

THE CREATION AND PROCREATION  
THE TURKISH EPIC IN ENGLISH TRANSLATION  
WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND COMMENTARY

A THESIS

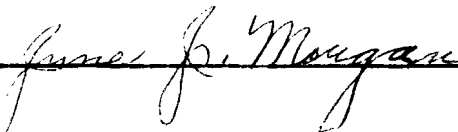
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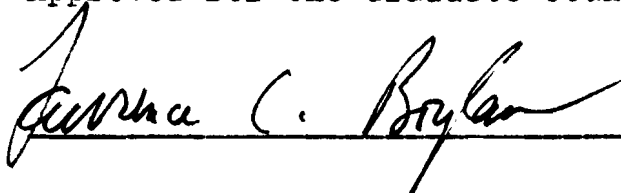
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August 1965

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## PREFACE

My interest in a study of the Turkish epic and the elements it has in common with the epic in most cultures has led to the translation of a Turkish literary work-- a long-time ambition. A direct comparison of this epic, however, with any one particular epic of Western literature has not been given a place, here, because the reader should first become acquainted with a Turkish epic in order to undertake any satisfactory comparison. Therefore, a translation close to the original work has been the basic aim of this study, and a background of the Turks in Central Asia has been added to support the explanation of literary consciousness that reflected the Turkish personality. It is hoped, as well, that this study fulfills its aim of drawing a parallel and reflecting similarities between epics of various cultures by presenting in translation an epic of one particular culture.

Because translation was the main aim of this study, I have tried to adhere as closely as possible to the original text. Considering that the original epics were in verse and that the Turkish adaptor has tried to remain

very close to the original texts by writing in rhythmic prose, I have endeavored to keep that style as much as possible instead of altering it completely. In this way, I hoped to preserve the continuity and the unity of the epic.

The last part of this study has been devoted to an explanation of various idioms and expressions and, also, the names used in the epic. Assuming that some of the essential expressions and idioms used in the translation would be alien to the reader, I have provided explanations in the form of a commentary, which may serve as a source of information for the reader. In this way, the study draws to its conclusion. The translator hopes that it will contribute, although in a small way, to the drawing of a parallel between the literary consciousness of the ancient cultures by the presentation of one work, completely and in detail.

This work is mainly a result of Dr. Charles E. Walton's inspiration and the curiosity which his questions and suggestions evoked in me. I should like to express my deep gratitude to him for his encouragement and suggestions. I should also like to express my special and deepest thanks to Dr. June Morgan, whose painstaking reading of the manuscript, patience, and helpful suggestions were more than appreciated. I should

also like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Warren for their helpful suggestions and encouragement, and especially Mrs. Warren for her diligent typing of this study.

August, 1965

G. Y.

Emporia, Kansas

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## INTRODUCTION

### THE NATURE OF THE EPIC AND THE TURKISH NATIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS

One of the earliest forms of literary expression that is common in the cultures of various people in the world is the epic. It expresses the first religious and poetic thoughts of men in a literary style. The element that constitutes the common basis of most of the epics is their content. The presence of a hero and the description of heroic deeds, which are necessary to its content, are what give the epic the universal quality of being heroic poetry.

It is said that an epic deals with events that have some grandeur and that are related chiefly to violent action and war.<sup>1</sup> Therefore, the epic expresses the qualities of the heroes in these wars, such as bravery, courage, and strength. The concept of the hero is present in most of the cultures, and epic poetry is the medium through which he is praised and honored.

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<sup>1</sup>Cecil M. Bowra, From Virgil to Milton, p. 1.

Although it has this common element, the epic presents itself in various forms. The "authentic" and the "literary" forms are said to be the two main types of epic.<sup>2</sup> It is suggested that while the "authentic" epic involves primitive and simple poetry the "literary" epic involves the touch of culture and civilization resulting in a refined expression.<sup>3</sup> Considering human society as it existed in the ancient world, one can say that in the most ancient times the "authentic" epic was the type that was written or orally recited. It is said that basically the oral epics came from tribes or societies that looked upon heroic standards as perfection and upon the hero as a very strong and brave person.<sup>4</sup> In this way, it can be said that the epic, through the hero it presents, elevates the society connected with it. The hero, then, is the main element in the epic. "The hero, the superman, is the leader who inspires and commands others in the work of war which precedes the establishment of a new order."<sup>5</sup> It can easily be seen that the wonder which ancient societies felt concerning their

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<sup>2</sup>Loc. cit.

<sup>3</sup>Loc. cit.

<sup>4</sup>Ibid., p. 9.

<sup>5</sup>Ibid., p. 10.



physical environment also showed itself in some kind of awe regarding one of their own kind who was stronger and greater than they. In this way the epic, relating the story of this superman in an elevated style, also creates the consciousness in that particular society of being a part of the hero's greatness, since they belong in the same community.

The epic in general uses a rich and elevated style. According to a primitivistic theory, "Besides being spontaneous, direct, and sincere, primitive poetry is described also on its rhetorical side as being unusually figurative in style."<sup>6</sup> The reason for this is said to be the highly imaginative and emotional forces it expresses and evokes.<sup>7</sup> The epic consists of rich and abundant comparisons and expressions. It is agreed that the early poetry has a "metaphorical quality."<sup>8</sup> The style, then, as far as the nature of wording rather than the technical form is concerned, has the same quality in most epics. It is exalted and rich in figures of speech, including similes, reflecting in writing the

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<sup>6</sup>Lois Whitney, "English Primitivistic Theories of Epic Origin," MP, XXI (May, 1924), 357.

<sup>7</sup>Loc. cit.

<sup>8</sup>Ibid., p. 358.

train of thought of the primitive men facing continuous and wondrous events in nature. The form of language used in the epic, then, whatever the language may be, carries the same rich tone of metaphoric expression.

The epic, in relating a story, also tries to solve the problems and wonders that the primitive men face, through the concept of attributing the incomprehensible to the supernatural, at times beautiful, at times fearful. Thus, the epic becomes the basic literary approach of the first men and societies to an understanding of themselves and their world. The philosophy of enchantment and wonder underlies the epic all through the story it relates. The wondrous elements in nature are sometimes praised as the magical and the beautiful and as the supernatural. This admiration and awe constitute an important aspect of the epic.

The epic, through the medium of language, written or oral, conveys man's relation to nature and to himself. Through this medium it expands and makes immortal man's most basic and primitive thoughts. It is said that, according to the observation of Thomas Warton, this "...fantastic imagery and the sublime and figurative cast of diction is the characteristic not only of

Asiaticism but of all early poetry."<sup>9</sup> It is seen that the nature of the language is an important aspect of the epic, too.

One may say that the origin of poetry, mainly the epic, started in the worship of a certain god, or as a song, or in relating the stories about brave and courageous men.<sup>10</sup> Then, the epic, in certain ways, led from a worship or a song to a search for identity. The hero worship in the epic resulted from the nature and state of men and societies which looked with wonder and awe at strong and powerful things as mysteries and also from the innate need of man for an image that will help him in his search for identity and well-being.

The epic is said to be a kind of imaginative history, recording "...the great actions of ancient gods and heroes, that is artificially composed, for the ends of pleasure, admiration, and instruction."<sup>11</sup> It is most likely that the epic was orally transformed from tribe to tribe and from generation to generation. In this way it can be assumed that the epic was "...carried down by

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<sup>9</sup>Loc. cit.

<sup>10</sup>Loc. cit.

<sup>11</sup>Ibid., p. 361.

oral tradition mostly."<sup>12</sup> Then it survives, mainly, because of its strength and power on the imagination and consciousness of the tribe to which it belongs, and, in return, through the heroic story it relates, produces the national and cultural consciousness of that particular tribe. As the tribes grow and become nations, the epic grows, too, and holds a dominant place in national history.

The epic can be considered to be a combination of two realities, the one seen, and the one interpreted according to the one that is seen. Therefore, the supernatural attributions have a realistic view as well as poetic beauty. It can be seen to be the primitive interpretations of complex wonders. As to verisimilitude in the epic, it is said that the word here, besides meaning truth, also implies "the marvelous."<sup>13</sup> It is seen that these two elements exist together in the epic. The rules from the ancients state that "...every epic poem is founded on two principles, the verisimilitude and the marvelous."<sup>14</sup> This combination then leads to the

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<sup>12</sup>Ibid., p. 376.

<sup>13</sup>R.C. Williams, "Two Studies in Epic Theory," MP, XXII (November, 1924), 133.

<sup>14</sup>Ibid., p. 135.

belief that the poetic truth of which the epic consists "...passes the bounds of reality."<sup>15</sup> The value of a well structured and formed epic, according to Tasso, is "...the existing of the verisimilitude and the marvelous together in perfect balance."<sup>16</sup> The epic, then, through the marvelous retains the reality of its coming into being and creates its own verisimilitude through the marvelous it describes. It is agreed that the marvelous is one of the most basic elements in the epic.<sup>17</sup> However, it is said that it is also most likely that in some cases the epic uses true names in relating stories about actual wars and heroes. This way, the epic unfolds two states of mind, the factual one recording history, and the imaginative one shaping it and interpreting it.

The epic, then, is basically an unfolding of heroic sentiment and actions, which, as a result, are both influenced and influence the collective consciousness of a race or people. In this way it is seen that the epic came to be the important form of writing in the literary achievements of various people, and the Turkish people

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<sup>15</sup>Loc. cit.

<sup>16</sup>Ibid., p. 138.

<sup>17</sup>Ibid., p. 145.

were no different from others.

First, a brief summary of the history of the Turkish people in Central Asia is needed for an understanding of their character as it is reflected in their epics. The first homeland of the Turkish people is known to be the Altai Mountains.<sup>18</sup> It is said that the dominant race among the Siberian people was one called the Altai race, which now is spread around a territory in Central Asia, North Asia, the Near East, and Eastern Europe.<sup>19</sup> It is suggested that this scattering of the Altai race was basically due to their "...restless and migratory way of life and their love of war."<sup>20</sup> The Turkish people belonged to this race and lived as separate tribes in the very early days. Whatever tribe showed strength and dominance over the others for a time during those years gave its name to the Turkish people. The Turks were at different times known as the Huns, Khirgiz, Oguz, Uigurs, and the Göktürks.<sup>21</sup>

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<sup>18</sup>T. Y. Oztuna, The History of Turkey, I, 90.

<sup>19</sup>Uno Holmberg, The Mythology of All Races, IV, 299.

<sup>20</sup>Ibid., p. 300.

<sup>21</sup>T. Y. Oztuna, The History of Turkey, I, 92.

While the Turks were living in Central Asia, they were very close to the Chinese. Although natural friction and struggle started from this closeness, it is said that the Chinese sources have been realistic in recording the conquests and valor of the Turkish people.<sup>22</sup> Another quality of the Turkish tribes that reached the foreign documents was their mastery of iron.<sup>23</sup> As it will be seen in the Ergenekon Epic, this mastery will play an important role in the fate of the nation.

In Central Asia, then, while the Turks were still in their homeland, a strong rivalry existed between them and various foreign tribes, mainly the Persians and the Chinese.<sup>24</sup> However, it is stated that even amidst rivalry and friction, communication between cultures is a basic element in their survival and continuity, and a great deal of communication was recorded between these cultures in that particular era.<sup>25</sup>

Knowledge as to the Turkish tribes and customs before 220 B.C. is slight and fragmentary. Only after the time of the Hun emperor, Teoman, more definite knowledge

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<sup>22</sup>Ibid., p. 93.

<sup>23</sup>Ibid., p. 95.

<sup>24</sup>Ibid., p. 96.

<sup>25</sup>Ibid., p. 97.

seems to have been gathered in regard to the Turkish culture. One of the most important men during this time is a Khan of the Huns named Mete who has ruled between 209-174 B.C. He achieved the throne by the overthrow of his father, which is similar to the incident between Alexander the Great and his father Philip that happened one hundred thirty-three years later.<sup>26</sup> This emperor, that formed a big empire in Central Asia, is made immortal by the Oguz Khan Epic. It is said that the Huns were the "dawn of the Turkish nation."<sup>27</sup> They are regarded as the ancestors of the Göktürks and the Seljuks, and they are the oldest Turkish tribe that contributed immensely to the growth of the Turks as a nation. The archeological investigations also show a great amount of Persian and Chinese material indicating communication and commerce between these various cultures.<sup>28</sup> Huns were a military and aristocratic society. They sincerely believed that their Khans were "...representatives of the Sky God on earth."<sup>29</sup> Bravery and courage were considered essential and manly qualities. This approach to power

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<sup>26</sup>Ibid., p. 124.

<sup>27</sup>Ibid., p. 136.

<sup>28</sup>Loc. cit.

<sup>29</sup>Ibid., p. 137.



and courage as absolute and positive qualities will be seen in The Turkish Epic constantly. Huns formed an empire, even though for a brief time, from Korea up to Hungary.<sup>30</sup> Their military nature played an important role in shaping the Turkish national consciousness.

The Turkish nation was not a very crowded nation. People were mostly nomads, living in towns that consisted of nomad tents, including many camps. Animals were important for them. Living conditions were hard. In most cases women worked alongside the men under tiresome conditions.<sup>31</sup>

The Turkish community was an aristocratic community. Big army posts were under the dominance and rule of the nobles. In the noble class the power passed from the father to the son. The noble families did not have to pay taxes. The Turkish army was basically conceived of as horsemen. They ruled and led the soldiers that were on foot. Most of the time the riders had a second horse with them. The commanders of the army were the nobles. Each Turkish man was considered a soldier. Every man who was able to hold a weapon was subjected to military training. The soldiers used arrow, bow, knife, and

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<sup>30</sup>Ibid., p. 138.

<sup>31</sup>Ibid., p. 126.

sword. Their weapons made of iron were well known. This well structured army and the well disciplined individual soldiers came to evoke a military pride and consciousness among the peoples of the Turkish tribes. Their national pride was great. "Their belief that they were created to rule the world was very sincere."<sup>32</sup> This is a very important insight in understanding the state of mind of the Turkish people at that time, because, as it will be seen in the epic, sometimes the whole nation will become a hero and its belief in itself will rarely be shaken. Even the defeats will be interpreted to have happened as a result of shots from the back and deceitful tricks.

The Turks obeyed their commanders or leaders completely, almost blindly. Although they had a council named the Great Council, nevertheless the Khan's word was the final one. The worst thing about this was that the Turkish tribes divided easily when they did not have a good leader.<sup>33</sup> Their nationalism found identity mostly in the person of a valuable leader. This is one of the reasons that the nature of the epic fits the Turkish personality of that particular era.

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<sup>32</sup>Loc. cit.

<sup>33</sup>Loc. cit.

Another characteristic of the Turkish people that has to be mentioned is their "...fearlessness of geographical distance."<sup>34</sup> They felt at home in different lands and climates and immediately formed their own system of government. This going into different lands and assuming leadership and ruling is similar to the British character after the Middle Ages.<sup>35</sup> The Turks' religious tolerance was known in Asia. They made it a rule never to interfere with the religion of the people they conquered. Directing the subject people from the center, at the same time, they also let them have their own government. Only they wanted to receive their taxes on time, and strongly and immediately suppressed any rebellion with a great force.<sup>36</sup>

The seventh and eighth centuries were a culturally important era for the Turks, the Mongoloids, and also the Chinese. These three big and basic tribes of Asia divided the continent among themselves. During this era the Orkhon Inscriptions were the most important and basically realistic documents which the Turkish people were able to give to history.<sup>37</sup> The national name of

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<sup>34</sup>Ibid., p. 127

<sup>35</sup>Ibid., p. 176.

<sup>36</sup>Ibid., p. 127.

<sup>37</sup>Ibid., p. 161.

Turks was given to all the Turkish tribes in this era. As it was mentioned before, nationalism started settling into the Turkish consciousness from the days of the Huns.<sup>38</sup> Also one sentence in the original Oguz Khan Epic that says, "...let them migrate and never settle...."<sup>39</sup> must have influenced the Huns and their national consciousness. It is recorded that there was one thousand one hundred and sixty years of Turkish kingdom before Islam.<sup>40</sup>

The Turks worshipped natural forces. In that they were naturalists. Their greatest god was the Sky God.<sup>41</sup> It is suggested that it was normal that the sky, affecting the earth so closely, was considered to be mysterious.<sup>42</sup> The earth was regarded as a female being because of its productive qualities, and the sky, whose fruit the earth bore, was called the "Father." It is said that in the Orkhon Inscriptions this was written: "The sky above is our father, the earth beneath is our mother, man is the child of both."<sup>43</sup>

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<sup>38</sup>Ibid., p. 136.

<sup>39</sup>Ibid., p. 212.

<sup>40</sup>Ibid., p. 191.

<sup>41</sup>Ibid., p. 126.

<sup>42</sup>Uno Holmberg, The Mythology of All Races, IV, 219.

<sup>43</sup>Ibid., p. 459.

An important aspect of the epic is seen in the way the Turkish tribes in Central Asia thought about their Khans. According to their tradition, the Khan was considered supernatural, having secret and god-like powers. He was considered to be "...a special and magnificent person" sent by God to rule the people.<sup>44</sup> Therefore, it was firmly established in their minds that the Khan was a superhuman and holy being. He had godly qualities and came from God. This attitude will be reflected in The Turkish Epic. That this holiness was considered to apply to all of his dynasty will also be reflected in the epic. The right to become a Khan came to a prince directly from his father, and if one follows the thought, directly from God. Every Turkish prince, while he was very young, was given a piece of land to rule as independently as he could. In this way, the Turkish aristocracy was set up.<sup>45</sup> Through these general surveys, it is seen that the nature of the epic in general and the Turkish national consciousness have much in common to support the belief that the content of the epic and its ideals are basically similar in most cultures.

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<sup>44</sup>T. Y. Oztuna, The History of Turkey, I, 175.

<sup>45</sup>Loc. cit.

It must be noted that Creation and Procreation, The Turkish Epic, is a combination of various epics that have their roots deep in Turkish history. However, instead of following a rigid and historical order that would be chronologically correct, the epics have been put in an order that would give literary unity to the work. First, it is the epic of creation that gets its basic material from various Altaic tales and mythology. Then, the Uigur Epic, which follows it, consists of the creation of the Turkish race and their migration. Following this epic, is the Oguz Khan Epic which is thought to have been written much earlier, but by being placed in the middle in this epic, contributes to the literary unity of the epic. After that, is the epic about the braveries of the Su tribe and their Khan. The Su tribe is a dominant Turkish tribe that came to power after the Huns,<sup>46</sup> and this epic consists in praising this tribe's power and courage. This epic is followed by the Ergenekon Epic, which at its beginning includes the creation of the Göktürk tribe and their story. Basically, as it will be seen, the Oguz Khan Epic and the Ergenekon Epic are the two very basic epics that unfold the Turkish consciousness.

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<sup>46</sup>Ibid., p. 140.

This book was mainly written for the "Research Institute of the Turkish Culture." The author, Mustafa N. Sepetcioglu, is known to be a scholar concerned with ancient epics of Turkish history. It is a very recently published work, combining most of the early epics of the Turkish culture. Since this work has been written recently and for the purpose of presenting the literary background of the Turks, as well as poetic achievement, it is in prose. Yet the prose is highly poetic, and the author, it is proved, has tried to remain very close to the original sources where the epics are in verse. Another aspect of this new work is the few allusions made to modern terms. Also, to continue the thought of encompassing a national history from creation up to the present time, the author has used the modern allusion to the "Moon-Star red flag." In this way the author covers the history of the epic in Turkey in poetic prose and gives to modern Turkish literature what is needed the most, a literary work of great importance to be evaluated and thought upon.

The style used in this book is the epic style. This clearly establishes that the work has to be considered first as literature and then as history. It is necessary to remind the reader that some idiomatic differences have been kept in the translation in order to

keep it as true to the original work as possible. Such an expression as, "Hey son! Hey my brave, my Khan! Hey soldier!" is kept in the translation because it constitutes an essential line of epic poetry in the Turkish language. The word "Hey" does not have any informal meaning, but, on the contrary, is formal, and at the same time an emotional way of starting a sentence or a paragraph that will be describing heroic deeds or a hero. Some of the idiomatic differences, then, were a result of the language difference and were kept in the translation in order not to break the original continuity of the epic.

At the beginning of this paper some of the basic and general characteristics of the nature of the epic have been discussed. The common element is that in the Turkish epic, too, the style includes elevated and poetic language to express the incomprehensible and the heroic. The style is fluent yet metaphoric, melodious yet simple. Also in the Turkish epic, as in most other epics, there is a hero who performs heroic acts, kills a dragon, and saves his nation. Also he is a strong and superhuman man. The real hero, however, present in all the separate epics, is the wolf, the "Bozkurt," who always appears at the most needed time and in the most needed form, helping the nation and the hero that belongs to that nation.



He appears always in lights. He comes and goes in blue lights which put forth his supernatural and pure quality. He is the force and the strength, the holy and the honored.

The heroes in the epics act very much on their own. In this way, although God, in the form of a Bozkurt, comes and helps them when needed, fate does not become a big dilemma. These heroes are like Beowulf, who is not dominated by fate.<sup>47</sup> They act very much on their own. Also their nobility and dignity are much emphasized. They are like Beowulf who "...maintains a high ideal of nobility."<sup>48</sup>

There is a rich and abundant imagery present in the epic. Stones that are holy, trees that give birth, lights that flow, and a wolf that appears in these lights, armies that become wolves, trees and mountains that sigh and smile, and the heroes that hold the world in their palms are some of the imagery present that continually flows in the epic, creating a wondrous and mysterious world of its own and producing a poetic reality of the national and heroic consciousness of the primitive Turkish

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<sup>47</sup>James R. Hulbert, "Beowulf and the Classic Epic," MP, XLIV (November, 1946), 74.

<sup>48</sup>Loc. cit.

people. Carrying the hero concept present in every epic one step further, it can also be said that the Turkish epic creates a "collective hero," because, as it will be seen, at times the whole nation becomes the hero, and the universe smiles or weeps at his victory or defeat.

It is seen that the epic, especially the "authentic" epic, was well adopted and found a great home in the consciousness of the Turkish people, who held bravery and physical strength as very high qualities and who respected their heroes.

This work, The Turkish Epic, does a valuable job of creating a poetic and imaginative reality for the modern reader. Although the language differences create some idiomatic problems, it is seen that the myths, images, and stories that fulfill the needs of the ancient people have a certain quality in common. The heroic deeds are praised, the supernatural is revered with awe, and even the Turkish tribes, thought to be barbarous people at certain times, were not far away from an esthetic enjoyment created out of a basic need.

One may say that the characteristics of the epics in different cultures have many qualities in common, and the epics draw a literary parallel between the various primitive nations of the world.

## THE CREATION AND PROCREATION, THE TURKISH EPIC

### THE TEXT IN ENGLISH TRANSLATION

When the earth was not earth, water was water; there was nothing else. An endless water, a full water, had filled the four corners.<sup>1</sup> A water such that if the snake drank from it, he would become deathless, a water such that if a dead scorpion drank from it, he would gain life and be filled with drops of light and life. A full water, grand within a great silence, mixed with incomprehensible and cloudy stirrings and tremblings. Yet, at the same time, a no-good water without use and beauty, a fearful water. Alone, all alone water!

Maybe even the snake will be deathless if he exists and drinks from this water, but there is no snake, and there is no scorpion alive or dead. Within this nothingness there is only God Kara-Han and this water. God Kara-Han above this lonely water had become a big gander --white--flying.<sup>2</sup>

Water, all misty,<sup>3</sup> in an unseen stirring, with all its colors and enchanting smell that smelled infinitely, was trying with all its might to entertain God Kara-Han

who had become a big, white gander flying. But the water was alone, God was alone. There was no sound and no breath. The only thing heard was the silence and endless eternity and the flutter of the wings of God Kara-Han.

A killing loneliness and emptiness, a full water's loneliness and emptiness, were becoming a thin, warm mist, and the water was filling the heart of God Kara-Han with this loneliness and emptiness. There would come a day, maybe, that even time, that God Kara-Han hid under His wings, would want his freedom; time would rule water, and water, afraid of time's killing tyranny, would melt and become nothingness, too. After that?

After that was a nothingness, a songless, loveless nothingness. It was a deadly trembling's loose and broken chains, and rings, rings in the water that would always escape in a chaotic disorder. Where? The only place that the rings, spreading in the infinity of a water that has no end, could escape would be time, and the time's interior would be as hard, painful, and cruel as his exterior. Drunk, as "in the mouth of a bloody rose and the drinking cup in hand," the time would deepen and deepen worse than a wild and deep chasm.

The God, although God, was afraid.

He was afraid of these depths, of these unseen

things below the water, these drunk and enchanted un-  
seen things, and also of the loneliness above the water.  
To fly? without stopping and resting, without staying  
anywhere and breathing, without holding any place tight  
with trust? To fly thus, friendless and loveless? God,  
although God, was trembling.

This trembling passed to the water, and the waters  
burned first and then darkened. There was a quake, a  
movement; waters turned and twisted and swelled, and  
they flowed in such a way that God Kara-Han thought:

"I wish I did not tremble. I am God, I wish I were  
not afraid."

That great water did not calm for a while. It  
stirred and moved within itself and divided from the  
middle. From the depths, the very depths, a voice, like  
a breath, even quieter than a breath, with a softness  
like a lullaby, raised itself from the waters and said:

"Kara-Han! God Kara-Han. Kara-Han!"

Water, in that chaos, spread this voice to endless-  
ness. "Oneness becomes you. Oneness is necessary for  
God."

God Kara-Han, trembling, looked at the water once  
more. To hear the voice better, stretching His wings,  
He came down to the surface of the water. "Who are you?"  
He thundered. "If I am God, who are you? Where are

you, where?"

Time that He hid under His outstretched wings and in His palms, rushed out and escaped without even asking for a command or permission. This was the beginning of a freedom, and water welcomed Time like a King. Time opened his chest to the water with his unbearable closeness. That same hour, the water that was divided, wavered once more. Ak-Ana<sup>4</sup> came out within the waves with a soft look in her eyes and with a beauty that brightened water and Time. Waters calmed. Time silenced. God Kara-Han's mouth was left wide open.<sup>5</sup> What a beauty this was that loneliness was enchanted and endlessness narrowed? All of a sudden the water that was maddened had quieted down,<sup>6</sup> and God Kara-Han looked like a helpless person, confused.

He could say, "Who are you? I am God, I had to know you, yet I don't. You are not a jinni or a person.<sup>7</sup> Who are you, who? Where are you?"

The most beautiful smile of all smiles, and the most delicious enchantment of all enchantments....at that moment there was only this smile and this enchantment between God Kara-Han and Ak-Ana, and also this water. There was no Endlessness and no Time.

Ak-Ana spoke: "I am Ak-Ana, the nymph of the waters, a creature of yours. You were in boredom and in loneliness. You had forgotten me."

God Kara-Han, if He had drank thousands of cups of koumiss<sup>8</sup> He would not have felt so drunk and dizzy. Yet it was that Ak-Ana was ten thousand times more beautiful than a thousand cups of koumiss, turning His head. Her voice was a warm, stroking wind; it was a new summer breeze. Ak-Ana, with eyes brighter than water and tremblings deeper than Time, was looking at God Kara-Han who was quiet, and confused as much as quiet, and enchanted as much as confused. She continued talking:

"You are God; even if You are not in boredom and loneliness, You can forget one of Your creatures, even if she is a nymph. I was not, before You. I was in my own world. Then I saw You were lonely; even for You who do not know what death is, death means loneliness. Then I saw that you were lost in boredom. For You who do not even know what fear is, fear means boredom."

God Kara-Han shouted: "Speak! Speak some more! When you talk, loneliness melts in the mists of water. As you talk, I feel my soul refreshed. Boredom is becoming beautiful in water and in your eyes. Speak!"

Ak-Ana's voice was sweet, but the things she said were bitter:<sup>9</sup>

"You are God! Oneness is necessary for God, true, but oneness means loneliness and boredom. You know this."

God Kara-Han wanted to hear Ak-Ana's talking

continually. When Ak-Ana stopped, He answered quickly, not to end this beautiful conversation:

"I am God for being God. Yes, I am God, but where is the one to call Me God, where is the one that knows Me, where? There is a water below Me that is as deep as it can be. I don't even want to think of its depth. Above Me there is nothing, all emptiness. If I fly--I am flying--there is no place I can land on. If I dive--I am diving--I have no place to stop. Where is my Godliness? Answer Me! When I saw you, I also lost the Time I had hidden in My palms. A water and also the Time; after that also I. Above us all: above water, Time, and Me is loneliness like a wide ring."

Ak-Ana whispered, "Create." Waters shivered with a tender quivering; Time trembled with a hidden deliciousness; and loneliness, between that quivering and this trembling, was crushed. "If you want to be free from loneliness, create!"

Ak-Ana's voice this time was not womanly. An eternity was speaking in this voice, a Time was speaking. The voice echoed everywhere, in water, in Time, and on the wings of God became a burning fire. "Create! Create! Create!"

The waters wavered again; that moment was a terrible moment, the wavering waters moved inward and turned



inward within themselves. Ak-Ana had gone just as she came. . . Everywhere was sighing: "Create! Create! Create!"

God Kara-Han created Er-Kisi.<sup>10</sup>

When earth was not earth, water was water, and a big gander warm, whiter than milk, and also a black gander cold, chillier than winter, were swimming side by side and in an emptiness above water, in the air.

Earth was not, sun was not, day was not. Moon was not, and stars were not yet; the milky way and light were not. There was only water below and above two big ganders--one whiter than milk--swimming and wandering. God Kara-Han and Er-Kisi, friends to each other, happy in their existing world, hopeful of the coming times, were feeling the love and the warmth of that love in their hearts even when they did not talk about it. When things were like this, somehow something happened all of a sudden. God Kara-Han felt that in the heart of Er-Kisi, who flew beside Him, just a little below Him, a cloud was formed. A sadness fell in His heart; He was worried. He thought, "If I had not created him, would it have been better? Was loneliness worse than Er-Kisi?"

While God Kara-Han was thinking like this, Er-Kisi, too, was tiring his brain over an impossible thought.

"Why do I always fly below? If He is God and created me, why is this endless domination, this never-ending shame? When there is equal flying, then there is equality; why is this superiority and this baseness? Love is beautiful only when it is equal and free, and friendship only when it is between equals. If command is God's, waters are mine." Er-Kisi who thought this way, without knowing what passed in the heart of God Kara-Han, without even sensing it, in the pride of a sleepy brain, separated from God and went down to the water with a sharp dive. This going down had happened so suddenly that God Kara-Han could not do anything except stop and watch this madness, and He waited with sadness Er-Kisi's sinking and drowning in the water. But Er-Kisi, the minute he touched the water, with a crafty turn, had moved his wings and, brushing the water, had risen above it. From his speed the waters foamed, and one or two drops jumping up, wet the spotless, pure, all-clean milky-whiteness of God. This going into the water without asking God, and his crafty turning on the water, and also wetting the milky-whiteness of God, made Er-Kisi all the more proud. Now, he was laughing and also was saying, "God, You have seen that I am stronger than You. I did what I wanted without even getting permission from You and also wet You all over."

The water drops that were like two spots on God's milky-whiteness and that would fall in one move, had grown big in Er-Kisi's eyes. He was praising himself, saying he had wet God. He did not know that the end of praising oneself, an empty praising, is a bad beating.<sup>11</sup> Er-Kisi who did not know many things, besides God's strength, thought that since he had done this much, he would be able to do more, to rise above God and there, above God, to fly as a new God. And he immediately wanted to do what he thought. But God, while Er-Kisi was thinking, had already taken away flying from his wings. In this way, Er-Kisi was plunged in a deep darkness; he did not even know it. He wanted to fly, above, far to the heights above God. He got ready to move his wings, but like a lead, a heavy, clumsy, all-black,<sup>12</sup> and frozen lead, he fell in the waters. Instead of rising above, he fell below. When he fell, he could not even stay on the surface of the water, but sank. Whatever he did, he could not succeed. The endless water swallowed him. Eternity listened to no command or pity, and Time, with all its deadliness, hung on him in the water. Er-Kisi was drowning; he was feeling sorry for what he had done. Whenever he wanted to open his mouth and say "My God," the water was filling his mouth and chest with terrible noises. Frightened for his life, he was able

only to shout, "My God! Great God, You are truly grand. I did not know this; forgive me. Hereafter, I will praise You all my life."

God Kara-Han said, "Come out, Rise!"

To the water He commanded, "Do not drown."

Er-Kisi rose from the depths of water to the surface of the water; water did not drown him. But Er-Kisi was not going to fly anymore. His wings were wet, and, instead of flying, a sleepy heaviness had come and had settled on his wings. The water, on the other hand, was not carrying him. There would come a moment when he would sink again and drown in the depths of the water. He sighed, saying, "Create a place for me, oh God! I am afraid of water. That darkness will take me to its bosom and swallow me, and one day it will throw me to one of its corners. Create a place, even as big as a hand, so that I can step on it. I am afraid."

God commanded once more, saying, "Let there be a strong rock."

The command went down to the deepest place in the water; there it reached Ak-Ana's ear. A strong rock, growing big in Ak-Ana's hands, divided the water and rose above it. Er-Kisi sat on the strong rock. He gazed at the silence of a suffocating<sup>13</sup> universe, all sides of which were full of water. At a height between

water and God, the pain of not being either God or water, was spreading a fear to his heart. What if God, while flying, without even thinking any evil, touched him with the edge of His wing? What if he fell in the water? The water was importunate; it could not be trusted. It would strangle him. Yet to sit here, while from here, from the top of this rock, the water below was beautiful and was drawing his eyes towards itself with this beauty, to stay without flying--since flying had been taken away from him--was maddening Er-Kisi. If only this water were not like this; if only this noisy silence were not filling everyplace! If only a world were stretched hard, the same as this rock, a maddening world with its purple, green, and red. If only this God did not fly in this way above him, and if only this enchanted, mad world did not come to his mind every time he breathed....

God Kara-Han at that very moment, while these thoughts were passing through Er-Kisi's heart, commanded Er-Kisi to dive in the water and bring out a handful of earth.

Er-Kisi dived into the water with fear.<sup>14</sup> At the bottom of the water, he saw an unknown colorful light brighten<sup>15</sup> an unknown flatness. The light was God's eyes, and the thing that light brightened was the earth.

Er-Kisi took a handful of this earth. He came out

of the water and took it to God Kara-Han. "Here," he said, "I brought it according to your order. Create for me from that flatness at the bottom of the water, and let me live on this flatness that you will create. You are God. Recently I learned your strength."

God Kara-Han told Er-Kisi: "Hurl the earth. Hurl it on the surface of the water."

Er-Kisi, with the help and permission of God Kara-Han, sprinkled the earth in his hand on the water. The earth that fell on water, like seeds sprinkled on a field, grew bigger. A flatness in the middle of the water spread as far as the eye could see. A noise was heard from this mixing of water and earth. Er-Kisi thought an eternity was falling; he thought a depth whose end was not seen was pulling the water into itself and, in place of the emptied water, earth was sitting, hard, without lies or shame! He rejoiced; he could not keep it to himself. "My God!" he shouted, "My God! You are truly great. I worship You."

After this, God said, "If so, dive once more," and commanded, "Hey<sup>16</sup> Er-Kisi, dive into the water once more and again get a handful of earth."

Er-Kisi within this new creation was truly drunk. All evil had been wiped from his heart. The things unseen, the things thought impossible, were happening in

front of his eyes. Er-Kisi was together with God, making the impossible, possible. How could he not be drunk, an emptiness thought unfillable was being filled, and the meaninglessness that was all around was suffocating within itself. In this love, Er-Kisi with the speed of an uncatchable lead, dived into the water again, and he reached the bottom, that bright earth flatness. The minute his palms touched the earth, he felt a trembling in his body that caused all the water to waver. This was the drunkenness of sharing a moment of creation. This drunkenness awakened in Er-Kisi the thought that he was above God. Once more he forgot God. There, he thought, "So if, so if God cannot get this earth from here with His own strength, and up till now could not get it and felt the necessity to send me to get it, therefore it means that I am more capable than God. A thing that is incapable cannot be God. He, therefore, cannot be God."

Er-Kisi thought this way; because he thought this way he crammed his mouth full of the earth he had in his hand. After that he got half of a half handful of earth. He was going to give this to God. While God would be creating half of a half world from that half of a half handful of earth, he, Er-Kisi, would be creating with that mouthful of earth a secret and bigger world than that of God. While God was keeping busy in His half

world, Er-Kisi would be enjoying himself in his secret world.

God Kara-Han looked at the earth in Er-Kisi's hand, that did not even fill the middle of his palm, and only said: "Sprinkle!" He commanded, "Sprinkle this little bit of earth on the water, too."

Afterwards He commanded that earth which Er-Kisi had sprinkled on the water to grow.

The water whose endlessness had been broken, started narrowing with this command. Time, who had found his freedom and had become half Godly through it, started turning pale. The earth grew; it grew beyond water and beyond Time. Before, it was ocean, then Time; earth was now place. And in Er-Kisi's mouth it was the last possibility. But Er-Kisi would not use this possibility because of his selfishness. He wanted to run away somewhere far from God and see his world that was growing big in his mouth. Wherever he went, it was earth. He was wishing that it would end, but whenever he said, "If it only ends," the earth was still growing. Worst of all, everywhere he thought he was freed from God, in Time, there was God. God was growing in the earth, in place there was God again. His own world, the earth that was growing and obeying God's command, was almost going to drown Er-Kisi. Yet still a desire in him, a



blind, deaf, selfish desire, was making Er-Kisi run away from God and was taking him to the madness of having the mastership of a secret world. He was about to harden like the earth's hardness, and God again was in front of him, a big gander, whiter than milk, and compassionate. He felt sorry for Er-Kisi. "Spit," He said, "If you want to be saved, spit. You are not an Er-Kisi, you are an evil one. But the guilt is not yours. If I had not created you, listening to Ak-Ana, now you would not have felt this anger and selfishness and would not have entertained your mind with the idea of being an equal to me. I created you, I will save you. Spit!"

Er-Kisi spit.

His spits grew bigger and were lined like uneven holes in the flatness that was stretched even. That beautiful evenness, the plain, long, wide, more beautiful than freedom, that stretched long and wide, became full of holes; it was distorted. In the holes there appeared ugly marshes, and between the ugly marshes there appeared hills that shook like diseased teeth. If those muddy pieces of spit that came out of Er-Kisi's mouth and clung, shameless, to earth, did not become marshes or waste hills, they became a deep, long gap that divided the earth.

Er-Kisi, with the joy of being saved from drowning,

did not notice what was happening; but God Kara-Han had wrinkled His face with a godly sadness and had looked on with suffering. "I had created this earth for your peace and happiness. Look what you, because of your own selfishness, have done to this beauty. Do you like it?"

Er-Kisi, spoiled with the pleasure of being saved, looked at what he had done. What was seen was only bare hills, marshes, and gaps. That maddening color, that red and purple, that green happiness and peace of the old earth had become clouded with the muds of the marshes, or bitten by the tooth-like bare hills, and divided by gaps.

Er-Kisi answered with pride, "I wanted to create my own world myself."

This answer of Er-Kisi did not anger God, but made the bare hills and marshes laugh and shamed the gaps. As if this were not enough, Er-Kisi talked again: "I wanted to be the God of my own world and not to worship You. My power should have been Your power, not Your power, mine.!"

As Er-Kisi spoke, the earth, from its shame, was dividing more, the bare hills from embarrassment were shaking, the marshes were twisting in pain.

God was keeping silent.

He was a God, and a God would not take insult from

these unreasonable speeches of a shameless person even if this shameless person was Er-Kişi.

Er-Kişi mistook God's silence for His powerlessness and was deceived: "You should not have created me, I should have created You. I should throw You into an emptiness in the sky,<sup>17</sup> and I should feel the joy of being my own master in my own world, with my own greatness, with all my might and superiority."

The whole creation with its big and little pieces, with its earth and water, bare hills and marshes, all came together and felt shame; they all felt sorry for every having been created. All together they begged, "Our God," and took refuge in Him. "Our God, forgive us, keep us from Er-Kişi's words. We are not from him, he is not from us. Bend towards us, our God, bend towards us."

These words that were raised from all the created ones to God in voices begging forgiveness, offended the ears of Er-Kişi. The pain of being left lonely and the pain of a strange shame became fear attached to his heart. There was fear in his breathing, fear in his look, fear in his dark-pale face,<sup>18</sup> first darkening later paling. Er-Kişi, all together became fear, and, at the end, willingly or unwillingly, his eyes were drawn unknowingly to God's milky-white wings.

"Why are you afraid?" God Kara-Han was talking like his milky-white color, warm and soft: "There is the God you wanted to create; I did not keep you from it. I left you so that you would be with yourself and find whatever your heart wanted. You thought evil; you are evil."

Er-Kisi sighed with a last resistance, "No, I am not. I am not evil. You are the one that created me. If I am evil, it is from Your evilness. Why did You not give from Your goodness? If You were good, why did You keep it to Yourself? Tell me, You are God, answer God-like."

This was a defiance; it was a rebellion. Yet it had been that, it was not starting now. Er-Kisi, from the time he was created on, was like this, he had become like this. God knew this. "You were together with me," He said, "flying together. Why did you want to go above and fly there? I am not the one that made you evil; you are the one. Here, I am talking God-like."

There was a deathly silence. All the created ones --creation--were as though not created, everywhere was water, as in the past, and a quiet loneliness. Thus, there was such a silence that there was even no silence, everywhere was as if it were all-empty.<sup>19</sup> Afterwards, God spoke again: "Under that earth, there is still

water; under the water, there is earth; and even under that earth there is water. You are going to stay there. This is a punishment for you, you will find your punishment. Darkness and "worldlessness" are going to be your world. All your life only darkness will fill your eyes, ears, and heart. We<sup>20</sup> wanted this, ordered this. Hear and obey, obey this!"

God stopped. The moment he did, Er-Kisi found himself at the bottom of earth and water, in the land of darkness. This was a land where eye did not see eye, knee did not find knee,<sup>21</sup> and where hands and feet were of no use. Darkness was stretching beside loneliness; loneliness was becoming monstrous like darkness.

While Er-Kisi, in the land of darkness, was becoming darker, his heart more black, darker than nights, like a deep dungeon, above, above the earth there was growing a branchless tree. It was branchless, budless, and leafless, a huge, grand, and strange tree. God Kara-Han did not like this tree. "It is not pleasant to look at a tree with no branches." He commanded, "A tree should be with branches. It should be decorated with leaf and thin green buds. Let this tree be that way. Let branch and bud, leaf and greenness, be filled into this dry trunk. Let this be done, soon."

On God Kara-Han's command, in one moment, the tree was filled with those things. This was a filling, a

brightening from a God's eyes, but what a brightness and how pleasant? It could not be explained by words;<sup>22</sup> it could not be described by words. Whatever was said, would not be enough. There were nine branches. Three of these nine branches were stretched to the East, three to the West; two of them were turned to the South, and the one looking to the North was dried up: it was thin, sickly, yellow and fearful; because of this, the branch looking to the North had no green. Green was hope.<sup>23</sup> North, from its birth had been left without hope, it was created hopeless. This hopelessness was seen in the North branch also.

