil spirits. May the Buruts' yurts be burned! We should seize their valuables, </p>
1200	<p> We should defile their homes, And cause great chaos Among the good-for-nothing Buruts! Let's threaten them harshly, If they refuse to give the gold back, We should take their beautiful women!" Thus, as soon as those soothsayers Had said all these things, When Alööke ordered The drums to be beaten, </p>

1210	<p> His warriors beat them with vigor. When the drums were beaten, One's ears would explode. Hearing the sound of drums, All his warriors Came running in groups. The strong men of Kitay In their coats of mail became aroused, Among the Kitay, only the elite Wearing precious stones have gathered. </p>
1220	<p> All the Türgöts also gathered, They loudly played their pipes, From time to time they shot off cannon. Of the Kara Kalmyks and Manchus, Only the bravest were gathered, To get their gold back, They aimed to have revenge And reimpose the tribute. </p>
1230-1240	[...]
1250	<p> Unable to withstand their wrath Many Kyrgyz perished. What is seen today is gone tomorrow, What a crappy world this is, indeed! "If this brave man is enraged, He will uproot us and Completely wipe us out," they said. People grieved much, Everyone who was fully grown Bowed before Alööke, the hero </p>
1260	<p> Like a new bride. Akbalatay was a wise man, indeed, He quickly dismounted And ran towards Alööke. Kneeling on the ground He bowed before Alööke Eloquent Akbalatay Sharpened his black tongue, Before the khan Alööke </p>

1270

Noble Baltay spoke eloquently:
"Hero, if you're indeed a khan,
If you want nice land, here take it!
If you want to exterminate, here are the
Kyrgyz subjects!
Hero, if you want to kill, here I am!
I have no strength to exchange blows,
I have no option to fight with you,
I have no tongue to quarrel with you,
I can in no way clash with you.
If you want plenty of livestock, here they are!

1280

If you want to shed blood, here it is!
If you want subjects to rule,
Here are the Argin and Kyrgyz peoples!
If you want to denounce me as wicked,
Here I am, their leader, Baltay!"
When Baltay spoke these words,
"Indeed your words are true," they said,
Molto khan stood watching
And to Alöoke himself
He gave a harsh order:

1290

"There is no trace of the gold
Which they had plundered,
Nor does anyone know who took it.
These are innocent and decent people,
There are many nice people among them,
We can't slaughter them all, can we?!
There are both robbers and holy men.
The people are innocent, indeed,
There must be someone who always does
such things.
We should seek and find him
And make him pay it back.

1300

We can't just slaughter the people
Saying that the cursed Buruts did it.
We need land to survive,
In order to collect tribute,
We need the masses of people.
We should find the robber,
And destroy the evil spirit
Of that good-for-nothing Burut!
Then Alöoke spoke thus:

1310	<p> "It is these good-for-nothing Buruts, Who stole the gold of ninety-five camels, These eight sons of Karakhan Have herds of livestock in Chatkal. If they combine their forces, They have the power to fight with us. Their words tell lies, Their eyes, too, tell lies, </p>
1320	<p> If these Buruts really want, Indeed they can fight with us. If we don't plunder their herds of horses, They won't spare our lives, We should scatter them to the four winds! We should extinguish their hearths, We should force all of them to move, These good-for-nothing Buruts, We shouldn't leave them a place to live, </p>
1330	<p> One group we should exile to the Russian land, Another we should drive away to Iran, And send it very far away. The third we should exile to the Kazakhs And thus cause them to suffer. Another we should drive away to Kangay, We should send the rest to the Kara Kalmyks, to Altay. Raze their fortress to the ground, And get rid of them completely!" Thus ordered, Molto khan </p>
1340	<p> Listened to Alööke's words, His extraordinary warriors Began attacking and causing chaos. Without killing them they captured And trussed them up. The khan doesn't order twice, So, the noble Baltay and Jakip, Together with their forty Kyrgyz families Were driven away towards Altay. Others were driven off to Iran </p>

1350	<p> And sent very far away, Others were exiled to the Russian land. Unable to find a land to settle, Their old wounds were opened again, They were completely devastated. Their hands were tied behind, Humiliated, they were driven away. Seeing these divided people, All the people wept, the elderly wept, The many people wept: </p>
1360	<p> "Oh, Karakhan, why did you die?" they said. "These peoples shouldn't suffer so!" they said. "[Oh, God], don't ever let mankind Endure such sufferings," they said. Overwhelmed with great pain, The tormented poor people, Shed tears filling ten fields. They caused a great tragedy, The eight sons of Karakhan, Who were all captured and bound. </p>
1370	<p> They feasted in the Kyrgyz yurts And scattered their four kinds of livestock. They stole their horses from the pastures. If the Kyrgyz came near them, They scattered their brains. Thus they taught their lesson To these people. They tied up the weak, They captured and killed The strong who resisted. </p>
1380	<p> As for their sons remaining, They turned them into slaves And made them servants For the khan of Kakan's guard. They beat up all the strong men And took as booty All the women and children. They also plundered swiftly Those ninety thousand mares in the mountains. </p>
1390-1760	[...]

1760	<p>[...]</p> <p>Let's leave them for now And talk about those Brave men who were captured and tied up, The destitute people who were driven away.</p>
1770	<p>Their leaders, Baltay and Jakip, Their hands were tied up, Their eyes showed fright. Sixty thousand Kitays and many commanders Rounded them up. They herded them along With only six yaks and four mules for transport, They sent them away With only the milk of six goats and three cows -- This little for the Kyrgyz of forty families.</p>
1780	<p>Now there was nothing left of their strength. Their flesh clung to the bones, Only a spoonful of blood remained. They were driving them away In masses on the earth surface, They were driving them away, Not letting them sleep for days on end! There was no place to hide, Nor were they fed with decent food, Children cried, too tired to walk,</p>
1790	<p>They were wasting away. With no way out, With their hands tied behind, They suffered privation. They didn't rest in daytime, Didn't sleep at night, They exiled them in this way. [...]</p>
1800	<p>They were driven for whole six months, Until the fleshy <i>kuuray</i> [39] had hardened, Until the <i>müyzam</i> [40] had gone to seed. They passed through many high mountains, Crossed many rushing rivers. They traversed ridge after ridge, And hazy deserts. They descended slopes where only goats do not die Through Kordoi and Mangkan.</p>

