

## Ancestors of Manas (before he was born)

### ANCESTORS OF MANAS (BEFORE HE WAS BORN)

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His forefathers were all khans,  
Blessed by *Kidür* [1] from the beginning,  
His ancestors were all khans,  
Blessed by Kïdir 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

10

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,

20

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]

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30

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 *Kitay*.  
Who was strong, mighty, and full of wrath,  
He, too, mowed down his attackers.  
During the reign of Karakhan,

40

His guesthouses, the five *sarays* [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.

50

When that Karakhan passed away,  
When he left for the place  
Whence no one returned,  
Crushing the *kereges* and *uuks* [6]  
Of the Argin and Kyrgyz,  
From the Kitay came Molto khan,  
He made women and girls cry,  
From the Kitay came Molto khan  
Whose devastation lasted for a century,  
Then came Alööke after him,  
Preparing his warriors

60

And choosing the best warriors.  
When the Argin 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 Kitay

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70

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 Argïn Kyrgyz  
Flowed like a river,

80

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]

90

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,

100

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 Alööke  
Established their rule among them,

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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 Argïn 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 Argïn 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.

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150

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,

160

"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,

170

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 *Noygut*  
But, he, too, had become weak

180

Upon surrendering his kingdom [13]  
To the khan Alööke.  
Alööke, 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.

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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.  
Alööke 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 Tirgoots 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 Kitay  
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 Kitay 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.

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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 Kitay -- 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 Kitay 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 Chïnmachïn 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]."  
Akbałtay said these laments [to Jakip],  
About his terrible loss to Alööke,

410

While his uncle Akbałtay 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

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 Kitay took my mares,  
The Kalmyks destroyed my possessions,  
The Türgoot shed my blood,  
They did not seem to spare  
My soul which is as tiny as a fly." [22]

430-500

[...]  
When Alööke raided them,  
Their noble heads became puzzled,  
These few Muslims,  
Argin and Kyrgyz together  
Were desperate and hopeless.  
Akbalta of the Noyguts,  
Tekechi khan, Shigai khan,  
Ulak khan and Jakip khan,  
The eight sons of Karakhan,

510

Desperate and hopeless,  
Held a great council  
In the wetland of Ürümö.  
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 Kitay," he said,

520

"When the Türgoot and Manchus make  
demands,  
How will we respond?"  
Shigai 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,

---

530

The Kitay, 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 Kitay,  
He had gone into a serious war  
With the Chünmachin in Beijing.  
My ancestor saved his few people  
By protecting them on their pastures.

540

These Kitay heard somehow  
That my ancestor had died,  
These Kitay, 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,

550

[...]  
560 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.

570-604

[...]

605

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,

---

610

And go and give them as offering  
And beg them not to shed our blood in vain.  
Alööke 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,

620

We will see the sufferings of the grave!  
If the Kitay capture us,  
They will beat their drums  
And leave after  
Taking us all as booty  
Including all our elderly!  
If these Kitay make us their subjects,  
They will accuse us for calling them  
"thieves,"  
These Kitay will find an excuse  
To humiliate all the people!

630

They've a khan named Lungtung.  
Should that Kitay capture us  
When my head is still alive,  
How can I hand over my *ayil*?"  
Alööke has indeed turned mad,  
I will try to fight with that dog!"  
Tekechi khan, Shigai khan,  
The strongest is Akbaltay,  
Before noble Baltay  
Finished these words of his,

640

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,

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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  
Alööke'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 Kitay.  
At that time the Kitay Alööke  
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.  
Alööke 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 Kitay --

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

This big pig was indeed renowned in Kitay.  
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,

740

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.

750

[...]  
From the Chünmanchün 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,

760

He pounced like a gray tiger,  
They played their war pipes loud, [25]  
Dust whirled in the air,  
The Tirgoots, Shibees and the Manchus,  
All were gathered, not one was left,  
The drums of the Kitai  
Were all beaten at the same time,  
All of their warriors arrived,  
Molto and Alööke  
Gave Döngö his orders:

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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

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810

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

820

Spoke these words to Döngö.  
Their soldiers covered the land,  
Their number was countless,  
Dust whirled in the air,  
The Kitay 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,

830

Those who saw them were frightened,  
War pipes and trumpets sounded,  
The teeming Kitay 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 Tirgoots all came in groups,

840

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 Shigay khan  
Fled towards the Ala-Too [mountains].  
White clouds covered the sky,  
Tekechi khan and Shigay khan,  
These poor ones escaped to safety,

---

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

They caught and made them slaves.  
They destroyed everything,  
They brought on a great calamity.  
From the Altı-Shaar to Margilan,  
All the way to Kokand,  
And the *sheikh* 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.