In spite of its pale, sickly, thin branch looking to the North, the tree had made the face of the earth joyful. Earth became more attractive, earth's face happy, and sky hopeful. The tree was covering with its leaves the bare hills, marshes, and gaps created by Er-Kisi's spits and was hiding all apparent ugliness in order to show only one thing, loveliness. The tree was taking the earth's blessedness and the sky's compassion, from below and from above--from two points--and was becoming a brave road between earth and sky and was being filled with the generosity of water. The tree with the nine branches was spreading peace everywhere, trust to water and Time.

Loneliness was being torn.

God ordered, "Let there be birds. Let there be a bird on every leaf of this tree and different birds on every branch. Let there be voices heard, birds' voices. Let the fruits of the tree hang full."<sup>24</sup> Let this order increase, this pleasure increase, and let joy come down to earth from the sky. Let this pain of loneliness I see be ended with the birds' voices."

Birds came to be, too. Only, on the North branch there came to be no birds. The North branch remained songless. The tree, with its other branches, once more was decorated in a merriness of color and sound. The beautiful things left half completed, were finished; the pleasant things left half completed, and the half-completed joy were finished. Trust, left half completed, one side fearful, one side sick, was finished. Water, earth, day, night, and stars, moon and sun were all finished, but yet there still was something lacking. In this mad, drunken breeze blowing, in this bluish-looking lake, and in this flood flowing with an unheard song, there was something missing. Loneliness resulted from this lack. God thought and found what was lacking. The thing lacking was man. On this, God commanded, in a call of joy: "Let there grow nine people from the roots of the nine branches."<sup>25</sup>

All of a sudden, the roots of the tree swelled. These swollen roots cut the earth. A call and praise that "floated in a joyful harmony from the hills around" and that "as it floated became more filled with ecstasy and wavered in waves" reached God. Beneath the branches of the tree nine persons, in the joy and debt of being created and of being the first people on the earth's face were praising and giving thanks to God. Four of them were women, five were men. Three of the men were under the three branches in the East, and three of the women were under the three branches in the West. Under the two branches in the South, a man was shading himself. Under the North branch, there was only one man. Like the branch above him, he was dry, thin, weak, and scared. There was a woman sitting in the place where the two branches looking to the South and where one turning to the North meet. She was an attractive, appealing, captivating woman. She was smiling, with her eyes looking to the South, and with her hands was turning towards the North.

The woman, at the end, went down beside the man in the South, and an owl stopped on the branch of the man left alone in the North. It was a female; she sang like it. She sang without stopping, without resting and without indicating whether it be night or day. Nights



left this voice to the days. This owl's voice floated from the Northern nights to the Northern days. Still in the Northern days there is a sound of an owl. And still people in the North feel sorry<sup>26</sup> for their first misfortune and their first bad luck, and await their lot.

God Kara-Han, after He also created the man, called Er-Kisi from the land of darkness to come and see this all-complete world. No matter what, he was still His first friend, the first one who helped Him to get rid of His loneliness and boredom. Together they had many a day. Besides this, God Kara-Han was a friend.<sup>27</sup> He loved, saved, and forgave all the created ones. His warm, friendly heart did not want Er-Kisi to be away in the world of darkness, away from this eye-dazzling greenness, heart-blessing voices, and praises.

Er-Kisi ran to God's call. But all of a sudden his eyes dazzled. His eyes dazzled from light, praise, and the magnificence that filled the world. He looked at the tree and became confused. He looked at the world that was changing and becoming more beautiful, and became confused. He looked at people and became confused. What sort of a thing was this, what sort of a thing. He had not heard in that confusion, but God Kara-Han had said: "How is it, hey Er-Kisi, did you like it?" After some time he awakened and realized that God was asking

him a question; and, instead of answering, he asked many confused things such as, "Who are they? What is in this? What are those that sing?"

God Kara-Han was laughing.

"These? These are my creatures, all of this beauty you see, bird, tree, leaf, wind, cloud, and man, and all the created ones, all the things you see around are my world."

Er-Kisi in a base begging and a crazy lowliness said, "Give the half to me, oh God! Give so that I can know Your greatness and generosity. Once I was Your friend, I was entertaining You."

God Kara-Han's answer was sharp: "No, I cannot give this world to you. I cannot tell a world that is not mine, to be yours."

Er-Kisi, sly and clever, asked: "Why not Yours? Did You not create it? A while ago You were saying it was Yours, was it a lie? You are God, lying does not become You."

God Kara-Han, who knows and sees everything, seemed not to know and not to see Er-Kisi's slyness and cleverness. "Yes, We created. We are the one that created everything you see and thousands of things you have not seen. We said, be, and all of them came to be. Yet the things is, that none is Ours. Whatever We created, We

created for those people you see. All beautiful things are for their happiness and peace."

"If so, give half of those people to me."

Er-Kisi's speech was shameless; his face and eyes were thief-like. He continued: "I can be considered Your little brother, let us share."

God Kara-Han smiled. His smile was Godly. He also knew all that passed within Er-Kisi at that very moment. His knowing was Godly, too. "We have no brothers. We were not born and we shall not die, either. To whatever We said be, it came to be. That is all. As to you, hey Er-Kisi, We have nothing to give you, not Our people, either. If you want, go and get them yourself; let the ones you can deceive, be yours."

Er-Kisi stood like that.<sup>28</sup> He was shaken in front of this confidence, he could not move for a while. God Kara-Han had flown and gone away. People were laughing and walking under the tree that was farther away.

When day reached the hill, all of them lay down to sleep. The wolf was sleeping, the bird was sleeping.<sup>29</sup> The owl on the North branch was sleeping. While everybody and everything were sleeping, there was a song of beauty, a song of sleep, that was being heard from deep within. The universe was singing a lullaby to the creatures. This sleep stretched like the lullabies.

The only one that did not sleep was God Kara-Han and also the sly Er-Kisi. God Kara-Han, while the people were sleeping, created the dog and the snake, to prevent Er-Kisi's doing evil to the people. The snake was not creeping as he does now. He had legs, and, in essence, he was a nice animal; he was not ugly. The dog was noble. Both of them were appointed by God to guard the people.

Er-Kisi, without knowing that the snake and the dog were created, while the people were sleeping, was thinking how he could deceive them and steal them from God. This was hard. If it were easy, God would not have said, "Go, take them yourself;" He would not have given permission. But if God was God, he was an Er-Kisi--let Kara-Han not accept it if He does not want to--he was an equal to Him. To deceive the people, to put envy in their hearts, to make them unfortunate, was his main job, his duty.

The lullaby stopped. The birds started singing, the day cooled. A cool and dreamy day light,<sup>30</sup> colorful and fresh, hit the tree. From the tree, it went down to the people, stroked their faces and woke them up. The people, who woke up, saw the snake and the dog guarding them. They said, "Thanks to God," in the joy of finding new friends. They ate fruits from the East branches of

the tree from which hung fruits. They did not touch their hands to the rest of the branches, to the rest of the fruits. Er-Kisi saw this. He was pleased. He turned and went near them. He greeted the people. "Hey, people, I greet you with respect. I want to share your joy. Would you take me to your side?"

Only the woman in the South looked at Er-Kisi with interest. She looked at Er-Kisi's handsomeness, at the warmth of his words, and at that killing light in his eyes. The others did not even accept his greeting. Even the man beside the woman did not care. The dog and the snake, for a moment, looked at Er-Kisi with contempt;<sup>31</sup> after that they came and stood in front of him. They stopped Er-Kisi. Er-Kisi asked from the place he stopped, "Hey, people, I apologize, I was curious; on this side of the tree, while the more fresh and big, juicy and red<sup>32</sup> fruits hung like that, you came and ate these shapeless, dry fruits, you did not stretch and eat the others. You should have eaten them, why did you not taste them?"

People all at once resisted: "God forbade it. We are happy with the ones we eat. We do not eat what God told us not to."

"Try once." Er-Kisi's voice was sweet and soft; it was deceiving. "To obey the forbiddance without knowing what is the thing that is forbidden is madness. God

could lie, too. Did you try?"

Except one person, the people answered all together, in a rough, cutting, and scolding tone, "Our God would not lie to us! He is saving and forgiving and He protects us. Hey stranger, you are a liar."

But that one person, that attractive and beautiful woman in the South, whispered: "Stranger, are those fruits really very sweet? Why did God forbid those to us, can you tell me? I would like to know."

Er-Kisi hid the joy he felt in putting some evil inside a person, even if she was a woman, and with a most deceiving, most convincing, most passionate voice, said, "Hey, beautiful woman," and bent towards her with respect. "As beautiful as you are amidst all these women, so are those fruits as beautiful amidst all the fruits. Your God, for this, forbade you to eat from those fruits. He is keeping them for Himself, and making you eat the lesser ones." After that, creating a trembling in the dissolute heart of the woman, he continued: "Just as you are not aware of your beauty, you are also not aware of those sweet fruits that are a hand's reach away from you. Stretch your hands. Let the earth's face see the coming together of the two beauties and rejoice. Stretch."

The woman shivered within the beauty of a dream:

"Oh, no! I am afraid! God? God forbade them."

The dog and the snake had grown impatient. Other people were looking straight at him with anger. Er-Kisi, importuned her: "Forget God. He forgot you a long time ago."

All of the others, except the woman, shouted together: "Get out! God does not forget anybody. You are mad. You have no business here, you must go wherever you came from!"

The snake and the dog, getting vengeful, walked towards Er-Kisi. Er-Kisi was afraid, as far as being afraid is concerned, but even in going back he asked again: "Beautiful and clever woman! I would have liked to know your name, could you tell me?"

The woman was fearless; "Ece,"<sup>33</sup> she answered, "My name is Ece." After that she pointed out the man beside her: "And his name is Doganay."<sup>34</sup> We will wait for you again. And yours? What was your name?"

But Er-Kisi could not talk anymore. The dog and the snake, with a terrible power, got a hold of Er-Kisi, and threw him away toward the North. North was the land of the unlucky and the unfortunate ones. This evil one's place must be the North. But Er-Kisi did not consider himself unlucky or unfortunate. There was only one thing he knew and recognized: corruption. He used to think of a chaotic and unorganized world; he was afraid of

order and truth, and, because of this, he did not give up. He did not feel shame because they had thrown him to the North. He did not give up thinking God's guardians, the dog and the snake, were stronger than he. He waited for the evening to come and the sun to go down and for darkness to cover everywhere. The ones whose hearts are dark like darkness and people that are evil praise evil. Evil ones are the ones whose hearts are dark so that when they see darkness, they rejoice.

When evening came, waters darkened. The owl of the North branch continued her screams, sharper and thinner, in the night. Black clouds covered the moon and the stars. Even the waters, hills, black marshes entrusted themselves to God and went to sleep. It was dark everywhere. Only that tree's every side was full of light.<sup>35</sup> Er-Kisi, without blinking his eyes, looked at that light for a while. He saw the snake climbing the tree and protecting the forbidden fruits. After that he saw the dog leaving the watch to the snake and going to sleep at the bottom of the tree. Ece, that beautiful, madly captivating woman, was walking around Doganay. She was saying: "Doganay, do bring me from those forbidden fruits that the stranger said were very sweet and very beautiful. Look, everybody is sleeping. Nobody sees us. Who will know?"



Doganay was uneasy. He could say, "God, do not forget that God sees us."

But the woman was hungry, was thirsty. An endless and insatiable hunger and thirst were shaking in her marrow; they were infinite. "Listen to me, Doganay. Don't you love me? Was I not supposed to come after God? You were saying so, was it a lie?"

Doganay sighed: "It is not, it is not, it is not a lie, but do not want this from me."

"Why?" Ece was using all her womanliness. "Why? Is this fear for one little fruit? Am I not worth this, Doganay; look at my eyes and tell me, am I not worth it?"

Doganay was helpless; he did not know what to do. He trembled to the marrow. He was not going to be able to stand against Ece. He begged: "You would not know, my Ece, you would not know how many things you are worthy of. One little fruit cannot be comparable even to your little finger,<sup>36</sup> but do not want this from me. Believe me, the deliciousness of your coming near, step by step, and the joy of waiting for that closeness are worth the whole world. You are such a light, such a brightness that if the sky were a big lamp you could not fit in it. This is the way I see you, but do not make me sin because of a liar that does not know God. That would make us repent all our lives. Do not want that fruit from

me, Ece, do not want it."

After that he begged God: "Forgive us, our God, we did not think to disobey You. Your laws are our laws."

Doganay, in this way, opened his hands and surrendered himself to his God; but Ece, on the other side, was crying. Those forbidden fruits were burning her within like pieces of fire. Ece, tonight, had to eat from those forbidden fruits. In such a moment Er-Kisi came quietly near Ece. Ece, in a great joy, jumped, saying, "Oh! Stranger! Stranger!"

Er-Kisi, his voice like a flaming fire, burning and tickling, asked: "Do you want, do you really want, to eat from these fruits?"

Ece was at the end of her patience. With all her hunger and thirst and unsatisfied desire she said: "Oh! so much! You would not know!"

Er-Kisi showed the forbidden fruits. "Look, there, there, hold. Just a hand's reach away from you. They are staying there sweet and delicious. Come on, stretch your hands."

Ece was shivering, she was afraid. "But the snake, the snake is there, I cannot reach."

Er-Kisi sly, but measured, laughed. "Do not be afraid. Now, I will enter the snake. I will look nice to you." After this, Er-Kisi got up quietly, quiet as

the night, climbed the tree, and entered into the snake. Ece looked at Doganay for a last time. Doganay was praying. He was calling to God for help, but God did not seem to care. On the other side, Er-Kisi was bending one of the branches full of forbidden fruits towards Ece. The forbidden fruits were bright with lights, within the night they seemed to be saying, "Come, come."

Would not God know all these happenings? One by one God knew them. God knew the things that happened and the things that were going to happen, the seen and the unseen. If God Kara-Han seemed not to hear Doganay's calls and come, there was a reason for this. If God, who even sees a black ant's thin and black lashes in a dark night,<sup>37</sup> seemed not to see what was happening under the tree, it was because He did not want to direct people's business. He had given them reason. He had shown them good and evil, one by one. He could not lead each one of them, holding each by his hand like a child.

When Doganay saw that God was not coming and that Ece was reaching toward the forbidden fruit, he jumped with a last strength. He caught Ece. "Leave it!" he begged, "Do not! Do not destroy this beauty for one moment's joy. Do not break the law, Ece, do not break it."

But he was late. Ece had picked up the biggest of

the forbidden fruits from the branch Er-Kisi had bent, and she had bitten it in one moment. With this bite, a juice, bitter yet delicious, burning but not enough, flowed from her teeth to her mouth and from her mouth to her throat. It burned the places it flowed to, but this flowing was the most beautiful of all the things known and experienced as life. This was the drunkenness of disobeying a law, and it was the momentary pleasure of doing something nobody had dared before. Doganay looked at what was happening with his mouth open, his eyes grown bigger, in a stupor. Also, besides, he was afraid. He was afraid that there would be a lightning, that a lightning would come down and burn Ece. He was afraid that the world would become entangled and chaotic. None of these things he feared would happen, happened. Ece, beside herself with that hungry and thirsty desire, was biting the fruit in her hand; and Er-Kisi was watching with pride his first creature on earth, which was a woman.

Ece, in that delicious and desirous trembling put the half of the fruit that she had in her hand in Doganay's mouth. The first drop of the fruit fell from Doganay's teeth to his tongue like a drop of flame. Doganay, who was uneasy from these happenings and fear, burned with this fire. All the particles in his body

were up and alive with that flame of one drop of the fruit's juice. Now, the remaining half fruit's one half was in Doganay's mouth and the other half was in Ece's teeth. In the dizziness of this deadly enchantment, they were eating and biting this half fruit, one from one side, and the other from the other side.

The fruit was finished. The last drop divided into two; one in Doganay's, the other in Ece's mouth, sat on each one's tongue like a poison. At this moment, all the people that were sleeping woke up. They rubbed their eyes; there was something in the night, as if everything were talking with a secret fear, as if everything were walking quietly like a giant, and as if everywhere thousands of sad confusions were wandering.

All of a sudden they noticed their nakedness, the nakedness of their souls, bodies, and feelings. And a shame, a shame that was even sensed in the darkness, covered everywhere.

They fled from each other. They did not want to see each other.

Ece was in a chaotic confusion, and Doganay was in a pitiful state.

Besides the fear of disobeying a law, the pain and repentance of disobeying a secret promise and the creator were maddening him. He could not even find courage

enough to ask forgiveness from his God, his God that he trusted and believed in. In Ece's confusion, however, there was no fear; besides that it was heedless. Only she was curious about what was going to happen now. Her confusion was from her curiosity. Her curiosity did not last very long. God Kara-Han came, forgetting even His godliness and shaking earth and heaven with His anger: "Ece! Doganay! Hey, all my other creatures! My people, where are you? Are you in an unknown place so that I cannot see you?"

Is it possible that God could not see? He was seeing all and asking these questions on purpose.

While all the other people were trembling with fear and while Ece was waiting where God's anger would lead, Doganay, from the grass in which he was hiding said:

"We are here, my God, we are here, or can You not see us anymore as You used to? We do not have strength or power to appear to You. Forgive us! We are still as You created us; but without knowledge--maybe with knowledge--we have sinned. We ate those fruits you forbade us and told us not to eat. Like a shameless thief, like ones spoiled with what they have, we ate them. We ate them, and, while eating, did not know You, did not think about You, did not remember You."

Doganay was crying; he was crying for his manhood,

he was crying for his past days and his stupid thoughtlessness. God Kara-Han commanded: "Stay where you are and explain. Doganay, first you, you were My best creature. Were you hungry or thirsty so that you became a defier because of blind desire? Tell me. Do not be afraid. Think you are facing judgment, defend yourself. God is gentle."

Doganay felt a cold sweat rush like a flood from his neck down. He was the first guilty one of the first court established on the face of the earth, and the question asked him was the hardest of all questions. He could only say: "Truly, I did not eat. Ece made me eat, but still I should not have eaten. I felt that deadly deliciousness of the forbidden fruits. I bit the fruit with hunger. I am guilty."

God Kara-Han left Doganay and turned towards Ece: "You Ece? I expected disobedience from you, but hoped for obedience. I know why and for what you ate, but I also want to hear it from your own mouth. Explain."

Ece was afraid for the first time since she had eaten the forbidden fruit. It was hard to answer God. "I," she stuttered, "I," but she could not finish it, she could not bring it to an end. She kept saying "I... I...." That womanliness, that beauty, that attractive, maddening, deadly beauty, grew pale and sickly in front

of God. From her pale lips, without stopping, one after another, "I" kept coming out. At the end, God Kara-Han told her to speak. He said, "Speak, I give you permission, talk as you used to. God is not cruel."

Only then, Ece was able to talk: "You have created the fruits You forbade us, too. Besides that, You have made them much better and more beautiful than the ones we used to eat. The taste is still in my mouth. It seems as if they were heaven's food compared with the ones we used to eat. You either should not have created them so sweet, or me so weak. If You did create, You should not have forbidden."

God Kara-Han said: "Sin is attractive,<sup>38</sup> and when you taste it, it is sweet. But man becomes holy in resisting it. If sin were not sin, it would become worthless, and if there were no laws in the world, there would be no taste to life. God is the one that knows and makes known. We made you known what We heard. What We ordered was for you, for the joy of your living. Now, you tasted sin, are you as you were?"

Ece wanted to straighten up with an empty look and an all-empty heart, but within the grass nothing was seen except a naked body. She felt her own nakedness, was ashamed, and hid again amidst the tallness of the grass. From there was heard a voice, alone, regretful,



and full of shame. This was Ece's voice: "Your forbidden fruits were sweet in their forbiddance. In them were hidden sins full of deliciousness. You are God, You know what is in me. Now, in me there is an all-dry bitterness. It is as if I am tired, my teeth, tongue, mouth are tired. I cannot even cry for my sin. Yes, I wanted to eat, but I did not eat by myself. The snake stretched them to me. A stranger came and told me to eat from those fruits. Now I feel without desire, all empty."

The snake sighed before God Kara-Han asked His question: "A stranger had come into me. He was a stranger, a liar. He was two faced, he entered me; I did not know what I had done. I was as if in a sleepy dream, enchanted. I must have bent those branches while I was like that."

God asked with anger: "Who was this stranger?"

The snake showed Er-Kisi, who was watching all this with a shameless laugh, and who was laughing at people's chaos. "This one. That man called Er-Kisi. That one man is the one who made me sleep and who made me feel shame and tears in front of You now."

"If you had not permitted him, he could not have entered into you. You should not have permitted him."

The snake, after God Kara-Han's question, deadly and worse than a command, bent his head down more<sup>39</sup> and

with a hardly audible voice said: "I was sleeping, I fell asleep."

God roared: "Your duty was to watch. It was to prevent all evil and evil ones. When this was so, how did you sleep, how could you sleep?"

The snake felt his knees tremble and thought that these legs would leave this body without ever being his again. "There was the dog," he could say, he was waiting under the tree. I relied on him."

He stopped; he was left breathless. All his strength had gone. He fell on the ground, and he was left glued at the place he fell down.

God Kara-Han looked at the dog. He said: "You, too, speak. What were you doing?"

The dog spoke with an open heart. "I was sleeping."

"You, too?" God Kara-Han was magnificent; He had asked with anger. "Two guardians cannot sleep at the same time. This is cruelty; it cannot be."

There was an innocent attachment in the dog's eyes, but he was sad. A shadow, a shadow resembling shame, darkened that innocent attachment. He said: "I had turned the guard to the snake. You know, You are God, there cannot be anything hidden from You; but also think that one cannot stay sleepless all night. That is why I could not see the stranger."

God Kara-Han said, "Sooo!" and thought. While He was thinking, His godly eyes slowly turned towards Er-Kisi. His eyes stayed on Er-Kisi a long while. He thought for a long while. During that time, at first, Er-Kisi did not even move a hair. As time went on, a restlessness came down from his eyes to his face; his face twisted. Afterwards, that smile on his lips faded and was turned off. He was in front of God, he faced God, and bowed in respect. Then, God talked: "You that they call stranger, Er-Kisi, everything starts with you and ends with you. What did you want from them?"

Er-Kisi was standing humbly, but was speaking devilishly: "I wanted them to be mine, because You ordered so."

"You could have done it without shame and evil; why did you make them sinful? Why did you hit them from their weak side?"

"You ordered so."

God Kara-Han was patient, He asked with patience: "While you could have been explaining the right, the good, the beautiful, why did you teach them evil?"

"You ordered me to teach them."

God Kara-Han was pitying. He asked with pity: "While you could have taught them love and friendship, why did you make them enemies and ashamed of each other? If you had wished, you could have told them about affection and love."<sup>40</sup>

"You ordered me not to explain; with Your permission...."

"If so, listen, ignorant one called Er-Kisi!" God is patient only for the ones that are patient. He pities the ones that are pitiful. He is impatient for the impatient ones, cruel for the cruel ones. God Kara-Han is not harsh. That is why He listened to all of Er-Kisi's shameless words to the end, with patience. At the very end, He roared: "If so, listen, ignorant one called Er-Kisi." After that He turned to the others, the people, the dog, and the snake, who were ashamed of their sins. He said: "You, too, listen."

This was the first judgment of earth; it had ended. The guilty ones had tried to defend themselves as much as they could. The judgment was God's; now they were waiting for the judgment. It seemed that if a fly flew in this big universe, the noise of his wings would make a thunderous sound, but even the flies in the marshes were not flying. The grand universe had become one ear with its wolf and bird, full and empty, drunk and sober. God was going to announce His judgment. The universe was afraid. Everything was starting with fear of God. This fear was not one of those evil fears that bound man and stopped life. On the contrary, it was a fear that organized man's acts and made living desirable. It was

the first and biggest ring of an order. God Kara-Han spoke Godly. He said: "You, Loganay, you I expell. You and the rest of those nine people. This heaven is not for you. After this, I will not create man. Man will come from you. I am putting the burden and responsibility of all those men on you. You will carry it. After this, there is no reaching and picking your food to feed yourself. You will sow and you will reap. You will grind, and in time, beat. You will sweat. For one morsel of wheat, you will have thousands of hardships. You will worship a handful of earth. Your body will not be straight like this; your head will not be confident and fearless like this. It will be bowed. Tomorrow's fears will leave you sleepless, and you will taste death. Death will make you forget all you have done. You will become earth."

He turned His eyes to Ece: "And you." He stopped. God Kara-Han was creating the woman for her life hereafter. A storm of creation could be starting following this silence, like a fearful dream, like a winter with lightning, cold and deadly. "And you! hate besides love, suffering besides felicity, and a happiness mingled with sadness will await you. You will become degraded, but still respect will be shown to you. Sadness will follow happiness, rebellion will follow sadness, and anxiety

will follow rebellion. In the waverings of such a life, you will swing like a cradle. You will not live in the present, but always in the past. And you will give birth to children. Pain...pain...life-long pain. Your face will not remain unwrinkled and smooth, you will get old. You will feel the fear of age and death. An aging without beauty and beautiful things. Your face will wrinkle, and that color of yours you take so much pride in will fade away."

Ece, shivering with an evil and deadly pain, fell down, froze, and remained like that. She could not move. God Kara-Han turned His magnificent head to the snake. "Mankind will become your enemy, and whenever they see you, they will kill and crush you. All your life you will creep. You will be a loveless, cold, shivering animal. Your name will be enough! You will not be loved."

The snake had felt this before. That nice appearance of his, turned into coldness in one moment. The pain of creeping came and entered his heart, never to leave it again. A black, dark fire fell on his heart. Even in this moment of being expelled, in this moment of helplessness, and while in sin in front of God, people trembled from the coldness of the snake. The snake felt this trembling, too, and also the repulsion in their eyes besides the trembling. He twisted and twined on the

earth from his pain like a long and ugly rolling-pin.

God Kara-Han had turned to the dog and had said:  
"And you. As to you, you will be liked. Men will like you, but also use you. You will be a trustworthy guardian for them. Men will degrade you as much as they like you."

Er-Kisi knew his turn had come. There was no escape. God Kara-Han was speaking harshly and sharply. This harshness and this sharpness were Er-Kisi's end. He wanted to try his fate by saying, "God, forgive them. They have no guilt. I deceived them all."

He stopped. He was waiting.

God does not deceive and is not deceived. He understood what passed within Er-Kisi while he was talking. "Without knowing what judgment was passed for you, you are trying to deceive again. As always, you have turned your back to goodness and beauty and are worshipping evil and ugliness. This is going to be your way and life till eternity. The ones that listen to you, the ones that act according to your orders, will be the poor ones who will be the slaves of evil. I will not call them my creatures."

Er-Kisi did not see very much penance in these words of God Kara-Han. Besides, God was giving him some value, was raising him up. He was adding a part of His Godliness

to him. Ignorance was like a spider's web in Er-Kisi's marrow, and he did not know it. The pride of being the first man created was making him dizzy. This unawareness and this pride that made him dizzy spoiled Er-Kisi. He shouted: "Oh God! I am going to steal your people, I am going to steal them from you. If they are on a horse, I will make them fall. If they drink white milk, I will make them drunk. I will make them fight each other. I will make them forget peace. I will not let them breathe with ease. I will lead them to war, always to war. If they go in the water, I will drown them. If they go up the rocks, I will make them tumble down. If they climb a tree, I will make their feet slide. I will have more people than You. You will see. I will not ask You to give them to me anymore. They will come to me, I will just wait."

God Kara-Han did not even listen to Er-Kisi's words. God is the listener of those who talk on righteousness and goodness.

For this, He did not answer Er-Kisi directly. He turned to the people, the snake, and the dog: "Hey people and all the created ones! All of you will taste death. Death will make you finite. When you die, you will come back to Me again. From this day on, you will live in your own world, with your own toil. The ones



that love goodness and beauty are my creatures. My name from now on will be Ulgen,<sup>41</sup> know this."

He pointed at Er-Kisi: "And his name will be Erlik.<sup>42</sup> All the evil and ugliness of the world you are going to live in is his creation. Stay away from evil and ugliness. I leave Erlik to worry you. If you are deceived by him and think that evil and ugliness are the right way, be careful. We, even in this evil and ugliness, created a secret beauty; search for this beauty, you will find it. If you find it, you will still be saved. Once more I am throwing Erlik down to the land of darkness nine floors below the earth. He will not bother you till you get a hold of yourselves. I am going up to the sky floor. I will not come and talk with you anymore. My messenger will come and talk to you. The name of the messenger I will send is Gök-Ogul."<sup>43</sup>

The face of the earth shook three times; as soon as God Ulgen finished His words, it shook three times. The tree, the tree with the nine branches whose every branch was stretching towards the sky and from whose leaves happiness and peace were raining to the earth, was drawing its roots from the earth. For a while, the roots hung in space and the tree stayed hanging to the sky. There, where the sky was opened like a wide emptiness and stirred within itself, there, at that place, it

became a handful of cloud, melted, and spread. After that, white, pure-white<sup>44</sup> clouds were seen in the sky, and within the white clouds, refreshing, flat blues, and after that, shapes were seen, thousands of shapes that chased one another. It became a branch, a leaf, a big bud, a pair of half-open lips; it laughed. After that it became a flag with a Bozkurt.<sup>45</sup> A Skyflag<sup>46</sup> was being born from the tree in the sky.

While these things were happening, at the same moment there was something else happening. Erlik was being expelled to the land of darkness. This second expelling and the pain of being kept away from the creator and the created ones, within a terrible loneliness and darkness, scared Erlik. This could be the end of everything. While God Ulgen was sad like this, while a storm of anger was blowing in the earth and the sky, while the sky was leaving the earth to a deadly loneliness and forgetfulness, this second expulsion could be the end of Erlik. At first, this fear frightened<sup>47</sup> Erlik. The worry and unhappiness of an incurable sadness set on his heart and took all his power away. He surrendered himself to God:

I could not know that secret life was all you,  
 The one in bodies and souls was all you,  
 I used to want a sign for this world from you,  
 Now I learned this, that the world was all you.

This utterance continued for days. Darkness hardened; it was as if it became stone-deaf. In Erlik's heart, a sadness, a powerlessness, grew and grew, and it flowed and mingled with the hardened, deafened, and stone-like darkness. There was nobody that heard. Erlik's begging could not go beyond the darkness that became four walls surrounding him.

God Ulgen had left the world to itself. He went up to His floor in the sky from amidst the people. He did not come down to earth for a while. During this time, God's messenger Gök-Ogul came.

Ece was twisting in pain. Worlds full of pain, becoming sweat as big as hills, were flowing from her body. Her eyes were grown very big. It was as if they were looking at her past days and her sins in those past days. The fear of the coming days was aching all-white<sup>48</sup> in the frozen whites of her eyes.

Doganay had his own troubles. Even from now, his body was bent.<sup>49</sup> He was digging the earth and was looking for water for that woman in pain, a drop of water that would give peace and cool this burning pain. The big water, the grand water, was far away now, very far away. In the earth there were only roots and insects which people did not even recognize. The roots and the insects were tasteless, they were not good for food.

Gök-Ogul helped them. He found and showed the tasty roots to them. He taught them the insects that could be eaten. He showed them grass and shells besides the grass. He found watery places, and he also taught them how to grow wheat. God had said sow; they sowed. God had said reap; they reaped. And God Ulgen--before He was Ulgen, when He was Kara-Han--had said grind, and they ground. And sweat? At the end of everything, drops of sweat stood in lines on everyone's forehead. Hunger? Sweat was what helped them overcome their hunger, and sweat, again, was what helped them overcome their thirst.

Gök-Ogul taught them even how to make a cart; they were able to go from one place to another. Dogansay and Ece and their children went down to the South. That fearful, sickly, unfortunate person went up to the North. The North was cold. The owl voices were whipping the cold. The cold was becoming colder. It was rearing like a big horse and was breathing like a live horse. And in the North no friend, but only the enemy, was walking.

Before God Ulgen put people down on the ground, the name of one of the three men who sat under the three Eastern branches of the tree with the nine branches, was Ay-Atam.<sup>50</sup> And the name of one of the three women in

the West was Ay-Va.<sup>51</sup> Ay-Atam and Ay-Va Woman<sup>52</sup> and their children, two very beautiful girls, stayed in the East. The others, with their sons and daughters, turned to the West. In the East and the West, the South and the North, in the four corners of the world, people, with pain and regretful of their big sin, their heads bowed low, kept working in this way. In spite of men's toils and sweat, the earth's face still rejoiced with the joy of living. Gök-Ogul was showing them the God's way. They went on this road. The old hopes were renewed, suffering stopped. A beautiful happiness, with the warmth it got from the earth, diffused slowly, warm, and fresh, into people's hearts. People felt stronger.

Erlik was still begging without stopping in the land of darkness, deaf and feelingless, and within that darkness that was getting harder and narrower every moment:

You are greater than greatness,  
Nobody knows what are You?

At the end, Gök-Ogul heard this begging. He could not resist it. He went up to God Ulgen's floor and in front of Him asked for Erlik's forgiveness. God Ulgen pretended not to hear. Gök-Ogul's begging and God Ulgen's pretending not to hear lasted three times twenty years. At the end of three times twenty years, God Ulgen asked Gök-Ogul to bring Erlik to His presence. He told Erlik, who came and fell on his knees, "You are an evil one;

evil is deep in your marrow. You seem changed, but in reality you have not changed at all. If one We love, Gök-Ogul, did not ask for your forgiveness, We would not have forgiven you. As Gök-Ogul wishes, go, live wherever you want, and yet do not be sharer with us. Stay away from people and do not drive them from their way."

Erlík, with the excitement of coming up to brightness from darkness, once more saluted God Ulgen with all his being. "You forgave me, oh God! I am praising You. I praise You for giving me the light You gave me because of Your greatness and endlessness. But recognize me and give me one of the sky floors. I, with this face, with the evil I have done to mankind, cannot look at them, I cannot go down and live among them. If You do not want to give me one of the sky floors, make it possible for me to make skies for myself. As a powerless creature, let me worship you all my life in the skies I have created."

God Ulgen gave Erlík permission for what he wanted. God is one that pities, and He does not turn away the hands opened to Him empty and hopeless.

Erlík made floors and floors of skies for himself. Every floor was a separate paradise, and every paradise was more beautiful than the other and was filled with an eye-dazzling life. All mankind and even the angels were

surprised at this. How could God Ulgen adjust to and accept this life that the evil one, who tried to make everybody like himself, and the ones tied to him, were leading in the most beautiful sky floors?

There was one named Ulu-Kisi<sup>53</sup> who was the head of the angels and the beloved friend of God Ulgen. Like all the created ones, Ulu-Kisi, too, was getting angry at this incomprehensible thing. One day, sitting down, for a long time he thought about what he saw and what he heard. He tried to put this into that and that into this;<sup>54</sup> yet he still could not understand all that was happening. While Ulu-Kisi was thinking like this, he became purple, turned purple from his anger. "Our men, for all their good will, for all their sincerity toward God, for all their deadly striving to be better every day, live on this dry, hardened earth. What they sow is as bitter as a July sun, what they wear is like a fire that burns the earth's face, and what they reap is a handful of pain. Yet those? Yet those men of that devilish one called Erlik? God, oh God! Where is justice?"

Ulu-Kisi, rose up to the sky in this anger. His aim was to hold Erlik and push him down; it was to tear his sky floors into pieces. Yet on the very first step, Erlik came in front of him and, all of a sudden, with a flaming arrow, made Ulu-Kisi fall down right where he was

standing. The war Ulu-Kişi started against Erlik without asking God Ulgen ended in this way before it had started. Ulu-Kişi, without even being able to think what happened to him, defeated and torn apart, turned backwards.

Shouts of victory and joy came from Erlik's sky floors. Ulu-Kişi, who came back defeated and torn apart, in hearing these voices became all the more sad. Straightening himself up, he went to God Ulgen's floor; he wanted to be admitted to His presence. God Ulgen admitted him to His presence and said: "You look sad, why? There is nothing in your eyes except sadness; where are you coming from?"

"I wanted to fight with Erlik. I am coming from there."

"And why did you want to fight? Why did you not want to ask us?"

Then, Ulu-Kişi understood his powerlessness and why he was suddenly defeated by Erlik. He bowed his head and talked quietly. He said: "Forgive me, oh greatest of all the greats, God Ulgen. Forgive me. Erlik's men were up in the skies. Our men, as you know, were down on the earth. This seemed to me like an injustice. I wanted to break up Erlik's sky and bring his men down. I could not succeed, my power was not enough. I could not bring them down."



Ulu-Kişi had forgotten the pain of being defeated by Erlik a while ago, but felt the pain of being in God Ulgen's presence like this. God Ulgen understood this and said: "Nobody is as strong as We are. Since We are God, there is something We know, of course. There is no injustice on earth. The seeming injustice is because of people's not knowing how to see and how to look at the happenings. Everybody lives as to his sins. If Erlik defeated you, it was because you did not know your duty and you disobeyed your duty. You wanted to get involved in Our work. Surely, you would not know what We know. Now, go to your place. There will come a day when you will be much stronger than Erlik. We will let you know that day. That day will be Erlik's last day."

Ulu-Kişi knelt once more before leaving His presence: He begged, "Forgive me, God Ulgen. I did not want to get involved in Your work. The envy and jealousy in my heart made me blind. Questions should not have been asked of You. I should have known."

Ulu-Kişi said this, and God Ulgen praised him.

After this, Erlik laughed and rejoiced in the paradise of his sky floors where roses smelled sweet and nightingales sang while men in the world lived with their pain, sins, and goodness. Time listened to no command or

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order and, only with God Ulgen's permission, became ruler over all men, animals, and created ones. One morning, the day dawned in a different way than at any other time. The birds sang differently; the people woke up differently. This was that waited time; it had come. Ulu-Kisi thought: "The day is today, the hour is this hour. Let us stand ready against Erlik."

A voice that came down together with the day's light from the skies to the earth let him know that God was going to admit him to His presence. Ulu-Kisi got cleaned and ready. When he reached the highest floor of the sky, he was admitted without being kept waiting. God Ulgen said: "Hey Ulu-Kisi! Now, the day you have waited for has come. You are powerful and strong. Today, you are going to defeat Erlik in the war you are going to have with him. We wish it to be so."

Ulu-Kisi trembled.

He said: "I do not have a bow, oh God, so I cannot stretch it. I do not have an arrow, so I cannot shoot it. I do not have a sword. I have only my hands, my naked wrists, and also my arms. How can I attack Erlik with all these things I do not have and with only these that I do have?"

"We gave you all you wanted." God Ulgen was talking sharp and Godlike. "If these are what you want, all

you want, they will be yours."

Ulu-Kişi was happy. "It is enough for You to praise me," he said. "I have grown strong with your strength. I would step on Erlik with my feet and hang him to the sky with my arms."

God Ulgen said: "Take, hold."

He was giving him a lance. "Half of Our strength is in this lance."

God Ulgen gave permission and at that moment a prayer rose in one voice and one movement from the sky and from the earth. All the good souls and all the living ones and the ones that lived in the sky floors were praying together. The prayer, in the hands of an unseen power and in the morning's breeze, seemed like making God Ulgen's strength and all mankind's goodwill an undefiable strength and filling it into Ulu-Kişi's arms. Everything was silenced. The tongues of the ones known and the ones unknown stopped. The thing becoming prayer and speaking was only the hearts.

Let the place you step on be hard! Let not your  
feet slide!  
Let your age be long, live till your black  
hair turns white.  
Live till your front teeth get old. Let not  
the arrow you shoot miss!  
Do not let the beast bite or with its hands  
strike.

After that when the prayer was over and when the hearts and souls of all the created ones were silenced,

the mountain, stone, living and lifeless things, the whole universe, slowly at first, but then after every sentence was finished with an echo, answered the prayer. "Let all you say happen, happen one by one."

Ulu-Kisi took the lance and once more asked God Ulgen's permission. Straight, he went to Erlik's sky. Erlik, as he had done years ago, shot a flaming arrow, and the flaming arrow, at that very hour, burned by itself. Its ashes got in Erlik's eyes, its flames turned all around the sky.

Erlik ran away.

A quake, a storm, a thunder, spread terror to Erlik's sky.

The skies got aflame. They fell on the earth in pieces, spreading flames. Some pieces became stones on the earth. Forests and mountains filled that even-stretching flatness. One after another, they filled it.

All of Erlik's followers, those lowly ones,<sup>55</sup> fell down with those sky floors which had been torn apart, and filled the earth. Some fell in the water and drowned. Some hit a tree, a stone, or a hard head, and died. Many others hit the horns of cows, oxen, and deer, and died. There was nobody left alive. All died, all of them, except Erlik. Erlik, who watched all this in a powerlessness and helplessness, and who saw all his

substance disappear, gathering himself together,<sup>56</sup> again wanted a place from God Ulgen. He said: "Your man, because he envied me and my men, the one You call Ulu-Kisi, came and tore apart my skies and killed my men. Now, I do not have any place to stay, give me a place."

God Ulgen, for the third time, threw him into the depths of seven floors of earth, into the land of darkness. He put many locks on him. He commanded: "Let there be unending fire over you. Let you not see sun or moon light. Let words for the last time reach your ears, and, if there is any reason in you, let them stay there. If you become good, I will take you by My side. If you become evil, I will send you to deeper depths. Evil ones are not for Me."

Erlik answered: "If so, give the dead to me! Let me take their souls when they are freed from their bodies."

"I do not have anything to give you. The ones that die are the ones that return to Me. And the ones that return to Me are from Me. I could not give them to you. If you want, you create yourself. If the ones you create are good, I cannot say anything."

God is the one that loves the good ones. In God there is no evil, to God there can be done no evil.

Erlik asked: "Where, where can I create? I have no place, You took it from me. Here it is dark, I could

not see anything. Give me a place in the light, let me create by myself."

"We do not have any place to give you. Brightness would grow dark when it sees you."

Erlik begged: "I am willing even for a very small place. It cannot be created in the dark. Should I create darkness?"

God Ulgen said, "No," again and did not give anything. Erlik continued begging with his head bowed low: "Let it be as big as an ox's skin, but let it be a place. Thrust a stick into the earth and stretch the ox's skin around it. Let that place be mine, give it to me."

God Ulgen this time reluctantly said, "Yes."

He was God, and Erlik was His creature. Whatever it may be, he had bowed his head and lowered himself and had begged. Greatness was essential for God, to forgive was essential for Him. He said: "Yes. Here, the stick is stuck to the earth. Kill an ox and take his skin. Around the stick which the skin covers, do whatever you want to."

He opened all the locks on Erlik and brought him up to light. Erlik joyfully killed an ox and took its skin. After that he wanted from God Ulgen a blacksmith's bellows, an anvil, and also a hammer. God asked: "What are you going to do with them?"