1810	<p> They passed one after another, To Ili, the beginning of Üch-Aral, They went in distress with no choice. Ögüz Pass, Tay Pass, Kichi-Jıldız and Chong Jıldız -- They passed through them all. At Ak-Talaa on the other side, They halted. Oh, the beautiful Ak-Talaa Their ancestors didn't live there </p>
1820	<p> It is the land of Tırgoots and the teeming Kalmyks Their forefathers had never seen this land. So they reached Ak-Talaa and halted And became guests in Ak-Talaa that day. At the break of day, When the light touched the ground, When the eastern horizon Had already begun to glow, Stars twinkling in the sky </p>
1830	<p> Began fading away in the direction of prayer, [41] Stars were leaving the sky By slowly fading away, The dawn light was to be seen, The cool breeze of dawn passed through, Leaving tracks in the sand, The heads of reeds shivered, Baby skylarks chirped, Its tree tops swayed gently, Ak-Talaa was lying there. </p>
1840	<p> With ridge upon ridge, It was a very beautiful place. Dotted with ponds and marshes Teeming with ducks and geese. Its apples ripened, fell, and turned into compost, Its walnuts ripened, fell, and filled the gullies. Its sea of poppies rippled in the wind, Its <i>kīmızdık</i> [42] grass and <i>ışhkıns</i> [43] Everywhere were ripe. Ak-Talaa was lying there. In its middle bubbled forth A spring of clear water. </p>

1850	<p> With its lush <i>jiltirkan</i> [44] and wormwood, It was the best time of the year. The valley was near a river, Its lands were empty, For no one had ever been there. Its twigs were as thick as a maple tree, Its maple trees were as tall as a tower. If we see its birds, They are like <i>ulars</i> [45] singing in the mountains. If you see its lizards and snakes, </p>
1860	<p> They are like a rope nine arm-spans long. Allah, The Almighty, Had created all kinds of creatures. The story of Ak-Talaa is such, Its fields are wide and vast, There is an animal called a kangaroo [46] -- One can see her baby sticking out From her belly. There are all kinds of animals, </p>
1870	<p> Including unknown species. There are wild men [47] Roaming freely on its hills. It is an untamed land, And its lower part is called Altay. That Altay is occupied By countless numbers of Kara Kalmyk and Manchus. Baltay and Jakip, the Kyrgyz leaders, Had a great responsibility. </p>
1880	<p> The forty families from their Kyrgyz land Were driven away to Altay. Those exiled, destitute people, Found the beautiful land Altay, And people called Kara Kalmyks. They were separated from the rest of the Kyrgyz, Many grieved and wept, Separated from their homeland. Those who were called Kara Kalmyks, Indeed were noble and wonderful people. </p>

1890	<p> They inhabited the wide Altay, In front of their yurts, Each family kept a thousand mares. Among the many Kalmyks are the Tïrgoots, Who have playful horses, Which were never tamed and bridled. These nice Kalmyks Have kept the four kinds of livestock. The forty exiled families, With their leaders Jakïp and Akbaltay, </p>
1900	<p> The poor people of the forty Kyrgyz families By milking animals and drinking their milk, They took care of their needs in this way, By herding mares on horseback, They took care of their needs in that way. By eating the congealed goat's fat Of the Kara Kalmyks and Manchus, By earning the right to eat their fat yearlings They took care of their needs in this way. </p>
1910	<p> It had been full twelve months Since they had come to the Kalmyks. Among the forty Kyrgyz families, The wisest is Akbaltay. The gray ox, which they had brought from the Kyrgyz land, They killed that gray ox, [Feasted on its meat], Left behind their deep grief Which had filled their hearts. Like a baby goose he spoke loud and clear, His white beard was shining, The uncle Baltay to the Kyrgyz </p>
1920	<p> Spoke wise words vigorously: "Destitute forty families, We are far away from Muslims, i.e., From the sheikh with his khanate and blue-shirt soldiers, Exiled Muslims, They call their land Altay, The Kara Kalmyks in Altay Are, indeed, wonderful people. My children, we should leave our grief behind, We can't find our Kyrgyz by grieving, </p>

1930

We should dig for gold,
We should dig the land with mattocks, [48]
Until our noble souls perish,
My children, we should eat plenty of food!
My children, we should forget about our
grief,
We can't find the Kyrgyz by grieving,
One can't hide one's shame once it is seen.
We don't have strong young men, my
children,
To have them as our support,
There are none of the glorious Kyrgyz,

1940

We don't have the protection of the Nogays,
There is no forest where we can hide,
We don't have our people, we've no running
springs,
We shouldn't lie down idly.
We are a destitute people trying to survive,
We remain now amongst
The Kara Kalmyk and Manchus.
Altay is indeed a beautiful land,
We can rely on the Kalmyks
Who seem to be noble people.

1950

I'm giving you valuable advice,
No trees grow here,
So we shouldn't lie down idly,
There is no cultivation,
So we shouldn't lie down idly.
Be it eight or nine years,
We must work hard
And take care of our needs
By struggling with the black earth!
The Altay is a famous land, indeed,

1960

But the Kara Kalmyk-Manchus
Are people who don't know how to plough.
May the Creator banish this misfortune!
Instead of lying down idly,
You can buy a yearling horse
For a panful of harvest.
Work hard, my children, work,
Your hungry stomachs will be full,
Those who are lean will flesh out."
Akbalday spoke wise words,

1970	<p> He was indeed a saint, [49] The elderly man named Akbaltay Indeed had great wisdom. He was better than a spearman And a resourceful man to find a way out, "Akbaltay is our khan, indeed, The Creator granted him to us During our exile to Altay, So we have some hope to survive. The hero Baltay, the brave man Taught those who didn't know, Baltay was a brave and knowledgeable man, Who helped the people understand. The brave Baltay was a lion, indeed, He was indeed a holy man Who spoke wise words And predicted the future of the world, He was a holy man And the famed khan of the Noyguts. We were exiled from far away, </p>
1980	
1990	<p> God granted us Akbaltay, As a people We are indeed all blessed," they said, They relied on Baltay, "We must listen to Akbaltay. By letting the sweat run down from our brows, We must raise abundant crops. We should forget all our grief, We should cultivate the black earth With the mattock this year. Instead of wandering around idly, </p>
2000	<p> We should have plenty to eat this year. We must listen to Akbaltay, And raise many livestock. Any living being needs livestock, We must raise many livestock, And feel full and happy. By working hard we should raise livestock And become equal kinsmen To the Kara Kalmyk-Manchus. Let's leave all our grief behind, </p>