900-939

[...]

940

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.

950

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.

960

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,

---

970

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,

980

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.

990

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,

1000

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,

---

1010

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,

1020

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 *kara bayir kazanat*, [33]  
Who had iron lungs and copper wrists,

1030

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

1040

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.

---

1050

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.

1060

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,

1070

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

1080

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 Esenhan.  
They all rode *kara bayır kazanats*,

---

1090

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,

1100

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,

1110

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,

1120

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,

---

1130

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,

1140

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,

1150

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,

1160

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!

---

1170

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.

1180

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,

1190

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,

1200

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,

---

1210

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.

1220

All the Türgoots 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.

1230-1240

[...]

1250

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

1260

Like a new bride.  
Akbaltay was a wise man, indeed,  
He quickly dismounted  
And ran towards Alööke.  
Kneeling on the ground  
He bowed before Alööke  
Eloquent Akbaltay  
Sharpened his black tongue,  
Before the khan Alööke

---

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 Alööke 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 Alööke spoke thus:

---

1310

"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,

1320

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,

1330

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  
Kalmuks, to Altay.  
Raze their fortress to the ground,  
And get rid of them completely!"  
Thus ordered, Molto khan

1340

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

---

1350

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:

1360

"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.

1370

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.

1380

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.

1390-1760

[...]

---

1760

[...]

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.

1770

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.

1780

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,

1790

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.  
[...]

1800

They were driven for whole six months,  
Until the fleshy *kuuray* [39] had hardened,  
Until the *mïyzam* [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.

---

1810

They passed one after another,  
To Ili, the beginning of Üch-Aral,  
They went in distress with no choice.  
Ögüz Pass, Tay Pass,  
Kichi-Jildiz and Chong Jildiz --  
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

1820

It is the land of Türgoots 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

1830

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.

1840

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 *kümisdik* [42] grass and *işküns* [43]  
Everywhere were ripe.  
Ak-Talaa was lying there.  
In its middle bubbled forth  
A spring of clear water.

---

1850

With its lush *jiltirkan* [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 *ulars* [45] singing in the  
mountains.  
If you see its lizards and snakes,

1860

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,

1870

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.

1880

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.

---

1890

They inhabited the wide Altay,  
In front of their yurts,  
Each family kept a thousand mares.  
Among the many Kalmyks are the Türgoots,  
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 Jakip and Akbaltay,

1900

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.

1910

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

1920

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,

---

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.”  
Akbaltay spoke wise words,

---

1970

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.

1980

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,

1990

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,

2000

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,

---

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>

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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.      Esenhan 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>

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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

I have camel- and elephant-loads of goods,  
[but] (...)  
It has been many years since I married  
My second wife Chiyirdi.  
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,

2120

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,

2130

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!

2140

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!

---

2150

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?!

2160

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?!

There is no one to resist  
The Kara-Kalmyk strong man,

2170

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?"  
Lamenting the fact that he had no son,

2180

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,

---

2190

Of the noble and old Jakip,  
Streamed down his two cheeks.  
With his whole heart  
Our brave and rich Jakip,  
Asked God for a son.  
Let's leave him aside now,  
And start talking about  
The great Esenhan  
From the heaven-like Beijing.

2200

Now as for the Kakanchin in Beijing...  
Esenhan 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 *malakay kalpak*, [55]  
And fortune tellers  
Who foretold the future  
Seven years ahead.  
He has magicians and fortunetellers  
Who tell the truth.

2210

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.

2220

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.

---

2230

When they went on *jihad* against the infidels  
To conquer the khan  
Of the Chïnmachïn,  
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

2240

Who had remained among the Chïnmachïn  
of Beijing.  
Esenkhan is indeed wise,  
He knows how to rule people,  
His ancestor is Chïlaba,  
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

2250

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!

2260

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:

---

2270

"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,

2280

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,

2290

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

2300

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 Kitay people.  
The brave man Manas will be born among  
the Buruts,  
And he will raze your Beijing city  
Together with your leaders and khans.

---

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

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.