Erlik said: "As You commanded, I am going to create man by myself, for myself." God Ulgen gave the wanted things. Erlik, after this, took the bellows, the anvil, and the hammer. He left them at the bottom of the stick that God had stuck in the earth. After that, he cut the ox's skin. He cut it line by line; he made thin skin threads. They were such thin skin threads, that they covered not only the sides of the stick, but also half of the part of the world which was earth. Erlik's devilish mind liked this devilish deed, and he waited to see what God Ulgen was going to say. But God did not say anything. When God did not say anything, the people did not say anything either. Erlik, however, thinking what he has done has been liked by God and men, carried the bellows, the anvil, and the hammer to a high hill. There he set them. The bellows, the anvil, and the hammer are essentially good and useful tools. And if they are used for goodwill and mankind's happiness, they become very useful. But if they are not used for man's goodwill and happiness but are used as Erlik uses them for ugliness, for a death and breathlessness, and as a suffocating sign, they become, especially the hammer and the anvil, loveless, cold, and repulsive.

In Erlik's hands, the anvil and the hammer came to be so. He hit the hammer on the anvil once; instead of



a man, a frog came out. He hit once more; instead of a bird, an ugly whistling snake came out. He hit the hammer on the anvil once more; the bear came out. He hit the hammer on the anvil again; a pig came out after the bear, a wild pig. A pig with sharp teeth, a stiff neck, a face never smiling, a mad and useless pig, came out. He went in front of them and became the head of the ones that had come out before him. All together they went to the North, and Erlik hit once more the hammer on the anvil. The Witch with the Broom, the most evil of the evil spirits, came out.<sup>57</sup>

Erlik was in a madness of joy. He continued hitting in a maddening rapture. One following the other, worse than the Witch with the Broom, Al-Karisi<sup>58</sup> came out, the camel came out, and the Dev-Anasi<sup>59</sup> came out.

Erlik had raised the hammer ready to hit the anvil again; He could not hit it.

God had come with all His anger and, to end this foolish repulsiveness and these ugly distortions, had taken hold of Erlik's arm. This was the end; it was the end. He took Erlik's anvil and hammer and threw them into the fire. From the burning bellows a flame came up and twisted; appealing and tender, it twisted and twisted. After that the flame froze and remained as it was. That freezing and that flame in that way became a woman.

Her skin was warmer than fire and her looks were deadly.

His hammer burned, too. It became fire, and amidst the flames a hammer-headed person moved. It was a man. He ran to the woman's side. He was clinging and shameless.

The anvil, too, burned and became ashes. After that, the ashes gathered and formed an ugly mouse. It kept looking with a dirty and confused look.

God Ulgen caught that fire-skinned, flaming woman and blew on her face. As soon as He blew on her the woman became a bird. This bird was an ugly bird. Her meat could not be eaten, her feathers could not be used to decorate arrows; she used to wander in the marshes till evening came. She did not like any other places.

God caught the hammer-headed man, too, and blew on his face. At that very hour, the man that Erlik created also became a bird and flew. It was such a bird that if a dog found it, he would not eat its skin; he would leave it and run away. The bird was as ugly as he could be. He had very big feet and eyes that were bigger than an ox's eyes.

After the woman and the man became two dirty and repulsive birds in this way and flew to the Northern marshes, the ugly mouse, looking around with confusion and fear amidst the burned ashes of the anvil, ran away, too.

It was a mouse as evil and repulsive as it could be. Its foot was long, it did not have any hands. It became the most repulsive creature in a house. It kept chewing on the floors.

This was the last time God Ulgen came down to earth. It was the last time He spoke in front of His creatures. It was a way of speech. He said: "I created a world for you. Every beautiful thing and the things I wanted for myself, spot by spot, sign by sign, all along the horizon, all the eye-attracting, beautiful things were for you. This was not enough. Beautiful things would feed only the heart, they would not feed the body. For that, I created animals for you, and besides the animals, which were to be food for you, I created grass and trees. I let waters flow<sup>60</sup> for you, beautiful, cool waters, deep as they are wide, wide as they are deep. You drank from those waters. I created them for you to drink. I helped you with other kinds of help and goodness. I gave you hearts for you to love. Love is the foundation of the world, love is the thing that holds the sky up. Love.<sup>61</sup>

"To love is to live, to love is to become beautiful, to love is to become close to Me, it is to become Godly. Become beautiful; let there be a part from Me in all of you."

God Ulgen's speech in the summer breeze seemed like a cool water. It was heard in four corners of the world. It was Godly, it was grand.

What He had to say to men was finished now. He turned to Gün-Asan.<sup>62</sup> Gün-Asan was the head of the angels of help and goodness. "Gün-Asan, hey Gün-Asan! I order you that, after I leave the earth, you will protect and watch over the ones that drink koumiss, the ones that drink it and cause their minds to go astray, the ones that would be drunk and would not know what to do, the young children, and after that the colts and the calves. The colts and the calves are also children. They are small, they do not know what to do. In a way, drunkards are like children, too. They could not stand straight, they could not walk straight. Besides these, take the souls of all those that have done good and died in that way. Be friends with those souls, be their helper. Do not even greet the ones that kill themselves. Those do not even have souls. Even if they do, they have no place in our heaven.

"People! Hey my creatures that I love so much, listen. I am always your helper. I helped you till now, I will help you from now on, too. I expelled and sent far away all the evil spirits<sup>63</sup> from you and your surroundings. If the evil spirits come near you and if

they are hungry, give them food, feed them in the name of God. Yet if they stretch food to you, do not eat it. If you do, you will become one of them and mingle with them. If those evil spirits still insist and impose on you to eat from their food, use My name. You will get rid of them.

"Now, I am going up to the sky. Yet even then, I will still speak of you and think of you. And I will come again. Whether you see or not, hear or not, I will be among you. I will always be among you. For now, till I come again or till you come to me, in my place Gök-Ogul, Ulu-Kisi, Gün-Aşan, and Agca-Dag<sup>64</sup> will stay. You have seen Gök-Ogul, you know him. You also know Ulu-Kisi. You have seen Gün-Aşan, you know him, too. Agca-Dag, too, is one of them; he is from Me. If you wonder why, you will understand that, too, when the time comes."

While God Ulgen was talking, the earth and the sky and all the creation were silent. The universe was in that silence of the first grand and full-water silence when it was created, and the emptiness between the sky and the earth in that first loneliness. It was as if God Ulgen--while Kara-Han--had become a big gander, white, flying, and the only thing heard was that water's loneliness and that water's silence. And the thing

heard between this loneliness and this silence was again the flutter of His stretched wings and the soft, all-white warmth of His feathers.

Man and all the created ones, in this pure white warmth and this desolate loneliness, yet silent confidence, had forgotten their bodies and beings. Their eyes were misty with the happiness that was given to them by the presence and Being of God Ulgen, whom maybe they would never see again till the end of their lives.

God Ulgen turned His sincere and trusting look to Agca-Dag:

"Agca-Dag, you be careful and look well. Erlik will use all his devilishness to steal your friendly souls and the dead ones that come to you. Then tell Ulu-Kisi and say that Erlik with all devilishness came in front of you and that he wanted to steal those good and clean souls that came to you. Ulu-Kisi is strong. We gave him the power to defeat Erlik.

"Gün-Asan, even you be careful and look well. The three evil spirits,<sup>65</sup> the head of all the other evil spirits, should not come out from the bottom of the earth. We forbade them the earth, the sky, the light, and the brightness. But they, because of their devilishness, will not want to listen to this command of Ours. If they want to come up to earth, stand against them and go and

let Gök-Ogul know. The strength you need is present in Gök-Ogul. He will expell them.

"You, Gün-Asan, you again! You are a messenger of goodness and righteousness. We sent you like this, commanded you like this. God and tell Alma-Ata<sup>66</sup> to wait the sun and the moon. The sun and the moon are for good people. They are for the people, the ones that love without resting and without their hearts ever getting tired, and the ones that love, always love. They are to brighten such people. Those that do not know what love is, those that envy everything and everybody, and those, who, because they envy, pray for evil from Me for anyone who comes along, are not My creatures. Their hearts are as black as their faces. Let the lights of the sun and moon not enter the hearts of such people and brighten that darkness that does never see daylight. Such people's lives are all black like their hearts. The earth they will be buried in when they die, that is their graves, will be like a black dungeon. Death for the jealous, the envious, and for the ones that want evil from Me, will be a terrible thing. It will be terrible for those who do not know how to love.

"Gün-Asan, you again, Gün-Asan, tell Ulu-Kisi to protect the earth and the skies. The earth and the sky will teach you to love, will teach you to fall in love.

Learn to look at the earth and the sky, and learn the joy of life in them. Learn to get a hold of the endless treasure of love in them. There is no ugliness on earth, no evil in the skies; ugliness and evil are in the way you look at them, know how to look.

"Gök-Ogul, you keep away the evil ones from the good ones. The place for the evil ones is darkness, and there is another darkness in their hearts. Ulu-Kisi, let your life be spent in fighting the evil ones, too. If this becomes hard for you, if you feel you are going to be defeated, call My name. The good ones beside the evil ones are not bowed down and defeated. God is always beside the good ones. Teach men, My creatures, the good and the right and teach them to love. The beginning of everything is love. To love is to live, teach this. Teach them to catch fish and to catch squirrels that jump all the time and that could not even be caught at the thinnest peaks of thin branches. Teach them the art of feeding animals and also the art of loving animals."

God Ulgen stoppea.

He looked at all men and the earth and the sky, and all the created ones; after that He looked at Gök-Ogul, Ulu-Kisi, Gün-Asen, Agca-Dag, and Alma-Ata. He loved with His eyes all that He looked at. He was stroking



them like a father, like a mother.

He looked once more. He kissed the ones He looked at with His eyes, one by one, each one separately. And all of a sudden He became a big gander again<sup>6?</sup>--all white --and flew up towards the sky. While He was flying, He was calling: "Love, all of you. Love! Love everything and one another. To love is happiness. Happiness is greatness."

He flew up where the tree with the nine branches had become a cloud and disappeared and to the spot where it had spread as many different shapes. There, God Ulgen became invisible. And people never saw their God again. Whenever they felt a crushing inside, a loneliness in their eyes, and a twisting sadness in their hearts, they came to lift up their heads to that spot. They offered their tears to that spot.

Gök-Ogul, Ulu-Kişi, Gün-Aşan, Ağca-Dag, and Alma-Ata acted according to God's orders. They did their jobs. After some time Gök-Ogul, Gün-Aşan, and Alma-Ata left the people according to their orders. Ulu-Kişi, however, made fishing-line and caught fish. He taught men how to cook fish, how to use fire, and the salt. After that he taught them how to hunt squirrel. At the end, he turned to God. He gave himself altogether to God. One day, while one midnight was turning to morning,

while even the most sleepless stars were going to sleep and darkening one by one, he slowly whispered to the ones beside him: "After a short while, a breeze will blow. Before the dawn's breeze and after the scops' owl. Between that voice and that breath, there will blow a breeze. That breeze will come and carry me. It will take me away from here. That breeze, like a cradle, will swing me and make me sleep. It will take me to God. Stay well." <sup>68</sup>

Midnight was reaching morning. Most of the stars turned off their lights and slept, too. Within the darkness, first a whiteness<sup>69</sup> appeared. A white tulle became a net and stretched. After that the scops' owl screeched three times, thick, sad, and cold. This voice went up to the sleeping stars--maybe it checked how they were. Then, it went down to the darkness. It wandered in that pure whiteness of that white tulle net that had appeared.

The dawn's breeze was about to come out.<sup>70</sup>

Ulu-Kisi's eyes had grown smaller and smaller in the darkness.

A light breeze stroked these eyes that had grown smaller.

When the dawn's breeze started, the ones around him could not find Ulu-Kisi. A whiteness, a net from a white

tulle in the darkness, burning with a secret light, had reached the sky. They could barely see. After a short while, the sky darkened, too, and after that the dawn's breeze stopped.

When morning came, Agca-Dag talked to the people who could not see Ulu-Kişi.

"Hey people! Let whoever believed in Ulu-Kişi know that he is no more, and let whoever knows God Ulgen and believes and trusts in Him, know that God Ulgen is and that He has called Ulu-Kişi beside Him. You cannot find Him anymore. I came in his place. I, like him, will try to teach you goodness, righteousness, and love. A day will come when God Ulgen will call me to His side, too. Wherever He stops me, there I will stop. Do not forget love. If you forget that, you will have forgotten everything. The one who does not know love, means that he does not know anything."

A day came; the day Agca-Dag said would come. It came. Somehow, it was a dark day. From the blackness of the darkness, even the lights of the people's eyes dimmed. It lasted for a while, for a short while. When everywhere brightened, Agca-Dag was not seen. He, too, had gone. He had left men to themselves and, obeying God's call, had gone.

Men first felt a loneliness, a deadly loneliness.

God Ulgen had gone. Gök-Ogul, Gün-Asan, Alma-Ata, and Ulu-Kisi had gone. And now, Agca-Dag had gone. But what had he said? "Love."

Everyone that had gone had said this, in this way.

All of a sudden, reason came back to them.<sup>71</sup> They looked at the sky. Clouds were being torn apart. A blueness, an endless blueness, a wide blueness resembling love, and in the midst of this blueness, there was an all-white, all-soft, all-warm wing from pure light<sup>72</sup> that was covering and stretching over all the earth, all men, and all the created ones and their goodness.

They procreated under this wing...men procreated.

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. . .

The earth had been created, the sky had been created. Between the earth and the sky the man had been created, and in the man's heart different desires had been created. God Ulgen wanted for men to live in a given order, and for confidence to fill the earth. People, who at the beginning praised God, afterwards drifted to the deadly desires and devilish hopes of Erlik. For one moment, forgetting God, forgetting to love, and love itself, they found advantage in joining Erlik's men. That time, God Ulgen threw Erlik into the land of darkness seven floors below the earth, and He went up to His sky floor,

leaving the hearts of people with an incurable pain of loneliness. After Himself, He also called all His messengers on earth to His side, one by one. All of them, one by one, all the messengers, by the orders of God, left the earth and went up to the sky. This, leaving the earth, whitened the sky and blackened the earth. People who remained on earth tasted that twisting pain of loneliness and that deadly and destructive sadness from morning till night till morning, more with every passing day. They felt the suffering of this pain of loneliness. A day came when they felt they had had enough of this unbearable loneliness.

They raised their heads and looked up at the sky. With eyes darkened with suffering and faces reddened with shame, they raised their heads, and looked up at the sky. They saw within a burning<sup>73</sup> blueness, a wing, whiter than white, warm, and softer than feathers, stretching over them. They saw God Ulgen stretch His wings and bend over them. They rejoiced.

They gathered together and took refuge in the warmth of this white and soft wing. But, amidst all men, two people gathered themselves up<sup>74</sup> and thought. They looked at each other, thinking in their minds, going far away from the sight of men.

People had become evil. Soon they had forgotten

their God Who had created them, the One that gave them life when there was none. As if this were not enough, they had also become servants to Erlik. They had become ones that forgot the beautiful and worshipped the evil.

There is no happiness in a place where beauty is degraded and ugliness is praised. It is necessary to go away from such places. Still there would be a place under God Ulgen's wing that stretched over the people, even though its water be little and its earth waste. Still it would be better than these places where people became servants of ugliness. Besides being servants to ugliness, to forget love, and to run away from love would be worse. While there is living without enemies under the wing of God, to live at a place which is considered to be on Erlik's side and fight for evil would be bad. To go and live at the skirts of mountains would be better. And to raise a grand race that would bring order into the lives of these people and teach them friendship and love is the most beautiful of all wishes and the best of all wishes.

One of the two people who thought like this was a man, and his name was Ay-Atam. His wife was named Ay-Va Woman. She was a moon-faced, true-speaking<sup>75</sup> woman amidst all the other women. They also had two daughters

who were so beautiful that in beauty they almost told the moon not to shine so that they would. They were exceptionally beautiful. Besides their beauty, another pleasant quality about them was the way they behaved. They were not like other girls, but were obedient! They used to spend their days in front of Ay-Va Woman's knees and in front of Ay-Atam's eyes. If Ay-Atam said: "My daughters, at a distance from here there goes a road, and at the end of that road there is a place where no nightingale sings and no waters flow, where no chimney is seen and no smoke rises, even so, I wished--one should obey the wish--that we should go there and settle there." If he said this, the girls would not even open their mouths and say one word. If their mother Ay-Va Woman said: "Girls, girls, we talked with your father and decided to do one thing or the other for you, what would you say to this?" If she asked this, the girls would not sulk, disliking their mother's words, and they would not run away. When their beauties and qualities came together, these two daughters of Ay-Atam and Ay-Va Woman, were becoming more attractive and appealing.

Yet, truly all of these were unnecessary. That is, whatever Ay-Atam said was done. The rest kept silent and obeyed whatever Ay-Atam said. When Ay-Atam started talking about something, there was not a voice heard or

a breath. But he did not use this wrongly. The deeds he did without asking Ay-Va Woman and pleasing her and taking her advice were very few.

Ay-Atam was a creature of God Ulgen, full of God Ulgen's greatness, a great, white-haired, white-bearded man. Yet the ones that filled everywhere, the ones that forgot not only God but also time, were proud.

Ay-Atam's thoughts were read from his eyes.

Ay-Va Woman stopped once and twice, then bowed her head down quietly. "I understand," she said. "To go is necessary. If you saw it thus fitting, what can I say? I, too, will come willingly after you."

Ay-Atam was keeping silent. His eyes were yet on the sky. They were on the marks of that all-white wing, in the middle of that blueness spreading endless and wide, becoming "parallel, an indivisible moment's unbroken flowing," like peace and quiet. A strange trembling passed suddenly over his innocent eyes, shadowless, naked, spotless as in the day he was created. At that moment, in the sky, God Ulgen's wing, that was open as it was protecting people on earth, seemed to quake with a shaking. Between those eyes and that wing and between this trembling and this shaking, appeared for a moment a holy light, thin like a line. A thin, hard-to-see, misty-like, smoke-like light appeared, and after that a



breeze like a breath blew and took the light away. That moment, then, happened whatever happened. Nobody understood this, not even Ay-Va Woman. Only she repeated what she had said a while ago more slowly in a whisper. "I understand," she said. "To go is necessary. When God Ulgen and you have seen it thus fitting, what can I say? I, too, will come willingly after you."

Hey child! A race, a race that set a grand order in the world, a brave race that sat high in God's greatness, a rare race grew thus. If a woman, that day, that hour, had left her brave man that she had given her heart to, that she loved and spoke sweetly to, and that she spent nights with on the same pillow, if she had left him alone and had not said that she would follow him willingly, this race would not have grown. It would have died and faded away, sick and pale like a dry branch, like the dry north branch of the first created tree. But Ay-Va Woman, even when Ay-Atam was talking with God Ulgen, with words thinner than thin lights, had decided not to leave her great man.

The night was approaching.

The sky had darkened. The blueness and the wing in the middle of the blueness had darkened. It had darkened by being divided by clusters of stars. Only the eyes that knew how to see were able to see the stretched

wing growing bigger with a beauty in this darkness, with an enchanted beauty. What would the eyes that do not know how to look at things see, so that they would see God?

Pity on the eyes that do not know how to look at things and how to see. All their lives will be spent mixed in the dusts of a joyless world. Let God take off that veil and evil shadow from their eyes.

The girls, moon-faced, day-breasted girls, and their mother, Ay-Va Woman, had slept. They were plunged in the sweet tremblings of a colored dream. Ay-Atam was not sleeping. His eyes that knew how to look at things and how to see, his eyes that saw with an enchanted happiness, were now on the stars. He counted the stars one by one.

The stars were respectfully; Ay-Atam was even more respectful than the stars.

He stopped at one of the stars. It was a burning star in a sky-blue brightness, and, like the flowing of water in a warm summer night, its coolness was felt inwardly and barely. It was as if this star were the future and brightness of the race that would come after him. Only it seemed like talking, as if it were saying something, but darkness had come in between. Ay-Atam was not able to understand the star's words. Did the

star stop all of a sudden? It seemed that way to Ay-Atam, but why? Why did it stop? Star! Hey star, do not stop, talk!

The girls jumped from their sleep as if they were waking up from a fearful dream. All the stars, all the stars burning in the sky in clusters, trembled. Ay-Va Woman woke up.

Ay-Atam was embarrassed.

Only a mad one could shout thus. A reasonable man would not shout at midnight to stars far away in the sky, very far away, that are mouthless and tongueless and that would never speak. A reasonable man would not shout thus. For a while he could not look at his daughters and Ay-Va Woman.

Ay-Va Woman felt what passed inside Ay-Atam. Slowly she moved close to him. Her voice was as brittle as sleep, as swift and peaceful as a deer, and as clear as clean<sup>76</sup> waters. Slowly she said: "There is nothing to feel sad about. It seems as if I heard what you have not. In my dream, maybe between two sleeps, maybe between sleep and awakening, far away from us, very far away, a hundred years hence, somebody that would come from us was singing a song in this tongue we talk, but it was more high, lively, and fresh. It was like this: 'You are born again, yellow star, blue star, star, star

hey.' I listened well; it was saying: 'Evening came, day does not wander, morning came, the Pleiades remain,' and the song was rising like an ecstatic breath. 'A seal ring on your finger, a golden bracelet on your arm. Why were you born, yellow star, blue star, star, star hey.' This song was what woke me up. We, we, you and I...."

She trembled. She could not talk. A universe was filling her chest. She was in white pain. She knew. "We" she said again, but could not finish her words. The girls, all of a sudden, screamed: "The stars."

All together, leaning on each other, shoulder to shoulder, they looked at the place that the girls' screaming indicated. Stars were moving within the stars.<sup>77</sup> One of these stars, the biggest one, that had talked with Ay-Atam all evening, got away from the others and flowed with speed. It left a pure brightness<sup>78</sup> at the places over which it flowed. It pulled all the other stars to its back. Then, all of a sudden, without any sign appearing, it divided into two. All of the stars behind it divided into two by themselves, also. One of the divisions, the equal of that big, lively star being at the head, went down to the South. From the South it reached the West and turned.

The other divisions, having that other similar star

at the head, passed over the North and, without confusion, as though it had gotten its orders from somewhere, reached the West and turned. Two separate arms, without meeting at the West, turned from two different ways, and coming, stopped at a place left between the seas and tied to the land on one side. There was a merriment of color and light within the silence, and the two arm heads embraced at the same moment. It became the star that had been talking with Ay-Atam. Big, alive, five-cornered, fresh, and huge, it smiled at the land below itself. Once more the sky stirred. On the other side, the moon, a crescent, brightening the earth, slid towards that big, five-cornered star. The two ends of the crescent were two sharp bows. Those ends, stretching, took the five-cornered star into their middle, and in one moment reflected a red light. A red light, licking the land below the crescent and the five-cornered star, from one end to the other, and leaping to the sky from that land like fountains of sweat,<sup>79</sup> hit all the sides of the crescent and the five-cornered star. In the middle of this red light, the crescent and the star were all-white.<sup>80</sup>

Ay-Atam, Ay-Va Woman, and the girls looked for a while without talking. Ay-Atam looked without blinking his eyes, and, at the end, he stood up and said, shortly, "That's it." Time was that time when morning breezes blew. It was the time when the birds sang. It was the

time when the morning touched the mountains with beautiful chests. Ay-Va Woman straightened up and the girls straightened up. The whole universe, the known and the unknown, were yet sleeping.

Ay-Atam, Ay-Va Woman, and their girls, whom everybody praised and could not find enough words to describe their beauty, all started on their way to the southeast.<sup>81</sup> All the evil ones and evil, all the ugly ones and ugliness, were left behind. They turned their faces towards the good and the beautiful and their eyes to the new, all-new, races that will be born under the crescent and the five-cornered star which dazzled all-white amidst the crimson lights.

The day was dawning.

The rough mountains, that leaned across the waters that floated and flowed, all brightened with the day light. They did not look. The evil ones, the ones that do not know what love is, the ones that left the beautiful and got used to the ugly, were still near. The thing was that this eye-dazzling day, green-smelling mountain side, and carefree-flowing water were not pure from all those evils. They had to go far away, maybe to a mountain, maybe to a dry and waste land, but far away from those evil people who did not know what love was.

The day was setting.

The hills, short grass, and the weeds in the marshes went to sleep. Every side was in piles of waste earth that was burning for water. Night added a coolness and a secret softness to the thirsty levels of this waste earth. Ay-Atam, praying to God, divided the millet in his sack between Ay-Va Woman and the girls. Four people silently chewed a handful of millet, in the joy of giving thanks for a found blessing. They slept in the joy of a happy tomorrow under the crescent and the stars that had not come together yet, that were staying apart yet.

Again, the day dawned.

The waste earth became more whip-like<sup>82</sup> and desert-like as they walked. The day, the whole day burned in this desert. And they walked. They walked in this way for many days and nights, without stopping or resting. They walked in this way, sharing one handful of millet in the evenings, and they walked, sleeping on earth and waking up on earth. One evening they stopped at the skirt of a mountain. The desert and the dry earth, the deadly sun and those people, worse than fire, who liked evil, were all left behind. In the evening's darkness and in front of them, at the highest peak of that mountain that stretched up to God Ulgen, higher above, a half moon was brilliantly dazzling. Under this brilliant light, the mountain was standing up rich and generous, beautiful and noble. Ay-Atam looked once at the moon,

once at the mountain, and, without realizing, said: "A mountain below the moon. This is a moon, too, sitting on the earth and standing foundation to the sky."

The girls shouted "Alt-Ay!"<sup>83</sup> They had forgotten their tiredness. "This is Altay, Altay."

The voice echoed all along the mountain. The girls thought the mountain was talking. They shouted for it to talk more and to be more ecstatic. "Altay! Altay! Altay!"

The earth and the sky and the moon above answered in an exuberant echo and in a deep hum: "Altay! Altay!"

The night was becoming mountainous, the mountain was becoming night-like. Between the mountain and the night, the echoes were growing longer and shorter, were spreading, and then were gathering and jumping like a ball from the highest peak of the mountain to the moon, and, hitting the moon's seen face, were falling into the night.

"Who are you?"

All of a sudden, the mountain and the night became silent. The echoes became silent, the moon became silent.

"Who is there? Who are you?"

Ay-Atam, Ay-Va Women, and the girls also became silent. From the night's darkness, from within the darkness, from the mountain, somebody was coming. From far



away he was reminding one of an aged sire, but his full voice was young and fearless. He was not a stranger, he was a friend. This was apparent. He came nearer.

Then Ay-Atam recognized who that young, fearless, and friendly-voiced man was. He was Doganay. They embraced in a long and endless longing. They kissed. Doganay took them up to his cave; there were others, too, Ece was there. Now, she was aged and her body was bent. The lights in her eyes were gone; the freshness and moisture of her face had turned into dryness and lines of wrinkles. The sin of not obeying God Ulgen and eating the forbidden fruit had burdened her shoulders in a bad and heavy way. She looked ashamed, but she still greeted them with longing. In the cave there were their sons and daughters. The cave was very big. The numbers of the ones inside were not known, there were many of them. Doganay and Ece, together, treated their guests and tried to rest them. In this way some time passed. After that, Ay-Atam explained why and for what they had come here. He explained the necessity of living away from people. He said that at least he wished the ones born after him would be happy and good. After that he asked: "Doganay, when God Ulgen expelled us from His own home, what did you do? I could not see you then. I could not see you and talk to you. Everybody was thinking

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about his own troubles. Everybody was ashamed."

While Doganay was trying to answer, Ece all of a sudden got up. She went to a dark corner as if she had some work to do. Then, Doganay, pointing at Ece, said: "After that day she is ashamed. She is always ashamed. She thinks she did evil to all men. If you look at the truth, though, even if she had not eaten the forbidden fruit and had been a little more patient, maybe I would not have been able to resist and would have eaten it. Whatever happened, happened once. Even then, when it was said that the forbidden fruit should not be eaten, God Ulgen wanted us to eat it; I know. Yet, we should not have been the ones, Ece and I, to eat it. After we ate from the forbidden fruits, you know, God Ulgen punished us. Ece for some time suffered because of this punishment. She gave birth to children one after another in terrible pains. I, to feed Ece, myself, and the children, faced many hardships. And then, the other people, especially that one in the North, that pale, sickly, all-dried-up one, looked at us guiltily. We got up and came to this place far away from them. As you see, we have become many here. We said whoever was away from them was closer to God.<sup>84</sup> This mountain is a generous mountain. Its animals and grass and other food are plenty. You did well by coming, too. Once in a while

at night I talk with God Ulgen. Last night He gave me the sign of your coming."

Ece had come near them. Showing the visitors, she said, "They are tired. I prepared a place there, let them sleep. Let morning come, day brighten, then talk. Now, let them sleep."

Ece had spread double skins in one corner of the cave. Ay-Va Woman and the girls, whose backs had seen nothing but the earth for days and nights, slept as soon as they lay down. It was as if they did not sleep, but were plunged into a deep slumber.

Before Ay-Atam slept, Doganay wanted once more to come near to him and talk. He said:

"God told me of your coming. I waited because of that. It is very well that you brought your daughters, too. Sleep now; tomorrow I have things to talk over with you."

He went quietly just as he had come.

A sleep, appearing as if it could be held by the hand, filled the cave. Ece coughed time and again, a few times. Ay-Atam who had known Ece from the day she was created, had seen in these coughs the end of that deathless Ece. One sin had turned off the light in this deathless woman.

Ay-Atam obeyed the sleep that embraced all the cave;

he slept. The skins were soft like the night. Tiredness mixed with sleep took Ay-Atam to sleepy, warm dreams. A dream, a dream apparent within the dreams, first slowly, then in a secret growth, started to grow bigger. Ay-Atam was dreaming about the mountain below the moon, he was dreaming about Altay.

Altay with all its grandeur was dark. An unnoticeable blackness<sup>85</sup> in the middle of the darkness was drawing the sides of Altay with thick lines. It was making Altay more apparent.

Ay-Atam was seeing himself at the bottom of Altay. At the highest peak of Altay, a Bozkurt<sup>86</sup> inside a wide, big blue light, was shouting in unheard of sounds. In the chest of Ay-Atam, who was lying at the bottom of Altay, first there was a swelling. A moment came when this swelling stopped. A moon, from this swelling, turned, twined, and tumbled. It climbed to the skirts of Altay. In the middle of the way, all of a sudden it took flight. The moon became a full moon. It was flying towards the highest peak, towards the Bozkurt in the big blue light. And a brightness was expelling the darkness and the hardly noticeable blackness seen with the eye. As to the point of Altay that reaches the sky, the moon in front of the Bozkurt brightened with its most bright<sup>87</sup> lights. The whole Altay, the blue light, the

Bozkurt, everywhere, within a roundness, the whole earth Ay-Atam could see benefited from this light. All was brightened in white lights.<sup>88</sup> At that moment all the present lights went off, that light in Bozkurt's mane went off. The moon sent all its light like a bright pipe to a flat level plain on Altay's middle. On that flat plain where the light fell, in that very hour, a sapling, an oak sapling, greened. All of a sudden it grew and widened. It became a grand tree, as grand as Altay, as fertile as the moon beams, and as full of blessedness as God Ulgen, and it straightened up. It was a tree similar to the tree that God Ulgen had created before He created men; the tree that the people had lived under, eating the fruits that were not forbidden. It resembled that tree. The tree was growing bigger, with more branches and buds. The moon light was what fed and helped the tree grow.

Ay-Atam, who watched all this lying at the bottom of Altay, got up in reverence. It seemed as if it were not a piece of the tree, but a whole race. He could not control the feelings that rose in him. He praised the tree with a deep ecstasy: "Tree, if I call you tree, do not resent it. Tree that is the light of God Ulgen's eyes. Tree that is the cradle of Gök-Ogul. Tree that is the door of God's house. Tree that is the bridge of

big, big waters; tree that is the ship of black, black seas. Tree that is fearless, male or female. You were necessary in our land. You, tree, were necessary in our land, in our land."

Ay-Atam said these things and the tree answered in one sentence: "I am in your land anyway. I am you, you, you."

Ay-Atam, jumping, woke up on these words. He was all in sweat. The cave had whitened. He looked to his left and to his right. His hand got stuck, as if it were thinking, in the soft hair of the skin. Still he felt as if he were in a dream, and still the mountain with that grandeur and the moon with its fertile light and the tree with that deep compassion were in front of his eyes. For a while, he could not get rid of it. After some time he felt a shadow moving at the door of the cave. It was Doganay. He had given his back to the inside of the cave, his face was turned towards the dawning sun. The lights of the day were passing from Doganay's body and, in passing, were fusing into the cave.

Ay-Atam straightened up from his place with a sleepy awakening. While yet everybody was sleeping, he came out of the cave and went by Doganay's side. Doganay was gazing at the dawning sun. The sun dawning at Altay had

different lights. It was dawning near the earth, and those different lights, becoming stronger, were spreading to four sides from here. Doganay was greeting the sun which God praised here; he was greeting it by himself. Only when the sun went up arrow-high, he turned to Ay-Atam and said: "I know. In the night, I had a dream similar to the one you had. Let it be praised and happy. The tree is you. The branches are the generations that will come from you. It will be such a race, coming from God's own race, that, after many years, a year will come, and God, the true God, will praise your race once more and will not hide the fact that this race is His own army."

Ay-Atam said: "I wanted to interpret it thus, too, but I was ashamed. It seemed like pretending greatness, I was ashamed. What should be done now?"

Doganay said: "Yesterday when you came I thought of your daughters. I thought they were a God's breeze and said, said to myself, that your daughters and my sons should call to the happy races together, tomorrow. But last night, having the same dream you did, I believed that your daughters should marry not the finite ones, but the deathless ones. It seemed to me God said, "Hey Ay-Atam, and hey Doganay, let them remain alone. They are godly maidens, they will marry godly. Would you not want this?"



That very same evening, they built a tower from trees and sticks and branches on a flat place on the greatest peak of Altay. They left the girls there. Ay-Atam, as much as he could,<sup>89</sup> tried to explain to the girls that they were called for a Godly duty, and that here, according to that duty, they should wait for God's wishes and appearance. The girls, with their renowned obedience, as well as beauty, in complete submission, said yes to their father.

They waited in the tower.

The days which it was thought never would end, ended soon. The nights that were though never to end, reached morning. A night within the nights, a Bozkurt appeared in the place where the girls were waiting. In the darkness, his eyes were like the newly dawning day, crimson and happy, his looks into the darkness were hopeful. His eyes were dazzling so that everywhere was brightening with this happiness and hopefulness. His long dark hair and dark mane, were burning with the lights from his eyes. He went around the four sides of the tower with the speed of lightning fallen from the sky. After that, he stopped in front of the tower's door. He raised his head towards the hill. A strong light, the big light gathering in his eyes, the light mixed with the wolf's blood, in one moment, fell on the top of the tower. It was like two drops of melted iron.

One went and clung to one girl, the other went and clung to the other girl, clung to those two bright stars. The girls did not even understand what was happening. Bozkurt, with the same speed, went up to the steepest, highest rock of the peak where the tower was.

The moon was coming up from the gaps. It was turning fearless and Godlike in the black, blue sky. Its lights hit the Bozkurt.

The light in the wolf and the light in the moon became all entwined. The moon came and sat on Altay's top. The girls, in one look, thought the moon and the wolf's head were one. They could not differentiate the wolf's head and the moon from each other. All of a sudden Bozkurt's mouth opened. He called towards the moon. It was a calling that was softer than a love song, greater than a praising of the brave, strong as the universe. It was such a calling. It frightened the silence. The gaps were being filled. The darkness was being torn apart within itself.

Bozkurt in this way howled as long as he stayed under the moon. Nine nights, one after another, the girls and the few seen stars and then the moon and then Altay and, after that, all seen and unseen, known and unknown, and the great universe with all of itself listened to this heavenly calling, this heavenly voice. The ninth

night was drawing to an end and nearing the morning.

The morning was dawning at Altay.

The girls' eyes met at the same moment as if the day and the hour had come. They trembled with a deep and secret trembling. They looked at each other with an inward burning. Each held the other's hands, they smiled with their eyes. Side by side, becoming like one, they came down from the tower, and coming with an obedient approach, jumped on the back of the Bozkurt who was waiting at the door. That hour, earth and sky trembled.<sup>90</sup> A soft breeze, like an enchanted hand, blew between the trembling earth and sky.

Bozkurt was trembling, too.

The tremblings and the breeze stopped.

In front of Bozkurt was a deep gap.

Bozkurt flew towards the gap. This flight was terrible; man could not understand it. Yet, the girls were no longer human. They were wolves, they were Bozkurt. They were, a little of that gap and a little of that sky and also a little of Altay. In brief, the girls, according to their duty, had become holy.

Bozkurt and the girls. The girls flying on Bozkurt's mane in a maddening joy, while below was darkness deep as gaps and above was the darkness of the sky, and behind them was Altay in its grandeur, in black darkness,

all of a sudden, in the very middle of the emptiness, they felt as if they were becoming frozen and hardening harder, but at the same instant, they felt, with an unforgettable thrill, their embracing and mingling.

Bozkurt felt it, too. And for the last time, with a Godly call that filled the world with joy and that made it satisfied with its being the world, for the last time, Bozkurt howled.

A Bozkurt and two girls hung from the sky. They were telling the earth and the sky that within the most beautiful of all thrills and under the hands of God Ulgen, they were becoming one with the Bozkurt and shining. This was the first voice of that nation heard in the universe, and the girls, becoming one with Bozkurt, were working in the eternity of this voice. In this way, again, came the night.

All day in that emptiness below which were the gaps and above which was the sky and behind which was the Altay, burning with pleasure and with an unseen hardness sucking all the day light, they fed and stayed. While the tenth day was ending and the night was beginning, Bozkurt and the girls, becoming a ball of light,<sup>91</sup> twined. There was no Bozkurt around anymore nor any girls. A big ball<sup>92</sup> where they had been, was swinging softly and was floating with a tender movement in the breeze that

was blowing softly. Whether the breeze speeded up all of a sudden, or whether a strong hand reached from God Ulgen's secret treasury, is not known; that ball of light that was left behind from the Bozkurt and the girls, started turning without stopping or resting. As it turned, it speeded up more, and as it dazzled it brightened up more. Becoming a light whiter than white, softer than milk, it flowed towards the West, towards the Hulin Mountain,<sup>93</sup> smaller than Altay, but much bigger than the surrounding mountains. It burned the sky so much at the places it passed and flamed and burned the night clouds so much that the ones who saw it believed that the sky and the night clouds were a step for that light to come down to Hulin Mountain. A plain, unimportant, carefree step.

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Hulin Mountain, knowing what will happen, had turned to the future and was waiting in its mountainous greatness.

The whiter than white ball of light in which was hidden a great nation, came from those steps of clouds and stopped at the top of Hulin Mountain. It turned purple, it became a sweet blue. It burned continually within the darkness. All the while it stayed at the top of Hulin Mountain, the mountain and everywhere around it

whitened with a happy blueness.

Two rivers came out from the skirts of the Hulin Mountain, and between these two rivers was a great beech tree. The name of one of the rivers was Tugla and the other's was Selenge.<sup>94</sup> Both of them floated in madness. While the Selenge and Tugla rivers flowed madly, the beech tree used to look at the Hulin Mountain reaching the sky and all around with the pride of being full of the happiness of being a tree, and of being filled with the happiness of the greenness around and of those two flowing rivers. And the more it looked, Selenge and Tugla, even at the beginning, used to feel ecstasy in feeding a great body.

That night when the Hulin Mountain, knowing what will happen, had turned to the future and was waiting in its mountainous greatness, Tugla and Selenge and that great beech tree were drunk again with a proud look and an endless ecstasy. At first they did not notice that ball of light in which was hidden a nation that will rule the time, which was lighted whiter than white burning in a sweet blueness, and which had come and stopped at the top of the mountain. When the mountain and everywhere around the mountain, slowly and quietly, started whitening within an sweet blueness, Tugla and Selenge then slowly whispered: "It is a thing like a trembling, it is like something coming to life." And Selenge told

the beech tree: "Do not frighten him, the flowing brightness is looking at you." After that the three of them, Tugla, Selenge, and the beech tree, said: "Let us keep quiet. Let us not talk for a while. There is something above us. It has come, it hears, we do not understand. Let us wait."

Waiting did not last long.

The universe was quiet. A magic-like silence, ready to burst out any moment, filled the quiet universe. The magic could be broken, the silence could burst out. Waiting did not last long. The blue light that had come and twined on top of the Hulin Mountain, slid with an unexpected and unseen speed, and speeding more, slid between the branches of the beech tree that stretched to the sky, and came down to its trunk. At that moment all the lights in the universe darkened. Everywhere was covered with a dungeon-like darkness. From the darkness, the earth and the sky seemed to be mingling with each other. Hulin Mountain, with a storm that moved heaven and earth, without looking at its big grandeur, as if it had forgotten its mountainousness, shook nine times. It seemed as if it moved from its place. The waters of Tugla and Selenge swelled. With such a swelling the waters could not fit the river beds.<sup>95</sup> They flooded and left in water all the flatness they passed through. The storm, with the waters of Tugla and Selenge that it moved from the earth,

washed and cleaned the sky, and with the clouds that it moved from the sky, washed and cleaned the earth. At the end, it stopped. The waters that had swelled went down. Everywhere was still dark, but it was an all-dazzling darkness that was cleaned from all ugliness and whose tiredness was taken away. It was a clean, even, rested darkness. And the beech tree was drunk.<sup>96</sup>

There was neither that proud look anymore, nor that undefiant air towards everything. It had grown obedient with an obedience more beautiful than darkness. It was as if it were all empty a while ago, empty all its life, and now it was filled with such a filling as had not been seen at any time, in any age or in earth or water. It was full of many worlds.

It was as if it was no longer the beech tree. That old beech tree had gone. Maybe, the storm that a short while ago had moved everything, had picked it up from its root and had taken it away. Now this quiet, this full, and this strong tree, that was so strong that it cannot be moved, grew green buds and came to be, all anew, in one moment as soon as the old tree was uprooted.

Tugla and Selenge Rivers quietly, trembling still with a strange and undefinable trembling, were flowing with as little noise as possible. It seemed as if the Hulin Mountain was rid of a heavy burden. Still fearful, but yet its fear becoming happiness with every passing



moment, it was looking at the tree, at the grandeur of the tree that was now more beautiful than in the past.

In the time when the living and the nonliving were all quiet, an unknown nation secretly, in a secret even more hidden than time, was growing bigger.

All of a sudden, there was a song heard from deep within.

From the beech tree's trunk where it spread its branches everywhere, one by one, as if it wanted to embrace the earth, a faded poing, smaller than even the head of a pin, appeared. It was a lifeless, weak light. Its being there, or not being there, was hardly distinguishable in the darkness. It could be seen only with thousands of difficulties. If it had stayed like that, and if it had been somewhere else and not in the beech tree, it could have faded away in the darkness. But in its trunk the beech tree was hiding that ball of light that had brightened the earth and the sky and which in one instant could flood them with light. This weak point of light, which first appeared, faded like a needle's point, was getting its fire from that ball; because of that it did not fade away. Above that, it got stronger. All night, all white, all warm, and soft, even when seen with the eye and in the darkness, it brightened, warmed, and softened the branches and leaves of the beech tree. The earth and the sky that the darkness, which was left

clean and even with its dirt and tiredness gone, darkened, burned in the light of that small light like a needle's point that was in the beech tree. The song was in this light. Its depth was in the softness of the light.