2010	<p>And gather our strength this year.” ”The old uncle Akbaltay’s words Are indeed wise,” Jakip said. ”Whoever doesn’t listen to Akbaltay, His seven forefathers are infidels, Wise Baltay spoke these words And they are true and wise, indeed,” he said. Thus uncle Jakip spoke these words. All the forty families,</p>
2020	<p>Including Akbaltay and Jakip Who are elders of these destitute people, Began working hard. They dug for gold, The gold which had been extracted They hid in sacks And exchanged it with Kalmyks For the four kinds of livestock. They prepared the yokes Tied two oxen together,</p>
2030	<p>Made furrows on the surface of the ground, Planted handfuls of seeds. They grew crops in summer. The Kyrgyz thus became very wealthy. They ate white wheat bread, In front of their yurts They each tied six stallions. With their harvested crop They bought a sheep for a handful of grain. They bought yearlings for a panful of grain,</p>
2040	<p>They all worked hard, They bought many animals and became wealthy, They were pleased with that, They left their grief And filled all their chests With treasure of yellow gold. He became known as rich Jakip, Brave Jakip kept numerous cattle,</p>

2050	<p> His four kinds of animals were countless. The leader Jakip became rich, With their pouting lower lips And their two erect humps His gelded camels [50] became many. Uncle Jakip became wealthy. When he lived in Altay, The gold of the gray-maned Uncle Jakip Filled seven houses, His countless mares filled the pastures, </p>
2060	<p> Jakip kept numerous livestock, Among them stallions, the <i>argimak</i> and <i>buudans</i> Every day he was content, Your uncle Jakip, the noble man, Felt happy among his people, Among all the Manchu-Kalmyks in Altay Jakip became the wealthiest man. His wealth became known to all. Esenkhan was also a great man, Who recorded Jakip in his census, [51] </p>
2070	<p> And Jakip's fame spread as far as the Altay, Uncle Jakip's, the hero's fame Became known to the entire people, He became immensely rich with livestock, He was recorded in the cadastre As wealthy Jakip, His livestock filled the pastures. Jakip, the brave man Gained the status of a holy man Among the many people in Altay. </p>

2080

The famous Jakip became wealthy.
For many years, however,
He had been longing for a child:

One day Jakip gathered all the forty Kyrgyz families and said: "I have so many cattle, but have no son. What will my future be? Who will inherit this many livestock?" Jakip had a grand idea. He threw a big feast, big enough to feed the whole world, and wept, lamenting and asking for a son from the Creator in the following way:

"I have many livestock, but I have no child,
I pray to the Creator many times,
I have no more strength to wait for a child.
My mares in the mountains are countless
In this world of torment I have no son,
No one like a prize stallion [52]
Who will inherit my livestock
Which I cannot take to the hereafter!

2090

My prize stallions are countless
But there is no heir to inherit them!
I gathered much accursed wealth,
I have no choice
But to accept God's will,
My livestock have no owner,
I have no son to inherit them,
I gathered the accursed wealth,
But I'm not able to find a child.
What goal will I accomplish

2100

By accumulating much wealth?
I've 6,000 gelded camels,
Your Jakip has become, however,
Such a miserable man with no child!
Among my numerous livestock, which have
no owner,
I cannot find a son,
My noble spirit is unquiet.
The pastures are filled with livestock,
Yet with no son as heir,
My noble soul is restless!

2110	<p> I have camel- and elephant-loads of goods, [but] (...) It has been many years since I married My second wife Chüyirdi. She doesn't much comb and braid her hair, [53] What kind of cursed life have I? Bakdöölöt, the daughter of Baatirkhan, Has been my wife from the very beginning, She doesn't give birth to a son even when I show my devotion, This has been my greatest disappointment. By raising the livestock without an owner, </p>
2120	<p> What is the point of my life? With no son to rely on I will pass away with no heir. I raised unschooled stallions, But, with no heir to train and ride them! Since I came to Altay, I raised countless livestock, But it is as though I never rode to pasture, Nor have I heard the cry "Wah!" I'm filled with sadness, my insides burn, </p>
2130	<p> With no trained stallions to ride in Altay. I'm separated from my exiled eight brothers Who grew up in the same nest. I'm filled with grief, my liver burns, [54] My brave Kyrgyz people aren't here To profit from my livestock, If I die, my people aren't here My ancient homeland isn't here To herd the livestock with no master! </p>
2140	<p> Apart from lacking my own people, I don't even have my sister's children to rely on! I don't have an older brother beside me, I'm surviving in Altay With no maternal uncles standing behind me! I possess immeasurable wealth, But I don't have my lions, the Kyrgyz people Who have large appetites And are never sated! </p>

2150	<p> I've no choice, but to accept The misfortune which God sent. I gathered many livestock who need a master, But I don't have a son to inherit them! We are the Kyrgyz of forty families! We live amongst The Kara Kalmyk-Manchus, With no way to find our people. Oh, my people, what should we do?! </p>
2160	<p> Will your uncle Jakip die Among these Kalmyks? Saying that Jakip was childless, Will the Kalmyk lamas divide All the livestock left behind? Or will their officials humiliate us, The people who have suffered in the past? Will the Kitay take for themselves All the livestock left behind?!</p> <p> There is no one to resist The Kara-Kalmyk strong man, </p>
2170	<p> Who presides in a pavilion with copper poles! Who will make crescent axes With a hawthorn handle that doesn't bend? Who will lead these many exiled people And look after their interests? Who will make axes with sharp blades That do not bend? Who will lead the many exiled people Without neglecting them?"</p> <p> Lamenting the fact that he had no son, </p>
2180	<p> The rich man Jakip spoke these words. His entire insides burned As he fervently prayed for a son. Even though his prayers were not granted, Jakip didn't die of shame either. When Jakip lamented, The Kyrgyz of forty families broke into tears, The countless livestock of Jakip Multiplied like grass in spring. The tears flowing from the two eyes, </p>

2190	<p>Of the noble and old Jakïp, Streamed down his two cheeks. With his whole heart Our brave and rich Jakïp, Asked God for a son. Let's leave him aside now, And start talking about The great Esenkhan From the heaven-like Beijing.</p>
2200	<p>Now as for the Kakanchin in Beijing... Esenkhan was a famed khan. He had a sorcerer Who can foretell now The sufferings of six years ahead. He had a fortuneteller, Who wore a <i>malakay kalpak</i>, [55] And fortune tellers Who foretold the future Seven years ahead. He has magicians and fortunetellers Who tell the truth.</p>
2210	<p>You want to know about Beijing's history? Beijing is no ordinary land, And Kitay should not to be taken lightly. Back in the time of Prophet Noah There was a great flood. When the flood swept The entire earth By completely covering it up, There occurred a haunting experience.</p>
2220	<p>Only nine hundred families Remained whom the flood didn't reach. The prophet Muhammad had just climbed Mt. Hirah, [56] A ray of light touched Beijing, Therefore, no one dared to conquer it, No strong men dared to subjugate its people. During the Prophet's time, All kinds of people lived In this very Beijing.</p>

