

MANAS KILLS 200 MEN OF ESENKHAN AND PLUNDERS THEIR CAMELS AND GOODS

- 7800 "Make a big fuss about it,
And tell him to give his son Manas
As payment for your camel.
If that Burut doesn't agree to it,
Enter his yurt dragging your horse whip
And slash up the scalp
Of the good-for-nothing.
Make a huge fuss about it,
- 7810 And confiscate the treasure bags
Of the good-for-nothing.
Plunder his cattle,
And bring misfortune
Onto the head of that Burut.
Destroy his ordo,
If he tries to resist,
Knock him to the ground
And slash his scalp back and forth.
Descend upon him suddenly,
- 7820 And scatter his four kinds of animals,
If he doesn't agree
To give up his Manas,
Roll up your sleeves
And beat him up severely
And thus teach him a lesson.
Plunder his horses and mares,
If that Burut comes near you
Punch him, smashing his brains.
Loot his treasure chests,
- 7830 And bring disaster to his house.
Plunder his cattle
And slaughter him!
Immediately tie up his son Manas
Whom he holds so dearly,
Find a reason to accuse him
And teach him his lessons,
Plunder his countless livestock
And bring the Day of Judgment
Upon the good-for-nothing Burut!
- 7840 Massacre all his strong men
And thus bring misfortune
To the good-for-nothing Burut.
If he talks back rudely
Give him a hard time.
Accuse him of being a thief
And plunder his livestock,
Tell him that you found the thief,
Manas, and tie him up,
Find a reason to accuse him,

7850 And teach him his lessons,
The good-for-nothing Burut."
Thus the heroic Joloy
And the brave Döngö
Selected two hundred men.
And as their head,
They appointed the giant Döödür.
They loaded gold and silver
Onto the forty camels of Esenkhan,
And hit the road to "trade."

7860 In order to find a pretense
And raid the Kyrgyz for no reason.
Their two hundred warriors in the back
And those poor six sarts
Leading the caravan of forty camels
Traveled on the Altay roads.
The warriors carried with them
Axes, swords, and drums,
Oh, you should stay away from and

7870 Fear the might of these strong warriors!
Their warriors were exceptional,
All of them were strong men of a special kind,
There were giants as big as aelephants,
That noble man had indeed come
With a clear idea in mind.
The strongest among the two hundred
Was the infidel Döödür of enormous strength,
When he opened his eyes wide they gleamed like a bright
star,
His ears were as big as shields,

7880 You should have seen his mustaches,
They were like nettles growing on a mountain slope,
His size was that of a mountain ridge,
He could easily devour by himself
Jakip and his forty Kyrgyz families.
At that time khan Manas
Had his Toruchaar all harnessed,
His stallions were all tied on a tether,
He went deer hunting when he was bored,

7890 Otherwise, the great Manas
Played [ordo] by himself.
He has having a good time
In playing games throughout the night,
He was shooting knucklebones
In an ordo with a diameter of forty paces.
He gave as a prize for a horse race,
Forty two-year-old mares for each winner,
The winners slaughtered their prize,
They had killed a yearling to the south

7900 And a mare to the north,
They had been devouring the kazi [1]
And gulping black arak in the Kalmyk way,

They had been playing chatirash [2] and making too much noise,
They were absorbed in their fun,
Playing ordo and other games.

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[...]

7940 He had been enjoying the ordo,
The forty boys who were with him
Were the companions of Lion Manas.
There was the happy boy Chalibay -
He had selected all the boys
From the forty families -
In playing the game
They took care not to step on the line.

7950 While they were playing the game
To cast the knucklebone into the center,
The great Manas stepped in
To undertake the job.
While he was really into it
And was hitting with his knucklebone,
There came the forty camels of Esenkhan
Carrying loads of gold and silver
And led in the front
By a red camel laden with the greatest treasure,

7960 Worth his weight in gold.
He was led by six sarts,
In back of them the two hundred warriors
Drove the servant away
And broke through the center
Of the ordo where they were playing.
The lion told them courageously:
"You caravaneers, you traders,

7970 Watch where you're going.
Hey, deceitful infidels,
I'll teach you a lesson!"
When the furious Manas
Threw his knucklebone,
It flew fast and hit
Esenkhan's two camels,
Their legs where the knucklebone hit
Were crushed into powder,
Felling the red camel to the ground.

7980 That outraged the warriors.
Among those warriors
Döödür the giant spoke up -
The warrior was cursed by God:
"Üttügüngö shooday!" [3] he cursed,
His hair stood on end,
Boiling with fury,
He threw words towards khan Manas,
His men armed with axes came runningbr> And the forty