The song did not stop, and the light did not fade away.

All night long, till day whitened, the waters of Tugla and Selenge, stirred with the song's magical melody and the light's blue line. The grass and the bushes, the rocks and the stones, the insects and the birds, that rested from the tiredness of flying in the night, became more beautiful in the happiness of listening to that melody and in the happiness of living and being.

The morning came.

The day at the top of the Hulin Mountain whitened with a confidence as if to save the darkness from clinging to time and to brighten it in a given time, as if in the night, in the same place, the clouds and the sky had not rolled in a whiteness and an endless clearness of a brightness and as if they were not filled yet with its drunken taste. Hulin Mountain was thinking about the night. The first rays of the sun, seeing Hulin Mountain lost in thought and in a restlessness they were not used to seeing in him, came close to him, saying: "You

are a mountain, you are far away from darkness. To you there is no worry or sadness. Mountains overcome worries, too." Hulin Mountain told the sun to look. He was showing the beech tree. "Before last night, this tree was smaller than I. It was helpless. Now, it is much bigger than I am and stronger, as though it can strangle me. I trembled nine times last night. First, a Bozkurt and two girls became one and lighted in that emptiness. Then, that light, not containing itself,<sup>97</sup> flowed. Last night a light and a tree embraced and became one. I saw. The light was the Bozkurt and those two girls, and that tree was this beech tree. All night it sang the song of this embracing and smiled in lights."

The day sent its lights to the beech tree with respect and timidity. The trunk of the beech tree, under the day light that hit it, had swollen unnoticeably. The beech tree was peaceful. The trunk was sure. It was as if there was a sign in it as to last night.

The waters of Tugla and Selenge talked about that night in the flat lands and rocks and deep valleys and in the narrow passes where passage was hard. Wherever they went they told about the blue light, the godly song they heard that night, and the sign on the beech tree's trunk about that night. The song had gotten more beautiful in the water's tongue. It had become more sensitive, meaningful, and impressive. The long weeds along both

sides of Tugla and Selenge whose necks are bent, the narrow leaved grass, and all the beech trees, and after that the birds and the butterflies, and all the flowers heard the song of the waters. As soon as they heard it, they were attracted to the enchantment of the song. Soon, they memorized it. While the breeze was blowing, while the grass was moving, and the weeds were bending, and while the beech trees were splashing their leaves, all sang the song they memorized. While the birds were flying and the butterflies playing with the flowers, they, too, sang that song. In this way, the whole Türkeli<sup>98</sup> heard this song. In Türkeli, the people, who walked around, aimless and without a leader, to the right and left, in the mountain and valley, as if they were out of a heap of ruins, gathered around the skirt of the Hulin Mountain. Hundreds became more hundreds, thousands and thousands became hundred thousands. They all gathered around the beech tree.

The trunk of the beech tree swelled up a little more every day. And the beech tree that got the most beautiful song from the swelling in its trunk spread it all around with a separate melody and harmony in each one of its leaves:

What became of this my trunk, what became of this  
 my trunk,  
 With a blue light is filled this my trunk.  
 Burned is this my trunk, burned is this my trunk,  
 In burning found cure this my trunk.

Burn hey my trunk, burn, burn hey my trunk burn,  
 From burning, there came cure for my trouble.  
 Like a moth, like a moth,  
 To the light of love burned this my trunk.

Truly it burned, truly it burned,  
 To the holy light of love all colored.  
 In this light it found, in this light if found,  
 Its desire, joyfully found, this my trunk.

It is merry time now, it is merry time now,  
 They are merry-making with desire now.  
 Let earth and sky move, let mountain and stone move,  
 It made merry with its lover, this my trunk.

From the smallest to the biggest, all the leaves of the beech tree, humming from the very depths and spreading this hum like an enchanted melody, made this song heard to all men and all the created ones. One that heard it was sorry, one that did not was sorry. One that heard it could not leave the tree; forgetting his work, sleep, hunger, and thirst, he could not leave the song. This, in this way, continued for nine months ten days.

In these nine months ten days, Tugla and Selenge lived their most full of ecstasy and drunken days since they had ever been rivers. Hulin Mountain, in these nine months ten days knew its mountainousness. It lived like a mountain, it ruled like a mountain. The breezes kissed its rocks with tender strokes. The storms softened its hard and sharp peaks, and hurricanes wandered in its gaps with madly drunk yells. The breeze, the storm, and the wind, too, kept singing in the rocks, the hard and

sharp peaks, and the gaps, the happy songs of the beach tree the way they could. One person among the ones gathered at the skirts of the Hulin Mountain and between the Tugla and Selenge Rivers in these nine months and ten days, a minstrel, his soul rich, his heart sharp, and his eyes lighted with the suns of endless tomorrows, sure of himself, sang lullabies to the beech tree's swelling trunk that got more beautiful as it swelled, adding to his voice his instrument's<sup>99</sup> softest melodies and warmest words. In nine months and ten days, every night and every day, without eating or sleeping, without stopping or resting, he sang lullabies. One of these lullabies, the most touching and sensitive one, was like this:

Sleep my child, there are days for sleeping  
 There are yesterdays watching over tomorrows  
 Your father is martyred, in his footsteps there  
 are fames

Let you walk in those footsteps, too,  
 lullaby,<sup>100</sup>  
 Let you reach the day of revenge soon,  
 lullaby.

Sleep, my child, it is lightning again,  
 Your martyred father has come looking at us,  
 Crimson blood is pouring from his wound.

That wound, stop, let me tie, lullaby,  
 Do not cry, let me cry, lullaby.

Sleep my child, do not grieve,  
 Do not forget your gentle father's advice,  
 Sleep today, do not let the enemy sleep tomorrow.

Your strength will be more as you sleep,  
lullaby,  
Grow up fast and save the land,  
lullaby.

And the thing in the beech tree's trunk grew with these lullabies.

The minstrel was saying, "Martyr." Who was this "Martyr?" Who was this father? He was talking about a revenge. What was this revenge? And who was the one sleeping? Nobody could know the answers. Only the minstrel knew what he was saying. And the lullabies, at the end of every day, towards evening, were wishing good night to the beech tree.

Nine months ten days came to an end.

One night, while the day was brightening more bright than all the other days and with more desire on Hulin Mountain's top, while Tugla and Selenge were burning with the first lights of day with a trembling breath, all aflame, all colorful, and while the birds were singing with a joyful ecstasy as if the world were being created anew, the nine months and ten days came to an end. The beech tree's trunk, that grew and swelled like a small reflection of the Hulin Mountain, divided from its middle very quietly and without a noise as if it were afraid to wake up someone who is loved very much. A thin mist rose from the earth as though it were hiding the beech tree from evil eyes. It hid the tree at that

moment of division. The mist became as long as the mountain; it hid the tree from the Hulin Mountain, too. None of the people knew what happened. Within two sleeps, half asleep, half awake, in a dream, they felt as if they were being created once more. But every drop of the mist had become an unreachable life. It was as if it had gained life. The song heard for many nights and many days was flowing from the mist more strong and lively, having its one word changed:

What happened to this my heart, what happened  
to this my heart,  
With your life and fame is filled this my heart.

This last line and its voice leaped through mountain and stone and reached from the fields to the mountains, from the mountains to the fields. The mist slowly grew thinner. While it was growing thin, the Hulin Mountain, in a grandeur and magnificence that froze the marrow of the ones that saw it, went down on its knees in front of the beech tree.<sup>101</sup> Tugla and Selenge did not flow for a while, their waters stirred where they stayed. After that, the mountain got up from its knees and became that old Hulin Mountain again and sat in its place. The waters started flowing in the old order, as rivers.

At the end, that thin mist blew away, too. The beech tree, with its divided trunk, at the place where its leaves ended, at the very top, appeared with a halo



of light and a magnificent pride. This was such an appearance, such a magnificent pride, that the mouths of the ones that saw it were left wide open, and then they bit their fingers.<sup>102</sup> In that now softly divided trunk which had grown a little more swollen every night and every day in that nine months ten days, five very little rooms appeared. In every little room, a newly born baby, bright like a ball of light, was sleeping. The inside of every little room, even though brighter than the day outside, was shaded with a misty darkness.<sup>103</sup> Right at the top of each baby's mouth, very close to his lips, was swinging a teat. The sacks that these were tied to were from white and transparent light.<sup>104</sup> Their interiors were full of lights. The oldest of all the babies, the biggest and the most attractive one, woke up first. He had eyes that resembled black olives,<sup>105</sup> the middle full and black and slanted to each side; his forehead was wide; and his hair was black mingled with lights. The teat hanging on his lips, as if it had seen the child's awakening, had stretched towards the moving lips. At that moment, it emptied to the opening lips the light in the sack that it was tied to. The children were conceived from light, they were fed with light. The ones that saw this gave the name Isik-Tigin<sup>106</sup> to the child who sucked light, and all together they praised this name. At the peaks of Hulin Mountain the name Isik-

Tigin echoed. With this sound, the second baby woke up, too. His eyes were aflame, a burning green blue and were slanted to each side. His face was wheat colored.<sup>107</sup> His eyebrows were crossed and above the milkiness of his wide forehead, his hair, whose redness resembled black, was beginning. As soon as he woke up, he yelled with a wolf-like scream. It could be seen that he was either thirsty or hungry. Immediately a teat came down to his mouth from where it was hanging, and it flowed that sack full of light into the hungry mouth. The people who saw this, more confused, shouted: "Asena."<sup>108</sup> The name Asena mingled with the waters of Tugla and Selenge Rivers and floated along the waters. And the third baby woke up.

That child, squeezing his eyes like a wolf, looked around him. His voice, movements, and face, the colors of his face, eyes, and hair were no different than Asena's. He, too, while he was feeding himself with the light that was flowing from the teat hanging above him was given his name by a white-haired, white-bearded minstrel. Worshipfully, he said, "Börte-Cine-Tigin."<sup>109</sup> The name Börte-Cine-Tigin spread from the butterflies to the blowing breeze and from the blowing breeze to the air. Börte-Cine, after he fed himself, got up and woke up the fourth baby. To wake him up, he pulled his foot, and the child whose foot was pulled, slightly slid. On this, the white-haired, white-bearded minstrel turned to the people

and said: "I named him Kayan-Tigin.<sup>110</sup> After this, let him be called by this name."

Kayan-Tigin was just like Isik-Tigin. He was another one like him. When they came side by side, it was not easy to differentiate them. Only his looks were braver than Isik-Tigin's. The leaves of the beech tree, small and big, whispered the name Kayan-Tigin to each other. The birds heard this, they flew and carried it near and far.

From the flying of the birds, from the movement of the wings of the butterflies, from the sound of the water, and from the tremblings of the Hulin Mountain, the fifth baby woke up, too. At the first look, he resembled Isik-Tigin and Kayan-Tigin; at the second look, he resembled Asena and Börte-Cine-Tigin. He was quiet like Isik-Tigin, but his silence was a greater sound than those of Asena and Börte-Tigin. Now he could jump and tear down the Hulin Mountain with one fist, and now he could reverse the flowing of Tugla and Selenge. He was looking with his eyes that were either black or blue green. It was not apparent. He was also in a bright mist that was beginning in his black hair and filling the room he was in with a pleasant light. The ones that saw thought that this child would follow those four before him and would hold the fate of a happy future in his hands; and when the time comes, he will stretch this

bright mist that he lives in like a warm dream over a nation, like happiness and peace. Greatness, in this mist, equal to love and gentleness, with the freshness of a summer rain, will fuse into a whole land. The white-haired, white-bearded mad minstrel, thinking in this way in his head, called all the minstrels and poets by a sign. The poets and minstrels, getting out of the present time, flew into a future one. Bodily they were around the beech tree, but outside their bodies they talked with great souls. They came back soon before the fifth child had fed himself from the light of the teat above him. All together they greeted him, saying: "Bugu Han! Bugu Han!"<sup>111</sup> The name of Bugu Han echoed all over mountains, forests, and waters, and after that in the birds, butterflies, flowers, and in the strong earth that filled the world. Nobody was left that did not know.

All of these five children, Isik-Tigin, Asean, Börte-Cine-Tigin, Kayan Tigin, and Bugu Han, in this way having fed themselves with light, lay down for their sleep. The beech tree, in its trunk with a richness that even the great mountain does not possess, with the pride of a holy wish, once more was stretching and spreading to the skies. All minstrels while the beech tree was being proud with the pride of the holy beings, all together started singing a lullaby with a pride no less than that of the tree, a lullaby joyful, simple but

deep in its hummings, peaceful but full:

Let our braves sleep, lullaby,  
 Let them sleep and grow, lullaby,  
 Let them walk fast and strong, lullaby.

Together with the minstrels and the poets all the people sang this lullaby. Their pain of waiting, feeling close but not once getting ready to go, reaching the Kizil-Elma as soon as possible, the inner twistings and the pain of being leaderless, mixing with these like a light of hope, was the sound of the lullaby. While it was filling everywhere, the white-bearded, white-haired minstrel, in a scream resembling madness, but which was nothing but a nation's trying to become a nation, raised his voice. He made everywhere echo with this lullaby:

Sleep my child, there are days for sleeping,  
 There are yesterdays that watch over tomorrows.

The maddening scream of the mad minstrel was a nation's destiny. It rose level by level. It was a hand that moved beyond time and place, above everything and everybody; it came, came, came and fused into the little rooms in the beech tree's trunk and fused in with secret echoes. It was even more sensitive and beautiful than praying.<sup>112</sup>

Sleep today, do not let the enemy sleep tomorrow,  
 Your strength will be more as you sleep, lullaby,  
 Grow up fast and save the land, lullaby.

It was not only begging, not only sensitive, not only beautiful. It was not only a careless saying. It

was wholly hope!

"The horse's foot is fast, the minstrel's tongue is quick...." they, those children, those children of light who had wolf and human blood mixed in them, grew up with these lullabies. And they walked. A day came that they could not fit their narrow rooms in the beech tree. They looked wolf-like. They were noble. They walked wolf-like. They were each a brave young man<sup>113</sup> with their eyebrows and eyes all well proportioned. Hey, they were like wolves!

Days ran after night, nights ran after days. The moon left its place to the day, the day left its place to the stars. And one day came, hey son! that day that was waited for. Isik-Tigin became the Head to the people gathered along the sides of Tugla and Selenge Rivers. He started gathering the distributed tribes together and saving the people he brought together from the ones that thought evil, as well as evil itself. He worked hard, toiled hard. He did not say night or day, he did not say what hard work. Between the Tugla and Selenge Rivers a powerful nation, after all the worries and hardships, an undefeatable, powerful nation appeared. But even if he came from wolf and from light, he was also still human. Isik-Tigin got tired and he got ready to fly,<sup>114</sup> leaving his place to Asena.

Asena, too, like his brother, worked hard day and

night, night and day. There were days when he slept in beds covered with red silk, there were days when he slept in very poor camps. Whatever he did, he did for his nation. If he built a stone somewhere, he did not let them say: "Asena built it." He said: "The nation made Asena build it." If he sowed a handful of seeds somewhere, he did not let anybody say: "Asena sowed this." He made them say: "The nation made Asena sow it." When he spoke, it seemed as if the most terrible peaks of Hulin Mountain were filled with hundreds of wolves talking to each other. But when he smiled, the ones that saw it thought that in the darkness of the night the day was shining with a sweetness and light unseen before. Even his enemies could not stop praising Asean, who talked like a wolf and smiled like lights.

In front of his camp, he had set up a pole of a wolf's head.

One night, without knowing, while he was laughing like lights and talking like a wolf, one night without knowing, like a leaf, a butterfly, a flower, he flew away. And Börte-Cine-Tigin, the third child of wolf and man, became the Head in Asena's place.

The Turkish land was growing. In the Turkish land the soldiers on the right and left, above and below, were continually walking. The Turkish land now was widening with these walks from one end to the other. It

was about a thousand times a hundred thousand li<sup>115</sup> from one point to the other. And the name of Börte-Cine-Tigin, was being written among the names of leaders. Now, the Hulin Mountain, the Selenge and Tugla Rivers, and the beech tree, still with the five little rooms in its trunk, which was standing like a holy temple of god in the middle of the growing and widening Turkish land, were tying the past days' excitement to the future days' happy vision. The great leader Börte-Cine-Tigin, having in one of his hands justice and in the other freedom, with these two torches called thus, was dashing into the darkness of the dark nights without fear and without frightening anybody. Before the lights went out and before the burning flames were finished and turned into ashes, Kayan-Tigin came and took these bright torches from Börte-Cine, and the leader Börte-Cine, took his rest like the others in flying. A big life could rest only in this flying.

Kayan-Tigin did not become the leader but the Khan. The ones before him had done all that there was to be done. They had dressed the poor, they had made the unhappy happy, they had left a happy nation. While it was like this, Kayan Khan worked continually to see if there was anything left undone. There was a flat mountain called the Kutlu Mountain,<sup>116</sup> but its worth was great. It was at the southeast of the country, right close to the enemy. He took that place and said: "This is a



waste mountain, but its worth is great. Let this be known to be so; and whoever becomes a leader or a khan, let him not permit the strangers to get a hold of it. This mountain is a holy mountain, its name shows that; if it passes into strange hands, so do the nation's wealth and strength, too." The enemy could not stand the Turkish land's having this mountain. He tried very hard. He sent soldier on soldier, he tried deceit and tricks, but he could not succeed. He was not able to take the Kutlu Mountain back.

"While everything was like this, Kayan Khan, too, finished his life on earth and went to Fly. He went to the side of his brothers and rested.

In his place, Bugu Khan became the leader of the Turkish land.

The day Bugu Khan became the leader, there was merry-making in the Turkish land for forty days and forty nights.<sup>117</sup> All the land was filled with lights from side to side. Lands full of brightness and peace filled the Turkish land for forty days and forty nights. The minstrels played their instruments as if they were breaking the strings, but without breaking them. The strongest melodies, like a strong fountain, floated from the instruments to the whole land. The singers, as if beating their hearts, but without beating them, sang brave songs. They said prayers. And the young men with looks

like the sun, while the sword was in their hands, showed their different skills on piebald horses. In the morning of the forty-first day, the Turkish land quieted down. The ones that were tired, started to rest. While everybody was sleeping and resting, only Bugu Khan stayed awake so that the enemy, finding the place empty and the Turkish land drunk, would not come like crows in the dark. On the other hand, the Chinese, who had lost the Kutlu Mountain, thinking that now here was an opportunity, with a black mind, wanted to walk on the Turkish land. But their elders said: "Do not, this is a trap. Bugu Khan wants to make you believe they are sleeping. His strong army is back of the Hulin Mountain awake and all ready. Bugu Khan's eyes are wide open, and he is not sleeping. Do not walk on them. Do not lead China into an endless death. Do not forget that he is from the wolf race and the last one of this race. Wait till he goes, too."

Even Bugu Khan's sleeplessness all by itself was enough for China. It was in China's heart a hand of flame. It was an endless pain with its terrible and unendurable burning.

Bugu Khan stayed awake always. He never slept. Even his closest ones never saw him sleeping. One day he was like Isik-Tigin, one day he was becoming Asena. The other day the lights of deathlessness were burning

in his eyes like Börte-Cine-Tigin, and when the day filled its twenty-four hours one that saw him thought he was Kayan Khan, and the next he was becoming himself again. Oh son, oh the light of my eye, the pride of my soul! this lasted full forty years. Whatever are the days and nights of forty years, he did not sleep that long. His eyes, looking like a wolf's, were not fed with looking at his nation and at his people, because of that they never closed for one moment. Bugu Khan was the last of the ones from the wolf's race.

After forty years, leaving behind him an unfallen great race, and to the world leaving a land that would not divide against all enemy powers, he became heavenly. If you ask me, he did not become heavenly either, he was time in truth, and became time again.

The white-haired, white-bearded, heavenly-looking minstrel sang the most sensitive of all elegies for Bugu Khan who had become time. While singing and saying, he wept:

Let the roses tear themselves, let the nightin-  
gales sing a sad song,  
Let the hyacinth mourn, unfold, and cry,  
Let the rose hold her ears to the roads with long-  
ing for you,  
Let it endure waiting till eternity like the  
narcissus....  
He was a king whose gentleness and generosity were  
plenty. 118

The earth was weeping with these sayings, the sky was weeping. Not only the minstrel, not only the heart,

but a big nation, a whole race, the endless universe was weeping.

Bugu Khan became time, as far as becoming time is concerned; but the universe was filled with sadness, all over it, was filled with a black sadness.

His, Bugu Khan's, sons and also his son's sons, came and made green and fresh that race and that individual land without destroying the race, without dividing the land. One day came, from Bugu Khan's generation again, Yulig-Tigin became the Khan. Till time came to Yulig-Tigin, in the East, the China land had filled with people, and people who increased continually came to be angry, getting whatever they find, attacking children, girls, poor or rich, without caring. Also the Kutlu Mountain which back at Kayan-Tigin's time they had lost, that mountain close to their borders in whose magic they believed; they had become angry, but when they could not get it back, they had grown more angry. That pain, growing bigger and bigger, had reached today, and because they were afraid of the race of the Sons of Asena, they could not face them man to man. To make trouble from beneath, they had tried the way to let the mother and the daughter, the son and the father, fight with each other, and with their snake-like tricks they had tried to destroy the Turkish land's tradition and customs. When Yulig-Tigin became Khan, wanting to put an end to

all this, he made all his army, soldiers and commanders, ready. All the Chinese spies looked for a place to run, a place to hide. The ones who could run were saved, those who could not, found their punishment. Such a breeze had blown in the Turkish land, such a breeze that no mountain could stand in front of it, it would shake the mountain from its very depths and move it; if a river, it would take it from its bed and change its course. Such a breeze blew that, Chinese in whose eyes cold, snake-like dreams and thoughts shone, saw that the best thing to do was to run away to a corner and hide. The most wise ones, and the ones they obeyed and knelt down to with their hands crossed, had come together, and, to make the breeze stop in its own land, had formed a council. At the end, they had decided to give great amounts of Chinese silk and much silver and gold and also a Chinese princess as gifts to Yulig-Tigin Khan.

The name of the Chinese Princess was Kiü-Lien. Her beauty was world-wide<sup>119</sup> and among all the Chinese beauties in the China land; it was like a yellow China sun that spread around bright rays of light, and which, as she walked, became more beautiful.

In the China land everything is done under guile and deceit.<sup>120</sup> Men wake up from their sleepy dreams to plunge into sleepless dreams and to hold the light of the earth always in their yellow palms. Even when it was so,

for Kiü-Lien's many thousands of Chinese youths had fought each other. All Chinese princes had done all they could to have Kiü-Lien for themselves or for their sons. Kiü-Lien's beauty was so well known all over the world that even in the Turkish land there were songs made for her:

Let that rose body be enrobed in a red halo  
     and walk,  
 Let its end, like my heart, be dragged after  
     you and walk.

But in such a moment, such a moment, when in the Turkish land a mad, but manly and wolf-like blowing breeze was turned towards the China land, they only thought about China and the continuity of the life of their misty sleepless dreams. The orders of the leader of their religion were in this way, too. Amidst all the rich gifts, the Chinese princess Kiü-Lien, too, was sent as a slave to the Turkish land.

Yulig-Tigin Khan had a brave and strong boy who was called Salur-Han. From the moment he saw that deceitful<sup>121</sup> Chinese beauty called Kiü-Lien, his heart was hit with the yellow arrows of that yellow sun and started burning. Till now, this was an unseen thing. The sons of wolf and light, no matter how magical and enchanting, no matter how yellow and devilish it burns, would not look at any other sun except their own, and while there was a maiden from the wolf-light race, they would not go and burn their hearts with the pale lights of a yellow sun that

came from people. The ones that come from God's race, should again marry the ones that come from God's own race. Oh son! If they do not, that race would dry up, and yellow lights would fill everywhere; in yellow lights, Gods and wolves do not live. Yellow lights are the lights of the land of the enemy and they are no match to the ones that look wolf-like. Yulig-Tigin, who knew that this was so, somehow forgot it and took Kiü-Lien for his son Salur Han. From that day on Salur Han could not see anything but that yellow light. The flame that burned in his wolfish eyes, like the blue light burning blue in the skies of the Turkish land, even in the nights, was filled with sadness and faded away with a strange fading. It seemed as if it disappeared. The ones that saw felt sorry in their hearts that one from the wolf's race should turn thus around a yellow light.

Kiü-Lien, got closer to Salur-Han slowly and slowly, without frightening him, with a devilish softness, yet with a heavenly beauty. The yellowing of the yellow light, the way she took Salur-Han into her hands, the way she complained, and the appealing way she looked at him at times, were all measured, all slowly done. For Salur-Han there was nothing except the Chinese princess who was called Kiü-Lien. That wolf-like look, that flowing from the sky to the earth in lights, that holding the whole world in one movement of the hand, all, all

was forgotten. Yulig-Tigin who saw all these happenings one by one, after all these, from his misery he grew sickly, from his shame he faded away, and he felt thousands of times sorry for what he had done. At the end, he could not find face to go to the side of his elders who by Flying had become great, and in this way he died.

When Salur-Han became the Khan, soon behind him Kiü-Lien took their camp and got it moved. She brought it and had it built on Hatun Mountain. Hatun Mountain was a mountain closer to the Tanri Mountain<sup>122</sup> and, within an arrow's flight, there was the Kutlu Mountain. Except the Kutlu Mountain's sides, the Hatun and Tanri Mountains' sides were full of gardens and vineyards. Only that holy mountain, left from the time of Kayan Khan, on the East point of the land facing the enemy, only that Holy Mountain was a dry and waste earth. Yet the Chinese, when they could not hold it and had to let it go, also believed that with this mountain their wealth and order had gone, too. For that, when Yulig-Tigin had died and Kiü-Lien had persuaded Salur-Han to move the camp to the Hatun Mountain and had built it there, the Chinese, with their messengers, wise elders, and religious leader came to Kiü-Lien's camp as visitors and stayed. The very first night they came, they took Kiü-Lien among them and said: "We looked at the stars and burned herbs to the souls of our dead elders. In the



darkness of the darkest nights we believed in this that the Turkish land's happiness and order are tied to that Holy Mountain, that rock on its peak. Whatever must be done, we should do, and get that rock from these men's hands. Our bows are broken, we cannot shoot arrows, we with our helplessness cannot face this race of the wolf; but you are Chinese, do not forget that China raised you to help her for her advantage and happiness. A Chinese did not lie in your lap, why? If you gave place in your lap for the race of the wolf, it was to get its return now. You are the beginner of a war. Send this rock to China!"

Salur-Han was drunk with the Chinese beauty. There was nothing else in his heart except this China sun, it was all empty. That sun, yellow, fearful, devilish sun, burned that empty heart so much that, except Salur-Han, all the people and all the mountains and stones wept with wet tears. Even the all-green<sup>123</sup> leaves and trees full of flowers threw their greens and flowers away and mourned. Neither waters flowed anymore in the land, nor the rains that fell helped any. The yellow sun of China made Salur-Han, who had taken his light from God Ulgen and his looks from the wolf, speechless, and tied him helplessly to herself. Salur-Han ordered the rock of the Holy Mountain to be given to the Chinese. He wrote the order and with messengers made it heard everywhere.

The Chinese were once more Chinese.

Like a black cloud of crows, they got up from the China land and settled on the holy rock of the Holy Mountain. The sounds they made were ugly and raw. They fell on to the rock with all their ugliness and rawness.

But the rock was Turk!<sup>124</sup>

It had brightened with the lights of God Ulgen, it had dazzled with the looks of the wolf.

Soldiers, who as they walked made the earth feel its earthiness, who as they walked shook that earth from its very depths, and in whose wolfish claws the mountains became cloud-like, had watched from this rock's top the China land and their deceitful eyes. Not if only hundred times twenty Chinese came like a black cloud, but even if the whole China came, even then it would not be shaken from its place, it would not be moved. Yet the Chinese were Chinese, and they knew it. They did not fight with bows and arrows, and they did not love from the heart.

The Chinese were once more Chinese.

They piled wood on that sharp holy rock that was at the peak of the Holy Mountain. Between the woods, they put oils that would burn first and they mixed the fast-burning oil with rags; they gave fire to them. A blinding smoke came up from the holy rock of the Holy Mountain and a sound as if it were sighing, at that moment, rang in the skies: "What have you done, Salur Han?"

Salur Han?"

That smoke became a guilty sin, it could not go up. A breeze from somewhere blew, the smoke spread without going up. In all the ears a sound hummed:

"Hey! Salur Han? Salur Han!"

The holy rock of the Holy Mountain was fighting against that hell fire, it was holding up. The flames with their long snake tongues, those snake tongues that God Ulgen expelled from His presence, were stretching and licking whatever they found. The oils, melting as they burned with a never-ending hungry desire, were embracing the rock from all sides, but the rock was standing firm, more brave than the faces of brave soldiers who guarded it once, and more wolfish than their wolf-like looks.

But the Chinese were once more Chinese.

They brought pitchers full of vinegar that was forty years old and spilled it on the rock. The rock cracked, not from the fire, not from this blind smoke, and not even from this dirty smelling oil, but from the shame of an unfeeling heart and a cruel and vile selling. It cracked as though it were tearing the deafness of the ears, as though it were whitening the dark hearts that were blackened from lack of feeling. It seemed as though it were calling for help for the last time.

"Hey Salur Han, Salur Han!"

But the Chinese were once more Chinese.

Salur Khan was lost in the yellow lights of a yellow sun, and he was deaf.

The Chinese in a maddening joy screamed and yelled. They carried the torn pieces of the rock to the China land. Most of them had their hands burned. The ones whose hands were not burned had their chests burned, those whose chests were not burned had their feet burned, but even then the hot pieces of rock were still carried one by one to the China land. Even while the pieces of rock were yet being carried, a loneliness and an evil silence started covering the Turkish land. It was as if the sky had gone far away, farther away. The Turkish land, under this sky that was far away, had been covered with an evil loneliness, had become little, had become strange. It was as if Tugla and Selenge were not flowing, it seemed as if they had frozen and slept. In everybody's eyes, except Salur Khan's, something had become fist-like.<sup>125</sup> All of a sudden, from an unseen place, at first a rather strange, lonely, guilty, and weeping song was heard:

We lost the Yen-Çi-Şan Mountain,  
They took the beauty of our women from our hands,  
We lost the Si-Lan-San pasture,  
They took the eyes of our animals from our hands.<sup>126</sup>

Yes, at first it was sad, it was lonely, guilty, and ashamed, it was ready to weep. But slowly it came

out of its strangeness, it came out of its loneliness; it was not guilty and ashamed anymore, it was not ready to weep either. When the last piece of rock was moved from the land, too, and when that black cloud, as if they had taken all the beauties and eyes of the nation, had gone to the China land with the last piece of rock, the song grew bigger with a terrible humming. Whatever was seen in the Turkish land, everything sang this song. From deep within, they cursed Salur Khan with this song. The nation, all together, madder <sup>127</sup> than a storm, were shouting:

"We lost the Yen-Ci-San Mountain...."

even before its echo was over, the brave youths who in their hands made big China tremble, were shouting as if they were sobbing:

"They took the beauty of our women from our hands...."

Again after that, mountain, stone, forest, the flowing waters, and all animals together,

"We lost the Si-Lan-San pasture...."

saying this, were burning. This fire in one moment was covering all the hearts like red hot cinder. Everything, everybody, was keeping silent. The wolf, bird, insects, big and small, all animals, with a restless and unhappy voice, were saying:

"They took our eyes from our hands!"

and in this way they were getting angry. This

lasted nine days, nine nights. Salur Khan, nine days, nine nights, listened to this terrible song with a guilty and sad heart. Wherever he went, he heard that song sigh, growing like a trembling avalanche. Wherever he went, silence behind him and within that silence, walking like an unforgiving shadow, revengeless, but yet harder than all revenges, becoming an unending voice either on a dried up tree, or in a yellow piece of grass, either in a stone smaller than a nut, or in an ugly owl, he heard that voice sigh. The sky was far away, the earth even farther than the sky. There was neither a stop, nor in a far distance a resting place, nor a desolate place that not many people crossed, that did not suffer from the holy rock of the Holy Mountain being torn to pieces and being carried away to the China land. It was a nation big, it was a nation deep, and from one end to the other, and it was a nation full and crying for the stone of the land that was sold to the Chinese eyes of the Chinese woman.

The morning of the ninth night, when the day was dawning, crying with that bloody song, Salur Khan died in the worst of all deaths. He hanged himself. His hand was on his chest. They opened his chest; his bloody heart was in a yellow mud. In one corner of this heart, where the mud strangled it, was stuck a small piece of rock. It looked like a very little Bozkurt. Yet all

around it was mud, yellow mud, as if it were in a prison.

That morning they could not find the yellow China sun.

The Chinese were once more Chinese.

The camp set on Hatun Mountain, its interior all empty, like that lonely land, was looking from the mountain to the land that had grown desolate. Gold and silver and much silk and many valuable goat skins, and Salur Khan's piebald horses--all had disappeared with the yellow sun of China. The Chinese were making merry.

Salur Han's cousin who had taken his place was looking at his land in sadness and was thinking. What was going to be the end of this? Would not this song ever end? Would not these birds sing as in the old days, happy and clear? Would not from these camps smoke reach the sky with happy twistings? And those faded yellow fields and these all-black trees, would they not start growing anew with green buds?

The trees did not grow anew with green buds, the birds did not sing. Whatever was done, the mourning that covered the land could not be helped. That bending,<sup>128</sup> that loneliness of the land did not go away. Salur Han's cousin could not endure this, he died quickly. He was old, he was tired and sad anyway, he died quickly.

Years followed years. It was thought that at the

end of years this mourning would go away. Every coming year was embraced with a hope, but the coming years were more desolate than the past years. They became more mournful and sad. Many khans, looking at the horizons that twined and twisted in sadness, many leaders, waiting for a Bozkurt that in the dark nights and under the full moon, standing on a steep mountain hill, would tear the darkness with his calling, many of them, waiting for this, ended their lives. Even then, there could not be found any cure for this misery. From the beech tree that from drying had become earth-like, to dry grass, everything sang that bitter, unforgiving, painful song:

We lost the Yen-Çi-Şan Mountain,  
They took the beauty of our women from our hands,  
We lost the Si-Lan-San pasture,  
They took the eyes of our animals from our hands.

It was a song that was as burnt as the earth that was left without rain, as cruel as the skies that would not drop rain to the earth. One of the leaders looked and thought that this could not be like this, and he got up and started migrating slowly. Thinking that beyond the deaf horizons a sensitive earth would be found, and this mourning, this endless pain, as the years pass, would be forgotten, he started on his way. The horses, piebald, whose eyes had the looks of doves, feeling the far would become nearer, the soldiers, loving this land that was left behind, with full hearts, maidens, and



others walking far, one night came to a valley<sup>129</sup> that was called Hocu. Before they settled, before they rested and talked with the ones in the valley, at a mountain peak close to the Hocu valley a half-moon was born. In that half-moon, like a shadow, the head of a wolf appeared. It was dark grey, and its teeth in the lights were sharp like the end of a sword. It was facing the moon, with its front feet all straight, and was sitting on the peak, with its back feet bent to the front. Did it talk with the moon for a while, or did it talk with the darkness? All of a sudden in a grand roaring it opened its mouth. It was as if the world had not seen such a thing since it became the world. he was howling, he was saying: "Migrate." This, hitting the moon and echoing in the darkness, spread over Hocu and all the sad land. "This is the time to move on, migrate. Do not wait, move; do not sit, move. Search for new waters, new lands. Migrate! Migrate! Migrate!"

The moon entered within the clouds. Bozkurt disappeared.

But the mountain, and now the darkness harder than the mountain, and all the Hocu skies were echoing and sighing: "Migrate! Migrate! Migrate!"

At one moment the sound stopped, the echoes stopped, the darkness and the mountain stopped. That time, that sad song could not be heard anymore, either. After all

the years, for the first time, there had been a silence. If a bird flew, the sound of its wings would be heard. But it did not look like a good silence, it was fearful. The inside, the inside of this silence was full of a stirring, moving thing. It was full of a fear. It was almost saying, I am here, I am coming. The silence was going to burst out all of a sudden; it was searching for an ear that would hear.

And what was waited for happened.

The silence that was stretched, that was very much stretched like a skin of a drum, all of a sudden, as if a mallet had hit it, burst out. A sadness, worse than the sadness of that song that was heard and memorized for years, spread to all sides, thinner than thinnest marrow, and with this sadness anew, again, the mountain and stone, and the animals, big and small, domestic and wild, all called till morning: "Migrate! Migrate! Migrate!"

Morning came, this calling passed from the living and the inanimate and from the animals to the people. Even the children without knowing, maybe without understanding what it was, repeated that same thing with that same sadness and hopelessness, or with an all-new hope: "Migrate! Migrate! Migrate!"

The voices became like a continuous, grand, endless humming. It was as if the earth were moving and the sky were moving.

It continued till evening. It did not stop. Till evening no food was cooked, the stoves were not heated; not one piece of bread or one drop of water was eaten or drunk. The day darkened even from the noon, and the moon came up even from the evening. The Bozkurt, again the same one, howled on that sharp peak: "Migrate! Migrate! Migrate!"

All the minstrels, singers, and white-bearded, white-haired elders, gathered together. They considered this a good and lucky omen. They said: "This is an order. God's new order, it must be obeyed." Whatever they had, pitcher, bowl, and pans, they rolled in a goat's skin. In an all-black night, a huge nation started on its way for an unknown tomorrow. While they were walking, the birds that flew above their heads, when they wanted to stop and rest, the earth and stones that were beneath them, and when they breathed, the air, shouted bitter and whip-like, always the same thing: "Migrate! Migrate! Migrate!"

They walked...walked...and walked....

Their elders had started with a long and endless walk, and with a walk, with a long and endless walk, their children were continuing it.

The roads ended; the sounds did not end, did not stop.

The roads continued alongside the sounds, crossed, signless, twisted. And one evening the stream of people that came in five branches stopped on a plain, tired, weak, and all run-down. Their steps could not go any farther.

The sounds stopped.

The night was beginning.

The night was innocent and spotless; it was motionless and calm like a warm sea over that plain where the stream of people that came in five branches were resting.

The stream of people that came in five branches spread out on that plain in five divisions. It accumulated, and that very day that place was called Bes-Balig.<sup>130</sup> It was night. The voices had stopped, there was no sound, and nothing was shouting "Migrate!" The night had embraced and forgotten all the past and tiredness, misery, sadness, mourning, and helplessness, all that cruelty, and the rock of the land that was sold, and that evil senselessness. The night was night.

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. . .

Son hey...Hey, Son hey!

Whatever is born, is born out of nights. The darkness of nights has strange mysteries. In the nights without lights, you cannot see one step ahead of you; one step ahead of you, thoughts keep silent. Leaders

keep silent, khans keep silent, lords keep silent, generals keep silent. The hours within the darkness of the night grow secretly, time becomes giant-like. Besides fear and hopelessness there begins an unhappiness.

Son hey! a night, even darker than the darknesses known, had covered all the Turkish land. The Turkish land, fearful of darkness, shivering from night, not knowing what the day at the edge of the darkness will bring, also now in the fear that it will come heavy with unhappiness and hopelessness, like the day that was left behind on the other edge of darkness, was waiting breathless. What if this land divided? What if the khan died suddenly? What if his place was left empty and the Chinese crowded into this empty place? What if they crowded and did not leave stone on stone, head on head?

The Turkish land would never fear like this. It had never feared like this and had never thought sadly like this. Even if ten times two groups of twenty Chinese came, its hair would not stand. For it had become the Turkish land! While Turkish feet were walking on its ground, Turkish eyes looking at its skies, Turkish hands reaching its branches, and Turkish breaths smoking in its air, while the Turkish land was Turk, fear could not find a home in this land. All evil thoughts without being born would melt like ice under the sun. But the thing was, that the Turkish land was afraid tonight, it

was thinking evil thoughts tonight. Inside it, unhappiness was hardening. It was afraid because by its side there was a China with a long, big wall, and inside the Turkish land were the Turks that had lost their tradition and had forgotten themselves and whose eyes sleep had covered. The Turkish braves who had grown their hair down to their waists in braids, beautiful maidens who had forced their feet to become smaller like those of the Chinese girls, boys who looked like the Chinese, and after that, the Big Khan? All of a sudden he could die. The Turkish land could divide. Its clean girls could become slaves, its braves whose looks are full of skies could become slaves. The Turkish land was thinking thus; for this, it was afraid of the night, for this, it was waiting with shivering the thing the day and the lights at the edge of the night would bring.

There was a woman in the Turkish land. She was the greatest and purest of all women. While all in the Turkish land had dozed off in a sleep of heedlessness, while they were dreaming, only the Turkish land was not able to go to sleep and the woman that was the best and greatest of all women. Her name was Ay-Han.<sup>131</sup> She was the wife of the Big Khan. She was side by side with him in the camp, in wars, and in ruling. But tonight Big Khan had slept, too. Ay-Han was in front of the camp this time, side by side with the big Turkish land. Only

she was able to understand the Turkish land's sadness, its fear. Night had filled the space between them; with all its darkness, the night was starless.

A voice divided the night, saying, "You...and I!" The one talking was the Turkish land. For one moment, Ay-Han felt the narrowing of endlessness. A land, with its mountains and stones, rivers and lakes, and dark shadows, was talking in the middle of a night. It was talking for one woman. "In this midnight when even the guards sleep, I am talking. The one listening is you. I am unhappy, you know my unhappiness. You feel hopeless, I know your hopelessness. But do not forget, if that dark sky above does not crush, and below, I, the Turkish land, do not divide and dividing, slide, the nation for which you stay sleepless, would not vanish."

It was midnight. The Turkish land was talking in a voice that made the darkness tremble. Endlessness was narrowing. Ay-Han was seeing the appearance of a white light on the wings of a white bird. "Ay-Han, your face is turned towards tomorrows, the fearless tomorrows are in you. Your thoughts will create me and the other lands that start where I finish, your thoughts will create the world of my dreams, the true land. Your thoughts are a son."

A white light on the wing of a white bird was flowing towards the earth amidst the darkness. Ay-Han's

eyes were plunged in this flow. And in the Turkish land one was talking in a whisper close to the flying of the white bird with the white light. Now, the rivers had stopped. They were all listening to the whisperings of a lonely weed, forgotten at one side of the Turkish land:

"His name is Oguz.<sup>132</sup> The bravest of the braves, the king of the kings, Oguz! The rose of the roses, the fame of all the nightingales, Oguz! Beyond time where everything is silenced, beyond time where everything talked about him, the time of all times, Oguz! You are going to be his mother and He, the god of those forgotten traditions, given up customs, and lost beings."