2230	<p> When they went on <i>jihad</i> against the infidels To conquer the khan Of the Chïnmachiin, They married their women And remained in Beijing. If we really want we can find there Pious Muslims, Dungans. Look carefully and you will find The children of true Kyrgyz Called Salar </p>
2240	<p> Who had remained among the Chïnmachiin of Beijing. Esenkhan is indeed wise, He knows how to rule people, His ancestor is Chilaba, He has a precious city And seven soothsayers, Who can foretell in seven days The sufferings of seven years ahead. His soothsayer found out about Jakip's rise And came to Esenkhan </p>
2250	<p> And really shook him up. In front of Esenkhan, There stands a watchtower. You want to know about the watchtower? It's ninety thousand arm-spans high, There's a bell on the tower, A bell made from coppery bronze That's three arm-spans around. You would run away should you hear its sound! </p>
2260	<p> When they strike his tower bell, Esenkhan's command Can easily be heard Six days distant, This infidel's sound. A signal fire was lit on the tower, The bell rang loudly. When they heard the bell ring, All the soothsayers arrived, They took the books of divination in their hands and said: </p>

2270	<p> "With a face like wheat smeared with oil, With his eyes glowering like an evening fog, And looking like a hungry lion, There will appear a famous Manas khan, People will be terrified by his wrath. He will be born among the Buruts, When Manas will mount a horse, Your Tïrgoots will be wiped out. Of medium height but broad in the shoulder, </p>
2280	<p> Manas will be born among the Kyrgyz, People will be terrified by his wrath. They will bring forth a perfect man, Manas, a lion, will be born among the Buruts, His steps will stir up a sandstorm, His voice will scare people to death. A lion will be born, A brave man who will destroy the world will be born. If that Manas is born, His armed men will number eighty-four, </p>
2290	<p> Everywhere he turns will be set ablaze. If Manas is born and he grows up, He won't leave us alone, He won't leave Beijing alone. Our ancestor is Chïlaba, The power of the cursed [man], Will stir up the world, Such is the might of Manas. He is the brave man who creates chaos, Who is thirsty for blood, And who always defeats his opponent. He is the man to bring chaos </p>
2300	<p> He won't spare his enemy, He will shed your blood, Leave all of you in misery, And make you scream for your lives. He will grind your backbones into powder. He will smear in red blood Your Kïtay people. The brave man Manas will be born among the Buruts, And he will raze your Beijing city Together with your leaders and khans. </p>

2310-2330

[...]

The good-for-nothing gray-maned one
Will pour out his wrath.
His thirst for blood is insatiable,
He will not spare those who attack him.
His eyes will be wide with rage,
He will have a mark on his back,
It will be a gray-black mane.
He will have Khoja Hasan [57] as his
protector,
And forty warrior saints as his true
companions.

2340

If that Manas will be born,
He will surely vent his rage against us,
And take revenge for the wrongs of the past!
He will massacre all the noble men
Of the Kakanchin in Beijing
Who wear precious stones.
He will destroy the Kitay
And strew their bodies on the ground,
He will soak in blood
Those who enrage him.
No one will remain alive,

2350

We may live long enough to see
That boy with the name Manas.
He will dump salt into your food
And make you eat it,
If that Manas grows to manhood,
You're really going to know it.
He will take as booty
All your maidens with five braids.
He will burn your Beijing city,
And wipe all of you out.

2360-2370

[...]

2380

If that Manas grows to manhood,
He will plunder your mares --
May I be cursed, if I tell lies! --
He will wake you with a jolt.
In springtime, he won't let you ride
Your beautiful young stallions. [58]
He is the man who will bring devastation
To the khan of Kakan in Beijing.
I'm telling you the possible threat,
The record book in front of you states

2390	<p> That the legendary Manas will be born, And will make Beijing pay. My prophecy is now heard by all, And danger awaits Beijing. It has been recorded in your holy book That he will take away the throne Of Beijing which Solomon could not touch. This is the beginning of the disaster. My lord, it has been recorded in the book of your fate That his name is Manas. </p>
2400	<p> I was terrified seeing his name in the prophecies, Esenkhan, since you are the great khan Of this great city. I ran towards you, my lord, My peaceful life has been shattered. My lord, Esenkhan, listen to my words, Manas is a great threat, indeed! If that noble Manas comes into the world, He will be renowned as the Manas </p>
2410	<p> Whose name is recorded in the holy book. Upon reading that message, My lord, my young ribs shook, The reason for their shaking is That he is the lion named Manas. He is the lion who will wipe out Not just Kitay, but the entire world. He has a horse faster than a bullet, He has a coat which is bulletproof, </p>
2420	<p> Manas, the gray-maned lion, Never gets his fill of blood, If born, he won't spare any soul, He will erase completely Not just Kitay, but the whole world. He has a powerful ancestral spirit and a great name, He is the hero and the backbone of the Kyrgyz. He is the man who will create chaos In your land which escaped the Flood, And in Beijing of the Kakanchin. If that man Manas is born among the Buruts, </p>

2430	<p> The whole world cannot defeat him, The teeth of a lion can't penetrate, His naked <i>Kïdir</i> and companions, Each of which has strength equal to Manas'. His forty companions are from forty different places, Each has different powers, The forty of them are the wisest leaders of the epoch. If those forty lions unite, The Kïtay will lament greatly, For that Manas will cause a great upheaval </p>
2440	<p> Not just for the Kïtay but for the entire world. They'll pluck you from the ground, No one who encounters them will escape alive! On a certain day you should prepare And send your soothsayers to him And have them bring him to Beijing, My lord, that boy named Manas. We should put him in the dungeon, Which is forty rope-lengths deep. </p>
2450	<p> If Manas will be born, We should punish him in this way!" Esenkhan was the ruler, Of the great city, Karïkhan in Beijing Had turned exactly hundred years old. When he heard the name of Manas, This Kïtay became angry. The drums were beaten hard The beacons were lit outside, </p>
2460-2490	[...]
2500	<p> As for Karïkhan's golden throne, It is surrounded by towers and gardens. There were spread out sixty kilims Which were made of golden [thread]. On top of them there is the golden throne, No one had ever seen such beauty. Were they soaked in water forty years, Their color would never fade, Were they soaked in water eighty years, They would never rot. </p>