boys beside him
 7990 Were scared to death.
 Khan Manas, blessed by Kizir,
 Began to teach them a lesson
 And wreak havoc.
 Twelve warriors armed with bludgeons
 And sixty strong spearmen,
 Dressed in big greaves
 And large coats of mail,
 Shot their arrows like rain
 Pouring bullets like hail,
 8000 The two hundred warriors all surrounded
 Manas to capture him,
 To capture him alive,
 At that moment, Manas, the panther,
 His eyes flashed like a lion's,
 He now truly wanted to draw blood,
 He was perfect from all sides,
 If one looked inside him,
 It was wider than the face of the earth.
 He was the youngest of the six lions
 8010 And the beloved child of God,
 No one dared to look directly in his eyes,
 He possessed extraordinary luck and a great name
 No one equaled the strength of the gray-maned one.
 Seeing the warriors,
 The swift Manas, the lion
 Created such havoc.
 When he came riding,
 Swinging his club and shouting,
 Twelve warriors were killed at once.
 8020 Manas began pouring out his rage,
 The lion massacred another sixty
 By felling them to the ground.
 He ripped off their heads by grabbing their necks,
 As though they were the shaft of a club.
 Attacked by the bloodthirsty lion,
 Many warriors lay dead,
 Warriors as big as a small yurt
 Lay dead all over the place.
 As if he was stirring a pot of gruel [4] -
 8030 May God not show us such a calamity -
 He launched a disaster.
 Of their two hundred warriors,
 The noble Manas, the panther,
 Massacred them all.
 Among the warriors
 Was the giant Döödür riding a rhinoceros,
 He was all covered with dust,
 A bucket of red blood poured
 Down from his head and face,

8040 While Manas was slaying the warriors.
The giant Döödür was also caught
But Döödür was able to escape
Upon receiving seventy wounds on his body,
His head was torn, blood gushed forth,
His entire body
Was covered in buckets of blood.
Let's leave them aside
And begin to talk about

8050 Manas' dear father, bay Jakip.
Jakip arrived outraged
And berated Manas:
"My son, my boy, you turned out to be a trouble-maker,
Your mischief and troubles
Have no equal in this world,
When you speak, your voice stirs the dust,
When you walk, you scare people to death,
By plundering the camels of the khan,
You wicked and rascal son,

8060 You caused a great misfortune, indeed.
By causing me to lose my livestock,
You opened my old wound
To me today, my foal,
You brought on me unheard of torture.
Why have you provoked a fight?
My noble son, may you not prosper!
Why have you massacred
The envoy of Esenkhan?!
You have caused great trouble,

8070 The mad Kitay teeming like ants
Will indeed get us now,
We are the Kyrgyz of only forty families,
They will easily wipe us out!
There is no forest to escape to,
Nor are there the Ogoys to support us,
They will reduce my wealth to ashes,
My unruly rascal,
You have completely destroyed me!
My rascal son, may you not prosper!

8080 If seven wolves tackle a sheep,
No carcass will be left from her,
If seven thousand men tackle forty souls
No bodies will be left from them.
You really made the brave Esenkhan,
The black scorpion, the infidel,
Boil with rage.
You attacked the great man and humiliated him,
My son Manas, may you not prosper!
You've ruined us with your action!

8090 The Kitay and the Manchu people will be outraged
And take over our ordo,
They will indeed cause our ruin.

You really caused a disaster,
 We were one with the Kalmyks,
 Altay had been a homeland for us."
 Thus bay Jakip stood lamenting,
 Filled with rage and anger.
 Akbaltay stormed in

8100 And reproached bay Jakip:
 "No need to lament their death,
 Let these many warriors die,
 While the strong Manas lives,
 He will cause great trouble for the Kitay.
 When we still have the strong Manas,
 If Allah Taala, the Almighty
 Supports us as his people,
 If an army comes sweeping from Beijing,
 If that army isn't few, but numerous,
 Don't lament, bay Jakip,

8110 We will exchange blows with them,
 If death arrives, we will die,
 Who knows what will happen in this world?
 While the gray-maned Manas is present,
 He is our backbone,
 He is indeed a panther, the lion Manas
 Whom we regard as our protector.
 So that we can lead our lives,

8120 Allah Taala, the Almighty
 Has indeed granted us Manas.
 The booty which the hero plundered
 From the victims,
 Let's unload the booty,
 The gold from the forty camels
 And we will see tomorrow
 What is the will of God.
 Let's divide the booty
 Which we got today.

8130 Let's frighten the six sarts,
 The children of Muslims,
 Leading the camel caravan,
 Into becoming our companions."
 Akbaltay was indeed wise:
 "Let's put together an army
 From the Kyrgyz people of forty families
 And train all the brave men.
 By raising crescent-shaped banners,
 And shouting the word 'Aziret,'

8140 We should leave the numerous livestock
 And flee from Altay!
 Let's use the "dog-fight" tactic [5] with them.
 Anyway, we are mortals,
 Therefore, without lamenting, Bay Jakip
 We must keep the brave Manas, the sultan
 As our strong backing.

We don't need to have
These countless worthless livestock
Which are impermanent.

8150 Let's fight with them vigorously,
Those who survive the Kitay
Must reach our Muslims people!
Until the reed ripens
And the miyzam flower sheds its petals,
We must stand our ground for six months.
Then we should leave everything we have gathered
And flee this Altay!
In the midst of the battle,
We should flee to the beautiful Ala-Too
And to our Kyrgyz people."

8160 Akbaltay spoke these words
And made the noble Kyrgyz people of forty families
Put out their hearth fires
And move all together towards [Ala-Too],
Akbaltay was indeed a wise man.

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