The weed, too, stopped.

Amidst the thick darkness, the white bird with the white light came down with the most beautiful of all flyings. At that moment there was a quake. The whole universe, with all of the Turkish land, shook. The white bird with the white light came down to Ay-Han's feet. With one movement of his wings, he took Ay-Han and brought her up to the highest peak of the Tanri Mountain. From here, all the Turkish land was seen. All darkness within a wink of the eye had turned into lights. The Turkish land was gaining life.

Ay-Han felt the wings of the white bird with the white light on her back. She came down to her camp from the highest peak of the Tanri Mountain with the easiness



of a bird's flying. At that moment, the ones who woke up, or rather, the ones who had the happiness of waking up, saw all the world and all the Turkish land in a dazzling light. Darkness had been torn apart. The earth and the sky were in each other's lap with a deep drunkenness, and the sun was dawning from Ay-Han's camp. In a bright<sup>133</sup> redness, the earth and the sky at the door of Ay-Han's camp were embracing. An old plane tree, whose branches were stretched to the sky, lowered its leaves and branches as if it were hiding the camp from evil and envious eyes. It took Ay-Han and all the lights and, after that, the earth and the sky that clung to each other in a crimson brightness, under its leaves and branches and hid them there. For a while, only from between the leaves and branches, lights were diffused around. They were thin, silk-like lights, They were seven colors. After that, with the aged plane tree, all the Turkish land and the great universe shook once more. The white bird with the white light had left part of him, like a blackened arrow, in the camp within the leaves and branches, had left it with Ay-Han.

While the bird was leaving, he had called, and with him, all the world: mountain, stone, field, rivers, grass and insects, all the spirits and people, had called: "Oguz! Oguz! Oguz!"

A strong, deep, and godly voice was heard that

covered all the other voices and screams and that quieted down all heard things in one moment: "Know and hear this, that the one that is born is not a child. He is Oguz."

After that, again, those voices and screams, the universe and the ones in the universe, and the Turkish land were greeting Oguz. The old plane tree that had fused the years into its leaves and branches, straightened up, having had its tired and powerless leaves fall. It had left all its beauty and all that it knew in the camp. The lips of the earth and the sky, that had met in a bright redness, parted. The sky, leaving its all blue grandeur, the earth, leaving its confidence and fearlessness in the camp, went back to their places. Darkness whitened. The power to know and hide secret and unknown things remained at the camp.

Morning was dawning. The first lights of the day filled the camp. They washed the heavenly-faced baby with the crimson lips whose palm was bloody and whose looks were like those of the eagles.

Ay-Han had fainted in one corner of the camp. Her pains were melting in the beginning of a silent whiteness. In this melting, the whole life of the baby was getting stronger, and he was getting fed. In his bloody palms, he held the lights of the sun. The lights were like bubbles of soap in his palms. They were swiftly

sliding. Those lights of the sun, like bubbles of soap that were sliding from his palms, were kissing his feet. Hey son! This was Oguz, hey son! Oguz was born. When he was born, his face was like the heaven, his mouth was crimson red. You could not look at his face, you could not bend and kiss his mouth. If you looked, your eyes would catch fire; if you kissed, your lips would burn. In his hazel eyes, there was something torn from the highest peaks of the Tanri Mountains. In his gaze, you would have thought the eagles were flying. The fearlessness of the fearless eagles in the emptiness of the sky, their deathly silence on the sides of the mountains, flew in Oguz's gaze. His hair was more night than the blackest nights; his eyebrows were as if they had been drawn like a bow, from the light blackness of the night's turning to morning, as if they were stretched over the Turkish land. If a Chinese had seen these eyebrows, he would have been afraid.

He sucked milk from his mother once; he did not suck again. The brave men drink koumiss, not milk, in the Turkish land. They eat raw meat and chew dried milk.<sup>134</sup> Milk is the drink for women, it is not for the men. Ay-Han knew this, too. She was not offended by Oguz's not sucking milk anymore. She moved her tired hands to her breasts that she thought were full of milk, but they were dry. She felt herself, she was empty. Whatever

there had been alive in her body, Oguz, in one sucking, had taken it all. He was not full yet. He fixed his eagle looks on Ay-Han, and stretched his strong hands to her. He said: "Mother, mother, tell them to bring me raw meat and a handful of dried milk. Let them bring a great amount of meat. I am hungry."

The newly born baby was talking only two hours after he was born. Ay-Han thought that the blue sky above and the black<sup>135</sup> earth beneath were crushing. She thought that the camp, torn from its place, was flying, that the old plane tree was pulling its roots from the depths of the earth and was tumbling. But all of a sudden she recognized the voice; it was the voice of the Turkish land that had talked to her last night. It was strong, fearless, and godly like the voice last night. Ay-Han's fear passed. She did what Oguz wanted.

Oguz walked in the fortieth day after he ate his first food. He wrestled. Nobody was able to stand against him. This was as if he were not a child, but air. He could not be held in hand or palm.<sup>136</sup> Once he would be seen here, close by you, and then, you would see that he was gone far away to a place where it is hard for even sound to reach. He would be looking for a brave to wrestle with. Only one Oguz was born from his mother in all these years, and no others equal to him were born; so how could he find somebody equal to his

strength and his back? But did you think Oguz would stay if he did not find anybody? Oguz is turbulent, like water, he could not be held or stopped. When he could not find anybody, he used to go to the mountains. He used to run after deer, he used to pick up bears like empty sacks and throw them on the earth. He used to chase eagles. All the Turkish land, with all the people, recognized Oguz all of a sudden, in one moment. Mountains, stones, the grand plane tree, the joyful fountain, and the snowy hills recognized him. Floods that flowed and barred the ways knew him. Oguz talked like them in their language. The wolves did not come out because of their fear; the bears could not find a hole to hide in, so they escaped to China and became friends with the Chinese. In the China land, a fear fell on all the hearts. The faces twisted, the eyes stretched and narrowed, their brains and the whole China land remained confused. What sort of person was this that, when he was forty days old, yet did not leave any strangers or wild animals in the Turkish land? He was not letting any evil person stay there. If this went on like this, the China land would be full of wolves and bears that would come from the Turkish land, because they could not find any other fitting place to hide. When they could not find any other way, they sent spy on spy to the Turkish land so that they could kill Oguz. They set stone on stone on the

China walls so that if Oguz could not find any bears in the Turkish land and would come to the China land, he would not be able to enter it. Oguz heard all of these. He heard them and laughed slowly.

Oguz, in this way, grew up.

He grew up in the darkness of the nights and the lights of the days.

When he was fourteen, the Chinese had raised the China walls fourteen more steps, too. The messengers were bringing terrible news from the Turkish land. The Turkish braves did not let their hair grow to their waists in braids anymore, the maidens did not want to be like the Chinese. Yet still they could not remember their traditions, and many who did not like their own customs were in the majority. Scholars were still pointing to the ways of China as more advanced. They were not succeeding in turning back to themselves. In an evil shame, they had become ashamed of themselves. But this person called Oguz would not have this continue any longer. He would start a new tradition. This was apparent, He would show the right way to the scholars, too. Even from now the ones who had seen this truth were gathering around Oguz. When the Turk turned to his tradition and embraced it, there could be nobody after that to stop him. And the worst news the messengers took to China was that the Turkish braves were not marrying the

Chinese girls anymore. They did not even look at them. Were the Turks they thought dead becoming strong again? Would again a Bozkurt, at the edge of a snowy peak and behind him a moon that filled the sky with light, tearing darkness, call to the sleeplessness of the China nights? Would all the Chinese jump in their sleeps from the fear of soldiers on horses flying over their high walls and dividing their dreams? This could not be. They knew fear, but this kind of fear was called death in China.

They all went to their religious leader and kissed his feet. The religious leader's feet were already cold. His hands and knees were not able to hold, his eyes were not able to see. This was the end of China and the Chinese. The religious elder could not do anything about it, and sad to the Chinese that came to him: "You forgot your religion and did not even mention the name of the God you worshipped. You always thought of money. You even forgot me. Even I cannot save you. I asked God, He did not know you."

Then, the Chinese brought a great amount of money and gold to their religious leader. They brought many silk clothes and slaves to him. They said: "We are in your hands now, remember us to God. Tell Him that Chinese people are His soft-hearted people. Whatever He wants, we will give Him. If He wants more gold and

silk, let us bring some more. Only, let Him leave us alone with our dreams and dizziness and let Him vanquish Oguz. The money we give Him we will get back from other nations, especially the Turks."

Their religious leader opened one eye and closed the other and for a while murmured slowly. After that he said: "I talked with God. He does not want anything from you, but will help you. In the North, amidst the snowy mountains, there is a dragon, you might have heard. He has eighteen heads and seven tails and twenty-eight feet. From every one of his mouths eight furnaces of flames and from each of his tails seventy kantar<sup>137</sup> of dust burst out. His feet are as long as forty fathoms, and his ears are each two steps long. He will make that dragon attack Oguz. But...." The Chinese' breath had stopped, and their faces had turned pale. Their throats were dry. Their eyes were open as wide as an almond shell could be opened. With thousands of difficulties, they were able to stutter, "Yes," and said, "What is the but?"

Their religious leader did not even care. Again he had opened one of his eyes and closed the other. Again he was murmuring something within himself. The Chinese waited, dizzy and frozen from fear. If you had cut them, they would not have had one drop of blood.

At the end, their religious leader said: "It is done, but the dragon wanted many things. I gave all



that you gave me and he still wanted more. Now, bring more gold and silver, silk and slaves, and young Chinese maidens. There is no other way to be saved."

The Chinese did quickly what their religious leader wanted, and then the religious leader made the dragon wander into the Turkish land. The eighteen-headed, seven-tailed dragon gushing out eight furnaces of fire from all his mouths and seventy kantar of dust from each of his tails, with his long feet and long ears, came like a black cloud and settled on the Turkish land. He came and made the black forest his home. With the coming of the dragon, the joyful fountain dried, the sky-high trees dried. Smoke in the camps, grass in the fields vanished. The faces paled and into the darkened hearts, not fear but unhappiness and hopelessness poured.

Did the Chinese do what they wanted: Where was Oguz? Was he sleeping? Awake, Oguz, if you are asleep, look what has happened? The new brides' eyes are filled with tears. The rose buds are faded with an incurable sickness. The enemies came close to the heart of your land. Awake, if you are asleep, see what has happened?

The ones that thought Oguz was asleep were once more deceived. They saw that even if all the Turkish land would be asleep, Oguz would not. He was hunting. He was after the bears and wolves. He came like lightning. His crimson mouth was in foams of fire. There were storms

blowing in his heavenly face. His black hair was like a mane. His eyebrows were like two stretched bows ready to strike. He took his bow, arrow, sword, and all his weapons and got armed. He jumped on his piebald horse and shouted so that all the world stirred. At the far distant side the China wall cracked, but the dragon did not wake up from his sleep. After this, Oguz went near the dragon. He saw that he was God's damnation. It was as if a mountain had been unrooted and lay sleeping. The trees were swinging from his breath, and all of his sides were burning in a breath of hell. He went up to the highest tree's top and looked. There was no fear in him. He was Oguz. He would not be afraid.

The sleep of the dragons is heavy and long. When they once fall asleep, they cannot wake up very easily; and if the dragons could be killed at all, they could be killed only when they are sleep. If not, when they once wake up, no man or living thing can kill them. They cannot even go near them. They would either melt from the dragons' fires or the dragons would swallow anybody that came in their way in one bite. Yet the thing was, that Oguz was not one of those people. Even if his enemy was a dragon, he would not kill him while he was sleeping. According to the Turkish tradition, if one person kills another creature, even if it is a dragon and not a person, while it is sleeping, that person

would be considered weaker than the women folk; and even if he is strong like a lion, even in the eyes of the women folk, he would be considered a weak and perverse person.

Maybe all the other traditions would be forgotten in the Turkish land, but this one was never forgotten. Maybe all the people in the Turkish land would forget their traditions, but Oguz would not forget. This is why he did not strike the dragon; he did not strike him. He left him to sleep, so that he would get stronger and his strength be doubled.

Leaving the dragon like that, he went to the other side of the forest. He caught a deer. He tied it to a tree alive. Then he went to lie down, and he slept. When the midday sun hit from the sky, he got up. When he looked around, he saw that in place of the deer nothing was left.<sup>138</sup> The monster had swallowed the deer in one bite, skin, hair, and bones. This time Oguz caught a big black bear. It was a heedless bear, which, because it was old and limping, was not able to run away to the China land to hide. He brought it, too, and tied it to the same tree to which he had tied the deer. After that, he went to another side of the forest and lay down. Do you think because he lay down he slept? Oguz seems to sleep, but he does not sleep; even if he wants to he cannot sleep, because all the thoughts and

all the worries of the Turkish land are Oguz's thoughts and worries. Even if there were no Oguz but somebody else in his place, and all the thoughts and worries of the Turkish land were his, he could not sleep, either. But, above all, he was Oguz. He was born as Oguz. He had a heavenly face different from any other face, and he had a crimson-red mouth untouchably hot. Even if he slept, he could not sleep.

In this way he waited for evening. When darkness came, he went back to the place where the tree he tied the bear was. And what did he see? The monster had swallowed the bear, too, and there was nothing left. Thinking it was just the time, in one run, he went and found the monster. The monster must have been dreaming, because he was licking his eighteen heads with his eighteen tongues. Oguz wanted to yell and wake up the monster, but he changed his mind. Even if he had come to suck the blood, not only out of Oguz but also out of the great nation, even if it was such an enemy, a damnation of God Ulgen, this monster should not be awakened from his sweetest dream. And also, if he was awakened from his sleep suddenly, he might feel dizzy and this dizziness might bring a weakness that would be worse than sleep. Oguz, saying that he will leave the monster to his sleep and dreams before his death, left the dragon and plunged into the depths of the dark forest. He brought a wild water buffalo, holding it by its bow-like

horns, which had been hidden at a place where no man could enter and find it, and tied it, too, to the same tree to which he had tied the deer and the bear. He slapped his piebald horse and sent him away, saying: "Go and take greetings to the land. Do not be late and come back tomorrow morning." After this work was finished, too, without leaving his bow and arrow and arms about him, he climbed the tree that the water buffalo was tied to. He leaned his back to the place where the branches separated and fell into a comfortable sleep.

The black forest, too, slept with Oguz. The black-darkened trees, the flowing waters, wolves and birds, and all the forest creatures, and also the wild water buffalo had gone to sleep, too. Know this, that when Oguz sleeps, everything and everybody would be asleep, even sleep itself. This would last till Oguz wakes up. If Oguz wakes up, it is good. There would be no fear left. But what if he does not wake up? What if he gets carried on in the flood of an unawakening sleep? Do not be afraid sons. There was never a flood of sleep yet that could carry Oguz with it. Oguz had always waked up from the sleeps that were thought the most unending.

There was dawning a golden morning in the black forest.

Oguz woke up with a hungry humming. Maybe if it had not been for this sound, Oguz would have slept and missed this beautiful golden morning. The monster, licking

his eighteen mouths with his eighteen tongues, had come and was getting near the wild water buffalo. Within an eye's wink, he swallowed the water buffalo. Oguz could not even see how the dragon's mouths opened and how the water buffalo was taken into one of them.

After the monster swallowed the water buffalo, he roared with joy. The earth, sky, and all the black forest echoed these sounds. Now, the monster had sensed the smell of a human being. He could not find time to know where this smell came from. At that moment Oguz had jumped right in front of the dragon with a shout that scared even the golden morning of the black forest. Trusting himself to God Ulgen, the minute he jumped, he got a hold of one of the monster's long ears. He started twisting and pulling. Oguz's hands and fingers were like magnets. His arms were stronger than lead. Whatever these hands, fingers, and arms got a hold of, living or non-living, or any other thing than a person, that thing reached its end. The monster felt this, too, but because he was strong, too, he withstood it for a while. He started blowing flames and dust from all eighteen mouths, and from his tails, such flames and dust that all the black forest was aflame and covered with dust. But Oguz had jumped immediately and sat on the place where the monster's eighteen heads were connected with its trunk, and took that place between legs. He squeezed and squeezed. He squeezed his legs without

stopping. Oguz's hands and arms were stronger than magnets and lead. He also had unbearable strength in his legs. The monster could not bear it any longer and started struggling. At the end, he spent his last breath. It was such a breath that from its blowing all the burning trees had stopped burning and the dust and smoke had whirled and gone up to the sky. Oguz looked at the monster that fell down and lay there, and he said: "Hey monster, is there anybody stronger and bigger than you are in the China land? If there is, let them send an army full of them, too. Do not think Oguz would fear and run!"

He said this and soon left the body of the dead monster. He had all his weapons on him just the way they were. He did not feel tired at all. When he was ready to leave the black forest, his piebald horse reached him, too. He straightened and stood in front of Oguz. When Oguz was putting his foot in the stirrup and getting ready to ride, he stopped hearing a heavenly sound. From a far, far away place, as though from where the sun was born, a near, very near voice washed and cleaned in the heart, a voice as if coming up from the trees and the earth, a warm voice said, "Oguz! Oguz! Oguz!" three times. And three times, one by one, in the black forest, "Oguz! Oguz! Oguz!" echoed. The universe was silenced. The voice saying, "Oguz! Oguz! Oguz!" echoed in the mountains, too. It was as if the world were being

created anew, or as if the world were being cleansed of all its dirt and shame. "Listen to me, Oguz! I am speaking, I, the Turkish land. For yours, I waited for you. I was waiting for you to come. You came. I wanted to see what things you could do by yourself. I saw and believed that you are the man that would be the Turkish land's flag. I am happy. The Turkish land was waiting for a flag, now it will become flag-like. Listen...Every step you are going to take under the blue sky and on the black earth is not yours but the Turkish land's. Every look you are going to give, is not yours but the Turkish land's, and every drop of water you will drink and every race you will enter is the Turkish land's. If you are not, the Turkish land will still be, but if there is no Turkish land, you cannot be. Oguz, Oguz, hey Oguz!<sup>139</sup> Let all the flowing waters you drink be drinks to you. Let all the humming and blowing mad breezes be winds to you, and all the stretched snowy mountain passes that do not give way be ways to you. There will be no obstacle that can stop you under the Sky-God and the Sky-Flag."<sup>140</sup>

The voice and the echoes stopped. The grand universe was in an enchanted and misty silence as if it had drunk thousands of cups of koumiss. The piebald horse, whose hair was blowing, had straightened his ears as if he were listening to a far away and secret call. Oguz



felt, inside and outside of him, in all his body, the trembling of a warm and melting breeze blowing. His foot had stayed in the stirrup. He was trembling. The heavenly voice once again started: "Oguz, hey Oguz! Look at your right side."

Oguz in an enchanted dream and very slowly turned his head to the right. A white dove with a sad floating was coming down towards the greatest tree of the black forest. In its beak, there was a small green branch. The white dove could not come down to the black forest. When it was half way down, a buzzard, from wherever it came, appeared there. Hungry, shameless, and black-hearted, with one moment it caught the dove. It turned around where it was. It was going to fly towards where it came from, but then Oguz put his arrow in his bow, stretched, and let it go. The arrow whizzed and plunged right into the black heart of the buzzard. At that moment, happened whatever happened. An all-black darkness covered everyplace, everything became indistinguishable. In the sky from where the buzzard was shot, a sky-light burst out. It spread to all the sky. It filled the space between the sky and the earth. In one moment, it licked all the earth. It was much more bright than the sun and the moon and the stars. After that, this light contracted and narrowed. It piled on the right side of Oguz. Right in the middle of the pile a

girl was sitting. A girl this was, such a girl that the eyes that see her would not see or choose any other beauty. Her hair was in a bright crown of pure gold; above the crown, a ring of lights seemed to take its bright movements from the girl's eyes. If the girl laughed, you would think the Turkish land was laughing; if she cried, you would think the Turkish land was crying.

Oguz loved this girl. He fell in love with her. She had beautiful eyes and he loved her. He took the girl and married her. Days and nights passed by. Moons grew big and then small, the stars shone and shone. One day, after the days and nights, moons and shining stars, while there was dawning a golden morning, in the Turkish land Isik Woman<sup>141</sup> gave birth to three babies. All three were boys. Oguz, looking at them, called one Gün, one Ay, and one Yildiz.<sup>142</sup> After that, the children's names became Gün, Ay, and Yildiz.

They grew up.

One day, Oguz leaving them alone, went to the east to hunt. There were quiverings in his hair again. A daze that was growing bigger and bigger was coming down from his bow-like eyebrows to his eyes, and his heart was swelling. He was in a big dream. He was not able to understand a cloud's covering him around, his flying in the unseen hands, and his being in a misty softness

between the sky and the earth. All of a sudden, the dream and the clouds, the unseen hands, and the cloudy softness resolved. One moment, he was left hanging between the sky and the earth. Above his head was an all-sky flatness, under his feet was an all-blue water. In this blueness varied colors were seen bright and stirring. A very small island was seen, and in the middle of the small island a big tree.

Oguz felt the desire of his feet for the tree, and he felt the stretching of his hands and hair towards the tree without even his realizing. After a little while he found himself under the tree. All the lake people, and the lake with its water, weeds, grass, water insects, and fish, all the lake people at this moment had started singing a song in low tones. The song had started with the praise of the Turkish land's great past. It was continuing to praise all beautiful things, bigness and greatness, the happiness of people, order in the world, and those who fight for justice and peace. It was cursing the deceitful and evil ones that make people unhappy and those who just for their own profit make others fight and shed blood. For a while it was stopping, and then a more beautiful and magical silence than the song was starting. After that the song again, this time in a heavy sadness, was crying over the darkness of the Turkish land, over misunderstandings and over evil deeds,

and then, all of a sudden, it was a roaring and rebelling against this. After a while it calmed down. It started singing a faith. It ended with a praise of friendship, trust, wealth, love, happiness and freedom.

Oguz had forgotten himself. For a while he could not straighten up. When he recovered himself, he also heard sounds coming from the trunk of the big tree he was sitting under. Voices that were turned towards hope and faith, voices that did not hold revenge and anger in them. These sounds were bringing to voice a world that is worked for, a world for the deathlessness of people, their welfare, happiness, and freedom. They were bringing to voice the wealth of the Turkish land and the richness of being a Turk. On the other hand, too, the trunk of the tree was being divided from its middle. As it opened, a spotless light was spreading around as though it were washed in the most clean and sensitive waters. In the middle of the light, a girl appeared. This girl was singing the song. She was more beautiful than the song she was singing, than the lights that were spreading around, and than the waters of the lake. Her eyes were like still waters, calm and clear. Her hair was black, like nights wet from the flowing of the moon beams, and not quite dry yet. It was wavy as the rivers. She was looking at Oguz and smiling. Her teeth were whiter than the pearls in the depths of the deepest seas. Oguz's

reason left his mind.<sup>143</sup> A mad bird came down from his eyes to his heart and settled at the top of his heart. There it got aflame and burned. As it fluttered its wings, the sparks of flame jumped to all of his marrow and spread. The girl was aflame, too. It was obvious.

Oguz picked up the girl and jumped to the other side of the lake. All the lake inhabitants and the big tree saw them off with a parting song and then with a praise that was built on happiness.

Oguz married this girl, too.

Again, days and nights went by. Again, the moons became big and small and the stars twinkled. After the days and the nights, after the moons and the twinkling stars, one day at the hour when the darkness and brightness embraced in the Turkish land, Ay-Su-Han<sup>144</sup> gave birth to three babies, too. Again all three were boys. Oguz, looking at them, called one Gök, one Dag, and one Deniz.<sup>145</sup> After that, the children's names became Gök, Dag, and Deniz.

They grew up.

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In the all-black darkening sky, a thin cloud, all-white, was whitening. It was bending the bitter fruit of patience from the edges of swinging branches to the

joy of a stirring crowd. One pair of hazel eyes, in the dark sky which rings of light were tearing to pieces, was master and ruler over all seen and unseen, known and unknown things. This pair of hazel eyes, master of all, was bringing the sky down to earth and flying the earth up to the sky. At the place where the two became one, it was whitening with that whiteness of that thin cloud, and the joy of the crowd was gathering in this cloud. This pair of hazel eyes was Oguz, that whitening thin cloud was Oguz's hair. After a short while, this pair of hazel eyes and that whitening thin cloud became a pair of angry lips and opened. Everything was quiet, all of the seven climates and the China land were quiet. A voice, as soft and thin as that whitening cloud, wandered above them all. His lips had moved:

I became Khan to you  
 Let us take bow and  
 Let sign be to us goodness and happiness,  
 Wolf be to us voice of war shouts,  
 And iron lances be the forest.  
 Let the horse walk in the place of hunting,  
 The sea and the river  
 Let the day be flag and the sky towers.

The ones that listened thought that this voice, from Oguz's mouth, was wandering over all the Turkish land. It was entering every house, was finding an old bearded one and waking him up. It was diffusing into every cave and was waking up a creature of the Turkish land that had been left asleep in the thickness of the darkness.

It was entering every hold and whatever there is, was waking all up. One handful of the Turkish land's earth was becoming a sky-reaching mountain, and drops of water were becoming floods flowing, and the Chinese who did not expect any good from this voice, with their hands folded, were looking. And the crowds of innocent people also thought that all around at the highest peaks of the highest mountains and at each peak, thousands of wolves sky-haired and sky-maned, had turned their mouths to the thin, whitening cloud, and with their eyes tearing all the darkness, were singing the deathless nation's song of deathlessness in friendly and human tones to the friendly and human ears and were calling deadly and fearfully to the enemy ears. That moment was a moment. A moment that a pair of lips vaguely moved. And the crowd, the people whose happiness could not stay in their hearts, thought that all the China land burned with this.

And every word that fell from Oguz's mouth was an order by itself.

Son hey! Hey son! The crowd wavered so, the lights brightened so, that even if it is said that the great crowd was ashamed of its bigness, it is justified. The wide sound of a song grew bigger in the mouths of iron-belted wrestlers:<sup>146</sup> "Oguz! Oguz! Hey Oguz! You are the Khan and we are your followers."

The first lightning defeated ten times twenty troupes of Chinese. That day the Chinese heard, with death, the sounds of the cracking of their walls which were built on thousands of lives and which were thought deathless. That China wall which they took pride in, saying that even if the gods roared, it would not tumble down, that wall under Oguz's feet, who was the head of all the braves, had become a ruin. It crumbled and became dusty and contemptible.

The Patenk Tower,<sup>147</sup> that was surpassing all the other towers in China, was a strong and hard tower. It could last only seven days. The horsemen of Oguz, on the evening of the seventh day, rested along the cold waters of Patenk, and the soldiers of Oguz slept to wake up on the morning of the eighth day to bring victory to the Bozkurt and the flag edged with crimson horse-tail. A cold and dark night that made all the China land shiver with cold had started. Beyond the Patenk Tower and the China wall, while the Chinese could not sleep with the fear of not knowing how the next morning the day would dawn, under the torches of justice and respect and love that Oguz put on the Patenk tower and the China wall, an old Chinese minstrel was crying for all. He was crying for the darkness of the past of the Chinese race, for its ignorance and empty pride, and for its life that



thought only of profit, deceit, and guile. He talked about the humanness of Oguz in these fights, his manliness, greatness, and he praised Oguz's courage, that even if the whole China land stood up, would not be defeated. While he was finishing, he said:

During the calamity under the Patenk tower  
no bread was found for seven days;  
And the soldier in fear and in helplessness  
could not stretch a bow.<sup>148</sup>

This was an elegy. It was the elegy of the dead ones, three times hundred, hundred times thousand, that were killed at every place that Oguz's hands moved up to the air and then down. That night this voice sighing under the torches of justice and love that Oguz put up on the Patenk and the China wall, spread to all the China land that was shivering under the cold and dark night. It was like a cover of guilt and forgiveness. The Chinese could not stand up again. When they wanted to, that old minstrel's lonely voice rang in their ears with a painful helplessness:

During the calamity under the Patenk tower  
no bread was found for seven days;  
And the soldier in fear and in helplessness  
could not stretch a bow.

This became a fearful folk song. It was always sung in the China land.

After that, Oguz sent commanders and servants everywhere: "I, that am the Khan of seven climates and four corners, and of Oguzlar and Uygurlar<sup>149</sup> and of the China

land and the Turks and all, and you who are the Head of a small tribe!

"I would want from you to bow your head.<sup>150</sup> Know this, that the ones that bow to me are my friends and also become the friends of all mankind. And yet if you insist on not obeying, you become an enemy to me and to all mankind, and I would come to you at the head of my army."

During those times, on the right side was a Khan called Altun-Han. When he received Oguz's orders, selecting gold, silver, and rubies from his valuable treasuries, he sent them as gifts to Oguz with a messenger, saying that he accepted Oguz's friendship and the victory of mankind's friendship.

Again, at those times, on the left side there was a Khan called Urum-Han. He was as cruel and proud as he could be. He took pride in himself so much that he believed he was God and no one else. He had rich forts and very many soldiers. He was trusting in the richness of his forts and the numbers of his soldiers. He did not listen to Oguz's orders. He sent a messenger to Oguz, saying: "Come and be a servant by my side. I will give you a tribe and teach you to be a man." Also, besides this, he sent a message saying that Oguz should not do anything bigger than he was able to, and that he was God, and if Oguz tried anything against him, he would

destroy him. If it was somebody else, he would get angry and would at that hour hang this man who found the courage to say these words. But Oguz, who had no equal since the world was the world, did not do such a thing and sent the messenger safely to his own country. After that, he got his army ready and started after him. After forty days and forty nights, he came to a mountain called the Ice Mountain and stopped. Evening had come down to the skirts of the Ice Mountain. Oguz had his camp set there. He saw that the roads were getting twisted and that where these twisted roads led could not be seen or known, and besides this, he saw that none of the soldiers knew which one was the road to be taken. Oguz, in a restlessness, entered his camp. Oguz, since he was Oguz, had never felt this restlessness. His eyes had never been left so lightless. On top of this, his eyelids were getting heavy, too. Sleep came heavily, and Oguz, right where he was staying plunged into a deep dream. What he saw and heard in this dream, are not known. Nobody knows this, maybe even Oguz himself did not know, but what is known is that Oguz woke up when the dawn was whitening with a pale light. His tent, as though with the earth it was built on, had flown up to the air. That pale light was becoming stronger and brighter at Oguz's every breath. There came a moment

when Oguz's sleepy eyes could not look at the light, they were dazzled. A friendly and obedient voice rose within the light. A voice that was softer than the light and all-white. The light, flying, spread, and a wolf appeared. He was sky-haired, sky-maned, and male. The one that was speaking was he: "Oguz! Oguz! Hey Oguz! The hope of the nation, the wish of the world, Oguz! You want to walk on Urum!"

Oguz felt something getting wolf-like in his eyes, and some other thing getting wolf-like again in his ears. His heart was becoming wolf-like. Oguz had come from the wolf anyway, and he was becoming wolf-like. He listened as though he were listening to his brother: "Oguz! Oguz! Hey Oguz! I, too, will walk with you, will walk in front of you. Your way is the way I am going."

The wolf said this and disappeared again within the lights. At that same moment, Oguz's tent came down to earth again. Oguz's orders were orders: The tent should be gathered and the soldiers should get ready for the marching. The war was starting!

Before Oguz finished what he was saying, a noise started at the highest peak of the Ice Mountain. A sky-haired, sky-maned, big wolf was coming down, tumbling mountain and stone, dust and smoke into all. He came down and moved to the front; he did not stop. They

walked and walked and walked. On the fourth day, when the dawn whitened, the sky-haired, sky-maned, big wolf stopped. Oguz, too, stopped. The soldiers, too, stopped. They had reached the Idil River. The big wolf, slowly and carefully, walked around the right side of the Idil River, and on the skirts of a black mountain disappeared from sight. At that moment the army of Urum Khan had been seen, too. There was a hard fight. It was such a hard fight that the years-old waters of the Idil River, becoming crimson blood, flowed. Whoever stood in front of Oguz, so that Urum Khan could? The kingship of Urum Khan ended in one hour. It could not be revived again. Oguz's soldiers, and the soldiers of Urum Khan who were begging mercy, all at once saw that a sky-haired, sky-maned, big wolf at the blackest and sharpest peak of the black mountain was calling: "Oguz! Oguz! Hey Oguz! Let your war be praised and your peace be happy."

The happy peace started with a more happy return. . .

Before returning, the defeated Urum Khan's son, Oruz Bey, had come and bent his head to Oguz. He had said: "You are my Khan. My father told me to protect this fort and not to let you enter. I saw that my father was weak, you were brave. If my father, without considering his weakness, stood against you, what is my guilt? Here is my flag, it is not mine, but yours now."

Here are the keys of the fort, they are not mine, but yours now. Give me permission to fight alongside of you like a soldier."

Oguz, in a way worthy of Oguz, answered: "You were a Khan's son. If your father acted unreasonably, what is your guilt? He, by dying, took the punishment of his unreasonable behavior. You stay here as the lord of these braves and forts that are left leaderless. Defend well and protect well these places. Let your name from now on be Saklap."<sup>151</sup>

After this, Cruz, with his new name, Saklap Han, saw off Oguz, the Khan of all the Khans and the king of all the hearts, up to the place where the Idil River ends and where the Ice Mountain is, and from there he returned with his braves. Oguz, after a day's journey, made his first returning stop near a river. The river was flowing and floating and was not giving any passage. To go around looking for a place that has a passage was a long thing. Oguz, when there is a shorter way, would not take the long way. He ordered: "Let there soon be found a way to pass from this to the other side of the water." Among the soldiers, there was a great and wise leader called Ulug Ordu Bey. He had trees cut from the forest. He explained and showed how to make rafts. He had rafts made. All of them, without getting wet at all

and without even their noses bleeding, passed on to the other side. Oguz was very happy at this success of Ulug Ordu. He stroked his back and, in front of all the lords, said: "Let your name from now on be Kipçak.<sup>152</sup> You will be the lord of the people and the land on both sides of this water."

He said this and, jumping on his piebald horse, he started on his way at the head of his army. He loved his piebald horse very much. The piebald horse, that all China land and all the Turkish land could not stop praising, had become the best friend of all Oguz's days good and bad. He had stayed wherever Oguz had told him to and slept wherever Oguz had told him to. The piebald horse thought like a man and looked into Oguz's eyes like a man. That day, too, soon after they left Kipçak, all of a sudden, his foot had stumbled. Oguz had to jump down from the horse. And as soon as he jumped, very fast,<sup>153</sup> nobody knew what happened and nobody understood, the piebald horse got loose from Oguz's hand and ran away towards the skirts of a snowy mountain. Oguz, whom not all the dragons and strongest enemies could kill or scare, that Oguz, stiffened and hardened. His strength left him; a knife was not able to open his mouth.<sup>154</sup> He was quiet. He could not take one step, he could not sit, he could not turn to any side. It was as if his blood

and flesh had all dried up.

Amidst the soldiers, there was one man who was not afraid of living or dying, of snow or rain, of dark or light, of the strong or the brave. He was a strong one who would not hide himself from any danger. When he saw Oguz, in whom he put all his faith, like that, he went after the piebald horse towards that snowy mountain. He did not listen to time or anything else. He went and found the horse and brought it back. He brought it, but his hands, face, and every side of him were all snowy. He had become a snow man. Oguz was very happy for this. He kissed one cheek and then the other of this brave soldier and stroked his back. He said: "You will stay here and become the Head over these people. Let your name from now on be Karluk."<sup>155</sup>

Karluk, because he knew what sort of a person Oguz was, could not say anything. He could not say anything, but while Oguz was jumping on his horse, and especially when he was getting ready to leave at the head of his army, he could not hold himself any longer and cried in tears. He sobbed, saying: "I wish I had not become a lord. What is being a lord to me far away from Oguz? What is being a lord to me?"

Oguz was continuing on his way.

On his way, he passed in front of a house that was



very big and that was very high. The walls of the house were of pure gold. Its windows were of silver, and its doors were of rubies. The eyes that looked once could not look again, it was so dazzling. The door of the house was closed; it was locked. If Oguz wanted to, he could have opened it in one breath;<sup>156</sup> but he did not want to. He did not open it. He had many things to do yet. One half of the world had been conquered, the other half was waiting. For that, he called to him the most capable of his soldiers, Tömürdū Kagul. He said: "You stay here and open the house. After that you will catch up with the army."

He said this, and he did not stop. He walked on. After this Tömürdū Kagul's name became Kalac,<sup>157</sup> and stayed so. The sky-haired, sky-maned, big wolf was not staying anywhere. Without saying day or night, with his red tongue hanging out, but never tired, he was running towards lighted, bright horizons with all the worlds' joy and tomorrows' happiness in his eyes which were brighter than God's. All of a sudden, in a least expected and thought of place, he stopped. The place at which the wolf stopped was a waste land. It was called Çürçit. As being waste, it was waste, as being dangerous, it was dangerous, but it was a rich land. The Çürçit people were jealous people. Their king, too,

was a proud man. They stood against Oguz because of this jealousy and pride. There was another hard war. Eyes were filled with tears, and fields were filled with heads. The waste Cürçit land, from this blood that was shed because of an unnecessary jealousy and pride, did not turn red, but it turned pale. The earth's turning pale does not resemble the man's turning pale and the flowers' turning pale. Only one who saw the earth turn pale would know what it means.

The ones left in the Cürçit land did not want to stay on this land either. They had seen Oguz, and they had loved Oguz. Others had told evil things to them about Oguz. Even if Oguz had not wanted them, the remaining people of the Cürçit land would not have left Oguz. Whatever they had, they piled on their horses, donkeys, and cows. The horses, donkeys, and cows were not enough for the goods of the Cürçit people. The soldiers and people carried the remaining ones. Even then, there still remained a world of goods. At that time, there among Oguz's people,<sup>158</sup> there was a wise-thinking man who was called Barmeklig Cosun Billig. He did some things. Nobody till now had seen these things. Below the long pieces of wood, they had two wheels. They were cut to shape. Whatever animal was found, horse, donkey, or cow, was tied to these carts, and on them were piled the goods that had

been on the backs of the animals and also the remaining goods. After that they urged the animals to move, and from the wheels came a strange sound like kangi, kangal<sup>159</sup> Because of this sound, they called those wheeled things that Barmaklig Çosun had made "Kangalug"<sup>160</sup> Afterwards they became known as ox-carts.

The sky-haired, sky-maned wolf did not stop. He walked, walked, and walked. He walked with his red tongue hanging out, but was not tired. He walked with all the world's joy and happy tomorrows' work in his eyes brighter than God's. He walked towards lighted and bright horizons. He walked to India, Syria, and the Tangut land. The one that was wrestling was the wolf. The one that was shooting was Oguz. The ones that were fighting, were the wolf and Oguz! They fought together, they laughed together, and they did not cry even once during all the days they spent together. They did not know what crying was. To cry was the individual's own heart's sadness; they did not remember their own cares. The ones who lived for a great aim and for a flag, could not have cried.

Altun Han, Urum Han, the Çürçit land, Syria, and the Tangut land. These were the places where the sky-haired, sky-maned Great Wolf<sup>161</sup> had stopped; there were many other places where the sky-haired, sky-maned Great

Wolf did not stay. In all these places, now, only one flag and one name were waving like a ring of lights. Peace...peace...love and affection...filled everywhere. The thing waving in the flag was a nation: it was the mountains, the fields, and the rivers waving; they were equal with Oguz.

There was one place left in the South: Barkan. It was a rich, hot, very hot land. It had a great many hunting animals, many birds, and much wheat. Its gold and silver were swimming in the water.<sup>162</sup> Black-faced people with big rolling eyes had gathered in this land. Very often the black-faced people's hearts are black, too. The Barkans had all-black hearts. The people who have rolling eyes in their faces, have also shrivelled up lungs. The Barkans' lungs were like this, too. They were being cruel to the caravans of the Oguz land. They also had a Sultan. His heart was blacker than the rest of them and his lungs were more shrivelled up. His name was Masar. He had given orders to the Barkans to rob all the caravans of the Oguz land.

Sultan Masar made known that he would not obey Oguz. This meant the end of Masar.

The sky-haired, sky-maned Great Wolf's and Oguz's last breath fell on Barkan. Just as lightning would fall on a tree and make it disappear in one moment, just

as a hurricane would rush to a place and make that place one with earth in an eye's wink, Barkan became like that, too. Nobody after that saw Masar. Three things were master on Barkan now: the sky-haired, sky-maned Great Wolf, Oguz, and the Skyflag which was edged with a crimson horse-tail.<sup>163</sup>

While Oguz was getting older, the Skyflag was growing younger.

Son hey! Hey son! Listen, it is not finished yet.

Under the Skyflag that was getting younger while Oguz was getting older, there was a white-haired, white-bearded, very wise, and very experienced prince, Ulug Türük. One day he told a dream to Oguz: "Oguz, Oguz, hey Oguz! I had a dream that was very excellent. In front of me, there opened the earth, endless and wide. It was such a plain, that I cannot explain. On my right, from the east, a golden bow flew, got higher, reached the clouds, and from there went down to the west. Whatever there was between East and West disappeared. Only the bow and the three arrows flying from the South to the North remained in the middle. The arrows were of silver."

Oguz felt strange. He shivered a little. He had shivered like this very few times in his life. He asked: "What do you mean to say Ulug Türük? Even if it is a

dream, there is something you are trying to explain. I have to know."

Ulug Türük answered: "Oguz, Oguz, Hey Oguz! If you have to know, know this that God gave to you and to the ones that will come after you all the earth and the sky. You gave order and organized a nation that by striving with each other had been divided.<sup>164</sup> You made them gentlemen. The Turkish race will teach the gentleness you have given it to all mankind and will take it wherever it goes. As to you Oguz! There has come the time for you to take shelter in God."

Oguz stood up in that strange shivering. He asked Ulug Türük: "With whom did you think we had been together till now? Were we not with the Sky-God?<sup>165</sup> Quick, let my sons come by my side."

What had Oguz said that was not obeyed at that very hour? Soon on one side of him Gün, Ay, and Yildiz, and on the other side of him Gök, Dag, and Deniz lined up. Oguz, that old Oguz who with the movement of his eyebrows made the nations tremble, said: "My Sons! My heart would like to hunt, but my eyes have grown tired. My heart would like to hunt, but my eyes have grown tired. My heart would like to shoot arrows with you, but my essence has dried. Now you, Gün, Ay, and Yildiz, you, go towards the East. You, Gök, Dag, and Deniz, you, go

to the West. Let all of you hunt."

In one moment, six horses became six lightnings and with Oguz's sons on their backs, three of them to one side and three of them to the other side, galloped. Oguz and the ones beside him looked at the place left empty after they were gone. Even a handful of water under the hot sun would not have become mist this fast.

Gün, Ay, and Yıldız came back with much game and also with a golden bow.