2510	<p> No one had ever sat on them, Everyone who saw them was amazed. The back of the throne is made of gold and precious stones, The place where one sits Is decorated with precious stones and pearls. On it sits Karïkhan Who is full of wrath. When their khan gave the order His warriors wearing greaves Opened the forty gates </p>
2520	<p> Of Kakanchïn. Drums were beaten hard, There were forty soothsayers On bended knee Carrying maces as big as yurts. His warriors came in running, All the warriors came gathering Before their khan. In a fury, Karïkhan spoke: " My warriors! Listen all of you! </p>
2530	<p> All the soldiers, soothsayers, And the old men with long ears, listen! His ancestor is Burut -- The hero Manas was born, I heard Among the people called Burut. All the Tïrgoot khans, come, My magicians and soothsayers all come! Fortunetellers, come, thousands of you, And be useful this time! If the boy's name is indeed Manas, </p>
2540	<p> Capture him among the Burut and bring him! Capture all the boys and tie their hands and legs, If their name is Manas, and If they are younger than seventeen And older than six months! If his name is Manas indeed, Tie his hands and legs And bring him here, Don't let him escape, Just drive him up here! You damned warriors, If you don't find Manas, </p>

2550	<p> I don't want to see you, Don't dare to come near me! Don't return to my city, Damned warriors, Perish before you come to me! If you don't fetch Manas, I will put a <i>kook</i> [59] on your head And make you all suffer greatly. I will hurt your heads </p>
2560	<p> And punish you thus. If you don't fetch that Manas, I'll tie a rope around your necks And hang you all in nooses. If you don't return with Manas, I will give it to you in the neck And shoot you, not sparing one. I will do what I want, I will exterminate all of you Not sparing one, </p>
2570	<p> If you don't fetch Manas, You will pay dearly! I have a great many warrior swordsmen, And I will have them cut you up!" Thus Karikhan announced his order, Wearing their big greaves, Many warriors began to panic, All the young children ran outside. </p>
2580	[...]
2590	<p> "I have a dungeon, a big hole, I will put him in there if I get him, I don't want their Manas to live, I will finish him off for good. If we don't eliminate him From the face of the earth, If we don't get rid of him... He is Muslim in his faith And our enemy in his heart. If Manas survives and grows up, He'll be no end of trouble. </p>
2600	<p> He won't be a slave who will do kindness To this Beijing which stands before you!" Karikhan spoke about this horrifying thing, Together with the khan Esenkhan He gave the order. [...]</p>

2620

[...]
"My warriors, listen all of you,
You must find Manas,
You must not return without him,
Warriors, may God bless your undertaking!
If for some reason, you return without
Manas,
I won't listen to your words even if you
implore me.

2630

This is my order which I decreed,
I will punish you if you don't find him,
The Türgoots, Manchus, and many Kitay
I will kill all of you!
The skilled rider and foot racer,
The esteemed warrior, the giant Döngö,
And the fortunetellers
Who have mastered incredible magic skills
And can tell the future with divination
stones,
All of you must set out to find him!

2640

You forty soothsayers in Beijing,
His ancestor is from Burut,
So he is from the people called Burut.
Don't miss him on the upper mountain
slopes,
You know how he looks,
So you should recognize him if you see him."
Esenkhan and Karïkhan,
Gave countless orders,
With all their soothsayers gathered.
God had cursed the Kitay.

2650

His medicine men,
The best fortunetellers,
The best of the best, who can distinguish
Between good and evil,
Swordsmen with sharp crescent blades,
The most wicked men with black hearts,
And a thousand soothsayers set out from
Beijing,
Among whom many were all-seeing.
They loaded elephants with arms,
These Kitay were dangerous people,

2660	<p> They took all the all-seeing men, The soothsayers set out from Beijing, Their warrior, hero Döngö Was a beast-like infidel, Who spoke no human tongue. There was Muzkindik from Shibee, Solobo from Türgoot, These loud-tongued infidels had So many soothsayers! There was Bozkertik from Tokushker </p>
2670	<p> And Orokkir from Solong, They all set out towards the Kyrgyz. The Devil possessed the Kitay. Which of them should we mention Among these teeming infidels? There is giant Döödür from the Kitay, And Maamitbek riding a gray mule. Those who heard about his fame were frightened. All the things he tells, He studied from a sacred book. </p>
2680	<p> No one has ever defeated him, No lion's teeth could penetrate his skin, He spoke no human tongue, He has an eye as big as a bucket on his head. The reason for his single eye Is because his mother was a Hindu whore No one could defeat this warrior! His father was a Kitay shrew, He was a beast, a wild pig Who spoke no human tongue. </p>
2690	<p> Orokkir and Muzkindik, Were the great warriors of the Kitay. Manas wasn't born yet, nothing yet was heard of him. They set out towards the Buruts In search of the boy. Their magicians were many, The infidels' soothsayers who had mastered magic skills Were even more in number. Their most skilled men who identify people Received the order from their khan, </p>

2700	<p> An army of soldiers was put together, The arrogant infidels Took plenty of pemmican [60] with them, Each soothsayer was given A thousand warriors to serve him, They advanced like men possessed On deserts which take forty days to cross, Döngö arrived in two places, Altay and Kangay. All the Kyrgyz boys of the forty Kyrgyz families, </p>
2710	<p> They gathered, leaving not one, And had them pass one by one. They gathered all the boys Who were younger than seventeen And older than six months. Fearing that they would kill all the boys And destroy them completely, The exiled and destitute people, With their leader Baltay khan, Wept, losing their hope. </p>
2720	<p> The six soothsayers stood together And checked them out for six days in a row. If a boy was indeed Manas, His ear would have had a hole And he would be circumcised. He would have all the signs. On his right shoulder He would have a mole as big as a plate; On the back of the boy, There would be a gray-black mane. </p>
2730	<p> "Is there boy in your camp Whose name is Manas?" They asked loudly, The warriors thus asked And searched the entire camp. Unable to find the boy there, They continued their search. The warriors who received the order Traveled farther afield And searched the entire world, </p>

