

ANCESTORS OF MANAS (BEFORE HE WAS BORN)

- His forefathers were all khans,
Blessed by Kidir [1] from the beginning,
His ancestors were all khans,
Blessed by Kidir from the beginning.
In places where they had stayed
overnight
Sacred shrines were built, for
God had blessed them from the
beginning.
In the places where they had passed by
A city with a bazaar was established, for
- 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]
- 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

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 Argin 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 Alöoke
 Established their rule among them,

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

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

130 The noble people fled non-stop,
 They became sad and grief-stricken
 Upon losing their Karakhan
 Who would find a way out for his people,
 Now devastated, they were scattered,
 When the khan died, the other two khans

- Brought on them a great misfortune,
The many people without their khan,
Wandered in the wilderness.
Unable to endure their cruel demands,
- 140 One group wandered off to Altay,
A second to the Kangay [mountains],
Some others to Rome, [11]
And the rest to Crimea,
Their land remained empty with no
people,
Without a khan, the people became
destitute,
The wife of Karakhan
Became a widow, [12]
From Karakhan himself
A treasure-store remained.
- 150 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.

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.

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]."
 Akbaltay said these laments [to Jakip],
 About his terrible loss to Alööke,
 410 While his uncle Akbaltay 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 Tirgoot 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 Üyrülmö.
 On the hill where people had gathered
 They held a large meeting.
 Thrown together in desperation,
 They hastily assembled.
 Tekechi spoke many words:
 "My people, we must fight
 The good-for-nothing Kitay," he said,

- 520 "When the Türgöc 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, Shġgai 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,
 650 He had separated the axe men,
 Spearmen were in the front row,
 Dust whirled in the air,
 All his Tġrgoots 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 Chinmanchiin 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 Türgoots, Shibeas 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:
- 770 "Speaking a different language,
Those good-for-nothing Buruts of yours
Are our enemies in their heart.
Slaughter them and crush them
underfoot," they said,
"Hero Döngö, raid them," they said,
"Kill them off and crush them underfoot,"
they said,
"Only yesterday, when the Buruts, the
Ogoys, were still there,
They had stolen everything from us:
They had reclaimed ten thousand
livestock
Including all our extra herds,
Which we had seized from them as
tribute.
- 780 They brought me total ruin,
And so I'll ever take my vengeance.
Let's take them by surprise,
The Buruts who have lost their leader.
Let's scatter their four kinds of animals,
[26]
And boil a cauldron on their chests!
Let's seize their khans and slaughter the
rest,
And loot their cattle and be done with it.
As for those who strike back,
Let's slaughter them all together.
- 790 Let's make to suffer
The good-for-nothing [27] Buruts,
If they don't take us seriously and affront
us,
We should slash their scalps!
Get a move on, my Döngö, move the
army!
Drive all the soldiers forward together!
Let's capture all their strong men
And seize all their young women
While they are in the yurts.
- 800 Let's extinguish the hearth-fires
Of the good-for-nothing Buruts
And force three clans into exile

All together to [a far way place].
 Get a move on, my Döngö, go!
 Let's bring them a great misfortune,
 By seizing all the wives and maids
 Of the Burut without leaving one!
 Furious Döngö, listen to my words,
 Let's massacre their strong men

810 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 Türgoots 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 Alti-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 kazarat, [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 Alöoke --
That bastard had escaped --
And reached his khan safely.
He went to his khan and spoke
To Alöoke, 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 Esenkhan.
They all rode kara bayir kasanats,
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 Tirgoots 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
Kalmyks, 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 kuray [39] had hardened,
Until the miyzam [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 Kordoï 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-Jıldiz and Chong Jıldiz --
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 Tirgoots 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 kimizdik [42] grass and ishkins [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

Tirgoots,

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."
Akbalatay spoke wise words,
- 1970 He was indeed a saint, [49]
The elderly man named Akbalatay
Indeed had great wisdom.
He was better than a spearman
And a resourceful man to find a way out,
"Akbalatay is our khan, indeed,
The Creator granted him to us
During our exile to Altay,
So we have some hope to survive.
The hero Balatay, the brave man
- 1980 Taught those who didn't know,
Balatay was a brave and knowledgeable
man,
Who helped the people understand.
The brave Balatay 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 Akbalatay,
As a people
We are indeed all blessed," they said,
They relied on Balatay,
"We must listen to Akbalatay.
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 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,
2020 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,
2030 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,
2040 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,
2050 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,
2060 Jakip kept numerous livestock,
Among them stallions, the argimak and
buudans
Every day he was content,
Your uncle Jakip, the noble man,
Felt happy among his people,
Among all the Manchu-Kalmyks in Altay
Jakip became the wealthiest man.
His wealth became known to all.
Esenkhan was also a great man,
Who recorded Jakip in his census, [51]
2070 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.
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 Esenkhan
 From the heaven-like Beijing.
 2200 Now as for the Kakanchin in Beijing...
 Esenkhan was a famed khan.
 He had a sorcerer
 Who can foretell now
 The sufferings of six years ahead.
 He had a fortuneteller,
 Who wore a 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 Chīnmachīn,
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
Chīnmachīn of Beijing.
Esenkhan is indeed wise,
He knows how to rule people,
His ancestor is Chīlaba,
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 Tirgoots 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 Chilaba,
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 Esenkhan
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 Türgöts, 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 Shibeë,
Solobo from Türgoot,
These loud-tongued infidels had
So many soothsayers!
There was Bozkertik from Tokushker
- 2670 And Orokkir from Solong,
They all set out towards the Kyrgyz.
The Devil possessed the Kitay.
Which of them should we mention
Among these teeming infidels?
There is giant Döödür from the Kitay,
And Maamitbek riding a gray mule.
Those who heard about his fame were
frightened.
All the things he tells,
He studied from a sacred book.
- 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 Orokkir and Muzkindik,
Were the great warriors of the Kitay.
Manas wasn't born yet, nothing yet was
heard of him.
They set out towards the Buruts
In search of the boy.
Their magicians were many,
The infidels' soothsayers who had
mastered magic skills

- Were even more in number.
Their most skilled men who identify
people
Received the order from their khan,
- 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 Altī-Shaar and Kokonkhan,
Then down to Samarkand,
Then across to Margilan,
Then back to Andijan,
Then to the ruined Chambīl and Bukhara.

2760 There is Sari-Arka in the upper part,
And Aydarkan in Sari-Arka,
There was a khan of the Kazakhs
Who had many peoples
Under his rule,
They searched for the boy there.
Unable to find the boy there,
They came to Karakhan in Bukhara
And searched for the boy there.
They came to the ruined Chambīl,

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.
Kariqhan, 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
Kyrgyz again
When God frees us from the Kalmyks.
My last night's dream is a sacred dream,
It is a good dream
From which you will benefit.
In my last night's dream,
I settled down on the upper Ala-Too
And caught a young eagle.
When I took him hunting,

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.