Gök, Dag, Deniz, too, came back with much game, fed and full, and also with three silver arrows of which each one of them had one. They brought these and gave them to Oguz, their father. From what cause is not known, but that moment, a sadness covered the hearts of these six braves and all the Turkish land, and it covered everyplace and everybody where the Skyflag edged with a crimson horse-tail waved. Whether the sun went behind a black cloud or whether the earth, rising to the sky, embraced the darkening clouds there, whatever happened, everyplace darkened.

The council gathered amidst this sadness and darkness. Oguz had called them.

He had the tent of the Khan built in the middle of the plain. On the right side of the tent, he had built a pillar that was forty fathoms long and had a golden

hen put on top of it and under it had a white sheep tied. The white sheep was as if it were ashamed of its whiteness amidst that sadness and darkness.

On the left side of the tent, there was another pillar that had been built. On the top of the pillar was a silver hen, and at its bottom was tied a black sheep that had no white on it, not even any whites in its eyes. The black sheep was as if it were ashamed of its blackness amidst that sadness and darkness.

On the right side of Oguz, Bozoklar: Gün, Ay, and Yildiz, were set. On his left side, Uçoklar:<sup>166</sup> Gök, Dag, Deniz, were set. Ulug Türük was standing up behind Oguz.

That sadness and darkness lasted for forty days and nights. In these forty days and nights, in spite of that sadness and darkness, they ate and drank. When the forty-first day was starting, Oguz stood up. It was as if a mountain or a volcano were standing up. "My People!" The voice made even the sadness and darkness tremble. "My sons!"

A fear wandered in the heart of sadness and darkness. Oguz was speaking: "My sons, listen to me! After all these wars, as an old man, I am giving this young flag to you. That Skyflag, even when you get old, will have moon and stars above it and continue getting younger.



You and your sons and their sons' sons will see this flag, maybe not always sky, but always straight and young. Men get older, but flags do not. They fly over peace, love, affection, and continuous happiness. They do not get old. I am leaving you a flag and a land that it cools. Do not leave the flag without the land, do not leave the land without the flag!"

As soon as Oguz finished his words, the sadness that filled the earth hardened and the darkness darkened more. There was a flutter amidst the clouds. A skeleton bird, big as a fist, its blackness seen even in the darkness, came down from the sky and settled on Oguz's right shoulder. It sang three times. The ones that heard this, said that they had never heard this voice during all their lives. And all of a sudden, everyplace brightened.

Everyplace brightened. Only the sadness remained. There were two things in the sky. Everybody saw them. One of them was a white bird, the other was the Skyflag!

The white bird was whiter than milk. It was brighter and clearer than the day light, and it was more beautiful than all the beautiful things of the world. Its flying was a gliding along swiftly. And the Skyflag was young!

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The youth of the Skyflag continued in that way. The years took their strength from the youths of this flag. They flowed right and left. The years were a stopping place for the flag's shadows that flew over four corners. It widened at the places it rested, and when it widened, it went deep into the hearts and became a crown in the hearts. And it came in the hands of the white-helmeted princes and the wolf-like soldiers with the wolf-like looks, and it came in the words of the white-footed beauties their breasts designed heart-like, and it came in their looks sky-like and bright like lights, with all its magnificence. It straightened up with a new youthfulness along the side of Balasagun. It was as if the mountains were waving and as if from its magnificence the skies were giving way to it and bending low with respect. And there were the soldiers with wolf-like looks.

The soldiers were gathered at a tower called Su.<sup>167</sup>

Su Tower was a tower built close to Balasagun, whose walls were stretched up to the sky. It was a tower on whose heights nothing flew, past whose sides no caravan travelled, whose iron doors were always open to the good ones and closed to the evil ones, and who was always on the watch for the enemies. In its rich streets, five times the God above the flag was praised, and on the

tower points, every day from morning till night, three hundred sixty bands played before the lords and princes. A brave Khan named Su, who had come from the wolf and light race, had built this white tower on these plains. His army--when it walked the earth shook--in far away lands from the Su tower, on the edge of the borders of the China land and on the peaks of the mountains that looked to the West to Urum, used to walk according to the Khan's orders.

If there was the China land in the East, there was the Urum land in the West. And Urum land, too, was a spot of evilness. The brave Khan named Su, from the Su tower, used to keep each of the two enemies under control. Yet one day of all the days, from a place farther away than the West, a person came that made even the Urum land in the West tremble. While he was yet in the Urum land, his being that sort of a person was heard in the Su tower. It was said that he was a good person named Zülkarneyn. Some of the braves living in the Su tower went to Khan Su's presence to see him.

They said: "The one named Zülkarneyn is coming nearer to us, bringing a big army behind him, and leaving the Urum land in dust and smoke. Our question is: we would like to know what we should do? What would you order us to do? If you give us permission, we will fight,

we will not let him stay. Heads could be given but not the country. What do you think?"

The brave Khan Su just smiled and did not say anything. Only not to send the braves empty-handed, he said:

"Now then! Stay, what is the matter with you." Thus he stopped them. Then he turned and looked at the pool beside him. The pool was all silver from top to bottom. It was shining bright, and the water in it was clearer than silver. In the clear waters and silvery brightness, ducks and swans were going back and forth, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left; they were continually turning and twining. Their swimming was undeterred. This pool was always close by the bravest of the braves, Khan Su. If he went to war, he had his pool carried with him. In peace, if he wanted to go somewhere again, his pool was taken with him. It was such an important pool to him. Khan Su could not part in this world first from his country and then from his pool. Because of this, while the braves were in his presence, they did not see anything strange in his looking at the pool. But the great Khan, saying: "Now then! Stay, what is the matter with you?" did not stop. Looking at the pool, he also showed the swimming ducks and swans to his braves and said:

"Look, how gracefully they are swimming. If you want to, hold one by one and ask them what you asked me. I do not think even one among them would say that it has heard of that person called Zülkarneyn. Try it!"

And when he finished his words, he laughed and laughed and then bent down and sprinkled food to the ducks and swans.

The braves looked once at the great Khan Su, whose bravery they had seen with their own eyes and believed in, and once at the swimming swans; and without saying anything, as if they had not heard what had been said, turned back and went out. At the camp's door yet, to each other and then to the guards and then to whoever came by them, they told what had happened. They said:

"The great Khan has heard the fame of the good one called Zülkarneyn and has lost his mind. He has become like the ducks and swans and like one that has lost his discretion."

These words spread from ear to ear so that the hearts of the ones that heard them were deeply grieved. They all woke up from their good dreams. And it was thought that the greatest of the great, bravest of the brave, Khan Su, was not ready for war. Yet the thing was, Su was thinking differently. If there was such a man as the one called Zülksrneyn, whose fame had flown everywhere

in the world and blown everywhere like a breeze, to fight with him around Su tower would mean the destruction of many places and maybe even the destruction of this Su tower that was built with thousands of difficulties. For this, he did not see any other solution except to withdraw further to the East and start the fight in the East. To be on the alert, he had sent secretly, two times twenty braves among his most selected braves to the Hucend pass without even the knowledge of the white-helmeted lords in his army. They were going to wait there. The first twenty braves, as soon as Zülkarneyn's soldiers pass the river, would come and report the passing of the river, and the second twenty braves were going to gain a definite concept of those soldiers' strength at war, and after that without saying night or day, fog or mist, would come galloping from the nearest ways and inform Su about that army's strength and braves. For this, then, Su to the ones who came to his presence and asked for permission had said, "Now then! Stay, what is the matter with you?" and after that had showed the pool and the ducks and swans in the pool.

In truth, nobody knew among them about those two times twenty braves leaving secretly and going to the Hucend pass. Since nobody knew the truth, there were many different things said in varied ways in the Su tower.

And especially that bravest of all the braves, that Khan Su, that had come from the wolf's race and light's milk, as the things said grew bigger, was spending more and more time by his pool and by his ducks and swans in the pool and was not leaving the side of the pool night and day.

Again in an evening like this, while he was by the side of the pool, the first twenty of the braves that were waiting at the Hucend pass, twenty brave and courageous soldiers, in full speed came to the tower. Since there were many soldiers who came to the tower every evening in full speed, the ones sitting in the Su tower and the ones that happened to be out of their camps did not seem to care very much at first. But when they saw those twenty braves enter the camp with respect as soon as they jumped off their horses, they straightened up and now, in a different sort of confusion, as if they felt what was going to happen, they waited.

Twenty braves that had come in dust and smoke entered the camp as if one, in step, with due respect to Khan Su's presence. And, hitting their knees, touched the earth nine times in front of Khan Su. The brave Khan Su looked at their faces without even blinking, looked at their strong, wolf-like faces. After that, without asking anything, without letting the twenty braves speak,

he said slowly:

"I knew. Zülkarneyn, that good one, had crossed the river."

Turning in the same quiet way, he looked at the pool, the ducks and the swans, as if he loved them with his eyes. He showed them to the braves:

"Look, how lovely they are swimming."

And he gave them food, just as always, he sprinkled food to the ducks and swans. The food particles that were sprinkled made little waves in the clear water of the silver pool. The ducks and the swans all of a sudden attacked those small food particles and the beaks dived into the water in an instant. When they came out, there was no food in the water and no waves were left from the sprinkling of the food. The ducks and the swans went on swimming as they had done before. The water was still that same water, and Su, the brave Khan that had no blinking or a drop of mist in his eyes, showed this to the twenty soldiers who had come in full speed and who were tired:

"Look, the ducks and the swans are swimming so beautifully!"

The soldiers did not understand anything.

In that way, they left.

As soon as the soldiers had left, the great Khan



thought. Thoughts were not leaving him, and he was not turning and looking at the pool, the ducks, or the beautiful swan whose breast was swelling.

Outside, night had come.

Khan Su's thoughts were whiter than the day, and the silver pool's water was clear. Outside, the night moved on.

And all of a sudden, like lightning amidst the night, the second twenty soldiers, with their horses more magnificent and out of breath than the first ones, entered the Su tower. Without turning right or left, without looking anywhere, they pulled their horses in front of the tent and bridled them there. At the same moment, they jumped off their horses. In the presence of the Khan twenty knees together, like one knee, hit the ground nine times. In the wolf-like looks of the twenty pairs of eyes there was not even one trembling. Maybe they were tired, maybe sleepless, maybe for yours they have been thirsty for war. There was one thing, only one thing, in these wolf-like looks of the twenty pairs of eyes: The Khan and the country, the rest was not important. And Khan Su that always left the lords and people that talked to him on one side and looked at his pool and the ducks and swans that swim in it, for the first time in his life, forgetting the pool, jumped in excitement:

"Is the enemy strong?"

Twenty soldiers, for a while in confusion, stopped. Then one among them, hit his knee once more and said:

"He is strong. We have not fought anyone like him yet. He is our equal."

The second one said:

"The enemy is in a maddening conceit. In the pride of defeating everybody that comes in front of him, far away from his true land, and in the happiness of gaining more land, his eyes do not see anything."

Khan Su was impatient:

Is there anybody who has seen Zülkarneyn, that agreeable person? How is he?"

One said: "I saw him. His skin was wheat-colored and his eyes were blue. Zülkarneyn, too, is like his army; no different. The army is marching, but He is thinking, continually thinking."

The oldest of the twenty soldiers said the last word:

"You thought right, great Khan. This fight could not be in the Su tower. To back up to the East is necessary. Zülkarneyn is a stranger to these lands, while we are a part of it. It would not tire us, but it would tire him and tear him, too. If we withdraw, we would get stronger."

Khan Su, as though he were thinking differently,

said:

"What of this earth? If we are a piece of it, what of the whole? A piece is of the whole, it cannot part. If it does, it cannot live, it cannot exist."

"We would come back and take it. To go does not mean not to return!"

Twenty soldiers had spoken at once. It was as if the sky had talked, the mountain had talked, the big universe that never is completely known had talked:

"To go does not mean not to return!"

Brave Su commanded:

"If so, get on your horses. Jump on the strong and rested horses. Reach the East with full speed. Let all the army gather at the skirts of the Tanri Mountain. If to go does not mean not to return, we, too, are coming. We will meet Zülkarneyn between Tugla and Selenge. Find us under the holy beech tree."

Twenty knees that made the earth tremble, with a fearless stretching, beat the ground nine times and twenty pairs of legs bent on horses' backs, getting permission from the Khan, in one moment they went outside the tent. Maybe an eye opened and closed, maybe it only opened and did not close, this was such a small, such an unmeasurable moment. Those legs that were thought would never part, once clinging to the horses' chest, in that very short

moment, were on the backs of twenty strong and rested horses.

A yell which by the ears that heard it was thought to come from one mouth, tore the darkness:

"Move! Come on you, my beautiful one!"

And the twenty horsemen, twenty of them in this way, started on their way. After a little while everyone of them became darkness.

Khan Su, even before the horsemen left the tower had sent his orders. Special messengers at midnight, without noticing nights full of sleep, were spreading the order camp by camp:

"Hey Su people! Get up and listen. Do not say we heard or not heard. The Great Khan, the bravest of the braves and the Khan of the Khans, Su says that Zülkarneyn passing the river with his army is at this moment approaching the tower. It is necessary to start moving and not to stay. The move will be to the East. To go does not mean not to return. Know this and do not remain any longer!"

The sky, like a black curtain, had stretched over the Su tower. The voices of the special messengers were hitting this black curtain and falling into the camps. The darkness was making the voices of the messengers grow bigger and bigger. The ones waking up from their sleeps,

as if they had seen a fearful dream, were repeating slowly one sentence they could understand among the others, in the confusion of being awakened from a deep dream.

"To go does not mean not to return!"

This sentence repeated slowly, like a whisper, with fear and trembling, passed from camp to camp, and the ones that woke up, all of a sudden, under the torches, with a tune like a chant, but deeper and stronger than a chant, all shouted this sentence.

"To go does not mean not to return."

The Khan's tent had been pulled down and had been gathered up a long time ago. His pool, ducks, and swans were on their way with the tent. Inside the tower, all the camps were torn from their ropes and stakes, because there was no time for them to be properly pulled down. The ones that could find a horse had jumped on a horse. The ones that could not find one, jumped on another animal. The young ones on foot, the elders on horses, and the ox-carts filled with the goods, left Su. A migration to the East was flowing behind an uncomprehended order of the King.

Khans, too, were like Gods in the Turkish land. There were no questions asked of them, and their orders were obeyed like God's orders. It was said that they had

to go, and even if it was midnight and people could not see each other in darkness, and even if they did not know the why or what of their going, they would obey and go.

They had come from the East anyway, they were going to the East. Maybe the Tanri Mountain wanted the flag edge with a crimson horse-tail.

A thin dust and smoke, an unmoving, unwavering, undistorted, even smoke was fusing towards the Su Tower that had been left behind the ones that had gone. The ones that had gone thought that they had not left anything behind except the tower. But there were some who had been left in the Su tower who could not go. Some had waked up late, and some could not find any horses or any other animals. They did not have any strength in their knees to walk and no light in their eyes to see far. For them, the front was darkness and to go was not to return. All together the ones left in the Su tower were twenty-two people.

They went; these stayed.

Before they reached the Tanri Mountain, these came face to face with the proud soldiers of Zülkarneyn's army dashing into the Su tower. Before them, however, before the enemy, two people had come and asked these twenty-two people the direction of the Khan's army that

had left. The oldest of the twenty-two people had said:

"The army has gone. Now they are far away, you cannot reach them. You are tired, in your legs there is no strength left to step on the ground, your hearts on your shoulders are heavier than yourselves. In this way, you can only stay here."

The two people, without caring about their legs that cannot walk and their hearts heavier than themselves, said:

"No. We will walk till our legs leave us and till our hearts part from us. We heard the Khan's order late. We were far away. As long as the flag is in the Khan's hands, we are behind him."

But the oldest of the twenty-two people persisted:

"You cannot reach them. The roads are too far away and too hot, very hot. In the half way, you would burn. If Zülkarneyn exists today, he does not tomorrow. He is not permanent. He cannot be permanent. You that are Turks, you are permanent."

But those two people did not stay anyway. They went. They were not able to catch up with the army and the Tanri Mountain, but they become sufficient to themselves, and the ones that came after them were saved from being a nameless Turkish branch. Those two people founded two tribes, one each. Those that came from these tribes were

named Kalaci,<sup>168</sup> and they were called so and multiplied so.

And the leaders of the Zülkarneyn's army came and settled in the Su tower. Zülkarneyn, too, like his army, was in the pride of his victory. He looked at the twenty-two people brought to his presence. He looked at their wolf-like looks, at their faces whose color was fused from wheat and light, at their women's curly hair, and at their men's hair falling on their shoulders like a wolf's mane. For the first time he felt the drunkenness of his victory turn into a hidden worry and a doubtful fear and, in this state of mind, said:

"What are you doing here in this empty tower, left by people who were afraid and ran away from us and our army? What are you doing?"

Again the oldest of the twenty-two people with the sharp lights of his eyes that had the greyish blue of the worn-out peaks of mountains, looked at Zülkarneyn and shouted:

"Who said that?"

It was as if he were fluttering his wings like an eagle in the greyish blue of the worn out peaks of those mountains.

"Who told you that this tower was empty? Who told you that this tower was left by people who were afraid



of you and your armies? You will go as you came, and the ones that are gone will return as they have gone. Fear those that have gone. We are the people left from those that have gone. Neither do we have any fears from you, nor the ones that have gone have any doubts. We are tired, they are brave. Look and listen how this wall echoes what those that are gone said while they were leaving."

Even before the old person's words were finished, something happened that shook that fearless leader, Zülkarneyn. The walls that the old person pointed at, saying, "Look and listen," started echoing that same sentence that those ones that have gone were repeating constantly:

"To go does not mean not to return."

In the walls every stone, one by one, bravely was talking, echoing. It was not the stone, not the earth, but the pride fused into the stone, not the earth that was talking. The walls were talking.

Zülkarneyn jumped. His great lords and leaders did not know what it was, they could not know.

They shouted: "Magic! These are magicians."

But the old person roared:

"No. Magic is far away from us. The ones that trust and believe in magic are not from us. They are

foolish. The sounds talking in the tower that you think has been left empty, are in reality the unseen ones that fill all the corners. They are the ones that have died before us. Those spirits are talking in these walls. Your drunken eyes think such a tower, empty."

Zulkarneyn forgot even his own tongue in front of the old one and the walls' words, and in the language of those whose lands he had passed through and crushed before he reached the Su tower, he talked slowly, full of fear, and without strength and in a whisper said:

"They look like Turks, these men look like Turks."

And he soon got up and gathered his army. He could not stay any longer in this tower where the walls, stones, earth, and even a drop of water talked and echoed, in a fearful chant, but which their eyes, clouded by pride, seeing it empty, had thought it empty. He understood that he could not stay here any longer. He left those twenty-two people there, having that old person as their head. While he was leaving, he stood with respect in front of that old person and said:

"You are the real desolate ones of this full tower. Wait till the ones that have left it, return. I am leaving, I will find them and kill them. Then I will come back and talk with you again. If I do not come back, the ones that have gone will come back. Wait for

them."

And then he left after this. He went towards the place Khan Su had gone. He led his horses to the East.

The twenty-two people once more had been left by themselves in the tower. From this day on they were called Türkmen.<sup>169</sup> Oguz Branches, in twenty-four branches, grew from these twenty-two people. Those other two branches became Kalacilar and stayed separate from the twenty-two branches. Here the Türkmen, with the ones dead before them, lived wolf-like and light-like.

Whatever it was, the ones that had gone were not coming back. It was as if they had left all together, as if they had gone not to return.

Yet, Khan Su was resting between the Tugla and Selenge Rivers and under the holy beech tree. His silver pool and his ducks and swans were beside him.

And at the skirts of the Tanri Mountain, Su's army on the East guarding the land against the Chinese, was gathering.

This army, gathering under the Chinese eyes and continually creating fear and doubt in the China land, what was it going to do? Or was it going to become a river, strong, giving no way, and flow into the China land? And would it go around China from one end to the other and flow in this land of deceit? The Chinese spies

sweat a great deal till they learned the truth that would make China breathe easily. A man called Zülkarneyn, according to the Chinese a madman, from a place very far away had gotten up and had come as far as these places to give the Turks a lesson. According to the Chinese, Zülkarneyn was mad, because he did not know that no lessons could be given to the Turks. But maybe the Turks that were damnation to the China land and that could not be defeated, just as the sky could not be crushed, could be defeated by this madman. And also they thought Zülkarneyn was mad for one more reason and that was, anyone with reason would not fight even a weak crow so far away from his land.

Yet even so, in a secret joy, praying secretly and promising sacrifices, they waited for the end.

The big army to defend its precious land that only the sky covered and the flag shadowed, got up from the skirts of the Tanri Mountain and came between the Tugla and Selenge Rivers and under Hulin Mountain where the holy beech tree was set up its defense. Khan Su watched his strong army as if he were watching a lance forest and a bow and arrow sea. This army would not give this land to anybody. This Skyflag edged with a crimson horse-tail, in front of this army, would not bend anywhere at anytime. In a short, sharp, and full voice, in one

sentence, he said the words that were in every one's heart:

"If the blue sky does not crush above and the black earth does not divide, you hey army, you in whose wolf-like looks waver, generous and clearer than the rivers, the future of the world and its friendship and gentleness, you hey soldier, nobody can defeat!"

At this moment, a soldier galloping in full speed and all in sweat came right in front of Khan Su and jumped from his horse and hit the earth with his knee. He said:

"Great Khan!" His voice was tired and excited; he was tired and excited, but he was not afraid. There was no panic in his movements, no doubt, fear, or crushing. He repeated:

"Great Khan! Zülkarneyn came as close to me as the distance of five arrow's flight and settled. I have been following them since the day before. His soldiers are tired and reluctant. If they were not afraid, none of them would stay, but turn back and leave. They are all so afraid. Our mountains and rivers and also our land which do not understand anybody's language but ours, send a shiver to their hearts. Now they settled as close to me as the distance of five arrows' flight. I, not to make them sense anything, came around the mountain from

this side."

The evening was starting.

Khan Su looked at the setting sun with sadness. Again, for nothing, so many people would die who were dragged on by an unreasonable head and who did not even know why they had come.

Quietly he withdrew into his tent. While all the army was waiting ready, the Khan's withdrawal into his tent without saying anything confused everybody. But he, Khan Su, when he went into his tent, did not go beside his pool as many people thought he would. He did not want the lights in his tent to be burned, either. In the darkness, he stayed alone with himself,<sup>170</sup> his heart, and his thoughts. The war was now starting. The end of withdrawal from way off since Su tower-- according to Zülkarneyn, the escape--had come. He wished that no blood would be shed. He wished that the ones on the other side, even if they were the enemy, would not have to shed blood, and he wished that they would by themselves understand this and go back. But they had come. They had come like fools, in stupidity, without thinking. They had not known that this earth is intolerant towards strange feet, these mountains would tumble down on strangers and these waters would break and twist the feet they are not accustomed to. And they had not

known that this land does not die, and suppose it did, the world's back would not hold such a dead body.

His thoughts were human. As a human being, he was feeling pity for the enemy that was going to die.

A light fell. At this point of Khan Su's thoughts, a light fell into the tent, a blue light. Where was it coming from? There was not even one hole uncovered in the tent. There was not a door that was not closed. The blue light, however, was pale at first. Afterwards it grew stronger and bigger. Its paleness went away, it shone in brilliant brightness. Khan Su stared at the blue light in confusion. It was as if the top of the tent had opened completely and also as if the blue light were coming from somewhere even beyond the sky. While Khan Su was looking at the blue light, all of a sudden, the light mixed with a stirring, and a Bozkurt, whose eyes were laughing from its very magnificent depths, appeared in the lights.<sup>1/1</sup> Who was he? What was he? Where did he come from, what was he saying?

And a leaf, swinging in the blue light, came and fell in front of Bozkurt that filled the tent stronger than the light. Bozkurt, bowed his straight-up head, maybe for the first time since he was Bozkurt, slowly, but wolf-like. Like a saint praying, lost in himself, he slowly kissed that leaf as if he were afraid to hurt

it. Then, he took it between his teeth and came and left it on the lap of Khan Su, who was hardened like a stone, watching the light, the wolf, and the falling leaf. Khan Su trembled with terror. This was a small leaf from the holy beech tree under which he had his tent set. He, too, like the wolf and the way he was a little while before, took the leaf from his lap and kissed it in holy respect. Even a little leaf of this country, as long as it was the country's, was big enough to be kissed with respect.

And at that time, Bozkurt spoke.<sup>172</sup> He spoke as briefly as Khan Su had to his army:

"Select two hundred from the youngest of the soldiers. I will lead them, and I will be in each one of them separately."

As soon as he had said this, Bozkurt disappeared. The light went off, and the leaf quietly flew away from his lap as it had come. Khan Su at this moment was just as he had entered the camp, just as he had set at that corner. He clapped his hands.

The darkness in him had brightened. The hundreds of hundred mountains that were sitting on his heart, had disappeared. To the ones that came in, he first ordered the lights to be burned and then called the Commander-in-Chief to his side. When he came into his presence,



without waiting for him to hit the ground with his knee, Khan Su ordered:

"Right now, select two hundred young soldiers from the army and send them on Zülkarneyn."

The commander came out of the tent without saying anything. In the Turkish tradition the Khan could not be answered without his asking a question.

The two hundred young soldiers were ready even sooner than an arrow could be placed in a bow, and soon they started on their way. The commander, after the soldiers started on their way, went into the tent. His face was confused, his eyes were confused. He was doubtful and even sad. He asked permission from the Khan to talk, and when the permission was given, he said:

"Great Khan, your orders have been obeyed, but...." he could not finish. If he did, this would be to disobey the Khan. This would be to disobey the tradition and disregard the flag which was edged with a crimson horse-tail. But Khan Su roared:

"What is the, but? or has our order not been completed?"

As to roaring, Khan Su had roared, but there was no evil in him. This was apparent. The commander knew this, too, and, getting courage from this, said:

"The ones that are gone were too young. There should have been a leader or somebody older at their head. They

were too young. While the young fight, the elders should show the way."

Khan Su laughed. His laugh was tender as silk, and his voice was soft:

"Leader?"

The commander slowly said:

"Yes, leader, leader," he whispered.

He did not want to go further and say more.

Khan Su, as if he understood what was passing in the commander's mind, came and stroked his shoulders and said with his silky-soft voice:

"You have seen a great many things. Your experience is great. To listen to you is almost like obeying a tradition. But know this, that everyone of those two hundred you chose is a leader at this moment. Leadership is in each of them. Do not fear, tomorrow while the day is dawning, all of the two hundred youths will be back without shedding even a drop of blood, and the worry of Zülkarneyn will come to an end in this way. Leave, let this greatness be of those two hundred youths. A leader is always a leader."

While the day was brightening, two hundred of the two hundred youths all came back without a drop of blood on them and without even their weapons scratched. None of these two hundred youths said anything about what had

happened that night. They did not say anything about how the Bozkurt showed them the way, how they entered into Zülkarneyn's army with the speed of a Bozkurt, how they, a handful of soldiers, spread fear, bigger than mountains, into a whole army, and how the Bozkurt gathered them all to bring them back. Only one, the youngest of the two hundred youths, childish-looking, blue-eyed, and wheat-colored, that one, could not keep the greatness of that night to himself and could not keep his feelings inside. He went and told about the Bozkurt to the oldest of the minstrels one by one. He said:

"We had each become a Bozkurt. We thought we had numberless Bozkurts in front of us. Amidst that clamour, Zülkarneyn's army scattered like a covey of partridges. We could not catch up with the ones that escaped. It was as if the mountains were waving, not the flag. All of a sudden, I do not know how it happened, a soldier from the Zülkarneyn army was in front of me. He was fully armed. I had put such sword against his sword that his head with his sword divided into two and with it, his body, too. Among his weapons, he had a belt around his waist that was full of gold. This gold was the gold of my land. It fell on my land again. It was in blood. My friends who saw this called, "Altun Kan!"<sup>173</sup> After that, we could not see anybody from Zülkarneyn's army.

We all gathered at the place where the gold and blood flowed. Bozkurt was waiting for us there. He was again in front of us. He brought us back as he took us. This is all."

The oldest of the minstrels, after this, stroked his white beard and thought for a long, long time. After that, he asked the blue-eyed, wheat-colored, childish-looking brave youth: "Can you show that place to me?"

The youth took the old minstrel there. There was no sign of the dead soldier. Only the gold that had spread, mixed with blood, was there, flowing right and left. The old minstrel murmured:

"Altun Kan!" for a while, his beard in his hand. "Altun Kan!" And he looked all around with his thoughtful eyes and, after a while, showing the mountain a little farther, said:

"Let the name of this mountain be Altun Kan Mountain from now on. Let this happy and holy event's memory be remembered as long as this mountain stays."

He stopped.

And that mountain's name, from then on, remained Altun Kan Mountain. Afterwards by many repetitions it changed to "Altin Han Mountain."<sup>174</sup> The ones that passed by the Altin Han Mountain remembered that blue-eyed, wheat-colored, childish-looking young brave with respect.

And after that night, every night when the moon was full, a Bozkurt on the highest peak of the Altin Han Mountain called all night, till the moon went down, that youth's name. That name, that mountain, and that wolf, watched over the land like a guardian. They woke up the ones that plunged into a sleep of heedlessness.

And Zülkarneyn, after that night, made peace with Khan Su. Together they built new and more forts. In those new forts they sat together in a new spirit of friendliness and peace. After that Zülkarneyn went back to his own country.

To go did not mean not to return!

Khan Su and the army and the commander, too, all wanted to go back to the Su tower. Now the flag which was edged with a crimson horse-tail was a victory flag waving in peace. Just as it went away, it returned to Su. It had gone, sad; it returned, joyful, and the Su tower opened its chest and took this great Beauty into itself.

Khan Su had learned from Zülkarneyn to build forts. He renewed Su tower according to this. He built it anew. The old Su tower became such a fort that everybody praised it, and the Khan supplied this praise with another thing. He put such a charm over it, that the ones who saw it had their mouths left wide open. After that charm,

the storks that came from far away when their time was full, came as far as the fort, and then, all of a sudden, they stopped. They could not go beyond because of that charm. They could not go any farther. They could not go beyond the Su tower!

Yet the Chinese, the deceitful Chinese, while in the Su tower Khan Su was resting his army and passing the time with the enchantment of that charm, seeing this as an advantage, rose up. Do not say what would happen from a Chinese uprising. Do not say so, do not say that. When the Chinese rebelled, it was not manly. They would diffuse like a deceitful poison from under the earth, secret and fearful. They would run away from war fields and would choose the night for fighting and would hit from the back. They did the same again. They took advantage of the army's not being in the East. They chose an hour when the flag edged with a crimson horse-tail was not there. It was night. They plunged into the Turkish land like a herd. Like black crows spreading poison from their beaks, they did not care if children or women were sleeping. They did what they could not do face to face, in a most deceitful and unmanly way.

The Turkish land was smelling death. A poisonous breeze was twisting and twining and filling every corner.

The breeze blew, cruel and like a bad omen. Numberless Chinese, taking Oguz's<sup>175</sup> absence as an advantage, at midnight, before the dawn place had brightened, before white-haired women and the white-bearded men and the little children had reached their white dreams, the Chinese plunged into the Turkish land. They did not care whether one was old or young, whomever they found in the camps, they cut them, bloody and cruel, even more so than the bloodiest murderers. It was as if the soldiers, those wolf-like looking, wolf-like walking soldiers, in all those years under the flag edged with the crimson horse-tail had not been able to teach them love. It was as if for years they had fed a crow in their hands. They had recognized its freedom and, deceived by its looks, thinking it man, they had fed a crow. Now that crow, was attacking on a lightless night, black as its heart, and was digging their eyes.<sup>176</sup>

That night in the Turkish land there was a youth twenty years old. He was from the wolf-like looking, wolf-like walking soldiers. He was very young. On his white forehead his hair was crowned as the blackness of black nights. He was a noble and brave youth. Whatever he happened to get a hold of, bow, arrow, sword, iron,

anvil, he threw one by one on the Chinese to break them, tear them, and tire them. Tiredness, twisted in his arms and turned back. Sleeplessness could not dwell in his widened eyes that lived for the land and the flag and for the ones that lived in the camps in this nomad tent. As he hit with his extreme strength, the Chinese, who clung together like walls, fell down like walls. They fell down like autumn leaves that fall from trees. But yet they were more than many. There was none like a man among them. The more they were crushed, the more they grew. The more they fell, the more violent they became. This was the snakyness of a thousand years' slavery. This was a year's becoming a snake and spreading poison which passed always low and creeping to please the master. The Turkish land was aflame with the fires of the snakes that were spitting poison. And the noblest youth of that wolf race that was left the last, all around him full of snakes, fought in this way without giving up. At the end, the herd that realized that there were no other living masters left around, shot that noble youth from behind the tree he was leaning on. He fell down like a plane tree. He fell down like the beech tree which was the wolf race, like the Hulin Mountain, like Altay, he fell, and the herd in one moment gathered around him. Nobody, even when they had gathered around



the noble youth, wounded by a cruel arrow, who had fallen on the earth, could get near him. Fear was waiting the mountains.<sup>177</sup> This noble youth, at the last moment, at the most unexpected time, could stand up all of a sudden. He could move a field and tear it over all of their heads.

They had won, yes. In a night, they had come with an unexpected sudden attack and had defeated murderously and cruelly. They had not left stone on stone, head on head. They were getting rid of their thousand years' slavery, and so that thousand years' master; but a brave, generous, human master, was lying in front of them wounded and tired like a small mountain. They could not reach and separate his head from his body. They could not reach and plunge one more arrow into his bones.<sup>178</sup> They could not kill him. Yes, they had won, but fear was waiting the mountains.

At the end, among those whose yellowness was shining even in the darkness, a respectful stirring was seen. Their commander, having beside him their religious leader, his hands crossed, and with him the wife of the commander, considered great by the Chinese, came. They had wanted to see the last remainder of the wolf race. They came and passed through circles of soldiers that opened as they came. They stood close to the soldier that was nearest

to the noble youth and proud because of that. They could not go any farther. Farther, there was a true brave lying on his face. In his back there was a cruel arrow, an arrow shot from the back and from farther away, one that had lost its way and had come and found the back of this bravest of all the braves. It was there, plunged in the brave's back, confused, sinful, and ashamed. And the brave was tired, wounded, sleepless. Thinking himself guilty for not being able to protect the humanness of a thousand years' gentle mastery, thinking himself guilty because of this, he was unhappy. Even when he was so, the victorious commander, the great lady of the slaves, and their religious leader could not come near him. Yes, they had won, but fear was waiting the mountains.

The woman could not bear it. In her heart with the dizziness of thousand years' slavery, and in her marrow with the twisting of a sick blood that burned all her skin, womanly and shameless, she said: "Turn him! I want to see that brave's face." This was such a wish that to want it was easy, but to do it was hard. Maybe the face the woman was going to look at was dead, maybe it had been dead for a long while, but they were afraid of his dead body. The commander, mostly from this, knew that the order he was going to give would not be obeyed. He tried to change the woman's mind for whose sake he

would throw China into another thousand years' slavery. The woman was not the woman of a race that came from the wolf. She was a deadly woman who had taken the heart of the commander into her hands. If she had been a woman coming from the wolf race, she would have known how to speak beside her man, how to give response to the love shown and given her, and would have known in this way how to be greater. Because she did not know this, she took her husband's wanting to change her mind as an insult, and, disregarding him, gave orders herself to all the ones around him: "Why do you stand! Go on, move! Turn this boy so that I can see his face!"

The place of the dawn was whitening. The night was turning into morning. The woman's voice, for a moment, got lost in the whitening night and vanished. A while ago, the soldiers who would find villages without dogs and who would walk without a stick and whose fame was heard over all China land, those soldiers thought to be brave, even they could not move from their places. The woman, then, understood to whom they had become a head. Yes, they had won, but fear was waiting the mountains!

Their religious leader came in between. He gave four axes into the hands of four soldiers standing a little farther away. Axes were as long as the distance between the brave and the woman. The edges of the axes were well

sharpened. They were shining in the whitening night. Their religious leader told those four bulky soldiers what was to be done. He put those four big, bulky soldiers on the four sides of the wounded brave who was lying on the ground, hit by a blind arrow. He put them as far as the length of the axes' stem permitted. He raised his hand above with a repulsive pride, thinking that what he was doing was clever and right, and then lowered it down. At the same moment four axes with long handles, sharpened well, had gone up with the evil hand of the religious leader. The axes, with the strength of a mountainous animal, came down to the wounded brave's shoulders and hips. The two arms went to separate sides, the two legs went to separate sides, and that noble wolf blood, in a redness more beautiful than any redness and in a misty warmth that even softened the earth, flowed in streams. Yet the brave whose wolf-like looks faced the earth, and whose wolf-like face and white forehead were stuck to the earth he was lying on that had taken the color of his blood, and that brave, wounded, still his tired heart beating for the earth his blood watered, did not even sigh. Between his teeth, he had half a handful of earth, he was chewing that. The earth to which he added blessing and taste with his blood, the earth that he would not be able to hold and stroke again,

he was loving with his teeth now. Yes, they had won, but fear was waiting the mountains.

Only the they could turn him. Hey son, my Khan, hey son!<sup>179</sup> Only then they could turn that wounded brave, that noble one from the wolf's race, on his back. On his white forehead, his night-black tufts of hair had sweat. His brave eagle-like eyebrows had sweat. His brave, tightened teeth, his lips had sweat, red, red. And in his eyes there was still a look--that unwinking, untwisting look talking wolf-like--whose light had not gone off, but was like a thorn. It was like the point of a flame, sharpened and not trembling. It was sharp. It pricked anyone that looked.

The commander, whom they thought big and powerful compared to themselves, could only look in these eyes one second. He could not look any more. He trembled and shivered. He was almost going to break down and would not be held together.

He screamed: "Kill him!" He was like mad, gone all mad. He was screaming: "Kill him quickly. Kill this one, too, like the others."

A lance went up to the air, a snake-like cruel, all-black hearted, crow-like lance. It was going down on the heart of the brave who was lying on the earth in a crimson sea of blood and who was still getting his

strength from the earth on which his back was lying, that noble brave who was from the wolf's race and who looked deadly. At that moment, a hand held the arm that raised the lance. It said, "No, stop. Let him remain like this. You will kill him tomorrow."

It was the woman.

And the brave, just like that, remained there.

The enemy crowd that was afraid, even when they had won, of a manly look, even though he was the last one, went back to their country to rest after the war. They went back to taste the joy of being gentle masters, which did not fit their thousand years' slavery, and glared unfit. They were taking with them the richness of the camps they held, the sheep and horses they stole, the valuable weapons left from the ones they killed from the back with tricks, and they were taking with them, although they were victorious, the fear of their enemy that sat in their hearts. Would there come a day? Would there come a day when all this blood that flowed would gain life in the shape of a Bozkurt? Would it gain life and look for the revenge of a bloody night and cruel killings? Would it ask revenge for those brave souls?

They went with that fear. They went without looking back, without tasting the drunkenness of victory, and without putting the mastership sign on their foreheads

after thousand years' slavery, they left. They stopped at a place and rested. The dead ones were left far behind. The ones thought dead, the people who they thought would not come to life again, those big fears, were far behind. In those places left far behind, where the wounded brave from the wolf's race was left far behind, on that same night, a Bozkurt<sup>180</sup> appeared in the darkness that was whitening. She had red, angry eyes and bright hair that gave color to the whitening night. Nobody else saw her. There was nobody around; only the great silent universe and the earth, that had watched that night a shameful war and cruelties of the yellow-faced people, were awake. And also the wounded brave who was from the noble wolf blood.

While the day, after it purified its lights in the bright, dark hair of the Bozkurt, was sending them to earth, the Bozkurt shouted towards the morning that was getting ready for a sad awakening with its mountains and stones. This was as if it were a terrible roar of a nation whose deathlessness had been forgotten, who had been thought vanquished and whose death was believed in. This was a reminder to itself, a new creation's call. This was awakening the world. It was a call to people and, in spite of everything, to friendship, beauty, goodness, and peace.

After that, Bozkurt tenderly, like a mother stretching a wing over her child, went quietly near the wounded brave who was lying on the earth, which had melted from the warm blood, as on a soft bed. The Bozkurt was female. She gave her tongue into the brave's mouth. Like that, without breathing, she waited. All the warmth in her body, the light in her hair, and the unseen wolfish blood got mixed with warmth, light, and the same blood that was also in the brave. The brave one, his arms and legs cut by the Chinese, and who, like a beech tree's trunk that is left alive, had fallen on the ground, the sweat on his eagle-like eyebrows and that night-black long hair that crowned his forehead and spread on his shoulders, became mist and flew. In its place first, it left a crimson color, only tired, and then that red color became mist, too. His eyebrows and hair gained life, and then the eyes that looked thorn-like and deadly gained life. It was as if the earth, left waterless for years, were feeding its thirst.

The female Bozkurt pulled her tongue out of the brave's mouth and licked the shoulder sockets and the cut hips which were still in pain and had blood dropping from them. She licked those hips and shoulders that were like a beech tree's trunk not fed with living yet and that had not believed in death.



She was a female wolf more understanding than people, and she was knowingly Godlike.

One would have thought she was licking a very precious silk cloth that she was afraid would become worn out or hurt. The most crafty hands, the most clever eyes could not have been this patient. And not the craftiest man could cure it this soon. The bleeding at the shoulders and hips stopped. In spite of their sharpness, the axes had spread the flesh and crushed it. The broken bones, just as there were no arms or legs torn apart, softened and the pieces tied to each other. A painless skin covered over all the pieces of flesh and bone. Bozkurt had given the deathless and strongest cure of coming to life again, from her tongue to the brave's body, through the cut bones. The blood that flowed from these bones, again, from the curing tongue of the Bozkurt, stronger and nobler, had filled the same body.

Now, the brave on this earth, that was his all the more because he had watered it with his blood, had dozed off into a sleep, tired but happy, weak but hopeful. Bozkurt, her red angry eyes fixed on the dawning sun, her dark hair brightened more as if it were aflame from the dawning day, stood guard beside the brave one. Her breasts were swollen. They were full of milk.

The day that filled her breasts that were full of milk first reflected its golden lights. It fed them stronger and wolf-like. It was fed in her wolf-milk-filled breasts from the golden color of the first morning rays. Afterwards as it rose, obeying time, and got warmer and flame-like, left its brightest of all flaming lights in those breasts. It was as if it wanted to add something of itself to those breasts that hid an unknown power. And not to have those breasts burned, it was steaming the earth, that earth in which the brave's blood had flowed. In this way, the earth and the sun gave their most brave and generous sides, and harder than all the hardness, to the milk that fused from the wolf's blood gathering in her breasts.

When the brave woke up, the day was coming close to the end of the afternoon. The milk that had gathered in the breasts had whitened more than white from the strength it got from the earth and the sun's rays. Maybe if the brave had not waked up, the breasts would have burst out from their fullness, maybe the milk from those narrow breasts would have gushed out. The female wolf became restless and impatient from this milk, boiling in her breasts, more than from waiting. When the brave woke up, in an instant that restlessness and impatience went into the softness of the milk flowing by itself, and the wolf's

angry red eyes looked obedient and tender. For the first time since the world was created, a wolf was smiling.