2740	<p> They wandered four times The four corners of the earth, They traveled seven times to The underworld Jelpinish. Unable to find the boy there They searched all the places Like Köönö-Turpan, vast Barbar, With the Lop river in the lower part, Through the mud deserts </p>
2750	<p> And wind-blown sandy passes, The warriors experienced hell. By searching the entire world, They wandered exactly six years. Unable to find the boy there, They came to Altı-Shaar and Kokonkhan, Then down to Samarkand, Then across to Margilan, Then back to Andijan, Then to the ruined Chambıl and Bukhara. </p>
2760	<p> There is Sari-Arka in the upper part, And Aydarkan in Sari-Arka, There was a khan of the Kazakhs Who had many peoples Under his rule, They searched for the boy there. Unable to find the boy there, They came to Karakhan in Bukhara And searched for the boy there. They came to the ruined Chambıl, </p>
2770	<p> To Buudaykhan who lived there, And had many peoples. They gathered all them And had young boys pass one by one. Unable to find the boy there, They retreated To the place called Samarkand, They now came to Samarkand, From each family they took a boy And gathered all of them, not leaving one. </p>

2780	<p> Their mothers cried out And stirred up the people, Their fathers, frenzied, Even broke the irrigation ditches. All the people created chaos. Boys had to pass by for seven days. There was a famous Eshen in Samarkand Who was a holy man, There was a big boy In the family of that Eshen </p>
2890	<p> Who was given the name Manas. "Do you have boy in your village Whose name is Manas?" they asked. When the Kītay forced them to answer, "This is the boy you have sought," they said, And brought on their heads God's wrath. "This boy is that Manas," Many people shouted falsely. We got together and decided To name him "Jar Manas" </p>
2800	<p> Because of his bravery. Sharpening his black tongue An old man spoke eloquently To the many Kītay: "This boy's name is Manas, His bravery is great, And his strength is enormous! When he reached the age of seven, He did what he wanted to do, Of the boys who had been playing, </p>
2810	<p> He slaughtered exactly twelve of them. His father is indeed the famous Eshen. You found "Manas" easily, My warriors, you are lucky! This boy named Manas, His eyes are wide with rage, Your khan will be pleased if you bring him, For Manas is the one who defeats all his foes." Listening to the old man, The magicians and fortunetellers of the Kītay, </p>

2820	<p> Their fortuneteller, hero And a great wise man who had seen a lot, The brave man named Döngö, And the forty soothsayers from Beijing All stood in a row. Undressing the boy They had him pass by. A soothsayer checked him out carefully And was sure that he was the boy, "He is indeed Manas," they said, </p>
2830	<p> The soothsayers tested him, Believing that his name was Manas, The warriors were happy. Some of them checked him and noted that He was indeed a strong boy, Who was of medium height and broad-shouldered, And that he was the real Manas. The spitting image of Manas! Some of them said these words: "His right shoulder is broad, He himself is indeed a man </p>
2840	<p> Able to destroy the entire world." Some of them spoke thus: "He is as big as a mountain, He has the valor to wipe out The entire world. Karïkhan, the khan of Beijing Really knew about him, that noble man." Some of them said these words: "He is a boy, who can, indeed, Catch a white doe and use her like a cow. </p>
2850	<p> If he grows into manhood And achieves the stature of the real heroes, He would indeed be a young man Who would wipe out Beijing and its Kakanchï." Some of them said these words: "This boy named Manas, Is like a staring tiger, His enemy won't stay alive, His eyes are wide with rage, He is the one who defeats all his foes. </p>

2860	<p> He is indeed the real Manas, The spitting image of Manas." Some of them said these words: "His look is extraordinary, He has the valor to wipe out Chïnmachïn and Kakan." We caught the enemy, God has truly given him to us," they said. They tied the boy up And did the unthinkable. </p>
2870	<p> All the warriors gathered, And feasted for twelve days, Put aside their worries, And killed their mules for the feast, All the soldiers were aroused, All the warriors were excited. They made the Muslims grovel before them. The Kïtay people were happy. Believing that he was Manas, they tied him up, The Kïtay swarming like black worms </p>
2880	<p> Humiliated the people of Samarkand, They left the people with no choice, And took away from Samarkand Their boy named Manas. "He is the boy named Manas," they said, Our mission is accomplished," they rejoiced. Their men carrying chains, And men with sword-like hands, And men skilled with warclubs, All encircled the boy. </p>
2890	<p> And the great soothsayer from Beijing Was sure that he was Manas. And they put an iron cap On Jar Manas's head. They tied his legs And covered his eyes tightly. Thus they brought the end of the world To the people of Samarkand. This boy named Jar Manas Was the son of the famed Eshen </p>

2900	<p>Who lived in Samarkand. "The brave Jar Manas is gone," they said, All the people wept, many wept, The mass of people all wept, "It's six months' distant, No one has ever seen Beijing And no one would return once gone! It is a place whence no one would return From the land of Kakanchin, No man would come back."</p>
2910	<p>The people of Samarkand grieved, They had lost their Jar Manas When he reached the age of seventeen. The Kitay of forty tribes Brought them misfortune By taking away their boy, They would not be able to defeat The myriad infidels! The Muslims were relieved the Kitay had left. By taking away the boy</p>
2920	<p>The infidels were cursed by God. They set out towards Beijing, They traveled many days not sparing their horses. When they were two stages away, They sent a man with six stallions To Karakhan, the khan of Beijing, To deliver him a message. The messenger grabbed and took along A Buddhist statue made from bronze and copper. They also sent skilled riders, foot racers, And great soothsayers</p>
2930	<p>When a great soothsayer came in And told their khan That they fetched Manas, Inside the khan's palace There was a pavilion where many people stood, On the pavilion was Ken-Tundu, All the people came and Stood near that Ken, On the pavilion was also a tower,</p>

2940	<p> The tower was very extraordinary. Do you want to know about the tower? The khan had its foundation built with stones, He had stones stacked And secured with blue cast-iron. If you want to know about the tower, Its height is nine hundred arm-spans, When the bell on its top rang, It's sound easily reached </p>
2950	<p> The land nine days distant. The beacon was lit on the tower, The bell rang loudly, All the Türgöts came gathering, All the teeming noble men, All the strong men of Kıtay Wearing shirts of mail gathered. All the elite ones of Kıtay Wearing precious stones gathered. </p>
2960	<p> Esenkhan and Karıkhān Were both informed of the news. In attendance on the two men Were exactly two thousand warriors They placed the two of them On gold kilims, For when their khan goes outside It is a Kıtay tradition. The warriors ran next to them, </p>
2970	<p> The warriors in their service Accompanied them with reverence. The riderless stallions behind them Were led by twelve noble grooms. When their khan made a public appearance All the people were gathered, So many pigs and cattle Were slaughtered for the feast. They cooked food in a copper cauldron Forty arm-spans around. </p>

2980

They slaughtered forty pigs
And put them all in it.
They also killed forty oxen
And put them in it too.
Each tribe brought forty animals,
For it was a Kitay custom
To bring and slaughter them.
They also killed forty mules
And put them in it too.
They quickly hung high
The copper idol made from bronze
Worshipping it as their "God."