2400

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

2410

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,

2420

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,

---

2430

The whole world cannot defeat him,  
The teeth of a lion can't penetrate,  
His naked *Kidir* 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 Kitay will lament greatly,  
For that Manas will cause a great upheaval

2440

Not just for the Kitay 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.

2450

If Manas will be born,  
We should punish him in this way!"  
Esenkhan was the ruler,  
Of the great city,  
Karikhan in Beijing  
Had turned exactly hundred years old.  
When he heard the name of Manas,  
This Kitay became angry.  
The drums were beaten hard  
The beacons were lit outside,

2460-2490

[...]

2500

As for Karikhan'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.

---

2510

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 Karikhan  
Who is full of wrath.  
When their khan gave the order  
His warriors wearing greaves  
Opened the forty gates

2520

Of Kakanchin.  
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, Karikhan spoke:  
"My warriors! Listen all of you!"

2530

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 Tirgoot 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,

2540

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,

- 
- 2550                    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 *kook* [59] on your head  
                          And make you all suffer greatly.  
                          I will hurt your heads
- 2560                    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,
- 2570                    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.
- 2580                    [...]
- 2590                    "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.
- 2600                    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 Esenhan  
                          He gave the order.  
                          [...]

---

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 Karikhan,  
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

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

2670

And Orokkiir 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.

2680

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.

2690

Orokkiir 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,

---

2700

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,

2710

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.

2720

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.

2730

"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,

---

2740

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

2750

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 Altï-Shaar and Kokonkhan,  
Then down to Samarkand,  
Then across to Margilan,  
Then back to Andijan,  
Then to the ruined Chambil and Bukhara.

2760

There is Sariï-Arka in the upper part,  
And Aydarkan in Sariï-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 Chambil,

2770

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.

---

2780

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

2890

Who was given the name Manas.  
"Do you have boy in your village  
Whose name is Manas?" they asked.  
When the Kitay 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"

2800

Because of his bravery.  
Sharpening his black tongue  
An old man spoke eloquently  
To the many Kitay:  
"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,

2810

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  
Kitay,

---

2820

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,

2830

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

2840

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.  
Karikhan, 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.

2850

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  
Kakanchi."  
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.

---

2860

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  
Chinmachin and Kakan.”  
We caught the enemy,  
God has truly given him to us,” they said.  
They tied the boy up  
And did the unthinkable.

2870

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 Kitay people were happy.  
Believing that he was Manas, they tied him  
up,  
The Kitay swarming like black worms

2880

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.

2890

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

---

2900

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."

2910

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

2920

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

2930

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,

---

2940

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

2950

The land nine days distant.  
The beacon was lit on the tower,  
The bell rang loudly,  
All the Tirgoots came gathering,  
All the teeming noble men,  
All the strong men of Kitay  
Wearing shirts of mail gathered.  
All the elite ones of Kitay  
Wearing precious stones gathered.

2960

Esenkhan and Karikhan  
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 Kitay tradition.  
The warriors ran next to them,

2970

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.

---

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

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.

3030

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,

3040

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.

3050

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

- 
- 3060                    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,
- 3070                    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,
- 3080                    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,
- 3090                    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.

---

3100

My people, maybe good will come  
Of what I've seen on the holiest night,  
Maybe our day will come to see the Kyrgyzz  
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,

3110

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.

3120

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

3130

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.

---

3140

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 *zulkupor* [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,

3150

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,

3150

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,

3170

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,

---

3180

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

3190

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,

3200

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,

3210

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

---

3220

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.

3230

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,

3240

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,

3250

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?!

---

3260

My son Jakip, my hero,  
Your wish will come true.  
I will interpret the dream you saw.  
Bay Jakip, 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,

3270

My son, you will rule the world,  
The young eagle indeed is a child.  
I'll be damned, bay Jakip,  
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,  
Jakip bay, you will have a son, indeed.  
He will be a son who will wipe out  
The Kitay on the hills.  
He will be a slave who will bring disaster

3280

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,

3290

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 Jakip,  
His enemy will be Kakanchins,  
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.

---

3300

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,

3310

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!

3320-3339

[...]

3340

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!"

3350

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,

---

3360

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 *not* spend my livestock,

3370

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,

3380

Bay Jakip and his wife (*baybiche*) quarreled.  
"I have my own sacred hope,  
We might indeed have a child,  
My *baybiche*, 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,

3390

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

---

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.

---

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