Her full breasts reached one after another into the brave's mouth, and the wolf's milk reached the hungry and weak cells from the brave's mouth whose race was the wolf's race. There the milk burned with a burning fire. It was not milk that was flowing, it was blood. It was not blood, it was life. It was neither blood nor life, in truth, it was time by itself, and maybe mother-land. From these breasts full of milk, the brave gained back the strength that he had lost. He was fed.

His being fed became gratefulness in his eyes and that old courage in his face. He looked at the female wolf. His smile was manly. And the female wolf did neither look at that gratefulness in his eyes, nor that courage in his face. The real one, the most important one, the one that pleased the heart was that manliness in that smile. She came, after she had fed the brave full, the female wolf came, and beside him, face to face, she lay down. She was tired since last night. She could sleep peacefully only in the comfort of this manly smile and in the confidence of its friendship. She slept.

After that day, the female Bozkurt became the guardian, friend, and helper of the armless and legless brave. Bozkurt, in the day time, hunted. She drank from the

coldest waters of the coolest fountains. It was not enough, she drank more. If she drank once for herself, she drank twice for the brave. When she hunted on far away mountains or snowy hills, if she ate once for herself, she ate twice for that brave. She came back more full of food and water at the end of every absence. From most of what she ate and drank, she made milk in her breasts and gave it to the brave and fed him. There came a day when the brave was not able to stand the long partings from the female wolf, for hunting. As soon as the female wolf would leave, there would start a deep longing in the brave, time would start getting longer. With a terrible lengthening, with a deadly endlessness, time would grow longer, day would grow deeper, and the earth lying in front of him, feelingless, would be getting blinder. Wherever the female Bozkurt had gone, he wanted her to come back; he wanted her to come back soon from wherever she had gone. In truth, let her not go at all, let her not leave him at all. If she was leaving, at least if he could be air, he could take her in, breath by breath.

The same thing started appearing in the female Bozkurt, too. Her eyes that looked at the brave were sadder. Especially when she was leaving, when she was leaving him all alone like that, those eyes seemed as if they never

wanted to leave. She was more restless, more rough. She could not explain everything in her, one by one, to the brave. This mood, in this way, continued for a while. Time as its timeliness, day as its dayliness, turned and turned, and one day the female Bozkurt was left with child from that armless and legless brave who had been cut like that by the cruel ones. The sun and the earth, after that day, mingled in a different way in those full breasts that were stretched from milk. They were getting ready for new lives, for new braves.

On the other hand, in the land of the yellow-faced ones with slanted eyes, although days and nights passed by, fear was still not leaving the hearts. Yes, they had won in their master's land, for whom they had been slaves for thousand years after a deceitful war, and they had left no lives or stones, but still the fear was waiting the mountains.

Their commander, when he reached the presence of the religious leader, who was feeling worse than he, was not able to hide the fear that glared like a knife in his eyes. There, far away, there was a brave. Even though he was armless and legless, he was Their brave. There, far away was a brave, even if he was dead or alive, that brave was the brave of those lands, now becoming bigger and aflame like a fearful dream, burning. He was

the brave of their masters looking behind the dark nights to them. He could gain life....Such a thing could not happen, normally, but there was nothing that could not happen for them; their braves would get up and gather their arms and legs that had been cut, and in one step would come and tumble down the Chinese castles and towns all on their heads.

The religious leader of the enemy could not yet get rid of the fear of hitting their thousands years' old masters. Every night, four soldiers, where they came from is not known, would plunge into his temple with their wolf-like looking eyes and wolf-like long hair, and every night these four soldiers would cut his arms from his soldiers and his legs from his hips. The religious leader could not even pray, could not even open his mouth. And when he saw his arms and legs in their places when morning came, he was afraid, he was afraid of his arms and legs.

As to the wife of the commander, she was burning in a suffocating sweat more than the commander and the religious leader. That look, a little before the brave's arms and legs were cut and while they were being cut, that look that had sharpened in his eyes, that had come and settled on his heart, that thorn-like look, she was not able to forget. Whatever she did, wherever she went,

even if she arranged thousands of continuous pleasures, even then, she could not forget that look.

Yes, they had won. Now they were not slaves, but even then they were not free. Something was blocking their freedom, something even though they might understand what it was, they did not want to understand. Fear was waiting the mountains.

At the end, they could not hide their fear inside and could not tell it to anybody either; so one day three of them came together and they wanted to send a deaf and dumb soldier and have the armless and legless brave killed where they had left him. To follow the decision they reached behind thick walls and curtains as thick as walls, they first searched for a deaf and dumb soldier and found him. They explained to him what he was going to do. Besides this, the religious leader gave an enchanted dust to the soldier which nobody knew about and for which he had prepared the mixture himself, in the secret of nights full of fear hidden even from himself. He told the soldier to sprinkle this around after he killed the armless and legless brave. This was such a damnable dust that even one drop of it that fell on earth would not let any living creature live after that, and even if years passed by, it still would change earth from its earthiness. The soldier took the dust and at midnight started on his way.

When he came to the place described, he found the brave with the wolf.

The wolf was a female Bozkurt.

As soon as she saw the Chinese soldier, she understood why he had come. She stood against him. Her eyes that had softened, looking at the brave, her eyes that had forgotten her anger while she was looking around at the dawning day and everywhere that moved in green movements, when these eyes saw the face of that soldier, all of a sudden they burned red and angry. It was as if what was seen in those wolfish eyes were two drops of blood, as if it were anxiety.

The soldier had not expected this.

They had told him only that he would find maybe a dead, if not, only an armless and legless living body. Yes, there was that body, it was there, but a wolf was guarding it. While this wolf was here, while she was looking like this, that body even if it were dead, could not be touched. But even if it were dead and the skull dry and spoiled, it still was wanted. It had to be taken, or else he knew what would happen to him when he went back.

The wolf also understood what passed inside the soldier. She howled with a terrible howl. This howling hit the mountains, the stones, and grew bigger and



bigger, echo by echo. All nature, the mountains and the stones, howled with the wolf.

The horse that the soldier was on was afraid of this full voice which started close beside its ear and which afterwards filled all the seen emptiness. It was afraid.

All of a sudden it reared. It seemed as if that voice were pressing and tearing its eardrums. It raised its front feet as high as its ears as though it wanted to push away that voice howling in its ears. After that, it bent its head down to earth, hard, sharp, and restless, as if it wanted to end that continuous howling in the earth. The soldier was confused. Anyway, his thoughts that were more mixed up after he had seen the wolf, were far away, very far away in the places where he came from. He was in fear of those places, whose air considered human life cheap. His horse's maddening shaking and trembling caused him to lose all his balance and fall down on the earth, all-empty, like a sack in which holes had been made and everything emptied. Even without showing a weak resistance, he rolled. He could stop only in front of the Bozkurt's feet.

Bozkurt now looked with repulsion at the Chinese that was twisting with a base fear in front of her feet. Was it these creatures who, even before the fight started,

could not stay on horseback and who would tumble down at the sound of a voice that was a sign for a fight? Was it these creatures who had cut the soldiers of this earth--that were like plane trees and richer than plane trees--like grass? Was it these who had thought that holy blood to be water of rivers and spread it without fear everywhere? How had the world come to such evil days, such unsure days? Did the enemy believe in the idea of destroying a race that had made freedom a flag and had worshipped justice and the greatness of man? Did the enemy, who knew the yellow color of fear, entertain the idea of destroying a race? Were they lost in impossible dreams?

Bozkurt did not even touch the soldier with her fingers.<sup>181</sup> She did not even turn and look, it would be a pity for her eyes. She turned and took the brave, armless and legless lying there, the last brave left from the great race that came from the wolf, and she held him tightly with her teeth by his belt. And in front of the eyes of the Chinese soldier, opened wide from fear, flew away over the wide plain in full speed like a blessed breeze. The eyes of the soldier that were open wide and yellow from fear could see the Bozkurt and the brave, whom she held by his belt, only in the first moment; he could not see them afterwards. It was as if the skies

and the clouds in the skies had parted, and the Bozkurt and the brave had gone into that divided sky.

In fact, neither the earth had divided, nor the skies. In the sky the clouds had parted. The female Bozkurt and that brave, between earth and sky, in an unseen speed, had flown like a breeze that had taken its strength from God Ulgen. They had gone away for the cleanness of the hearts that would command the tomorrows, they had gone far away from all black hearts, far away from the enemy, and far away from the unclean earth, till they could find a clean land to settle on. At the end, they passed the East side of a sea, and until they did, they flew. There, on that side, they came down on a mountain.

There was a cave at the skirt of this mountain.

Bozkurt went into this cave. She looked tired. She could not hide the tiredness of gathering all her strength at her teeth and the tiredness of bringing the brave without hurting him, moving him as if she were flying, and also the tiredness of the ones she carried in her. As soon as she left the armless and legless brave on a bright and soft place in the cave without hurting him, she lay close to him, too. She was tired. She had used her last strength. If she got up, maybe she could not stand on her feet, but in all her body there was a comfortable

It did not last long. It did not continue for long. Bozkurt here, in this cave, towards the sun and the all-green plains, gave birth to ten sons. Happiness was beginning. The wolf race was starting where it was thought it had ended.

It was starting all anew, much more strong, more lively and turned to tomorrows in the footsteps of the old ones, looking at tomorrows; it was starting proud and anew like a new beard in place of a hundred years' old and tired beard that had been cut.

The cave with the lights that the ten boys reflected turned to a brightness after a hundred years of darkness. The plain, stretching in front of the cave, filled with grass and all-green, wide as it was free, was echoing with the clean and childish laughters of the ten boys. Bozkurt, sure of herself, satisfied with what she had done, her joy complete, with the peace of having done her job, she was looking once at the ten boys, and then at the brave who was her companion in this job. He was armless, he was legless, but his body was like the trunk of a big plane tree that welcomed centuries.

The brave, who during those times when everything around him whispered the same thing and he did not understand it, now, all of a sudden, was understanding everything that had been said. The land would not be left

empty any more. The flag which was edged with a crimson horse-tail that for months he had hidden in his belt would not stay desolate. One of these boys, that bigger and active one, would become the master of this land and flag. This land, under this flag, happy again, more hopeful than even in the past, praised, and more praised, was going to grow and widen. Lands would taste freedom, people would taste living by justice and love from here.

The brave's heart was widening.<sup>182</sup> After all these times, since they had cut his arms and legs, for the first time, he was breathing easily and was relaxed. He called the most active of the boys to his side. He said: "Your name will be Asena. This name is the name of one of my fathers, a hundred years ago. You will be like him, too. Asena means wolf. It means Bozkurt."

Asena became the head of the other nine boys. When he was angry, his looks were wolfish. When he loved, his looks were manly.

He grew up, they all grew up. Day and night helped this growth with their brightness and darkness. And one night amidst the nights, Bozkurt, in front of her boys, who were grown up now, and their father, the brave, grew restless all of a sudden. A strange trembling passed through all the cells of her body. The father, the brave, and the young boys saw Bozkurt only and for the last time

only as she was turned towards the cave's door as though she were listening to an unseen call and when she was going towards it in an enchanted ecstasy. It was as if they were frozen; they, too, had felt the enchantment. And also they could see Bozkurt, their mother, in front of the cave in a time shorter than a second, like the winking of an eye. A blue light, maybe a drop and maybe wide as eternity, fell down in front of the cave where the Bozkurt was.

When the light went off, Bozkurt was not there either.<sup>183</sup>

What was it? What had happened? Where was it gone? They could not know.

The morning of that night, the armless and legless father, the brave, called Asena. He said: "To the East, go further to the East." He was showing the place they were to go with his eyes. "There is a land there, far away. That land is our land. Go there. This is my, our, order. Untie my belt. The thing in it is my one and only trust to you."

In his belt around his waist, was the Skyflag which was edged with a crimson horse-tail.

Asena took the flag. He did not ask what it was. It was as if he understood in one look. He tied it to the top of the long and wrist-wide stick that his youngest

brother had cut and brought to him. He stuck the stick in front of the cave. The Skyflag once more gave itself to the blowing wind. Swinging towards the long, wide, and free-stretching plains, it waved.

The brave whose arms and legs had been cut by the Chinese, for the first time, from that painful day till now, looked at the flag with the most beautiful smile in his eyes. He came creeping. He put his cheek against the stick to which the flag was tied. The way he closed his eyes was happy. As if a soul, burning and aflame in the brave, passed from the stick to the flag. The part between the brave's cheek and the flag trembled. The earth, if there was somebody dying for it, was ones' country. But the flag? What made a flag, a flag, was this moment.

Asena gathered his brothers.

The evening was starting.

The flag which was edged with a crimson horse-tail was waving to the evening and the night. "My brothers!"

This was a wolf's voice. It resembled the wolf. "I am Asena! My father gave this name to me, but from now on I will call my name Turk. My father used to say this. Know me like this! There is no Asena anymore, but Turk. We are the sons that came from the sky, of a wolf that came from the sky. I am Göktürk.<sup>184</sup> You are

my brothers. You have heard my father's order, too. We have to obey the order."

As soon as he finished his words, he took the stick to which was tied the flag which was edged with a crimson horse-tail. On top of the crimson horse-tail, on the very top of the stick he hung a wolf's head. The night was beginning. The clouds were all-white with the rising of the moon. Under the white clouds and within the darkness of the night that was mixed with the moonlight, ten horsemen, under the influence of a big order and bright tomorrows, galloped to the East like ten stars. And in the hand of the brightest and the most dazzling one was the Skyflag edged with crimson horse-tail having at its end an all-bright wolf's head. It melted and burned the darkness with an unbearable fire.

They were the Göktürks!

Under a grand flag was a grand race. It was as if the mountains were waving, not the flag.

The flag waved as a flag, the mountains waved as a mountain!

After that day, the Göktürks, in the place widening from the day's East to the day's West, keeping high in the sky their unbending heads and their whiter than snow



foreheads, walked. And to all the people they taught freedom. In the Turkish lands and all around them, there was not a place that did not have a Göktürk arrow, and there was not a place that a Göktürk arm did not reach. An army of many soldiers, who, if the sky fell down, would hold it with their lances and raise it up, were guarding the land in the East and the West to preserve an endless justice. Even the slaves were free, and the nations from whom their kingship had been taken were free, and they thought and worshipped in their own religion. The Göktürks were Göktürks only in their own land. In the lands subject to their land, they were a respectful and a balanced visitor that distinguished differences. The traditions and the rules were same for all, Göktürks, and the slaves, and the subject tribes. People, because they were people, were loved and respected. There were no rich or poor. All of them were equal and able people. In this way, days reached into nights, and nights reached into days, and there came a day when Ilhan<sup>185</sup> became Khan to the Göktürks.

The flag waved as a flag, the mountain waved as a mountain!

Still from within the people that lived subject to the Göktürk land, one enemy person, whose eyes were blood-shot, was known who would shoot the Göktürks from the

heart<sup>186</sup> any time he found them weak. "When the dough is thin, to break it is easy. When the violence is thin, to break it is easy. If the dough becomes thick and the violence becomes strong, it would be hard to break them." And again, "If one person wanted to distinguish a lean bull and a fat bull from afar, he could not know which one is a lean bull or a fat bull." For this the Göktürk, even though he sensed that within and in the lands that lived subject to his, there were enemies whose eyes were bloody, he pretended not to notice. Knowing that he was responsible for those people's lives and their freedom, and also because he took their land and separated them from the one they knew to be their Khan and subjected them to the Göktürks Khan, even though it was with his strength, he felt pity for them. Truly the Göktürk had come from the wolf race, truly he had been born from a Godly light mingled with the wolf's blood, but still the people of the lands subject to his land did not have to believe this.

The flag was waving as a flag, the mountain was waving as a mountain.

The Turkish nation did not know what it was to be fed when it was hungry, and once it was fed did not think what hunger was. When Ilhan became Khan to the Göktürks, he found the nation like this. On the other side the

people living in the lands subject to the Göktürk land, not being able to take to heart the freedom they had now, compared to the old times, had gathered together. The strongest among them was the Tartars.<sup>187</sup>

The ninth of the Tartar Khans, Sevinç Khan, was envying the Göktürks and their Khan Ilhan with whom there was a blood tie, even though very remote. But he could not come in the open and could not gather his army and march on Ilhan. He would not be able to stand against him. For a couple of times he had thought to face him alone, without help from anybody, and destroy Ilhan with only a Tartar army and burn the forts and villages. He tried it, too. But as soon as the war started, the Göktürk arrows had whizzed in his ears with terrible sounds, and a forest, black and sharp, of lances and swords had faced him. The mountains had echoed from horses' neighing and sounds of the lances. Göktürks' past days were enriched once more with a new war victory. Tartar's Khan Sevinç, who knew this, not to be confused and saddened like that again, chose the way to deceive with presents and gifts those subject countries all around the Göktürk land. First, the Chinese, farther East, secretly sent the news to Khan Sevinç, that, when war started against the Göktürks, money or whatever else was needed and also soldiers would be sent

and given to Sevinc's command. They wanted him to know and believe this. Afterwards, the leaders of the lands that were neighbors to the Chinese and the ones near to or far from the Tartar land, also sent special messengers, letting Khan Sevinc know that he would not be left alone in his holy war, and for this gave their words on their honor.

Let the flag wave as a flag, the mountain wave as a mountain; the closest friend of a Turk was again a Turk himself, let this be known like this.

When Khan Sevinc knew the time had come, this time with the wish to win for sure, he gave the order to march to his army and to the soldiers of the other lands that had come to help his army and thus enlarge it. Numberless soldiers coming from right and left, even their walking not balanced with each other's, according to the order, marched on the Göktürks. They went forward.

All the Göktürks, with their Khan Ilhan, were not expecting such a war. They were not looking for it. Even so, Ilhan ordered all the horses and sheep in the Göktürk land to be gathered at one place. He had whatever camps there were pulled down and brought here. He made of them a seven-lined ring around the cow and sheep herds and had them stay there. After that he sent couriers to call all the men that can handle a bow and

arrow. He made them dig ditches one step beyond the last ring of the camps, like thick rings that were each ten steps wide and one man's height deep. In this way he was going to defend the herds, the camps, and the children in the camps, the women, and the old ones that could not handle a bow or an arrow. On each of the four sides of that deep and wide ditch he had built suspension bridges that were wide enough for two horsemen to pass side by side. Night and day, without stopping or resting, without even breathing, he made all the soldiers and men work. Inside the first ditch that looked out on the plain, he put soldiers who were most trusted with their bows and arrows. In the second ditch that was closer to the camps, and behind the soldiers with the bows, he put soldiers that were most trusted with their lances and made them a line. And those Göktürk horsemen, similar to lightning, those that even the most revengeful enemy praised, like a Bozkurt on horseback, he left on this side, behind the camps in a line. When the time came, they would fly from the suspension bridges, and, like lightning, would separate the enemy and spread them.

The Skyflag edged with crimson horse-tail, its end wolf-headed, was in the hands of the horsemen, at the very front.

The flag waved as a flag, the mountain waved as a

mountain.

A violent war it was. Even at the beginning, the Tartar's Khan Sevinç saw the other soldiers, that were given to his command by other nations to help him, spread to four sides. Yet none of the Göktürk arrows whizzing was going for nothing. They were always hitting their aim. Son hey! Hey son, my young man that does not fear anything! you should have seen this fight. The way the red-heeled white girls and the brides with locks of hair on their foreheads kept bringing arrows to the braves, and also the way the very old ones, their backs bent, gathered the arrows fallen around them harmless, and the way they gave them to the young white girls and the brides, all these were such a sight that they should have been seen by you, hey my son, my brave! Even the Tartar's Khan, that clever Sevinç, was surprised at this. He was surprised at this endless rain of arrows. He gathered all his soldiers and withdrew, saying, "Let the dead be dead, the remaining living ones are ours." He could not stay too long on the battle field. He could not march closer on the Göktürks. This, in this way, continued for ten days. From day's dawn, till day's set, ten days all like this, except the nights, this continued on. When Khan Sevinç wanted to attack, he melted like salt in water in the rain of arrows of the braves of Ilhan, who said,

"Heads will be given, but not the land." This would not be like this, it could not be like this. As long as the Göktürks stayed stuck to the earth and did not come out of those ditches, this war would not be won. The end would be even worse. Ilhan and the Göktürk soldiers in his command would get stronger and, at the end, would make Khan Sevinc, sorry for ever having been born. The wolf-headed crimson horse-tailed Skyflag in the Tartar land and in all the other lands would wave once more. It would wave undefeated, undefested as mountains and clouds, it would wave.

In the evening of the tenth day Khan Sevinc, withdrawing into his camp, left by himself, was thinking like this.

That night he did not sleep. Till morning, in his camp, under a burning light, all by himself, he thought. He was shrewd. He knew that in front of pressure being courageous did not amount to much. All the Turkish land and the Göktürks knew that "...the brave would resist, the coward would run away." If so? If this belief was true? And again, if one way to carry victory claim is to stay, nine are not to be seen at all.<sup>188</sup>

The next day when the dawn whitened, Ilhan and the Göktürk soldiers saw that the Tartar's Khan had gathered whatever he had on the battle field and had started going

towards where he came from. First, Ilhan and the soldiers could not believe their eyes. Thinking what they saw was a dream, a lie, they rubbed their eyes. What they saw was not a lie. The Tartars, with all their friends and goods, were running away. Also they were all spread and their soldiers were disorganized. One in the right, one in the left, they were running in a very peculiar way. It was as if right behind them the Gök-türks would come. It was as if soon the Gök-türks' terrible rain of arrows would start like lightning.

The ones that for days fought in a ditch, and the horsemen that farther away waited for an order, with the restlessness of not being able to fight face to face bravely with the enemy, pressured their commanders, and all of them went to see Ilhan. They wanted permission to make the running enemy harmless right there. Or else this running enemy could again march on the Gök-türk land, becoming more strong and rough. The one that was running now, might come back, who knows how much stronger?

Ilhan was the Khan. He was the commander-in-chief. He was not a weak person and he knew what the Tartar was like. Maybe this was a game. In war, there were varied games. The right thing and the best thing was to leave the Tartars to themselves and await the end. But son,



soldier son, brave son! "...how does the one that does not play a song know a string's worth?" My brave! who would know it? Everyone is not a Khan like Ilhan. Even if Ilhan is the Khan he still cannot command every moment by himself. The head is tied to the head and the head is tied to the council. When all the soldiers and the white-helmeted lords, and everyone wanted to march on the running Tartars and make them harmless, it would not have been becoming for Ilhan to say no and keep them waiting. After the consultation, it was decided to follow the running enemy.

The Göktürk braves who did not think of food when hungry and of hunger when they were fed, fast, like the arrows they shot, and the lances they threw, and like pouring rain, burst out with joy. The ones on foot and the ones on horses reached the Tartars all at the same time. They went among the Tartar soldiers who had formed a ring, standing, with all their might. Yet a big division from the Tartar army, coming around a little hill, had reached the camps that the Göktürks had left empty. A second division, too, again coming from behind the same hill, had shot the Göktürks from the back.

The dawning day was brightening the Göktürk camps that were all burned without one single living being left in them. The day's lights were exposing the fight of the

Göktürk braves, hopeless and confused with the pain of not listening to their Khan. The waving of the wolf-headed, edged with crimson horse-tailed Skyflag was still mountain like, but it was like a mountain destroyed and ready to fall. It was about to fall.<sup>189</sup> İlhan was dead. The white-helmeted lords, men, and braves, most of them, were dead. The remaining ones had leaned on each others' backs around the Skyflag.

The second division, that had burned the camps and killed everyone, children, women, and the old ones, and that took the girls and brides, caught up with them, too. The Göktürk braves did not have any lances to fight with either.

The Skyflag fell like a mountain that had no place to lean to, not even a little foundation to hold it. The Göktürk braves that were not dead became a support for it.

The war had ended. In the horizons seen, the Göktürk arrow would not fly anymore, and from now on Göktürk arms' would not reach everywhere. And Khan Sevinç would never more spend sleepless nights in his tent, but would give orders to the last, in the endless lands, and would have no flag fly above his. He would have no shadows fall on his fame.

As to the customs of the war, everybody took his captive and went into his camp.

While they were resting from their eleven days' fear and tiredness, on the other hand, they were also trying to learn who their captives were. This was Khan Sevinç's order. He had commanded that if there were any noble ones among the captives, for them to be brought to his tent. Truly there were noble ones among the captives. The youngest son of İlhan, Kayan-Tigin, and his nephew Görkem had preferred to die rather than become slaves, but when they did not have any weapons to fight with and when their horses under them were killed, too, they did not have any choice. Kayan-Tigin had married that year. Görkem had married that year, too. While their eyes had opened new to happy tomorrows, while the warmth of their holy marriage was still smoking, and while they had not yet enough of the freedom of day's lights, the Tartars had come. And they had become captives at the end of an evil fight. Yet, even though they were captives, they were still two close friends. They were staying in the same camp.

Both Kayan-Tigin and Gorkem hid their real identities. They did not tell. They just said that each was a soldier. When Khan Sevinç heard that there were no nobles among his captives, he did not believe this. He was shrewed and he knew the Göktürks well. Even if they die, especially when they are slaves thus, they would not

give their true identity.

He announced a second order.

If there were any married ones among the men and women captives, and if they recognize each other when brought face to face, they could still continue their marriage in the camp of the one who had the male captive. He had messengers from the army saying this and letting everybody hear this. After this order, Kayan-Tigin and Görkem learned that their wives were not dead, but captives like themselves. And according to the order, and on the condition that when Tartar land is reached the situation will be looked over, Kayan-Tigin and his wife and Görkem and his wife were given to the ones that took Kayan-Tigin and Görkem as captives.

The Tartar army, finishing its last preparations, started on its way towards its own land. Being a captive was a bad thing. People were not created for captivity; they were not created for war either. People were created for, even though not an endless freedom, a freedom that would feed like bread and fill like water and that would be enough for one person. This was a transitory world. Let Gods with their Godliness prepare another world; people, on the other hand, in this world under a wide sky dome should live only for freedom. War is bad, especially an aimless, orderless one to destroy

homes<sup>190</sup> just to stop the madness of a single man. To kill men and to leave the beautiful freedom breathless with bows and arrows, to repress it under fists, was the bad thing. This was the evil, the really evil thing. War was beautiful only when it was to defend one's own land, when it was side by side with freedom. If the end of war was for one side a hard and deaf freedom and a feelingless mastery, and for the other side, a deadly captivity, it should not be. If they weighed death and captivity, captivity would weigh five hundred dirhem<sup>191</sup> more than death. For a Göktürk even death could not cleanse captivity. If he did not escape to freedom shortly. He would be thought non-existent. He would be thought not born. His name would not be known. The person who is not born cannot have a name, so how could it be known?

Since this was known so, Gokturks held people from other nations equal to themselves, too, and wherever they heard there was a suffocating air of captivity, they would go there and burn the unending torch of freedom. To be born in freedom, to breathe and live in freedom, to breathe freedom and die in freedom, was the most beautiful thing.

But the youngest boy of Ilhan, Kayan-Tigin, and Ilhan's brother's son Görkem, at the end of a black war

had become captives, had become servants. Their high foreheads, higher than skies, and their freedom-colored looks were bent low from captivity's heavy and unbearable burden. They were Göktürks. They had defended their land, fields, and camps. They had not been able to die. They had become captives. If a Göktürk did not die, he could not become a slave either. He should not become one!

Everyplace seen, except the Tartars' land, was free. Everyplace was smelling freedom.<sup>192</sup>

When everyplace seen outside the Tartars and the Tartar land was smelling freedom and was the only light of hope, Kayan-Tigin and Görkem could take this captivity only for nine days. Before the tenth day turned to night, before the moon had come out, while everyplace was in a darkness resembling captivity, taking their wives by their sides, on two active horses, they flew towards freedom at full speed.<sup>193</sup> Behind them was captivity worse than death. They ran away from it. And without saying day or night, without saying horses would burst out from this speed, they stayed sleepless for some time, to get away from the sleep of captivity and never to sleep that sleep again. At the end, while another night was turning towards day, they came to their own land. Everything that was seen had been destroyed and

burned. It was as if a breeze full of bad omen had blown. A thief death angel had cut and killed in the name of death whatever had come in front of him. Yet amidst all this death-smelling destruction, there was one thing that was beautiful, refreshing, and grand. It was freedom!

And also the animals....

There were camels, sheep, horses, cows, and oxen. They were moving right and left, they were turning around, lying down, or chewing the cud. They had come running away from the enemy. They were living in freedom. Kayan-Tigin and Görkem on one side, and their wives on the other side, without stopping, gathered all the animals that had spread around. Then they sat down and talked. They could not stay here in their own land. Everyplace around them was full of enemies. Kayan-Tigin said: "If we stay here, one day the enemies will come and find us. Maybe Tartars already have put horsemen behind us on their way. If we do not stay here and go to other branches,<sup>194</sup> they will be ashamed of our defeat, or maybe they have become fearful of the Tartars, so that they could not show the courage to hide us. There is something, best of all, it is coming to my mind, but I cannot say it."

Görkem replied, saying, "Mine, too." Kayan-Tigin

was older than he. He was his master. Even if Görkem thought better than his cousin did, he could not say it. He only said, "You know the best. You think well." And he waited with the women what Kayan-Tigin was going to tell.

Kayan-Tigin, his hand under his chin, was thinking. In the end, he said again: "There is something that I cannot say." His eyes were on the mountains covered with new snow, on the great mountains, on their peaks, on their strong rocks. While he was looking thus, confused, doubtful, and lost in thought, all of a sudden he said: "To go to the mountains? If for the present orders belong to the Tartars, mountains are ours. Let us go to the mountains. Among the mountains, there is a place that nobody knows, that no one's way has passed yet. Let us go there and settle. There we will grow stronger. These places are still smelling of captivity. In the mountains there is unspoiled freedom. That is for us. In freedom we will raise strong generations."

Kayan-Tigin had said the best. Görkem joyfully said: "Let you live thousands of years.<sup>195</sup> I used to think the same thing, but I could not say it. Immediately, there is no sooner, let us get up and go."

The women did not think any differently either. Women in the Turkish land did not always agree and say



yes to what the men said. If they did not like their words, they said so without hiding it. But this time, they, too, like Kayan-Tigin and Görkem, thought it was better to go to the mountains instead of staying here and smelling this captivity.

The decision was a decision.

Four pairs of hands locked four pairs of wrists. The pulses beat in the hand fingers without distinction, for one moment, as one. They felt this.

After that they got up and put the herds in line. According to an order, putting all the animals ahead of them, they started<sup>196</sup> towards the black mountains lying across from them. Mountains behind mountains, giant-like, appeared, and mountains giant-like, melted. They came across a snowy mountain, such a mountain it was! In this sharp mountain's desolate hills,<sup>197</sup> they found a snowy way narrow as it can be. This was a road that even the wild sheep walked with difficulty. They climbed. They came to a mountain pass, and from there, going up to the hill, they went down to the other side. To say they rejoiced would be an error. They could not rejoice, because the place they came down was worse than the place they came from, a no-good land of God's. It was a forgotten place. Besides being desolate, it was full of rocks; besides rocks, it was full of stones, and earth,

hard, waste, bitter earth. They looked all over that place and they saw that there was no way except the one they had come from and that way was such a way that not even one camel could pass through, and one goat would walk with thousands of difficulties.

Anyway, the animals were breathing from their noses.<sup>198</sup> They were tired. And then, this road, its end who knows how long, was ahead of them. Behind them was only that road.

To go back was worse than death; they could not go back.

They did not go back.

They passed from that road, from which if an animal's foot slid, it would fall and be torn to pieces; they passed slowly and slowly and with fear in their hearts.

The place they reached was a wide land. It was a land which was closed all around with four walls, with unpassable peaks and sharp rocks. And in this closed wide land, hidden in rocks like four walls, waters were flowing. There were various grasses. There were trees not resembling each other that were giving hundreds of fruits, their names unknown, and all with different tastes. There were birds on the trees, all singing and flying. And many, very many hunts. If they hunts. If they hunted, without stopping and resting a thousand

times thousand nights and a thousand times thousand days, there would still be more hunts.

When they saw this, Kayan-Tigin and GÖrkem and the women, too, all forgot their tiredness and their past days. They praised God and thanked Him. They thanked God for creating such a place and for letting them come and find this place. And they named this land, this God's holy land, Ergenekon.<sup>199</sup>

There, in Ergenekon, they settled. They soon got used to its air and water which were not very different from their own land's air and water. In a short time, they felt warmth towards their new land. Its animals were plenty. Plenty of its animals had plenty of milk. They drank their milk. It had trees which had leaves bursting freedom-green, and which had fruits full of freedom. They ate from the fruits of the trees. Waters were all flowing, pure. Waters helped their thirst, and the earth was fertile. The plain from one side to the other was all good hunting ground. They hunted.

Winter came.

A cold, snowy, stormy winter with blizzards came. All the rocks around turned ice.<sup>200</sup> Frost, sharp and burning, wandered around without an end, nights and days. When they could not hunt, they ate the meat of their animals. They wore their skins. The skins of their animals

were thick and soft. The thickness and softness of the hairs kept them from the cold, the wind, and the winter. They kept warm.

That year Kayan-Tigin's wife gave birth to two children.

Görkem's wife, too, gave birth to two children.

To four people, four new lives were added. The new beings smiled like lights and winked their eyes wolf-like. The night when the birth happened, the snow had ended and the cold was broken. The frost, like the snow on earth, was white and calm. The moon had come out. Its light had hit all the rocks around. From wherever it came there that night--it was not seen till now--a wolf appeared. Bozkurt. He climbed to the peak of the highest rocks around. There he stood, the moon behind him, his neck and head as if they were in the moon, and howled. Was he singing a song? Was he praising the ones newly born? Or was he praising the new land, Ergenekon? It was not being understood, but he was saying beautiful things. They listened.

In that way Kayan-Tigin's and Görkem's sons and daughters multiplied and became more. At every new birth, if the birth was at night, Bozkurt on the peak of that rock, towards the moon, announced the birth and praised the newly born. They, in that country, the ones

born and grown up in Ergenekon, stayed there for four hundred years, four times a hundred years. At the end of four hundred years the children of Kayan-Tigin and Görkem filled all of Ergenekon. The living ones in the land, both people and animals, came to be too many for Ergenekon to hold them. The earth, as its earthiness had grown tired, had grown old. It was not able to feed the people and the animals anymore. A tree, being a tree, had grown old, it was drying. It was not getting from the earth what it wanted; it was not able to give people what they wanted. It was not able to stretch its shadow, as it used to, over the earth and the people. It was not able to stretch it generously. It was not stretching wings, leaf by leaf. The cloud was not light like a cloud anymore.

Kayan-Tigin's and Görkem's sons stayed like that, hopeless and strengthless. Within four walls made of rocks, a plain wide as a palm, and water in this plain that could not even flow evenly as a water should, people and animals with the people were not able to live as they multiplied and increased. At the end of four hundred years, Ergenekon was not able to hold a new, all new, Göktürk people. They sat down and thought. What is it to think? To think by oneself is to mix up and stir up the incomprehensible and impossible all the more.

When there could be thinking together, thinking by oneself would be, maybe manly, but selfish.

The Göktürks did not think alone. Togetherness was necessary. They all gathered. The eldest started talking:

"I heard from my grandfather, and he from his, and so on, and the oldest of the ones that heard, heard it from our true father, Kayan-Tigin. Before they came here, they had lived, outside of Ergenekon, in a wide, endlessly wide place. Our real fathers settled there. There was also a Tartar Khan. He had become head and joined with other nations and had defeated all our nation and had destroyed it altogether. That land, our land, was not narrow like this, but it was a wide country."

The youngest one present in the council asked for permission and said: "If so, why should we not go there? Now, God has given us strength. Let us walk all around here and find a way and pass beyond these mountains. Let us reach our old land and say it is ours and settle there. To be afraid of the enemy and stay here would not be becoming to us."

This was true. If the Tartar had become head of the other lands and enemies, that was in the past. Now the Göktürks were strong, were new. When there was the old

land, they could not stay here as in a trap.

They scattered around.

They walked all around. There was no way, there was no track. The mountains were hardened deaf, they did not give way. They did not give a way to pass. Deaf and hard mountains, worse than sharp teeth, were steep and sharp like knives. They were full of rocks. Even a finger would not hold. When you hit, the hand remained stuck there.

The ones that had scattered around to look for a way out, all came back with bowed heads. One blacksmith was left behind, at the very last. When he came back his head was bowed, too. His face was not smiling, but his eyes were thoughtful. They were thoughtful as if he were in a reverie. The others, who like the blacksmith, were looking for a passage, all gathered around him. They shared the thoughts in his eyes. It was as if they were sharing a "tale's fruit." The thoughts in the blacksmith's eyes were as if they were not in his eyes, but in the edges of broken branches.

He said: "I saw a place. I do not know whether it could be made a passage. Maybe it could be, but it would ask for much toil. In one mountain pass, I found a seam of iron that could be melted, which is wide and tall, maybe one man tall, or rather one camel tall. If

we melt that...."

"We can find a way!"

The thoughts in the blacksmith's eyes filled all Ergenekon from the mouths of those who listened. And scattering, with a shout, old and young, everybody, went to see the iron rock that the blacksmith had found. The blacksmith's words were right. His thoughts were right, too. This was not an all-iron rock. If worked on, it was a way of being saved.

On that day, they imposed wood and coal taxes on everybody that lived in Ergenekon. Everyone, from seventy to seven, everybody was going to bring a given amount of wood and coal, or even more, as much as he could.

There was no one who did not pay taxes. Everybody, instead of one, gave two times the amount. Many gave three times the amount. There were some who gave four times the amount. The wood and coal that were gathered reached the peaks of the mountains. The real work was beginning now. They lined all the wood and coal, thickly, one line being wood and one line being coal, in an easy way to be burned, on the crack in the mountain's chest. They put half of the remaining wood on the top of the mountain, right on top of the seam of iron, and they piled the other remaining half on its other side. They made seventy big bellows from seven times a hundred



camels' skins. They set all the bellows from seventy places to seventy places in a way that would incite the fire when the wood and the coal burned. A little spark of fire first burned the coal, and some of the bellows puffed a breeze towards the burning coal. The fire in the coal passed to the wood, and it set aflame the wood. From seventy places, seventy bellows worked together. The breeze that the bellows gathered and squeezed was taking all the warmth in the wood and the coal, all the warmth in the flames, and with an unbearable push was pressing the seam of iron.

The eyes were open wide; the faces were tense. In the wide-open eyes and tense faces there was a terrible hope, an unbearable hope.

The mountain was burning all aflame. The great mountain was burning. And the flames, bellows by bellows, mountainous flames, were twisting with those wide-open eyes. An evil doubt that hit the faces with its hotness had become a crushing suspicion. It was loitering.

Bellows, impatient as bellows, the hearts that stuck on to the bellows, impatient as hearts, and in all the wishes, a lonely, all-alone prayer, impatient as the hearts: going out! A longing for wideness in this narrowness.

They saw the melting of the iron.

They could not believe it. But it was melting. The seam of iron, continually, unable to resist the heat and pressure, was melting. With the power of God, wishes came true. The iron melted. There was a passage opened enough for a loaded camel to pass through. At the end of the passage, beyond, was the moonlight. The night had come, but they had not noticed it. They had forgotten the day and the sun from the lights of the flames. The night had come. It was hanging at the farther end of the passage that was opened, in a wide plain.

The bellows stopped.

The flames and the smoke in a loose way mixed up. When the smoke disappeared, a voice echoed in all Ergenekon. On the peak of the mountain, on the side, a Bozkurt was howling towards the moon. It was calling the stars to the moon's loneliness. Around the moon, there were no stars. Farther, at its side, a five-cornered and lonely star was sparkling brilliantly. All of a sudden it slid towards the wolf's call, it divided into two, and, making all the stars divide into two, took them behind it. It wandered across the sky from the East to the West. After that it became one again. It was five-cornered and lonely. It came. It stood in front of the moon at which the Bozkurt looked and howled. Bozkurt's head shadowed the moon. The moon became a crescent, and

Bozkurt, for a while, in this way, howled to the moon-star.

Göktürks committed to memory that day and night. They called it the day of getting out of Ergenekon. And that day, they heated the iron on the fire, and putting it on the anvil, they beat it. First the Khan beat it, and then the princes.

That day, that night, that the iron melted to make a passage, and the Bozkurt howled, looking at the moon-star, that day and night, Göktürks' Khan was Börte-Cine. He could not wait for the morning.

Göktürks, through an iron passage, left Ergenekon.

It was night. There was the moon-star in the sky, Bozkurt in the mountain, and Göktürks on the ground. The Skyflag edged with crimson horse-tail was reaching the Moon-Star.

The Skyflag edged with crimson horse-tail wandered from hand to hand, and the Bozkurt's songs wandered from tongue to tongue. The Skyflag, in brave hands, Bozkurt, in sweet tongues, spread to seven climates and four corners, filling the eyes and the hearts. From its light the earth, from its calls the wide universe and the sky brightened and became hopeful. And a day came, where at

the most beautiful dawn of all the dawns and at the most beautiful redness of the horizon, the Skyflag turned red, in a redness close to crimson, with the color of the many bloods shed for its sake all this time. Bozkurt, while the Skyflag was turning red with a crimson redness, called for the last time to wake up all together a nation's past and present days.

This was the last appearance of the Bozkurt. This was his last call. He was not seen again. His name was left in words and himself in hearts.

And the Moon-Star red flag was left in the young hands that would never be tired again.

## COMMENTARY

<sup>1</sup>Number four is often used in the Turkish language to express totality. When it is said that "four corners are full," it is meant that "everywhere, as a whole, is full." Here, the expression strengthens the picture of the water being everywhere.

<sup>2</sup>This creation epic consists of a combination of many Altaic tales and myths of creation. According to one Altaic tale, for example, it is said that when there was no earth and when there was no heaven, there was water, and that God Ulgen, meaning the "Great One," descended upon the water to create the earth. (Uno Holmberg, The Mythology of All Races, IV, 314.) So it is seen that this tale is taken as the basic myth here. The great God creates the world out of the waters. It is said that one of the names given to their greatest God by the Altaic people was the Over-God. He was the Heaven God or the Sky God, all meaning the same thing. However, this Over-God was sometimes called by different names, such as Kaira-Khan, meaning the "Merciful Khan," and God Ulgen, meaning the "Great One." (ibid., p. 401.) Kaira-Khan was also, at times, called the Black-Khan, meaning the Star God who descended from heaven to Hades. It is suggested that because of his color, he might also correspond to "Saturn called the black star by the ancient Babylonians." (ibid., p. 406.) It will be seen in this creation epic, these two names of the Over-God--Black-Khan or the Merciful-Khan, and the Great One--will be used.