2990

All the soothsayers of the Kitay
Gathered, wearing precious stones,
Only the elite gathered.
They had the unimaginable thought
That they had found their enemy.
They feasted exactly forty-five days,
They brought Jar Manas
Before the golden throne,

3000

The Manchus who gathered were unusual,
Their warriors were countless,
They threw him alive for safe-keeping
Into the big dungeon forty rope-lengths deep
Located under the golden throne.
Thinking that Manas was gone,
All the great men dispersed,
Without killing or harming him
They imprisoned the poor one for twelve
years.

3010

Let's put him aside now
And talk about the others.
The poor people who came to Altay,
And the heroes who were exiled
Survived their hardships,
Were separated from their people,
And endured this on account of their sins.
They had been driven there to Altay,
And become wealthy by digging gold,
By plowing land, raising cattle,

3020	<p> And driving countless livestock. In the service of Jakip There was Kochku from the Kalmyks; He had appointed Oshpur as his shepherd; He had camel-herders under him, That noble, rich man Jakip, On the holiest night of Ramadan, [61] In the middle of the night, Saw a dream in his sleep, He saw a good dream. </p>
3030	<p> From the quail-like eyes Of poor Jakip, who was torn apart, Drops of tears streamed down, From his black-currant eyes Streamed tears the length of a whip. The heart of the rich man Named Jakip was shattered, Tears poured down his face, His ribs cage fell apart, He saw paradise in his dream, </p>
3040	<p> Upon seeing the dream, bay Jakip Became agitated, He couldn't sit still, He had no peace of mind,, For he was fretting about it. "If my dream comes true," he thought, "I will distribute all the livestock Which I have gathered, These countless animals I will slaughter them all," he thought. </p>
3050	<p> Your bay Jakip thought about this, To the head of the forty families, To the eloquent leader Akbaltay, Your brave man Jakip cried out, He gathered everyone, including Akbaltay with his forty Kyrgyz families To interpret his noble dream Which he saw the night before. The Kyrgyz of forty families arrived </p>

3060	<p> To listen to bay Jakip's dream, Gathering all the Kyrgyz, Bay Jakip broke down before them: "My livestock is countless, but I have no child, I'm filled with sadness, I burn like an ember, To inherit my numerous livestock, I have no son when I look, </p>
3070	<p> Nor have I strength to have a child. Unless the Ruler of All, Allah, helps, I have no other hope, My yaks became ninety thousand, My wealth became known to the people. I have much livestock, but no son, I have no other hope Unless the Creator intervenes!" He killed for a specific wish Five sets of different animals led by a mare, </p>
3080	<p> As alms, he set aside Nine sets of different animals led by a camel To give to widows, orphans and the poor, Jakip thus put aside All his accumulated grief And killed many mares To feed the people. The home of bay Jakip Was filled with the forty Kyrgyz families. When the forty Kyrgyz families were sated, </p>
3090	<p> They gave their blessings By saying "Amen" with spread palms. The hero spoke vigorously And insistently like a baby goose, The hero spoke loudly The good news all were eager to hear, The hero Jakip spoke his words, His dream which he saw the night before. He told them of good things to come: "My people, I saw a dream last night, I dreamt of an unusual deed. </p>

3100	<p> My people, maybe good will come Of what I've seen on the holiest night, Maybe our day will come to see the Kyrgyz again When God frees us from the Kalmyks. My last night's dream is a sacred dream, It is a good dream From which you will benefit. In my last night's dream, I settled down on the upper Ala-Too And caught a young eagle. When I took him hunting, </p>
3110	<p> The sound of his flapping wings was heard; Unable to withstand his wrath, All the animals fell over in fright. He flew high above the world, The black-eared panther Looked like a mouse next to him. When I pulled off his hood, He wreaked such havoc, He tore into shreds The black-striped tiger and boar. </p>
3120	<p> He spared no animals, All the birds submitted to him Offered themselves up. When I lifted him He was restrained by eighty-four strings, [62] Wherever the eagle turned was set ablaze, Then I took him to the east For hunting, I sealed the doom Of all the predator birds, Not sparing any of them </p>
3130	<p> I had him kill them. When I got caught up by the hunt, I shed so much red blood That it filled a gorge. What does this mean? Please interpret this dream of mine! Afterwards in my dream, I went hunting the in the mountains, With no way to go down, I hunted on a high cliff. </p>

3140	<p> When I stood there trapped and angry Here is how I restored my honor. In the dream that I saw, Out of nowhere in my hand A <i>zulkupor</i> [63] sword appeared. With it, I cut through The black cliff which blocked my way, Thus I defeated the black cliff. With one blow the cliff shattered, </p>
3150	<p> Unable to withstand my sword's power, The black cliff crashed down, I felled the strong mountain, Everything that I struck I made fall to the ground like powder, I destroyed the rocks and made a road, I leveled down All the thick forests, I destroyed many cliffs, </p>
3150	<p> I made the river dry up, I burned everything which I came across, I set afire the grassy steppe, I turned the cliff into a plain And made myself a khan. The places where I wandered were strange wilderness. Wherever my sword struck was set afire. Please interpret my dream, What does it mean? My people, please interpret my dream. Then again in my dream, </p>
3170	<p> I experienced a good deed. When I slept on a hill and dreamt, I became a big tent, My shade encircling the earth And covering the world. One tether of the tent was tied To the land where the sun rises, My one pole was erected On the pass where the sun sets. My shade covering the world, </p>

3180	<p> I lay down with great pleasure. Charging like a lion, Praying to God, Reaching with my right hand, I grasped the sun for myself. Reaching with my left hand, I caught the moon for myself. My right hand held the sun, My left hand held the moon, I took the sun </p>
3190	<p> And put it in place of the moon, I took the moon And put it in place of the sun. Together with the sun and moon, I flew high into the sky. What does it mean?" When they heard Jakip's dream, Approaching like a tawny gelded camel, Finding his way in trackless places, </p>
3200	<p> Speaking gently but firmly, Your uncle Baltay began his words. Albaltay was a noble khan Who interpreted every dream, A naked boy was his guardian spirit. The sharp-tongued Akbaltay Was a true holy man and soothsayer, Akbaltay was eloquent In his speech, </p>
3210	<p> Akbaltay was a religious man Who was a master. He sharpened his black tongue. What can the noble Baltay do? He spoke eloquently before the people. He spoke loudly and smoothly To the sad Kyrgyz, to those people He threw words joyfully: "You forty Kyrgyz families, you destitute people, We will indeed find the pass </p>