In the epic it is said that at the very beginning there was no earth, but only water. It is known that the idea of a "deep and shoreless primordial ocean" is common to most of the myths of creation of the Asiatic people. (ibid., p. 313.) The only difference between the myths is in the way they relate how the earth was created out of this endless water. The most "prolific cycle" is said to be the one in which the tales always describe some being other than God diving into the water and bringing up the earth. (loc. cit.)

These creation myths that consider earth to come from water usually present the God and the devil as a "diver-bird, loon, goose, or some other water-fowl." In one particular Altaic tale, God and devil both appear in the form

of a gander. (ibid., p. 317.) It is seen that the basis of this epic has a direct borrowing from these Asiatic myths and different Altaic tales. The stories about the origin of the "earth-matter" from under the water is a common feature in the Altaic races. (ibid., p. 328.) Sources of some of these tales are traced to India where these earth-fetching stories seem to have a home. (loc. cit.)

There is a similarity here to the "mythology of Vishnu," or the Hindu mythology, where, in one of the stories, the creative spirit is presented as a white gander. (H. R. Zimmer, Myths and Symbols in Indian Art and Civilization, p. 37.) According to the myth, there is first the water only; and above it, there is this grand figure all-alone, and there is nobody to know him. Yet the waters and the figure are the "dual manifestations of the same essence." (ibid., p. 38.) While God is, thus, flying and floating above the water, this song is heard: "I am the Gander. I am the Lord. I bring forth the universe from my essence, and I abide in the cycle of time that dissolves it." (loc. cit.) In trying to explain why the symbol of the gander was so important, it is said that the gander, although he swims in the water, is not bound to it. He also flies in the air. He is comfortable in both spheres and sometimes is between the two. Through this freedom from, and relation to, the outer sphere, in this mythology he symbolizes " . . . the divine essence which though embodied in, and abiding with the individual yet remains forever free from the events of the individual life." (ibid., pp. 48-49.) Flying above, as He is doing here, He decides to produce the universe. The God is water, too, and everything comes from water. (ibid., p. 51.) It is seen that a very close parallel is present here. In the Hindu mythology, the mother-goddess, who is another manifestation of God, (the feminine, earthly aspects of Him) is also referred to sometimes as the Black-One. (ibid., p. 211.) In this way, her negative as well as positive virtues are shown. She is all and, also, takes back and swallows what she has created. This is " . . . the all producing, all annihilating principle; it is the onflow of which everything that comes into existence again vanishes." (loc. cit.) This principle is later expanded to mean that the creative and destructive principles are one and that both are contained in "the divine cosmic energy." (ibid., p. 212.) The paradox is very clearly seen, here. God is a white gander, and His name is a direct contradiction, to show that He, Himself, is chaos, creation, creator, mystery, and all.

<sup>3</sup>In the original work, the word, "misty," is repeated twice to give the effect of the full amount of mist. Repetition, as in this case, is often found in Turkish writing used to strengthen and visualize the amount of the thing described.

<sup>4</sup>Ak-Ana, literally translated, is the White-Mother. Here, again, a parallel is to be seen with the Hindu mythology and, also, with the general concept of the mother goddesses present in various mythologies. However, this present use is closer to Hindu mythology in that, here, too, the mother goddess is almost conceived of as the material cause of the universe. (H. R. Zimmer, Myths and Symbols in Indian Art and Civilization, p. 205.) Here, Ak-Ana tells God to create, but at the same time, paradoxically, it is God Himself who discovers what He wants to create and what He already has created: "He is the immaculate spirituality of the Self, shining forth itself. She is the former of forms. It is He who illuminates the forms that she has evolved." (ibid., p. 206.) She is the first to have experienced "This" or "other," according to the Hindu myth. (ibid., p. 203.) In this epic, as well, God seeing Ak-Ana is completely surprised but also fascinated, and His urge to create places words in her mouth and becomes stronger. It is suggested by H. R. Zimmer that, in this particular Hindu myth, this goddess is the development of the Mother Earth of old, ". . . the great mother goddess of the Chalcolithic period," worshipped over a wide area including the ancient Near East, Mediterranean lands, the Black Sea, and the Danube Valley. (ibid., p. 92.) Also, it is known that the Altaic Tartars remembered a goddess that was called the Milk Lake Mother, whoc could be the goddess used, here. (Uno Holmberg, The Mythology of All Races, IV, 413.)

<sup>5</sup>This is an expression used to convey a sense of utter confusion and bewilderment.

<sup>6</sup>In the original text, "to become sheepish" is used to suggest the meaning of quiet, calm, and obedience. From the word sheep, with the addition of a suffix, this meaning is derived.

<sup>7</sup>This expression is used to convey bewilderment as to the nature of the thing or person in question. By saying "you are neither a jinni nor a person," the possibility of being anything known or thought is ruled out.

<sup>8</sup>This is a drink used by the Turkish tribes while in Central Asia. It is fermented mare's milk. Turks

were known for their great fondness for this drink.

<sup>9</sup>The word, "tongue," in the original text, is often used in the Turkish language to mean words, speech, or language. Here the phrase, "her tongue was bitter," means that what she said was the truth, or without any hypocrisy.<sup>10</sup>

It is recorded that the Altaic Tartars called the first being (whom God created and who helped God create the world) "Man" or "First Man." (Uno Holmberg, The Mythology of All Races, IV, 316.) Er-Kişi, then, means the "Male-One" or the "Male-Person," meaning the same thing as the above names do. It is said that this first being, called the First Man, always develops into the devil named "Erlik" in Altaic mythology. (loc. cit.) Er-Kişi, in this epic, is in the form of a gander, too, because in most of these tales, this being is the one that dives into the water and fetches the earth. So in this epic, too, he is the one that will dive into the waters to fetch the earth for God. Also the idea that the ugly and grotesque aspects of nature being formed by the devil's spits and the useless and harmful animals being created by him are seen in Altaic tales and mythology. (ibid., p. 320.)

As will be seen later, the reasons for his downfall will be his pride and boastfulness. Then, it is seen that, in Altaic mythology, as in East European Mythology, the devil is the helper of God in creating the earth. (ibid., p. 317.) In these mythologies, God and the devil have a very close connection and relation, and also even before the creation itself as such, ". . . there are two beings of whom one was good and the other wicked." This dualism is said to reach its ultimate end in Persia in the teachings of Zarathustra. (ibid., p. 315.) So it is seen that the concept of the devil and his downfall are also taken directly from the Altaic mythology. He eventually becomes the evil spirit and the evil force in the universe, the Devil of the Christian and Islamic concept.

A parallel between this and the Hindu mythology can be drawn. In the myth of "The Origin of the Lingam," there are two gods, one in the form of a gander, the other, a boar. (H. R. Zimmer, Myths and Symbols in Indian Art and Civilization, p. 128.) The two gods meet, each asserts that he has created the universe, and they quarrel. Finally, the gander flies up and the boar dives into the water; both want to discover the ends of the universe. (ibid., p. 129.) Also, in relation to this, a Hindu monument is cited as an example by Zimmer, in which he sees



" . . . the column extending in length while the gander flies upward and the boar plunges down." (*ibid.*, p. 131.) Although the parallel is not very close, here, the similarity in the act of separation is present. However, here, as in the Altaic tales and Christian and Islamic mythology, it is pride, the unpardonable sin, that causes Er-Kişi to dive into the waters, which act becomes his downfall. His continuous efforts to assert himself become his sin and damnation. From this point onward, the epic deals in a varied form with the more familiar theme of the creation and temptation of man. A paradox is noted in Er-Kişi's name. It does not have a bad connotation. It is almost neutral in the beginning; but, nevertheless, he is a black gander, and his color nearly predicts his evil reality.

<sup>11</sup>This is an idiom often used to express the evils of self pride and self indulgence which, through the delusions they create, lead the person to a destructive end, an event which at the end he immensely regrets.

<sup>12</sup>The word used is "kapkara," meaning "extremely, completely black." This meaning is expressed by adding a prefix to "kara," the word for black.

<sup>13</sup>The word, "boring," is used in the original text to convey the meaning of emotional suffocation.

<sup>14</sup>The word "fear" is repeated twice in the original text to express the action of diving in fear.

<sup>15</sup>In the original text, one learns that the light which brightened this place was a ball of yarn, meaning that it brightened the flatness in soft, circular motions of light.

<sup>16</sup>"Hey" is an important word in the Turkish epic, an exclamation expressing regret, reproach, or admiration. All through the epic it will be used to express a variety of these meanings, although mostly that of admiration. In reading, it is usually extended in pronunciation to convey an emotional state when the following sentences concern an admirable act of a hero. Here, however, it is merely a formal way of stating an order.

<sup>17</sup>In the original text, "sky's face" is used to mean the sky. In Turkish, "sky's face" and "earth's face" are often used to mean the sky and the earth.

<sup>18</sup>Black-yellow. These colors are used in the text for the quality of darkness and paleness which they evoke.

<sup>19</sup>The word, "bomboş" is used in the original text to mean a complete and utter emptiness. This word, too, is derived by adding the prefix, "bom," to the root, meaning "empty."

<sup>20</sup>Here, God begins to talk in the plural while, in reality, he still infers Himself. God is all; therefore, He is both one and many, and yet in essence is Himself. Also, although not common, this device is used in formal speech, especially when speaking didactically.

<sup>21</sup>An idiom used to express "utter darkness."

<sup>22</sup>Here, too, originally, the word, "tongue," is used to mean "words."

<sup>23</sup>The word used is "murat," meaning a wish strongly hopeful of being fulfilled. "Green," in the old interpretation of dreams, for example, means that the person's wish will soon come true. So, in the old Turkish folklore, green is associated with hope and wish.

<sup>24</sup>"Salkim, salkim" is used in the original text, meaning "hanging in bunches in a very full and fruitful way."

<sup>25</sup>"Insan" is a word meaning "man" in general, as well as a person. However, here, "insan" has been translated as people, because of the presence of the different sexes under the tree and because of their being more than one or two in number. People, here, are created out of a tree. The concept of a tree growing out of the earth approximates the mother earth image, giving birth to life. The tree is not worshipped, but it is holy. J. G. Frazer, in The Golden Bough, has references to the tree worship in various parts of the world, but does not mention anything directly connected with Central Asia.

The tree of life has an important place in Altaic mythology. It is said that according to many stories, this tree is usually raised up to the sky after a certain time. In the beliefs of the Turkish tribes and the other tribes related to them, the tree of life is said to grow with the universe from a sapling to a grand tree and to be ". . . connected, like the world-mountain with the construction of the universe." (Uno Holmberg, The Mythology of All Races, IV, 349.) It is also said that the

tree's position is similar to a "world-pillar," and that at the roots of the tree is water which gives life to the tree. (*ibid.*, p. 359.) The tree of life, in return, leads to the tales of creation and the fall of man. Here, in this creation, too, the forces of good and evil are present as they were in the creation of the world. There is God who creates and the devil who later distorts this creation. (*ibid.*, p. 373.) One of the Altaic tales in regard to this, that is in the epic, is said to be one of the most interesting tales. (*ibid.*, p. 381.) This epic uses this story in relating the account of the creation and fall of man. It is said that the nine people are "mystically connected" with the nine branches of the tree, and also that this story is similar to other Altaic tales in that the tree is usually presented as branchless, at first. (*ibid.*, p. 382.) In the Central Asian tales, the guardians, the snake and the dog are also present. It is suggested that the dog was introduced as a result of earlier tales of creation. (*ibid.*, p. 383.) Here is a parallel seen between the Altaic tales and the Semitic story known as the bible. The only difference is in detail. Also, it is stated that in the Altaic tale the approach is more primitivistic, connecting the fall with the fruit itself without going too much into the philosophy beyond it. In both cases, however, this tale seems to have grown out of a need to find an answer to the finiteness of man and to see it as his punishment. (*loc. cit.*) So one may note, here, that the epic of creation, that is the first part of The Turkish Epic, is a combination of various Altaic tales and mythology presented in unity. Allusions to Christian and Islamic religions are present, but they are mostly in this wondrous circle of mythology of the Altaic people.

It is interesting to note that the ancestors of the Turkish race will be born from a pregnant tree that is almost a second appearance of the first created tree, thus carefully drawing a parallel in purity between the creation of the first men and of the Turkish race.

<sup>26</sup>The literal word, here, is "burn," conveying the meaning, "to feel worry or regret."

<sup>27</sup>There is more than one word in Turkish for "friend;" "dost," which is the word used, here, conveys the idea of a more generous and true friend.

<sup>28</sup>The word originally used is "kalakaldi," expressing a sudden and abrupt stance in the face of fears and inevitability. It is derived from the word, "kaldi," with the help of a prefix.

<sup>29</sup>This idiom is used to strengthen the belief that sleep completely dominated everyone.

<sup>30</sup>Here, the idiom used in the original text has been omitted, because it would not communicate a definite meaning in English: "A cool and dreamy day light that is cooler than a sun of the age of twenty-eight hit the tree." This idiom tries to convey the ripe, full, and, also, calm heat and beauty of youth, nearing maturity.

<sup>31</sup>"ters, ters" is used in the text, literally meaning "reverse," that of looking with anger and contempt, rather than with friendliness.

<sup>32</sup>"Kipkirmizi" is used, meaning "bright red," "very red." Again, the prefix increases in meaning the quality of redness.

<sup>33</sup>"Ece" is a name meaning "beautiful, bright, and lovely." This name is used in an Altaic tale of the creation and fall of man.

<sup>34</sup>"Doganay" is a name that refers to the moon that is coming out. Both names imply the purity and brilliance of the first created men.

<sup>35</sup>The word used in the text is "nur," meaning "light or halo," but it also has the quality of the divine or saintly light that is pure and dazzling. It is mixed imaginistically with the supernatural purity and brightness of God. In Islam, "nur" usually implies this divine light of God. This word is employed quite often in the epic.

<sup>36</sup>This idiom is used to contrast what is most valuable and what is not by the measure of the little finger. The lack of value of something is pointed out by contrasting it with the value of the little finger.

<sup>37</sup>This idiom expresses "complete darkness," again.

<sup>38</sup>The word used in the text is "eye-taking," meaning "attractive and appealing on the outside."

<sup>39</sup>It means "feeling shame."

<sup>40</sup>Two words that mean "love" in Turkish are both used here. "Sevgi," which is "love;" and "aşk," which is specifically "the love between man and woman or man and

God." Therefore, to differentiate between these terms, "affection" and "love" are used in the translation.

<sup>41</sup>As it was mentioned before, here, the Over-God is going to be called Ulgen, meaning the Great One, one of the names given Him in Altaic mythology. (Uno Holmberg, The Mythology of All Races, IV, 406.)

<sup>42</sup>This name, too, was mentioned before, showing that in the Altaic mythology the first being or the First Man that helped God in creating the world was said to have developed and to have become the devil called Erlik. (Uno Holmberg, The Mythology of All Races, IV, 316.) If the word is taken literally, however, there is an irony produced, here, because this word sometimes can mean masculinity and bravery. Thus, it creates a paradox through Er-Kişi's constant denial and refusal of himself as a subject of God.

<sup>43</sup>Sky-Son. First, this concept seems like a Christ image, but messengers follow him, and the next messenger is closer to the image.

<sup>44</sup>Here, two words meaning "white" are used. "Beyaz" is the first word for white; yet the clouds are also "ak," which means "white," but it has a connotation of a more pure and clean whiteness. Thus, the clouds, as well as being white, are also pure and clean and almost spiritually bright.

<sup>45</sup>Bozkurt is the most important image in the whole epic and in the combination of epics. Bozkurt means the "Grey Wolf"--a special gray close to black--that, according to one legend, led the Turks across a mountain barrier into the wide plains. He signifies more, however. Sources and material as to this image will be cited further when it is established more basically in the epic. Here, it is necessary only to point out that Bozkurt's having been formed from the various shapes of the first created tree in the sky clearly establishes his purity and nobility.

<sup>46</sup>"Skyflag" is, also, another important metaphor in the epic. It is necessary to keep in mind the discussion of the Bozkurt. The fact that these two images come into being from the first created tree of God establishes the purity of the race to issue from them and for which they will be symbols. These two images, which the disolution of the tree presents and predicts, are basic to the epic.

47 "Ate him and finished him up" is the idiom originally used, here, to express constant worry and fear.

48 The word, "bembeyaz," is used in the original text to mean complete and utter whiteness.

49 Literally, in the text, "his body was two times twisted," meaning that his body was bent double with age and work.

50 Moon-Father. "Ata" means father in Turkish, but is generally used to mean an ancestor or a great man. His becoming the father of the race is implied here in his name. It is said that the ancient Turkish tribes, like many other tribes, kept account of time by the cycles of the sun and the moon. Also, according to Chinese sources, it is said that the Turkish rulers worshipped the sun in the mornings, and they worshipped the moon in the evenings. It is also mentioned that they considered the moon to be masculine and called him "Father-Moon." (Uno Holmberg, The Mythology of All Races, IV, 422.) These might be a few suggestions why the father of the Turkish race was given this name.

51 His wife's name begins with Moon, as well. The "moon" in these names could be regarded as a direct prediction that the race who will come from them would be really coming from the lights. Also the allusion to the Altaic mythology is seen where the Turks in the very ancient times worshipped the moon.

52 "Hatun" is the word used, which conveys "Lady," but it is used more in the folk literary style than is the word which literally means "lady." "Hatun" literally means "woman," but is used for "lady," here.

53 The Grand-One or Person. He will become another messenger.

54 An idiom, ". . . he put it into full, it did not take it; he put it into empty, it did not fill it," is used in the text to express the incongruity and incomprehensibility of the idea.

55 The literal term used, here, is "foot-class." The meaning is that of the lower classes, the rabble. It has emotional as well as economic and social connotations in common usage.

56 The epic reads "reddening his face," which means "finding a face and courage to talk and want something when one has no right to."

57 Here is an interpretation of how evil spirits came into being. It is to be noted that all evil is created by Erlik, all a manifestation of him. Yet, ironically, it is God who makes this, in a way, possible. But this train of thought would lead to philosophical dichotomies and paradoxes that are common to almost all religious epics and stories. Here, however, superstition, magic, and fairy tales also come to the front. For example, the witch, being the worst of all evil spirits, is given as a source of evil in many old fairy tales and magic.

58 "Al-Karisi" is made up of two words. "Al," although generally used for the color red, as a noun is also used to mean fraud or trick. "Kari" means woman, but usually has a negative connotation. So it is most likely that this term would mean "Deceit" or "Fraud," reminding one of Spenser's Duesa.

59 Giantess. Both types of evil, real and imaginary ones, come from Erlik.

60 "Şiril, şiril," is an expression used to imitate the noise of gently running water. This might be considered onomatopoeic usage.

61 Here, "love" is used as a verb and not as an abstract noun. You, is understood, and love is the verb. In Turkish, it is "seviniz;" the suffix at the end serves as you in the plural.

62 One of the messengers. One that Passes the Day.

63 "The ones let them be in good hours" is the idiom used in reference to the evil spirits in belief that when spoken, the evil spirits would not bother or affect anyone.

64 A name given to another messenger, the one that the souls go to, protector of souls.

65 The Witch with the Broom, Deceit and Giantess.

66 Another messenger, one that holds and awaits the sun and the moon.

67 The gender image still continues in the epic. The religious story is within this mythological circle.

68 A manner of saying "good-bye."

69 Here, the word, "ak," is used, meaning "white;" also implying a clean, spiritual whiteness.

70 "Ha the wind came out, ha it is about to come out" is the expression originally used. "Ha" is an interjection as in English. Here, this phrase expresses the strong probability and the closeness of the wind which is ready to emerge.

71 "Their reason came back to their heads" means that they started acting and behaving reasonably. It implies the act of returning to a state of common sense; of being rational.

72 The word used, here, is again "nur," meaning saintly and divine light and brightness.

73 "par, par" is used before the word, "burning," meaning "twinkling and sparkling in its burning as the burning of the stars would be."

74 This, too, is an idiom used to express the idea of taking hold of themselves or of controlling themselves.

75 And, also, "pek-gözlü," "full-eyed," meaning bold, courageous, and satisfied with what she has.

76 "Tertemiz" is the word originally used, meaning very "clean, extremely and purely clean."

77 The word used in the text is "kaynomak," meaning "to boil," "to express perpetual movement and stirring of the stars among and within themselves."

78 The word used, here, is again "nur."

79 Most likely the sweat image, here, alludes to the blood image.

80 Again, "ak" is used to mean "white."

81 "Gündogusu," meaning towards the east of the day, is the exact word used.



<sup>82</sup>It means that the earth was "cutting sharp" and "hard" under their feet, as if it were shipping them.

<sup>83</sup>Bellow-Moon. The reference, here, is to the Altai Mountains. These Altai Mountains in Central Asia are known to be the first homeland of the Turks. (T. Y. Oztuna, The History of Turkey, I, 90.) This first epic presented, here, is the Uigur Epic. Uigurs are a Turkish tribe which held an important place among the other Turkish tribes. Their most obvious dominance occurred between the years, 745 and 940. (ibid., p. 180.) Yet, they have always asserted themselves as a strong tribe and have held high offices, even in other tribes. Their national epic is the Uigur Epic or the Migration Epic. The basic outline of the original epic present in T. Y. Oztuna's history corresponds very closely to its version, here. So, it is known that the author, here, adhered very closely to his sources. This epic is presented, here, before the Oguz Khan Epic, (which originally was supposed to have been written earlier) because the story which it tells is older. It is the story of how the Turkish race started and how it was forced to migrate after years of Chinese domination. The marriage of the two girls and Bozkurt and a blue light's falling on top of the Hulin Mountain are basic to the story. This epic ends, when, after years of Chinese domination (according to legend, caused by the loss of a holy rock) they start to migrate on a sign from God and come to Besbelik and establish a fort or town there. (ibid., pp. 183-184.) In the original epic, it is stressed that God comes in the form of a Bozkurt and marries the girls. This event is also related, here; and even if Bozkurt is not God as such, he is definitely the supernatural power and purity that creates the race on a special sign from God. After the creation part of the epic, Ay-Atam's visions and dreams predict the coming of the race and future generations. Allusions are always made to the stars and redness, which increase in importance as the connected epics flow continuously upon a basic theme, through different stories and heroic adventures. The Uigur Epic, as such, ends on page 153 in the present translation and gives way to the Oguz Khan Epic, which could be said to be the most important epic in Turkish literary history.

<sup>84</sup>The word used is "Hak," which literally means "truth, justice, and right," but it is often used to mean "God."

<sup>85</sup>The word used in the original text is "esmer,"

meaning "brunette," but this word is often used to convey a meaning of slight darkness or blackness.

86 Through this dream or vision the Bozkurt image establishes itself firmly in the epic. In a way, the Bozkurt is the real, supernatural, and holy hero of the epic. He is present in all the epics, and this fact strengthens the belief that the wolf image was one of the basic images of the Turkish people through which they worshipped a force and believed in a supernatural deity. There is not much information as to where it first came into being. Some of the fragmentary information explains that, although the wolf has a legendary place in the Roman and old Arab cultures, it is attributed basically to the Turkish legend. It is said that the scholars who wrote about the wolf image mentioned the statue that was set up for the mother wolf that fed Romulus and Remus in a cave about 296 B. C. Yet, it is also added that these scholars do not show any sign of a knowledge of the wolf legend's having come to the West from the Central Asia tribes.

Berezin, says that the essence of the wolf legend does not belong to either the Mongoloids or the Turks alone, but that it is to be seen in all the Central Asia tribes. Many characteristics of the Oguz Khan Epic of the Southern Turks are also seen in the neighbors of the Eastern and Northern Turks, the Finns and the Mongoloids. Ebulgazi Bahadir, an Oriental author, mentions the wolf legend only in relation to the work, Burteçine, written in Chinese during the Mongoloid domination. Here, Genghis Khan's father or ancestor, Burteçine, who is a Bozkurt, is mentioned. He is a Tibetan prince. The scholar, Shmidet, does not doubt that Burteçine is the Bozkurt. The information given is said to be basically the Mongoloid history of the wolf legend.

When the basic Turkish tribes' traditions and customs are taken into account, the tales vary. One of these is the first epic in this book, wherein the wolf and the two girls create a new race. Another concerns the Genghis' code of laws or documents. The story explains when Alan Kuva is left with child, gossip starts in the tribe. She maintains that a light had appeared to her and came out as a wolf. The elders of the tribe gather around the camp one night to test this account. They set a trap. Around midnight, the wolf emerges and becomes Genghis. There could be a direct borrowing from this story, because in all the Turkish epics always a light occurs before the wolf appears. So Bozkurt establishes himself as the essential force of the Turkish epic. (This information was

gathered and sent to me in fragments from Turkey, and it was said that Shmidet's work and Patanin's work on the Eastern Traces or Influence on the Medieval Western Epics could be used for further information.)

The wolf seems to be a very important aspect of the Turkish culture. It is seen that it was often used in various inscriptions as well as in epics. It is also present in the inscriptions on the Göktürk monuments, called the "Orkhon Inscriptions." In one of these, Bilge Khan, in describing how he and his family saved the Turks from a domination by the Chinese, says that God had given them power and that all the Turkish army had become a wolf. (T. Y. Oztuna, History of Turkey, I, 171.)

So this wolf image and legend become innate with the early Turkish consciousness. In fact, in some cases the implication is that Bozkurt is God. Frazer does not say much about the wolf image in the Central Asia tribes, but only mentions that the wolf was the beast-god of Lycopolis in Egypt. (James G. Frazer, The Golden Bough, I, 528.) It is seen that the wolf image was one that the Turkish tribes found most akin to their needs in relating themselves to the supernatural. The common myth of worshipping animals and seeing supernatural powers in them in the cultures of the ancient people establishes itself once more here. Sometimes in these Turkish epics the Bozkurt comes to mean God, sometimes pur physical power and strength, and sometimes motherhood and fertility; but in all, he or she, is the common image that unites the myths and epics of this culture.

Some questions rise up in one's mind in regard to animal myths and legends as to how one certain tribe came to worship one certain animal and how that tribe thought it descended from that animal. (Herbert Spencer, Essays, p. 308.) Herbert Spencer, in his essay, suggests that the nicknames given to strong and brave men in the tribe led to a very close association of them with strong animals. In fact, most of the time their nicknames consisted of the name of an animal. If a man became very powerful and won a fight, and if " . . . the nickname Wolf is given to him," his sons, proud of their father, and the tribe, proud of them, would call themselves "the Wolf." They would, then, also assert that their ancestors were the wolf. (ibid., p. 313.) In this way, Herbert Spencer suggests that the animal eventually comes to take the place of the nickname, and later the generations that come from the tribe assert that they have come from a wolf. (ibid., p. 316.) Therefore, according to this view, " . . . confounding of the metaphorical name with the actual name . . . ." is what results in the belief of the tribe's coming from that animal. (ibid., p. 318.)

<sup>87</sup>The word used, here, is again "nur," meaning "spiritual and pure lights."

<sup>88</sup>Ak nur. A double emphasis is made, here. The purity and the heavenly quality are stressed, again.

<sup>89</sup>"As much as his tongue could turn" is used to mean "as much as he possibly can explain it."

<sup>90</sup>Here, "tremble" seems to convey the meaning of emotional and physical exertion or movement and almost a holy sobbing and a complete surrender, rather than fear.

<sup>91</sup>The word is "nur," again.

<sup>92</sup>The literal word used is "yumak," which means a ball of yarn, visualizing and communicating a sense of softness and warmth more than a ball per se could do.

<sup>93</sup>A mountain between the Tanrı and the Altai mountains, mentioned also in the original Uigur Epic. This area, as noted before, is known to be the homeland of the Turks.

<sup>94</sup>These two rivers, especially the Selenge River, are important in Turkish history, both coming from the Hanhukai Mountains. Especially during the time of the Göktürks, these areas gained great importance, and even their main town was close to this area. (Y. T. Oztuna, The History of Turkey, I, 107.)

<sup>95</sup>Originally, "did not fit its cup" is used to convey the meaning stated.

<sup>96</sup>Here, "drunk" has a more mystical than literal connotation. The tree is drunk in mystical and spiritual ecstasy.

<sup>97</sup>Again, the same expression, "not fitting its cup," is used in the text.

<sup>98</sup>Meaning the Turkish land. In structure, it is made up of two words, "Turk" and "el," which mean hand in Turkish. "El" is often used in the language, however, to mean country or land. Originally, throughout the epic "Türkeli" is used. The "Turkish land" will be used throughout the translation.

<sup>99</sup>The instrument is "kopuz," a kind of guitar with one string. It is the oldest Turkish instrument.

<sup>100</sup>"Lullaby" is used as a refrain, almost in a singing tone, when read aloud.

<sup>101</sup>It is seen that, here, the tree image is developed continuously as something grand and holy. The beech tree bears the fruits of the Bozkurt and the girls that have become one. The tree's trunk swells. It is natural that, since the Turks worshipped natural elements, they would regard a big and grand tree as supernatural and holy. Frazer has several references to the cult of tree worship in Europe. He also mentions that, in China, trees were regarded to be most holy by certain tribes. (The Turks might have borrowed this idea from the Chinese.) He also mentions that often trees were treated as pregnant women. (J. G. Frazer, The Golden Bough, I, 115.) From these general references, one assumes that trees were treated by the ancient people as being mysterious and holy, and the Turkish tribes in Central Asia did not believe differently.

<sup>102</sup>This an idiom used to express an admiration mixed with confusion and bewilderment.

<sup>103</sup>The word, "brunette," is used, meaning darkness here, also.

<sup>104</sup>The word is "nur."

<sup>105</sup>It is used to express beautiful and full black eyes.

<sup>106</sup>The literal translation of this name would be "Light-Prince." "Tigin" is a very old word, now archaic. It is said that "tigin" meant Prince, or royal Prince in the Turkish tribes. (Y. T. Oztuna, The History of Turkey, I, 166.)

<sup>107</sup>This usually refers to a beautiful skin color and describes an admired complexion.

<sup>108</sup>Possibly meaning "wolf," or having the characteristics of a wolf.

<sup>109</sup>This name also implies the Bozkurt.

<sup>110</sup>This name is given to him, because his foot slides while he wakes up. These names seem to be associated

with their ancestry, "wolf and light," or with some incident while they are waking up.

111 He is named Mist because of the mist to be seen surrounding him.

112 The literal word is "begging," used to convey a sense of praying ardently.

113 The word used, here, is "delikanli." It is a combination of two words, "deli" meaning "mad" and "kan" meaning "blood." This is the word used in reference to the young male. It implies hot-bloodedness, impulsiveness, youth, and energy. It is the term used to mean "young man." As in most other languages, such words as these are rarely dissected and analyzed in common use, they merely become an innate part of the language with a definite meaning.

114 This means becoming "saintly," suggesting going to heaven rather than dying.

115 "Li" is a Chinese measure of distance, equal to about one third of a mile.

116 The Holy Mountain.

117 Important in Turkish folklore and fairy tales, it stresses the greatness and length of a very happy merriment.

118 This is an elegy written mostly in Arabic words. Some of it is included, here, to give an idea as to its content.

119 In the original text, the idiom, "it was epic to the tongues," means that it was well known and heard by everyone, or universally.

120 "Bargaining from within" is the idiom used in the text, meaning acting with deep motives of advantage and self-profit; very secretly. It has a negative implication.

121 Another idiom is used, here, ". . . to carry on water under the straw," meaning to do something in an underhanded way, to intrigue.

122 Tanrı Mountains are the ones south of the Altai Mountains. Most of these mountains mentioned are close to and around the Altai Mountains.

123 "Yemyeşil" is the word meaning "all-green;" "extremely green."

124 The meaning of the word, "Turk," in Turkish is "strong or strength." This word is thought to have been first used and pronounced as such in the "Orkhon Inscriptions." It is not known, however, when it was first given to the Turkish tribes. (Y. T. Oztuna, The History of Turkey, I, 91.) At first, it is thought that the name Turk was given to one tribe rather than to all Turkish tribes. Only during the Göktürk rule (that is, in the sixth century), this name was given to all the tribes that talked Turkish and belonged to the same tradition. Before that time, the Turkish people took the name of the Turkish tribes that ruled them in different periods, such as the Huns, Khugiz, Göktürks, Uigurs, and Karluks. (ibid., p. 92.) In old Chinese inscriptions about 1328 B. C., there have been discovered references to the tribes north of them as "Tiks." Philologists, assert that this was a distorted version of the word "Turk." Therefore, one concludes that the first time the word, "Turk," was mentioned occurred in 1328 B. C., in Chinese transcripts, in a distorted way. (loc. cit.)

125 Hard and sad.

126 This concept is taken directly from a Hun folk song.

127 "Foaming" is the original word used, meaning "anger and madness that is uncontrollable."

128 "Bending of the neck" has almost the same meaning as "loneliness and sadness."

129 This is an "oba," a wide nomad tent that includes many camps in it.

130 This is the town which the stream of people, migrating because of the Chinese domination, sets, here. This is also the end of the Uigur Epic.

131 The Moon-Khan, mother of Oguz.

132 Oguz is the name of the hero, and his adventures and heroism consist of how he makes a great nation out of a tired and wearied tribe that has been under domination for a long time. Oguz Khan Epic is considered to be one of the most important epics in the Turkish history. It is known that somebody known as Oguz existed and that his adventures were recorded as an epic in many Turkish tribes. His real name was Mete. He was a Hun emperor who formed one of the largest empires in his era. He gathered all of the Turkish tribes under strong rule and extended the domain of his country to cover the areas from the Pacific Ocean to the Caspian Sea, from Tibet to Northern Siberia. According to this account, almost all of Asia, except India, China, and Iran, became subject to Turkish rule. Thus, he established one of the greatest empires besides the Byzantine and the Macedonian Empires during the time of Alexander the Great. (ibid., p. 125.) In this way, he became the hero of all of the Turkish tribes. In the Oguz Khan Epic, the story of his conquests and heroism is described at length. In legend, at times he almost becomes holy; in fact, is holy. This epic, like the Ergenekon Epic, is a very important one for its description of the fate and character of Turkish history. (ibid., p. 127.) It is full of predictions of strength, greatness, and heroism, and also has the traditional epic character, relating and exalting the acts, bravery, and strength of this hero. Oguz is half supernatural; he fights a dragon, has tremendous strength, saves a nation divided and tired, creates an empire, and brings mastery and power to whatever he touches. He is the master and the ruler of his world. This epic is his story. It is a great literary worship of a hero, strongly invested with national consciousness.

133 The word is "nur," again, meaning "spiritual; pure brightness."

134 The word is "kurut," a dried milk product.

135 "very dark" is the meaning which it conveys.

136 That is, he was very active and lively and could not be held captive at any place.

137 Weight of 40 okes; about 120 pounds.

138 The idiom, "breezes were flowing in its place," is used in the original text to mean that it had completely gone; had disappeared.



139 As was mentioned before, this is a way of stating admiration for an heroic person or act. "Hey Son!" or "hey braves" are common exclamatory phrases throughout these epics.

140 This image will become more significant as the epic proceeds. It is related to the Sky God worshipped by Turkish tribes in Central Asia as their highest God. The purity and symbolism of this flag are important unfoldings of national consciousness in regard to flag and country.

141 The Light-Lady. The light image is very important in these epics, symbolizing purity, brilliance, and holiness. Oguz could be married, then, only to light, because he himself came from lights.

142 Day, Moon, and Star. It can be assumed that these names are a result of the early naturalism of the Turks who worshipped natural powers and elements. In this way, Oguz is enclosing all the universe as well as humanity; also he is becoming a dominant supernatural power.

143 He became passionate; fell in love.

144 Moon-Water-Lady. The same effect is seen here.

145 Sky, Mountain, and the Sea. Again, the same idea of the natural elements is present here. One can see that Oguz's sons (i.e., his race) are embracing and becoming nature, thus expanding. This is one important aspect of the epic: natural objects become national, again.

146 Meaning soldiers and braves.

147 The conquest of this tower has been proved an historical fact. This is one of the raids Oguz led to China at the head of his soldiers. Once, they surrounded the Chinese emperor, Kao-ti, and his large army around the Peteng Tower. The Chinese army was made up of 320,000. After suffering calamities for a few days, their emperor wanted to make peace with Mete. (Y. T. Oztuna, The History of Turkey, I, 125.)

148 This defeat remained in the memories of the Chinese, and this song had become a folk ballad sung for centuries by the Chinese. (Y. T. Oztuna, The History of Turkey, I, 125.)

149 Meaning the ones that came from the Oguz; i.e., the Huns. Uigurs are also a Turkish tribe, as mentioned before.

150 Obey.

151 Coming from "to hide, protect, and preserve."

152 Coming from "to cause to start moving quickly."

153 The idiom, "between the eyes and the eyebrows," expresses extreme suddenness and fastness.

154 He was extremely sad.

155 Coming from "snow." He becomes almost a snow man in saving the horse and bringing the animal back from a snowy mountain.

156 One movement; one instant.

157 The one staying; the one that stays.

158 Here, the name, Oguz, is plural, Oguzlar, meaning the Oguz tribe of the Turkish people.

159 The sound of the wheels of the ox-cart.

160 The name given to the ox-cart is a combination of this sound effect.

161 Bozkurt is referred to as the Great Wolf, almost the ultimate strength and God; also as the absolute power of the Nation and the real hero of the epic.

162 Idiom used to express a sense of abundance and plentitude.

163 "tug" is the word originally used, meaning horse-tail attached to a helmet or flag-staff as a sign of rank. This is the symbol of the flag and its mark.

164 "The nation that fell on each other," expressing internal struggle and war.

165 As mentioned before, this is the highest God whom the Turkish tribes worshipped. (Y. T. Oztuna, The History of Turkey, I, 126.) The Altaic race believed in the world's being three-storied. They were called

Heaven, Earth, and Hades. Especially the sky was believed " . . . to contain hemispheres one higher than another; generally three, seven, or nine are spoken of." (Uno Holmberg, The Mythology of All Races, IV, 309.) At the very beginning by Sky-God the Turkish people and the ones related to them meant "the animated sky itself, with its wonderful and mystical powers." (ibid., p. 391.) Also, mentioned before, this Sky-God is the same Over-God who has different names, such as God Kara-Han and God Ulgen.

166 The Grey Arrows and the Three Arrows. Oguz tribe was divided into twenty-four branches that grew from these six sons of Oguz who were separated as The Grey Arrows and The Three Arrows. (Y. T. Oztuna, The History of Turkey, II, 15.)

167 Su is the name of a Turkish tribe, as well. This epic deals with the braveries centered around Khan Şu and this tower.

168 One that stays. The epic interpretation of the various names given to various Turkish tribes.

169 Turcoman. The name of another Turkish tribe.

170 It is said in the epic that he stayed head-to-head with himself, meaning alone with himself.

171 The common element of the supernatural light out of which the Bozkurt appears is present in this epic, too. Bozkurt, or God, always appears with this light, a symbol of its nobility and divinity. Bozkurt, therefore, comes to help a race that came from himself and the lights, a basic image in all of the epics. Sometimes, he is strength and power, as he is, here; and sometimes, as it will be seen later, he is female and a symbol of fertility and motherhood. He always comes in the shape in which he is most needed.

172 "Came to tongue" is the original expression.

173 Golden, or Gold Blood.

174 Golden Khan Mountain.

175 Meaning, here, "the Turks."

176 This comes from an idiom in Turkish, " . . . feed the crow and it will dig your eyes," showing ingratitude.

177 An idiom expressing a sense of great fear.

178 The word in the epic is "candamari," the life-bone, meaning the most important point, the vital spot.

179 As mentioned before, this is an exuberant way of expressing admiration common to the Turkish epic style.

180 Here, the Bozkurt will assume the feminine qualities necessary to the continuation of the Turkish race.

181 Expressing indifference and not valuing something enough to bother about it.

182 Meaning that he was feeling free, happy, and secure.

183 The Bozkurt disappears with the blue light just as she appeared with it, strengthening the supernatural image it creates through all the epics. Lights and the wolf are innately united.

184 Sky Turk. Göktürks were a very important tribe in Turkish history. Their greatest ruling period occurred in the years between 552-745. (Y. T. Oztuna, The History of Turkey, I, 143.) They had a high cultural standard and an alphabet of their own. The "Orkhon Inscriptions" are important documents, written in Turkish on various monuments. Also, Göktürks are the ones that gave the name "Turk" to all the Turkish tribes. Before the Göktürks, sources other than Turkish were needed for the history of Turkish tribes, but during their time and afterward, direct information was obtained from Turkish sources. (ibid., p. 161.) They worshipped the Sky God as their highest God, as did the other Turkish tribes. During the Göktürk rule, another important change took place when the Turks became settlers and founded towns and forts rather than living in nomad tents. (ibid., p. 162.) The legendary interpretation, here suggests that the Sky Turks came from the Sky God, an introduction to the most important epic of the Göktürks, the Ergenekon Epic. It is a piece from The Great Turkish Epic. Its story tells of the Göktürk tribe in its place among the other Turkish tribes. It is a very important epic, equal to the Oguz Khan Epic, for its depiction of the characteristics of Turkish consciousness and culture. (ibid., p. 172.)

185 A name meaning "prince; emperor."

186 The words used in the epic are "can evi," i.e., life house, meaning the center, or the most important point.

187 A tribe from the Eastern Turks. They were loosely connected with the basic tribes of the Turks that survived, like the Oguzs and the Göktürks.

188 Meaning "not to be seen, would be better, and that it would deceive the Göktürks more, making them believe that the Tartars were afraid.

189 The phrase originally used is ". . . the flag was saying, I fell, I am about to fall . . ." meaning that it was extremely close to falling.

190 The original phrase is "to blow off the furnace," which means to destroy a family or to ruin a home. The word "ocak," which means "furnace," is also used in Turkish to mean "family, or home."

191 400th part of an oke, which is a measure of weight equal to 2.8 pounds.

192 The phrase used in the original text after "freedom" is "buram, buram" to mean that the freedom was smelling in a "whirling way," i.e., "excessively."

193 "In four horseshoes," meaning to gallop at full speed.

194 Meaning any other Turkish tribes.

195 An idiom expressing joyful and pleasant agreement.

196 The original expression is ". . . they hit towards the mountains."

197 The original expression is, ". . . where birds do not fly and caravans do not pass . . ." meaning utter desolation.

198 They were out of breath.

199 This is the Ergenekon Epic, earlier a very important epic in Turkish history. The story of the epic

concerns the Göktürks' reaching a place which they name Ergenekon, after being defeated by the enemy; their living there for four hundred years; and their leaving Ergenekon through an iron passageway which they melt. The Bozkurt image is still the basic one. Here, too, it is he and God who lead the Göktürks and praise them. This epic ends with an account of the Göktürks' returning to their own country to assume their role of dominance among the other tribes, once again. ( Y. T. Oztuna, The History of Turkey, I, 174.) The ending, here, is also the same, and to conclude the narrative of the epics, the author has combined the Bozkurt image and the flag image to produce the contemporary image of the moon-star flag and its strength. In this way, he brings the series of epics up to recent times and, thus, concludes his story.

<sup>200</sup>The original phrase is "the rocks cut ice."

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