3220	<p>With its hummocks of windswept grass, Oh, God, we will indeed find the land Where we cut our cord [64] and cleansed ourselves! We will indeed find our people Who created a shelter for us. The Almighty has bestowed on us This bay Jakip's dream that he saw. Through bay Jakip's dream We'll solve our awful problem.</p>
3230	<p>It befits the Kyrgyz To pray to God for this. If this dream of yours is indeed true, Our injured pride will be restored. We will be granted a lion-like boy Who will save us all From the Kara Kalmyk and Manchus! What had been separated will be re-attached, What had been scattered, will be re-united,</p>
3240	<p>Your extinguished fire will be re-kindled, Your dead souls will come alive again! We are the Kyrgyz of forty families, People, who have been living Among the Kara Kalmyk and Manchus. Recite quickly your "Baabedin" [65] In honor of the Creator, Promise that you will sacrifice a horse Which has moon-shaped hooves! Extinguish all your grief. My people, all dangers are now gone,</p>
3250	<p>For the dream of Jakip khan... -- I can barely control myself! -- For the dream that he saw... -- My heart is pounding! Children, among these Kalmyks, As you see, I feel miserable. Oh, dear! I think about all kinds of things: Where are the Kyrgyz? Where are my people? Jakip, you saw an extraordinary dream, When will that day come when we reach our people?!</p>

3260	<p> My son Jakïp, my hero, Your wish will come true. I will interpret the dream you saw. Bay Jakïp, my son, listen, May God help your dream come true. My son, that you stood on a mountaintop Means you will stand on the head Of the teeming Kara Kalmyks. If you hunted with a young eagle, And wiped out all the predator animals, </p>
3270	<p> My son, you will rule the world, The young eagle indeed is a child. I'll be damned, bay Jakïp, If you aren't going to have a son! Stop grieving, my son; instead, Kill ninety animals for the feast! If you hunted with a black eagle, Jakïp bay, you will have a son, indeed. He will be a son who will wipe out The Kïtay on the hills. He will be a slave who will bring disaster </p>
3280	<p> To the Kara Kalmyk-Manchus. You will leave all your grief behind, If you have a son, my foal, You will name him Manas. He will be a grayish-black maned hero, He will be a fierce lion, Who will create chaos in the world. His close companions will number eighty-four, Everywhere he turns will be set ablaze, </p>
3290	<p> No man will be able to approach him. You will have a brave man Who will leave you with no enemies, If you have a son, bay Jakïp, His enemy will be Kakanchïns, He will fight against the Bakburchun. Seeing as he caught the predator animals, If he is born safe and sound, He will land straight on his feet, His enemies will bow down to him. </p>

3300	<p> If you have a son, my Jakip, His spear will touch the world. The few [Kyrgyz] will be saved By your son. A lion will be born, who will protect us, A strong man will be born. If you found a sword in your dream, Oh, Jakip, my foal, That means that you will have a son, Whose name will be Manas, </p>
3310	<p> Who will cut through rocks and turn them into roads, Who will defeat many people and unite them, Who will blacken a river with blood, Who will smear the plains with fat, Who will capture and destroy Those who enrage him. If you held the moon and sun, Your son will be famed as a hero. My hero Jakip, listen carefully, You will seize control Of the eighteen thousand worlds! </p>
3320-3339	[...]
3340	<p> Bay Jakip you have no cause for lament now, All your progeny are lions, He will have twelve perfect body parts, He will be the youngest of the six lions, [66] And also the beloved child of Allah, He will be a great ruler and a great man, He will be a strong man and a lion, So you will have a son, Who will be a sultan with a special fate!" </p>
3350	<p> All the Muslims headed by Akbaltay Raised their hands Akbaltay began giving his blessing, Speaking eloquently, Jakip's wife Chiyirdi Sprang to her feet and wept: "Until this day, We have no child to lean on. Let's get rid of all our grief, Of our countless livestock Let's kill all the mares, </p>

3360	<p> Let's distribute our wealth, Let's open our treasure chests. Let's not spare the livestock And give them away. Let's distribute the livestock, Ephemera in this false world, And ask God for a 'baby camel'!" As though struck on a wound, The hero Jakip jumped up: "I will <i>not</i> spend my livestock, </p>
3370	<p> And thus weaken myself in vain. I can't afford to waste my livestock, For you are not bringing forth a son yet. I won't plan anything for nothing, I won't hold a feast for a son who isn't here. I won't expend livestock in vain, I won't listen to false words, I will forget about my dream, Cursed woman, I won't give a feast!" As they were about to start a feast, </p>
3380	<p> Bay Jakip and his wife (<i>baybiche</i>) quarreled. "I have my own sacred hope, We might indeed have a child, My <i>baybiche</i>, don't lose your hope for three more years! The dun mare, the herd leader, And you, cursed woman, the first wife, The dun mare has yet to give birth, Nor is my old lady giving birth. If my dun mare gives birth, she will bring forth a charger, The foal of the dun mare, </p>
3390	<p> Who will be the strongest foal, Will leave mere stallions in its dust. He who wants to take him will be no friend of mine. He won't tire when sent ahead to scout, Nor be worn down by long days' marches, He won't be spooked in heat of battle, Nor tire when ridden six months straight, Until he turns sixty, His molar teeth will remain strong, He won't shy from noise, Not will he stumble even once </p>

3400

Should thundrous noise engulf the earth.
His figure will be tall and his back will be
straight,
My *baybiche*, don't lose hope for three years
yet!
If my dun mare gives birth, she will bring
forth a charger,
Such will be the qualities and stature
Of this colt with its double girth.
Such is my sacred hope.
If my old lady gives birth, she will bring
forth a falcon,
Let's banish all our grief,

3410

If God grants us a son,
Let him be named as people wish.
If my old lady brings forth a son,
He will wear a hero's belt around his waist,
If seven tens of thousand enemy attack,
He will cut through them alone.
He will stiffen our spines.
If God bestows on us a son,
He will be a lion, an extraordinary man."
Bay Jakip spoke thus.

3420

The noble Jakip, the great bay,
Had many words to say,
He won't throw a feast before he has a boy,
He will have to wait for his mare.
